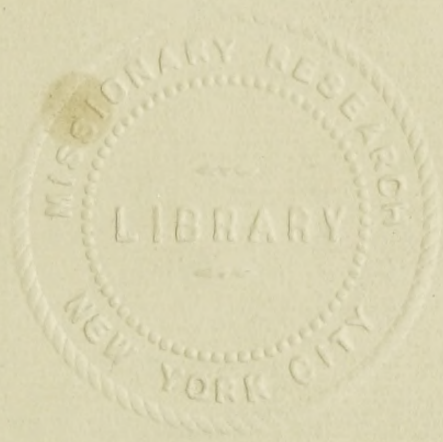


The Black Pioneer

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE



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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	<i>Jean K. Mackenzie</i>
BEKALI THE MAN.....	<i>Frank O. Emerson</i>
BEKALI, A SERVANT OF THE LORD.....	<i>Albert I. Good</i>
BEKALI THE SOUL-WINNER.....	<i>Melvin Fraser</i>
NOTES FOR REMEMBRANCE	

857

INTRODUCTION

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

MANY years ago, on the trails of an African forest, Bekali Mendom carried an end of my hammock pole throughout the hours of a moonlit night. We were to make twenty miles before dawn and I was short one carrier. Three hammock carriers will never make two relays of two, and that is a fact you will learn on a journey in a forest. There will be three carriers to tell you as much for as long as you will listen.

On this night, for all there was a shortage of one carrier, I travelled in a great and unnatural peace. There was a relay for the after end of the hammock—invisible men shifted the pole from time to time; but always the same shoulder carried the forward end of the pole. That sturdy little back, walking away and away and away with my feet all night long, was the back of Bekali Mendom, whose quality first impressed me then. And in the dawn, when his white woman complained bitterly, being weary, he it was who foraged and fed her, looking at her kindly with his ugly, tender, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten face.

At that time Bekali was a servant of God, but obscure as yet, carrying the candle of his spirit in the windless calm that was ever a kind of weather about him. The work among the Ngumba people was new, and he was one of the first of the Tribe of God among them. His "heart had been turned,"

he told me, by the reading of a black man from that thing of the white man—"a book." And the saying he read was like this—"Come unto Me all that feel troubled and are wearied of burdens and I will give you rest." These words, the accomplished speaker had claimed, were words from God, and were spoken of the burdens of the heart and not of the things of the body. Bekali, who was carrying a load of salt at the time, understood that he had been addressed as a man and not as a carrier, and he sought from that hour the things of God.

Dr. Lehman is that member of the West Africa Mission who was the pioneer among the Ngumba, and he was the first of us to know Bekali Mendom. Anna Lehman, if she keeps her husband's letters of the early part of the century, will surely find the figure of Bekali wandering through them. Already, in Dr. Halsey's letters of 1904, Bekali is a distinguished figure. He is, like Dr. Halsey himself, about his Father's business—on journeys. Like Dr. Halsey he keeps notes. Bekali's notebook was the handle of his toothbrush, for like all decent forest folk he had a sizable twig with a frayed end—that end was his toothbrush. And the length of the twig was his tally, where he kept the score of all those men and women, dwellers in strange villages, who heard gladly of the things of God. When Dr. Halsey met Bekali there were over two hundred nicks on the tally twig; that was the record of one of his initial journeys.

The Lehmans remember, and so do I, a night in 1904, and there is Bekali at the door of our little bark cabin in the mission clearing. He carries a lantern. He is inviting the white people to come with him into the house of God, where he will give thanks

with them because he has got him a wife. Somewhere among my notes I have the musty list of the goods paid for Luanga—the guns and the sheep and the dogs and the pieces of iron and the cutlasses and the many more things, that were lying out under the stars in Luanga's brother's town, on the night when we followed Bekali's lantern. There is the little handful of us—black and white—who are the first Christians in that Ngumba forest. And there, by that golden light, is Bekali reading—painfully and incredibly reading—from the Word of God. And now he is praying with what Scotch people call "liberty." And it is a wedding party, though Luanga is not there. In the absence of precedent Bekali has bidden the bride stay at home.

How far down the trail of the years is that little clearing in the forest! How clear it shines with its diverting and touching and hopeful quality, and upon how many ways since then has Bekali's lantern travelled! How many people has he summoned to the house of God! Until at last, upon an ultimate journey he and his light have gone away, leaving us to celebrate his great achievement of contagious goodness, and to say of him, born in the very slum and gutter of the round world,—that here was one who like Jesus, went about doing good.

For myself I will say that having gone out into the wilderness to see reeds shaken by the wind, I found a staff that was shaped like a true shepherd's crook, and it was warm from the use of a Divine Hand.

Bekali, the Man

FRANK O. EMERSON

AT our last annual meeting a resolution was passed in honor and loving memory of the late Bekali Mendôm. It was the only way in which we could express ourselves since those who did not know the man would not understand the sincerity and high appreciation felt if we just said "Bekali." Nevertheless he was regarded because he was Bekali, not because he had been ordained. And he was not ordained to the Gospel ministry because he was learned or because he was highly cultured as judged by the élite. It was all because he was Bekali—Bekali saved by the grace of God and filled by His Spirit.

A description of Bekali in person would never suggest the real man. Even to contemplate his appearance and his personal habits one realizes that in an unusual degree these were not the man. A stranger might easily pass him without notice. If pre-occupied you might not quickly detect the marks of a superior personality even if he were presented or pointed out. He bore the appearance of a very common individual. Such indeed he was in all external ways, such surely he considered himself to be. He

was short of stature and absolutely without ostentation in bearing. His nose was typically negroid, short and broad and flat, but withal rather small. His mouth and teeth were not conspicuous in any way save for the smile which he nearly always wore. His smile was rather too open for the best impression on a stranger. His head was prematurely bald and little tufts of wool stood out above each ear when his head had not been recently shaved. In later years when he wore spectacles much of the time, he might have posed very naturally as Uncle Remus.

Having known him for many years, I believe it could be said of him as some of the older Bulu occasionally say of themselves, that "he never stuck his legs into trousers." He wore with common grace the "cloth" two yards square. In addition to this, if addition there were, he at times wore a singlet, a poor pocketless thing, and at times a shirt with one pocket, but what he enjoyed most was a coat, one that had been white and that still was clean but discolored from practical use and often frayed at sleeves and neck, and certainly at the tops of pockets. For in these pockets was his delight.

No small boy ever carried richer treasure in his pockets than did Bekali, but his were of a peculiar type. His "Bia bi Bulu" (Hymns in Bulu) was there and his Bulu Gospels. A pencil of some dimensions was always there, and if not a pad then bits of paper. Bekali frequently made notes. But if he forgot what he had noted it was like hunting in the waste paper basket for it. Happily he rarely needed to refer to his notes. People and their affairs were too real for him to forget them readily. Bekali was equipped with pencil and paper that he might always be ready to

send notes to his many missionary parents and brethren throughout South Cameroun. Those little letters were in a simple, grand way apostolic. I have some of them still, written to "His Father who begat him again in the Lord," and "On whose breast he was nurtured in the spirit," and yet so full of the real and simple things of life.

And just as I have unconsciously done here, one always forgot the commonness of the clay owing to the beauty of the spiritual vessel that the Lord had made of it. His queer little nose was forgotten. The "Uncle Remus" head became patriarchal, his mouth was not just a perpetual smile. It softened at times into lines of pathos and sobriety, but not for long—there was too much of hope and joy for that. And his eyes were keen and sympathetic and at times rather piercing. Bekali loved and revered the white people who had "brought the light" but he did not fear them abjectly even though he trusted them implicitly.

Bekali was not systematic by nature. Anything of this which he possessed he gained through painful effort and after many failures. The queer jumble that he once allowed to come into the hands of Presbytery as a sample of his ability to record session minutes previous to his ordination was typical of his natural helplessness in matters passing beyond his personal control. He was growing and improving along these lines to the last.

A person was a person to Bekali. His love often overbalanced his judgment. His sympathy protected many from a too rigid system of names and dates and cards.

I suppose he never reached the point where he did not at times plead for exceptions. Rebuke and

counsel were needed and experience taught him that a reasonable degree of caution was always wise. But Bekali gave no consideration to the hypocrite and the evil doer, save to plead with them that they leave their evil ways and accept the Saviour. There were instances when rolls and names and cards all testified to the merits of an individual and when the poor missionary would have accepted a culprit in ignorance of his real personality had not Bekali, with saddened face and steady eye, portrayed the real man in terms that perhaps resulted in the removal of the name of a hypocrite from the rolls.

Bekali never despised work. Just one instance may serve from many others which might be given. When he returned from Presbytery where he had been licensed to preach the Gospel at the close of his theological course, he carried to Lolodorf on his back a tin of kerosene for the Mission and accepted with no thought of special consideration the few cents due a carrier for carrying forty-odd pounds a distance of seventy miles.

His cash balance would at times increase alarmingly. Then, like the sock, it would suddenly shrink, for someone of his kin or near associates would marry a wife and all he needed was goods. Bekali could scarcely resist such appeals. The last several times that I saw him at Lam the number of the halt and maimed that were attaching themselves to him was noticeable. In these and other similar ways he disposed of his income. He never introduced the question of wage. Once, he deliberately left a group of his associates who were advocating an increase in salary, thus protesting against their contention.

People would come in large numbers to hear Bekali

11
speak, and those who came would go away satisfied, for they had heard the "good words." I do not recall a single sermon of Bekali's that impressed me as a sermon. He himself impressed me, things that he said impressed me. He spoke from his own personality, burning at heart with the love of God. I am sure his sermons were not always outlined. If they had been the outline was doubtless in his coat pocket. He did not number his heads, one could believe at times that he was unmindful of his text. Yet he did not harangue, his sermons were never long. They were such talks as I have heard pastors at home give who were so full of their parish that their pulpit was incidental, who lived and spoke in the Spirit, not in an unknown tongue.

I shall never forget the last words Bekali spoke to me, though I am not given to remembering last words. It was so natural, coming from him as it did, that it merely took its place in my mind as one of the warm hearted words he was so given to uttering. I was riding away on my bicycle after the close of the last meeting of Presbytery which he attended. He had not realized that I was leaving that day, and came running to the path to exchange parting words. "So," he said, "we have been here nearly two weeks and so busy that we have scarcely visited at all." And with a sigh beneath a radiant smile he said, "Some day we shall meet 'up there' where we can talk to each other as long as we please and no one will disturb us." Months had passed when in a most unexpected quarter of my field the question was whispered, "Is it true that Bekali is dead?" And while

I did not then believe it, it was true. Not without dimmed vision did I realize that it would be only "up there" that I should ever again visit with Bekali. The hush that seemed to prevail even to the remote corners of our Mission at the news of his death is indication of the place he held in the hearts of his fellows.

I knew nothing of the facts attending his illness and death until weeks afterward. And to me his going is as a translation. There is no incongruity in Bekali's mingling with the saints and the redeemed of the ages. He will just go on knowing his Saviour better, and enjoying his fellows more, and bringing surprise to all about him that a heart that lived in clay and was once in such darkness can be so rich in spirituality and so full of faith and love.

Bekali, a Servant of the Lord

ALBERT I. GOOD

THERE are certain characters that because of intrinsic worth stand out above all others. Such a one was Bekali Mendôm. Twenty-five years ago he was an unknown black man among the thousands of the Ngumba tribe; today he is honored by the thousands who touched his life, and were in turn touched by the Spirit that dwelt therein. Mention his name, and anyone who ever knew him will kindle into instant response, as the memory calls up the image of the little man who was always so good, so sympathetic, so humble, and so earnest in the work of his Master.

It is easy to eulogize after a man is dead, but Bekali was well spoken of long before. Many a man has been extravagantly praised by his well-wishers, but no words of his friends can be extravagant in speaking of Bekali's humility, love of his Lord, and untiring labors. His was a rare spirit.

It was my privilege to know this man for a little more than ten years, and to be closely associated with him in work for much of that time.

Of his early life I know only from report. But he evidently was always in earnest from the time when he was brought to Christ. Although a man grown, he learned to read very soon, and availed himself of a little education, though not much. No weakness or backsliding ever manifested itself in his Christian life as is the case with many Africans in the early years

of their Christian experience. His was true faith, very early manifested in a desire to lead others to Christ, which before many years eventuated in the desire to study for the ministry.

There were three Ngumba men who left their country and went over to Elat in the Bulu country to start their studies for the ministry under that leader of men, the Rev. William M. Dager, the pastor of the Elat church in the days of its phenomenal growth, and the teacher of the first theological students in the Bulu interior. Because of the pressure of the growing church, their teacher was often interrupted in his teaching, and their instruction was spread over four or five years. Bekali was too old to be quick of thought, but made up by earnest study for what he lacked of versatile mentality, and finished his course creditably with the rest.

Here during his theological training were evidenced those traits which were to stand out so prominently in his later years—tirelessness in service, a close communion with God, a great power in winning souls, and the first indications of what later developed into that rarest African trait, the capstone of all, a great humility of soul.

He was always a man of peace. One of his schoolmates tells how, soon after they went over to Elat, they were given some meat for the three of them, always sought after by the natives, as meat is pre-vaillingly absent in their diet, and greatly craved. There was danger of some feeling in the division, so Bekali divided it into three as nearly equal parts as possible and made the others take their portions first, while he took the portion that was left.

Toward the latter part of his course, Mr. Dager

was commissioned by the Mission to make a long exploratory journey across southern Cameroun to the far eastern border, a journey of a couple of months or more. He took some of his theological students with him, and none were so constantly preaching anywhere and everywhere, to many or few as Bekali. He was never too tired to speak for his Master. Once a side trip was to be made of forty miles to a special town that Mr. Dager wished to see. It would be a hard trip there and back with a very short stay there, and to be done in one day. Bekali was the one who volunteered to go with him.

About 1911 there was held at Elat a conference for Christian workers from all over the Mission. As sometimes happens, a few dissatisfied ones got together and talked the matter of the wages they were receiving for their work. The dissatisfaction spread, until half of the delegates were staying away from the meetings of the conference to discuss their supposed grievance. The missionaries were for the moment at a loss what to do. Mr. Dager had occasion to want Bekali for something and searched for him in the big church, where he had been last seen. Not seeing him at first in the deserted auditorium, he walked up to the front where a space was walled off. Here he found his man, on his knees, pouring out his heart in prayer that God would turn the hearts of the people to Himself and His true service. Without disturbing him Mr. Dager returned to the missionaries with the word that Bekali was doing what they should be doing in such a crisis—praying. That day the backbone of opposition began to weaken, and the Conference regained much of its strength. Bekali led us all to the true way of meeting difficulty.

Those who knew him there speak much of his constant searching out of men, women, and children to speak to them about Christ. He early learned the secret of personal work with the individual, and was ever calling some one person aside for a few moments' talk. It mattered not to him that they were not of his tribe or language, or that he was a stranger to them; they were souls to be saved, and many date their first love from such conversations as those. He worked also among the young, and would systematically interview every boy in a school dormitory and have a talk alone with him as opportunity offered, or more often as he would make the opportunity. Thus he began his work when others thought they were still in preparation.

While he was stationed at Lam, he had need of going over to Efulen Station for an operation under Dr. Weber. The latter tells of his work while there. When the operation was over, and the doctor wanted to know whether he wanted a little private place alone or whether he would be in the ward with other cases, Bekali answered at once, "Put me where there are others." Knowing Bekali, the doctor placed him on a bed in the midst of the toughest old characters he had in the hospital. While he was recovering from his operation he led nearly every man about his bed to Christ. Such was the power and spirit of the man.

His studies over, he was placed in charge of the church at Lam, on the main road between Lolodorf and Kribi, the seaport. Here he settled down to his lifework. He was mild in manner and soft of speech, not manly traits according to native thought, yet he had a wonderful influence over mature men, and the Lam Church has a larger proportion of grown men in

its membership than almost any other church in this country. This was a hard field in many ways, for the Ngumba are more conservative, less easily led than the Bulu, and they were slower to take the Gospel. The Church still has the smallest membership of the three under the care of Lolodorf, but it is without question the most stable church of all, and contains the strongest elements of steadfastness. Bekali taught them how truly to love the Lord. He also taught them how to give by precept and example, and this smallest church is one of the largest givers.

There was a time when the white pastor who had the oversight of the Lam Church wished to stress the preaching of the Gospel among the fifteen or more native workers employed in the district. They were to keep track of the number of meetings they held in a month, a meeting consisting of a group of five persons or more, not counting Sunday services or the daily morning prayers. They thought they were doing well when they reported thirty or forty meetings in the month, with the highest man around sixty or seventy. Then Bekali, whose work had been more of oversight and counsel for the district rather than house-to-house preaching, determined to show his men how it should and could be done. The first month he turned in a total of 250 meetings. I remonstrated with him, "Why Bekali, you don't mean 250, you mean twenty-five," for they often have trouble writing figures correctly. I remember his quiet smile, when he insisted that it really was 250 meetings in the month. And then to prove it, he raised it the next month to three hundred and kept it near there for four or five months. Think of the physical strain alone of holding a daily average of ten group meetings every

day, and keeping it up for months! In a short time he shamed the weakest worker into holding sixty to seventy meetings a month, while his nearest competitor rose to 150, but none could come near him. During the height of this campaign, those fifteen men held between twelve and thirteen hundred meetings of five persons or more in a month, and the total of those hearing the Word of God ran into many thousands. So Bekali led his people in everything spiritual.

After several years out of school, years of experience and testing, Bekali was licensed by the Presbytery. Here it seemed he would stay, the farthest to which he could aspire. There is a hard and fast rule of the Presbytery that no candidate for the Gospel ministry may be ordained unless in addition to his early general schooling and his theological course, he possess a working knowledge of some European language. This was English in the earlier days of the Mission, German during the many years when the Colony was German, and since the war, French. Bekali had no European language, as he was too old to take up German. So it seemed his way was closed. But at last, with the passage of years, with his wonderful record of service, with his power as a soul-winner ever increasing, with the development of a wonderful Christian humility, with a character so openly Christian that no missionary travelling past Lam, no matter how urgent his errand, but stopped for the spiritual uplift of just meeting this man of God, with all this, the Presbyterial rule was for once over-ruled, and by sheer worth of Christian character and service Bekali became Rev. Bekali Mendôm. He was the first man and up to the present time the only man of his tribe to attain to this sacred office, and the second man

in all the Cameroun interior to be ordained. He now commanded more respect from the natives as they saw one of their own number on an equality with the white minister in the dispensing of the sacred elements of the Communion, or laying on hands in the rites of Baptism. Now his power increased. He developed in executive ability, and in the orderly keeping of Session records. But his elevation to a position of authority and the respect now accorded him never affected the beautiful child-like spirit of the man. At first he was kept under the close touch and supervision of the white minister in charge and not given full power even though he was ordained. Yet not only did he not chafe under the supervision and direction, he craved it, he asked for it. He always wanted to be taught by those whom he looked on as his spiritual fathers.

Who has ever received a letter from Bekali, and he was a great writer of little letters, but knows the characteristic style by which he began, "O my good father, I always thank God for sending you to teach us the way of salvation, and the knowledge of our Lord, whose servant I am" and then he would go on to write his particular message. These letters were so characteristic, so grateful, so full of the spirit of love and fellowship, so humble in tone. Those of us who oftenest received them knew the first third of every letter by heart without reading, but it was Bekali's way of ever honoring his Master, and we honored him for it.

He had his little peculiarities, too. In later years his salary would easily have warranted the purchase of a bicycle to help him over the interminable miles

he was always walking, but he refused to buy one, as he said, "For fear he would pass someone by to whom he should speak." He would never wear trousers, but always a good long loin-cloth, nor would he touch shoes, so dear to the heart of every native. No, these things were all right for others, but he would not follow the white man in this. He was also one of those very, very rare natives who were not affected by money.

In December, 1921, to the consternation and sorrow of his congregation at Lam, he was transferred to the Mvele country to take charge of the comparatively newly-organized and struggling church of Man-gele. Here he spent the last six months of his life. The big chief of the whole country bitterly hated the Church and Christianity; in a short time he was sending Bekali presents of chickens and food and inviting him to come to his town. No one could resist Bekali's friendly spirit. Here he repeated his program of intensive work, only, if anything, harder than ever. He was always away travelling over his district, encouraging the native workers, working for souls with all the energy of soul and body. They tell that he crossed the dangerous Nlong River four times in one day seeking someone. He was gaining the goodwill of all the chiefs, people were beginning to confess in considerable numbers, the whole work was feeling the impetus of his strong spirit, when disease seized him.

A large Communion service was just over. The white pastor had returned to his Station, when Bekali was suddenly seized with strangulation of a hernia. All praise to three men who so faithfully carried him in a hammock forty miles across country through the bush over one of the worst roads in all this country

to Dr. Lehman, who knew and loved him. Word came before he arrived that he was coming, all was prepared, and he was operated on at once. The operation seemed a success, but he never rallied from the shock and the intense pain he had had to undergo. His body, besides, was worn out and thin with his intense labors. He lingered for four days, but God's will was otherwise, and he passed away October 12, 1922, quietly and in confident faith. His last words to me, a very few hours before he left us, were full of faith. He led in a short prayer, and at the close of it he turned to me, knowing he was going, and speaking with some difficulty said, "May God be with you. . . . He is more . . . than all the world . . . I am sure of it." In this faith, he went to his reward.

During the one day in which his body lay with us, for in the tropics interment can wait no longer, it was visited by hundreds of his friends. The body was laid in the big palaver-house, and the day was really one continuous prayer meeting; with song, prayer, and remarks from those who knew and loved him. In the afternoon the funeral service was held in the Lolodorf church with 1200 persons present, a very large attendance for such short notice.

On the Sunday following, a Memorial Service was held in the church, attended by over 1400 persons, led entirely by native speakers who brought out in short speeches the salient features of his life. At the close of the service the pastor was led to ask all those present who had been led to Christ by Bekali to rise, and to every one's astonishment, in a place where he had never been resident as a Christian worker, but only as a passer-by, seventy-six persons arose to

testify to the soul-winning of this man. And they were strong people too, elders of the church, native workers, leading men and women, some young boys, showing how universal was his appeal. Four persons confessed Christ at the close of this Memorial Service, and we believe his work is still going on in the hearts of many. Had this service been held at Lam, where he spent years, those standing would have been numbered by the hundred. It is probably no slightest exaggeration to estimate that during his life-time, he was instrumental through his own unaided efforts, in the conversion of not less than a thousand persons, and probably many more.

No white missionary in Cameroun will ever have stars in his crown to compare with the number shining in the crown of this black man, once unknown, once a heathen, now in his reward—the tireless winner of souls, the humble servant of the Lord Jesus Christ—Bekali Mendôm.

Bekali, a Soul-Winner

MELVIN FRASER

ONE is constrained to ask, Where lay the power? It was not in a rugged, strong body with the advantage which such a body sometimes gives, but strength was perfected through a rather frail bodily presence; nor in a resonant, commanding voice, for his was thin and soft. His unusual power lay not in unusual mentality, for his was just ordinary. If he was eloquent, the eloquence was not born of liberal learning or the art of rhetoric. For he was "unlearned and ignorant," as were Peter and John, and, like Paul, he "came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom." We are persuaded that Bekali's record of soul-winning power was rooted in other soil—in that of the realm of the divine Spirit, and of natural temperament—which the Spirit sanctifies without severing from a consecrated man's individuality.

Wherever Bekali went, and he was always going, men took knowledge that he had been with Jesus. He seemed to live "in the Spirit" seven days in the week, and to breathe Pentecostal air. He savored of the "upper chamber." He moved about in heavenly vision and the burning desire to be obedient to it. Being thus subdued and inspired, he yielded himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the all-absorbing ministry of reconciliation. Bekali gave the impression of having definite aim, and of desiring to make everything bend that way. He seemed to be saying, Give me souls, or I die, and he did die in the midst of seeking them. This "one thing I do." Thus animated and dominated, of course he got what he went after—

souls. All he had or was, was laid under tribute to this, as he plodded on day by day, in vital fellowship with Christ and led by His Spirit.

Bekali searched the Scriptures, and loved them, and there found the teaching, reproof, correction, and instruction which is in righteousness, as the remedy for sin and its numerous brood. His own Christ-like life backed his effort to seek and save the lost. In his breast was the gentle love of John, the rugged faith of Paul, and the whole hope of the Gospel, and these, shining through his beaming, black eyes and winsome personality, were simply irresistible in his preaching and daily mingling with people. Hardened heathen could not help liking him. He gripped everybody, not for himself, but that he might point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

In his constant quest after souls, Bekali was a man of prayer, in the inner chamber and behind the shut door. Do you wonder that our Bekali was a winner of souls? A mantle with spiritual strands like those in the shed mantle of this Ngumba soul-winner is ready to fall upon any one who is ready to receive it.



Bekali's first experience with the Gospel was after he had returned from a little "private prayer to Satan" as he called it—doubtless some kind of fetish worship. He found Ze Zhwômena in his town teaching the people to sing Gospel songs and explaining the Way of Life. A short time later, Bekali made a public confession of Christ. The women refused to cook any food for him that day, which was only one of the petty persecutions of his first years as a Christian.

After his first sleep, Bekali's widow says, he would often leave his house, cross the little courtyard to the Church and there spend long hours alone with God, praying for those whom he was trying to win for Christ, for the headmen of the surrounding villages, for the flock of Christians he was shepherding. It is left only for us to record that at least four very prominent headmen in his district became Christians under his ministry.



When Bekali was told of the intended visit of Dr. and Mrs. Hudnut and Mr. Patterson to the field in 1921, he was greatly pleased that they loved the Lord and His work enough to come this great distance to visit the work among the black people. The missionary in charge told him of the plan to have the Christians from all the outposts come to the service at MacLean on the Sunday that they should be there. He said "I'm going home and ask God to send three thousand people to that service." This seemed a large request to others, but it was granted with several extra hundreds for good measure.



Mvondô Atyam, one of our most promising young candidates for ordination, tells of the time when he was a young school boy and frequently accompanied Bekali on his week-end preaching trips. Upon approaching a town Bekali would say to the lad, "Let's turn off into the forest now and pray for this town

before we enter it.” As they lay down on their narrow pole bed for their night’s rest, Bekali’s last words were wont to be, “Don’t forget! The one who awakens during the night must awaken the other that we may pray for the people who will hear The Words of God tomorrow.”

[*A letter from Bekali, translated from the Bulu:*]

Mr. S. Kender: (*This was at one time Bekali's
idea of Miss Mackenzie's name.*)

I was left behind you to see trouble,
for my child died. Even so, the Lord
Jesus has the child now. Where the
Father is, there also is my child. Our
dwelling is not here, it is with the
Father. To that place we will go and
stay. This word helps my heart.

Pray the Father for yourself. Be at
Peace.

When shall I see your face?

BEKALI MENDOM

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