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Uel

Pam. Africa-North
Sudan



The Ship that lost her way.

(From a Photograph by Dr. Kumm.)

“WHERE ARE WE?” ✓

BY DR. KARL W. KUMM.

“Hullo! Hullo, hullo!”

The words rang out with a marked nasal twang across the burnished gold of the tropical sea.

“Hullo! hullo!”

We stepped across the deck, for on shipboard any outside life is interesting, and saw a large sailing boat lying at anchor, motionless and apparently tenanted only by one man. Fair and square he stood there on the poop, captain of a silent craft, her sails half down, her deck in perfect order, but with a lost and aimless air about her.

“Hullo! hullo! Where are we?”

The unmistakable Yankee voice had a note of perplexity in it. Round came our rudder, and our ship swung off her course, circling round the stray vessel to enable the two captains to communicate. Apparently the American had crossed the Atlantic, and in tacking several

times against the wind, had lost his bearings and his whereabouts. He had reached the African coast, but whether to sail east or west to find his port he knew not.

The sea was like glass as our restless steamer ploughed her way through the peaceful waters. The dark green coast was only two or three miles distant, covered with tropical forest, majestic silk cotton trees, towering ebony, and graceful oil palms with their feathery heads. But that level line of forest might have been anywhere in the tropics.

"*Where are we?*" rang out the repeated question.

"4° east, 4° 20' North," answered our captain, and the other was satisfied. Up went the sails, "Heave in the anchor!" and away she moved to her destination—the place she was meant to reach. We took a snapshot of the receding vessel, and stood on deck there watching the Stars and Stripes grow less. We had just had our little Bible-reading in my cabin, and had come up to enjoy the comparative cool of the tropical morning. The stranger's question, and the dark green line of the Ivory Coast lying across the glittering water, carried our thoughts far away to the million numbered dark souls in dark bodies living in the wide land north of us, just beyond our view. We leant on the starboard rail while our boat hastened on her southward way, but the beauties of the scenery passing before our eyes gave place to a wider vision as we realized the millions of the great Sudan.

"*Where are we?*"

There are nations embarked on the ocean of life, nations that have newly come under the three-fold cross of the Union Jack, nations that until quite recently were unknown to the Government official, the newspaper writer, or even the geographer. Out of a long unconsciousness they are suddenly awaking. The dawn of the morning of civilization is breaking over their lands. They find themselves they know not where. They are asking the way.

“Where are we?”

“Long in darkness we have waited
For the shining of the light;
Long have felt the things we hated
Sink us still in deeper night.

“Christians, can you help us? Lost on the ocean of life, we meet you—we call to you. Some of us are cannibals—why not, we are heathen. Some of us have even eaten our own parents. Is it wrong? Where are we?”

“We have fought our level best against the slave-raiding Mohammedans whom you Christian people honour. You have conquered them and us. You honour them and despise us. Your God is stronger than the god of Islam. Teach us to worship Him, who has made you so great.

“You give no answer. Do you mean us to become Mohammedans? Is the false prophet to be lord of our land of darkness—of our Sudan—of our Africa?”

“WHERE ARE WE?”

If ever men called for light and guidance, the Pagans of the Central Sudan are calling now. Look at this

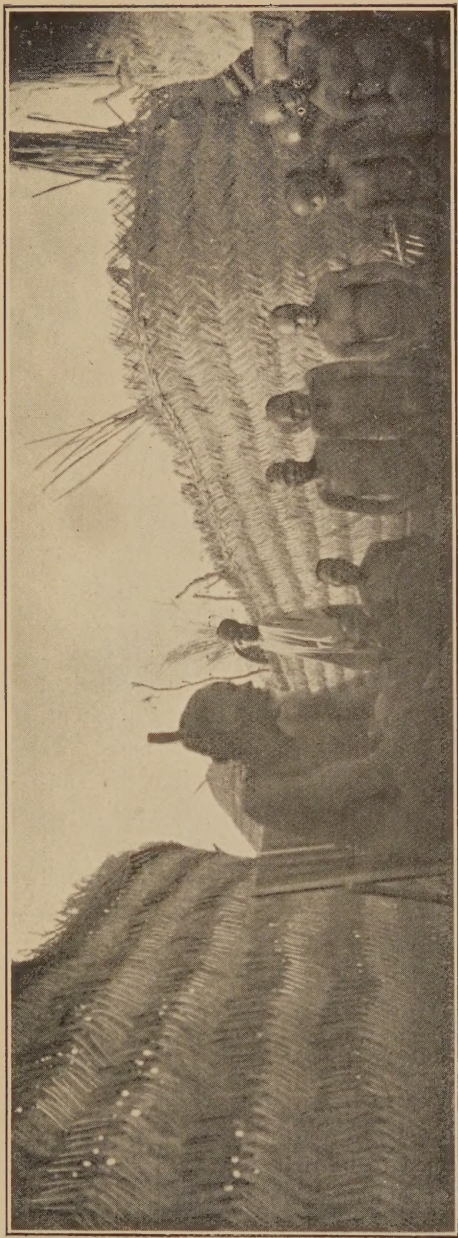
man here, the giant king of the Ankwe, photographed just as he came to see me, to ask for the white man's religion. Last year he was a simple Pagan. To-day he is followed everywhere by his Moslem Malam. It is not too late yet to reach him. Next year, humanly speaking, it will be too late. He and his tribe will have gone over to Mohammed, and will look down on Christianity.

Look at this man, the king of the Burmawa, whose people—most of them cannibals—held their own for generations against the advancing hosts of the false prophet. He built a high wall on the principle of the great wall of China, right along the northern end of the Murchison range of mountains, and defended his land successfully against the Moslem slave raiders. Woe to the Moslem trader or missionary who dared venture into the Burmawa mountains! His possessions would have gone to enrich the poor of the land, and he himself would have been food for the hungry.

Now Britain has conquered the Burmawa, and Moslem traders are passing safely through their country. The Moslem teacher has settled down in the capital, and a large mosque is being built there.

"Do send us Christian teachers!" were the king's words to me.

The British Government has supplied him with a Mohammedan Secretary to enable him to carry on a correspondence with the British Resident at Bautchi. And so directly and indirectly with the



The giant King of the Ankwe (7 feet tall) at his capital, Shendam.

(From a Photograph by Dr. Kumm.)

extension of British rule in Northern Nigeria the influence of Mohammedanism is extended.

Not that the Government wishes it. Again and again has the High Commissioner printed, written and said, "I hold out every encouragement to establish Missions in Pagan centres. I shall be pleased to assist Christian Missions in every way possible in their good work amongst Pagans."

But Christian Missionaries are absent, and the tribes are calling in vain.

A Land without a Graveyard.

They are poor dark tribes. Look at this picture, a Golgotha at Quankiem. There are no graveyards in that land. When people get old, the sons invite their friends, vegetables are provided, and as for meat—the old folks are cooked and eaten. There is a feast, a cannibal feast, and that is the end of the parent. The skulls are carefully cleansed and stored in a special place like the half-walled enclosure of this picture. I took the photograph myself. Three sacred trees were standing with a rough wall around them. I picked up one of the skulls from the inside, and placed it on the wall. You see it there.

When the king of Gazum came to call on me to welcome us to the country and ask for teachers, I was informed that he had eaten his own father. He did not know it was wrong. His argument seemed to be that meat was scarce in the mountains—why should they leave good food for the worms?



Place of the dead in the Burmawa Country—a land without a Cemetery.

(From a Photograph by Dr. Karl Kumm.)

“Where are we? Do teach us the white man’s religion.”

In the capital of the Juku tribe there is already quite a Mohammedan colony. The Yergum, the Montoil, the Girkoa, who were conquered by the British last year, will, humanly speaking, have their Moslem teachers in a few months. There is no Christian missionary for them.

Is there not?

Are you not the missionary to these people?

Are you not the one to send them a Lightbearer?

Where are you? Where are *we*?

Are we not living in the latter days, when God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh, days in which we shall be witnesses unto Him, “in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth,” or—to read the sentence into modern English—witnesses to Him beginning in our own town, our own Jerusalem, and going forward, through our own province and the next, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth?

Are we, like almost all the modern members of the Christian Church, transgressing Christ’s Commandment, Christ’s great and last Commandment, not knowing what we do? “Go ye into all the world,” is our Lord’s commission, but out of 5,000 Christians, 4,999 stay at home. Watchman, what of the night? Is the day not dawning yet?

Where are we ?

Follow me through the Moslem cities in the Northern part of the Sudan. Follow me on the wings of thought and imagination. The night still covers the land. It is an hour before daybreak. The cold chill morning breeze blows southward from the desert. Listen —

“*Allahu akbar*. Rise, ye believers ! Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep.”

And out of mud huts, out of grass hovels and stone houses you see them gather—gather to prayer—the followers of the false prophet.

Leave them in their mosque, and hasten back with me to the home lands. Here, too, people are waking. They are waking to their daily work, waking to toil, waking to gather gold, waking to careful systematic study, waking to pleasure.

Surely the commandment for the Christian is “Seek ye first money, knowledge, pleasure, food and fame, and the Kingdom of God shall be added unto you.”

Oh, the bitter, bitter shame that those who name themselves after the name of the Lord Christ should live such lives.

Would to God that we might hear one of these mornings from every Church or Chapel tower the call ring out with the voice of thunder, “Rise, ye believers,—ye Christian believers,—prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep.”

* * *

Awake thou that sleepest.

Arise and shine.

THE MOST PRESSING MISSION QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A new call from the Western Sudan has lately reached this country. Expressed in the subjoined appeals from Bishop Tugwell and Canon Sell, both working among Moslems, the latter in the W. Central Sudan, this call presents the most pressing missionary question of the hour.

“The Hausa and Nupe countries,” writes Bishop Tugwell, “are now open to the preachers of the Gospel. For many years earnest prayers have ascended from the lips of God’s people that the door to these countries might be opened. Thank God their prayers have been answered, and the door stands now, not ajar, but wide open. Oppression, tyranny, and the slave trade have received, we believe, their death-blow, and an oppressed people are now free. But where is the army of occupation? The British force is in effective occupation: but what of the army of the Church of Christ? . . . *There are large heathen tribes in the Hausa countries who are longing for the advent of the Christian teacher.*”

BEGGING FOR CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.

The Guaris, with whom I came into contact three years ago, begged me to send them teachers. These tribes will become Mohammedan if they do not become Christian. Dr. Sell has recently said *that he regards the evangelization of the Pagan Hausa tribes as the most urgent work of the Church of Christ at the present time.*

He writes as a student; I write as one on the spot, and urgently reiterate his words.

"THE MOST URGENT WORK OF THE CHURCH."

"I write from Lokoja. From the piazza on which I am sitting I look down upon the graves of John Robinson, Wilmot Brooke, and Charles Watney. They counted not their lives dear unto them. They laboured and prayed at the threshold, and laid down their lives, confidently believing that the armies of the LORD would press onward over their graves. What was denied to them is granted to us. We may enter in. Sir F. Lugard has recently written very kindly of the work, and is quite prepared to support our efforts. . . . Pray that the Church of Christ may prove worthy of her trust."

"There are times," writes Canon Sell in his plea for Nigeria, "when it is very difficult to balance the competing claims of various parts of the mission field. I see no difficulty now. . . . Certain parts of Africa form now, in military language, the objective; and are the strategical positions of the great mission field. . . . Parts of Africa in which the Moslem advance is imminent have for the present a pre-eminent claim. The absorption of Pagan races into Islam is so rapid and continuous that in a few years' time some may be lost to us."

"I believe the Church has very little conception of the real state of the case. . . . The call to immediate and more extended operations is loud and clear. The conscience of the Church needs rousing to the very serious condition of affairs. For many centuries it utterly neglected the Mohammedans. It is not, however, too late to save some of the as yet unoccupied territory. Soon it will be so."

SOCIETIES NOT PREPARED TO ADVANCE.

This call from the West Sudan has been brought before Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain and Ireland, and before those of the Free Churches—Baptist, Congregational, and Wesleyan—of the United Kingdom. The fact that none of these felt able to respond, by starting any work for the Pagan peoples of Northern Nigeria, led to the formation of the

SUDAN UNITED MISSION,

whose London, Dublin and Edinburgh Councils (drawn from the above denominations), were, by the blessing of the Lord, enabled in 1904 to commence work in the Sudan.

The Mission has already sent out three parties of men and founded its first station at Wase, in the Upper Benue district of N. Nigeria. Of the twelve workers whom it has thus far sent across the sea, seven are now in Africa or on the way there, and spiritual blessing has already been received at Wase station. The Expedition of Investigation sent out in 1904 has returned and reported to the home Councils. Accounts of the work are issued in the *Lightbearer* (the organ of the S.U.M.) and other publications.

Young men wishing to preach Christ in the Sudan, and friends ready to forward the work by arranging meetings, or in any other way, are invited to write to the Hon. Sec. Sudan United Mission, Castleton, via Sheffield, or to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. James Andrew, 63, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

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