

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

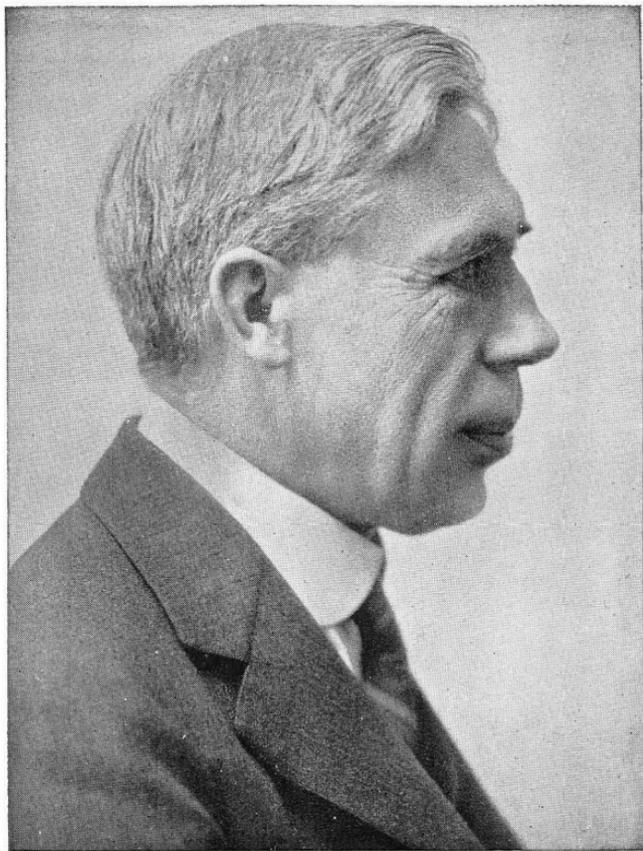


The Frontispiece



The beautiful picture that adorns the cover of this book was taken by Dr. Bingham a few years ago at Kafanchen Falls in Northern Nigeria. It was a picture of which he was particularly proud, since the black man who is shown looking up at the Falls is the first Christian convert from the Kagoro Tribe of headhunters. The light on his face seems symbolic of the change the Lord Jesus Christ has wrought in his life.





THE LATE ROWLAND V. BINGHAM, D.D.

**Seven Sevens of Years
and a Jubilee**

Seven Sevens of Years and A JUBILEE!

The Story of
The Sudan Interior Mission

By ROWLAND V. BINGHAM, D.D.

Founder of

THE SUDAN INTERIOR MISSION
THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN
CANADIAN KESWICK CONFERENCE



EVANGELICAL PUBLISHERS

CANADA:

366 Bay St., Toronto

U.S.A.:

156-5th Ave., New York

First Edition, U.S.A., February, 1943, 20,000 Copies
Second Edition, U.S.A., May, 1943, 50,000 Copies
Third Edition, Canada, May, 1943, 25,000 Copies

Copyright, 1943, by
EVANGELICAL PUBLISHERS
Toronto, Canada
New York, N.Y.

Printed in Canada

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
1. The Seven Years of Death and Darkness, 1893 to 1900 - - - - -	13
2. The Seven Years of Barrenness, 1900 to 1907	31
3. The Third Seven Years, the Beginning of Fruitfulness, 1908 to 1914 - - -	40
4. The War Years and the Beginning of a Great Harvest, 1915 to 1921 - - - -	47
5. Seven Years of Enlarged Vision and a Larger Call, 1922 to 1928 - - - -	63
6. Victory in Carrying the Gospel to the Moslems, 1929 to 1935 - - - -	81
7. The Eclipse in Ethiopia and Its Passing, 1936 to 1942 - - - - -	90
8. How We Became Interdenominational -	101
9. Speed Up - - - - -	111
10. The Finished Work, the Completion of the Church's Task - - - - -	117

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. "The heathen in his hunger bows down to wood and stone." A hunter entreating his idols. Typical of the fifty million without the gospel that created the "Burden of the Sudan" upon the hearts of the three pioneers of the Sudan Interior Mission.
2. Sudan Interior Mission Pioneers, 1893. Walter Gowans, Thomas Kent, Rowland V. Bingham.
3. "Must I die without the Gospel?" Millions in the Sudan for whom Christ died waiting for the Gospel messenger.
4. Dr. Andrew P. Stirrett.
5. As it was in 1900. Each black square represents from three-quarters to a million people.
6. As it is in 1943. Only shaded sections have been touched by missions. Over 20 squares are still untouched.
7. Malam—the first convert from the Jaba tribe and still the honored leader of the church there.
8. Mr. E. F. Rice preaching to a group of Hausa men as he stops by the wayside.
9. Christians of the Jaba tribe who walked 70 miles to greet their "Great Leader from the White Man's Country," Dr. Bingham, when he visited Kagoro.
10. "How Thankful I Am the Missionaries Came Before I Died." This man also walked 70 miles to greet Dr. Bingham and say "Thank You."
11. Part of the "Living Church" at Kaltungo.
12. The church at Kaltungo, seating 1,000 people.
13. Mr. D. M. Osborne preaching in a Moslem village—the first witness for Christ.
14. H.I.M. Haile Selassie wearing Crown of Ethiopia.
15. Dr. and Mrs. Bingham at Canadian Keswick, 1942.

FOREWORD

MRS. BINGHAM has honoured me in suggesting that I should write a foreword to this book which was completed by her late husband so shortly before he was called to celebrate his Jubilee in the presence of his Lord, Whom he served so long and so faithfully.

It is both a difficult task and a delightful privilege. The exigencies of this World War No. II have prevented me from perusing the manuscript, since it was too precious to risk sending across the ocean, and I must, therefore, imagine what is contained in the book. On the other hand, whatever Dr. Bingham may have written will be for the glory of his Lord and for the furtherance of His work among the peoples of the Sudan; and I have no hesitation whatever in recommending to the reader a most careful and prayerful perusal of its pages.

I have known Dr. Bingham for many years and we have had many times of sweet communion together. I can recall no occasion when the subject of our conversation has not been the extension of Christ's Kingdom. He was essentially a man of vision, lifting up his eyes and beholding the fields white already to harvest—calling for immediate action in the gathering of more and more of that harvest.

Wars could not hold him back. The record in these pages shows how marvellously God allowed the work of the Sudan Interior Mission to grow during the years 1914-18; and in the present day, while retrenchment in

missionary work has been evident in many spheres, Dr. Bingham constantly maintained that men's quarrels were not nearly so important as God's work, and he pressed the case with vigour and continued to send missionaries to the field. His faith was honoured.

Up to within a few days of his death he was planning a visit to Nigeria, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Ethiopia with a view to encouraging the believers in the areas where the work was established, and providing leadership, guidance and administrative help in those areas where, owing to the Italo-Abyssinian War, the present war and other causes, the work was in sore need of his presence. It was a grievous disappointment to him when he heard in December, 1942, that the U.S.A. authorities would not be able to grant him facilities for visiting Ethiopia in the immediate future.

While he was thus ever looking forward towards the completion of the unfinished task of evangelizing the Sudan and Ethiopia, he was greatly interested in other spheres of work and definitely set out to be a messenger of blessing to individual missionaries and other Christians through the ministry of his magazine "The Evangelical Christian". In this work he was assisted by his beloved wife, members of his family, Mr. Hunter and others, but the conception of placing the best possible evangelical monthly magazine in the hands of as many missionaries as possible, scattered through the world, was his: and countless have been the acknowledgments of his success.

This wide horizon of service did not, however, mean that his eyes were lifted up to see only the distant fields.

The Canadian Keswick, held on the banks of the delightful Muskoka Lakes north of Toronto, provided a spiritual feast for thousands who came under the sound of his voice and of other devoted servants of the Lord who spoke year by year in this summer convention. To the many who helped him in this venture Dr. Bingham freely acknowledged his indebtedness, but the vision, the plan, the steady extension of the Canadian Keswick—these were essentially Dr. Bingham's. As I walked with him around the cottages in August, 1942, he pointed out here and there how he hoped to make further improvements so that in years to come more use might be made of Canadian Keswick by the Christians of Canada and the United States of America.

At other Conference Centres he was a well-known speaker, and thousands are the churches and chapels throughout the world which can look back and thank God for the faithful and fearless ministry of Dr. Bingham.

He was indeed a Joshua leading forward God's people to the victorious life; a Daniel, strong in his faithfulness to God; and a Paul, ever seeking new spheres where Christ was not named in order that those living in ignorance and darkness might be brought to know the Saviour.

Though he was so outstanding as a servant of God there was no forbidding dignity of office. As a true man of God he moved serenely amongst all types of men, his brave and kindly spirit quickening within their hearts a deep, abiding loyalty to himself and to his Lord. His presence in the home was both a benediction and a joy. It was delightful to watch the wrinkles begin to pucker

at the corners of his eyes, the smile to light up his rugged face as he told some amusing incident that had befallen him. His stories were usually illustrative of the good hand of his God upon him, such as when the missing of a train was used to bring blessing to some traveller, whom otherwise he would not have met.

What was the secret of his power, his vision, his love and joy? There were, of course, great natural talents that linked power of leadership and strength of purpose with a happy outlook on the circumstances of life. But behind all these was a background of strong faith in God, coupled with the simplicity of a child's trust. To kneel with him and hear him pour out his soul to God as a child to his father was an experience not to be forgotten. The last time we knelt together was in a sleeping car at Toronto Station. I was leaving for Ottawa and soon for England. There was just the possibility that we might have flown the Atlantic together, and there in that tiny cabin together he asked in such a sweet, childlike way that his Heavenly Father would allow him the joy of having a companion across the ocean; but he concluded his request with the unfeigned desire that the Lord's will and not his might be done.

And so we parted, and a few days later the Lord's will was manifest. He wanted him for higher service, and quietly he was taken Home to see his Saviour and Lord and to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant". If envy were permissible I would envy the life of Dr. Bingham, who, through a period of well-nigh fifty years' service in missionary work was granted the joy of seeing during his lifetime a missionary enterprise started from a seed of three workers—early reduced by death to

one (himself)—grow to hundreds of missionaries and mission stations, with native believers by the thousands scattered through well-nigh the whole of the Sudan. This was fruit indeed and the Father was glorified.

Now he is gone! Who is sufficient to carry on these things? There will never be another Dr. Bingham. God does not raise up duplicates of His outstanding servants. His work, however, goes on. The administration may be different, but the work is His, and if there is no one man who can step into the breach in these manifold activities, each one of us must see what little part he can play to ensure that the work goes forward.

May I, therefore, make a personal appeal to all who read this book? Is this your first acquaintance with Dr. Bingham and his work? Do not thrust aside the challenge of his appeal. Are you one who enjoyed Dr. Bingham's ministry in the past and felt the power of his missionary messages? Do not lose interest now. It is more necessary than ever to receive your help. Did you pray for him and the work? Do not pray less for the work now that he is gone. Did you give of your substance because you felt that the work was of God, and that it was led by a man of God? Do not give less now. The work is not finished. It still needs to be maintained and to be extended. Did you give yourself as a missionary? Do not be discouraged now. God is still head of the Mission and He needs your service.

Mrs. Bingham subscribes her letters, "Yours for Africa still". Here is continuity of purpose. We dare not stand still. We must go forward. May the Lord Himself so stir our hearts as we read the thrilling story

of the Mission and God's faithfulness, that with His help and as a memorial to dear Dr. Bingham, we may strive for the completion of the work for which he strove so long—the evangelization of the Sudan and Ethiopia.

The year 1943 is the Mission's Jubilee Year. Let each of us do his part to see that the Silver Trumpets of Jubilee sound forth with joy and thanksgiving. God is willing to open the windows of Heaven and to pour out the blessing. Are we willing to do our part?

G. RITCHIE RICE, O.B.E.

London, England.



The Seven Years of Death and Darkness

1893-1900

IT WAS THE IMPASSIONED PLEADING of a quiet little Scotch lady that linked up my life with the Sudan. She had invited me to her home for lunch, from a meeting where I had been speaking in the City of Toronto. There, in the quietness of her parlour, she told the story of her home and unburdened her heart.

Scarcely a couple of years before, God had visited that home and called a loved daughter and thrust her forth as a witness for Him to far-away China. She went on to tell how Christ had come to the home a second time and had chosen her eldest boy to be an ambassador to the Sudan.

Simply, she unfolded the story of his call—how he felt that he should go not only to the needy but to those who needed him most. She told how he had studied the great mission fields of the world and had been brought to the conviction that the Sudan, which then had an area larger than India, a population of sixty to ninety millions without a single Christian missionary, was to him the place of the divine call. She told, in her quiet way, all he had gathered of the need of its teeming millions, and then how he had offered his services to Board after Board of Foreign Missions to be sent to the Sudan. But every offer in Canada and the United States had been rejected on the ground that they were unable for financial reasons to undertake a new field. Then he had crossed to Britain to see

if some Society there could not be induced to send him forth as a missionary to what was then called "The Central Sudan."

Then she commenced to talk of the Sudan that was calling her son. She had gone over that picture with him so often that she could paint the whole scene before me. She spread out the vast extent of those thousands of miles south of the great Sahara. As she told of the sixty to ninety millions of people without a single missionary, she led me on from the rising waters that grew into the great Niger River, and without a map carried me across the vast extent between the lordly Niger and the great River Nile. As this immense panorama unrolled before me, she filled in the teeming masses of people, for with her son she had almost lived among them and ere I closed that first interview in her home she had placed upon me the "burden of the Sudan", a burden just as real as the burden that pressed on the heart of Isaiah in the Old Testament when he wrote in his book, "the burden of Babylon," and on the hearts of other Old Testament prophets as they, too, wrote in their books. When I left that little mother, I went back to my room, but the burden would not be shaken off.

In the previous year, I had listened to a great man of God, Adoniram Judson Gordon of Boston, who was present in our city for the dedication of a new church. For three days, in that beautiful new building, he spoke on "The Holy Spirit and Missions" and laid out before me the plan of Christ to give His Gospel to the whole world. When he closed his messages with an appeal to every young man and woman to surrender his or her life to Him, to go whithersoever He sent, I felt such a call in that challenge, that, however imperfectly, I surrendered this earthen vessel. I there enlisted as a real soldier of Jesus

Christ. And so, on this memorable day, as I had listened to that godly mother tell that story of the Sudan and then had gone to my own room for quiet, I found that what I had been waiting to know, during the intervening months, had been made plain. Where in the great world-field did the Master want me immediately to serve? That night I felt God laid His hand on me for the Sudan.

There it was, a great, black belt, stretching for twenty-five hundred miles across Africa, steeped in the densest darkness. The whole land was divided between the Moslems in the northern half and the pagans in the vast stretches of the territory in the south. In imagination I could then see what I afterward saw in reality. The habitations of pagan heathenism were the dwellings of cruelty. Every kind of horrible heathen custom was practised. Every child's face was disfigured by tribal markings, done by the witch doctor with his dirty knife, which practice swelled the number of graves of infant innocents, with its blood-poisoning sequel. The murder of twins was performed by the same cruel executioner. Then he dashed the heads of the newly-born babes together and left their bodies in the bush for the wild beasts to devour at night. Cannibalism was prevalent. With no provocation, merely to satisfy the hunger for human flesh, the pagans constantly sat down to these inhuman feasts, and then decorated their huts with the skulls of their victims.

The Moslem kings of the north gathered their armies together every year to raid the pagan areas for slaves. At night they would surround the little pagan villages, while all was quiet in sleep. With the blush of dawn a rifle shot would waken the sleeping people. Any one resisting the waiting troops was shot down; the rest of the people were gathered together and chained man to man, woman to woman, child to child, and marched off to the distant

slave-market. There they were sold without the slightest regard to the ties of nature.

Do not think this black picture, which that mother conjured up before me, and which she had gleaned from the wide reading of her son, was unreal. The vision, which I saw in my room that night, may have been imagination, but it was not exaggeration. The reality, which afterward I was to witness, was much more terrible. It accounted for a population, then equal to that of the whole United States, being cut down to half as many as now dwell in the enormous stretch of country between New York and Los Angeles—and this with a prolific people. If you doubt my word, I can take you today to areas, once occupied by teeming population, where now amid the ruins of former towns and villages you will not find five people to the square mile.

Whatever I saw that night, I know I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And I know, too, that He heard my response, "Here am I, send me!" That night, in waiting on God, I felt I must go and join that young man in Britain who was over there to see what could be done to reach the Central Sudan with the Gospel. The next morning, when I went to call on Mrs. Gowans, it was to announce that I expected to sail in two weeks to join her son in a common enterprise. Was she glad? She was the whole Board and I was accepted on the spot! Though I told her that I would sail in two weeks for Britain and Africa, I did not possess ten dollars in the world with which to get there. At that time I was holding meetings in the country, using the farm-houses as my Mission Hall. From the city I went back to them to announce that I had received a call to the foreign mission field and would be leaving in a fortnight for the Sudan. Several months before, one of those attend-



"THE HEATHEN IN HIS HUNGER BOWS DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE." A HUNTER ENTREATING HIS IDOLS. TYPICAL OF THE FIFTY MILLION WITHOUT THE GOSPEL THAT CREATED THE "BURDEN OF THE SUDAN" UPON THE HEARTS OF THE THREE PIONEERS OF THE SUDAN INTERIOR MISSION.



SUDAN INTERIOR MISSION PIONEERS, 1893.
WALTER GOWANS, THOMAS KENT, ROWLAND V. BINGHAM.

ing my meetings had said that if I should be led to take up foreign work he would help me. I walked from one end of my parish to the other (some thirteen miles) because an old Scotch friend in the city had urged me to find out before announcing my going what the other man would do. But when I spent the night in this country home my lips were sealed about finance and I walked back next day without any assurance of monetary help.

In the little more than a week that remained, one or two of my farmer friends, here and there, handed me a five-dollar bill which, when put all together, did not amount to more than fifty or sixty dollars. Then the last night was spent in the home of the friend who had said he would help me. Again nothing was said about money. After breakfast and prayers the next morning, this friend said, "I have not forgotten my promise made some months ago; but a week ago another man borrowed almost all the ready money I had. I will give you all I have in the bank, and then I shall borrow more, if need be."

I replied that I would not think of his borrowing for me, but if he felt led to give me what he had in the bank—one hundred and twenty dollars—it would be very generous of him. I knew nothing of what it would cost to go to Africa, and never before had I received such an amount giftwise. We went into town, where I was to take the train, and he emptied out his bank account for me! That morning I set out for Africa.

It was in New York that I met Tom Kent, a college chum of Walter Gowans, whom I was joining in Britain. When he learned that I, too, was bound for Africa, he determined to become the third member of our party and to join us later. So God, away back in the spring of 1893, drew three lives together with a common vision, a com-

mon love and one common call—to carry the Gospel to what was then known as the Central Sudan.

There had been others who had felt that call. Graham Wilmot Brook and Charles F. Robinson, two Englishmen, members of the Church of England, had responded to it and had endeavoured to reach the Central Sudan just a little while before, but their effort had only ended in two lonely graves on the border of that great territory.

At this same time another party had landed in Sierra Leone with the hope of reaching what was then known as the Western Sudan. Their enterprise was never abandoned and today it is still writing one of the brightest chapters in the history of missions in Africa.*

Finally we met in Britain. My companions and I sought to arouse interest over there, but failing to form a Board or to be accepted by a Board, we decided to go forth without support of any church or society. In Liverpool, we booked our passages to sail on November 4, 1893. At that time, not one of us had sufficient money to carry us through to the field, but we made the necessary deposit in faith and by the time the date set to sail was reached, we had paid the money in full for our passages to Lagos, West Africa. Among the three of us we had left about one hundred and fifty dollars, with which to journey from that city up into the great interior of the Central Sudan.

On the fourth of December, 1893, our ship anchored out at sea off Lagos. As the larger ships could not enter the harbour we trans-shipped to what was then known as a "branch boat." What hopes and fears were ours as we faced the land where we knew not a soul! We knew there were missionaries at the coast. As we sailed up the lagoon

* The Christian and Missionary Alliance.

we decided that one of us would go ashore and prospect, while the other two remained on board to pray. And we did pray! Our Scotch-Canadian leader located one of the Mission Homes and learned that there was just one possible vacant house in the city. The owner was an English trader. He was a man of the world, but even as the barbarians showed the Apostle Paul no small kindness when he landed on their island, so also did this man give us no mean reception. We found that our boat was tied up to his dock. He sent his men to carry all our baggage ashore to his vacant house, and within an hour we had passed all the formalities of customs and were in possession of the one vacant house. Its owner proved to be a wonderful friend. There, for the time being, we made our headquarters while we laid our plans to reach the Sudan.

We met the missionaries of the three societies labouring in Lagos. They prophesied dire calamity and they all said that we were undertaking the impossible. We dined one evening with the Superintendent of the Methodist Mission and this was his gloomy prediction: "Young men, you will never see the Sudan; your children will never see the Sudan; your grandchildren may." He was regarded as being a well informed man in West African affairs. All sought to dissuade us from our purpose, as long years before in South Africa they had sought to dissuade David Livingstone. Prayer brought to us the same conviction that had been the earlier pioneer's when he said, "I will open up Central Africa to the Gospel, or I will die in the attempt." So we prayed and planned.

Immediately, we saw that our resources were altogether inadequate for the long journey which lay before us through the unknown. We decided on a week of prayer and proposed to dispose of any keepsakes or non-essential

articles. In this category we included even our watches, for we were now in a country where the sun ruled by day and rose about the same time every morning the year round. Prepared now to lay aside every weight, we had our sale. The next mail that reached us brought us five hundred dollars. This included a number of gifts, but the largest donor toward that five-hundred-dollar draft was a servant, named Mary Jones. She knew of our going to Africa and when, just after we left, she had received a legacy of three hundred dollars from a relative, she felt moved to give the whole amount to our Sudan enterprise. To this her mistress added one hundred dollars and a few other friends brought up the amount to an even five hundred. Of the act of another woman who poured out her most precious gift to anoint Him, our Lord said, "Where-soever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world there this also which this woman hath done, shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

I have always loved to tell the story of this woman with a very common name, engaged in very common work. She served faithfully, as housekeeper, in the same position for a quarter of a century and died in the home of her master and mistress, with whom she had lived. The funeral was from that home. Her relatives had not had much to do with her in her lifetime because they regarded her as being a little peculiar religiously, but they all came to the funeral. The home was out of the city and the interment was in the country cemetery. After the service the mistress invited the relatives back for some refreshments before they returned to the city. Here they disclosed what was uppermost in their minds and said to the mistress: "We would like to have her effects." They were told that they would find all her earthly possessions in her trunk in her room and that they might take what

they wished. So they went up. They went through the trunk, obviously expecting to find a bankbook and her will. They found no will, but there was a small account book, on one side of which, year after year, she had entered her monthly wage, a good one for that day. On the opposite page she had entered her small personal expenses and then there appeared such entries as "for native work in China, \$50.00;" a few months later, "for native worker in India, \$50.00;" a little farther on there was an entry for work in the South Sea Islands. Items such as these were repeated through the years. Her relatives knew when she had received the legacy of three hundred dollars and turned the pages to that date. There it was—"Received legacy, \$300.00", and on the opposite page, "Paid out for the Sudan, \$300.00." Even her last month's wages had been entered and dispensed. She needed no executor, no trust company—she had already fulfilled her trust. Would that we all might present such a faithful account in the day of judgment!

The gift of this servant girl came just at the moment of our greatest need and made possible that first journey up into the Sudan. Out of that gift of fifty years ago, in a very real sense, has come the great harvest of hundreds of converts every year, which we are seeing today.

When he heard anyone speak of the Sudan as a closed field, Walter Gowans, our young leader, said, "It is a closed field because the Church has never put forth her hand to open the door." He contended that no field could remain closed before a praying Church, obedient missionaries and the command of One claiming omnipotence, who said, "Go ye into all the world." He conceded great difficulties, but not a closed door.

The Apostle Paul, on one occasion, said, "A great door,

and in missionary service was wiped out. Of a party of six missionaries who had landed in Lagos ten days after our arrival, four died before they reached their destination on the lower Niger, a fifth one was invalided home and one solitary survivor walked into the mission station. That station, which was decorated to receive six new workers, witnessed the death of the remaining member of the party within twelve months. As late as the year 1900 a regiment of British soldiers was sent up the Niger and within twelve months eighty-seven percent had been either invalided home or had died. Such was the climate of the Sudan.

As we made our preparations for the journey, it became apparent that one of us must stay at the coast in order to get out new supplies from home and to maintain contact with friends there. The other two would go on up into the interior. As I had been greatly weakened by my first and most severe attack of malaria shortly after landing, this unpopular duty fell to my lot. The other two bade me goodbye and began the journey inland. Some five or six hundred miles from the mouth of the Niger River they crossed to the great city of Bida. Here it was felt that Mr. Kent should return to the coast for more supplies. He arrived, covered from head to foot with boils and very ill with malaria. I nursed him back to health and again he bade me goodbye as he left to rejoin his companion, but they were never to meet again.

A slave raiding ruler, the Emir of Kontagora, had surrounded the little town in which Mr. Gowans awaited the return of Mr. Kent. For two weeks the people fought against the enslaving army until they finally were starved into submission. Many days all the food they had was a handful of hard yellow corn, with no proper means of preparing it. Ill with dysentery, Mr. Gowans shared the

hardships and sufferings of the people. Having captured and enslaved the natives, the old king let the white man and his black servants go free, but took the whole of his trade goods, promising to send him money for them. A few days later he dispatched to him a string of slaves, whom Walter Gowans indignantly refused. Broken in health he reached Zaria. Here a party of three white travellers on a semi-scientific expedition found him very, very low. One of the party had been a missionary and from him later I learned the whole story. The result of that meeting was that these three men decided to send Walter Gowans to the coast. Equipped with a hammock and with a little company of black men, accompanied by his one faithful servant, he set out. Mr. Gowans was very, very weak and two or three days later the party entered the little town of Girku. He was in a very low condition and gave but little response as his black boy sought to make him comfortable and then lay down on his mat by the side of his master for the night. In the morning the boy watched for some motion. When at last he put his hand upon the wasted hand of his master, he found it all cold. He had passed away in the night. That was November 17 or 18, 1894. Knowing prevailing conditions, that black boy at once proceeded quickly to bury his master in a cornfield just outside of the village and immediately dispatched the men back to the white travellers with all the things that were left. Shortly after, this boy was made a slave by the chief of the little village, until it was discovered that the men had been sent back to the party of whites in the city of Zaria. Then, fearing possible consequences, he was set free. It was February 7, 1895, before he reached the coast with the news. I got the story from him.

Long afterward, in 1915, when I visited Girku, I found

that the man and woman were still living, in whose hut Walter Gowans had breathed his last. I told the woman the story of the mother far away and of the Good News her son wanted to bring them. When I finished the story she was greatly moved. Taking the ring off her finger, she asked me to take it to his mother.

On his return trip up river, at Bida, Mr. Kent was taken ill with malaria again. Two missionaries there cared for him during the last days of his life, and buried him on December 8, 1894. It seemed almost as though these two missionaries had been sent to give him the last loving care, for they turned back then and made for the coast and home, never to return.

With still further supplies, I had followed my two companions up as far as I could go and still keep communication with the coast. There the news finally filtered through that both of my companions had laid down their lives. Since there was no Board at home to send on reinforcements or to act for me in any way, five months after their deaths I decided to return to see what could be done to arouse interest in the great Sudan and to form a responsible Board. On my return, the whole expedition was written down as a failure. What was there to show for the effort? Nothing but two graves. I visited Mrs. Gowans to take her the few personal belongings of her son. As I was shown into her parlour, she met me with extended hand. We stood there with hands clasped in silence for awhile. Then she said these words that I shall never forget, "*Well, Mr. Bingham, I would rather have had Walter go out to the Sudan and die there, all alone, than have him home today, disobeying his Lord.*"

Soon after my arrival home I decided to secure further preparation for my work and took some months of train-

ing in a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, and then some further Bible study. I hesitated to form a new Society and accepted a call to a church at Newburgh in New York State with the understanding that the emphasis of my ministry would be upon missionary work.

It was to this new pastorate that I brought my young bride, Helen Elizabeth Blair, from Guelph, Ontario. She entered with me into a life partnership in the missionary enterprise, pledged not only to take me for her lawful wedded husband, but to keep ever first our missionary vision and call. To her, that consecration has many times made more trying demands than to me, as the records will show. But for her loyal support, wise counsel, undimmed faith, sacrificial service and able co-operation in every phase of the work, I question whether there would be any Sudan Interior Mission today. We were married three days before the Mission was born. During the forty-five years since then, she has shared in all the trials and triumphs as a true helpmeet. I know of no one who has sacrificed more for its success than she.

During the two years of my ministry at Newburgh I saw several workers go out from my church to the regions beyond, but I could not rest! Again and again I secured leave of absence to go on extended tours to plead the cause of the Sudan. The greatest interest and response came in the city of Toronto, Canada, and I was able to form a missionary council there. When God gave a gracious revival in my church I felt it was to set His seal upon my ministry and to release me to take up full-time work for the new Mission.

Although the Council advised against it, I moved to Toronto. They said, "There is no income to support you and anything sent in for the new Mission will be absorb-

ed by your own living." I made a covenant with that first Mission Council that I would not touch a cent given to the Mission for my home expenses, but would make my support and the home expenses a matter of personal individual faith. Thus two funds were created, the one for the foreign work and the other for home needs. I was now where I could devote myself wholly to preparing for the next expedition to the Sudan.

It was in 1900, at the close of that first seven years, that with two other young men, I set out again. When we landed I found the missionaries in Lagos more than ever out of sympathy with my plans. They did not hesitate to express themselves to the two young men whom I had brought with me. Within three weeks from the time we arrived I was once more stricken down with malaria and taken to the government hospital. The doctor there ordered me home and I was carried on a stretcher to a branch boat and transferred to the ocean vessel, anchored out at sea. My young companions assured me that they would carry on, but, discouraged by the dark picture painted by the Lagos missionaries, they followed me on the next boat.

It would have been easier for me, perhaps, had I died in Africa, for on that homeward journey I died another death. Everything seemed to have failed, and when, while I was gradually regaining strength in Britain, a fateful cable reached me with word that my two companions were arriving shortly, I went through the darkest period of my whole life.

I crossed to Canada to meet the Council in Toronto, where also I was greeted by my wife and child. While not a member of the Board spoke unkindly of our second expedition, I knew that they were utterly discouraged. Only

one man on the Board, the late Mr. William Henderson, enthusiastically supported me. He could see stars in the heavens when all others saw only clouds. He alone encouraged our continuing the work.

For the next six months our income was \$62.50.* We were compelled to look to the One who has never forgotten how to multiply the loaves and fishes. We learned then that He could not only send in an abundant supply, but that He could make a little go a long way. God kept our hand to the plow and at the end of that six months four more men were ready. Our first seven years were over.

Nothing to show, some would say. But the great commission still stood and He who had given it remained, saying, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." Two men had laid down their lives, of whom it could be written as truly as of those in that gallery of faith in Hebrews eleven, "These all died in faith, not having received the promise." Then, too, Mrs. Gowans was still living and she became one of the greatest prayer-helpers that ever blessed and strengthened the hands of the man on whom the task of 'carrying on' devolved. She ever prayed that God would raise up a witness in the little village where her boy had died.

Even though the answer to that prayer came much later, its story will fittingly close the narrative of the first seven years.

We have spoken of the general attitude of the missionaries at Lagos, but there was one man there to whom these very deaths brought an appeal. He was the successor of Bishop Hill, one of the two survivors of six mis-

*A few days before his death, Dr. Bingham verified the above figure in the Mission Account Book of that year.

sionaries of the Church Missionary Society who had made an expedition up the Niger River. Bishop Hill had called on me in the hospital in Lagos when my case was pronounced hopeless. On the afternoon when the doctor had written a note to my companions informing them that I could not live through the night, he had knelt at my bedside. When he returned to the Mission Home he gathered all the missionaries together and had special prayer on my behalf. As they rose from their knees, he turned to Miss Maxwell, the other survivor, and said,

“Miss Maxwell, do you believe that we are going to receive that for which we have asked?” And he continued, “I do! I believe that young man is going to be raised up.”

He had prayed for me the real ‘prayer of faith.’ Both his wife and he passed away that very week, but there was no one to pray for them that prayer. His mantle fell upon Bishop Tugwell who was called home to be consecrated bishop in his place. The death of my two companions, of Bishop Hill and the others of his party, spoke to him and he felt that he had received a call to the Sudan. He laid aside his bishopric to lead five other men in an effort to reach Kano, in the Central Sudan, which had been our objective. They were more successful than my two companions had been. They reached the city and met its king or emir.

Kano was the great commercial metropolis of the Central Sudan. One hundred and fifty thousand people lived within the circle of its walls, thirty to fifty feet high and thirteen miles in circumference. The Moslem Emir of Kano was a slave-raiding ruler. When he learned the purpose of the missionaries, he gave them three days to leave his city and they were compelled to flee. They withdrew to the adjoining city of Zaria, which on their way

up had seemed friendly; but hearing what the King of Kano had done, the King of Zaria issued a similar order—three days' grace to get out of the city—and again they fled. Finally they reached a little village where, much to their surprise, they were given a welcome. What they did not know was that a few years previously a white man had died there and that a little mother, in far-off Canada, was praying that God would send someone to preach the Gospel in Girku, where her son had fallen. No party of six missionaries would naturally choose a little village like Girku for a missionary centre, yet they remained. For two years they preached the Gospel message in this village and the country surrounding. There seemed to be no fruit then, but today we are gathering a wonderful harvest of souls in that district. One of the members of that party lies buried beside Walter Gowans. Explain it as you will, for two long years they were held in this place by Mrs. Gowans' prayers. With her prayer and faith she carried us from the first seven barren years into the years of harvest.

The Seven Years of Barrenness 1901-1907

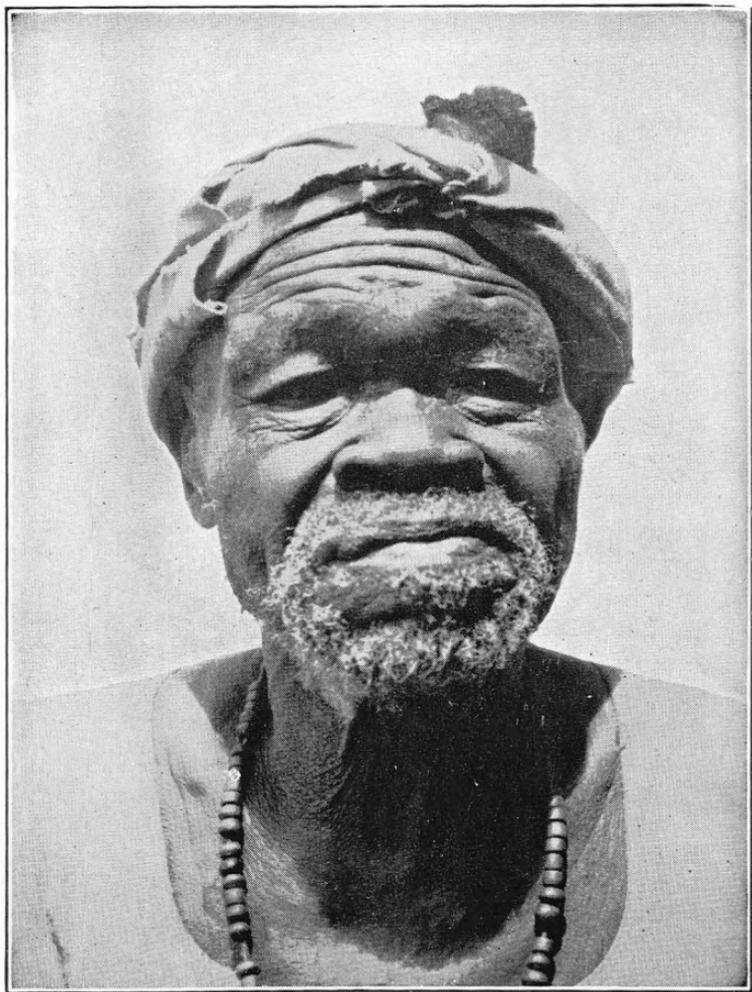
AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF DARKNESS, barrenness and death, it was amazing that within six months of my return there were four men prepared to consider a new effort. With this record of failure the four men surely were heroes to offer their lives to this Mission. A year or two was spent in preparation for the new endeavour. Two of the new party were sent to Tripoli, where the climate is healthy and where there is a Hausa colony. The language of this tribe, great traders throughout West Africa, is a 'lingua franca.' Here, free from the dangers of the deadly climate of the Niger basin, they were able to study Hausa in safety. The other two members of the party had gone to stations of the Zambesi Industrial mission, to study their methods which had been very successful, and which we hoped might be equally useful in the Sudan. After this preparation they returned to England and in the beginning of 1901 were ready to sail for Nigeria. The members of the party were E. A. Anthony, Charles Robinson, Albert Taylor and A. W. Banfield, the youngest and now for many years the only survivor.

In the meantime, God, in His providence, had been working. Britain had sent an expedition to break the power of the slave-raiding Moslem kings of the Central Sudan and if ever Britain was justified in going into Africa it was then. There were far fewer lives lost in the whole expeditionary effort than any one of the conquered kings

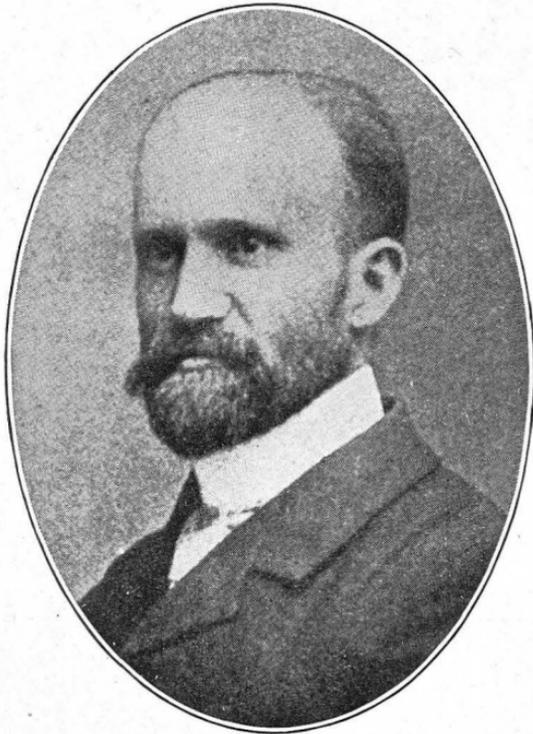
would have crushed out in slave-raiding in a year. The leader of the British forces was Sir Frederick Lugard. With our party of four we met him in England, before he returned to Nigeria to follow up his conquest with a wise administration. He not only gave us an interview, but suggested that our men sail out on the same boat with him so that he might be able to help them in getting up the River Niger and in advising them regarding the location of their first station. He assured us of his sympathetic interest and welcomed the efforts of the missionaries. The pro-Moslem policy was unknown then; it developed later.

So our third party of four sailed from England in 1901 and located the first mission station at Patigi, five hundred miles up the Niger River. I had advised against a site near the river, although at that time nothing was known of the relationship between the mosquito and malaria. However, I did know that the river valleys were markedly unhealthy and Sir Frederick Lugard had to learn the lesson of avoiding them. In one year, at his headquarters at Jebba, he had the tragic experience of burying or invaliding home eighty-seven percent of his own men.

At last we had a station located in the Central Sudan. Our four men were practical men. Materials for the first buildings they hewed from the bush and directed the making of the first bricks. Less than a year after their arrival they welcomed to the field our first medical man, Dr. Andrew P. Stirrett. We soon faced the same heart-breaks that naturally followed in what was then the deadly climate of the Sudan. Two years had not passed before the leader of the expedition, Mr. Anthony, a very strong man, was forced to return home. His breakdown was followed by that of Mr. Robinson, leaving only two of the original four upon the field.



**"MUST I DIE WITHOUT THE GOSPEL?" MILLIONS IN
THE SUDAN FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED WAITING
FOR THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.**



DR. ANDREW P. STIRRETT.

In that second seven years we continued to fill up the vacancies and were thankful to have to record only two deaths, those of Mr. Taylor at Bida and Miss Clothier, our first lady worker, at Patigi. Owing to the tremendous British losses from fever at Jebba, the Government sent out a medical expedition, under Major Ross, to investigate the causes of malaria. Major Ross succeeded in tracing the cause wholly to the mosquito. We met him on his return from that great scientific expedition and he gave us abundant evidence to prove his theory and suggested prevention and cure. The death of Miss Clothier at Patigi was the last death from malarial fever on our Nigerian field. With our missionary force growing in the intervening thirty years until our permanent field staff now numbers almost four hundred, it can be seen what a tremendous debt we owe to science. As in the wilderness, in his perplexity, Moses turned to God, and God showed him a tree which healed the bitter waters of Marah, so He revealed the use of a tree to our scientists for the cure of malaria. From the bark of the cinchona tree came quinine, which changed the whole record of death and failure in tropical countries and made possible the fruitful work of our missionaries today.

Here I should like to pay tribute to two of the men whom God sent to us during these second seven years. The youngest man in the party of four was a mechanic. He had been accepted largely because of his mechanical ability, to be the practical and handy man on the field. He was not satisfied to be merely a practical appendage to the party, he determined to be a missionary. The intoned language of the people at Patigi was one of the most difficult in that vast field. Though he had very little of the usual preparation for mission work, Mr. Banfield applied himself wholeheartedly to mastering this difficult tongue.

Into it he began to translate the precious Word of God. He compiled his own dictionary and when he returned for his first furlough he had ready the manuscript of the four Gospels, which the British and Foreign Bible Society printed, so that he was able to take back to the field these portions of the New Testament to the two or three million people who spoke the Nupe language.

In his next term we, with the two other missions then in the field, decided to have a union press and Mr. Banfield was invited to undertake the printing work. To his new enterprise he brought unbounded enthusiasm and founded what is known today as "The Niger Press." Later, the achievements of the press drew the attention of the Bible Society to him and he became their representative for the whole of West Africa. We were able to buy out the interest of the other two missions in the press, and from this early venture has grown The Niger Press, now operating under the direction of Evangelical Publishers. On the field, we have printed the Scriptures in twenty languages for our own Mission and in more than this number for other missions. The second seven years was a dark and barren period, but it gave birth to this useful enterprise which has yielded so much blessing to the whole mission field. The story of the Niger Press and the life of Mr. Banfield is a romance in itself.

The second, of whom I should like to speak in greater detail, is Dr. Andrew P. Stirrett. His position with the mission throughout the years has been unique.

He called at our home to see me and he told me that he had read a little leaflet which I had published, entitled, "A Plea for the Central Sudan." Its message had gripped him until he felt that this great untouched field must have the Gospel.

He told me that after several years of successful business as a chemist he had completed his medical course, but was unable to take his degree because of some insufficiency in his college entrance papers. He had been so moved by the appeal of our field that he felt he must go. And then he said, "If you do not think I am the man to go, I want you to sell all my property and see that somebody else goes." I was greatly impressed with the tremendous earnestness of this quiet, unobtrusive little man. He felt that instead of spending the year necessary to satisfy the college entrance requirements he would be of greater service to the work if he took a special course in tropical medicine in Britain.

He filled out and returned our application blanks. These were brought before our Council and favourably received, until it was learned that he was thirty-seven years old. The Council decided to investigate the practice of other mission boards in regard to accepting men as old as this. We were so long getting this information that I received a brief note from Dr. Stirrett saying that he had sold his drug business and was leaving his property, stocks and bonds to the Mission and was on the way to Liverpool. He added that he hoped to receive our decision before he had completed the three months' course.

An odd circumstance in connection with the selling of his business is worthy of mention. He circularized the whole area, in which his store was situated, announcing that he was giving up his business and stating that if at any time he had sold anything that was not strictly as represented, he would gladly refund the money. I wish I could obtain one of these circulars, with its Zaccheus-like offer, to place in our Mission annals!

We learned later that, in turning over all his material

resources to the Mission, Dr. Stirrett had not kept enough for his fare, but had arranged to work his passage across the Atlantic on a cattle-boat. This necessitated a three days' journey to St. John, New Brunswick, on top of a freight car. In those days, crossing on a cattle-boat was a terrible experience and must have been full of very real hardship to one whose life had been spent in comfortable circumstances. Our doctor does not often refer to this episode in his life.

Though our candidate had sailed for Liverpool, our Council had not yet arrived at any decision. Finding that other mission boards would not consider a man of his age, we were reluctant to accept him, although our need of a doctor was very great. Our Council decided to pass on this dilemma to the committee which represented our Mission in Liverpool. These three men began their investigation at once. They were appalled to learn that Dr. Stirrett had taken lodgings in the slums. They did not know that he had chosen to live among the dregs of society so that every morning he might witness for his Master, with open Bible, giving his testimony and offering prayer. The Liverpool committee made no decision or recommendation. The three months passed without our coming to any definite conclusion.

One or two incidents, which came to us later, illustrate the calibre of this candidate. He was found one night on the street, reading his Bible under a lamp-post. Finally, he admitted that he had placed another man in his bed that night. A leader of a mission in Liverpool told us that Dr. Stirrett had asked to be given a class in the Sunday School. When they learned where he was living, they doubted his fitness to teach in the mission and refused! He continued to attend their services. In taking the offering,

the ushers noticed Sunday after Sunday a half-crown on the plate, such a rare occurrence that they decided to watch for the rich benefactor. They found it was Dr. Stirrett and then they gave him a class.

At the end of three months he wrote briefly to the Toronto Council saying that he had completed the course in tropical medicine and that, though it was difficult for him to understand why he had received no decision from us, he had booked passage on a ship sailing for West Africa the following week. He wrote that he would go to our one station on the field and asked us to notify our superintendent there whether he was accepted or rejected.

Finally, the Council decided to direct Mr. Anthony, the Field Superintendent, to take Dr. Stirrett into the Mission on probation. The Council found it hard to understand that a man would give the Mission two stores with four apartments above them, stocks and bonds worth thousands of dollars and go to the mission field without being accepted. They wrote him suggesting that they administer his estate for him and send the income on to him, fearing that later on he might regret the course he had taken and wish to leave the Mission. How little they understood the man, or the Spirit of God in the sphere of missionary consecration! In reply to their letter, he wrote that, as truly as Barnabas had been moved to sell his land and place the money at the apostles' feet, he felt led to put everything he had into the Mission and to live the same life of faith as the other missionaries. However, the Mission did not sell his property, but held it intact until he returned on his first furlough. At that time he drew up a trust deed, conveying the whole estate to the Mission. Since then, again and again, from his small allowance he has sent us a hundred dollars toward sending out some

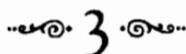
new worker to the field. When he returned for his first furlough he had made splendid progress in language study and as a physician had proved a great blessing to our missionaries. While he was home he completed the work necessary for his degree and received his diploma from the University of Toronto.

For many years now he has been the beloved physician to the whole of the Nigerian force. He has laboured unceasingly, his medical practice extending from one end of our vast field to the other. His unflinching courage, his indomitable spirit in the face of dangers, seen and unseen, have been a constant source of inspiration to our many missionaries.

During my visit to the field in 1914, we trekked together more than fifteen hundred miles on foot, horseback and cycle. At night we slept out under the stars together, rose with the first streak of dawn and walked along the winding, unending trails. Under the scorching tropical sun we daily covered from twenty to thirty miles and at night would throw ourselves down on our cots utterly exhausted. But there was never a day's march so long that Dr. Stirrett, ere he went to rest, did not tell out the Old, Old Story to those whom he could gather together.

Throughout the long years of service he has been a keen pioneer, his face set ever toward the untouched regions beyond. His great burden has been for the Hausa and the Moslem. He served on the translation committee for the Hausa Bible and no one rejoiced more than he when at last it came complete from the press. In his own special sphere, on almost every one of our more than sixty stations, he has developed a real dispensary. During 1941 they gave more than a quarter-million treatments to na-

tives for whom there was scarcely any other possible help save the old witch-doctor or the Moslem Malaam. In recent years he has seen the arrival of several other doctors, but our need is great today for several good medical men. His connection with the administrative work has been that of Field Secretary, which position he held for many years. Of late he has been relieved of active participation in this sphere, but at nearly eighty years of age, he is almost daily preaching the Gospel in the market place at Jos. Very definitely, Dr. Stirrett was God's gift to our Mission in that second period of seven years and we are so glad that he is still with us to enjoy the Jubilee.



The Third Seven Years The Beginning of Fruitfulness

1908-1914

THE SECOND PERIOD of seven years, with its trial of patience and its record of seeming barrenness, had ended and the story of the third seven years is also centred in two men, the outstanding gifts of that period.

Let me introduce to you my good friend, Tommy Titcombe. He tells me now that when he first came I turned him down. His home history was not an unusual one. He had been the sole support of a widowed mother and had been compelled to leave school at an early age. In my first interview I outlined a very comprehensive program of preparation which would require several years of study. When I bowed him out of my office I thought I had seen the last of him. I used to be quite fearful of turning down one whom God had called, but I have long since learned that if you turn down God's man he most certainly will turn up again.

Two years after my first meeting with Tommy, he called on me again. He had completed the course I had outlined for him and later we decided to accept him. It was not easy to obtain men for the dangerous and difficult task of opening up this great, new country, so he was sent forth with little thought of the great career before him.

After two or three weeks spent at Patigi with Dr. Stirrett, the Doctor announced that with a force of two missionaries on the field, he felt it was time to open a new station. From a tribe several days' journey down country

had come an appeal for help. One of their men had been to the coast and there learned to read. When he went back to his home he had a Bible and some knowledge of Christ. Several times he had come with some of the boys whom he had interested in the Book, to see if, from our old station at Patigi, they could not secure a missionary for themselves. So Dr. Stirrett decided the time was ripe to enter that new tribe. Dividing the little equipment he had with Mr. Titcombe, he went with him to the headquarters of this tribe. Here he introduced Tommy and then left him alone with a people whose language he did not know.

Dr. Stirrett arranged with one of the natives to let Mr. Titcombe partition off a corner in his hut for a place to live. I should like to try to picture for you the conditions under which Mr. Titcombe lived during that first year. The natives built their houses with roofs in the shape of a V—for victory—instead of the letter A. This very odd arrangement was so that the rain might be caught in a large cistern in the centre of the house and into this they threw all their refuse, which soon turned it into nothing better than a cesspool. Odours were beyond description. Later, I took a minister friend from home with me to visit this tribe and whenever we entered one of these homes I noticed he took a large block of camphor from his pocket, pressing it closely to his nose during the whole time of our stay. But Mr. Titcombe lived for over a year in one of those huts with a native family. The marvel is that he is alive today. He said, "I had to learn the language before I could get them to build me a house and to be with them gave me such a good chance at language work. I heard all the gossip of the women, the prattle of the children and the wise talk of the old men." When he had thus got the language he soon began to

gossip and tell out the Gospel and in a marvellous way, as he gave it out, it gripped the hearts of those people. Men and women began to take their stand for Christ.

On the occasion of our visit to Egbe in 1914, Mr. Titcombe had arranged his first Bible Conference when I had the joy of participating in a baptismal service. Over one hundred converts who had been examined with the greatest care, publicly followed their profession of faith in Christ with baptism. What a glorious day that was when we were privileged to see the firstfruits of the harvest! Certainly God had used Mr. Titcombe by bestowing upon him the evangelistic gift and a soul-winning passion.

From this centre the Gospel spread among the Yagba people until today there are more than a hundred stations and out-stations, each with its little group of believers.

It was at Egbe that our first Bible College was founded by the late Rev. Norman Davis. At a later visit, I shall never forget being present at the Annual Bible Conference held in their new church. This building, with its imported iron roof, had been completely paid for by the native converts and on this occasion of their first Conference it was crowded to the doors by over a thousand converts, while at each window stood an overflow crowd. There I witnessed one of their missionary offerings which amounted to five hundred pounds, or twenty-five hundred dollars. This large offering was given by people whose top wage for a hard day's labour was not more than a shilling, or twenty-four cents and the women earned only half that amount!

Shortly after the occasion of the taking of this offering, they had a visit from Rev. A. W. Banfield of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Titcombe invited him to

preach on Sunday and at the morning service he told the story of his work. The native Christians there had already given their missionary offering, but they were so moved by the story of the Bible Society's needs that first one man rose and pledged a day's wage and then another and another, until each had promised to give his earnings for a day. Then the women duplicated this and the children followed their example. Before the evening service Mr. Titcombe urged Mr. Banfield to bring another message to the night gathering. "Why," said Mr. Banfield, "what more can I tell to a people who have done as yours have?" During the afternoon he had told of an appeal that had come to him from a missionary to print two Gospels in the language of a tribe in the interior. Asked what it would cost, he replied that thirty pounds, or one hundred and fifty dollars, would pay for the printing of the two. "Well," said Mr. Titcombe, "tell my people about it tonight and see what happens." When that large audience gathered for the evening service, Mr. Banfield told of the tribe with no Gospel in their language and said that the missionaries had prepared two Gospels and that the Bible Society was ready to print them. In that evening meeting the newly baptized native converts rose and pledged the entire one hundred and fifty dollars, in addition to their promise of the morning and within a month the entire amount was in the hands of the Bible Society representative.

And so this little man, with the gift of the evangelist, was one of God's gifts to us in that third period and it was then the real harvest of souls began. In that tribe we have now a hundred stations and out-stations and we have baptized some thousands of converts. Paul says, "Ye see your calling, brethren, that not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the weak things,

the foolish things, the base things, the despised," and he concludes with "the things that are not." We have long since learned that God continues to make the same kind of choices and among these we have found our place.

In this same period another man takes his place. In Canada, his outstanding characteristic was that of a great athlete. In the Province of Manitoba he won the championship in the mile race and then carried off the honours in cycling. His ambition was not only to be a leading athlete in his own province, but to win world honours, and he might have won them, but God laid His hand upon that life. In the little country place where he made his home, God saved him and at once awakened in him the desire to win other souls. With the same care he had shown in his preparation to run the race for championship, Guy Playfair began to prepare for soul-winning. He went to the Moody Bible Institute and it was while there that he heard the call to the Sudan and applied to us to be sent as a missionary. He had no thought then of the place he would eventually fill in our Mission, but he determined to realize the purpose that God had for his life. The day came when, by a selection at home and the unanimous approval of the field, he became Field Director. He has since run that race well, for he has ever led forward, onward, outward, with the evangelization of the whole Sudan as his objective. Possessed of a humble and contrite spirit, God gave to him a vision of the great Sudan and he has ever taken for his Leader and Captain in all things the One who said, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a lowly and contrite spirit."

Previous to his appointment we had no Field Director. The missionaries met in their Annual Conference and, as the coloured man said, "They resolutely, and resolutely, and resolutely," but there was no one to lead in the carry-

✓ ✓ *Third Seven Years—Beginning of Fruitfulness*

ing out of the resolutions, and from the adjournment of one Annual Conference to the opening of the next, the entries remained on the minute book and still awaited execution.

Upon his arrival home from his deputation tour of the field in 1915, Dr. Herbert Mackenzie reported to the Council on the strength and weaknesses of the work and in his report he said conditions there reminded him of the Book of Judges, seventeenth chapter and sixth verse: "In those days there was no king of Israel. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." On my return three months later, I heartily approved Dr. Mackenzie's criticism. It was then that I moved the adoption of the Principles and Practice of the China Inland Mission, and moved the appointment of a General Director at the home end and also a Field Director. Instead of approving the man I nominated, they appointed me General Director of the Mission and Rev. Guy Playfair, Field Director. This was sent on to the field for the missionaries to accept or reject.

From that time to the present, every year has been marked by the opening of new stations, the entering of new tribes, until today we are working in twenty different languages. In these many tongues we have given the people their first Gospel, and some of them now have the whole New Testament. Our Field Director has planned out the whole field, and as we supply the means and the men from home, he stands ready to open up work in all the unreached tribes, and to place a station in every unoccupied district. Through the years a wonderful harmony has prevailed among our workers.

Thus, while appointing and approving the human leadership, there was a greater consciousness than ever of

the need of "the Captain of the Lord's Host." Under the General Director, our Council has ever been desirous of the general direction of the Holy Spirit, especially in the selection and appointment of men and women for the great task of evangelizing the Sudan.

As time passed, we had to learn that God never gave all His gifts to one person, that He allotted His gifts to each man severally as He willed. Then, too, lest we become man worshippers, we noticed that God quite commonly offset outstanding gift with outstanding weakness, which called for abundant grace in the party concerned and in his fellow-workers. In 1st Corinthians 1: 26-31, God reveals His choice of workers; in 1st Corinthians 12: 4-11, His gifts and His giving; and the one grace to mould all together in one common work, in 1st Corinthians 13.

So in this volume we desire to make no distinctions. While of necessity limiting our selection to a very few, we recognize that all the members of the body are vital for the welfare of the whole. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee:" said Paul, "or again the head to the feet, I have no need of thee. Nay, much rather those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary." God has blended all into the Sudan Interior Mission.

We were moving on in that third great period and had the beginning of fruitfulness at last.

4

The War Years and the Beginning of a Great Harvest

1915-1921

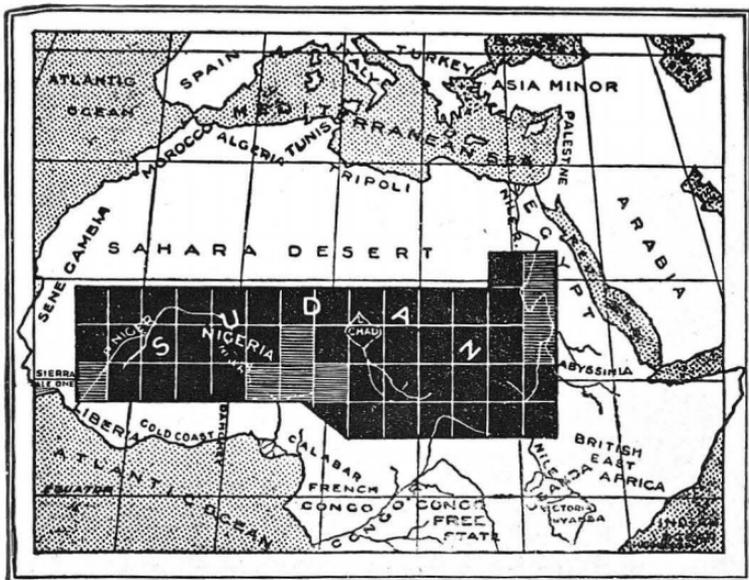
IN THE SUMMER of 1914 I was asked to speak at the Erie-side Bible Conference by Dr. Herbert Mackenzie, its founder and president. While I was there, because of his long interest in the Mission, he decided that he would go with me that fall to visit our field in Nigeria. Then, right at the close of that conference, like a thunder-clap or lightning flash, something happened. We picked up our evening paper to read, right across the page, the headlines in bold type: "ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY—*War With Britain Within Twenty-Four Hours Unless Germany Ceases to Advance Into Belgium.*" In view of this announcement our first act was to cable our Council in Britain, asking them to send all monies, including some trust funds, on to the field. That was God's provision for our workers in Nigeria during the financial panic of the weeks that followed the declaration of war.

Then friends gathered from all sides and said, "Of course you will not go to the field now!" We had prayerfully made our plans and we came to the conclusion, after much prayer, that it was safest to go right forward with plans thus made. We had already booked our passage on a slow ship but our friends urged that we cancel that and sail on the *Lusitania*. When I reached home in Toronto, I called our Council together for prayer for guidance as to what we should do. The outcome of that time of special

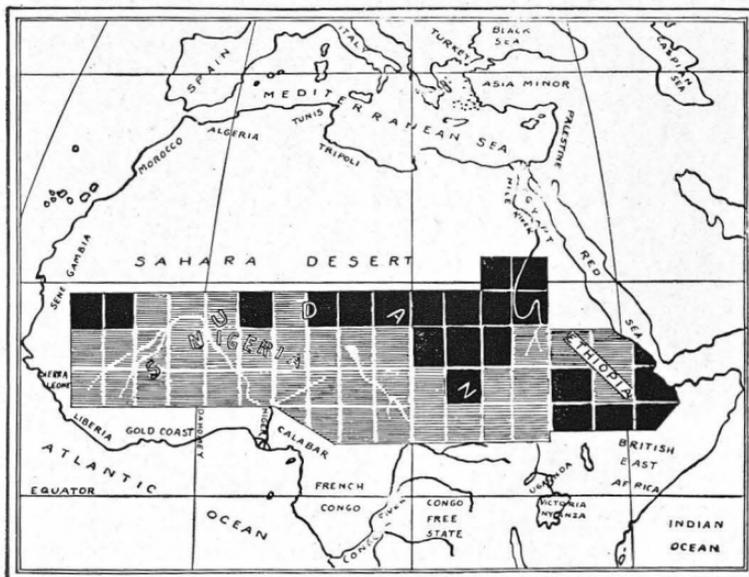
prayer was that they were unanimously with me in the conviction that missionary work was the most important work in the world, more important than war work and that we should pursue it with every possible effort. Our faith was vindicated by the results in the war years. During this period God graciously sent us men and women and His providence carried them safely through to the field, so that our force was nearly doubled and our income more than doubled.

Friends were very much concerned for my safety, and questioned the wisdom of my leaving the work at home uncared for, with no funds in sight. Our policy of faith was called into question. The Lord encouraged me in the conviction that I should go, by sending us, at that precise time, notice of a legacy. We had had very few legacies before and none for more than \$100. This time we were notified that a lady, whom we had not met, had made the Mission the residuary legatee of her estate, which had been left entirely to missions and charities. This meant that, while the others would receive a fixed amount, we should be given what was left when they were all paid. The lawyer, who was the executor of the estate, sent for us to explain the situation. He said, "This estate is almost entirely in stocks and bonds, and with the war bursting upon us as it has, stocks have taken a big drop. Much of this estate is in C.P.R. stocks and they have gone down, but every one believes that this is only temporary. In view of this, if you, as the residuary legatee give the word, I will delay the settlement of the estate."

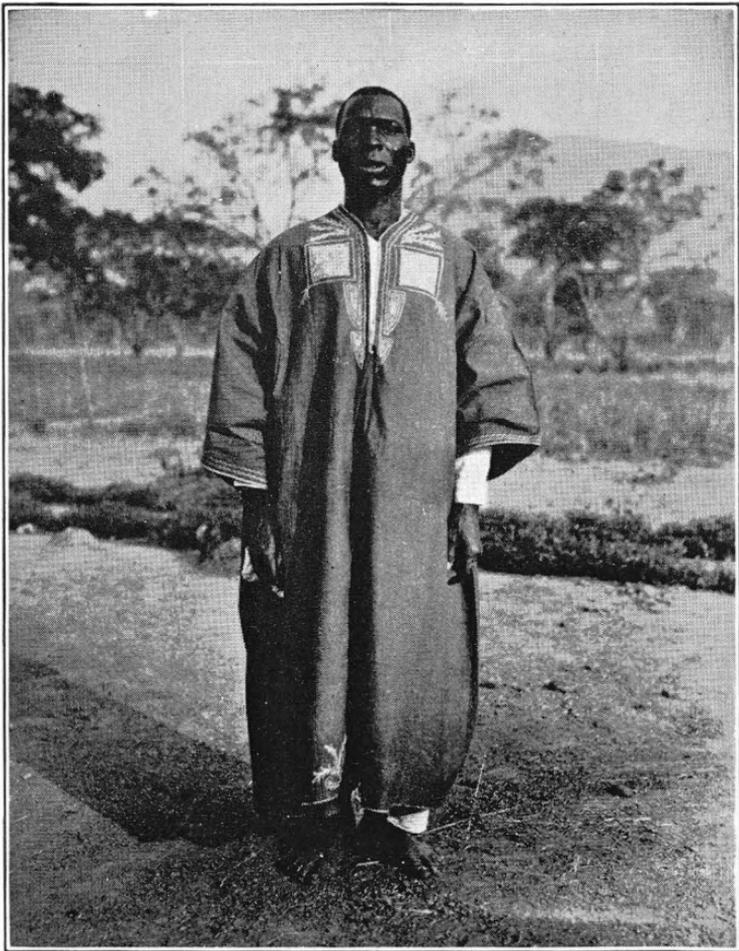
When I reported this matter to our Council, after earnest prayer, it was decided that we had no right to hold back bequests from other missions and charities, while we speculated on the rising or falling of the stock market.



AS IT WAS IN 1900
EACH BLACK SQUARE REPRESENTS FROM THREE-
QUARTERS TO A MILLION PEOPLE.



AS IT IS IN 1943
ONLY SHADED SECTIONS HAVE BEEN TOUCHED BY
MISSIONS. OVER 20 SQUARES ARE STILL UN-
TOUCHED.



MALAM—THE FIRST CONVERT FROM THE JABA TRIBE
AND STILL THE HONORED LEADER OF THE
CHURCH THERE.

Therefore we advised the lawyer to sell immediately and that we would take whatever was left. We acted on what we felt was principle and not on the wise business counsel of the lawyer. Had we not done this, it is doubtful whether we ever would have received a dollar from that estate. All those C.P.R. stocks were sold, even though they were down to \$200 and \$199. They continued to go down and down and in over a quarter of a century since have never gone up as high again. Such was God's provision during those early war years. It brought the Mission some thousands of dollars to care for the need while I was away on that trip to the Mission field. This was a little indication of how God could finance for His servants on the foreign field in the war days.

Another incident may be told to show not only God's care for the whole Mission but for my personal interest. For my visits to the field and for my long deputation tours my expenses have not come from the treasury; I have been accustomed to look to the Lord directly for special provision for these needs. On this occasion my faith was quite sorely tried. It came within a few days of the time when I was to leave home and yet no special provision had come in for my journey. An old friend, a Presbyterian preacher, wrote me a letter, saying they had had sickness in the home, several children had had diphtheria and that God had been so very good in sparing their lives that as a thank offering to the Lord he was sending me \$100 for my personal use. This was not sufficient to cover my expense but it did give me a good start and more than covered my journey across the Atlantic.

Then this other strange thing occurred on the journey. We had gone aboard a slow vessel at Montreal. We were going to Liverpool through the North Channel, when

suddenly something happened. We did not know then what it was but later learned that the largest British vessel sunk through the whole war had been blown up just ahead of us, and because of its torpedoing our captain had received wireless instructions to turn our course right around Ireland. Instead of going into Liverpool, he was to land his passengers at Greenock, the port of Glasgow. I do not know even yet how Glasgow friends learned of it, but when we reached Greenock a letter awaited me from Pastor Findlay of Glasgow, who for years had been a staunch supporter of our work. His letter welcomed me and said that he had announced me for a whole week of meetings in his church. He also wrote, "Your whole party will be my guests during the week." When we came ashore, I protested that this was impossible, saying that we had only two weeks in Britain, which we expected to spend in Liverpool outfitting our party. He countered this by saying that there were as many wholesale houses in Glasgow as in Liverpool. "I am in touch with them all," he said, "and can get whatever you want at wholesale prices." So he insisted we must carry through his programme for the week. There was just one thing we were unable to get in that week of outfitting the party and that was the bill for the goods.

During the week we were with him, he arranged leave of absence for the brother of one of our party, who was in the Canadian contingent in Britain, to spend a week in Glasgow. Then Pastor Findlay arranged for our young missionary to go back with his brother to his regiment in old London. After making arrangements to pay the young missionary's expenses, Pastor Findlay turned to me and said, "Mr. Bingham, if you have any business in London I want you to be my guest at the Hotel Ivanhoe." After

reaching Liverpool and helping the party with many of the final little things, I found it necessary to run down to London for a couple of days on business and so accepted my friend's invitation to stay at the hotel of his selection. I had just finished my business, packed my suitcase and was leaving the hotel to go to the station, when whom should I meet just outside the hotel door but Pastor Findlay and his wife! He asked, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To the station. I am due in Liverpool this evening, with a very busy day tomorrow before I sail." He said, "You go right back in the hotel with that suitcase. You are going to spend the evening with me. I am going to hear F. B. Meyer tonight and you are going with me." I said, "Pastor Findlay, I must be in Liverpool for business tomorrow." He said, "You go back in that hotel. There is a midnight train from London to Liverpool; you can take that, if necessary." He had been so good to our whole party, that I felt I could not refuse his peremptory invitation and I went back into the hotel and took my suitcase up to the room which I had previously occupied. So I had the privilege of listening to a great address by Dr. F. B. Meyer. Afterward we walked back together through the darkened streets of old London to the hotel. Pastor Findlay said, "Your train does not leave until midnight, so come in and we will have a late supper together." As I sat at the table with these two dear friends, Pastor Findlay turned to me and abruptly asked, "How are you fixed, personally, for the journey you are taking?" I evaded by saying, "Pastor Findlay, when I go on the Master's business He generally looks after the *fixing* for me." He said, "That is no answer to my question. Have you got money for this journey?" Not to have replied would have been equivalent to answering, so I said to him frankly, "I have provision for all my party, but

not for myself." He said, "You chat away with Mrs. Findlay, I am going up to my room. I am going to have a finger in this pie." If you could have seen his great hand, you would have known that there was a good big finger going into the pie! When he returned, he handed me a cheque and said, "Half of that will cover all your own expenses. The other half is for you to give away as you choose. Out on the field you will see missionaries at places and stations where you will want to give them £5 or £10 to encourage them." It was one of the sweetest provisions ever made for me.

A half-hour later, I bade him goodbye and went to my midnight train. While that train was simply packed with soldiers, as I sat jammed in all the way from London to Liverpool, my heart was so overflowing with joy at the Divine provision that, although I scarcely saw an hour of sleep that night, I went through my final business before sailing the next day without any sense of fatigue. Waiting on the Lord, He had in a very literal way renewed my strength. This is interjected as a little token of how God cared for us during those war days. I could tell of many other wonderful provisions.

When we reached the field, our first appointment was to meet with all our missionaries gathered in conference for a week. After that conference, Dr. Mackenzie and I set out to visit every station of the Mission. He had leave of absence from his church for only six months, and this visitation work occupied him practically the whole time. What joy we had in seeing the real harvest in the Yagba country and then the firstfruits in the other tribes which we had entered! In those days we still trekked in the primitive way. We had to walk every mile. In some parts, I could use a bicycle, but Dr. Mackenzie would not risk

cycling on those native paths, so he covered the whole distance on foot. He said he really poured out his life on those African paths, so difficult for him was the daily trekking under that tropical sun.

When Dr. Mackenzie turned homeward and left me on the field, I had finished visiting all the tribes where we had work and then before me was the challenge of the new adventure. I wanted to see something of the untouched regions and to prospect our lines of advance. The farthest point our Mission had occupied was Miango, where we have since opened the Rest Home. Our present headquarters at Jos is not far from there. In regions far beyond this was a tribe called the Tangale, to whom the British resident had invited us to send missionaries. In order to go there we would have to pass through country occupied by some ten other tribes. If we covered the whole region the journey would take at least three months and if we went straight out to the Tangale it would take two full weeks. There were three of us who set out on this trip—Dr. Stirrett, Rev. Norman Davis and I. Each of those tribes had a story and all of them today are occupied by our workers, but then, in 1915, it was country entirely without missionaries. We went on from one district to another seeing the people in all their savagery and sin.

We were anxious to open work among the nomadic tribe of cattle herders, the Fulani, who had several towns in this region and we finally came to a little place where they had a village encampment with huts built in their distinctive fashion of nothing but cornstalks. We were delayed there for some time. First, Mr. Davis came down with dysentery. He became so terribly weakened and was so low that Dr. Stirrett said to me, "I do not think he can possibly pull through. I think you ought to break the news to him." I ventured to do this and I shall never forget the

smile with which he said, "I thought I was coming out to live for the Lord, but if He wants me to die, He knows His own business best." However, God graciously spared his life. Before he was able to be moved, Dr. Stirrett came down with the same disease and I was the only nurse. The conditions in this little Fulani village were desperate. The only water supply in the place was a big circular mound of clay which, in the rainy season, filled up with water, and became their sole reservoir in the dry season. It was the close of the dry season when we were there. Into that reservoir, every man, woman and child waded, and every horse, cow and pig came to drink. It was thicker than the soup our mothers used to make and blocked my water filter immediately it was poured in. I had to send several miles back to the nearest well to get some water that, when boiled, became fit for use. I decided, therefore, to try to move to the bank of a river some miles away and arranged Mr. Davis on one of our camp beds for the journey. Before we were half way there, Dr. Stirrett told me that he could no longer sit in the saddle. So I had two men in my improvised ambulance of camp beds, with natives who declared they couldn't possibly carry them on such stretchers. I was at my wit's end, when I felt that the Lord came to my help and showed me how to fix those two cots so that the natives could carry them on their shoulders. It was a desperate day but we got through. For two weeks after that Dr. Stirrett was very near to the "valley of the shadow."

I had sent a native runner to our nearest station to see whether I could get help to take Mr. Davis back to civilization. Mr. Hummel came to my rescue. I still wanted to visit that Tangale tribe which was so much on my heart. I proposed that Mr. Hummel take the two convalescent men back to his station, while I went on alone. This was

too much for our old Doctor! He said, "No, if you can get me a horse I can sit in the saddle and go with you." He was insistent about it, so we let the two men go back, while Dr. Stirrett and I still faced the regions beyond. We had lost the best part of a month through sickness but the rains were still holding off. We set out with the horse we had hired and with our carriers, who were getting quite panicky over the reports they heard of this cannibal tribe we proposed visiting. It was rumored that these men would kill and eat anybody outside of their own tribe, but we faced it and finally reached their two towns of Kaltungo and Biliri. There we found a people lower than any we had ever seen. Men, women and children were living in nakedness. From the time they came into the world naked, until they went out of the world naked, they never possessed a piece of cloth as large as one's hand. The other pagan tribes we had passed through had at least a sense of decency, to the extent of following the fashion of Mother Eve and putting on a leafy apron each day, but not so the Tangale. There was more than rumour in the story of their fierceness and cannibalism. They marked with a stone the place where they buried the skulls of the victims they had killed and eaten, and there were plenty of such stones around. We went all through those two main towns and having finished our visitation and completed the whole programme, at last we turned our faces homeward, singing the little chorus, "Oh, who would mind the journey when the road leads Home?"

We stopped for Sunday just after we left the tribe, and looking back on the beautiful mountain country, Dr. Stirrett and I knelt and prayed that God would send at least two missionaries to tell the story in that far-away place, two weeks' journey beyond our farthest station. When we reached the next town on the homeward path, a horseman

rode up and handed us an official letter from the Resident of that region. The horseman apologized, stating that he had been told to hasten but his horse had taken sick. The letter was to tell us that we must on no account go into the Tangale tribe; that, being war time, they had no soldiers for our protection, and that these savages were such that our lives would not be safe. Here we were, finishing our journey, when this peremptory order reached us. Of course, we were able to write the Resident and explain what had occurred and that we had not wilfully disobeyed his command but that we had been right through the Tangale country and emerged safely before his order reached us. The Government man, who could not send soldiers, did not know that God had given angel protection.

The outcome of that long journey of three months was that, when I arrived home, I appealed strongly for those ten tribes without a missionary and especially for two men for the Tangales. God answered in such a remarkable way, but it brings me to the story of that second half of the fourth period of seven years.

Two men responded, one of them a Scotsman, Rev. John S. Hall; the other, C. Gordon Beacham, an American. Mr. Hall, after graduating from Moody Bible Institute, had completed his Arts Course in McMaster University, in Toronto. He had struggled and worked his way through his entire preparation. He heard the story of the Tangale and was gripped by it and volunteered to go to that far-away tribe.

Mr. Beacham came from Dr. Mackenzie's church in Cleveland, Ohio. My old friend, who had visited the field with me, invited me to come to his church for their annual Missionary Day. I went, and told the story of what

had happened after their Pastor had left me. I told about the Tangales and of their savagery and sin. When I had finished the Pastor arose and said to his people, "Before we bring up our offerings for Missions this morning there is one thing more important and that is the offering of life. Who will place his life upon the altar for service? Who will go anywhere in the world that Christ calls?" Something happened as he invited them to come forward and take their stand as volunteers to become soldiers of Jesus Christ.

In the family pew sat a tall young man, who at once responded and came to the front of the platform as a volunteer. Beside him in the congregation there had sat his brother, who physically was just his opposite. He was crippled from birth and could not rise without help from a sitting position. Yet here was this big brother volunteering for the foreign field. It was hard to measure in any terms what it meant to that one in the congregation. I do know the scene moved him to such an extent that he could not suppress his feelings. In words that were heard all through the church he shouted—what do you suppose? His protest against the action of the brother? Oh, no! The words that all heard were, "Pastor, I'd go if I could." Pastor Mackenzie shouted back, "Help him up here, he has the right to stand with the volunteers this morning."

I shall never forget that scene, how they helped him to his feet and how he came down the aisle to stand alongside his brother. There was another, his mother, who had more at stake than any one else in this young man's decision. I do not feel that I can tell her story here. She was there in that congregation and that big fellow was her main support. The week before he had told her the burden on his heart and he thought she would protest against

it, but instead, she had said to him, "Gordon, I gave you to the Lord for this work when you were born, and of course you'll go." I should like to be able to tell the whole story to move the selfish, stony hearts in our churches today.

Here was a whole family consecrated to missionary service that morning. This family trio had a hand in entering that new tribe with the Gospel. Within a year, that young man, C. Gordon Beacham, was on his way to the far-away Tangale field with John Hall. These two young men overcame every difficulty and settled down in the midst of that people. Kaltungo was a long distance beyond our other stations and there were tribes between to whom we did not send missionaries until later, but at last among the Tangale people there were the two men for whom we had prayed two years before. They gave themselves up to mastering the language and reducing it to writing and they did a splendid piece of work. So diligent were they and so co-operative, that within twelve months of their arrival, they had their first Gospel in the tongue of the people and then they began to give it out. The next time I visited that tribe, they were beginning to gather the firstfruits and had about a score of young men who had taken their stand for Christ. The opposition was already keen, however. Two women, who were the old witches of the tribe and who did all the cruel, devilish work that went with their profession, had persuaded the young women to line up and declare they would never marry young men who became Christians. They made a kind of slogan out of it to shout after the young fellows who were heeding the Gospel, but these young men had been gripped by that Gospel and began to shout back to the girls their slogan, "We'll never marry heathen wo-

men." The lines were clearly drawn. Only those who know the utter moral degradation of that tribe could know what it meant to those young fellows to run a boycott against the young women, but they stood true and the day came at last when the first young woman surrendered to Christ and that year they had the first Christian wedding. Later on I saw those two old witches transformed by the grace of God. Then the harvest really set in. On that later visit to the field I was booked to participate in a morning meeting in the one town of the tribe and an evening meeting in the other town. At the morning service there were about five hundred present, gathered to observe the sacred feast of our Lord. They had the table spread with the elements of the bread and wine. Many were present whose hands had been stained red with human blood at their cannibal feasts and here they were, with all hatred gone and the love of Christ filling their hearts, come to celebrate this feast with its bread and wine symbolizing the death of One whose blood was shed for them and whose blood could cleanse from all sin.

Mr. Hall wanted to let me know that his people were learning the Scriptures as fast as he could give it to them and he called for those who could recite the Sermon on the Mount to raise their hands. I listened to one or two go through those three chapters of Matthew without a break. Fearing I might have to listen to a score or more, I interposed with "I know they can do it; we'll let the others go." That evening I went over to the other town where a larger crowd was gathered. There I listened to the testimonies of these people, interpreted in a quiet undertone to me by their missionary. I have been in the historic missions at home—in the Jerry McAuley Mission and others in New York City, the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, missions in England, Scotland and Ireland, and

missions in Belgium. I have listened to marvellous testimonies of the grace of God but none that exceeded those I heard that evening from the lips of these black people who had been literally brought out from the lowest depths conceivable into the saving grace of Christ Jesus. There were men who could tell of the days of cruelty and cannibalism and then of how the cold stony heart had been changed and a new heart given to them—a heart of love. There were women who never knew what chastity was in the old days, who lived lives little above the animals but who now stood and talked of purity and of the Christ who had come to be present in their lives and to answer their prayers.

The last time I was in this tribe, again I preached in the one church in the morning and had the communion service there. Then I went over the six miles to the other for an evening period. The missionary in the latter place chided me, saying, "You gave them the morning last time, why didn't you give us the morning this time? If you had been here you would have had fifteen hundred by actual count in your meeting. Tonight, you will have only some eight or nine hundred. You see, so many of our people like to go out on Sunday afternoon and evening and preach the Gospel in the surrounding towns and villages, that you will have a small crowd tonight."

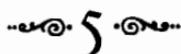
"Well," I said, "a small crowd is all right for me. What shall I give them?" What do you think that missionary replied? He said, "Give them anything you would give your people at home. Our people can understand it. They have the whole New Testament today in their language and they read it and know it. Give them what you gave our missionaries at our Conference, or a missionary message." I therefore ventured to have a missionary meeting.

I told them of my recent visit to the Egyptian Sudan, of my journey up into the highland of the great Moslem area and when I had finished, though they had not expected an offering, they could not close their meeting without one. Strangely enough, the amount given was just about the same as that which William Carey received when the first modern mission was formed one hundred and fifty years ago. These people would rarely get a wage of more than a shilling a day, or twenty-four cents, and the women would not earn half that amount. Yet they gave me sixty-five dollars which I sent over for the work in the Egyptian Sudan. Much more important than the amount of the offering is the fact that they took a step forward in missionary work that night. Within three months, four of their own best men were sent up into the Moslem provinces to the north as the first foreign missionaries supported by them. Since then some seventy other native workers have been sent out in full-time service. This Tangale work has been one of the greatest crowns in soul-winning ministry. Mr. Hall and Mr. Beacham have lived to see there a wonderful harvest.

Mr. Hall has since been sent to the Moslem work in the north and Mr. Beacham has become the Associate Field Director; but the work that they founded there, born in the sorrow and travail of those war years, goes on with wonderful fruitfulness and all of the surrounding tribes are being reached today. What wonder, then, that when the new war burst upon us we did not need any special guidance to know that God would have us plan in war years to go steadily on! Already, as we write, we have sent out to the field over eighty new workers during the war and God has increased our finance accordingly.

The account of this seven years would be incomplete

without reference to one who came to my side in 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jones had offered their services to the Mission and when, through physical disabilities, they were unable to go to the field, Mr. Jones stepped into the office as Financial and General Secretary. What his service of twenty-five years has meant to the Mission and to the missionaries is beyond appraisal. When he came our field force numbered less than forty. In the years that followed he saw the number grow to almost four hundred. The same increase was apparent in the financial income, which grew from \$29,000 in 1917, to \$388,657 in 1941. On March 14th, 1942, he finished his work here and we are sure he received a "well done, good and faithful servant," from the Master.



Seven Years of Enlarged Vision and a Larger Call

1922-1928

THERE ARE TWO outstanding events in the fifth period of seven years, both occurring near its close. The first of these was my "Going around the world with God", the second, the entering of our Mission into Ethiopia.

Into this period there came a new need because of new offers of service. Several applications had come to us from candidates in Australia and New Zealand. We did not know how to examine and evaluate these, so we asked another Mission Council, in which we had confidence, to act for us in Australia. They agreed to consider our candidates as they would their own and everything went well until we acted on a recommendation, the outcome of which proved disastrous. The candidate had concealed things from them which had they known they would never have recommended that he be accepted. We did not blame them, but later we had to dismiss the candidate. We felt it was unfair to lay the responsibility for accepting or rejecting candidates upon another mission. It was decided, therefore, that I should visit the other side of the world and form our own Councils in the Antipodes. This meant practically circling the globe, as a return ticket would cost as much as a round-the-world fare.

At that time we were invited to speak at a Bible Conference and at one of the meetings was a gentleman who was

serving on a Mission Board for India. At the close of the meeting he came to me and said, "You are going to Australia. Why could you not stop off in India? If you will and will give our missionaries there what you have been giving here at this Conference, I will pay all your stop-over expenses."

He wanted an answer immediately so that he might cable out to make arrangements for the gathering of their missionaries. Prayerfully, I agreed to give India a month and he agreed to bear all the expenses of that month. This determined the direction in which I should make the trip.

I had been giving lectures on "Fulfilled Prophecy", but I had used the pictures of others, especially those of the great Underwood & Underwood firm of photographers. Two other friends, when they heard I was going to India, said, "You ought to stop off in Palestine and Egypt and get your own Biblical pictures."

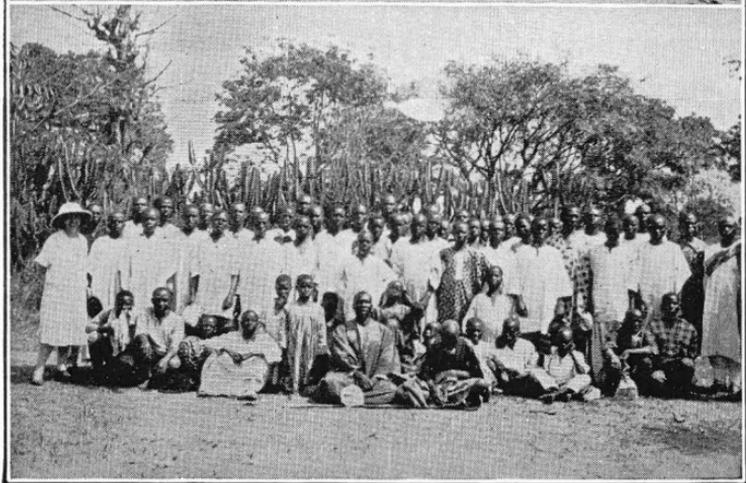
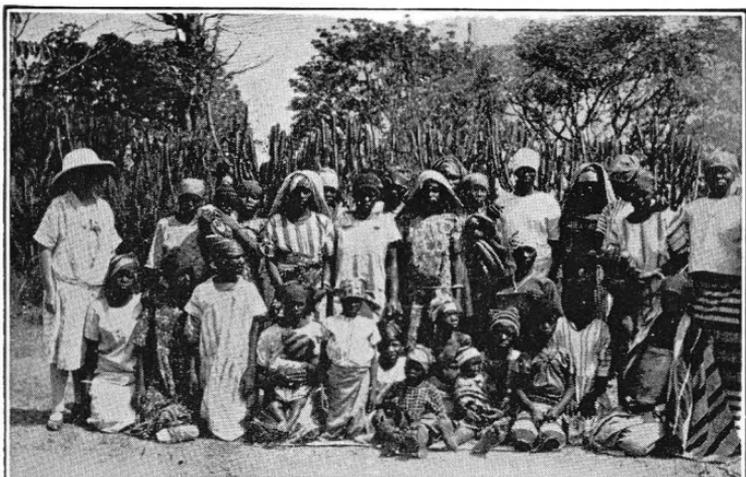
And very kindly they offered to pay the expenses of my stop-over in Palestine. This was all I had toward going around the world, until a week before the sailing date, when at a little gathering of the staff from the Sudan Interior Mission office and Evangelical Publishers, I was presented with an envelope containing one hundred dollars. The one who made the presentation said, "This will carry you to such and such a line in the middle of the Atlantic and then you will have to get over the side of the boat and paddle your own canoe."

At least it was something toward sailing around the world—payment of expenses promised for Palestine and India and fare paid half-way across the Atlantic.

I took ship on the largest United States vessel of that



MR. E. F. RICE PREACHING TO A GROUP OF HAUSA MEN AS HE STOPS
BY THE WAYSIDE.



CHRISTIANS OF THE JABA TRIBE WHO WALKED 70 MILES TO GREET THEIR "GREAT LEADER FROM THE WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY," DR. BINGHAM, WHEN HE VISITED KAGORO.

time—the great “Leviathan”. A strange thing happened. After I had found my berth on board, I went to see the purser on a little matter of business. After some conversation at the wicket, he said to me, “I wonder if you are the man I am looking for? I want a preacher to conduct our Sunday morning service.”

“Well,” I answered, “I must congratulate you. This is the first boat in all my years of travel, in which the purser has been looking for a preacher. I have had to start an argument with many a purser to get permission to preach. Certainly I should be delighted to take the Sunday morning service.”

After the service, a group of Christians gathered around me and I gave them on the Sunday afternoon in my own cabin, one of my “Fulfilled Prophecy” lectures. They were insistent that I give it to a larger crowd of passengers.

“If you will arrange everything, I will do the speaking and show my pictures,” I said.

I gave my two lectures on prophecy and both times the crowd was so large and the response so fine that I ventured to put on a third illustrated talk on Africa. A remarkable thing happened! Among the Christians that gathered around me were two Brethren. When I had finished my African talk one of these men arose and remarked tactfully, but earnestly, that he felt no Christian present could possibly go away unmoved and said, “I do not think we ought to go away without taking action. My friend here and I will be glad, if you feel moved as I do, to receive from anyone present, gifts to pass on to our brother for this work in Africa.”

Think of such an appeal to a mixed crowd on board the largest American boat then afloat! The Lord can do strange things to meet needs. When I landed in England I turned this offering into missionary passages, but I myself had very little to carry me further. I had an even greater problem, that of securing passage. It was the season when boats were crowded with officials returning to India and there were long waiting lists. At Cook's Passenger Agency they said, "We can do nothing for you, but during the days you are in England we will keep our eyes open and see if we can find something."

*"One step I see before me
'Tis all I need to see."*

When I arrived in England a letter awaited me from Mr. and Mrs. Norton in Belgium saying that they had learned that I was going around the world and asking me not to pass Belgium by. I had acted for them as Honorary Treasurer of the Belgian Gospel Mission and on an earlier visit across the Atlantic had spent a couple of weeks visiting that work, but I had met all my own expenses on that journey and there had been no return, so I felt, in my present financial position, I could not think of taking Belgium in en route. On the Saturday, however, just before my Sunday service in Glasgow, the Belgian work so weighed on my heart that I found myself in the cable office wiring the Nortons, "Will be with you over the next week-end," and so my route was changed to overland, across Europe, via Rome and Naples, to Egypt. When I reached Belgium, I found they had packed the week-end with meetings for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. At the Sunday meeting a Belgian

gentleman, whom I had met before, was present and came to me at the close of the meeting.

"When did you come to Belgium, Mr. Bingham?" he asked.

I replied, "I arrived Friday night."

"How long are you staying?"

"I am going away tomorrow."

"Oh," he said, "you must come out to see us."

I said, "Impossible. I leave in the afternoon for Paris and I have a busy morning. I have to go down to get my baggage transferred and see about tickets."

"Oh, you must come out to see us," said this good brother. "I will send my daughter with the car tomorrow morning and she will take you around anywhere you have business and bring you out to us for lunch. I will get you in, in time for your afternoon train for Paris."

He was so insistent that I accepted. The next morning his daughter was in bright and early with the car. She took me to get my trunk transferred, then motored me to Cook's ticket office where I bought my ticket through to Paris and tried to find out all I could about the possibility of getting to Egypt through Italy. When I went to pay for my ticket, the young lady stepped between me and the clerk and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Bingham, father said I was to look after any paying of money."

And she swept me aside as she paid for my ticket to Paris. When business was finished, she motored me

out to their lovely home in the suburbs. At the table my friend asked me where I was going and why. I told him I was headed for Australia, though I did not know how I was going to get there, since there seemed to be so little possibility of my getting a booking. After lunch was over he took me into his library and said, "I want to talk to you."

I told him I had to think of my train.

"Forget your train, Mr. Bingham," he said. "I told you I would get you there in ample time."

Then he opened his heart about some spiritual troubles and we finally got on our knees before God. When we arose I felt that God had done more than I could with his problems. At the same time, God was looking after my problems. After we rose from our knees, this friend said, "Now, Mr. Bingham, I am the Lord's banker and I feel He wants me to have a little hand in this tour you are taking around the world."

He wrote me a cheque on an English bank for one hundred pounds (\$500.00).

"Then," he said, "you are going to Paris. I would like you to be my guest during the time you will be spending there. Go to Hotel ———, they know me. Tell them to make the charge to me. Then you will need money through France."

He pulled out a drawer in his desk and took out a handful of French notes which he handed to me, saying, "That will see you through France."

It did—and not only through France, but through Italy and farther.

Here was I, in my short-sightedness, saying that I

could not afford to go to Belgium and the Lord was showing me that He could, in Belgium, give me my largest gift for the whole journey. Not only did He meet my own need, but He gave me three times the amount of my expenses in India for the month I was there. When I added things up at the close of my round-the-world trip, I found that the Lord had enabled me not only to meet my expenses, but had given me sufficient to send to the field \$1,000.00 for each month of my absence. God can raise up friends everywhere.

I had great difficulty getting passage on an Italian boat to Egypt. Finally by going right down to the boat I got a little cabin, left at the last moment by cancellation. On that Italian boat the Lord gave me some great things. I had thought I would have a lonely time on a boat where I could not understand the language, but I had only just stepped on board when I heard a typical American voice saying, "Gee Whiz!" It was language I knew. I looked around and there stood a young American, a six-footer.

"My, that sounds fine to me on this foreign boat!" I said.

"Yes, sir, your talk sounds fine to me, too." And holding out his hand he said, "Come and meet my father and mother."

He introduced me to them and they asked, "Have you located your place in the dining room?"

"No," I replied.

"Well," they said, "there are little tables for four. How would you like to sit with us?"

"I should be glad to," was my reply.

The following evening, sitting with the young man in the music room, I said, "This is the first Saturday night I have ever been on an ocean boat without having my plans made for Sunday, but I have a bad cold and this is a foreign ship. I do not think anyone would understand me on this boat."

"Oh," he said, "I hear English spoken all around."

As we were talking, a lady who was playing the piano turned around on the music stool and looked at me. Then she beckoned to me, and when I went over to the piano she said, "Excuse me, are you a preacher?"

I never wear clerical garb, but she had gathered from our conversation that I was a minister.

"I do preach sometimes," I said.

"I thought so," she said. "Now we will have a service in the morning. My husband and I were thinking of having a Sunday School class in our own stateroom for the children, but if you will preach we will have a service. Wait until I call my husband."

He at once entered enthusiastically into his wife's suggestion of arranging to hold a service. He said, "Let us go see the purser."

The purser was a Roman Catholic and he was not enthusiastic about having a Protestant service. He tried to dissuade us and then took us down to a room low in the ship where he said the children played, but my friend said, "No, this is no place for a service. You have a lounge in which there is a piano. There are a lot of British passengers on this ship, and you want to cater to English trade. They are used to a Sunday morning service."

Finally the purser gave in and said, "I suppose you would like a notice put up on the notice board. I will attend to that."

And within an hour, on the board was a big sign:

*Protestant Mass
Will Be Observed
Sunday Morning
at 10.30*

So I conducted "Protestant Mass" Sunday morning, and how many friends I gained when I had poured out the warm-hearted message the Lord had given me! At the close of the service the lady who had helped to arrange it came to me and said, "Mr. Bingham, you are going to Palestine. You must be the guest of my father and mother in Jerusalem. We are stopping in Egypt, but I shall wire them immediately on landing. My father is the President of the Chamber of Commerce there and he and my mother will be glad to entertain you while you are in the city."

Another gentleman who overheard this stepped up and said, "No! Mr. Bingham will be my guest in Jerusalem."

I learned that he was the leading banker in that ancient city. Here I was going to the "City of Cities" with a double invitation and each of them was determined to have me as a guest. There were many other things that came out of that little voyage from Naples to Alexandria—fruit that has remained, in the making of some of the truest and best friends in Egypt and Palestine.

two nephews being in some kind of motor business in Beirut. I dropped a line to him in Scotland, saying, "If these are your nephews, will you write at once to see whether they could get me across the desert to India in time for my meetings there, with passage down the Persian Gulf." When I landed in Palestine, I found the young men were running a transport line across the desert from Beirut to Bagdad. I received word that they had heard from their uncle and would be glad to arrange the whole journey and reserve my berth for the trip down the Persian Gulf. When I saw them in Beirut, they said, "As a minister or missionary, we should have given you a ten per cent reduction on your fare, but seeing you came from our uncle, we will make it twenty per cent."

I got to India in that quicker, cross-country way, far cheaper than by the ocean boat through the Suez Canal.

This journey did another thing that was epoch-making. I retraced the whole trail of Abraham's life. I had been down where he was buried in the cave of Machpelah, but now I was covering the whole journey of his life, going right across the desert from Beirut to Bagdad and down to Ur of the Chaldees where he was born. It was an eventful trip. Abraham was in my mind constantly. We were in a fleet of five Cadillac cars. I could not get them to wait half an hour for a service on Sunday, but one of the cars had a blow-out and it gave me my opportunity while the tire was being repaired, but they were not interested in eternal things. When occasionally we passed a string of camels on that desert path I could not help but see Abraham sitting on one of them. Then, in a strange way, the Spirit of God began to speak to me from that life and three verses

in my little pocket New Testament riveted themselves in my mind—Galatians 3:7-9. After the sixth verse had brought to me Abraham believing God and having it reckoned unto him for righteousness, then verse seven began to press home its message. “Know that they that are of faith are the sons of Abraham.” I read on, “And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen by faith, preached the Gospel beforehand unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed.” And then came the consummation of verse nine, “So then, they that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.” I had never known any real practical application of this scripture in my own heart. On that desert trail these words kept pressing in and my ears were closed to the converse of the ungodly that journeyed with me as I could not help but listen to God. There He brought to me a revelation of that covenant of worldwide blessing made with Abraham, and emphasized those words, “They that are of faith, the same are the sons of Abraham.” And again, verse nine, “And they that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.” The Holy Spirit of God convinced me that true faith would lead me into that heritage of Abraham—worldwide blessing to all the nations of the earth. When we stopped for the night in the desert, I walked away from our encampment into its sands and looked up into that same starry heaven into which Abraham had gazed when God said, “So shall thy seed be,” I felt the tremendous challenge of stepping into that heritage of faith. When I read the final verse of the chapter there was no getting away from it. There it stood—“If ye are Christ’s, then are ye Abraham’s seed, heirs according to promise.” Standing on those desert sands I reminded God that He knew all about my unbelieving heart, but I then said,

“Lord, if you want me to take as my heritage this world-wide blessing of Abraham, then I do not want to fail you.” I cannot forget that definite transaction between my soul and God. Knowing I was nothing but an earthen vessel, very earthen, always earthen, I laid hold of those promises.

God went all around the world with me, but afterward He used me in bringing the blessing to a people within a hundred miles of the spot where I stood that night in the plains of Mesopotamia. It illustrates so well all that has transpired since, that I turn aside from my story just to tell it.

Out in that great desert country were a group of Arabs who were devil worshippers and who were so bigoted that they declared they would kill anybody who tried to talk to them about God. How could God use me to reach them? A young man who had their language had felt strangely moved to go to that people. Little by little he won their confidence, until he was able to talk about God and about Christ, the Saviour, to them. After some time he went down to Bagdad for a rest. There he met an American globe-trotter. In conversation with him, the young man told the story of his work.

The American said to him, “You must have a lonely time in your mission field. When you are up there, what is the most outstanding influence that reaches you from the outside world?”

Thoughtfully the missionary answered, “Somebody sends me a paper, *The Evangelical Christian*, from Canada, and I get more spiritual help from that than from any other outside influence.”

The American was so impressed by this statement that

about our home for missionaries' children. He did not know anything else to do but ask us to take them, and we had those dear children in the Home for years. It gave me a fulfilling of my Abrahamic Covenant in the opposite extreme of the world.

In many other ways, also, God fulfilled to me my pledge or covenant on the sands of the desert.

Up to that time The Evangelical Christian had a very limited subscription list. When I came back from my trip I found it in a very difficult financial situation and God brought to me a man who had become interested in the paper and who got behind it with his money so that we were enabled to put it out in a wider way than we had ever thought and to enlarge its scope and missionary message. Now, each month, the magazine goes out to thousands of missionaries in every part of the world, to almost every field. The word that comes of blessing received through its monthly visits to these mission stations lets us know that God is keeping the Abrahamic Covenant of making one man a blessing to all nations. So I felt that the one great outcome of this journey was the entering into and the appropriation of that Abrahamic blessing by faith.

In a remarkable way, God opened up the path in Australia and New Zealand so that we were able to form Councils of the Mission in Melbourne and Sydney, as well as Committees elsewhere, and then a Council in New Zealand.

The visit to the Antipodes brought up another great problem. At that time the only way for our missionary candidates from Australia to reach our field was to come all the way to Britain and then go down the

five thousand miles to West Africa. This, with the frequent furloughs necessary from our tropical field, was so expensive that it made the financing of the workers from that side of the world almost impossible; and so on my way home I began to study the question of whether it would be possible for us to get a field over on the other side of Africa to which they could go direct. At the closing of my ministry in "the land down under" there came to me the challenge of a new call to the Mission. I am quite sure it was not chance that led Mrs. Bingham to insert in an issue of our magazine the announcement of the formation of a new mission to undertake work in Ethiopia. They had taken the name of "The Abyssinian Frontiers Mission". When I read this in our own paper it linked itself at once with my prayer about Australian and New Zealand candidates and I determined to see whether there was a possibility of some connection with this new mission, which was being sponsored by three veteran African missionaries. I sought for an interview with them and so got to know its leader, Dr. Tom Lambie. He was the one man of the three who had been in Ethiopia. Through a special providence, he had received an invitation, while he was a missionary for the United Presbyterian Church, to come over from his work in the Egyptian Sudan to help in the first terrible "flu" epidemic which did not leave even Africa out of its path. This call came from one of the higher Ethiopian Governors. It was presented to his Board and with their approval he crossed the line into Ethiopia and opened for the United Presbyterians their first station in that land and later a second station. On his journey homeward on furlough, he visited the capital, where he met the one who is now Emperor, Haile Selassie.

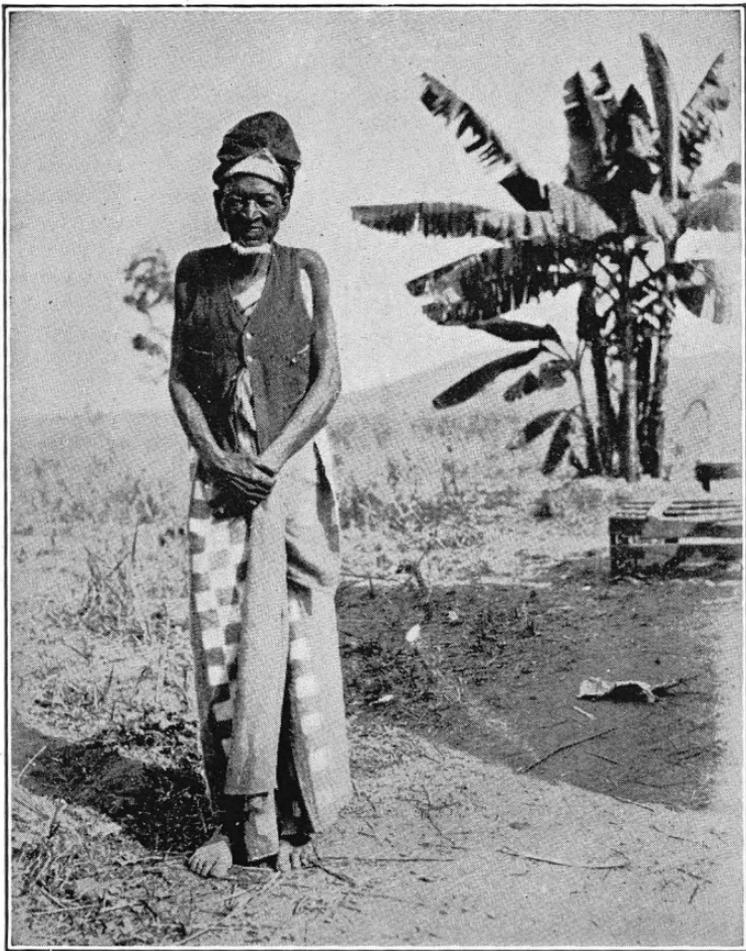
Through a gift and a remarkable answer to prayer he was able to build for his Society the first hospital in that country. God had laid on his heart a great burden for the many pagan tribes in southern Ethiopia and when his Society felt they could not approve any further advance, this man, with a pioneer spirit, resigned from his Mission and with Mr. Rhoad and Mr. Buxton sought to launch a new mission to meet the need. They were having difficulties in forming a new organization and I was facing my problem of finding a new field for our Australian and New Zealand workers. We came together for conference and prayer and we all saw that much more could be accomplished by uniting our efforts.

Just at this time the Sudan Interior Mission was undergoing a serious financial struggle. Our allowances were away behind and yet here was a proposition to take on an entirely new work. In our second conference with the leaders of the Abyssinian Frontiers Mission held at Canadian Keswick, Ferndale, Muskoka, Ontario, we were unanimous in joining hands and launching the new enterprise. We were to serve them at the home end with all our facilities, and they, with their experience, were to lead in the new work on the field. By Christmas time of that year, 1927, we had our first party of nine missionaries in Ethiopia and we closed the year with every financial need met.

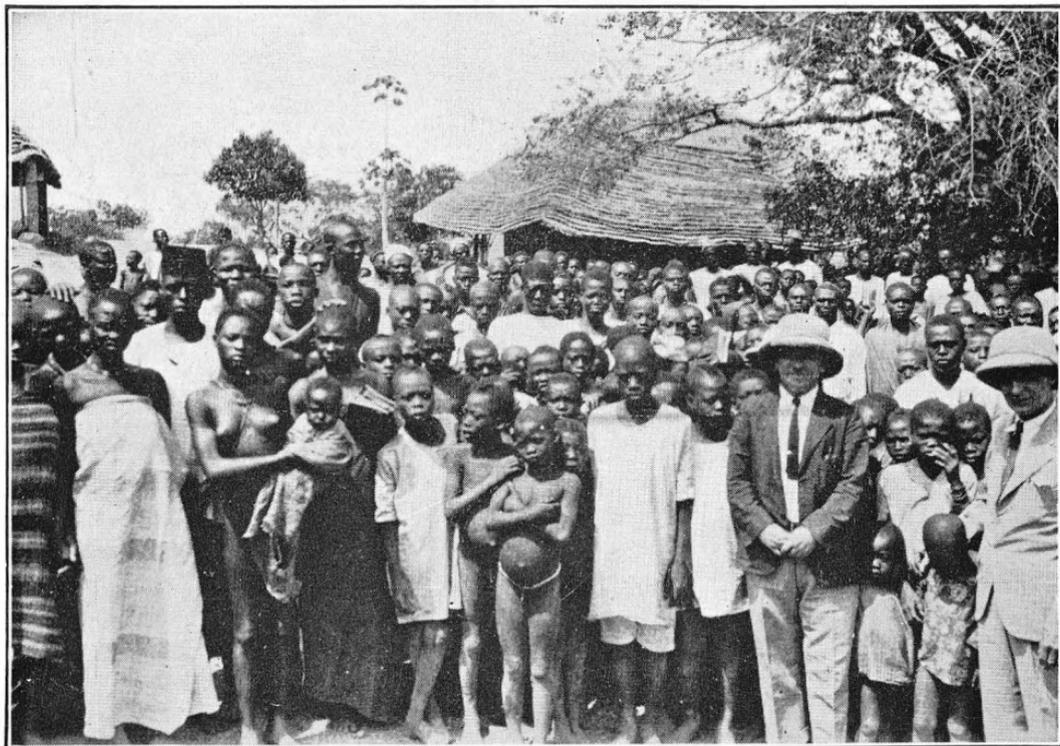
The present Emperor was then just Regent. With the advent of our new band of workers there arose great opposition from the old Coptic Church. At that time, affairs in the Government of the country were at a most critical stage. Haile Selassie had only secondary powers and while he was anxious for everything that would make for the uplift and enlightenment of his people, the

ancient church had such political power, that he could hardly afford to run contrary to its influence. Our missionaries said, when they faced the opposition of the church leaders, "You have dozens of tribes and millions of people that your own church is not influencing—Moslems, pagans and actual devil worshippers." They suggested that they be allowed to look after them.

Thus the first two or three years in Ethiopia were stormy ones. At one time the order to expel the missionaries was given, but God worked very graciously on their behalf, so that while on one occasion some of our workers had to flee from their stations, the fort was held. With the accession to full power of the present Emperor, we secured from him such help that station after station was opened, until we had fifteen of them operating. The Emperor was especially interested in the medical work for lepers and gave his personal help. It was he who presented us with a beautiful site of five hundred acres and a large gift of money toward the buildings. He graciously came and laid the foundation stone and when the buildings were completed officially opened it. It was quite a day when the Archbishop of the old Coptic Church came up to visit that Leprosarium. I was so glad to be present when he rose and, lifting his hands in blessing over the lepers gathered there, stated before them all, "I have never in all my life seen a work so Christlike", and then urged the lepers to listen to their benefactors.



"HOW THANKFUL I AM THE MISSIONARIES CAME BEFORE I DIED." THIS MAN ALSO WALKED 70 MILES TO GREET DR. BINGHAM AND SAY "THANK YOU."



PART OF THE "LIVING CHURCH" AT KALTUNGO.



Victory in Carrying The Gospel to the Moslems

1929-1935

INTO THIS PERIOD came one of the greatest victories of the Mission. For long years missionaries had been excluded from nearly all the great Moslem areas of the northern section of Nigeria. Except for a small area in Egypt these districts were the most densely populated regions in the whole of Africa. Government kept up its policy of exclusion on the ground that when Britain conquered the Moslem Emirs of Northern Nigeria they gave them the pledge that missionaries would be excluded from their territories. This was absolutely false. We do not know who the first official was who promulgated this theory. We do know that we have the sworn statement of the man who made all the official translations of Sir Frederick Lugard's proclamation into Arabic and Hausa. In giving us his statement, this man, who is still living, said, "Had Sir Frederick interjected into these proclamations anything that either implied or involved any such missionary exclusion I should have refused to translate it; first, because I was a Christian man and secondly, because I was a Britisher and believe that no British Government has the right to make a treaty with any country, debarring its citizens from having free access to the propagation of the Christian faith."

This theory was repeated by officials, however, until

they really believed it, and what was much worse, they gave it out to those Moslem Emirs.

First, let us ask who these Moslem Emirs were with whom any treaty was made. They were nothing but slave-raiding exploiters, devastating vast territories every year and hated by all the pagan tribes. The misrule of the Emirs was the reason for Sir Frederick Lugard's expedition and the reason for his easy conquest when, with the loss of very few lives, he overcame all their large cities in the interior.

We were in the country before this. We faced the wrath of these Moslem despots in our first entry there. When Sir Frederick Lugard conquered them, they thought that it was a kind of holy war and that they would be forced to give up their religion in the same way that they had endeavoured to force the Moslem faith on other people—at the point of the sword. Sir Frederick Lugard sought to allay their fears by the affirmation that Government had nothing to do with religion. He gave assurance to the Christians, as well as to the Moslems, of Governmental protection to all. That Sir Frederick never intended anything else is evident from the fact that he was negotiating with us and with the Church Missionary Society as to our plans, asking us to submit those plans to him, that there might be no conflict. We distinctly said, in our reply to Sir Frederick at that time, that we were quite ready to present our movements to him, so that we might not hamper him in securing a hold upon the country, but we made the distinct proviso that as soon as the British flag waved over the whole region there would of course be complete freedom of religion. In spite of this, Sir Frederick's successors not only insisted upon the other interpretation, but passed

laws that virtually made the British Residents absolute rulers of their districts, and in particular made one law that no white man could purchase land from a native, but could lease it only from the Government. Under the ægis of this law every application for missions to enter these areas and erect a mission home was refused.

On one of my visits to the field during this 1929 to 1935 period I ventured to go to the city of Sokoto on my way down from a visit to the French Sudan. In that city I asked permission to occupy the rest house prepared for white travellers. This brought me in touch with the white Resident and led to an interview with him. When I paid my respects to him he asked what I was doing in Sokoto. I told him I was there as the representative of the Sudan Interior Mission. Then he said, "You have no business here. What are you here for?"

I replied, "I am looking over the country to see where we can establish our work."

He remarked that we had no right there, that we were excluded by treaty. I took exception to his statement and told him a little of the past history.

He denied this and said, "You will never get in here."

I answered, "Well, time will give its verdict to that."

It was by no means a pleasant interview. The Lord has given His verdict. Within twelve months of the time when I saw him, the Resident had an altercation with the Emir of Sokoto, who raised his fist and gave the white man a blow in the face. That Moslem Emir knew that behind that white man there stood all the power of the British Government and that the need to maintain its prestige would certainly lead to action. So he fled into French Territory. Britain removed the

Resident from his post before a new Emir was appointed.

At that time I had a conference with all of our missionaries at Miango and there settled on the course of action. As we outlined the whole history of the past, our men reached the point, where, ready to face expulsion or imprisonment, they determined that with or without Government consent we were entering those great provinces of the north.

Much earlier, when Sir William Harcourt was the Colonial Secretary, we had appealed to the Colonial Office against the high-handed action of a Resident who closed down one of our prayer places and forbade anyone to enter the church. We received from Sir William a letter, in which he stated that he did not think any British official needed instruction to the effect, that the British Government would give to the Moslems no rights or privileges not accorded the Christian missionary.

When I reached Britain after this journey, I called at the headquarters of the International Council of Missions. During my call Dr. Oldham told me that all the secretaries were meeting the next day for a conference and that while their programme was very full he would give me a few minutes in which to lay before them all the Nigerian situation. At that conference, a representative of the Church of England, who had been on the field and present at the union conference in Nigeria, said in effect that there was nothing serious in Nigeria—all that was required was men who understood the Government and were used to dealing with matters of State. When I rose for my brief period, I took issue with his utterance by stating that if Governmental exclusion of missionaries from vast millions without the Gospel was not a serious thing, then my remarks might be out of

order. I then said that our missionaries, after every effort of kindly approach to the Government, had reached a place of desperation and were prepared to challenge the things being done under the British flag as being absolutely contrary to all that most British people believed. It meant a great deal to me when, following my address, Dr. Oldham, the honoured leader of the whole International Council, rose and said,

“I have to say that I cannot but confirm all that Mr. Bingham states relative to these conditions, which I regard as wholly intolerable. All I do ask, is that Mr. Bingham will be patient for just another brief period. In our dealing with the Foreign Office, we believe we have reached the place where at last they realize the seriousness of the situation.”

Within six months of that time Dr. Oldham had arranged for a conference at the Foreign Office when each of the Nigerian missions was to be represented. Led by the Bishop of Salisbury, our field leaders and Dr. Oldham put the situation before the Governor-General of Nigeria. At the close of that interview, the Governor-General promised a changed attitude and gave assurance that the Government would take steps to inculcate in the minds of the Moslem Emirs the British principle of religious toleration which would insure to the missionaries freedom and liberty for the peaceable propagation of the Gospel.

While things seemed to move very slowly, we believe that the Governor-General honourably sought to carry out the pledges given that day and within another year we were opening our stations in those densely populated regions of the north.

Now, after ten years, Britain is permitting the rule of

a man, who is trying to undo what was done then. To help in our approach in those Moslem areas our Mission took on a work for lepers (a work that the Moslem Emirs themselves approved) with the full understanding that the purpose of the missionary in working for the amelioration of the suffering of the lepers was that we might at the same time present to them our Christian message. No secret was made of our purpose and in it the native rulers acquiesced. Up in those Moslem provinces today, we are not only seeing scores of lepers discharged from our leper settlements each year, symptom-free from the terrible disease, but also many of them openly and frankly declaring their faith in the Christ who commanded His servants to "cleanse the leper". Thousands have read Dr. Helser's book, "The Glory of the Impossible", telling the story of the accomplishments of this venture.

While we are not in politics we are citizens, and as citizens we are not prepared to sit back while the Colonial office places over us men who deny us the privileges and the rights of our citizenship. After listening to the statement of the President of the United States that we are fighting for the basic liberties, freedom of worship with the others, our Mission, representing not only Britain but Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand, need not wait until the war reaches its conclusion to say to the Government, that we are not prepared to have the Colonial Office appoint men who oppose the entrance of the British missionary. In Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan, in the Somalilands and in Eritrea, we have been denied our basic liberties. In all these seven times seven years, whenever we have had opportunities, we have preached in Moslem areas without provoking a single riot. We are out to win Moslems,

not to stir up their hatred. We avow the great principles for which the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes have been supposed to stand and claim under them our privileges against any official who would close to millions of people any opportunity for the free presentation of the Christian Gospel.

What has Britain gained by this policy? Why is Egypt sitting back in this struggle and avowing her neutrality? Has Britain won any love by her pro-Moslem attitude there? She made her first step backward there, when Government stepped in and banned the Christian Scriptures in Gordon College, and then made the Moslem Friday the official Rest Day in a Christian College, given by Christian subscriptions, in memory of the great Christian leader, General Gordon. Why in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan does officialdom still demand from Britishers a special passport and permit of entry? Why have they, in the last five years, banned us from entering pagan tribes on the pretext that these people are in "the Moslem area"?

In 1932 we fought this thing through at the Foreign Office. We are not going to give up our liberties gained then. When Britain has actually proposed to make a grant of land in old London for the erection of a great Moslem centre, it is time for Britishers to awake to the pro-Moslem bias of their Government, and it is time to affirm, in true British fashion, the right of Christians in the land of Egypt and in the whole eastern part of Africa to carry on their peaceable propaganda.

In this same seven years, which opened up to us the great provinces in Northern Nigeria, with dense populations such as one finds in the province of Kano, where within a thirty-mile radius of the walls of the city a

million people live on the land, we have had marked advance in other directions.

Our work in the French Sudan was first opened by the late Mr. Edward F. Rice who, seizing an opportunity offered by a French trader, went north to the city of Zinder. After his pioneering, we succeeded in purchasing a fine site for a Mission Station there and later still another at Tsibiri, not far from Zinder. On one of my later visits to the field, after meeting with the missionaries in conference at Miango, I decided to prospect westward in the French Territory until I came to the stations of other Missions there. I planned to take the time between Christmas and New Year's for this purpose but hoped to be back at our old station, Wushishi, for New Year's Day. I notified Miss Emily Clark there of my plan to be with her then. I took the long journey westward across the Niger to Fada n'Gourma, to the capital of that district, Wagadugu, where I found the first station of another mission. I arranged with them, that we would make Fada n'Gourma our westward limit for the time being, inasmuch as this Mission planned to evangelize the whole of the tribe of two millions amongst which it had settled. Led by Mr. Osborne and his devoted wife, that French work was opened and has grown, but we still hear a great call to this French district. The Christian and Missionary Alliance have done and are doing a great work in portions of this field, but there are still regions untouched.

Dahomey is a near neighbour of ours and in thirty years there has been scarcely any move from the coast district forward to the interior. The Senegal, with nearly a million and a half people, has only four missionaries. French Guinea has more than two millions population and only two missionaries, so that we regard

the whole vast western Sudan, with a population of ten millions, as still calling for great additions to its missionary forces. While our missionaries are restricted in that area under Vichy* and cannot come and go at will, the French authorities have been very considerate and our missionaries have been permitted to keep up their regular evangelistic work. As soon as the war is over we shall certainly want, with the permission of the French authorities, to carry on our work of enlightening its peoples with the Gospel message and to extend our work to all the unoccupied regions.

*As this goes to press the word has come that French West Africa has joined the cause of the United Nations and that all interned British subjects have been released, so that the status of our missionaries there will be altered.

"The Eclipse in Ethiopia and Its Passing

1936-1942

INTO THESE LAST SEVEN YEARS came what we have termed "The Eclipse in Ethiopia". In Ethiopia our missionaries had seen the pressing in of the Italians as spies, who were keen to learn everything they could about the land and to prepare for what our missionaries could readily discern, that which came when the Italian war finally broke loose upon that land. The deception, the mask of using the Wal-Wal incident as the pretext for making war upon Ethiopia, is manifest when one reads the story as told by the Italian General, Emilio de Bono, in his book, "Anno XIII", with an introduction written by Mussolini. In this introduction he tells how, long before, he had not only sent de Bono to make the plans and all necessary preparation with munitions and men for the taking of the country, but emphasized that he had fixed the date on which de Bono was to cross the border. Mussolini, with all these plans made and the date set, still tried to put on the face of innocency at Geneva. The politicians of both England and France knew what was going on, but were themselves playing in the game, that they might get their share out of the catastrophe. This was clearly proven when by some mischance the press got possession of and published the under-cover working of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with Laval in France. This disclosure caused such an eruption in Britain that the then

Prime Minister had to dismiss the Secretary from his office to satisfy an aroused public conscience, but the lack of sincerity was soon evidenced in his giving him another place in his cabinet. England and France have paid dearly for it.

At last the whole plot began to be very apparent, and Italy's scheme was shown by the marshalling of her forces, munitions and men. It was known, too, that the poison gas going through Suez was for only one purpose. Before the declaration of war, what was coming was clearly in evidence. Dr. Lambie, the leader of our Mission in Ethiopia, came home to arouse the Red Cross in Britain and in Switzerland, at its International Headquarters, to make preparations so that they might be ready to meet the need when war came. His effort was in vain. Then he came over to America. He was present with us at Canadian Keswick when a cable came through from Ethiopia saying that all British and American missionaries were ordered home and asking what they were to do. It is such a simple thing for the Foreign Office to get rid of the inconvenience of having any responsibility for these missionary citizens. "Send them home!" Such was the order. What should we do? Apart from the missionary doctors and nurses, in the whole of Ethiopia there were certainly not a dozen doctors who held a degree in medicine, and not more than two or three with any medical standing who knew the language of the people; and there were few nurses. Before sending an answer to the cable we had a day of prayer and then sent the following message to the field:

"You are under higher orders than those of the King of England or the President of the United States. Get your instructions from Him and we are right with you.

We approve the sending home of mothers with children who cannot help."

What did our missionaries do? We had nearly eighty in our own Society, as many as in all the other missions in Ethiopia combined. Our missionaries, to a man and to a woman, decided that they were going to stay with their Ethiopian people at whatever cost to themselves.

"The Eclipse in Ethiopia" tells the story of what transpired, as we were able to compile it from the letters and the records of the missionaries. That book records two things outstandingly. God's provision for their need and His protection for His own. We cannot do more than just hint at some of these things.

We had work to the north of the Capital, as well as a whole line of stations to the south, and very early the whole country was cut off from communication with the homeland. We were interested in some of the things that got through to the field. Dr. Percy Roberts was just finishing his small hospital at Soddu, the centre of the south. He had asked for an operating table and hospital beds. When we felt that war was imminent we went down to the supply house in New York City and ordered beds and the operating table to be shipped at once on any boat that could be obtained. It was remarkable that they all got through to the capital and down to that station where the need became very great, as it became ultimately the headquarters for all our missionaries driven out from their stations in the southern section of the country. One of the last mail bags that got through to the south contained a large quantity of fresh seeds. The testimony of the missionaries was that during the time when they were cut off from all supplies those seeds gave such returns in a garden which

was watered with rains out of season as well as in season, that they lacked no good thing. They had no flour, but they found an Armenian merchant who had an abundance. He had gone to the Capital and his assistant said he dare not give out this flour without an order from his chief, but the order came in the last belated mail that got through, authorizing him to hand over to the missionaries whatever they needed. Finally, the Governor, hearing they lacked meat, on more than one occasion sent over a cow for them.

In this matter of provision, a strange thing happened at the station up in the far north, Lalibella. When the Italian armies were driving back the Ethiopian forces there, hundreds of wounded men had no one to care for them but our missionaries. When they were driven farther back, our workers reached a point where all their medical supplies were exhausted and where, with the tremendous drain on them, food supplies were just about at an end. Italian planes were flying over and they expected to be bombed at any time. Finally a plane flew over and dropped a package. The missionaries waited quite awhile, but when nothing happened they approached the package cautiously, picked it up and found its sole contents consisted of a questionnaire—such questions as, "Who are you? Citizens of what country? What are you doing here?" and so on, to which Mr. and Mrs. Oglesby, in charge, replied, "We are Americans. We are missionaries. We are doing Red Cross work, caring for the wounded, but we have reached the point of crisis as both our medical and food supplies are utterly exhausted."

They had difficulty in getting a native to carry their reply through to the nearest outpost of the Italians, but it finally reached them. They waited and wondered.

In another day or two another plane flew over. Did it mean a bombing this time? Their station was evidently the objective of the plane and as it flew over, something was dropped. After leaving the plane it opened into a great parachute, which came slowly, slowly down. They still waited when it land, for another plane was in sight. It, too, flew over and again something was dropped which opened out, as it left the plane, into a great parachute and slowly descended to their station. When they finally approached the two boxes they found the one loaded with medical supplies, so desperately needed, and the other with every kind of Italian provision; so that God used the ones whom they regarded as their enemies to meet their need at Lalibella. Through that station Haile Selassie had passed on his retreat from the north, and he has never forgotten the treatment accorded him by our missionaries on that occasion. His gratitude has been shown to those who proved to be his friends.

And then as to protection! The whole country was in an upheaval. Many of the small pagan tribes took advantage of the occasion for the launching of the tribal conflicts and in one of these minor wars the Mission lost two splendid workers, Clifford Mitchell and Tom Devers, who, strangely, were endeavouring to get through to the Capital to protect their loved ones there. God permitted the taking Home of these two. We cannot tell why they were taken. We are quite sure they were prepared to lay down their lives in the work which received their wholehearted service. The stories of Divine deliverance more than counter-balance the loss of these two. We think of the two young women who begged to be left alone on their station when, just before the war, the married couple in charge had gone on furlough. Against our usual policy, our Field Leader finally acquiesced.

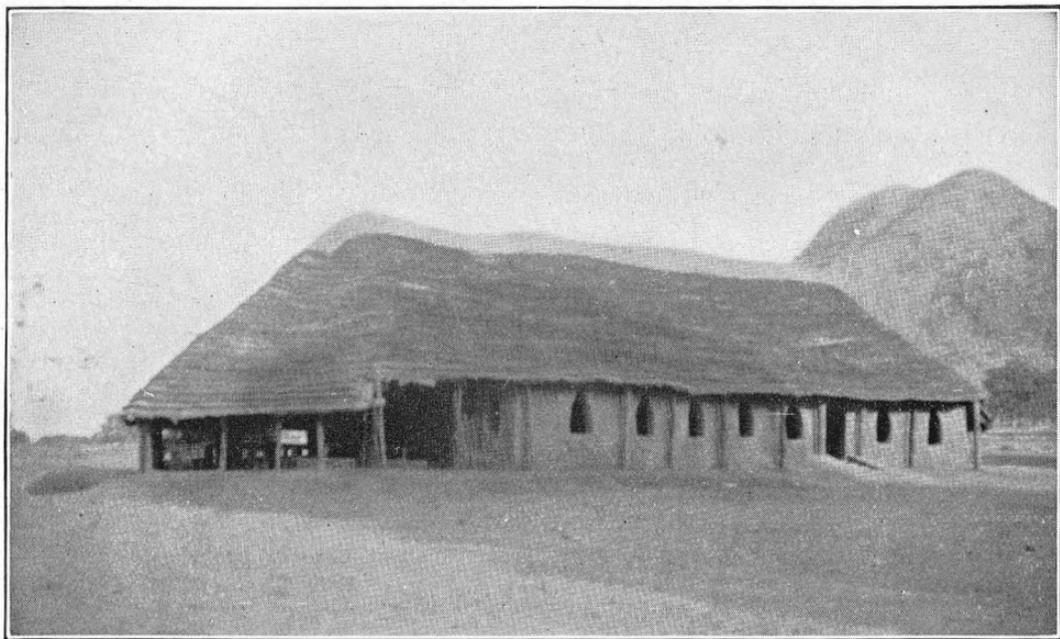
When the whole country was in upheaval after the war started, one day a group of men came toward the station shouting that they were bringing a sick man for treatment. This proved to be just camouflage, for when they had gotten inside the Mission home they began to make other demands while the ladies were getting the medicines ready. They pressed their claim for money and then a man saw something he wanted and made a grab for it. He carried it off. This led to a general plundering of the whole house. One of the natives struck and knocked down one of the ladies, who lay unconscious for a while. In their wild scramble to possess that which each one fancied from among the furnishings of the house, the thought of the crowd turned away from the women. They proceeded to carry off their stolen possessions and left the two ladies unmolested. The one who had been struck down recovered consciousness, and then from outside they heard a native voice bidding them arise, saying, "Those people will come back. You had better come with me and I will hide you where they cannot find you."

They followed this friend, who took them to his own compound and in a little round house in one of the corners of his yard he hid them. There he kept them day after day, while he made his inquiries and formulated his plans for getting them safely through to the Capital. When he felt he had done everything possible and knew he could not keep them hidden much longer they set out, and by hiding in the daytime and journeying by night he succeeded in bringing those two courageous ladies through to our headquarters in Addis Ababa. When Dr. Lambie sought to reward him for his kindly ministry he refused to take anything.

“If you think I am a Christian I would like to be baptized,” he said.

Later on he returned and openly confessed Christ. It was interesting to me that these two young women had written a letter to Dr. Lambie, in the dark hours after the assault and robbery, when they were hidden on the grounds of this native, to tell him that if anything should befall them he must not blame himself for leaving them alone on the station. They were quite sure that they had been in the will of God and they said that if anything should happen to them they were just as certain they were still in that perfect will.

But perhaps the climax of everything came in the events in that capital in the closing days of Ethiopian rule before the advent of the Italians. We had quite a large group of workers, men, women and children. When Haile Selassie was driven back to his Capital, the Minister of War came one night to take his little girl for whom we had been caring at our headquarters. Things then were at a crisis point, as the cause had become clearly hopeless and the Emperor had seen there was nothing to be gained by further resistance. Deciding to flee, Haile Selassie handed over to his men everything that he was leaving, inviting them to take what they could, as he had no other way of recompensing them. He entrained that night, and without leadership the men gave themselves up to plundering, and for three days and nights lawlessness held sway. Most of the white people in the city went either to the British or American Embassy for protection. At the former there was a regiment of Sikh soldiers, and it was well protected by barbed wire and trenches. Our missionaries gathered together when they saw the town lighted up with the flames of incendiary fires, to decide what they should do. They



THE CHURCH AT KALTUNGO, SEATING 1,000 PEOPLE



MR. D. M. OSBORNE, GRADUATE OF MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO,
PREACHING IN A MOSLEM VILLAGE; THE FIRST WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

were unanimous in declaring that as they had refused to obey the earlier Consular orders to leave the country they would not in this day of trouble appeal for the protection of their Embassies, but would stay at our Mission compound and trust in God. They could hear the firing and hundreds of natives passed by their gateway carrying their loot from the town and firing off the munitions they had stolen. After the first day, Dr. Lambie saw that our native Christians were in a very terrible state. He called them together.

"Did I ever lie to you?" he asked. "Well, I am going to say now that the same God who said to Paul that He had given him all the lives with him on the shipwrecked boat, has spoken to me and given me assurance that all who stay on the Mission compound will, in like manner, be given to me."

And it was remarkable that in the ordeal of the terrible days that followed no one who stayed on the compound was injured. Three who had left did suffer. During those days our workers verily lived beneath the Psalms of protection. They knew what the overspreading canopy of Psalm 91 was in reality, until finally the Italians entered the city.

Dr. Lambie, who had been Secretary-General for the Red Cross for Ethiopia, sent word to the Italian General making his submission and offering to help in any way he could in clearing up the conditions arising out of three days of absolute lawlessness, and thus came under the Italian regime. While many of our workers felt that, in order to make peace with the Italians, he had gone beyond what was warranted, he did it in the hope that the Mission would be permitted still to carry on its work. However, so cruel and relentless were the Italians in their attitude toward the natives, especially following the

attempt upon their General's life, that our workers could not respect their rule. They very early let us see that they would never tolerate the work that the Protestant missionaries had been doing. Without our consent they took possession of our buildings and little by little compelled the evacuation of all our workers. What did we do? Well, we entitled the story of the Italian warfare "Eclipse in Ethiopia". What did we think? It is expressed in that one word. An "eclipse" is not something that comes to stay. It is something that is passing.

Twice we visited His Majesty Haile Selassie while he was in exile in Britain and assured him that we were still all praying for him. Never did a cause seem more hopeless than his in those dark days of his exile from home. Yet God took up his cause. Not because England wanted it was the new war on Ethiopia begun, but when the Italians declared war, Britain knew that Italy had her plans already made for driving them out of Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan. God has had His over-ruling plan in vindicating Haile Selassie and putting him back on his throne before any other nation has been liberated.

Of Haile Selassie we have several things to say. First, we came to know him as a God-fearing man, a lover of the Bible and one who was primarily interested in the uplift and the well-being of his people. Before the Ethiopian war he was establishing schools, and in every school he insisted that the Gospel of John and the Psalms of David be made a part of the daily curriculum. He was vitally concerned about special sufferers in his country and when we undertook to do leper work he voluntarily gave five hundred acres of beautiful land for the project and he gave five thousand dollars toward the main building. He laid the foundation stone him-

self, and when the building was complete he came out and officially declared it open for lepers. He was equally concerned about the blind and was very anxious to give us every co-operation in doing something for them. His most enlightened Governor presented us with a beautiful site, which had a splendid building already erected upon it, for the blind. I assured Haile Selassie each time I saw him in England that we would keep him continually before the people for prayer and we believe God has answered prayer on his behalf. We still urge prayer until the day comes which he will welcome, that great day of which David spake long centuries ago when, "Ethiopia shall suddenly stretch out her hands unto God."

Our American and British missionaries are now being welcomed back to the field. We ask prayer for the right men to take up the work again in that great land.

In this closing seven years, with our Jubilee upon us, we are not proposing to slacken our efforts but we are praying that we may enter into the unoccupied regions in Somaliland, Eritrea and the Egyptian Sudan, from which through officialdom with its pro-Moslem theory we have been excluded, and we expect to get into this "promised land".

When of old God led His earthly people, Israel, across the Jordan and into the Promised Land, He commanded them to keep His sabbaths. First, one day in seven was to be kept, then the seventh week and later the seventh month. When the years rolled around, the seventh year was to be the sabbath of the Lord. When "seven times seven years" had passed, then there was to be "a Jubilee". In that Jubilee year as God ordained it, there was a new recognition of the Divine sovereignty and of the abso-

lute ownership of God. All the land went back to God, its rightful owner. "The land is mine," He declared in Leviticus 25:23. We are asking that in this Jubilee year of the Sudan Interior Mission our friends, as well as our missionaries, may recognize anew God's absolute right to all that we have and are. Only thus shall we be able to keep this Jubilee as unto the Lord and enter the "promised land".

How We Became Interdenominational

IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE, the three men who were brought together in the beginning for the pioneer effort in the Sudan were from three denominations—the first, Presbyterian, the second, Congregationalist, while I, the third, had a little while earlier resigned from the Salvation Army and held, in general, the doctrinal position of the "Brethren". After the death of my two companions I returned home, and after supplying for some months in a Baptist church in Newburgh, New York, was called to its pastorate and ordained to its ministry.

When I started out to arouse interest in a new work in the Sudan, I thought at first to interest those of my own church affiliation. It was on one of my absences from my church to promote this cause that I found myself in the city of Toronto seeking entrance into Baptist churches with which I was associated. When I had given one of my messages pleading for the Sudan, I would quite commonly hear the usual remarks at the close of the meeting, expressing interest in the need of the field out yonder, but beyond that — nothing. There was one Baptist friend who had promised me a hundred dollars a year for three years if I succeeded in getting the Baptists to take up the work. I found carrying on work on mere promises and kind words very difficult, and finally reached the last dollar that I possessed.

When I had returned to Toronto from the field, after my first effort to reach the Sudan, I had been asked by a lady superintendent of a reform institute for girls

under city direction to come out and speak to the girls about Africa. I had accepted the invitation and the girls were very much moved, so much so that after I left they approached the Christian superintendent to ask whether they could do something for Africa. She threw the girls back upon their own initiative and they came again to her to see whether they could not give up one of the two afternoons which they had each week for recreation, to sew and knit, and then sell their goods to visitors to the home. The superintendent encouraged them, and her assistant said that she would give the girls their first materials, after which they could buy their own. They formed a little Christian Endeavour Society among the girls. They were so successful in this weekly activity for Africa that I later received hundred dollars after hundred dollars from them to pass on to Africa. In the Province of Ontario, at that time, there was a beautiful banner of silk, woven by Chinese Christians, embroidered in gold, which was passed around to the Christian Endeavour Society whose members gave most per capita to foreign missions. The girls out in this Rescue Home won the banner.

On this memorable occasion, when I had reached the end of my resources in Toronto, it occurred to me to go out and visit this institution again and to tell the girls of the work that I had laid on my heart for the Sudan. In response to my phone message, I received a very cordial invitation to come right out that afternoon. The superintendent gathered the girls together and I laid before them what I was proposing to do in connection with my own church to get a mission started for the Central Sudan. I had a sympathetic group of listeners, for while the institution was a city one and the girls were commonly sent as inmates directly from the police

courts, under the direction of this Christian superintendent a goodly number of them had been wonderfully saved and were seeking to follow Christ. I appealed to these girls for prayer for my proposed work. Then the superintendent took me into her office to give me a cup of tea before I returned to the city. As we sat at the table, she told me how, years before, she had had her heart stirred for missions and had offered her services to the Presbyterian Board for China, but was turned down on account of her age.

“Since then,” she said, “I have been living for Missions. All my earnings beyond my bare needs have been put into the missionary treasury. Some time ago a friend of mine died and left me a little legacy of a hundred dollars and I thought I would put it in the bank as a reserve in case I might be out of a position or become sick and need it. While you spoke to the girls today I felt I should give you that to get this work started. You will have a lot of expenses and I want you to take it to help until the work gets on its feet.”

I refused to consider taking her last dollar, but she insisted firmly that she believed God had laid it on her heart to do this thing, and finally she prevailed and I walked out of that home with a cheque for her last hundred dollars. I returned to my room in the city to spend a sleepless night. I felt that God, who spoke to Peter in that wonderful vision upon his housetop, was speaking to me. I could not get over the fact that here was a Presbyterian lady giving me everything she possessed in this world to enable me to start a Baptist work in the Sudan and that though I might take her last dollar, if she herself applied she could not be accepted if it were to be a denominational mission. Here was a Presby-

terian, who did not see eye to eye with Baptists in the matter of an ordinance, but who did see many things in the Scripture that many Baptists have not seen. She was acting on the light she had and was ready to give up for her Lord everything she possessed, yet, because she differed over an interpretation relative to an ordinance, she could never be received into full fellowship of the mission, if it were a Baptist Mission. All night long my mind wrestled with this problem, until, as morning dawned, I had been brought definitely from my denominational position to an interdenominational ground of fellowship. I had faced in that mental conflict the question of what my church would think, and then of what my denomination might do, but the conviction that minor differences of denominations afforded no basis for separation in our work grew so strong that I settled it definitely that I would operate upon a wider foundation.

At once I wondered what would be the reaction of the Baptist friend who had given me the promise of a hundred dollars a year for three years for a Baptist work. I determined to go to him that morning and tell him the decisions I had arrived at and that in consequence, of course, I would release him from his pledge. When I met him, after telling him what had occurred, to my great surprise he said:

“Well, I have been dealt with on the same line, and instead of a hundred dollars a year for the first three years, I will make it a thousand dollars for that period and if I can serve you in this new work you can count upon me.”

For some years he gave us service on our first Council.

And so today, after all these long years, we are still

working interdenominationally. Some years ago we raised the question, "Why work interdenominationally?" which we shall answer here.

The problem of the basis of church fellowship is growing more complex every year and we question whether it will be greatly relieved by the organic unions everywhere proposed. The perpendicular lines which like walls divide the different denominations are, on their own confession, growing more and more unsatisfactory for two reasons:

1. *Because of Their Exclusions.* In whatever ecclesiastical party one finds himself placed, he is blind who does not recognize that in other denominations are some of the best saints that God and grace have made, to whom one is drawn by every yearning of Christian love.

2. *Because of Their Inclusions.* Within each separate pale there has crept worldliness and unbelief, corruption of doctrine or departure from faith, so that to the spiritual mind many and sad are the hindrances to fellowship within each restricted area.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Withdrawal and separation have been tried in order to constitute an ideal body, which has ended in the creation of yet one more sect, often more sectarian than the body from which it has withdrawn. More and more it is being recognized that the lines of fellowship must be drawn horizontally, that its sweetness will be measured by the plane of our fellowship with our risen Lord—fellowship dependent, not upon knowledge or assent to common truths, but upon "walking in truth".

Inasmuch as the conditions existing have given rise to many forms of Christian activity, based not upon de-

nominal lines but upon the recognition of the whole Church as one in Christ, and as sometimes a protest is made against this trend by those who would keep up the old lines of denominationalism, it may be well for us to state our reasons for advocating co-operation and fellowship in as many lines as possible:

1. *Because God's Children are Scattered Throughout the Whole of the Evangelical Denominations*, as well as among those who prefer to class themselves as undenominational. He who fails to recognize this fact is blind and guilty of an egotism that savours not of the spirit of Christ.

2. *Because the Great High Priest is Ministering to All the Children of God*, and while grieving over the barriers that divide, refuses to recognize them in His heavenly ministry. Moreover, the Holy Spirit, His representative on earth, in like manner refuses to be confined in His gracious operation to any one body of believers but works continuously and graciously in all, and through all, to the full extent of their permission and faith.

3. *Because God has Ever Granted His Greatest Blessing where Believers have Gathered for United Service*, recognizing their common unity in Christ and taking their place as servants under one common Lord, forgetting their minor differences.

4. *Because the Command to Endeavour to Keep the Unity of the Spirit Implies It*. It is impossible to fulfil the injunction without seeking common grounds of Christian activity and avoiding divisive schemes that only further sectarian ends.

5. *Because Denominationalism Is Sectarianism and*

Condemned by the Scriptures as Carnal (1 Corinthians 3:3-5). The efforts being made to bring about a union of denominations are evidences that even to the most ardent supporter the *denominational effort is not ideal*. It seems to me that it is inconsistent to be working to bring about organic union of denominations and at the same time condemning those who have anticipated this idealistic scheme by a practical fellowship in Christian activity.

6. *Because the Practicability of Union Effort in Christian Service has been Demonstrated* in such undertakings as the Bible Societies, the Great Tract Societies, the Bible Colleges, Union Evangelistic Campaigns, the Bible Conference and the Missionary Societies.

7. *Because Denominational Rivalry at Home has been Both Costly and Unprofitable*. In the home mission field the sinfulness of denominational rivalry in the unseemly rush to possess and control strategic positions, with its curse of overlapping in some regions and the consequent neglect of much needy work in others, is now generally condemned and the call to concerted effort insistent.

8. *Because Denominationalism is a Serious Hindrance on the Foreign Field*. Missionaries of nearly all societies admit that the perpetuation of denominational differences in foreign lands is a sin against the native church, a stumbling-block to the heathen, a hindrance to the missionary, and an occasion of advantage to the great adversary, while the practicability of the interdenominational method has been abundantly proven. God's blessing has attended it in such a manner that the question of the Divine approval has been left without doubt. We would not deflect a single dollar from the support of the many noble and faithful workers who have gone forth

under the Boards of their Churches and who continue true to the faith of their fathers. They should receive not less, but more.

Having raised this question and presented my answer, I feel led to state my own testimony as to how it worked. As a Mission, we have been insistent that every candidate shall be, without question, loyal to the fundamentals of the faith and the great basic doctrines of the Scripture, and God has given us from almost every evangelical denomination men and women who have come together for one common task—the giving of the Gospel to every soul in the Sudan.

Since most people seem to fear that trouble will arise over the ordinance of Baptism, let me tell what occurred on our field. When I decided, on that eventful night, that our platform ought to be one which would include in full fellowship the one who was giving us her all, the question of baptism loomed large in my mental struggle, but Scripture came to my mind, written at the time when the Apostle Paul was evidently having trouble in the Church over the same matter. With me it was the question of the mode of baptism, but with his converts it was a controversy over the baptizer, one saying, "I am of Paul," another, "I am of Apollos," a third, "I am of Cephas," and a fourth, "I am of Christ." Paul raises the question, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were you baptized into the name of Paul?" Then he says, "I thank God that I baptized none of you, except"—listing then a half-dozen by name and he affirms, "Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel." What did Paul mean? Did he not believe in Christian baptism? Did he not accept it as the command of Christ? I think he meant that if baptism was going to become a matter of controversy and strife in

the Church, it would be better to discard it rather than fight over it.

My Baptist friends were especially insistent that I declare myself on the form of baptism to be used on the field. I said it would be time enough to consider it when we came to baptizing our first converts. I preferred not to influence any of our pioneers in the early days. They were accepted without regard to their denomination. But a strange thing happened. The one denomination that was seeking to enter the Central Sudan with us was the Church of England. Their custom at home is well known, but on the Sudan field they came to baptize their first band of converts before we did. To the astonishment of everyone, they decided to revert to the very early practice of their Church—baptism by immersion.

Our senior missionary on the field was Presbyterian, but when it came to the baptism of our first converts he decided to follow the example set by our Anglican friends and immerse that first band of Christians. This became the general practice upon the field, so that we had no baptismal controversy and only one practice in that Central Sudan. Our missionaries have had minor doctrinal differences, but facing millions of people in the darkness of their heathenism, there has been a unity in presenting Christ as the Saviour of sinners and “able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.”

Out on the field hundreds of little churches have now been formed with the simplest polity and a happy fellowship. The China Inland Mission has placed their missionaries in denominational groups in their great field. We could do this, but thus far have not found it necessary, and we hope it may never be.

What our Mission has sought to do has been to get the Scriptures translated into the tongue of the people

and then to let the Word of God do its own work in their hearts. In doing this there has been begotten a oneness that we believe is nearer unity than anything which could be obtained in any single denomination. I feel it is not part of our work to sow these denominational differences on these new fields. As a whole, the things on which we agree have far outweighed our differences. With abounding Christian love, we are enabled to join in the affirmation of Paul, in which he speaks of "one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all" (Ephesians 4:5, 6).



Speed Up!

IN SUMMING UP the life of Peter our Lord had said to him, "When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." The spirit of girding himself, the self-will, self-choice, clung to Peter long after Pentecost. In the Acts of the Apostles he is still pictured as saying to his Lord, "Not so, Lord." Dr. Graham Scroggie, the great Bible expositor, said "These words from Peter's lips contain a great contradiction. No man could call Jesus 'Lord', and then say, 'not so'. No man could look into His face and say to Him, 'not so', and then call Him 'Lord'." Peter was by no means ready to give up his own plans and vision for our Lord's plan and vision. The plan of Christ, as He had outlined it to Peter, did not yet hold him in its power. But Peter, when he was old, really came into seeing things as his Lord saw them.

When he wrote his Second Epistle he was an old man and was looking on to the end times. He refers over and over again to the great consummation of this age. He not only affirms the Second Coming of Christ, despite all the ridicule of the scoffers, but he bids us hasten the coming of that day of God. It is that word "Hasten" which has as its Greek root the word "speed", or "spoude", coming from Peter's lips in this Second Epistle again and again, that we want to consider. Our English translators have rendered it, "Give diligence", but it has

the same root meaning as the modern words, "Speed up". Peter first uses the word in verse five of the first chapter, where our translators bid us "give all diligence". It means literally, "make all speed", "speed up to the limit", and there in that verse its application is to give intense speed in all that makes for grace and virtue; be intense in seeking these things. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance", and so on.

His second use of the word is in verse ten, where he says to the brethren, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure". "Speed up" in your calling! What is the calling of the Church and of the Christian? Is it not to give out the Gospel message to all? The Apostle here warns that our failure in speeding up in the things that make for Christian sanctity and the things that have to do with Christian service make the life barren and unfruitful. He warns that failure here makes blind the eyes so that one can see only near things. It gives us spiritual myopia. He who has this disease never sees the stars, the glory, or the drawing power of heavenly things; he never sees any farther than his own little circle on earth. His vision never reaches out to the great wide world and its need. So Peter bids us "speed up", to be intense, to "give the more diligence" lest we become blind and lest, he says, we forget the cleansing of our old sins. The loss of sight and the loss of memory are the pitiable marks of decrepit old age. And so he urges the Church to "speed up" in their calling. The calling of the Church has no mystical interpretation. Every man knows what his earthly calling is, his avocation, his profession, his trade; so the Church has one great task set before her. She should know that her task is to give the Gospel to the world, to have a soul-yearning



H. I. M. HAILE SELASSIE WEARING CROWN
OF ETHIOPIA.



DR AND MRS. BINGHAM AT CANADIAN KESWICK, 1942.

for all those who have never heard the glad tidings. But we want here to specially emphasize that word "speedy" or "speed up".

We are living in days when this word has become characteristic of the age. We are "speeding up" in almost everything in business and material things. In our days men make, by a single turnover in business, as much as our fathers used to hope to make in a lifetime.

Then in the matter of locomotion the world has gone crazy on "speed". Many of us still remember when people never went more than twenty-five miles from home in a whole lifetime, but today we cover the world in a few days. When in the days of Marco Polo a traveller left Spain to journey across Europe to Asia it took him two years. Hudson Taylor was six months on his first voyage to China. When David Livingstone was lost in the heart of Africa and Stanley received his great commission from the New York Herald to go to find him, it was two full years before he placed in Livingstone's hand the letters which he had brought from home. Coming down to the time of our own first going to Africa, it took us twelve months of battling with tremendous difficulties to get eight hundred miles from the coast, and then my two companions reached that point only to find a grave. On my last visit to the field I flew right across from the Nile to the Niger in two short flying days, and since then one of our missionaries has made the whole journey in a day. We have friends who have eaten their evening meal in Old England one day and the next evening had dinner in North America.

We are living in the days of speeding up in all these things, and Peter urges Christians to "speed up". He bids us, not to "step on the gas", but to "step on the

grace", to speed up in all that makes for Christian sanctity, and in Christian service.

In the Epistle, ere he closes, he links the same word with the thought of "hastening the day of God", for the word is quite clear in the Greek, "looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God", not "hastening unto", as some have translated it, but "hastening". And how can we hasten the day of God? In response to His disciples' query as to the coming of the end time and the return of the Lord in His parousia, "What shall be the sign?", our Lord was quite specific when He said, "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all the nations, and then shall the end be." Some have tried to mystify this by saying that the Gospel of the Kingdom is something different from the Gospel of the grace of God, but Paul did not so think. In his great word in Acts twenty, when he was thinking of finishing his task, he links up the preaching of the Gospel of the grace of God in verse twenty-four with preaching the kingdom in verse twenty-five. He continued to preach the gospel of the kingdom right to the close of his life according to Acts 28:23. We still have the Gospel of the kingdom of heaven to preach, not the kingdom of the Jews at Jerusalem, but the kingdom of God, and it is the preaching of this Gospel that will hasten the coming of the day of God. And God is giving us the facilities for speeding up this work in our day as never before. We can circle the globe with messages in ways our fathers never dreamed of. The King of England makes his voice heard throughout the widely scattered British Empire. The President of the United States gives a message that is listened to with tremendous interest, not only on the North American Continent, but in Europe.

And why should we not broadcast the message of the kingdom of God in the same way? Our missionary friends in South America have seized this opportunity and the "Voice of the Andes" is heard all over the South American Continent, and its messages go out in language after language.

A Chinese friend sat down with us and, with the map of China on the table before us, he showed that he had as real a vision as had Hudson Taylor of China's need. Only, Hudson Taylor knew nothing of the facilities that were before this man. He told how he had bought an hour on the wireless station at Shanghai and how widely his message got out. He also told how he bought another hour and another hour, until he had eight hours a day, with missionaries on the air who knew how to tell the Gospel message. He had seen such results that on this map of China before us he had it all laid out with power stations covering the whole land. We would gladly have given everything we had to build one of those stations by which one could reach a million souls. Then this friend said to us, "Our enemies, the Japanese, are out to undersell the world, to make the cheapest things that can be made, to undercut with their merchant navy the goods from every other country." And he went on, "We are out to use our enemies for the furtherance of the Gospel. They have invented a cheap receiving-set at the small cost of forty cents by which one can listen to these messages anywhere. We can put them on the street, we can fix them in any kind of hall, and our Chinese people, however illiterate, may listen in to the messages."

Yes, God has made possible the "speeding up" programme and He wants us to catch the spirit of "speeding up" the day of God by worldwide evangelism.

It is true that in His Book He has given us a picture of one of His angels flying through mid-Heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach (Rev. 14:6). And I am quite sure, when that angel is finally commissioned to make up for the Church's failure, or to supplement the Church's work, that the message He gives forth will set every radio ringing and will reach by every wave-length the people that dwell in all the earth. But in the meantime, we are exhorted to "speed up". Let us do it! Let us show one tithe of the interest that we have taken in winning the present conflict. Let us give one tenth of the money we have been pouring out to bring a right issue out of the present great struggle, and we will soon have an evangelized world. We must warn Christians everywhere that if we do not do the giving and the going our money will be wrested from us in other ways. We shall be obliged to pay it out in super-taxes. Let us pour it out for God and for a lost world, and in five years we will finish the task which our Lord declared would bring in the great consummation of the age, bring in the everlasting kingdom and the righteousness of our God.



The Finished Work—

The Completion of the Church's Task

OUR LORD, on one occasion, said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work" (John 4:34). His view of the work to be done was very different from that of His disciples. He immediately followed that avowal of His own purpose in life, by saying to them, "*Ye say*, there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest, but *I say* unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already unto the harvest." "*I say*"—"Ye say!" I wonder what *we* say about it. Surely it would be better for us to accept His statement of the fields being white to the harvest, rather than throw over, undone, the task which He gave to the Church. This commission is as clear in each of the three synoptic Gospels as words can make it. That statement in Matthew twenty-eight, with all the twisting and turning that the modern Church has sought to do with it, still remains The Great Commission, spoken by One who therein claims all authority in Heaven and on earth and then commands, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And that Great Commission still stands good, as does its promise, "unto the end of the age".

Our Lord, after affirming the basic principle of His

life in the words first given in John four, was later able, in the upper room, to look up into His Father's face and say, "I have glorified thee on the earth, having *finished the work* which thou hast given me to do." And the next day on the cross, He not only finished the work of giving the Gospel, but when He cried with His closing utterance, "It is finished", He completed the world's redemption.

Did He leave the Church a work to finish? I think so. He said to those disciples, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." In the words of The Great Commission and in the clear instructions which He gave to the Church in Acts 1:8, He said plainly, "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This was His last recorded utterance on earth, for as those words fell from His lips it is said, "He was taken up from them".

The Church needs no clearer instruction as to its work. It needs the ambition and the heart to carry it out. The Apostle Paul, when he gathered the elders of Ephesus before him, in the twentieth chapter of Acts, expressed himself in a way that every one of those elders could understand when he said in verse twenty-four, "I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, if I may but *finish my course*, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Next to His Lord, Paul had made the finishing of that work entrusted to him more than life itself. And he loved life. No one could read what he has given us of the sufferings of that life without noting that over and over again he could have died, if he had

not tenaciously hung on. He used the expression that he was "in deaths oft". Then he states, "of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep." During that night and day struggle in the great deep, it would have been so easy for him to have thrown up his hands and gone down at any time, but he struggled on against the waves. He loved life, and yet he loved something else more, and that was to finish his work. There came a day when he could write to his son Timothy, saying like his Lord, "*I have finished my course*". It is true that the Roman soldier stood just around the door with the axe, but that was nothing to Paul. He had finished the work.

Oh, that the spirit of the Apostle might grip the Church! Instead, she has well-nigh gone to sleep. It is hard for us to remember that so far as the fulfilment of its great missionary task was concerned one hundred and fifty years ago, almost the sleep of death was upon the Church. Wesley was seeking to bring about revival and Wesley had a vision of the world. Many years ago I was walking in the streets of Old London, feeling quite ill, when I suddenly stumbled upon the statue of John Wesley with his memorable words carved in the stone, "The world is my parish." Pausing there in that graveyard, I was refreshed with new life and strength ere I went on.

When in 1790 William Carey rose in the prayer meeting of the little church in which he worshipped and proposed sending the Gospel to the heathen, it is said that Dr. Ryland stopped him with the exclamation, "Sit down, young man. When God wants to save the heathen

In 1904, 100 years later, the Scriptures had been translated into 446 tongues.

In 1936, with the Scottish and American Bible Societies, the translations had increased to 1,708 tongues.

Up to 1936 the British and Foreign Bible Society had issued 476,061,010 copies of the Scriptures.

In the one year, 1936, they issued 11,686,131 copies.

Certainly we now are in a splendid position to finish the task. We just need another missionary awakening. Within twenty-five years of Carey's great appeal nearly every denomination had started its own missionary society. Today it is hard to realize that in the time of William Carey the Scriptures were printed in less than a score of languages. Then the Bible Society was born and oh, how vast have been the accomplishments since!

It was Charles Wesley who gave us the great hymn,

*"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"*

Today the Scriptures have been translated into well over the thousand tongues and now, instead of singing your poetic aspiration you may go into your office and write out a cheque for the Bible Society, asking them to help you out with your poetic ambition. More than ninety per cent of the world's population now have the Scriptures in their tongue and God has furnished us with access to the nations, so that the Church, if it would waken anew, could send the whole Gospel to the whole world readily in ten years. Given all the men and women who are needed, we could easily reach every

Seven Sevens of Years and a Jubilee ' ' '

unreached area of the world with the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Today is the day for us to finish His work.

The Sudan Interior Mission is seeking to finish the task of giving the Gospel to what was the largest totally unevangelized field fifty years ago. If we can advance during the next ten years at the same rate as that of the past decade, *it will be done.*