

# AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES

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BY  
STEPHEN J. COREY

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO THE  
CONGO MISSION

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*By*  
STEPHEN J. COREY

JOURNAL OF A VISIT  
TO THE CONGO MISSION

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*SECOND EDITION*

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CINCINNATI  
FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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## Foreword.

THIS book is the diary kept by Mr. Stephen J. Corey while on a visit to the Congo to inspect one of the most interesting Missions in the world and to report on conditions as he found them. Mr. Corey was an intelligent and sympathetic visitor. He had eyes to see, a mind to appreciate, and literary ability to describe what he saw. He feels as the Roman author did who said that nothing pertaining to humanity was a matter of indifference to him.

On his visit Mr. Corey saw much of the people of Central Africa, of their homes and food and clothing and manner of life. He saw how they have been degraded by superstition and polygamy. He spent much time with the missionaries and saw how they do their work. He went with them on the mission steamer far up the tributaries of the Congo, and traveled on foot with them into the interior where no missionary had ever been before. He saw the missionaries in their homes, and as they preached to the heathen in the villages and to the Christians in their churches, as they healed the sick, as they taught in the schools, and as they worked

## FOREWORD.

at the printing press. He has aimed to give an accurate presentation of the whole situation as it is.

Those who wish to know how their brothers and sisters in black live, and the changes the gospel is making among them, and how the missionaries live and work, can find the desired information in this book. All Christian people will be interested in knowing that Mr. Corey and the missionaries of all communions regard the people of Africa, ignorant and backward as they are, as children of God and capable of receiving the gospel and of being redeemed and ennobled by it. Their hearts will be cheered as they read in these pages of the triumphs of the truth in one of the darkest fields on earth.

ARCHIBALD McLEAN.

*Cincinnati, November, 1912.*

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The mud and thatch chapel at Monieka.



Native village in Lower Congo.

# Among Central African Tribes

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## I.

### In the Lower Congo.

*June 19, 1912. Steamship Bruxellsville.*

The Congo at last! What a feeling of satisfaction came over me this morning as I looked out of the steamer cabin porthole at six o'clock and saw the wooded isles and chocolate brown water of the mighty Congo's mouth! I had been dreaming of it for months—how satisfying the reality! At seven we cast anchor inside the river at Banana, a little trading town on a long, flat point extending into the river. The spot is beautifully dotted with white houses and studded with cocoanut palms. We must stay here until to-morrow to lighten the ship so that it can pass up to Boma, the capital of Congo. Early the natives were out in their dugout log canoes to take us ashore. A party of us negotiated with two husky blacks dressed in breechclouts, who paddled us ashore. One must sit quietly in these little craft to keep equilibrium. The native stands erect and paddles with a long, powerful stroke. Half a franc is the price for going

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ashore, and the half-dozen canoes have made good revenue to-day. Together with Holder and Hobgood, my missionary companions, I have had an interesting time. The little point is nicely improved with streets bordered with shells and cocoanut palms. There is not a large native population—simply enough blacks to do the work for the whites. The people are quite black and strong looking fellows. The women are very erect. Many bear the queer tribal markings on face and chest. Nearly all, men and women, are dressed in a piece of cloth, the men putting theirs about the waist and letting it hang below the knees, the women fastening theirs just under the arms and over the breast, and draping it about the body to the ground. We bought three cocoanuts for a half franc, some lemonade bottled in Germany, a tin of biscuit from England, and had lunch on the porch of a little store. The black proprietor could speak a little English. He opened a tiny Estey organ and played "Home, Sweet Home," "Suwanee River," and many American songs. We sang, and the family of little folks gathered about to hear. We enjoyed it, but it made us a bit homesick. We had a long walk on the sea beach and watched the natives fish with throw nets.

An army of natives are unloading the ship's cargo into lighters. They camp on the lower deck, having brought their food with them—

## IN THE LOWER CONGO.

mostly rice. It takes about ten natives to do what one American would do. Some of them seem to be simply "yellers" for the rest.

*June 21st. Boma, Lower Congo.*

We left Banana on Thursday morning, with a large company of Cabina natives on board to unload cargo. It was an interesting trip up the Congo to Boma. Scarcely ever were both banks of the great river visible at the same time. Sometimes neither bank was in view. The river is from ten to twenty-five miles wide. There are a multitude of islands, covered with palms and dense jungle. The hills in the distance are barren and brown with withered grass, for this is the dry season in lower Congo, five months long. There are few inhabitants along the river. A few isolated trading stations can be seen along the shore. On the largest island is a Government experiment farm. We saw on it a large herd of cows and some fields of corn.

A sad accident happened, on nearing Boma. A boatload of blacks was being lowered to help make the landing, when suddenly the chain on one end of the boat gave way and they were all precipitated into the river. The current was swift, and their heads could be seen bobbing far astern. As soon as the ship could be stopped and a boat lowered, the second mate and a crew of swift native paddlers went back to the res-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

cue. I could see eight heads in the water, with the aid of the marine glasses, as the poor fellows swam for life. They were in the water fully half an hour before the rescuers reached them. On their return it was found that four of them had gone down. As the Congo boys are all fine swimmers, the ones lost were probably injured in the fall from the boat or were caught in the propeller screw. It was a sad accident, and apparently caused by poor construction in the boat. One of the chain-heads had pulled out of the end of it. Some of the officers contended that all were saved, but there were too many passengers who saw the thing happen for them to sustain such a report. It was from the second-class deck that the accident occurred, and those passengers were furious over the affair. The boat was one of the life-boats, and had an attempt been made to use it during emergency at sea, the passengers would have met a sad fate.

We have had a fine time ashore most of the day. At six this morning, Mr. Lembke, the Swedish missionary and I went over the city. It was a very interesting experience. This is the capital of the Congo, and there are many Europeans. The palace of the Governor-General is located here. We walked about the native quarters and saw the odd little huts and cook kitchens. The huts are built of most anything here. Many of them are of poles, with sheets

## IN THE LOWER CONGO.

of battered tin taken from oil and provision cans tacked over the framework. They are thatched with palm. Mr. Lembke talked to the women and children in their native tongue, and they all seemed courteous and interested. The population is very mixed here, people coming from all over the lower Congo. Some of the natives have taken on European customs of dress, but most of the upper river people are quite primitive yet. The women wear a long print cloth from under the arms; the men wear anything that comes along, from a loin-cloth to a European vest, breech cloth, and cane. The official and trade life is desperately corrupt. Many Europeans live in open shame with native concubines.

One is at first greatly shocked here at the lack of the sense of propriety to which we are accustomed as white people. We passed some native women bathing in a brook this morning. They stopped bathing to watch us pass with curiosity, but no sense of shame, although they were without clothes.

A tender experience was ours during the morning walk. We met a company of twenty workmen going to their labor for the Government. They recognized Mr. Lembke and came running about him with loud exclamations of surprise and joy. There was handshaking all around. These were men from villages one hundred miles away, where he had done

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

mission work. Most of them were Christian men and had good faces that beamed with love. They were very expressive of affection toward "Tata," as they called him. We stopped for a long "palaver," and there were many questions asked. They had been away from home seven months under forced labor for the Government, and said they were homesick. The looks and expressions of affection and sorrow when we left them brought the tears to my eyes. They seemed to adore Lembke. I do not wonder that the missionaries want to get back to their work after being home on furlough. It would not be hard to love these people.

A little tot, two or three years old, met me in the road with outstretched hand, and as I stopped and shook the little hand, she lisped, "Kam bati," their salutation, which means *good*.

*Matadi, June 22d.*

We arrived here at three, but were unable to land until about five. The trip of our ocean steamer the forty miles between Boma and here was very interesting. The mighty river narrows to about a mile in width as the hills change into mountains, and becomes a swift stream of great depth, pouring itself through a winding gorge. The river is said to be five hundred feet deep here. Mr. Harvey, an elderly American Baptist missionary, who has spent thirty-three years in Congo, came to the ship

## IN THE LOWER CONGO.

with his boats and black "boys" and brought us and our baggage up to his station. We are now in our rooms in an old mission house next to Mr. Harvey. He is a saintly man and looks very frail. His wife is ill with dysentery and away at another station being treated. We ate a good supper with the missionary, and had tea and prayers afterward. We have just had a feast of oranges from the yard. We have joyful letters from our stations up river. The *Oregon* awaits us at Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, and we hope to get off for that place Monday—day after to-morrow. Matadi means "rock," and this town is certainly a "rocky" place, fairly blasted from the mountain side. Nothing can be grown here, and all supplies must be shipped in. There is a nice cool breeze to-night, quite as comfortable as Cincinnati. The great river narrows here, and two miles above are the great Yelala Falls, around which Stanley found his way in '78. Matadi is the head of navigation for ocean steamers on the Congo. From here to Stanley Pool, a distance of 250 miles around the cataracts, we must travel by railway.

This is sacred ground. We passed a little graveyard below here on the river, where a group of pioneer missionaries are buried. Matadi is the base station for the English Baptist, American Baptist, and Swedish missions. Each mission has excellent buildings and equipment. A

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

good work is being done here among the natives, although much of the time of the missionaries at such a place must be occupied with transport duties for the interior stations. Much of the printing for the mission stations higher up the river is done here. Mr. Harvey, of the American Baptist mission, looks after all the shipping for our mission as well as that of his own and the Presbyterian mission farther up river.

*Kimpese, June 24th.*

We came by rail to this point yesterday, and I stopped off to see the Union Baptist Evangelistic Training School. Holder and Hobgood went on to Thysville, the end of the day's run on the railroad, and I join them at Leopoldville to-morrow for the mission steamer *Oregon*. The Congo Railway is a toy-looking affair, but it does the business. It is marvelous how they put it through the mountains with the terrible climate to contend with. It cost thousands of lives, as well as great sums of money. The material had to all be transported from Europe. It is pitiful the way the workmen, both native and European, succumbed in the task. At one time, finding it difficult to get natives, the company imported a lot of Chinese. They were given no protection from the heat and mosquitoes, and being ignorant of the climate, died by the wayside like flies. The white men, being





Train on the narrow-gauge road from Matadi to Stanley Pool. The open, second-class coach is used by missionaries.



Fifty-two refugee women at Monieka. They are plural wives who have been persecuted by their husbands for attending services in the back villages, and have fled to the station for protection and instruction.

## IN THE LOWER CONGO.

careless about the sun's rays, and imbibing too freely of alcoholic stimulants, died all along the way. The direct rays of the sun here seem to have a deadly effect upon foreigners unless they are carefully protected with sun helmets.

The railway is two hundred and fifty miles long—the distance being one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies. It takes two days to make the trip, the train not running at night. It used to take the traders and early missionaries thirty to forty days to make the journey overland with carriers. Stanley is the only one who ever made the way with canoes, and these he had to transport with the greatest difficulty around the falls and cataracts. It took him a year to make the two hundred and fifty miles. We could never have had the *Oregon* on the Upper Congo had it not been for the railway. The steamship *Peace*, the first mission steamer on the Congo, was sent out in the early eighties by the English Baptist Society. It was carried in pieces on the backs of native carriers the two hundred and fifty miles from Matadi to Leopoldville. The first three English engineers who came out to build it died on the road between these two places.

We rode second-class, in a little open car, on hard benches, but it seemed better than the stuffy little first-class coaches. We were obliged to have a curtain across the car in front of us to keep the cinders out of our eyes. We

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

pay \$5 to Leopoldville, and first-class pays \$30. We pay one franc a kilo (ten cents per pound) for all baggage over twenty pounds!

The school here is most interesting. Twenty-eight young men and their wives are taking a three years' course. They are selected, the choicest, from different stations. The ground is good here, and they have plans on for much agricultural self-support in the future. Brick houses, 40 x 15, have been built for the students, holding two families each. Each family has its own garden. Sweet potatoes, manioc root (cassava), yams, etc., are grown.

I spoke last night, through an interpreter, at the closing exercises of the school, and then an old, blind evangelist spoke. He was the first convert, nearly thirty years ago, and was taken to England by Missionary Bentley, one of the pioneers, to help in the first translations. The men were deeply interested as he told of the early days of the mission and its hardships. Eight years passed in the beginning before a convert was made. Now there are many thousands.

The Christian light in these black countenances is wonderful. There are cannibal tribal marks on many faces, but the marks of the Lord Jesus as well.

It is very cool here. I needed warm blankets last night. This is the dry, cool season in the lower Congo, the best season of the year for a visit.

## II.

### Up the Great Congo River.

*June 27th. Congo River, Steamship Oregon.*

We left Kinshassa, near Leopoldville, at eight o'clock this morning on the *Oregon*, and are now, at 2 o'clock, just out of Stanley Pool and in the Upper Congo.

I left Kimpese at 3.30 day before yesterday, and stayed all night at Thysville, with Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, of the English Baptist mission there. This is the highest point between Matadi and the Pool. It was very cool, and I slept under two blankets. Had a long, dusty railroad ride to Leopoldville. Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard, with Mr. Holder and Mr. Hobgood, met me at Leopoldville, together with about a dozen American Baptist missionaries down for their conference at the Pool.

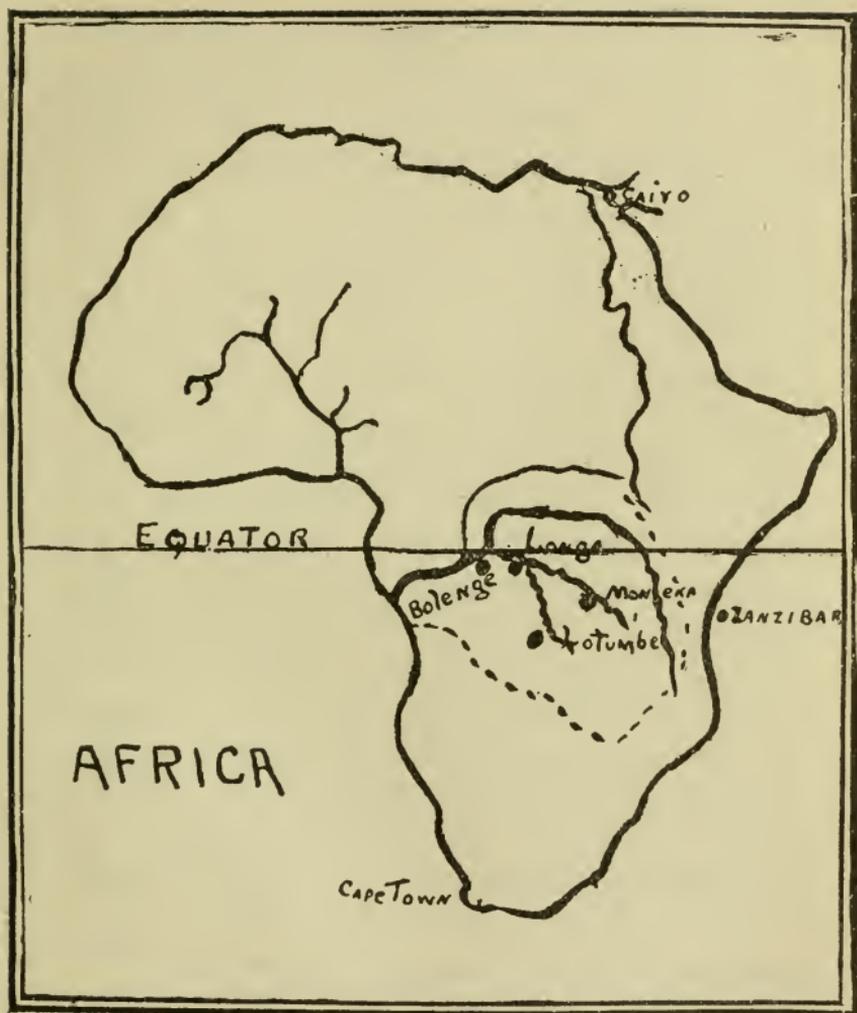
The Bolenge boys from the boat were at the station to meet me, and all shook hands. They seemed very happy. It was a joy to get aboard the *Oregon*. She is a fine little ship and very comfortable. I have a cozy little stateroom,

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which bears on its walls a tablet inscribed to the memory of Dr. Harry Biddle, our first missionary to give his life for the Congo. The little stateroom has been furnished as a hospital room by his wife and brothers. We steamed to Kinshassa last night and were off this morning after putting on quite a cargo of salt, the chief trade article among the natives. The natives on board—there are about twenty of our Christians—had a song and prayer service this morning before five o'clock. They always start the day in this way. They all have good, happy black faces.

*June 29th.*

The boat went on a hidden sandbank this afternoon, but backed off without injury. The river is so very wide here that one can not see across. The native Christians have asked the missionaries that I might have a "Losako"—proverb—and have given me the words, "Il' otema ele nzakomba," meaning, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart (stomach)." This use of a proverb is a custom they have for all the missionaries who come out. Every native chief or leading man has his losako. I will use this as long as I am on Congo. We are eating native vegetables with relish—plantain (fried), native squash, yam, sweet mantioc (cassava). Also fruits—bananas, oranges, and pineapples; and a drink made of limes.



Map of Africa, showing the four stations of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society: Bolenge, Longa, Lotumbe, and Monieka.

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*Sunday, June 30th. Bolobo, English Baptist Station.*

This is the best equipped mission station we have seen on the Congo, and is probably the largest station on the upper river. A very beautiful spot. It was established by Grenfell, the great missionary pioneer and explorer, years ago, and for many years has been English Baptist steamer headquarters. Now the headquarters are moved to Kinshassa. There are four families here. The station has a large printing press and a good hospital. The mission grounds are beautifully set in fan and cocoanut palms. This is an itinerating center for two hundred miles back from the south bank of the Congo and as far along the shore. It takes a trip of three months to cover all the villages reached by this mission. A colony of Christian natives has been formed to better accommodate the Christians who do not care to live in the native villages. They build their own clay-walled houses—a great improvement on the heathen native hut. The houses of the station are largely of brick, with tile roof. In the center of the mission grounds is a huge log drum, two and a half feet through and eight feet long, on which a call is beaten for the native workmen. The heathen people have these drums in each village, and send messages from town to town with them by means of a drum code. At one point near Stanley Falls the Government telephones its calls

## UP THE GREAT CONGO RIVER.

from village to village with these for seventy miles.

The Congo is five miles broad here. We are being entertained by the courteous missionaries, who are making it most pleasant for us.

After a visit to the different departments of the station, we attended the mission church service, where Dr. Girling preached. An audience of about three hundred was present in the neat chapel, many being away itinerating with the missionaries. The people sang well, and the doctor preached on the "Temptation of Jesus." I could not understand, but it was uplifting to see the response of the people. Later we were taken through the hospital, a fine new building, splendidly equipped. It was set up in England and shipped out in parts; is built of galvanized iron sheets, and will cost about \$7,500 set up. There are many interesting patients.

This has been our most interesting day. I made my first address to our Christians on the steamer this afternoon. I spoke on "What Shall I Do With Jesus?" and Jaggard interpreted. It was very hard for me to do, but the brethren seemed very appreciative. This evening at five we went with Mr. Stonelake, one of the missionaries, to a nearby native village to an evangelistic meeting. We saw heathenism in the raw. Our party stopped in a sort of square in the center of the village. Mr. Stonelake is a most lovable man. He spoke kindly to the peo-

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ple as he went, and urged them to come along to the meeting. Quite a company of native Christians accompanied us and sang at the service. A funeral dance was just about to take place in another part of the village, and many stayed away for this. Probably one hundred people heard, however. They were in the doorways of little bamboo huts, leaning against the houses, sitting on the ground, and variously scattered about. They were quite attentive. Four evangelists spoke, each stepping out into the square and speaking in ringing tones. The missionary, Mr. Stonelake, closed, and he spoke with great earnestness and power. The children gathered nearest, the young people next, and the older men and women farther back. The women for the most part wore only a cloth about the waist, hardly reaching to the knees. The children were naked. Many men wore only a loin cloth. Some smoked huge pipes. The horrible tribal marks, or cutting, were visible on nearly every adult face and body. Some of the men wore a peculiar beard twisted into a string, just on one side of the chin. We saw a witch-doctor woman dancer with her nearly naked arms and body daubed with white clay. She was officiating at the heathen funeral service.

The people live in quite ingenious houses, built rather artfully of bamboo rods driven in the ground, covered with a woven mat of palm leaves held tight with bands of split palm bam-

## UP THE GREAT CONGO RIVER.

boo. The roof is of grass thatch. They build these houses very slowly, sometimes occupying a year or so to do it. Time seems to be absolutely no consideration with these folks.

Three boys came a long, three days' journey afoot to-day with a letter sent by a native teacher to the missionary, asking for slates and slate pencils.

Here when a man marries he pays the price to the wife's father. Down the river he pays this sum to the mother's oldest brother. In either case, when the wife dies, the man having received the money must furnish another woman or return the money.

### *July 2d. The Oregon.*

The tsetse fly has appeared in considerable numbers, and we have been killing many of them with a rattan switch. The natives are very keen to kill them, as they understand that they mean sleeping sickness. Only a certain type can carry the disease, and probably only a very small proportion of these do. In size they are about twice as large as a housefly—they readily bite through thick clothing.

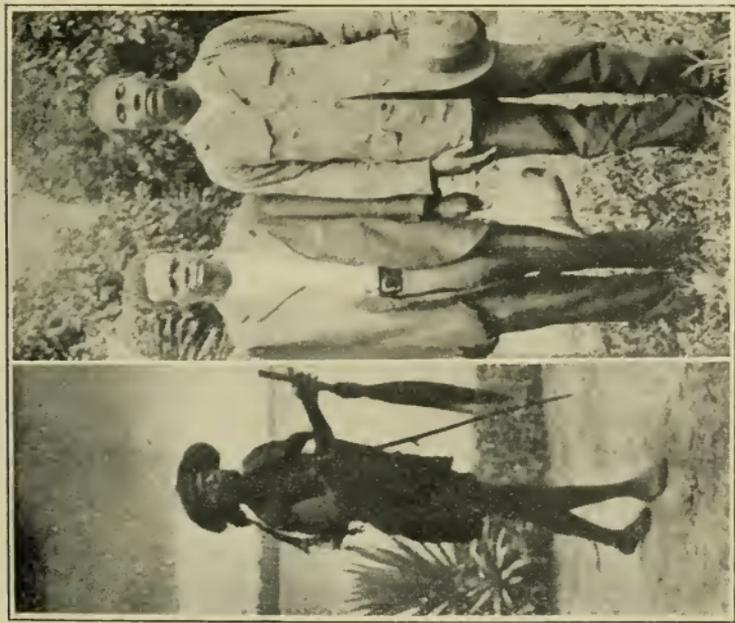
To-day we passed near a great tree on the mainland which had about fifty large red monkeys in it. Mr. Holder took a shot at them, but only having birdshot, he did no great damage, only greatly exciting them. With loud screams and protestations they sprang from limb to limb

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and even jumped long distances to other trees. The men at the wheel say this kind are dangerous when one of their number is wounded and will attack a man in large numbers under such circumstances. It is remarkable how these natives can see. They observe objects when it takes a glass for us to see them. The crocodile, hippo, bird, or monkey never escapes their trained eyes. We have just passed a State steamer and barge stuck on a sandbank. They did not call for help, so we passed by, Capt. Jaggard tooting our great whistle in friendly salute. The *Oregon* has the finest whistle on the Congo. It can be heard for many miles.

*July 3d.*

We stopped at Ikoko, on Lake Tumba, to unload cargo, and took supper at the station with Mrs. Clark, Mr. Rogers, and Miss Porter. Ikoko is an old station beautifully laid out. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark have been here for nearly thirty years and have done a fine work. This is about seventy-five miles from Bolenge. Our native evangelists come very close to Ikoko. It was so late when we reached Ikoko that we could not look about much. Mr. Clark is away at a missionary conference. I have been much interested in looking into Mrs. Clark's splendid work among the young women and girls. She has a large group of them. One of the native Christian boys here is an albino. His



Old witch doctor visiting Bolenge Station.  
Evangelists Efoloko and Bonjolongo.



Lenjataka, the great chief  
of Monieka.



## UP THE GREAT CONGO RIVER.

skin is white and he has white wool and pink eyes! The missionaries are now planning to move the station across the lake some eighteen miles to a new point. The State persecutions and latterly the sleeping sickness have largely depopulated and changed the inhabited centers in this region. Dr. Harry Biddle, of our own mission, spent two months in Ikoko during his last illness. He was very sick at Stanley Pool, and the Clarks sent for him to come up where he could get proper food and care. They placed him in the ladies' home at Ikoko, and Mrs. Clark tenderly nursed him until he started home. He went home before the railroad on the lower Congo was completed and had to be carried from Leopoldville through the mountains to Tumba, to which point the railroad had been constructed. He was placed on board the ocean vessel at Matadi, but grew worse as the voyage proceeded. He died and was buried on Grand Canary Island, off the coast of North Africa.

*July 4th.*

We would have reached Bolenge this evening, but owing to finding no wood at Ikoko we had to stop several hours and have the workmen cut it.

In the channel going from Lake Tumba to the Congo River we saw a herd of seventeen hippos, all visible at one time. They were some distance from the steamer and lifted their big

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heads above the surface of the water and gazed at us. They are quite timid when the boat gets close to them. The natives are very fond of their flesh and have a great feast when one is killed.

At Irebu the great chief Nsala, from the Ubangi River, came to the boat and made me a present of a goat. He had come sixty miles to meet us. He is a member of the Bolenge church and a very intelligent looking man with a good face—a man of considerable importance. He was dressed in neat blue denim made up in European style and wore a fedora hat. As the custom is among those tribes, his two incisor teeth had been removed when he was a child. His forehead and bridge of nose were strongly marked with the heathen tribal cuttings made in his youth.

We stopped about four hours up from Irebu to cut wood. The woodcutters, about fifteen in number, armed with huge knives and a few small axes, went into the jungle to get wood. Stakes were set up to measure, and each man had to cut and put on the boat a meter of wood (3 x 4 feet), the wood being cut about three feet long. The men worked with great deliberation, but got their wood all right before night. In the meantime Holder, Hobgood, and I, with two boys, went back into the jungle, monkey hunting, hoping to provide the boatmen a feast. They are very fond of monkey flesh. We had a thrill-

## UP THE GREAT CONGO RIVER.

ing time, but got no monkeys. The jungle is nearly impenetrable in most places. Only by devious winding can one get through at all. We soon spied monkeys, but they had seen us first and were going from us. Holder made for them as fast as he could through the jungle, and I started on a detour with Isoko to head them off. We soon got into a jungle so dense and full of thorns and vines that we could get no farther and were obliged to return. Holder sighted the monkeys, a large gray one followed by a retinue, swinging through the dense jungle with such rapidity that he could not get a shot. He followed them some distance; we meanwhile kept up a hallooing so that he would not get lost. The steamer whistle also kept blowing, so that we would not lose our direction. The sun can not penetrate these jungles, and one can easily get lost if care is not taken.

This being July 4th, Mrs. Jaggard prepared a picnic supper for us on the grass in an open place in the jungle. It was fine and reminded us all of the dear folks at home and their celebration of the day.

### III.

## Bolenge.

*July 5th, 9.30 A. M.*

We are nearing Bolenge and all is expectation and excitement on board. The native Christians have all donned their best "bib and tucker" and are excitedly awaiting the greeting of their Bolenge friends. We are all deeply moved as we approach our long-looked-for bourne. Already we have passed several mission outpost towns and have received the joyous greetings of the native Christians from the shore. The natives on the *Oregon* have given me a new greeting of honor: *Ek' emi wasaka, njolena*. The translation is, "What I have heard of I now see with my own eyes."

10 P. M. This has been a wonderful day. We arrived at 10.30 this morning. Fully a thousand people, mostly Christians, were packed up the bank in front of Bolenge. It was an impressive sight. They were singing lustily as one voice, "Bringing In the Sheaves." Mr. and Mrs. Hensey and Miss Eck came on board, and after the joyful greeting with them, we went ashore

## BOLENGE.

to greet the people. Such a demonstration I never witnessed before. In their joy and anxiety to shake hands they nearly pushed me back into the river. However, order was restored and the people lined up by villages to shake hands. I had to shake hands with each man, woman, and child. Holder and Hobgood had to do the same. I think I was shaking hands for an hour and a half, at least. "Oleko-Oleko" on every hand. They also nearly all asked me for my "Losako"—greeting of wisdom—and were greatly pleased when I responded with "Il'otema ele nzakomba." They immediately said, "The white elder knows our language already."

Bolenge is the most beautiful spot I have seen on the Congo. They have green grass here, as well as palms, plants, and trees—something which the other lower stations have not on account of the dry season south of the equator. This is but three miles from the equator.

In the afternoon we took a long walk through the native village. We saw the heathen chief, who was also at the boat to greet me in his bright red coat with brass buttons, wearing a cast-off sun helmet. We found him in the village in the midst of his wives (he has twenty) on the little mud porch of a very long palm leaf hut. Four of his wives are members of the church and are good women, but still tied to the old heathen chief. He likes his many wives too

## AMONG CENTRAL, AFRICAN TRIBES.

well to become a Christian, but is a very decent chief, Hensey states. Plural wives are allowed to become Christians because they are the ones sinned against, but no man can enter the church unless he gives up all but one wife.

This evening we have attended the Endeavor meeting, a most wonderful gathering. Nine hundred or a thousand people packed into the new church. The windows were full and many outside. There were probably four hundred Endeavorers from Bolenge and vicinity, and four hundred more from distant villages. Some had come six days to attend conference. O, how they sang! Most of the gospel songs we knew, but of course they sang them in their own tongue. The testimonies were ringing and brief. Sometimes there would be several on their feet at once. Many would rise and in turn start off with a verse of song, in which they would all join. At the end of each testimony the person would say, "Loloko?" (Do you understand?) And every one would respond, "U-u-m" (Yes). At the close of each prayer they all repeat, "Ong' Oko" (Amen). The people were attentive, orderly, and respectful. The testimonies were brief and spoken with liberty and unction. The prayers were very reverent and with deep feeling.

*July 6th.*

This is the most exciting place imaginable. The native village and all the native houses

## BOLENGE.

on the station are filled with delegates to the quarterly conference. The seventy-six evangelists of Bolenge have come in from the distant villages, bringing the Christians and candidates for baptism. There are about eight hundred visitors here. I heard singing among the native inquirers in their end of the village at five o'clock this morning. At six o'clock the mission drums (wooden) were beaten and the workmen on the station called to their labor. I could hear them singing in the church soon afterward at their morning prayers. We were up a little later and breakfasted at 7.15, and while at the table in stalked the old village chief to greet me. I shook hands, and he led me to the porch to present me with a present. There were several of his wives, painted in the native way with red camwood and naked save for a waist cloth. One of them had a big basket on her back, filled with fine bananas. Another had a good-sized native rooster. These he presented to me very graciously. Of course, he expects a little larger present in return. I had him seated with his wives for a picture and promised him one. He was much pleased. He carried a long chief's rod, finely tipped with beaten brass, which he proudly showed me. A great commotion was heard in the native visitors' quarter of the village, and Mr. Hensey and I went to see what the trouble was. The sentry had arrested a man, and a demonstrative crowd had surrounded

## AMONG CENTRAL, AFRICAN TRIBES.

them. We discovered that the man, who looked frightened half to death, had come with some slaves on the premises and, without saying anything to the missionaries, had tried to carry off forcibly one of his young wives who had fled to the station for protection. She is one of the candidates for baptism, a pretty girl of about sixteen. As the great crowd gathered about us, the evangelist from this man's village stated the case. The girl had been interested in the teaching and had been attending the services. Last Sunday she attended three times in the distant village, and each time the chief, her husband, had cruelly beaten her. She had then fled to the mission, and Miss Eck had put her in her class of such women whom she teaches and has work for their board. After the "palaver," Hensey told the old chief that the woman could stay at Bolenge and be baptized and that if a Christian husband was found for her that the husband would pay the chief the proper price. This is necessary as yet, for these men have the women as property. The frightened old chief answered: "All right, white man, but will you not go with me out of the town? I am afraid of your people." The native Christians had made quite a demonstration against the wicked old fellow. Mr. Hensey sent him away under the protection of two native evangelists, and the villagers gave loud cheers of joy that the case had been decided in favor of





This picture shows part of the crowd of 1,000 people at the Bolenge beach to welcome Secretary Corey.



Class of 209 baptized at Bolenge, July 8th. Prayer is being offered just before the service.

## BOLENGE.

the girl. There were about seventy-five people at the dispensary this morning. Miss Eck has charge now till a missionary doctor comes.

The question of plural wives is a very serious one. The fact that wives are property, and bought and sold as such, leads to many complications. Many men have given up all their wives but one and become Christians. One now here for baptism had three wives, and said he could not decide which ones to relinquish. He said he loved them all. Finally the matter has been settled by two of them leaving him and coming to Bolenge for baptism. He now comes with the remaining wife, and he will be baptized tomorrow.

This morning Dr. Jaggard has been examining the candidates, and Mr. Hensey holding a conference with the elders and deacons concerning a number of disciplined people who wish to return to the fold. The church seems quite strict in its discipline. The native Christians, especially the officers, look carefully after the lives of the members. A case of discipline now being considered is that of Timothy Iso's wife. He is the strongest evangelist in the work, stationed at Monieka. One of the rules of the church is that every woman candidate for baptism must have her hair cut close and then keep it properly cut afterwards. This is due to the filthy heathen fashion of doing up the hair about every six months in fantastic fashion and daub-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

ing it with camwood and palm oil to make it keep its shape. This, of course, leads to uncleanness and vermin. Iso's wife took a notion she wanted to dress her hair in a sort of "fashionable" way, somewhat like the heathen women. The hair is very kinky, and after it is braided the women neglect it, as it takes much time to take it down for combing. Before the missionaries knew it, about thirty women were doing the same, and the old heathen chief of the village said: "Ah! the Christian women are becoming like ours; soon they will return to the old life and like the heathen men again!" A meeting of the church officers was called and their opinion asked. They said, "They are returning to heathen customs, and it is very bad in the eyes of the people." The women were disciplined and refused communion. All of them have been penitent and cut their hair and asked for reinstatement, except Iso's wife. She has stubbornly held out for over a year now. Her case presents quite a serious problem. Her life is exemplary in every other way, and she attends every service of the church.

The native church here has taken a very firm stand on the question of the use of tobacco. The old heathen custom was to smoke hemp, which seems to have had the effect of making the people crazy. When heathen men became Christians they gave up the pipe as a part of heathenism. They wished to discard all heathen

## BOLENGE.

practices that were hurtful. They have never been able to distinguish between the use of tobacco and the use of hemp, and they seem to consider the use of it a reversion to a heathen practice. The native church would quickly withdraw fellowship from a man who smoked. They seem to have no trouble on this point, however.

The churches so far have disciplined about sixteen per cent of the membership, but only two per cent or so are lost to heathenism. The majority of these few who go back into sin and heathenism soon die as a result of their excesses. The Christians and often the heathen, too, look upon this as the judgment of God upon them. The reasons for discipline are: not giving to the work, immorality (a year's discipline), a very few cases of stealing or lying, cursing, hemp smoking, and tobacco (not many cases of the latter two), wife beating, and quarreling between husband and wife.

I met Nganga to-day, one of the saints of the mission. She says she adopted Dr Widdowson as her son. She is very old and lives across the river from here, about four hours by canoe. Her heathen husband has other younger wives. When one of his sons died, she refused to go through the heathen funeral rites because they were not fitting for a Christian. Her husband beat her, burned her little house and all her household goods. She fled to Bo-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

lence. She had been a Christian for a long time. She had collected six francs (a franc is twenty cents) for a new house, and as she needed ten, the missionaries supplied the balance and told her to settle down in Bolenge, and they would protect her. "No," she said, "I will go back to my husband. As long as he is my husband I will serve him and try to lead him to Christ." She comes over to all the conferences, and often in between, to visit the missionaries, never failing to bring some vegetables or fruit or in some way showing her affection and esteem. She is a most remarkably sweet and kind old character, universally beloved.

There are over four hundred Christian people here at the conference from villages outside of Bolenge and about as many inquirers and people interested in the teaching. This is just from the Bolenge district. Ikengo, the outstation supported by Englewood, Chicago, six days' journey distant, has sixty-five delegates here! Bonjolongo, one of the famous evangelists, has thirty-seven here from his town. The chief of the town where he preaches is a Catholic and has made it hard for him. Bonjolongo is a big, impressive fellow. Recently the chief essayed to drive him from the town. The evangelist towered above the chief and said, "If you do not allow me to preach and live as my soul and conscience dictates, I will bind you hand and foot and take you to the governor, and ask him

## BOLENGE.

to send a chief that will." He had no more threats from the chief. Bonjolongo used to be a marshal of the State, with soldiers at his command, before his conversion. He is greatly respected by the natives.

9 P. M.

This has been a wonderful evening. After supper we attended the burial service of a native evangelist, who had died of sleeping sickness. He was laid away in the little native Christian cemetery just back of the station. We took our lamps and went out through the palms, followed by the relatives and friends and the bearers carrying the body. The man died this afternoon. They always bury quickly, because of the decomposition in this climate. There was no coffin, but the corpse was wrapped neatly in palm matting and tied in several places. When we had surrounded the open grave, the body was gently lowered, and a native evangelist, who had been associated with the dead man, led in prayer. The prayer was most beautiful, the missionaries told me, and filled with Christian hope and trust. There was no demonstration of grief except the quiet weeping of two or three. Dr. Jaggard read the brief burial service, and then we all threw in a handful of earth, according to native custom. There was an attitude of simple trust and Christian resignation about it all that was most beautiful. We all

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

joined in "Shall We Gather at the River?" in Lonkundu, and then went quietly away. What a contrast to the frightful heathen burial service! Strange decorations of naked bodies with red and white paint—the awful shrieking and wailing of hired mourners—the hideous dancing and unspeakable heathen excesses. No hope, no trust, no hereafter!

Afterwards we went to the church for the roll call and thank-offering service of the Christians. There were probably a thousand people present. At the beginning of the service a couple were married in the presence of the congregation; a young evangelist and one of Miss Eck's mission girls. It was a simple but impressive little ceremony. After songs and prayer, came the roll call of all the members. The resident Bolenge roll was called first, and then those from distant villages who are also members of the Bolenge church. Two mission bathtubs and half a dozen collection baskets were placed at the front. As the names were called the people came forward and placed their offerings in the receptacles. It was a wonderful sight. Every one seemed to respond with such joy and yet with modesty. There was a great variety in the gifts: money, rods, cloth, food, fruits, plates, dishes, trinkets, mats, chickens, and many other things. A poor woman, who had walked three days to the conference, clothed in a meager cloth reaching from her

## BOLENGE.

waist to her knees, put in a cherished dish, prettily designed; boys with only loin cloths for clothing brought forward several carefully saved coins; a man put in his only hat, and a boy from a long distance placed his coat in the offering—the only coat he ever had!

O, that the people at home could have seen the giving of these people! A chicken meant to many of them more than a horse would mean to an American farmer or an automobile to one of our well-to-do business men.

*July 7th, Sunday. Bolenge.*

At 5 this morning the Christians had a prayer-meeting; at 6, Mr. Hensey gave the baptismal candidates final instruction; at 8.30 we went to the river and baptized 209 people; at 10, a woman's meeting; at 10.30, Sunday-school with 1,247 present; at 11.30, church service with the new brick church packed and many in windows and out-of-doors; at 1 o'clock, communion with a thousand Christians. At 3 there will be a great children's meeting, and to-night an evangelistic service for every one. Busy day! This has been the high tide day of all. It is pretty hard to put its significance down on paper.

When we went down the slope to the mighty Congo this morning we found the candidates banked on the slope, 209 of them, with the Christians behind them. The candidates were

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

drawn up in three long rows of seventy each, and Mr. Hensey took their confession by towns, the candidates confessing Christ from each town in succession. A brief charge was given the people; then, after singing and prayer, seven of us, Mr. Hensey, Dr. Jaggard, Mr. Holder, Mr. Hobgood, the two elders Mark Njoji and Bofe, and I, took our places in the river to baptize the candidates, who were drawn up to the edge of the water. Mr. Hensey and Dr. Jaggard alternated in pronouncing the baptismal formula in Lonkundu, and we each baptized a candidate at the same time. There were thirty candidates each for us, lacking one. The Christians on the bank sang:

“Bakolo W’asalo  
Boki mi’ wambaka Yesu!”

(“Happy Day”) and many other gospel hymns. All was quiet and reverent, and the service was most impressive. The mighty Congo rolled on its way, the glad songs were wafted far, and the happy, trusting people were buried with their Lord in Christian baptism. And thirty-five years ago Stanley said these equatorial Congo people were too degraded to be helped by any one! I never have experienced such a sensation as I felt standing in the river, baptizing these child-like, earnest people. It seemed like a Pentecost. The baptism took us about an hour, and then

## BOLENGE.

the native Christians all lined up and shook hands with all these new Christians as they climbed up the slope to the town of Bolenge.

After this came the instruction of the Sunday-school teachers, and then the Sunday-school. The missionaries had expected a thousand, but when the report was made there were twelve hundred and forty-seven. Stalwart Ekunboloko's Men's Class had two hundred and forty-four in it. The new church was full of classes; the Bolenge women's class filled the old chapel; another one, almost as big, of visiting women sat under the shade of a great mango tree near by; near it a boys' class of almost one hundred, and other classes scattered far and near. To one side the evangelist from the fierce Mobanga tribe far across and down the Congo, taught his class of thirty, who speak another tongue.

Then, the church service! I can never describe the emotion that swept over my soul as I arose to meet that sea of black, earnest faces. The seats are of plain boards, very close together. The people were packed so closely on the benches that they were set edgewise and lapped over each other. I never spoke to a more attentive, reverent audience. Mr. Hensey interpreted for me. He is a master with the language. My text was 2 Cor. 5: 17, and the theme, "The Christian Life a New Life." I spoke for forty-five minutes, and then the communion came. There were no less than a thousand par-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

taking. Mark Njoji and Bofe, the two elders, led the service, and no one at home could have done it with more dignity and reverence. The individual communion glasses were used, and as there were only six hundred, two shared the same glass. During the partaking of the emblems there was a profound hush and the heads were bowed long in reverent prayer. Two hundred of the people were partaking of communion for the first time, and many from the distant villages had never seen a communion service before.

These are plain African people, but they love the Lord. There is no show or style about them, but Jesus is in their midst leading them. Many poor boys from distant towns wore only loin cloths, but they sang the sweet songs of Zion with glad voices, and joyfully dropped their brass rods into the offering basket. Many of the newly baptized women from the distant heathen villages wore only a cloth from the waist to the knees, but they gave an offering which was far more than the cost of the dress, and partook of the sacred emblems with quiet reverence and childlike faith in Christ. Jesus is very real to these simple mannered people. A number of the women had fled from their heathen polygamous husbands to the mission for protection and teaching. They do some work each day and are given *ten cents* (fifty centimes) *a week* to help them buy food. Each

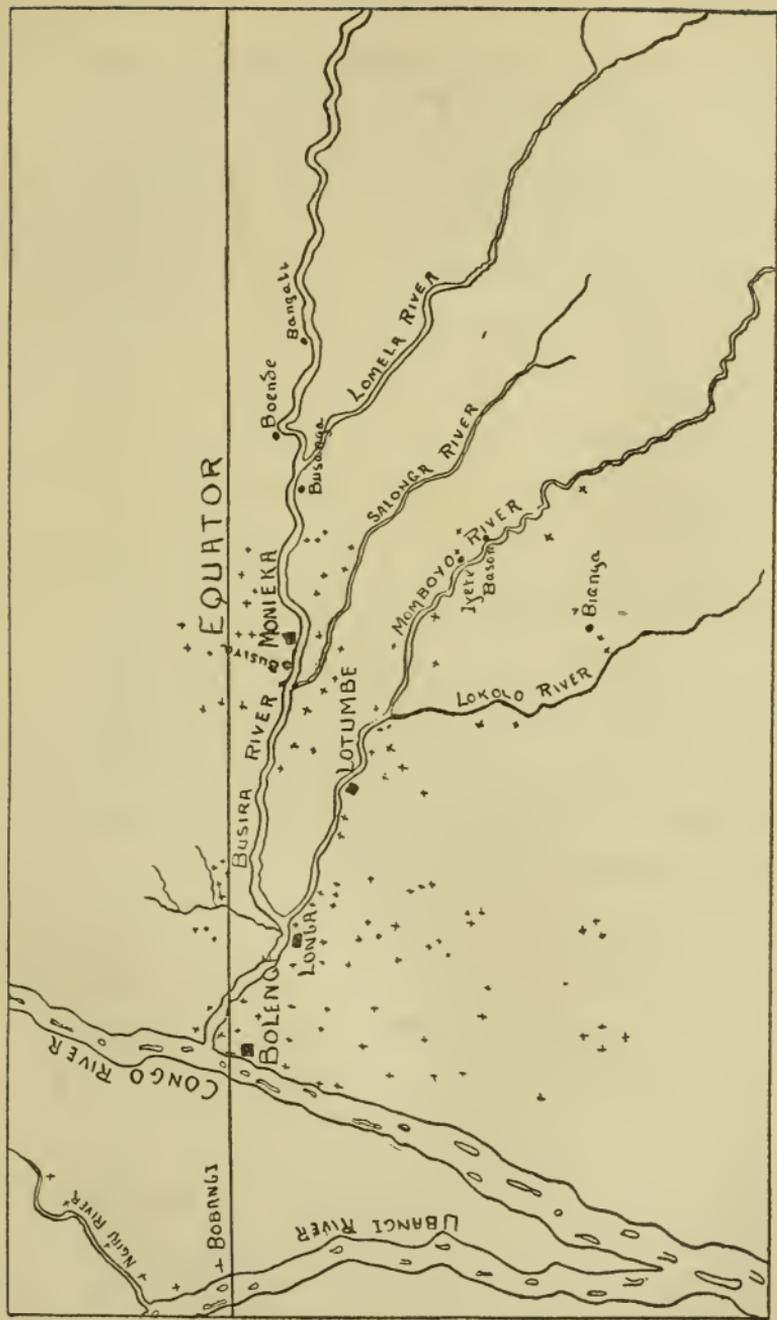


R. Ray Eldred and Batswa (or dwarf man) and his wife. The man is taller than the ordinary Batswa.



One of the wives of the heathen chief of Bolenge village wearing anklets.





Map of the Congo district occupied by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The main stations are marked with black squares, and the out-stations, occupied by native evangelists, with black dots. Far to the east is a great territory in the same field yet awaiting the first news of Christ.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

of them dropped five centimes into the basket this morning.

How these people do sing! They seem to be familiar with each song in the little book. All that is necessary is to start a song and keep time for them, and away they go in perfect unison. One of the most impressive things is to hear them repeat the Lord's Prayer. The twelve hundred voices this morning as they moved swiftly through it in concert sounded like the deep thunder of the distant sea.

An interesting thing about the church's attitude on the use of tobacco is the experience of Bofe, one of the elders. He was an early Christian and smoked. The missionaries made a rule that the older ones who were in the church and had attained the habit years ago could smoke if they chose, but that no person might take on smoking in the church. There was so much feeling against it, however, that the older men gradually gave it up. Bofe was the last. He arose in church one morning and said, "I am ashamed to smoke when no one else does," and gave it up, breaking his pipe before the people. Then he offered a resolution in the church that no smoking be allowed. It was unanimously carried, and they have had no smoking since.

There were two hundred boys and girls at the Junior Endeavor this afternoon.

At the evening evangelistic service Ntöle preached. He is almost blind, but a godly, faith-

## BOLENGE.

ful man and a good preacher. One of his illustrations was that the devil is apt to catch you as they catch hippos down river. They prepare a toothsome bait in a large bundle and tie it to the end of a rope. The hippo swallows the bait, and the natives pull the beast near enough to the surface to spear him.

*July 8th.*

Mr. Hensey is having his final meeting with the evangelists this morning. There are about seventy-five, and there are some exceptionally fine faces among them.

The missionaries conduct a day school here of about two hundred.

Mr. Hensey married fifty-four couples among the new Christians to-day. All but three had been living together as man and wife, the wives having been purchased according to heathen custom. One man who had had three wives had freed two of them, who had come to Bolenge for baptism. He came yesterday and was baptized with the wife he retained. To-day he was married to her in Christian marriage, and the two other women were married to Christian men.

*11 P. M.*

Have just come from assisting Dr. Jaggard in operating on an old man for hernia. It was a terrible case. The rupture had protruded until it was larger than a man's head. The doctor

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES

was badly handicapped because of the lack of appliances, as there is nothing but a dispensary here. However, he made a fine operation, and we got the protrusion back, after he had cut the inner rupture much larger. He did the interior operations with much skill, and in an hour and a half had finished. The old man stood the anesthetic well. He was an old mission workman and a good Christian man. He said, before the operation: "Tell my people it's all right. I have served my God as best I could, and Jesus will care for me." There is great need for a well-equipped hospital here and a medical missionary to man it. Dr. Jaggard goes on to Monieka to take charge of the work there.

*July 10th.*

The church board at Bolenge came to have a conference with me to-day, and we exchanged many questions. They showed a good spirit, but had many hard questions to ask. No one need tell me that these people are not discerning or intelligent. They asked about our reason for building the *Oregon*, and many other questions. I asked them about church discipline, etc. Mark Njoji interpreted. He is the young man who spent a year in America with Dr. and Mrs. Dye, helping translate the Scriptures. He speaks English quite well. They complained that the Bolenge church was poor, and asked why the Society could not pay more toward the support

## BOLENGE.

of their evangelists. I explained that the Society wanted all the fields to rapidly become self-supporting and that we must use our gifts to support the white teachers and that they should support the evangelists as far as possible. They seemed to be satisfied with this. They have an excellent church board, which seems to feel deep responsibility. Mark and Bofe are elders. They have a meeting of the board each week, and many times oftener.

The week's mission services at Bolenge are as follows:

Sunday: Prayer-meeting, 5.30; teachers' and women's meeting, 8.30; Sunday-school, 9.15; church and communion, 10; Junior Endeavor, 3; evangelistic service, 7.

Monday: Inquirers, 2.

Wednesday: Evangelistic service, 7.

Thursday: Church women, 2.

Friday: Inquirers, 2; Christian Endeavor, 7.

Saturday: Church meeting, 7.

Besides these services there are the regular duties daily, such as dispensary, orphans, the mission workmen, printing, the school, translating, and many other things.

This morning an interesting thing happened. An old man, his wife, and his father came walking in through the rain a half-day's journey. The wife had a twenty-pound brass neck ring on. They were heathen of the heathen, and were much excited. Their son, about sixteen years

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

old, is a fine Christian boy. He can read and write well, and at the request of Efunza, one of our evangelists among the Mobanga people, and at his own solicitation, had been appointed to go with the evangelist as school teacher. The family came to protest. The old man, with much emotion, said: "I am his father, this is his grandfather, and this his mother. He is the only child. He can not swim, he can not paddle, he will be drowned, and we do not wish him to go. Our hearts are heavy." Mr. Hensey asked the boy if he still wished to go. He was anxious to do so, and said to his father: "I am not afraid. I trust in God. He wants me to teach his Word. I will trust in him and go." Mr. Hensey took advantage of the occasion to give some teaching. He said: "The reason you do not want your boy to go is that you are not a Christian. You know nothing about God, and you do not trust in him. You do not understand life and death, therefore you are afraid. Your son is much younger, but he trusts in God and is braver than you are." The old man could not answer that. But he said, "Did not your father feel bad when you left him?" "O, yes," replied Hensey, "but which is farther, Mobanga or America?" Again the father was speechless. Finally he reluctantly consented, and I purchased a fox skin from him for a frank, and we gave him a cup of salt for posing for the picture of the group. The boy's name is

## BOLENGE.

Elimisinge, and he is the first fruits of his town.

The missionaries at Bolenge to-day are entering into the labors of many who have toiled in the past. The Livingstone Inland Mission and the American Baptists laid the early foundation in days of great discouragement; then came Mr. Faris, of our own mission, left alone by the sad death of Dr. Harry Biddle. Mr. Faris did much valuable pioneer work. Afterwards came Dr. and Mrs. Dye, in their long, effective service, also Dr. and Mrs. Layton, and Ray Eldred, whose work meant much in laying the foundations. Then there was Dr. Widdowson and Miss Blackburn, besides the brief, sweet service of Miss Ella Ewing, who sleeps in the little Bolenge graveyard. Dr. Dye's father is also buried at Bolenge. The natives remember with reverence this kind old man, who spent the closing year or two of his life in Africa with his son.

#### IV.

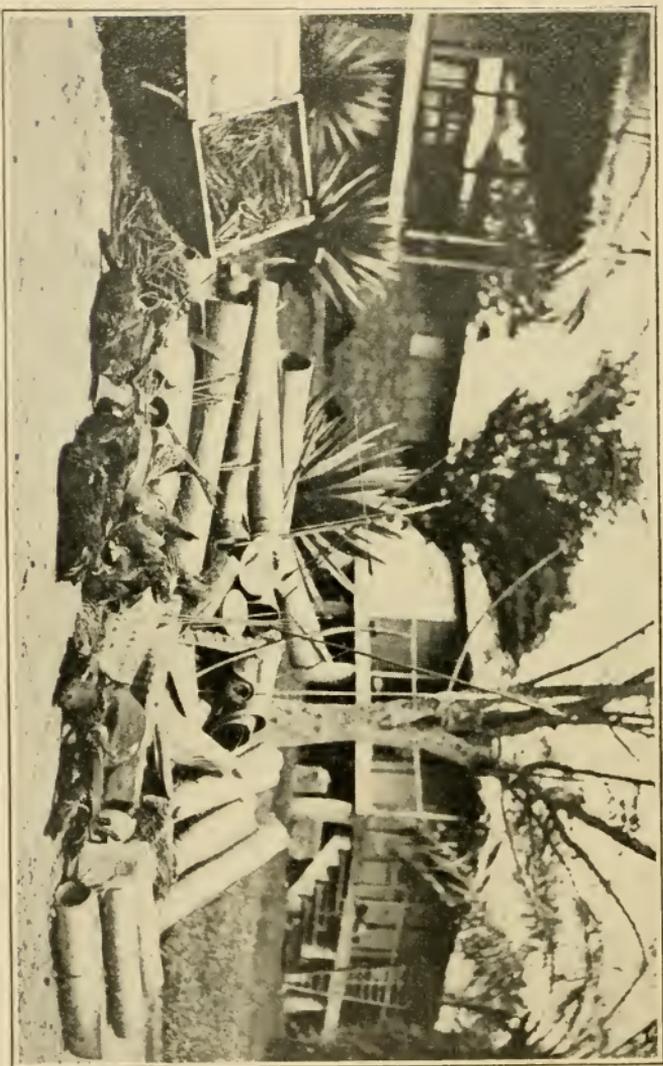
### Along the Equator.

*July 12th.*

Early this morning we left Bolenge on the steamer for the up-river stations. A large company of people were down to see us off, although it was seven in the morning. The whole Bolenge station has been turned over to Mark Njoji for management, while the missionaries are going up river for the conferences. Mark is a noble fellow. Hensey left a thousand francs with him to pay the workmen and the taxes of the evangelists. This is the first year that tax has been required of evangelists. The mission is paying it for the first year only. Nine francs is the tax. As we left the beach on the steamer there was much waving of hands, while "Akendo!" and "Lo' Chickalo!" were shouted back and forth. The words mean, "You are going" and "You are staying," respectively.

We came up the Congo to Coquilhatville to visit, on invitation, the Commissaire General or Belgian Governor of Equator District. We were met with great dignity and a guard of honor was down at the beach to escort us to the Commissaire's mansion. The Governor has a beau-





The Thank-offering (Mpöge), Bolenge.

## ALONG THE EQUATOR.

tiful place with extensive gardens. He got on the steamer and went with us up the Busira River about eight miles to the Government Botanical Gardens and Forestry Experiment Station. This is a wonderful place, and we spent nearly two hours with the governor and director of the station, walking through the vast gardens of five hundred acres. Here are plants, fruits, and trees of all types being propagated for experimental purposes. We saw coffee, tea, cocoa, quinine, strychnine, rubber, cinnamon, citronella, croton oil plants, and many others. There are twenty different kinds of rubber plants, most of them imported. They think that the native indigenous rubber will prove the better. We saw also the plant or bush from which the gum copal comes. This is the principal Congo article of commerce now, and is used in the preparation of the finest varnishes. There are such age-long deposits of gum copal in the forests that they are digging the most of it from the ground like coal.

The governor thinks that when the natives recover their confidence in the Government again that they will go to the forest and bring out more rubber than ever before. They look upon rubber as "death," because of the horrible atrocities during the King Leopold régime.

We saw the famous bread fruit, and lemons as big as a young squash. Everything grows with the greatest luxuriance. In one corner of

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

the farm was a garden of wonderful orchids fastened to the trees. There were hundreds of varieties of these. The farm is used as a central supply station for the other Government posts, as well as an experiment station. The director stated that the season on the equator is too moist for cotton.

The governor had very kindly provided dinner for us at the director's house. There were many courses, and it took us two hours. The Belgian people always drink liquor at the table, but they had courteously foregone this custom and provided us lime juice. We had much conversation at the table. The subjects were flowers, fruits, American politics, and *Africa*. The Belgians admire Roosevelt, but think he is a real *rough-rider*. They make all sorts of animated gesticulations when describing him. The Commissaire General (Borms) admires Bryan, but says he is too great a man to ever be President. He compares him to Gladstone.

A funny thing happened. These Belgians know that the missionaries do n't drink. However, they can not conceive of a "dignitary" like a "Secretar Generale" not indulging. Borms said to Hensey, aside, "Now we know *you* do not drink, but shall I not take your 'Secretar Generale' to the house to have a little something with me?"

Leaving Coquilhatville as a storm was brewing, we were obliged to anchor hurriedly along

## ALONG THE EQUATOR.

the Busira shore. A terrific tropical rainstorm visited us. We anchored near a native village, and the chief gave the natives from our boat shelter in his town. He came on board during the night, bringing a rooster as a present to the white men. He stood in the door of the steamer dining cabin and gazed at me for half an hour. He said I must be very old, judging from the bald spot on my head. The natives seem to have no way of judging the age of a white man. He was one of the medal chiefs\* and wore a medal about his neck given him by the Commissaire. He rules five towns and helps the Government collect the taxes.

*July 13th. Longa.*

The Busira, or Ruki, as it is called below the junction of the Momboyo, is a calm, deep river, the waters dark brown. The surface is like a mirror. The foliage along the banks is the most beautiful we have yet seen. Some of the trees have four or five distinct colors of leaves. The new leaves are red, then there will be pink of different shades, old rose, and two kinds of green. The trees do not shed their leaves annually, but gradually.

We reached Longa about three o'clock. It is situated on a high bank, even more prominently than Bolenge. Mr. and Mrs. Eldred and

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\* A medal chief is not hereditary, but appointed by the Belgian Government.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

a company of about two hundred were lined up on the beach waiting for us. They were singing, "Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus," in the Lonkundu, and when the steamer stopped they saluted and all said in unison, in French, "Monsieur Corey, vous etes bien venu." We were given a royal welcome and had another handshaking bee similar to Bolenge, only on a smaller scale. Longa is wonderfully beautiful for a new station. Great palms and some of the finest trees I have seen anywhere. Two fine brick houses are nearly complete, and I saw the first chimney since coming to the Congo. These fireplaces will be fine for the damp, cool, malarial days. Eldred is quite an industrial missionary and has a fine workshop, with hand-power saw, forge, and other apparatus. The brick for the houses have been burned on the station, and all the timbers and lumber sawed in the woods back of Longa. The houses are excellently built. Had a fine supper to-night at the Eldred's, with my first taste of palm cabbage cooked in palm oil. Delicious! The paipai (tree musk melons) here are fine. Mrs. Eldred also served banana butter and roasted palm nuts—both were most palatable. Mr. Eldred has sixteen candidates to be baptized to-morrow, all from the back country and wearing little clothing, but fine-looking fellows. The town is largely Catholic, and the converts are mostly from the back country. There are elephants in the jungle here.

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I saw here for the first time women from the back country with nothing on but a raffia belt with a large pompon or rosette behind.

*July 14th, Sunday.*

One of the sweetest and most spiritual experiences of my life here this morning. The bell rang for native prayer-meeting at 5.30. At 8.30 Brother Eldred and I baptized sixteen converts in the Busira. The service was beautiful. The candidates were drawn up on the bank just above the water, while Mr. Eldred took their confessions individually. Four of the people were Batswas, or of the dwarf slave tribe. All the candidates were from the back country. There were two women and fourteen men. Mr. Jaggard led in prayer, and Mr. Hensey spoke to the candidates on the meaning of baptism. The congregation sang "Happy Day" while we baptized.

Church service was at 10.30, and a native evangelist preached eloquently on the Parable of the Sower. It is quite remarkable the liberty these people have in speaking. The evangelist was dressed in a neat suit of blue denim and stood barefoot. I spoke briefly afterwards. The service was most reverent and the singing excellent. Mr. Eldred seems to be doing a very steady and substantial work. There were probably two hundred and fifty people present. There were many little babies. The Christian

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people have far more children than the heathen people. They used individual cups in communion and it was a sweet service.

The Catholics oppose the work viciously, having a native catechist in the village at the very edge of the mission grounds. Hensey and I walked into the edge of the native village this morning and watched the women making pottery. They had pieces of matting on the ground and dexterously shaped the clay vessels with their hands. They make very good pots and burn them in an open fire.

This is quite a sleeping sickness district. Several have been treated and helped by the arsenic process. We have one such patient on board going to Monieka. Hensey is afraid he will go insane on the boat and is minded to leave him here until we return from Lotumbe on our way to Monieka. During one of the stages of sleeping sickness the sufferer goes insane.

The little children out here, especially among the heathen, are very much afraid of the white man. Just as at home some of the mothers frighten their children by telling them that if they are not good the black man will get them, so out here the mothers tell their children that the white man will get them.

An impressive dedication or ordination of two native evangelists was held in the Longa church Sunday night. After a talk by Eldred, and prayer by Dr. Jaggard, the two men knelt on

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the dirt floor and the four of us laid our hands on their heads while Hensey led in prayer.

*July 15th, Monday.*

Last night in one of the prayers, one of the men said: "O Fafa, I am not praying to the commissaire, I am not praying to any other white man, I am praying only to thee."

We had a fine antelope for dinner, brought in from the back country. Mr. Eldred purchased it for four francs (eighty cents). We also had goat. It is hard to tell which is the better. The missionaries use chickens and goats largely for meat.

This morning we went to the Longa market at seven o'clock. A most interesting affair. The riverine people do not do much gardening, but work for wages and do much fishing. The back country people bring in the products of their gardens and other things for sale. As the market is early, a good many of the women, who always carry the loads and do the selling, come in the night before. The people here are very hospitable, and there is always room for visitors in the little mud, palm-covered houses. The women bring the stuff to market in large baskets, which they carry on their backs. These baskets are held to the shoulders with straps of bark. The women lean far forward when carrying. They bring the baskets filled mainly with tükö (mantioc), cassava, plantains, greens, sugar-

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cane, and sweet potatoes. They also have some palm oil, palm nuts, eggs, and a few fowls. They trade for fish, salt, spoons, rods, safety-pins, belts, etc. These women from the back country wear absolutely no clothing except a raffia girdle with a large rosette or pompon behind. The belt or girdle is very narrow in front and usually has two or three little straps or flaps covered with beads hanging down. The wide part of the girdle is behind, and being loose, drops down well over the hips, with the great pompon sticking curiously out behind. I saw little girls eight or nine years old wearing the same, and carrying also little baskets filled with market articles. They all go to some central point, where leaves are spread on the ground, and there arrange their stuff for sale. Then the bargaining begins. Everybody talks at once, but there seem to be few quarrels or misunderstandings. The women have strong, well developed bodies and quite comely faces. However, their bodies are marked with a multitude of scars made in tribal fashion by cuttings on the skin. Many of these are raised up to a considerable height. The hair is dressed in little, tight coil designs over the head and hardened with generous applications of powdered camwood (red) mixed with palm oil. The heathen women cover their bodies with this camwood paint. Many wear heavy brass anklets. These people are

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pleasant and good-natured and seem quite gentle in their manner.

Longa has a school five days a week, from three to five, besides the meeting of inquirers and teachers, from one to two. The workmen on the station have to attend school or go to the forest and bring three large sticks of firewood six feet long. The boys who fail to attend must bring one or two sticks, according to age. As a consequence, they all attend. Most of them desire to come anyway. The school teaches reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. From four to five each day, French is taught. It is the State and trade language, and with a little French good paying positions are offered the natives by the Government and traders. Those who can write and read are given clerical positions.

A single evangelist gets thirty-three and a third per cent more if he can read. A married evangelist, twenty-five per cent more. This encourages them much to learn. About a fifth of these now read and write, and the proportion is rapidly increasing. The evangelists go out for three months, but they are kept in for two to four weeks between times for training. Many of those who can not read become very efficient by learning the exposition of main passages of Scripture and receiving quite thorough training in doctrine, ordinances, etc. They have good

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memories and retain teaching very readily. They work among people who know nothing whatever of learning.

Each evangelist goes out with a little box of medicines, such as salts, salve, cough medicine, quinine, carbolic acid, siberrum, dilute ammonia, etc. This is very helpful to them in the back villages and gives them a strong hold with the people as well as protection for themselves.

Eldred is of the pioneer instinct and likes exploration and the adventure of opening new districts. He has had some very thrilling experiences in this connection. He has endured much hardship and danger in this frontier work. One of his most dangerous experiences was once while evangelizing and at the same time hunting for meat for his workmen. He stalked a wild buffalo and shot him from a long distance. These are most dangerous animals when wounded. He shot the animal through the lungs and it sprung high in the air, bellowing fiercely, and then looked about, as is their custom, to see where the attack came from. Mr. Eldred had dropped in the grass and, having used smokeless powder, was not detected. The buffalo, with several others, made off to the jungle. Eldred and his natives followed by means of the blood, keeping a sharp lookout. In the depths of the jungle the buffalo hid behind the roots of an upturned tree, and when Eldred was within a few yards, sprang out and made for him with



Scene at Longa Station.



R. Ray Eldred and S. J. Corey baptizing at Longa.



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the head down. There was no time to shoot, so he leaped to one side, but caught his feet in a vine and fell. The buffalo rushed by and returned before Eldred could get up. As the animal returned, he threw himself lengthwise of the path with his feet towards the buffalo, leveling his gun along his body. As the animal charged, head down, he involuntarily raised his feet and pulled the trigger as his gun pointed between them. To his horror he found the safety-catch was on and the gun did not discharge. However, the animal, seeing nothing but the man's feet (which, Mr. Eldred admits, are quite large), lowered his head and stopped, the soles of the missionary's feet covering his eyes. As the horns of the buffalo slope backward, the feet were too low for the buffalo to get his horns under them to gore them. The animal then backed off and came on again, acting in the same way, except this time getting his horns low enough to tear the toe off Eldred's sock (he had removed his shoes and was stalking the animal in his stocking feet to avoid the noise). The buffalo seemed to be mystified by the disappearance of the man and the appearance of the feet in the path, and after his second charge made off into the jungle, bellowing. When the animal first charged Mr. Eldred, the natives, one of whom was carrying a large gun, made off into the jungle. A few days later some of the natives found the buffalo dead.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

About five o'clock this evening Eldred, Hensley, Jaggard, Hobgood, Holder, and I got into a little, slim, dugout canoe and went up the river to see if we could bag a monkey. We followed the river a way and then turned into a narrow creek which runs back into a swamp. The forest was very dense on either side, and the little stream was overhung with vines and trees. The water stood quite high on the trees, as this is high water season. In almost every tree could be seen huge orchids and parasite ferns of mammoth size. Dark was coming on and the great forest was strangely still save for the scolding of parrots and the cries of other birds. We saw but one monkey, and it was in a tree at some distance. I fired, but missed the animal, which scrambled away in the forest.

Coming out of the stream into the Busira, we saw the place where recently Eldred and the natives had a strange conflict with an elephant. There are many elephants here. Several times they have trampled the mission gardens at night. One day the natives saw an elephant slowly swimming across the river. They went out with several canoes, the men armed with bows and arrows and machettes, hoping to kill the elephant for meat. The natives are not allowed to use guns, and a white man can not shoot an elephant without a two-hundred-dollar license. Mr. Eldred had his gun, but did not dare use it. An elephant is quite helpless in the water, as his

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heavy tusks make it very difficult to keep his head above water. The canoes surrounded the great creature. His tusks kept his head mostly under water, so that he had to keep his trunk sticking out in order to breathe. Every little distance he would throw up his trunk and head, and the natives filled his head with sharp arrows, pinning his ears down. They then got alongside, chopping gashes in his back with their big knives. Mr. Eldred kept calling to them to cut his trunk, for if they gashed that deeply the water would rush in and drown him. They misunderstood, as the word for trunk and tail are quite similar, and in their excitement went after his tail. One of the men in a canoe seized his tail and sawed it off with a knife. The elephant finally reached the bank and scrambled away. Mr. Eldred keeps the tail as a souvenir.

The Catholics seem to use every subterfuge to win the people. The Belgian priests give the catechumens a little piece of cloth on a string for the neck, telling them it is a piece of Mary's dress and that it will keep them from harm. Then after a year they give them a little medal and it is commonly reported that the natives are told that when Christ rose from the dead his head burst open and the medals came out. Then, after two or three years, they give them a string of beads with a crucifix, for which they pay, and they are considered full-fledged Catholics.

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Sometimes they pay for the "Mary's dress," but often they are given quite promiscuously to the people in the back woods. These are all blessed by the priest before being given out. Before the first people were baptized in our mission at Longa, the Catholics had told all over the country that the missionaries would take them out into the river and turn a canoe over them and leave them several hours, then go out and if they were still alive they would take them into the church. A great crowd came. When the baptisms were over, the natives sent up a loud cry, "The Catholics have fallen—their lies have been found out." The native catechists have also been known to charge that the missionaries cut the throats of the converts first. The Catholics really seem to give the Congo people no ideal. The crucifix is believed to be a fetish, a new charm. Take away the superstition of Catholicism from Congo, and their work is finished.

At Monieka, after Timothy Iso had preached for a time and had many inquirers, the Catholic catechists slipped in and put beads about all their necks. Iso said, "If these charms are what they claim, they will stand fire," so he put one into the fire and it at once melted. Then all the rest, seeing the falsity of the Catholic claims, threw theirs in.

The missionaries have had little trouble with any of the raw heathen natives; their difficulties have been with the Catholics. Knowing

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that our Christians and workmen were forbidden to fight, they have often done everything to abuse and harrass them. Often the missionaries have had very serious times in the back country.

*July 17th.*

Early this morning a man and his wife came to the boat to see the "Great White Chief," as the natives are pleased to call me. They had come three or four days' journey. They followed me about curiously for an hour or so. The man was nearly six feet tall, and fine-looking. His teeth were filed sharp in front—a native fashion in these parts. His wife was comely and of erect, graceful form. The man wore a loin cloth, and the woman a raffia girdle about three inches wide, with pompon behind, and many decorations of beads in front and on the sides. The woman had a multitude of tribal markings on forehead, cheeks, chest, arms, and abdomen, the latter being literally covered and appearing not unlike an alligator skin nicely tanned, the cuttings were so marked.

## V.

### Lotumbe.

*July 18th, Thursday. Lotumbe Station.*

To-day we made the trip up the Momboyo from Longa to Lotumbe. This river seems to be as large as the Ohio. The tropical trees and foliage along the banks are beautiful indeed. Everything looks so dense and green. Mr. Holder shot a giant heron that measured seventy-eight inches high and eighty-three inches from tip to tip. We saw six huge, black monkeys in a tree by the river. They were as large as good-sized dogs and wore white side-whiskers and very long tails.

The welcome at Lotumbe was heart-stirring. A great crowd of Christians and native villagers were at the beach, singing "Precious Jewels." Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith looked very happy. They are exceedingly tired, however, and worn out with the work. The opening of a new, isolated station after but a few months on Congo and the subsequent hard work entailed has been very severe on them.

The great crowd of natives almost wrung my hands off handshaking. They were also

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very happy to welcome the new missionaries, Mr. Holder and Mr. Hobgood. More than a hundred schoolboys were lined up each side of the path leading to the station. After we had filed between them and gone under the green arch they had prepared, they all took part in a very interesting welcome exercise. They first sang beautifully, "Cling to the Bible," and then repeated in concert in Lonkundu most of the fourteenth chapter of Mark in marvelous unison and confidence. Then a young schoolboy of about sixteen delivered quite an address of welcome in the native tongue. This boy has only been in the school a year and reads well and is now doing some teaching. As I gave them the native greeting, they all replied with a prolonged "O-o-o!" that I shall never forget. Lotumbe is a pretty station on a high level bank and remarkably developed for only two years' work. Brother Smith has a very commodious house made of metal, which Mr. Hedges built. The station has a mud church and school with thatch roof, and the school is so large that an additional shed has to be used. The work radiates for a long distance from here; a great field of back villages stretches in almost every direction. Two native chiefs of nearby villages were at the station to greet me. The word, "Tosalongana," in big white letters greeted us, having been put up on a large frame covered with green palm leaves. The meaning is, "We all rejoice."

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

It is heartening to be with a group of missionaries like these. I never saw more heartfelt joy and good-fellowship. When the twelve of us got together last night, the good feeling seemed to know no bounds. At the table all seemed to want to talk at once. They are a happy lot. There is not another white woman besides Mrs. Smith on the whole Momboyo River, which is navigable for ten days' steaming.

*July 19th.*

Lotumbe has a very large boys' school, and it was very interesting to hear them recite their simple lessons this morning. Very few can read as yet. In fact, only a very few of the evangelists here can read, although they are all anxious to learn. I spoke to the evangelists who are in at the conference now, about twenty-five of them. This station has about fifteen more who are far away in their villages and could not be in this time.

The native head chief of all the villages in this vicinity came in this morning, bringing a gift of sugar-cane, and telling me his Losako, about three minutes long. He resembles very much, with his chin whiskers and horn-like tufts of hair, the conventional idea of Mephistopheles. He is somewhat of an old nuisance, and is always expecting a present considerably larger than that which he gives.





Heathen girl and mother at Monieka. The beads are of brown nuts. The tribal cuttings can be seen on the woman's body.



A blind Christian, who walked a day and a half to the Lomumbe Conference.

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Is' Ekai and his wife, Bolumba, came to see me this morning, and I took their pictures, together with their three children. He was the first Christian at Lotumbe, and lived here contending for the faith alone for three years before there was another Christian. He has been a follower of Christ for six years.

The Lotumbe church uses two wooden drums or "Lokoli" to call the people to all services. They are made of logs of hard wood hollowed out, with a narrow slit in the top, leaving two narrow lips on which the call is struck with two sticks. The drum can be heard for a great distance. The native villages telephone to each other by means of these drums. On Friday night we attended the Christian Endeavor meeting at Lotumbe. The mud chapel was filled with a reverent crowd of people. The hall was lighted up by open plates of palm oil provided with a large wick. There were over two hundred present, and the missionaries have only been at this station a little over two years. In the midst of the meeting while a man was giving his testimony, one of the rude benches broke with a crash, precipitating half a dozen men onto the dirt floor. Hardly a murmur arose, and the man went on with his testimony while the men quietly seated themselves on the ground. The first baptisms at Lotumbe were only four years ago, and now there is a membership of over three hundred.

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Lotumbe has a blind Christian, Idondombo, who lives a day and a half journey distant. He is a fine Christian character and faithful in his attendance at church services. He never misses an opportunity to teach the people of his village concerning Christ. He is very poor, as he is unable to work. He greeted me with a very happy smile after his long journey.

The Lotumbe boys in the school largely come from the out-stations. Many are inquirers, and others have been baptized. They work about the station, cutting grass and doing anything necessary. They are paid sixty-six cents a month, and this furnishes them with food and clothes. They live in the workmen's houses. Mr. and Mrs. Smith desire to build up a strong boys' work here, taking the boys through a three years' course and thus training many for the ministry and the Bible college. They want to build dormitories for sleeping, and work the boys on the station.

*July 20th.*

To-day we went about two miles back into the forest to see a log canoe which is being prepared for the mission. After winding through the deep forest, along a very tortuous path, we came to the place. A great tree had been felled, and a large canoe, almost fifty feet long and about three feet across, had been hewn from it. It takes four workmen at least three

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months to complete the whole task. They work very slowly, hewing with a small ax or adz. When the task is finished, there is a great gathering of people to skid the canoe through the forest to the river. Long pieces of bark are passed through holes in the end of the canoe, and literally hundreds of people help to haul it in. The launching of a canoe is a great event. The cost of this canoe is about forty dollars.

The baptizing of these people on their simple confession of faith would be entirely impossible. They are raw heathen with absolutely no idea of the gospel. The faintest whisper concerning Christianity has never come to them before. Many come desiring to be baptized whom the missionaries and even the evangelists know nothing about. Their motives may be varied. Just now four men asked Brother Smith for baptism whom no one has heard of before. It would be impossible to grant their request. Some of them may have plural wives. They must be examined and tested as to their character and good faith.

The Christian people, especially among the boys, wear meager clothing as yet. They are not able to afford it. Besides, a loin cloth in Central Africa is not a bad covering for a little boy. Many of the new men converts from a distance have little else on. Cloth is difficult for them to get. They are paid about ten cents a week while waiting at the station for baptism.

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As fast as they can, they buy clothing. The women at this station largely wear the long cloth fastened about their bodies just under the arms. The dangerous thing among these people is not so much wearing meager clothes at the beginning of their Christian lives, but the reverting to nakedness after becoming Christians and having put on clothing. When this occurs it is always a sign of reversion to heathenism. It rarely occurs, however. One soon becomes accustomed to seeing the heathen people with little clothing on out here in Africa.

*July 21st, Sunday.*

There were three hundred and forty-four in the Sunday-school this morning. Seven men and boys are here who have come near two hundred miles, from near Lakalama, in the Lake Leopold district, to get the teaching. Two hundred miles is a great distance for these people. They came overland and by canoe, and had heard the gospel through one of the evangelists who has taught in that region. They said to Mr. Smith, through an interpreter, "Many men of our people are calling, calling, calling for you, white teacher." They speak another tongue and understand Lonkundu with difficulty. It was hard for them to explain the distance. There is a first-quarter moon, and one pointed up, and said: "This moon will be dead when we reach home. We go and go and go in a strange coun-

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try and do not stop till we reach our people." The journey is slower for them returning, for it is up stream. Another man has just come a long journey, and called Mr. Smith out, saying with great seriousness: "You are sending teachers around us; why is it, white man, that you do not send to my people? I have come to see."

Evangelist Efaloko started the teaching here under great difficulties. When he first came to the town he had some clothing on and the natives thought he was a representative of the State. It was in the days of rubber persecution. He suddenly heard the great war drum (Lokoli) beating, and the people came from all directions with bows and spears. Efaloko said, "I thought it meant my death, and the bottom of my stomach fell out with fear." But he stood in their midst unarmed and preached Jesus to them. They soon became quiet, and when he had finished, gave every token of delight and friendship and compelled him to stay and talk more. The first baptisms were two Batswas, or dwarf slave people. The Catholics had again circulated stories that the Protestants put the people in the river and turned a canoe over them for half a day, and if they were still alive they took them into the church. Mr. Eldred sent word to all the villages of the baptisms, and people came until the bank was black. When the people saw the baptisms, the people shouted, "Boolomwa, Boolomwa!" (They are proven guilty!) They de-

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manded that the Catholics leave and that our missionaries stay.

We visited to-day a Batswa (dwarf slave) village back in the forest. There are many villages of these people in this country. They always live in the forest and are isolated from the other villages. They appear to fear and be under tribute to the other heathen people. The name "Batswa" seems to be a terrible insult or curse when applied to the Lonkundu. These little people are great hunters, and in many places are compelled to supply the meat for other villages. They are small in stature, of a brownish color, and have features quite different from those of the other people. Their eyes are round and somewhat wide and staring—almost protruding. They seem to be shifting in their gaze. Nearly all of this particular village are faithful members of the Lotumbe church. One of their number is an evangelist and preaches in Batswa villages. He stammers, and to-day in the midst of an explanation of the difference in their tongue from Lonkundu, he halted and closed his eyes for almost a minute, much to the enjoyment of the crowd, but with no apparent embarrassment to the stammerer. They live in small towns and do not keep their villages as neatly as the Lonkundu. They have fine bows, with ingenious arrows tipped with splendid steel points. They use a large harpoon arrow, which detaches from the arrow staff and remains fixed

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in the wounded animal, trailing along a stout string with the staff on the end. As the animal rushes through the forest this keeps catching on the bushes until the hunter catches up with the animal and kills it.

We had a great baptismal service this afternoon, with sixty-nine candidates. Mr. Smith took the confessions of faith in Christ at the church, and then they all marched to the river in single file. Five of us baptized in the river by the steamer *Oregon*.

The communion was very impressive, and there must have been three hundred present. The people were very quiet and reverent. Most of the new converts had never seen a communion service before. It all seemed to mean so much to them. It certainly has been a busy, happy day here in the heart of the great Congo forest.

We were out in the village this evening and saw the people preparing their suppers, which is their principal meal. Their chief foods are t $\ddot{o}$ k $\ddot{o}$ , plantains, and bangangu (native greens). The t $\ddot{o}$ k $\ddot{o}$  is a tuber root which they cultivate in their gardens, dry and pound into a fine white flour, and then steam or boil in rolls or balls. It is their bread. They have meat or fish when they can get it. In fact, they crave meat very much and feel quite poverty-stricken if they have n't a small bit at least to eat with their food. They cook with the oil of the palm nut, and use many small, strong peppers. The people prepare their

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food in the front of the house, cooking in a large, clay pot. They set a burnt clay colander down part way in the pot. In this the food is placed, then a banana leaf is tied over the top of the pot, and the food is steamed for a long while. They pound the *tökö* and plantains in a wooden trough or mortar.

Mr. Eldred preached to-night on the Parable of the Good Samaritan, to a full house. I longed to understand him. I could tell by his gestures some of the trend of thought, and by the repeated assent of the people the deep interest with which he held them. He constantly asked, "Loloko?" (Do you understand?) and received the characteristic affirmative response, "U-u-m." At the close of the service two very interesting things occurred. The first was the ordination of "Löngomö" as general evangelist, to be over six towns around Bacimbolo, a large town where there is a good group of Christians. He will be over the other teachers and evangelists, and will hold communion each Sunday in the different towns. He is a very strong, faithful man, and has been a Christian eight years—was baptized at Bolenge. He knelt on the dirt floor in front and four of us placed our hands on his head while Mr. Eldred led in prayer. Afterwards, a woman who had been guilty of adultery was received back into church. About six months ago she was led into sin while her husband was away. The church im-

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mediately withdrew fellowship from her. For many months she has sought to come back, and has lived an exemplary life. Mr. Smith made a statement concerning her while she came to the front. Then the evangelist who had just been ordained led in a very sweet prayer. He said, "O Father, this is one of thy sheep who has wandered far from thy fold, but now she has returned, and we are so glad that she has come back into the fold again." At the close of the service all the people shook hands with her.

The churches here are deeply rooted in New Testament discipline. They feel that any departure into sin is an insult to Jesus. A man in Bolenge was recently excommunicated for whipping his wife, although in the eyes of the natives he had great provocation. One or two influential men in the village said to some of the people: "We are too well-known to be humiliated like that. If we do wrong the white man should talk to us, but we will not have the church discipline us." The elders and deacons heard of it, and called a special session. They were very indignant. They said, "These men are insulting Jesus Christ and encouraging sin in the church." They urged Mr. Hensey that the church withdraw from these men as an example. They asked him to say to the church that they expected to have a clean church if there were only ten members left. From all over the house came a vigorous "Ongoko!" (Amen.)

## VI.

### A Jungle Itineration.

*July 22d. Bompoma Village.*

To-day has been our first real itineration into the back country. We left Lotumbe this morning at 6 o'clock and ran the steamer for three hours up the Momboyo to the mouth of a creek. Then thirty of us loaded ourselves into the big dugout canoe: Jaggard, Holder, Hobgood, and myself, with sixteen porters and ten paddlers. We glided up the creek for an hour to the rhythm of a quaint boat song, and landed at a trading post in the forest. Here we found a lone Belgian trader and his black concubine. Our porters got under their loads, and we took the path into the dense forest. We followed the winding path through the hot, overhanging forest for twelve miles to this town of Bompoma, passing through three other towns on the way, and eating our dinner in one of them. We saw many fresh elephant tracks in the path, and many times had to go around the palm trees these huge browsers had pulled over that they might get the sweet palm cabbage from the top. We passed through

## A JUNGLE ITINERATION.

two swamps, walking on poles and logs to keep out of the water. We passed a State post, where Dr. Jaggard paid the evangelists' tax to the white chef de post. We reached this town about four o'clock, and after walking into it for half an hour the old chief met us, dressed in a loin cloth and an old Prince Albert coat. His long, skinny, bare legs protruded comically as he swung down the road to meet us. He knew Jaggard, who had passed through with his wife three years ago, and greeted him with great joy as "Eluko," the doctor's native name. He kindly showed us to his big, unfinished house and asked us to occupy it. After the ceremonies of welcome, he removed his cherished Prince Albert and visited us in his loin cloth only. We put up our camp beds and took a good rest, while the chief and many men of the town gathered about and watched us. The chief was very friendly. The women brought eggs to sell, and Mbolokolo, my personal boy, bought them for us at a cent's worth of salt each. In the evening Dr. Jaggard tied his sheet to two banana trees and made ready his stereopticon. As soon as dark came, the chief sounded the lokoli (wooden drum), and the men, women, and children came trooping to the service. There were about forty children and a large crowd of men and women. The little fellows sat on the ground near, and the dark forms of the men and women were back of them. We sang "Bolama" and "Happy Day,"

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

and then, after a prayer by one of the native evangelists, Dr. Jaggard threw the pictures on the screen and preached in Lonkundu the sermon on the Parable of the Tares. The crowd was as silent as death except for the smothered exclamations of wonder as the pictures came out on the screen. Jaggard seemed to know just how to address them, for at every questioning inflection of his voice a murmur of approval would pass over the audience. Whenever he would ask, "Loloko?" a deep roar of assent came from every throat. As the strong cadence of the preacher's voice fell upon the still, tropical night, the thought of the sad need of these children of the forest came down upon one's soul like the weight of eternity. These people are receptive, groping for the light, but bowed down by dark generations of deep ignorance. As the service closed and the people trooped off to their huts in the night, we went back into the chief's house for supper. We ate it on a crude bamboo table a foot high, kindly loaned us by the old chief. Jaggard says that the best hospitality of a village is never denied the missionaries, where the Catholics have not poisoned the minds of the people, and as soon as the people know they are not State officers or traders.

After we had eaten and set up our camp beds, with mosquito nets over them, I sat down in the chief's crude chair to write my notes for the day. The old man came and sat in

## A JUNGLE ITINERATION.

front of me, and Jaggard talked to him about Christ. The old man's face was very kindly, but sad. His wife came up with a neat cloth draped about her form, and he told us he had but one wife and thought no man should have more—a remarkable thing in the case of a chief who is not a Christian. He sat long into the night, after my companions had gone to rest, quietly watching me, with the spiritual pain of centuries written on his face. From behind him I could see the eyes of his wife shining in the night. Poor children of the darkness, when will Christ dawn upon them with his light in their hearts! Finally I closed my book and arose to retire. The old man, divining my intent, politely arose and extended his hand, with the good-night salute, "lobeo." After I had also shaken hands with his wife, they slipped away into the night and I to my cot.

*July 23d.*

We awoke shortly after break of day this morning and found the chief, the "Mpaka" or aged man of the city, and about twenty others sitting quietly about on the ground watching us. We had left all our things in the open house with no sides; even our watches hung to the posts. Not a thing had been touched. The interest was intensified when we all began to slip into our clothes. The "Mpaka" was very old, with white hair and beard, a very uncommon

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

thing for these people. They get old at forty or fifty, the missionaries think. They have no way of keeping account of their ages. The old man brought me a chicken as a present, and we gave him some cloth in return. He has been an inquirer after the Truth for some time, but being old, he has not found it easy to grasp the teaching concerning Christ. He told us it was hard for his old heathen head to understand the wonderful words the white man had brought to his country, but that he hoped soon to be baptized.

We had most of the population about us as we ate our breakfast of tinned supplies and eggs. After breakfast, we walked the length of the village and studied the people. The houses are constructed of bamboo and covered with ncessa palm leaves plaited together. A bank or table of mud a foot or so high is made, and the house erected on this to keep it out of the water when it rains. We heard a peculiar, mournful singing in one house, and on making inquiry heard that the people were mourning for one of the Christian women, who had gone to Lotumbe for the conference and had died while there.

We also visited the Batswa or dwarf village, hidden back in the forest. We wound in and out the narrow path, sending a native evangelist on ahead to tell the timid little people of our coming. They are very much afraid of the white man. Even though our man had gone ahead, most of the women and children fled to the

## A JUNGLE ITINERATION.

forest before we arrived. We found one little man and his family, however, and persuaded him to come out and talk to us. He was about four feet, three inches high, and quite old. We tried to buy his ingenious little bow and arrow, but he would not sell. These people are great hunters and spend most of the daytime in the depths of the forest. Although no longer real slaves to the Lonkundus as formerly, they seem to be somewhat in subjection to them. In the Lotumbe section nearly every native village has its Batswa village nearby in the forest.

As we left Bompoma, the chief, Bekela, followed us far down the village street. Finally, when he bade us good-bye, he held our hands in both of his for a long while. I had Dr. Jaggard tell him that I was going far away and would never see him again, that we appreciated the kindness he had shown the evangelists, and that I hoped he would soon give his heart to Christ. A very serious look came over his face as he replied, "Yesu Masiya böloci mungo" (Jesus Christ is goodness itself), and then we left him. He stood long in the village street waving his hand at us. Poor old Bekela, the grip of heathenism is too strong with you yet, but the seed of Truth is planted in your heart. May it spring quickly forth to harvest!

We passed four large gum copal caravans in the forest path. One had over seventy people in it, both men and women, carrying baskets

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

of copal on their backs. They had already walked six days through the forest. They were taking the copal to the trader near the river. Each caravan was accompanied by the village chief, usually quite well dressed. The chief usually had with him two musicians, one with a small lokoli and one with a hollowed piece of bamboo notched on one side. The player would rasp on this with a stick while the other beat the lokoli, and both would hum a strange guttural refrain in unison. These Congo people have no work animals nor any means of transporting anything save upon their backs and heads. Through the forest we came upon many armies of the fierce driver ants crossing the path. They usually traveled in a trench they had dug across the path, with a row of sentinels on either side. One had to step carefully over these little insects as they are very vicious. They will even bury their nippers in one's cloth shoes until their heads will pull off on trying to remove them. In the depths of the forest we found palm trees that had been pulled down for the palm cabbage the night before by elephants. We saw their huge tracks in the path. On reaching the Momboyo, we waited at a little fishing camp for the *Oregon*, which came to us about six o'clock.

## VII.

### Into the Heart of the Great Forest.

*July 24th.*

All day long we have steamed up the Momboyo through the silent, unmeasured reaches of the tropical forest. It is the finest real forest we have seen. Great trees everywhere, and not so much undergrowth as usual. The river is swift and deep and carries much water. We have stopped to-night at a little fishing camp hidden in the trees. Our men are camping on shore.

We went ashore after supper and held a service among the campers, with the steamer workmen forming a large part of the audience. Mr. Eldred preached, and our Christians responded with much approval. The service had hardly closed when almost every Christian was talking to some one about Christ. We heard this quiet preaching in the little village far into the night.

*July 25th. Waka.*

All day until three o'clock we have wound in and out the tortuous course of the Momboyo. The river has grown very much smaller, but

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

seems to be very deep. This morning we stopped a little time at Losako, a trading post up a little creek. We found three lonesome white traders there, one of them quite sick, to whom Dr. Jaggard ministered. Gum copal is the article of commerce in which they trade, giving in exchange mostly cloth and salt.

To-day we killed a python. The pilot discovered it asleep on a tree trunk across the river. Three of us slipped into a canoe with native paddlers and crept up close to it. We all fired at the same time and brought the huge thing down. We did not hit it in the head, which lay along the body so that we could not detect it. It was still alive, but badly wounded. Our canoe rushed up, and two men seized it by the tail and our canoe worked around so that one of the boatmen could strike its head with a machete. With two or three blows he finished it, and the men dragged it into the canoe.

The natives were hilarious and greatly excited, and we little less so. It meant a great feast for them, for they dearly love the python's flesh. It measured fourteen feet long and seventeen inches around. These snakes will swallow objects much larger than themselves. About a year ago a native, much exhausted from a long journey, was asleep in the edge of the forest near Bolenge when one of these creatures slipped up on him. It licked him all over, covering him with saliva, and then began swallowing

## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

him, feet first. It had him down to the waist when he awoke and screamed for help. The natives came and killed the snake, and then had to split it open to disengage the man. The man, whose name was Toto, lived about two months, then his legs began to wither up and he died. The natives say that these snakes form a hoop over the jungle paths of antelope and other animals, and then catch them in the coil when they come through. The one we killed weighed between seventy-five and one hundred pounds. The natives have cut it up into steaks for supper. The meat looks like that of fish. Fifty large eggs were found in the body. The color of the reptile was black with a deep blue shade along the back.

We sleep at Waka to-night, an attractive Government post with all sorts of fruits and ornamental trees. A large rubber plantation has been set out here also. There used to be many soldiers and three white men. The only white man is away just now, but his concubine was at the beach with a baby, almost white, in her arms. The immorality of these State men and traders has a serious influence on the work. Especially is this true of the Waka man, for he claims to be a Protestant.

Holder, Hobgood, and I secured a native guide and went back into the forest monkey hunting, but we did not meet with success, owing to the thickness of the jungle, although we

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

saw several large monkeys at a distance. We went for a long distance through the dense forest, winding along a dimly defined path. The guide showed us elephant tracks at several points, and was also careful to avoid elephant pits prepared to catch these great beasts. The natives prepare these pits in the elephant's path by turning out in great numbers and carrying the dirt from the excavation to some distance in baskets. When the great pit is completed, they fix sharpened pikes in the bottom and then cover the top carefully with poles, vines, and foliage. The unsuspecting animal falls in and is grievously wounded by the sharpened pikes. His roars of pain attract the natives, who finally kill him with their spears. The meat from an elephant's carcass, smoked, lasts a village for a long time.

*July 26th.*

This morning I had my first experience with African jiggers. I had felt itching in my toes for some days, and this morning two of them were so sore that I showed them to Mbolokolo, my boy. He instantly detected the trouble, and as he speaks just a little broken English, shouted, "Mo, gotta two jig!" I called Dr. Jaggard, and sure enough, he confirmed it. He had to operate on two of my toes, finding quite a deep cavity in each toe, with a jigger and a multitude of eggs in each cavity. It was quite a painful operation. The insect is very small and black,



Herbert Smith and Lotumbe evangelists.



Official Board of Bolenge church.



## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

and difficult to see. On coming in contact with the foot, it buries itself under the skin and develops the eggs. This takes about a week. If not quickly removed, rapid multiplication takes place, the infected cavity grows, and great pain is the result. I have seen many natives with toes and even parts of the feet entirely gone because they have neglected to watch carefully for jiggers.

The elephant flies and tsetse are very bad up here on the river and we have to fight them constantly, besides protecting our ankles from them with boots or leggings. The elephant fly is very savage. One bit me on the finger yesterday and awakened me from my nap. The blood spurted across my fingers from the wound.

*July 27th, Iyete, high Momboyo River.*

Intöle, one of the Bolenge deacons, starts off on a trading expedition this morning, with his Bible on the top of his goods in his canoe. We reached this place late yesterday, and the joy of the two lonely native evangelists knew no bounds. One of them actually jumped up and down for joy, and they both wept. Our own eyes were anything but dry. These two men have been up here alone in this far, wild region preaching the gospel. They have nineteen ready for baptism. They say there is a great back country population open to the Truth. It means much for the white teachers to come

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up here with the steamer for the first time to them.

*9.00 P. M., Big Basow Town.*

This has been one of the happiest and one of the hardest physical days of my life. Mr. Eldred and I started from the steamer this morning to walk to this place while a canoe came up with provisions and camp outfit to meet us here. We walked twenty-five miles through villages, swamp and jungle, reaching here at six o'clock. It was a hard day's work, but abundantly worth while. We are footsore and weary to-night, but we have spent the day in His service largely among people who have never heard of the Savior, none of whom have heard a white teacher before. We passed through Iyete, Efutu, and Basow. Each of these towns is a group of towns. Probably there are ten thousand people in the villages we have passed through. Iyete was the first town, an hour and a quarter from where the steamer is anchored. A very crooked path through the densest of jungle. Ten minutes from the path one would be almost hopelessly lost. The forest is so dense that the sun never penetrates. In Iyete we counted thirty-five houses occupied by the wives of the chief alone. These polygamous men never put two wives together in the same house. The chief has built a nice little chapel for the two native evangelists and also a house for them to live in.

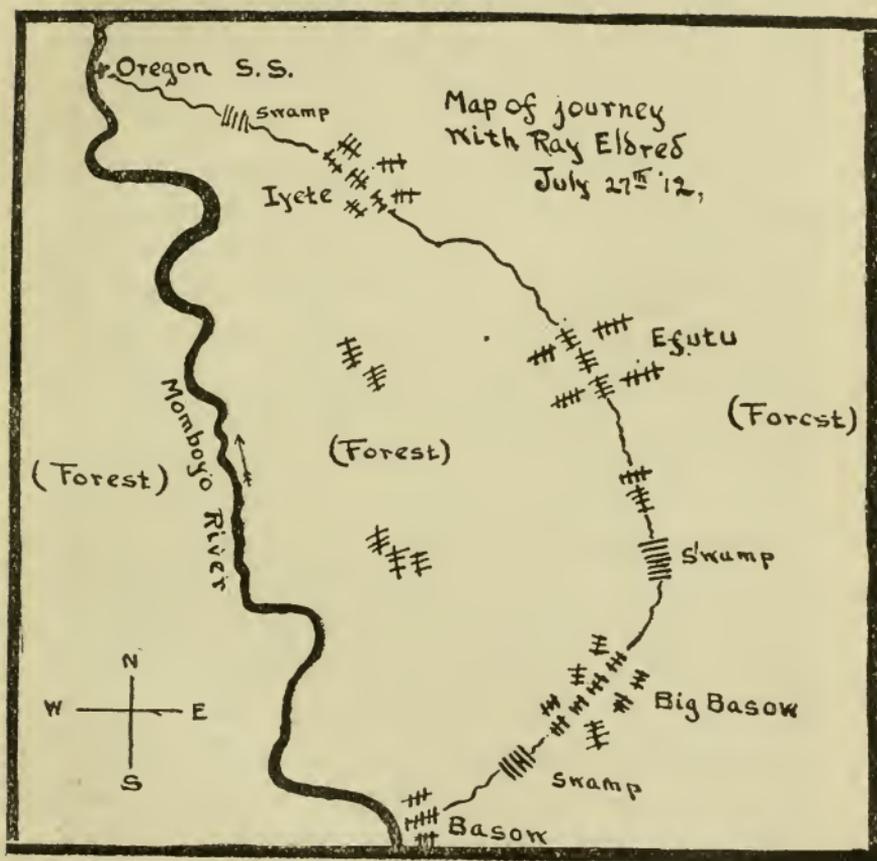
## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

It took us two hours and ten minutes to walk through Iyete and there were many parts of the town off the main path. It was a succession of villages, one after the other. All the men had gone off hunting, except in the last part of the town where we stopped and held service, Mr. Eldred using his magnet to interest the crowd. It aroused great wonder.

After about two hours through the forest, over a good path, we came to Efutu. When we reached the center of the town the old chief came to meet us, dressed in a pair of denim trousers and a fancy night shirt. He made us welcome to his visitors' house and gave us chairs to sit on. As we sat on the dirt porch, his sub-chiefs, seven of them, each in charge of a village or part of the main town, gathered about, and also a dense crowd of curious people. The men and women, outside of the leaders, were naked, save for loin cloths. The faces and body of the people were profusely marked with cicatrices (cuttings), the chest and abdomen of the women being very elaborately marked. The people have very curious markings on the forehead, cheeks, and chin, made in sort of a coil. The houses were long and low, made of split palm, a room at each end and an open court in the center for cooking and resting. The gardens were large, consisting mostly of plantain and tükö. This town was only an hour long, but fully as large as Iyete because the different parts radi-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

ated from the center in long streets. We ate our lunch here and the great crowd was fully as interested as a circus crowd at home. They watched us in great wonder as we opened our tins of sardines, fruits, etc., and ate. The old chief, who was sitting tight to us, watching every move, was greatly interested in a can of malted milk tablets. Mr. Eldred told him it was milk, but I do n't think he believed it. We gave him a tablet and he nibbled off a piece and cast it to his subchiefs. None of them liked it. The Congo people do not like our eatables, except the fish and meat. Mr. Eldred got out his magnet and preached them a sermon. We gave the chief a fathom of cotton cloth, and more to be divided among his subchiefs. He gave us two smoked antelope legs. He probably had about forty wives. The old chief was greatly interested in a bottle of strong ammonia I was rubbing on some cutchie fly bites on my ankles. I gave him a smell and it nearly knocked him over. He looked chagrined, but at the same time was pleased. The bottle had to go the rounds then. These African people greatly prize medicine that smells strong and will go for miles to get a good whiff of an ammonia bottle. The old fellow begged me for some and I gave him about a teaspoonful in a little vial. He prized it highly. It will probably be the center of attraction for months to come. I had much amusement in bidding good-bye to the chief and his subchiefs.



Map showing route of a day's itineration through the jungle, covering about twenty-five miles.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

The old fellow was greatly taken with the size of Mr. Eldred and myself, both as to height and thickness. He was small and could stand under my arm. On shaking hands I gave him a good grip and he doubled up in a ball, much to the amusement of the crowd. They like to get a joke on the chief. As I shook hands with the subchiefs they were all on their guard, but as they were unaccustomed to gripping hard I got the squeeze on each of them and there was some lively wriggling and much laughter. They all marveled at the strength of the white man's hand. These men do not seem to be strong, considering their build. They use their muscles very little. The people were very friendly and asked for teachers to be sent to them.

In the afternoon we passed through two very long swamps in the heart of the forest. The trees were largely mahogany, teak, ebony, and camwood. Logs and poles had been felled to walk on, and one had to step with great care. Through Efutu and several of its parts the people had heard of the coming of the steamer and white men, and the women were all out working the paths with great zest, it being one of the State requirements. When they discovered we were missionaries, and not State officers, there was great joy and the road work was abandoned till another time. The State requires the keeping open of the main paths and holds each chief responsible.

## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

At six o'clock we reached the medal chief's house in this town of Big Basow, and found Mbolokolo and the boatmen he had brought up by river awaiting us. They had brought our camp beds and provisions for the night, our carriers only having carried water, noon lunch, and some personal things. The medal chief, Jota, met us and gave us a hearty welcome. He had already given up his best house for our coming, and our men had prepared for our comfort. Jota is a fine looking young man, dressed neatly in European white, with a helmet. He has a wide plaza, neatly swept. His wives' huts are on one side and his own house and guest house on the other. Two great lokolis are on a high ant hill near. We got the lantern ready, hung the sheet up on the chief's house, and after the lokoli had called the people together, Brother Eldred showed the pictures of the Good Samaritan and preached to the people. I never saw more intense attention and interest. Absolute silence, save when the inflection of Eldred's voice or his "loloko?" brought out a deep response. The people greatly marveled at the beautiful pictures. Mr. Eldred called the Samaritan a "Batswa" (dwarf slave), which was the best illustration of a despised man. At the close several pictures from the life of Christ were shown, closing with the crucifixion. A deep, sad, pitying murmur ran through the crowd as this last picture fell on the screen. I could not keep back

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

the tears as I saw the sympathetic faces of these poor, black children here in the heart of the forest. All they need is teaching, when many of them will belong to Christ. They have never heard the message before save the distorted teaching of the native Catholic catechist who has been through the town. He has left a few pieces of "Mary's dress" and a few cheap Catholic medals about the people's necks. They have told the people that the "Englishe" (Protestants) are liars and that they drown people when they baptize them. Brother Eldred spoke plainly to them of these falsehoods, and called on the group of native Christian workmen present to confirm it. At the close the workmen were instantly scattered among the people, each preaching to a group. We heard them talking far into the night.

After the sermon we had our supper. Mbolokolo had thoughtfully bought us eight eggs, and we ate them with relish, together with pea soup, bread and jam, and tea. As I sit here and write, far into the night, the chief watches me with deep interest. Oh, how long will it be until these poor people have accepted the Gospel in its fullness! Not long, we believe, for already it has been planned to send teachers among these villages. This journey will prepare the way. The chief brings a nice chicken for us.

I sit on the little mud porch and write by the light of a candle. The chief watches me in





Interior of a native Christian's house.



Building a mud house at Lotumbe.

## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

silence. Across the wide street stretches the line of huts—huts of his many wives. In each a fire is burning and I can see the black bodies of the women as they sit about these fires. Above, the tropical moon shines down upon us and back in the deep forest the darkness closes down like a curtain on either side.

*July 28th, Sunday.*

This has been a great day. We arose at half past five and had our breakfast. Our feet were sore and our limbs stiff from the long walk of yesterday. After giving the chief presents for himself and his subchiefs we were off for the remaining two hours' journey to the river, where the canoes awaited us. As we were leaving Basow we came to a part of the village where we found one of the Lotumbe workmen, who had returned on the steamer with us after two years' service to visit his people. He had become a Christian and had spent all of the night telling his people of the Gospel story and the goodness of the white teachers. The villagers greeted us with great joy. Eight stalwart young men of the village presented themselves, asking Brother Eldred that they might return with him as workmen. He took down the names of them all, as he was needing extra workmen at Longa station, and they have come on the steamer with us. They will receive from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a month as mission workmen. Nearly all of them

## · AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

will become Christians, perhaps some evangelists, and their conversion will mean great things in turn for their own people from whom they have come.

We reached the river after two hours' walk, and with the workmen and luggage, filled the two dugout canoes to within a few inches of the water's edge. It took us an hour and ten minutes down the swift current to reach the steamer. There a glad experience awaited us. Mr. Smith had nineteen candidates ready for baptism from among these new forest people, and Mr. Eldred and I baptized them. A big crowd had gathered. These are the first baptisms in this remote region up the high Momboyo. This whole work has resulted from the toil of the two native evangelists who came up here less than a year ago. God only knows what the result may be. After the baptisms we held communion under the trees. The first service of the kind ever held this side of Lotumbe, nearly two hundred miles away. It was beautiful and the reverence very impressive. There were Christians present from each Congo station. Ekumboloko and Mboloko, head steamer men, acted as deacons and Dr. Jaggard presided. About two in the afternoon the steamer departed, leaving Mr. Smith, Holder and Hobgood for a two weeks' evangelistic itineration between the Momboyo and the Lokolo Rivers. We have had a very happy fellowship together. Now we begin

## THE HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST.

to separate, each one going back to his own work.

I am proud of the *Oregon*. It has been quite marvelous the way she has behaved up this swift, treacherous river.

Ekumboloko and Evangelist Timothy Iso both remember when Stanley came by Bolenge to establish equator trading station. The natives' name for Stanley and the State is the same—(Bula Matadi), Rock-breaker. All the black people hated the white men when they first came, except one man in Wangata, near Bolenge. Up to this day the heathen natives of other towns express their hate of Wangata for that reason. No wonder the people hated the government white man. The State, in the past, has given them absolutely nothing, not even a road or a school. Nothing but oppression and sorrow. Now, under the new régime, it is much better, but the State seems to have little idea yet of doing anything for the native in the way of improvement or education. It does little but collect tax from him.

We have a fine set of head men on the *Oregon*. Ekumboloko, Jange, and Mbula as steersmen, and Mboloko and Belumbe as engineers. Ekumboloko is a fine preacher and Bible teacher, a chieftain's son, and for twelve years employed on a commercial steamer. Jange was a slave, but he and Ekumboloko are close friends. Mbula is the hunter of the mission and a fine specimen

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

of physical humanity. Belumbe is a plain fellow, but as reliable as the day is long. A hard worker, willing to do anything, always at the front with his wife at every meeting and mighty in prayer. Mboloko is one of the best evangelists in the mission, quiet and faithful.

*July 30th, Lotumbe.*

The missionaries have spent to-day getting ready for the trip to Monieka. Mrs. Smith will accompany us. A man came in a day's journey to-night with a thirty pound elephantiasis (tumor) to get Dr. Jaggard to operate on him. The doctor's fame has spread for many, many miles. He brought twenty francs worth of anklets to pay. Dr. Jaggard had to tell the poor man to wait until December and then come to Monieka, as he has no hospital yet in which to take care of such operations. He has been very successful with this strange disease, having operated on eighteen, all successfully. It is a strange prevalent gland disease here. The man could hardly walk. The suffering among the poor people makes one's heart ache. Medical missions is a wonderful ministry to these people. We are in imperative need of three more doctors, one for each station.

*July 31st.*

To-day we made the trip from Lotumbe to Longa, reaching the latter place a little after

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noon. The trip down the river is much more rapid than upstream. We found the man operated on at Bolenge for hernia almost well and walking around. He had been left at Longa with Isoko, Dr. Jaggard's medicine boy. It was a most trying operation and performed under great difficulties.

## VIII.

### Far Monieka.

*August 1st, Busira River.*

Early this morning we left Longa for Monieka. The Busira is a big, swift, black river up here. It impresses one as being as large as the Mississippi at St. Louis. There are many islands, all densely wooded. Very little habitation along the river bank, as in high water most of the country is flooded for some distance back. There are practically no mosquitoes in this section. The theory is that the tannic acid in the water prevents their propagation.

The Lever Brothers of England, the great "Sunlight Sap" company, have secured large concessions along the Busira and are going into the palm oil industry on a big scale. Besides buying from the natives, they will also set out plantations of nut palms of the oil variety.

There is to be a "Home Coming Anniversary" at Bolenge, next April, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the organization of the church. It will be a great celebration, with probably a larger gathering of Christians and adherents than ever before. From a little handful the

## FAR MONIEKA.

membership of our Congo stations has grown to about twenty-five hundred in this brief time. The celebration will be timed to correspond with the incoming of evangelists and inquirers.

The mail came at Longa yesterday. Never before have I realized what an important event this is to the missionary. I had not had a word of news from loved ones for over two months.

*The Oregon* is certainly the pride of the Congo. It is the trimmest and most dignified boat I have seen. Nothing seems able to pass it. The native Christians call it "The Gospel of Good News." The other day, Mbolokolo was drying my clothes and the sparks were falling quite fast from the stack. He said to Mrs. Jaggard: "The Gospel of Good News is ruining the Elder's clothes. What shall I do?"

To-day the table boy, Bolumbo, a fine fellow, fell overboard while dipping up water from the end of some boards on the lower deck. Very fortunately he was a good swimmer and soon reached some bushes on the bank, otherwise he would probably have drowned, as it was some time before the steamer canoe could get back to him. There was much excitement on board and great joy when it was seen that he was safe.

*August 2d.*

We slept at a little deserted fishing camp last night. This morning we passed the mouth of the Salonga River, which seems to be fully as large

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

as the Momboyo, a river which the *Oregon* has not yet explored. It leads into a great territory. The steamer men have been very faithful on the trips we have been together, and I have provided them with a feast. It will comprise a sheep, a goat, and what they can purchase with a bag of salt. This will get them plenty of food for several days. They dearly enjoy a feast of meat. There are about twenty-five of them altogether.

Last night the steamer men gave me my Lonkundu name, "Engomba Mpela." The first means "grandfather," the latter is the name of a great chief of all the back country district, who on his deathbed many years ago prophesied the coming of the white man, together with the telegraph, the steamer, and other things.

Our reception at Monieka was most wonderful, even more remarkable than at Bolenge. There were at least a thousand people, if not many more, at the beach awaiting us. Timothy Iso had the Christians arranged on top of the high bank, the men entirely covering an immense ant-hill, the women packed into the dirt and pole stairway that leads up to the mission. They were singing with tremendous volume, "Cling to the Bible," as we came up, Iso in front, leading. The village people and inquirers who are in with the evangelists lined the high bank for hundreds of yards. I never saw such enthusiasm. As we went on shore we had a difficult time to get up the many steps of the high bank because of

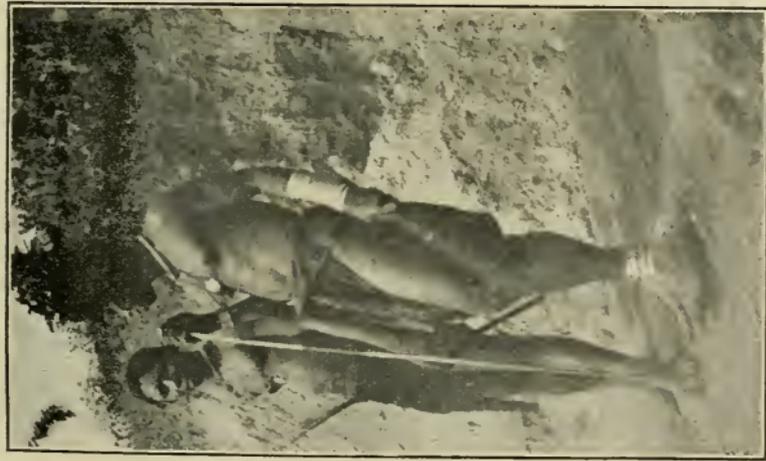
## FAR MONIEKA.

the great desire of the people for a greeting and handshake. On reaching the top we found a solid line reaching far into the distance, of evangelists, Christians, and inquirers, waiting to greet us. Our hands and arms were tired when we got through. There are already a hundred and thirty people set aside for baptism by Iso. There are fifty-two women here who have been polygamous wives, who have fled from their husbands to become Christians and escape persecution. This problem has to be handled with the greatest care. Iso has done a remarkable amount of work in the last two months. He has cleared off a large space of land which was covered with dense jungle, and has laid out the mission well in broad avenues. He has also built a large two-room, mud cook-house and has the frame up for Dr. Jaggard's temporary mud home. He has planned it large enough for a hotel. The church is a very long mud building which will seat hundreds of people. It is already far too small. We attended Endeavor meeting last night. There was a great crowd and much animated participation in the meeting. The people do not sing as well here as at Bolenge, but much louder. They are very demonstrative. There seems to be much reverence, however, and genuine earnestness. There are over five hundred members here already without a white missionary. It is a wonderful work. The first preaching was done here by Iso, four years ago.

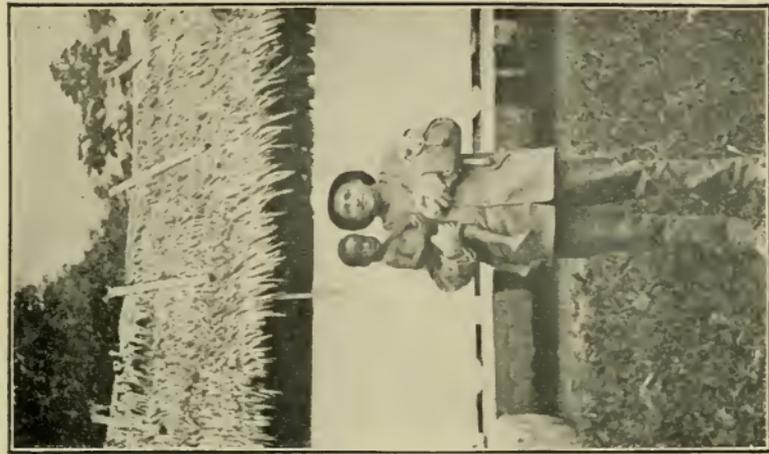
## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

*August 3d.*

We took a long walk through town to-day. Monieka seems to have the largest population of any town we have seen. We walked through many, many scattered parts. The State taxes a thousand men in the town, which indicates that there are from five to ten thousand people. Iso expressed it that there was no end. To-night was the church meeting and the reports of the evangelists. The majority were encouraging, but some were discouraging. One had a number of inquirers ready to come, and a great heathen dance to drive away evil spirits was on and the parents of the people would not let them come. Another had many ready, but the people were inland and afraid of the water and had no canoes and could not come. One evangelist was attacked by forty-six Catholics, who made with knives and spears as though to kill him. He withstood them and they said, "If you will leave town at once, never to return, we will not harm you further." He said, "Not unless you carry me and my goods away bodily." Then he heard a State officer was near and started to report the matter. The Catholics met him with presents and begged him not to go to the officer. Now the whole town listens to him. One evangelist traveled through villages clear to Waka, on the Momboyo, hundreds of miles from here, teaching. The people called him from village to village with the lokoli to teach. He said the people



Heathen chief and slave, who came several days' journey to Longa to see the steamer and the "great white chief."



White and black lambs with Secretary Corey at Bolenge.



## FAR MONIEKA.

were as plentiful as bangangu, the native greens, which even the poorest can have for the picking. Two evangelists were badly beaten for the sake of the Gospel. Seven men were restored to the church here to-night who had been disciplined because of fighting. Before the Gospel came to Monieka it was the greatest fighting town in this part of Africa. These old-time warriors have considerable fighting blood in them still.

*August 4th, Sunday.*

This has been one of the highest days of my experience in Africa. Dr. Jaggard's request was that I should preach to the people to-day, so last night and early this morning I prepared a sermon on "Sacrifice, the Law of the Christian Life," from Mark 8:35, and 1 Cor. 15:9. It is hard to make a sermon for those you can not speak to in their own tongue. The women's meeting came at about nine o'clock. There must have been about a hundred women in the church building. Mrs. Hensey spoke to them. There was the closest attention and the deepest reverence. Each woman bowed her head in a moment of prayer on coming in. In fact, this is the universal custom on the part of the Christians in church here. The women are comely, neat, and clean—most of them dressed in the long cloth wrapped about the body just under the arms. Their hair is cut and forms a pleasant contrast to the tied mass of ngola (camwood)

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

covered hair matted with oil, which is seen among the heathen natives. Many of these women are refugees from husbands who are opposed to their listening to the teaching. The State has recently passed a law that where a man has more than one wife and his conduct is bad toward any of his wives, they can leave him. Of course, as these wives have usually been purchased and are looked upon as property, any one taking them in marriage must pay the price to the former polygamous husband. The result is that many of these women, who hear the teaching in their towns and become interested, meet the opposition of their husbands. Desiring both freedom from their heathen husbands and the teaching, they flee to the mission. If they seem perfectly sincere, the missionaries allow them to stay and be learners of the truth. They are put under careful oversight, are provided with a house to stay in and are required to do some work each day on the mission grounds. They are paid from five to ten cents each week for food. The most of these women when they have not been able to provide themselves with a cloth are given one by the mission. Of course, these women desire Christian husbands and this presents one of the great problems. The desire of some of them for husbands is apt to be paramount to the teaching. When this is found to be true they are sent back home. However, these women are kept a long time at the mission

## FAR MONIEKA.

to thoroughly test their sincerity and then are baptized. As Christian wives for the young men are very scarce, there is usually some young man who is ready to take each of these women at baptism. In that case they pay the necessary purchase price to the former polygamous husband. While this is allowed, no Christian is ever allowed to take any money as a payment for a woman. The new act of the State in declaring wives of a polygamous husband free, except one, is proving a great boon to the women, and a help in reaching them with the Gospel. Most of the women who come to the mission under these conditions are young.

There were three hundred and sixty-seven at Sunday-school this morning, and it did one good to see the earnest attention of pupils and the striking ease of the teachers as classes were conducted under the trees and scattered here and there over the mission grounds. A class of the refugee women was taught by a wife of one of the evangelists, who was formerly a refugee herself. She persisted in going to the teaching in her town. Her heathen husband beat her, threatened her, and even imprisoned her. She still persisted in going to the meetings. Finally her husband threatened to kill her and she ran away to our mission at Longa. A little house was built for her on the mission and she worked and learned the teaching. One night a heathen man tried to slip into her house. She seized the

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

brute by the throat, and being a powerful woman, he barely escaped with his life. She is a strong speaker and a power among the women where she goes.

The Sunday-school teachers seem never to lack speech and all have to be warned that it is time to close.

The church service was an inspiration indeed. Probably six hundred people were present. They were packed into the long mud building, the boys making themselves comfortable on the high mud platform back of the preachers' stand. I spoke for forty minutes, Mr. Hensey interpreting. There was excellent attention. They seemed to be most deeply impressed with an illustration I used concerning the early church in North Africa and how it was destroyed because of its lack of missionary spirit. At the close we had an impressive communion service. This seems to be a very sacred service to the Christians. To miss it is a great calamity. The hardest part of church discipline is being deprived of it.

Four years ago the first baptisms of converts from this place occurred. Two years ago Timothy Iso came and began a steady work. Now there are five hundred members, and one hundred and sixty awaiting baptism. Our missionaries were attracted to this place because a State officer, Mr. Buda, told of his narrow escape from death among these people. He was attacked and

## FAR MONIEKA.

imprisoned, and finally rescued by State troops, who had to fight their way out of the town. These were fierce fighting people, and neither the traders nor the State could conquer them. Our missionaries came and told them the story of God's love. They were instantly friendly and desired that teachers should come. The old chief, who is even now sought by the State because of his crimes, welcomed the missionaries gladly. These Christians here suffered great persecution in the early days both by the heathen and the Catholics. They have withstood with great fortitude.

To-night the "jijijingi" (stereopticon), was used. A great concourse gathered and was very reluctant to go when we were through. Mr. Hensey spoke. The pictures were of the Prodigal Son, followed by pictures from the life of Christ. It was a wonderful service for the people. There were probably a thousand present and the most intense interest. The greatest wonder was evinced at the picture of Jesus washing the disciples' feet, the deepest emotion and sorrow at the picture of the crucifixion and Jesus falling under the weight of the cross. I shall never forget the deep sorrow and heartache in the murmur that swept over the throng as this picture came on.

At dinner time the hereditary chief and the State medal chief came on board the steamer bringing a goat as a present. The old chief is a

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

very interesting character and a great friend of the mission. From the beginning he has given the work the most hearty encouragement. He is a very picturesque old fellow, with his muscular form covered with red paint and his costume consisting of a heavy loin cloth, an iron spiral armlet, a necklace of leopards' claws, and a monkey-skin cap. The old fellow has a decided lisp and makes many and not ungraceful motions with his hands while talking. He is a most considerate and courteous old man and, unliké the other chiefs I have met, does not constantly want some favor or gift of the white man. He has been a terrible old warrior in his day, and even now is under sentence from the Government and has a hiding place in the forest when any State officer comes. His people are very loyal to him, and he has far more power in the great town than his son, who is the medal chief of Monieka, under the Government. His swinging, graceful gait, as he marches ahead of one, is in striking contrast to the painful walk of the medal chief togged out in heavy English shoes, knickerbockers, and khaki coat. The old man has sixty wives. He formerly had two hundred. He says he is very poor now. Several of his wives are Christians. His favorite wife is a young woman bedecked with brass anklets and ngola. He is the best preserved old man I have seen, being agile and active like a young man. The natives say that he is very different from the other

## FAR MONIEKA.

heathen men and does not practice the excesses that they do.

This afternoon we took a long walk through this great town, first going to the part where the old chief lives to get some "nsabus" which he had offered to us. They are a very fine kind of fruit about the size of a prune. The old fellow had a long pole with a sort of bark snare on the end with which he pulled them from the tree one by one, insisting on doing it himself. After he had filled our basket he lined up a half dozen of his wives, that we might see them. The old leader, in common with the other old men, uses a very peculiar chair made of a forked stick cut from the forest. From the old chief's place we walked through other parts of the town and saw many very interesting things. During the walk we came across a huge lokoli (drum) and Iso beat a message of good will on it, telling to all within hearing that all was well and "everybody sitting down in peace." He told us that there was a regular code by which any message could be sent from village to village. He says that each chief has a certain kind of stroke for his own name, one for the name of the town, and one also for the white man, if one lives near. He says that messages are sent from Stanley Falls, clear to Matadi, a distance of more than a thousand miles. The drums formerly were used greatly when the villages were at war with each other, and also to notify the people that officers

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

of the State were coming. Another interesting thing we saw was a woman decorating some girls with ngola. They were sitting on the ground, and she was applying the red stuff to their hair with a banana skin brush. The hair was tied in curious ringlets, hanging down around the face like little ropes. The ngola was applied and allowed to dry, and then the operation was repeated until the ringlets were caked with it and resembled red beads. There was a sort of crown of hair on top so hardened with ngola that brass tacks were driven into it as though it was wood.

We also saw a blacksmith shop, where a man was making long iron rods or heavy wire for forming the spiral anklets or armlets. He had a tiny forge, in which he used charcoal. His bellows consisted of four circular apertures about ten inches across, made in a flat piece of wood, the openings closed with a covering of half-dried plantain leaves, made loose and puckered at the centers and tied to long sticks. The whole board was placed on a hollow clay base with a clay nozzle for the escape of the air into the fire. Two men blew the bellows by jerking the sticks up and down, and seemed to make quite a blast of air upon the fire-pot. It took the smith but a few moments to heat his iron to a white heat. He used a peculiar hammer in a solid piece with two flat pounding sides on the head. His anvil was a bit of steel fastened





R. Ray Eldred preaching in the remote village of Iyete.



Two Sunday-school classes and teachers at Monieka.

## FAR MONIEKA.

in a log of wood. The natives are expert workers in steel and make very fine spear and arrow heads and knives. They dig the iron from the earth and convert it into steel very ingeniously. It seems to lie quite near the surface of the ground.

We saw two very old men (mpakas) and their aged wives. One of them had a small bald spot on his head, the first I had seen. I showed him mine as an indication of my age. It created great wonder on his part.

## IX.

### Exploring the High Busira River.

*August 5th.*

We have been steaming up the Busira all day on a mission of exploration and to look out new fields for work. A wide, swift river, with heavy forests on each side. We have just left a large town where we had a very interesting experience. One of the anchor men used to live here, and told us of the bigness of the town. It runs along the river for a mile or so. On landing, a great crowd gathered and seemed friendly. A white teacher had never visited their town; however, we saw a number of people sprinkled through the crowd who wore Catholic crucifixes. We went on shore to hold a service, and the medal chief came and invited us to go in front of his house. The people were greatly interested in the white women and made many signs of wonder. We sang a song, and as the chief sounded the lokoli a great crowd gathered and seated themselves quietly on the ground. The Catholics, divining our intent, began to try to raise trouble. They had two lead-

## EXPLORING THE HIGH BUSIRA RIVER.

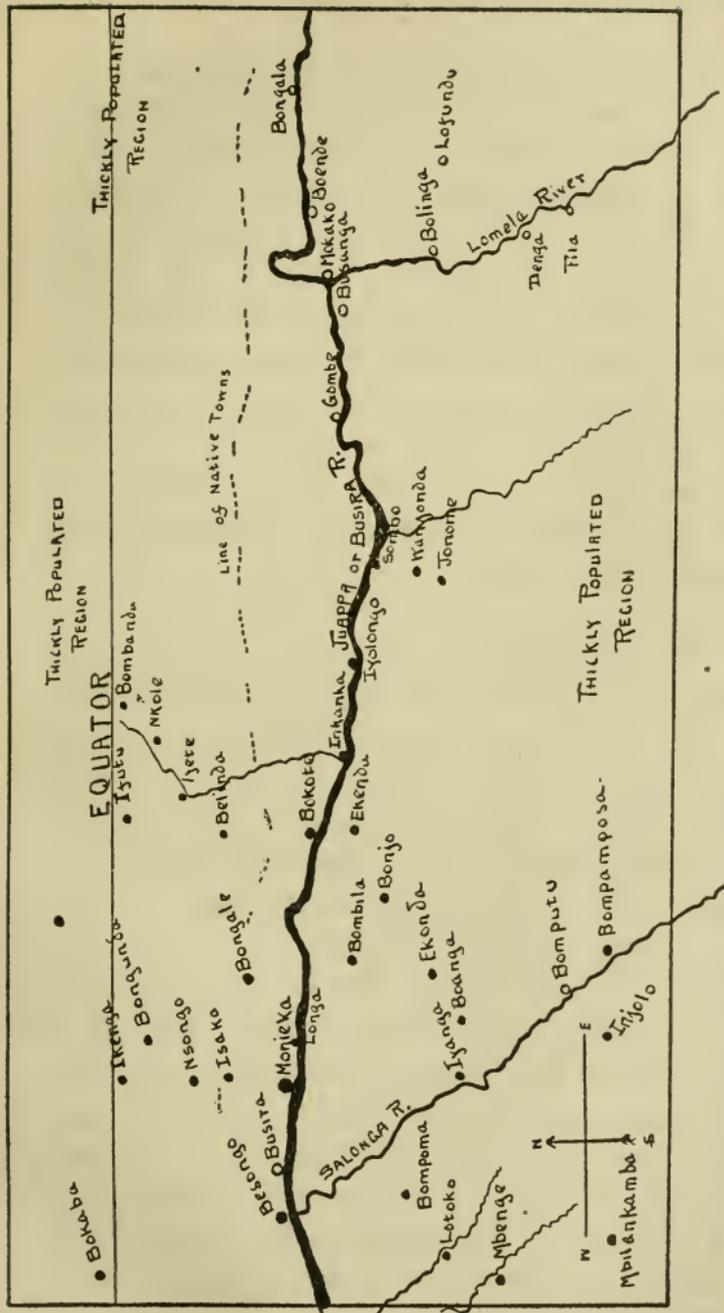
ers, big fellows with large crucifixes about their necks, who seemed to be lay catechists. They intimidated a few boys to go with them and began to pound on a nearby lokoli and make a great noise to try and draw the people from us and break up the meeting. This seems to be their tactics in every place. The people all stayed, however, and paid no attention to them. These Catholics engaged in a sort of heathen dance around the lokoli. The chief tried to stop their noise, but did not succeed. Finally a State soldier went and made them stop. After a song, one of the evangelists from Monieka, who is going to a town above here, preached to the people a ringing message. He did not mince matters about the Catholics and spoke of their falsehoods and evil practices. Then Mr. Hensey talked. The attention was perfect, even the old men and women listening intently. Every time the inflection of the preacher's voice called for approval there was a roar of "Ongoko!" (Amen.) He asked them if they wanted us to send a teacher, and there was a unanimous assent. The medal chief brought a chicken, and the chief of the upper division of the town, a fine-looking fellow, also brought one, and asked that a teacher be sent to his end of the town, saying he would "tie" a house and provide everything. A great crowd saw us off at the beach. On pulling off with the steamer, it was discovered that our engine pump had to be re-

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

paired, so we had to anchor again at the upper end of the town. While the others were fixing the pump, I went on shore with two evangelists, and they held a service. Nearly everybody in that part of the town came and sat quietly down. After a song, the two evangelists spoke. The people were very quiet. The whistle of the steamer cut the meeting short, and we hurried on board, for we must make another town for night. The people lined the shore to say good-bye, and the chief called out that we must send them the teacher of God, for he was going to at once build a house for him to live in. It was a stirring sight to see the great crowd on the beach so anxious to be taught of God. The last word we heard was a shout from the people, wafted far up the river to us, "Send us teachers of God."

The people were greatly interested in the women, Mrs. Jaggard, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hensey, and Miss Eck. An old man wanted to know which one of us had two wives, as there was one more woman than there were men. It was hard to make them believe that Miss Eck was a single woman. A single woman is unknown to them, but there are many single men. So many have plural wives that it makes it difficult for many of the young men to have wives unless they pay a big price. This leads to much evil.

The name of this town is Iyolongo. The population is very large. It is a peculiar sen-



Map showing journey of missionary exploration with steamship *Oregon* from Monieka to Bongala, on the Busira River. The black dots indicate evangelistic outpost of Monieka station. Busanga, near the mouth of the Lomela River, is the town where the attack was made by Catholics.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

sation that comes over one on stopping among a great, curious crowd of naked people like these, where a white teacher has never gone. The people seem most kindly disposed. The only trouble seems when the Catholics interfere, as they always do if they are present. A great wave of emotion sweeps one's soul when the realization comes that back of these attentive, wistful, pitiful faces are minds that are hearing the gospel for the first time.

The natives say there are many leopards on the north side of the river here, and that they kill numbers of people.

*August 6th, Tuesday.*

About eleven to-day we stopped at Busanga, in a little channel. It is a trading post, with two men in charge. The town is one hour back from the low beach, over a good path. The two Belgians were most happy to meet us. The older one, who has been out three years this term, was suffering from a severe case of tonsillitis. He was much pleased that Doctor Jaggard could treat him and said he had not seen a doctor in three years, and was very happy that there was to be one at Monieka. The Catholics have a little work at the post village, but none in the interior. They say the villages are large and many. It is very cool up here. We have had to wear coats to-day to be comfortable when the sun is not out.

## EXPLORING THE HIGH BUSIRA RIVER.

At 1.30 P. M. we passed the mouth of the Lomela, which is almost as large as the Juappa, as the main Busira River is called here. The *Oregon* could go up the Lomela about five days; up the Juappa, from the Lomela mouth, about seven days.

We are passing places where the elephants come down to drink. We can see the trampled path and the spoor from the steamer. There are great numbers of them up in this country. A steamer tied up near here not long ago. Two elephants came down to cross the river, and the captain wounded one of them. They both attacked the steamer. The captain killed the wounded one, and the other made off.

The Juappa is a strong, big river. The banks are very beautiful, heavily forested, and the trees and vines show many pretty colorings.

Early this morning we passed a trading post called Ngombe and stopped a few minutes to see if we could buy some wood. There was one lone white man there. Amongst the crowd on the bank was a poor, crazy woman, who threw sticks and made a great demonstration. The people seemed to be kind to her in their way. She wore scarcely any clothing; her body was covered with ngola, and the poor thing had a terribly wild look in her face. One of the stages of sleeping sickness is insanity, and this is probably the malady of this poor woman. The people here make no provision for the insane. When

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

they get too violent they are chained up. The Government has no asylums.

9 P. M.

We are sleeping at Boende to-night, about two and a half hours above the mouth of the Lomela. There is a very large town here, and from a Bolenge native Christian, who is buyer for the Congo American Co. here, we learn that there are big towns in every direction. It looks like a good region for a station some time. The Catholics have done nothing north of the river, where there is a long string of towns, and south of the river they have only reached a few of the State and trading post workmen. The people here are tall and fine-looking. The men dress their hair in three knots, and the women are practically without clothing. There is hardly any sleeping sickness here, and no mosquitoes at all. The lieutenant here goes away with us on the steamer to-morrow, with his soldiers, to pacify the natives who, he says, have had trouble with one of the State officers farther north.

*August 7th.*

After landing the lieutenant and his soldiers, we returned with the *Oregon* to Boende, and stopped at the S. A. B. trading beach for wood. While the wood was being loaded, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jaggard, Hensey, Dr. Jaggard, and I walked an hour back to the native village with Lofei,

## EXPLORING THE HIGH BUSIRA RIVER.

a buyer for the Congo American Co., who is a convert from Bolenge. He is a handsome, finely built, well dressed fellow, and occupies a good position of trust with the company, sometimes being intrusted with thousands of francs. The village was inhabited by the most raw heathen people we have yet seen. They are fine specimens physically; their bodies are wonderfully marked, but filthy, and almost entirely naked. The women wear huge brass anklets. The people seemed to be listless and indifferent and lazy, although intelligent enough looking. They speak Lonkundu with some variations. The men for the most part wear three knots of hair, one above each temple and one on the crown of the head. I met an old, bald-headed man, who vied with me in protestations of age. However, when I jumped up and knocked my heels together before alighting, he was abashed. He tried to jump, with feeble success, and the crowd accorded me the honor of both age and agility. We took pictures of both the men and women, and bought some bows and arrows, and then one of our evangelists preached to them. These people know absolutely nothing of Christ and did not even seem to have a name to express a Supreme Being. This is the most remote region we have reached.

## X.

### Attacked by Native Catholics.

*August 7th, 10 P. M.*

We sleep to-night at Besonga beach, where we landed yesterday. The trading post is back half an hour, and after we had sounded the whistle the two traders came out, the one who had tonsillitis yesterday being brought in a hammock, sick and with a high fever. Dr. Jaggard put him to bed, and Hensey and I took the stereopticon and two or three workmen and started back to the native village to have a service. We had thought something of this place for a station. The Catholics are on a pilgrimage to Busira, far down the river, to celebrate "Mary's Ascension," and a large company of them were at the beach with their canoes. As we went back the path about a dozen of these followed behind us at a little distance. We did not like the looks of this, but gave the matter only passing notice at the time. One of the traders met us and, turning back, conducted us to his post. The Catholics seem to have a village of their own near the post, with about one hundred people in it. These, added to the people at the beach, made quite a large company. The native Catholics are so vicious and impudent that the post



Heathen dance, Lower Congo.



Crowd coming from church service at Bolenge.



## ATTACKED BY NATIVE CATHOLICS.

men have forbidden them to come on their property at all. On reaching the post, the trader gave us his foreman of the workmen to conduct us to the native village, a mile or so distant through a forest and swamp. About half a dozen of his workmen joined us, and a few of our steamer men came up by this time and went on with us. We reached the large village at dusk, and set up the lantern in the main street. The lokoli was sounded, and a big crowd turned out. Mr. Hensey and I managed the lantern, which was not working very well, and Ekumboloko gave the lecture. The people were very attentive—it was very dark, only the light of the lantern lighting up the spot. Suddenly, without warning, a company of Catholics, who had sneaked up, burst upon us with shrill cries. They were led by a native catechist. The attack was so unexpected and mysterious that the native villagers, especially the women and children, were panic-stricken. They ran like stampeded cattle, not knowing what the attack was. They probably thought it was State soldiers. Fortunately for us, some of our steamer workmen had heard hints of trouble and, coming swiftly through the forest, had distributed themselves in the crowd about us. These were a group of Monieka men, who are most fearless fighters in an emergency. We rushed toward the excitement, but these workmen preceded us, having precipitated themselves upon the attacking party, which was armed

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

with clubs. There was some fierce fighting, but our valiant fellows were too much for them. By the time Mr. Hensey had got them separated, our men had taken a huge club from the catechist and routed his followers. By this time the men of the native village had their bearings, and it was plain to be seen that they were all on our side. There was much confusion, but we were able to go on with the pictures. The Catholics were bent on breaking up the meeting, however, and soon made an attack from another side. Our workmen were at them like a flash, and when Mr. Hensey got into the center of the turmoil, the catechist was on the ground and Befutaminge, a converted slave, one of our most earnest and powerful men, who comes from fighting stock, had him by the throat. Although the catechist was a powerful fellow, he was in bad shape when Mr. Hensey got them separated. The men were so worked up by this time and, having been joined by the villagers, Mr. Hensey had to throw his arms about the catechist to protect him. The other members of the attacking party escaped. Mr. Hensey made the catechist sit down by the lantern until we had finished the pictures. The villagers were furious at the catechist's attack, and at the close of the meeting talked about killing him until Mr. Hensey made them stop. He gave the villagers a little talk about our purpose in coming, told them we did not believe in fighting, that our men had only fought

## ATTACKED BY NATIVE CATHOLICS.

to defend us, and they were very friendly. They were very enthusiastic in their plea for teachers to be sent to them. We took the catechist along with us, both to protect him from the natives of the village and as a sort of hostage in case we had future trouble. In the midst of the forest the Catholics came at us again from a side path in a sort of ambushade. They had been reinforced until there were about thirty, armed with clubs. By this time half a dozen more of our steamer men had joined us. As we came upon the attacking party, Mr. Hensy shouted to them in their tongue to go on about their business and to our men to let them be. The fighting blood of our men was up, however, and they were smarting under the insult to their white men. Before we could restrain them, the front men of our group were after them like tigers. We expected serious trouble, but after our men had "laid on MacDuff" to a few of them, and they saw the rest of the party coming rapidly to their assistance, they fled into the forest. No doubt their intention was to free the prisoner we had captured. We finally reached the S. A. B. post, and the trader and half a dozen of his men accompanied us through the forest to the steamer. We rather expected another attack from the party, augmented by the Catholics camping at the beach, but it did not materialize. The trader stayed for a cup of tea, and then started back with his men. He had not

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

gone far when he was attacked by a large force of Catholics, who drove him and his men back to the steamer and made an attack with clubs and firebrands. Our men were on the warpath by this time, and Mr. Hensey had great difficulty in restraining them until we could get ahead of them to see if the attacking party could be dispersed. The trader was a few feet ahead of us and one of the Catholics struck at him with a club. He fired his revolver into the air, and our steamer men apparently thought they had shot at us. There were about thirty of our men, who had armed themselves with clubs and canoe oars. They rushed down the path and drove the Catholics into the forest and soon had them in full flight. We then started to escort the trader back to his post, but had gone only a little distance when we met his entire company of workmen, who, on hearing his revolver shot, had come running through the forest to meet him. They assured us that they were in sufficient numbers to cope with the enemy, so we returned to the steamer. One of our evangelists, hearing a noise in the forest along the river, and thinking it was made by an enemy trying to untie the steamer chain, which was fastened to a tree, slipped alone into the dense and pitch-dark jungle, found his man, overpowered him, and then called for some one to come help bring him in. We did not know what would occur during the night, so sentries

## ATTACKED BY NATIVE CATHOLICS.

were posted on shore to give the warning if any one came near. We were not further disturbed, however.

*Thursday, August 8th. Bokote.*

This morning the trader came back to get his comrade, and told us that the large company of Catholics with clubs surrounded him and his men in the forest on the way home last night. Being cowed by the strength of his body-guard, however, and the knowledge that he had a revolver, they did not attack him.

These native Catholics are most troublesome here. Almost every trader we have seen has serious trouble with them. They are impudent, fanatical, and have no respect for the white men. It seems that their priests endow them with the feeling that the piece of "Mary's dress" or the crucifix about their necks will protect them from harm and that they are to be masters supreme of the place where they are. They seem to feel that any district where they have gone is entirely theirs, and that the Protestants hate them and are to be hated. Most of our mission troubles now are with the Catholics. As the Government of Belgium is Catholic, the white priests apparently make all sorts of claims about their authority. This makes the natives arrogant and impudent. They often beat our evangelists and try to run them out of towns where they have some following.

## XI.

### A Wonderful Sunday at Monieka.

*Friday, August 9th.*

We came down the river to-day, reaching Monieka before noon. The Christians were lined up on the bank. For a hilarious, tumultuous, enthusiastic, energetic, and loquacious greeting, Monieka takes the prize. I thought they would pull my arms out of the sockets, shaking hands. This afternoon we went down to Busira, about an hour's journey with the steamer. This is the headquarters of the great S. A. B. Trading Company. They have a fine post, with about fifteen white men. We had a good visit. On the way back we passed by a Catholic station where there is a white priest. According to the universal custom and courtesy of the Congo, the steamer whistle was blown. The white man is always supposed to come out and salute the steamer. The priest at this place ran into his house, and his people, who lined the bank, cursed us as far as we could hear them. They always do this. They also shouted to-day, "You people use orange juice at the communion, but we drink the blood of Mary." The priests seem to instill much bitterness in the hearts of their ignorant native people.

## WONDERFUL SUNDAY AT MONIEKA.

The native Christians told us the following incident to-day. One of the Catholic women at Stanley Pool heard that a relative of hers up the Kasai River was dead. She went to the priest and asked him if he was in heaven. He went away to pray and, coming back, told her that he was still in purgatory, but that if she would give him ten francs he would pray him out. She got together the money, and after a few days he called her in, saying that he was only partly out, and that it would take fifteen francs more. She got it for him. On the following day a steamer came down the Kasai bearing her relative, who had not been dead at all.

A Catholic priest was entertaining one of the Presbyterian missionaries. He served wine, and thought it strange that the missionary would not drink, reproving him and saying that he had been in the Congo a long time and found that wine was very good for him. As the missionary left, he said to him, "I suppose you have a wife—give her my regards." The priest held up his hands in horror and said, "O, I would not be guilty of having a wife!" "Indeed," replied the missionary, "we have been in Congo a long while, and find that they are very good for us."

*Saturday, August 10th. Monieka.*

This afternoon I took a last stroll through a part of the town. I do n't like to leave these

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

people. Somehow they have got more of a grip on me than any others. A crowd of little boys followed me. Their smiling faces and gentle, childlike voices are very attractive. I do not wonder that the missionaries love them. These people seem to be inherently polite in their way.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaggard have moved into their little mud house to-day, which was built for their cook house. The mud of the walls is not yet dry. The floor is dirt. They will have to live in this six months, until their new house is built. Their things are a great marvel to the natives, and large crowds have surrounded their house all day. The old chief and the village mpaka or elder came over, and Mrs. Jaggard showed them the beds and other things. She finally brought out a large mirror. The wonder of these old men knew no bounds. Their hands went over their mouths, and their wonder-filled faces and cries of incredulity were striking. The old chief repeated, "Kilo, kilo, kilo!" (wonderful!) for a long time. Then he said, "A kela ki Nzakomba!" (God made it.) It was a good opportunity to preach to the old fellow. Then Mrs. Jaggard brought out a doll that closed its eyes when laid down, and that was equally wonderful. These native heathen people think that the clothing and all the wonderful things of the missionary are made by God and handed down to them.

Timothy Iso, the evangelist, has brought me a present of a little lokoli or wooden drum for





Evangelist Timothy Iso and four old heathen elders of Monieka village.



Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard and their temporary mud house at Monieka. Secretary Corey stands at the right.

## WONDERFUL, SUNDAY AT MONIEKA.

my little boy, and a splendid, big, native war-knife for myself. We had a talk with him about his education to-day. He had a desire to go to Europe or America. We told him of the difficulty at his age, and suggested a special course in Kimpese at the Baptist Congo Evangelistic Training School. He was delighted, and showed a fine spirit. It was not to travel that he desired, but training for better service in the work. After such a special course, he will make a fine native teacher in our own evangelists' training school.

*Sunday Afternoon, August 11th.*

We have just left Monieka for Longa. There is a sadness about these station departures, for it means a good-bye to isolated missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Jaggard stay at Monieka. They are alone in this new station, and must live for several months in the little mud house. They were left alone at Lotumbe and built them a house—now they have moved on here and must repeat the same thing. There is real heroism in the life of these workers. A great crowd said good-bye and sang "God be with you till we meet again" at the beach, and Mrs. Jaggard was weeping. May God bless these two workers and keep them strong in their important and difficult task! The fellowship with them has been beautiful, and they and needy Monieka will have a constant claim upon my heart and prayers.

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

This has been a busy and eventful day. Dr. Jaggard was up shortly after day for a meeting with the people to be baptized. About nine o'clock the lokoli was sounded, and the candidates and congregation gathered at the beach by the steamer for the service. The converts were lined up in rows of thirty each, five rows deep, at the water's edge. There were a hundred and sixty of them, nearly all adult men and women. It was a most impressive service. Dr. Jaggard took the confession a row at a time, and he, Hensey, Iso, Ekumboloko, and I, baptized. It was a thrilling sight as we faced the great class and the Christians banked on the steps leading up the high beach stairway. At the very top was a long line of heathen people from the village, making a picturesque skyline. At one end the old mpakas or aged men of the town gathered in a group, sitting on their peculiar "grand-daddy-long-legs" chairs. They formed a quaint picture with their almost naked, old, wrinkled bodies covered with red ngola and their grizzled hair and scanty beards braided into odd little twists. The old chief stood on the steamer deck, bowing his head in his hand like the Christians when prayer was offered. He wore a leopard skin cap and a necklace of leopard's claws.

The church service, after the baptisms, was remarkable. The mud church at Monieka is a hundred feet long. The people sit very close

## WONDERFUL SUNDAY AT MONIEKA.

together. The building was packed, and a large company sat on the ground on the outside. The old chief and the village mpaka, who gave up his ground for the mission, brought their chairs and sat at one edge of the high mud platform. Back of them was a group of girls covered with ngola from head to foot, their hair matted with it, and having huge necklaces of brown nuts and beads about their necks. The rest of the platform was covered with the little boys, except where the white people sat. About thirty women sat on the dirt floor between the platform and the first row of seats. Timothy Iso preached. I never before so longed to know the language. He spoke with liberty, grace, and power for fifty-two minutes, with the closest attention accorded him. The missionaries say it was a remarkable sermon on the "Prodigal Son." Iso is a princely fellow. I have seen nothing like him on the Congo. At the close of the sermon, I gave them a little farewell talk. It was hard to do. I have learned to love these dear children of the forest, and I can understand now why the missionaries so love their work. I told them I would probably not see them again in this world, but hoped to see, not only them, but a great host that they would bring with them, in the future world. They seemed to be much affected. I told them I hoped the old chief and all who knew not God would soon accept Him. Iso in his sermon appealed strikingly to the old

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

chief to accept Nzkomba (God). There were fifty-two of the refugee women at the church who had fled from their husbands to the mission for the teaching. Forty of them were baptized this morning.

There was a woman among the refugees whose face was badly scarred because of her heathen husband's inhuman treatment. She said her husband beat her repeatedly because she was not comely and she was a slave. She said she had never heard of God, but the news came to her through some one that there was "Lobiko" (salvation) at Monieka, so she ran away at night and came. She slept four nights in the forest on the way.

One little boy, who came from a distant village where there were no Christians, was told by Mr. Hensey that he had better wait until he was a little bigger before he was baptized. "Then is God only for the elders?" he said. The examination of the candidates was carried on very carefully by Mr. Hensey, Dr. Jaggard, Iso, and Ekumboloko. These raw heathen people can not be taken into the church as enlightened people in other lands can. The people had first been passed on by the evangelists who labor in their villages, then after they had been at Monieka for some time Iso passed on the ones he thought were true; then the missionaries passed on them again. The questions asked them are simple. Their knowledge of God

## WONDERFUL SUNDAY AT MONIEKA.

—why Christ died, and for whom; how long they have sought the Teaching, how long they want to be a Christian—something of what being a Christian means, and also about the “Mpöge” or offering, and why it is given.

We are sleeping to-night at a little fishing village called Mbelankambe. We were hunting a place for a safe landing and it had grown dark before one was found. We were all a little worried, for it is very difficult to find a safe place after night and there is always the danger of snags or sand bars in running at night. The wheelmen knew we were approaching a little fishing village where the steamer had slept before, and finally the light of a campfire came into view. It was some distance off. Mr. Hensey blew four blasts, which is the signal to bring lights to the beach. Instead of getting lights, they all suddenly went out. The wheelmen said, “They are afraid it’s a Government steamer.” We crept as close to the land as possible and then one of the men shouted from the *Oregon*: “Why are you afraid? We are *Englishe*; bring us a light.” Instantly there was a joyful shout, and the men came running with blazing torches and lighted up a good beach. These people fear the State because of the atrocities of the past, but “*Englishe*,” which is the word for Protestant missionaries, is an open sesame anywhere where the people have heard even rumors of the workers. There are

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

perhaps twenty-five men and women in this little temporary camp. After service we went on shore, and Mr. Hensey and Jange, the wheelman, spoke, after we had sung a song. The people were very attentive. Jange told them we watched for their light and followed it to shore just as the Christian follows the light of Christ. He said also: "This is not your home, but a little fishing camp, that lasts but a few days. We are all living in a fishing camp; heaven is our home." After the service, one of the men asked for some "smelling medicine." I got my ammonia bottle and had a good deal of fun; the crowd went into a delirium of mirth to see the fellow jump and squirm. He was game, however, and came back for a second dose.

## XII.

### Canoeing up the Bolingo.

*Wednesday, August 14th.*

My diary has been neglected a few days because of the trip up the Bolingo River in canoe with Mr. Eldred and the slight fever which came upon me when we returned.

The steamer met Mr. Eldred and his two canoes at the mouth of the Bolingo late Monday morning. He had eight paddlers, and provisions and outfit for a four days' trip. His plan was to make the thirty miles up the little river by Tuesday noon, then visit the villages and preach, baptize the waiting candidates, and give the stereopticon address at night, starting back to Longa about Thursday noon. This would have brought us to Longa Friday noon, as the distance is thirty miles on the Bolingo and thirty miles down the Busira. Our canoes were of the narrow, dugout kind, very long and slender. The one in which Mr. Eldred and I rode was forty feet long and thirty inches broad at the top. With four paddlers we spun along at a good rate. The natives stand while paddling, bending forward sharply at the waist when they begin the

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

stroke. One feels rather timid until he is used to the motion of the canoe, because, being round on the bottom, it rolls easily. However, these canoes quickly right themselves when tipped and are more difficult to capsize than one would at first imagine. The Bolingo is a small fishing river affected much by high and low water, the rise being about eight feet. We found the water very low, but experienced no trouble until we had paddled about fifteen miles, when we began to encounter snags and fallen logs, which do not obstruct when the water is high. The Bolingo is a great fishing stream and we passed many fishing camps, and had to break through several fish fences stretching across the stream. The natives build these fences of rattan when the water is high, and then when the water goes down they put rattan traps in the fence, and the fish seeking to get out are caught in these traps.

As the passage of the river became more and more difficult, we had to cut and saw an opening through the logs and branches of trees for our canoes. The dugout canoes are too heavy to carry over obstructions. As we went farther up it became evident that a passage was going to be very difficult. About five o'clock we reached a narrow place in the stream, where there was a succession of large logs barring our way. As native fishermen told us the stream grew worse farther up, we reluctantly gave up the trip and turned back to find a camping place

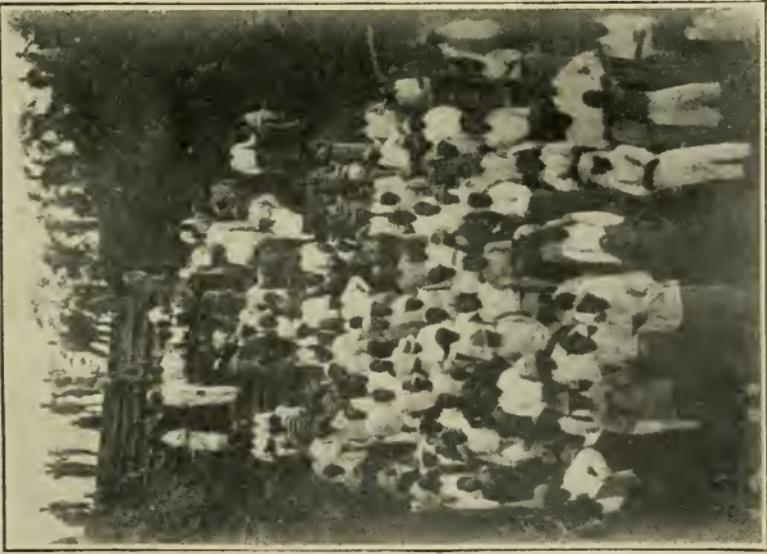
## CANOEING UP THE BOLINGO.

for the night. As the country is very low and swampy on both sides of the river, there is no resting place save the few camping spots of the fishermen. At dusk we spied a campfire back in the forest, and made a landing. We found a little fishing camp occupied by a dozen nearly naked men and women. They were hospitable, and we unloaded our cargo and took one end of a fishing hut in which to put up our sleeping cots and mosquito nets. These fishing huts are little more than sheds, made of poles thrust in the ground, and a rough roof of ncessa palm leaves. We prepared our supper over a campfire and ate heartily of eggs, pea soup, bread, and jam. There were several Catholics in the village, and they held their prayers, which consisted of a long, monotonous chant, largely made up of references to "Malia ea Nzkomba" (Mary the Mother of God). After we had engaged in a song and prayer service, we turned in under our mosquito nets. We were in the heart of the great African forest and far from friends, but we slept peacefully and without fear; our paddlers camped by their little fires outside. We could hear our men preaching little sermons to the natives until we fell asleep. We were up early in the morning and, after a hearty breakfast, were off in our canoes. Mr. Eldred gave the man who loaned us his house, and furnished us with wood, two hands full of salt, and he was pleased.

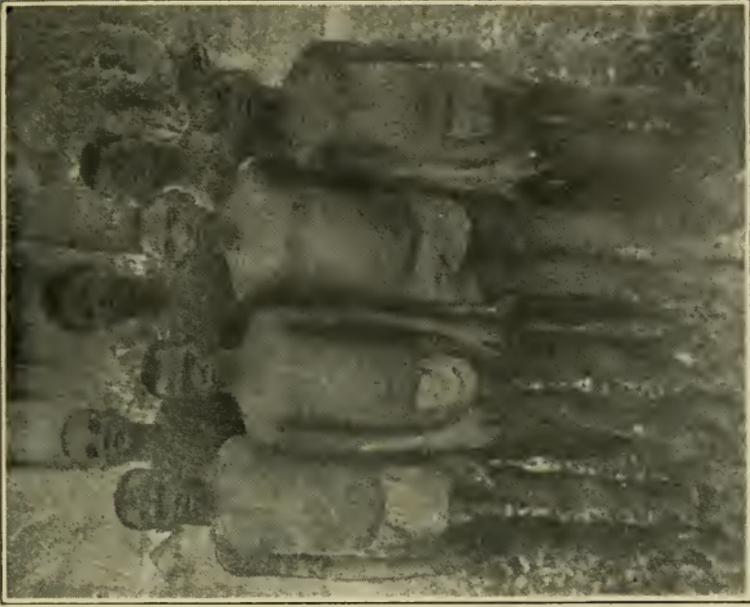
## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

Our canoes glided swiftly down the little river. We saw many monkeys, but they were difficult to shoot with our Winchester, as they were at some distance and kept swinging through the branches of the trees. Finally, however, we saw a large, gray one in a tree directly over the water. Mr. Eldred brought this one down, greatly to the joy of the natives, for they relish monkey meat. We made an uneventful trip down the Bolingo, and then down the Busira to Longa, which we reached about 3.30 P. M. A few miles above Longa the natives spied a huge alligator at some distance on a sand bar. Mr. Eldred left the boat and waded a long distance through the shallow water to the bar, and then stalked the alligator for a long distance over the bar. When at a distance of about two hundred yards, the flight of a flock of sandpipers awakened the alligator, and he threw up his head and tail as though to drop off the edge of the bar into the water. Mr. Eldred fired at long range and broke its back, then he started on the run for a closer shot. The animal was on the very edge of the bank, however, and managed to wriggle off and disappear in deep water. We were greatly disappointed, for the animal was large enough to make a fine feast for all the natives on the station.

I was warm from paddling and must have gotten chilled sitting in the river wind in the canoe while Mr. Eldred stalked the alligator, for



Choir singing at the baptismal service  
at Monieka.



Seven men from high Lokolo River, who  
traveled ten days to Lotumbe for baptism.



## CANOEING UP THE BOLINGO.

shortly afterward I began to shake and, on arriving at Longa, went to bed with my first case of malaria. I was in bed all day yesterday, but Mr. Eldred has the fever broken and I am up all right to-day, but quite weak.

*August 16th.*

To-day at 5 P. M. we bade good-bye to Longa. It was very sad to pull off and leave Mr. and Mrs. Eldred\* standing alone on the beach. Neither of them is very well. The hardest part of their work is the separation from their three little boys in America, who are in the Hiram Home for missionary children.

*Saturday, August 17th.*

We stopped at Coquilhatville to-day and visited the Commissaire General, Monsieur Borms. He was very cordial, and we had a good visit. He was greatly chagrined over the attack on us and said it would not only be looked after in courts, but he would himself see the superior priest about it. Mr. Hensey and I also went before the judge and gave our testimony concerning the matter. He was very indignant also. We reached Bolenge about four o'clock, and a large number of people were at the beach and gave us a royal welcome.

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\* Mrs. Eldred died of acute gastritis on October 13th.

### XIII.

## A Journey up the Ubangi.

*Tuesday, August 20th.*

This morning at about seven o'clock we left Bolenge. A great crowd of the Christian people were down to the beach to bid us good-bye. I shook hands with everybody. It was hard to leave dear old Bolenge, feeling that in all probability I would never see the place and the familiar faces again. Their greeting to me was, "Okendo Belöci," and mine was, "Lochicalako Belöci," "You are going good" and "You are staying good."

We crossed the Congo, which is six or seven miles wide at Bolenge, and have stopped at two villages where we have Christians on the north side of the Congo. These people have been badly demoralized by hemp smoking in the past. This terrible habit makes people fighting crazy, and the Government has very strict laws against it.

About two o'clock we entered the middle mouth of the great Ubangi River, the largest northern tributary of the Congo. At three o'clock we stopped at a little fishing village for the steamer workmen to buy fish. There

## A JOURNEY UP THE UBANGI.

was a lively scramble as the canoes came alongside. The men are crazy for fish, and these people had some fine ones, most of them smoked. The Ubangi is a great fishing river. There are many hippos in the stream, also crocodiles, and back in the plains there are many wild buffalo.

*Wednesday, August 21st.*

We are sleeping to-night at the town of Bobangi, about seven hours from the mouth of the Ubangi River. We arrived here at nine o'clock this morning, and have had a most interesting day. We have a strong evangelist and a school teacher here, and two more such couples farther up on the Ngiri River, which empties into the Ubangi about fifteen miles above here. We have a Christian medal chief here, Nsala, and about twenty Christians. The evangelists and Christians have built a nice mud chapel for school and church, and have a good house beside it to live in. They hold two church services each day, besides school each day from one to two o'clock. This is the best constructed and most orderly town I have seen. The streets are nicely kept and straight; there are many rows of mango, orange, and bread-nut trees, and the houses are exceptionally well built and kept. The house walls are made of clay mixed with grass, which is molded in between the tied pole frame and then plastered very smoothly with clay outside and in. Many of the houses are also washed

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

on the outside with a pretty pink and white clay in an artistic way. The roofs are of grass, nicely formed and overhanging a wide porch all around. Within, the houses of the Christians and many others are neat and orderly, with tables, chairs, and high beds covered with mosquito curtains. The people seem to trade and fish more than anything else, though back from the town are the best kept töko gardens I have ever seen. These people speak a different tongue, mostly Bangala. The English Baptists, who used to have an outpost here, introduced translations. The people are better and more uniformly dressed than any I have seen. Mr. Hensey spoke at a good service to-day. The Ubangi is probably three miles broad here.

There are many wild buffaloes in the country back of here, where there are large plains. Two of our men went out to-day and saw seventeen in a drove. They took a long-distance shot and came in. They are very much afraid of these animals, which, on being wounded, are exceedingly dangerous. We hear that Aviator Latham was killed by a wounded buffalo near here about a month ago. Mr. Hensey and I started out with some of the natives with Winchesters, but were unable to find the path back to the plains. The buffaloes come in and tear up the töko gardens of the people. There are many elephants here also, and the river is full of hippos. One came up very near the steamer to-day.

## A JOURNEY UP THE UBANGI.

There are many people farther up the Ubangi and Ngiri. It is a good field for a station up in this country. The land is low lying, with only towns along the river, but farther up the land gets high.

*Thursday, August 22d.*

Early this morning we held a service in the little chapel at Bobangi, Mr. Hensey preaching to the people. Then we went down the river a little ways to a convenient sandbank, and I baptized a woman—our first baptism on the Ubangi River. The other converts from here have been baptized at Bolenge.

We came down the great Ubangi to-day, and about three o'clock entered the greater Congo. We came three hours down the main river and are sleeping to-night at Lukolela, a station of the Baptist Missionary Society which has been given up as a missionary station, the work being done from Bolobo, one hundred miles farther down.

## XIV.

### Down the Congo River.

*Friday, August 23d.*

We were off from Lukolela at 5.30 this morning, going over to the French side of the Congo. About ten o'clock we steamed into a herd of about twenty-five hippos. I took the Winchester and Ekumboloko the Mauser, and we had some interesting shooting. The hippos were hard to get. They would bulge their big heads above the water, and before one could get a bead on them they would be down again. They would not come up less than three hundred yards from the boat. I struck one big fellow in the head; he lunged about half way out of the water, and then went down again. We anchored the steamer in midstream and waited, but he did not come up. We got some more shots, but they were ineffective.

Not long after the hippo experience, the men saw two big alligators on the bank of the river. Mr. Hensey turned the steamer around and maneuvered quite close to the shore, so that I got a good shot with the Winchester at the largest

## DOWN THE CONGO RIVER.

one. I shot him through the eye, and he never moved. We got out in a canoe and went in close. I shot him again in the head to insure against his being only wounded and injuring the men. The men dragged him into the canoe amid great rejoicing. He measured nine feet, four inches long and forty inches girth, one of the largest the men had ever seen shot. The crocodiles are larger, however. The men cut the huge thing up for a feast. They are very fond of the alligator. It weighed about two hundred pounds, and the steamer crew will have a great feast to-night. They call the alligator "Ngomba;" the crocodile, "Nkoge." The alligator is not man-eating; it subsists on fish. The crocodile is man-eating, but the heathen natives say, "We eat Nkoge for spite because they eat men."

*Saturday, August 24th.*

To-day we came down the Congo to Tsumbiri. It is a station of the American Baptists, having been taken over twenty years ago from the Livingstone Mission. It is a very pretty old station with a great back country. For many years they have had but one family here, Mr. and Mrs. Billington, but now there are two families and a single man. This station is entirely self-supporting as far as the native work is concerned. Every evangelist and teacher is paid by the natives themselves. I like this feature very much. Of course, the Board pays the

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

salaries of the missionaries and the up-keep of the main station.

The *Henry Reid* is here, the little Baptist missionary steamer which has been in service for more than thirty years. It only draws eighteen inches when loaded, and can go almost anywhere. The little steamer has a wonderful history.

There are many leopards in this country, but they do not molest the people. They carry off many sheep and goats, however, and there are four leopard traps just back of this station in the bush. This is hilly country in the middle, lower Congo, the hills beginning just below Bolobo.

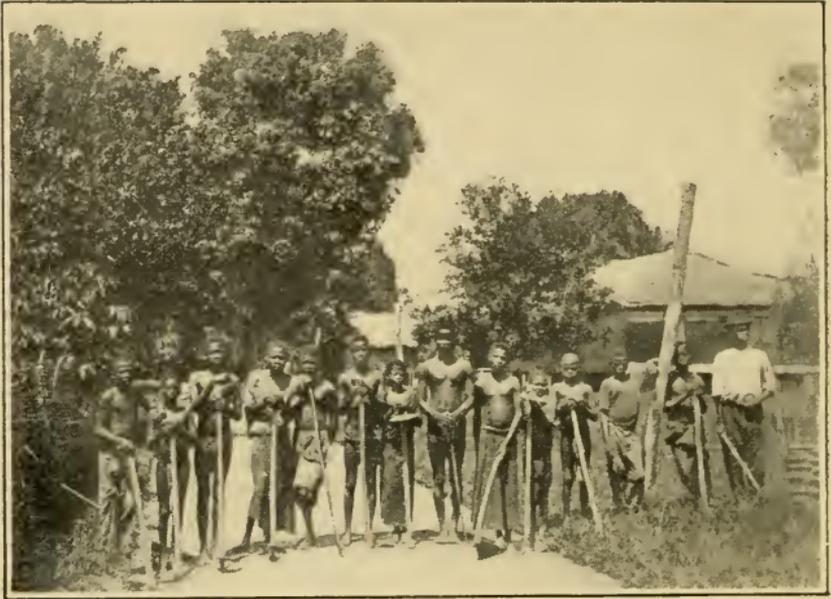
*Monday, August 26th.*

We have steamed all day down the great Congo, between the high hills covered with bush and dry grass, with occasional forests. The dry season is on now, and we see many grass fires.

*Thursday, August 29th.*

Early this morning I bade good-bye to the *Oregon* crew, and it was no easy task. These fellows, with whom I have been for eight weeks now, have endeared themselves to me very much. Mr. Hensey called them together for morning prayers, and at my request they sang "Boloma." How good their voices sounded as they sang the dear old song I have heard so much out here.





Group of jungle school boys with hoes. They work on the mission station to pay their way.



Group of mission orphan girls.

## DOWN THE CONGO RIVER.

Then Ekumboloko led in prayer. It was a tender petition, I could tell by his hushed voice. I could hear him mention "Ngomba Mpela," my native name, several times. Mr. Hensey told me afterwards that he prayed very feelingly concerning me, asking God to guide me safely home to Mrs. Corey and the children. He also said that they would be very lonely when "Mpela" was gone, and thanked God for the good time we had had together. He said Mpela did not come to carry anything off, but to visit them as brethren and to help the work of God. After the prayer, I gave them a word of good-bye and then shook hands good-bye all around. They seemed to be much moved, and I certainly was, for I love these men. I suspect that their loyalty and precaution, as well as their muscular arms, saved the lives of Hensey and me the night the Catholics attacked us. They have carried the *Oregon* safely on its way, and it is like bidding good-bye to old friends to part with them.

It was no easy task to say good-bye to the missionaries as I parted from them at the various stations, and finally left Mr. and Mrs. Hensey and Miss Eck on the *Oregon*. They had made my journey so delightful and had all planned in so many thoughtful ways to help me to study the people, the field, and the stations. The fellowship has been very sweet, and I had seen so much of their noble work and shared so in their

## AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES.

joys and problems, that to say good-bye was almost like saying farewell to a work of my own. However, I think the keenest pang I felt was on saying farewell to the faithful native crew of the *Oregon*. I will no doubt see the missionaries again, for they are of my own land and race, but it is not probable that I shall see again those faithful black faces that became so dear to me during the eight weeks spent with them. I can hear their distant shout of farewell yet, as I turned to wave at them when far up the beach under the African palms—"Mpele, Akendo belacio." Mpele was the native name they had given me. *Akendo belacio* means "a good going to you." May God bless you, my black friends and brethren, as you take the good ship *Oregon* on her mission of light!

# Appendix.

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## NEED.

The great outstanding impression forced upon one on every hand in the Congo, is the dire need of the natives for the Gospel of Christ. The people are practically untouched by any of the phases of real civilization, and their ignorance, superstition, and animalism stand out boldly, unrelieved by any of the gradations or shadings found where some touch of progress is found. These children of the forest have no religious system of any kind and are bound up in the dark superstitions of jungle ignorance. They have never had any national spirit nor in any real sense even the traditions or inspiration of tribal life. Nearly all of their experience has to do with their narrow, monotonous village existence. Without knowledge of a written language, no ambition for learning has come to them. Living in a tropical land where the supplying of food and shelter is no arduous task, they have not had the incentive of industry to enliven their existence or sharpen their faculties of invention and improvement. In their forest isolation these people have indeed been without God and without hope in the world. One is impressed with the sad burden of centuries of sin and ignorance which seems to bear down upon these poor people with crushing weight.

## SUCCESS.

Nowhere does one see the contrast so distinctly drawn between the old life of heathenism and the new life in Christ. The very baldness of the heathenism makes Christian success stand out in striking vividness.

## APPENDIX.

A marvelous undergirding of one's faith in God comes when he sees these poor, degraded people so wonderfully lifted out of the old life into the new. It is indeed a passing from darkness to light. Missionary work is strikingly successful in the Congo. One sees this everywhere. These simple-minded people, when they once see and understand the teachings of Christianity, accept Christ joyfully. There is much need of training and growth among these new Christians—they are children in more ways than one, but very rarely is there a reversion back to heathenism. In our own mission the success of the work is most heartening: Ten years ago the Bolenge church was organized with a dozen or so members; to-day there is a great congregation of over 1,200. Longa in a few brief years has a membership of 300 in a field where the Catholics have offered bitter opposition. Lotumbe, with resident missionaries but two years, has nearly 500 members. Monieka, to which a resident missionary has just gone, has over 600 members. And the population is not dense. The people are scattered in widely separated and for the most part small villages. During the writer's brief stay in our mission field there were 517 baptisms.

The Gospel changes the people in a very real way. Their lives are new lives. Their hearts burn to take the message of Christ to those who have not heard. They tell the story of their new-found faith at all times and under all circumstances.

### OPPORTUNITY.

The Congo is ripe for the Gospel. The story of the work and message of the missionary has penetrated far into the jungle, and everywhere he is accorded a welcome. During the writer's journeys with the missionaries into the interior there was not a single instance of the slightest hostility on the part of the heathen people. On the other hand, their towns were

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always open to the teaching and the people most interested and respectful. Without exception the village chief would offer the best hospitality possible. In every place the request was made that teachers be sent to tell the people of God. Delegations of people from a distance are constantly coming to our mission stations asking for evangelists to come to their district. We never stopped in a remote fishing town or in a dwarf village hidden in the heart of the forest where the people did not listen eagerly to the Gospel story.

The Congo region, stretching across Middle Africa as it does, is right in the path of Mohammedanism pushing down from the Soudan in the north. The next two decades will decide whether Africa is to be Christian or Mohammedan. If the Congo missions can be so reinforced that these peoples can be evangelized soon, the advance of Islam will be stopped.

Our own particular field is most strategic. It is on the equator, in the heart of the Congo. We are working with perhaps the largest single-language tribe in Central Africa. This simplifies greatly the question of literature and evangelism. The Busira and its great system of tributaries make this whole great region accessible with the steamer and an auxiliary launch. The Lonkundu tribe is a sturdy, susceptible, and homogeneous people. Our field is comparatively healthy. The missionaries have met with remarkable success and a great stretch of country is wide open to the coming of the missionaries and evangelists. It certainly seems that God has placed a most wonderful opportunity before our people. The missionary force is far too small for the four stations already opened. The churches should rally to the opportunity which has grown into a crisis and make it possible to send out half a dozen new families to the Congo at the earliest possible moment.

S. J. C.











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