THE LURE OF AFRICA

CORNELIUS H. PATTON

EDITED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Ella E Miller

THE LURE OF AFRICA

CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING MISSION STUDY

Send the proper one of the following blanks to the secretary of your denominational mission board whose address is in the "List of Mission Boards and Correspondents" at the end of this book.

We expect to form a mission study class, and desire to have any suggestions that you can send that will help in organizing and conducting it.

Name .....

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City or Town .....State.....

Denomination .....Church.....

Text-book to be used .....

We have organized a mission study class and secured our books. Below is the enrolment.

Name of City or Town.....State.....

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Denomination .....

Church .....

Name of Leader.....

Address .....

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State whether Mission Study Class, Lecture Course, Program Meetings, or Reading Circle.....

.....

Underline auspices under which class is held:

Church	Y. P. Soc.
Men	Senior
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Does Leader desire Helps?...

Chairman, Missionary Committee, Young People's Society.....

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Address.....

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Address.....

ZULU WARRIOR

THE LURE OF AFRICA

BY

CORNELIUS H. PATTON

SECRETARY, HOME DEPARTMENT,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

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MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT

OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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TO MY WIFE AND DAUGHTERS
WHO REMAINED BEHIND
DURING MY AFRICAN WANDERINGS

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A PERSONAL WORD

When I returned a few years ago from a rather extended trip in Africa, several friends remarked, "Of course, you will write a book on the subject." "That," I took pains to assure them, "is exactly what I shall not do." I had no desire to add to the large number of books of African travel on the strength of a single trip in that continent. Had it not been for the earnest solicitation of the Missionary Education Movement, I should have adhered to my resolution. The fact that a work was desired covering the entire continent appealed to me, as in my observations and reading I had come to think of Africa as a whole, and I was obliged to admit that there are few books covering so wide a range, which are also brought up to date. Another consideration was the unusual chance to interest the young people of our churches in the study of the missionary enterprise. Africa appeared to me to offer a unique opportunity in that direction. The compelling thought, however, was this. On my travels I discovered that many of the missionaries in Africa are discouraged over the attitude of the home churches toward their beloved continent. In the very day of their greatest successes, when the work of decades is coming to a large fruitage, they detect, or think they do, a waning interest at home. Some say it is the result of race prejudice, which appears to them to be

gaining ground in the United States. More attribute it to the fact that Africa has been cast somewhat into the shade in missionary interest by China and other countries which have come to the front in recent years. In either case they are convinced that, both in the matter of support of the work and in the obtaining of recruits, Africa is not getting her dues. This gloomy outlook has affected some of the missionaries to the extent that they begin to doubt if Africa really possesses the attractions which appeal to the home constituency.

The depression on the part of the missionaries was so apparent that I came home resolved to cheer them up in every way in my power. I undertook to demonstrate that Africa not only is not lacking in features which interest the Christian public, but that it is peculiarly the field which lends itself to romantic description and appeal. I have always held that, next to highly cultivated beings like poets and inventors, the most interesting thing in the world is primitive man. And surely Africa is not lacking in material of this kind. As for the attitude of student volunteers, that is largely a matter of education. With their hearts inclined toward the foreign work, if we give them the facts, interest will follow as a matter of course. This at least has been my theory in the more than 200 addresses I have been enabled to give on Africa and its needs. If this book helps in any wise to turn the tide of interest toward this neglected continent, I shall be amply repaid.

The time for writing has been short, and the more have I appreciated the help of many friends. I would especially mention the Rev. Frederick B. Bridgman, D. D., of Johannesburg, who was my traveling companion in several parts of Natal and throughout my Angola trip, and whose knowledge of native affairs, as they relate to governmental and economic conditions, is not surpassed. I particularly appreciate the coming to Boston of the Rev. Joseph Clark, of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, for the express purpose of enlightening me upon conditions on the Congo, a region of which I have no personal knowledge. Professor Williston Walker, of Yale, put me on the right track as to certain historical questions in North Africa, and Professor Harlan P. Beach, of the same institution, who shares in my enthusiasm for Africa, was helpful in many ways, especially in preserving a proper balance in the treatment of the various missions. The secretaries of mission boards having work in Africa made my interests their own and have placed much valuable material in my hands. In the matter of books, I have had abundant reason to appreciate the facilities of the Missionary Research Library in New York City, of which Mr. Charles H. Fahs is the librarian. Mr. Fahs not only placed at my disposal this collection, which is rich in works on Africa, but interested himself in running down several obscure questions which I was endeavoring to solve. It has given me a particularly comfortable feeling that these pages, before publication, have passed

under the critical eye of my colleague, Dr. William E. Strong, whose suggestions were incorporated almost without change. I must say, also, how much I have enjoyed the cooperation of the editorial committee of the Missionary Education Movement. Their criticisms have been discriminating and helpful in many ways, particularly in maintaining the pedagogical point of view.

Finally, let me disavow for the book any claim to erudition or completeness. All I would urge is that it has been written out of a real love for Africa and with the single aim of advancing the Kingdom in that continent. C. H. P.

Boston, Massachusetts,
March 1, 1917

THE LURE OF AFRICA

I

THE LURE OF AFRICA

A company of young people was recently asked to vote upon the question, "In which continent would you prefer to travel, should you be given the opportunity of making just one journey into the mission field?" The alluring features of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America were spread before them and they were requested to state their preferences. Not one favored Africa. This is not wholly surprising, in view of the special attention which has been paid to the other continents in recent missionary literature, and when we consider how many interests other than missionary enter into our thought of Asia and Europe, not to mention nearer sections of the world. I hope to demonstrate that Africa is second to no continent in those features which interest the traveler and student and that, when it comes to missionary affairs, Africa's claims are unique. Let me begin by taking five typical scenes.

The Streets of Cairo

World travelers never forget their first view of oriental life. When they land at their first port and the blaze of the Eastern color and strange custom bursts upon them, they know it is an epoch in their

lives. Such letters as they write home! Sometimes it is Smyrna, sometimes Constantinople, sometimes Bombay, or Yokohoma; but the effect is always entrancing; the impression never wears off. When the directors of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago were looking over the world for a bit of oriental life which could not fail to interest and charm, they chose the streets of Cairo, and the majority of travelers will agree that the choice was a wise one, whatever they may have thought of the merits of the reproduction. The streets of Cairo—who will attempt their description! Your traveler friend characteristically stops at Shepheard's Hotel (where, according to Richard Harding Davis, is to be found one of the sights of the world), and five or six pages of the first letter are taken up with picturing the strange people who pass the doors of the famous hostelry—Egyptians, Copts, Turks, Syrians, Nubians, negroes from the Sudan, Bedouins,—an unending pageant of oriental life. But this is merely the portal to the city. It is when your friend enters old Cairo and penetrates the maze of streets and passageways of the bazaars, that his rhetoric breaks down and you are told to come over and see for yourself.

Stanley Lane-Poole speaks of Cairo as "The City of the Arabian Nights," and he recalls the dreams of our childhood days by such passages as this: "Every step in the old quarters of the Mohammedan city tells a story of the famous past. The stout remnant of a fortified wall, a dilapidated mosque, a carved door,

a Kufic text,—each has its history, which carries us back to the days when Saladin went forth from the gates of Cairo to meet Richard in the plains of Acre, or when Bibars rode at the head of his Mamelukes in the charge which trampled upon the crusaders of St. Louis." [1]

Cairo, with its cosmopolitan population of 650,000, is Africa's great city. But its interest for us lies more in the fact that it is the intellectual center of the Mohammedan world. Its multitudinous mosques, if not architecturally impressive, appeal to us as the powerhouse of the religion which disputes the world with Christianity. Cairo is a point of departure for the great pagan areas of central Africa; a hundred million primitive blacks seem to beckon to you when you ascend her towers. Cairo also is the vestibule to the wonders of ancient Egypt. A writer has said, "Three things never fail to satisfy the tourist. They are the Sphinx of Egypt, the Taj Mahal of India, and the Great Wall of China." Note that he places the Sphinx first; and well he may. From the ramparts of the citadel of Cairo you can see not only the countless houses and mosques of the city, but the broad stream of the Nile, and far off on the verge of the Libyan plateau rise the Great Pyramid and the gray forms of those other monuments of an antiquity so remote that they were hoary with age when Abraham journeyed to Egypt from Canaan.

[1] Stanley Lane-Poole, Cairo: Sketches of Its History, Monuments, and Social Life, p. vii.

Perhaps the young people who voted against Africa forgot about Cairo and Egypt.

Mombasa

Now let us drop the curtain on that famous scene and take a look at something more suggestive of Africa to-day. Mombasa will serve our purpose excellently. It means a trip down the east coast, which is so full of strange sights, as we poke our way into port after port, that a selection is somewhat difficult. The joys of the east coast have yet to be adequately portrayed, although Milton seems to have had them in mind when he wrote:

> As, when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest.[1]

Milton also mentions Mombasa by name, in the passage in "Paradise Lost," where the Mount of Temptation is contrasted with the hill up which Michael leads Adam to show him in vision how widely his descendants will be scattered.[2] To the Puritan poet it was one of the remotest points of geography, a sort of Ultima Thule of his day; and it is a commentary upon the newness and yet oldness of Africa that even to us Mombasa seems one of the most distant spots on the globe.

From Cairo you journey by rail to Port Said, which

[1] "Paradise Lost," Book IV, ll. 159-163.

[2] *Ibid.*, Book XI, l. 399.

has been called the most religious city in the world, because so many travelers leave their religion there on their way to the East. Taking a steamer, you pass through the Suez Canal and on down the coast of British, German, and Portuguese Africa. The immense size of the continent is suggested by the fact that you are four days passing through the Red Sea.

Mombasa is located on an island at the mouth of a river in British East Africa. A traveler has compared it with Stevenson's "Treasure Island" because of the romantic charm of the tropical scenery. As the steamer winds its way up the channel, palms wave a welcome from the shore, while here and there the sepulchral baobab stands out against the cloudless sky. All Africa is upon you the moment you land. The Somali and Swahili of the coast, the warlike Masai of the uplands, and the virile Baganda of the lake country all have their representatives at the dock. You can imagine a hundred other tribes from these. There is an old Portuguese fort on the harbor front which takes you back to buccaneer days. It was built in 1594. When you look up the history of the place, you find the city has changed hands thirteen times. Once the imam of Oman invested the fortress for five years. Once it was held by the Turks. Several times it had an independent government. Since 1887 it has enjoyed peace and prosperity under the British flag. In the streets of Mombasa you see camels ignominiously hitched to carts and driven about like ponies! The railroad to Uganda and the big game country starts

from here and Englishmen are much in evidence. A fine cathedral, in memory of Hannington, the martyr bishop, attests that some good missionary work has been done. Altogether, Mombasa is the typical city of the east coast. The importance of this port will be enhanced if ever the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is brought to completion, so that the products of the undeveloped sections of central Africa may be brought to the coast. German East Africa is now the only missing link in the great system which Great Britain is endeavoring to put through "all red."

Victoria Falls

We choose one of the sublime spectacles of the world for our next scene. Imagine you are on the upper Zambezi, floating down in a native canoe, just as Livingstone did when he discovered the great cataract in 1855. The tawny stream sweeps through the tropical forest silent and solemn, offering not a hint of the mighty leap into the chasm below. Islands abound in mid-stream, full of strange bird life. Vines and parasitic creepers, like tangled cordage, trail from the overhanging trees. Troops of monkeys gallop over the tree-tops in an incredible way. Bands of giraffes, the most picturesque of quadrupeds, and Africa's exclusive possession, gaze timidly at you where the river jungle gives way to glades of a thinner forest growth. Suddenly there is a disturbance in the water ahead; a rounded rock appears to rise from the surface. The canoemen shake their paddles in excitement and send

up a mighty shout, "Hippo, Hippo!" There he is in all his fascinating ugliness, a huge beast who opens his jaws as though to swallow the canoe and all its contents, and then, puffing and snorting like a fat old man going up-hill, slowly disappears under the surface. Livingstone's canoe was upset by one of these beasts, and the entire party was endangered.

The current now runs very swiftly, circling in great eddies around the rocks and islets. The canoemen call your attention to columns of mist rising a thousand feet in the air. Simultaneously a dull roar, as of a double Niagara, smites your ear. It is *Mosi-oa-tunya,* "Sounding Smoke," and you realize that the cataract lies just ahead. The natives are paddling desperately to make the point of an island in mid-stream—Livingstone's Island. Smoother water follows and you reach the landing in safety. You make your way through the tangled creepers and underbrush to the lower end of the island, and there from a projecting ledge you look down into the gorge of the Victoria Falls. The river, 1,860 yards wide, with almost a straight front, but broken by islands and rocks, makes a leap of 343 feet into a fissure so narrow that it seems as if a stone might be thrown across. The clouds of mist, which seem blown out of the depths by great explosions, and which fall about you in heavy rain, add to the sense of mystery and awe. The fierce rays of the tropical sun, breaking through, project full-circled rainbows against the wall of falling waters. It is a scene unmatched in all the world.

When Livingstone stood upon this spot, he appreciated fully the interest people would take in his discovery, and it was with reverent affection that he named the falls for his own queen. He also cut his initials in the bark of a great tree close to the brink of the cataract, and there are those who claim to make out the letters to this day. We owe it to Cecil Rhodes and his Cape-to-Cairo railroad that the falls are now made accessible from the south. Rhodes instructed his American engineers to bridge the gorge so close to the cataract that the spray would fly into the passengers' faces as the trains crossed. They literally did this thing, and there in the heart of Africa you have that graceful steel arch, said to be the highest railroad bridge in the world, an engineering feat of astonishing boldness. It is worth a trip to Africa to see the Victoria Falls, especially if you can be there when the river is high.

A Native War-Dance

Now for an African war-dance—not the real thing, of course, but the kind they arrange for European visitors when the missionary sends word to the neighboring chiefs, "I have a visitor at the station from over the sea; I desire him to meet you and as many of your people as you can call. I desire you to bring your war-clubs and spears. We kill an ox when the sun is high." They need no second invitation. Let it be noted right here that kings and chiefs in Africa are not as rare as in some parts of the world. A modern poet has it:

VICTORIA FALLS
Over a Mile of Falling Water. View from the West End of the Gorge

There's a king on every ash-heap,
There's princes not a few,
There's a whole raft-load of potentates
On the road to Timbuktu.

So you are sitting in the missionary's bungalow the day of your arrival. Tea has been served and you have settled down to read your mail from home, when the missionary comes in and says, "There are some friends out here who would like to see you." All unsuspecting you go out upon the lawn. Moving up the hillside you behold a phalanx of black humanity—some hundreds of men in rows so compact that they seem to touch breast to back. They are naked except for a leopard skin or some other pelt about the waist. Their bodies shine like the top of a stove; their teeth glisten like ivory. Every man carries a *knobkerrie* or spear, which they raise simultaneously to the rhythm of a deep-throated, minor-strained war-song. That song—how it wails and moans through interminable stanzas, always ending with a chord of indescribable richness! You say to yourself, "I will remember that song forever." Five minutes later you cannot recall one line.

The phalanx is marching up the hill, or rather it is inching along, with much stamping of bare feet, as the solid mass sways to the right and left. And now braves come dancing out from the front rank to perform special stunts for your benefit. One stabs at imaginary leopards in the grass—such feats of valor that the throngs of women who trail on the borders

halloo shrilly, clapping their hands over their mouths. Another jumps into the air an incredible distance, then, bounding forward as lithe as a cat, shakes his war-club as though to brain a dozen men at a stroke. There is terrific applause from the side lines. The women are now greatly excited and are drawn into the mêlée. One hugely stout dame prances up and down in what an American school-girl would call "an absolutely killing way." Her rolls of fat keep time with the music.

The warriors are now within fifty feet of the receiving line and their attentions grow more familiar. A beefy brave assumes a statuesque pose in front of the mass and levels his spear at your head. Now is the time of testing, white man! Keep your smile going and don't move an inch. He strides forward to within six feet of where you stand. With rolling eyes and devilish grimaces, he thrusts his spear to within a few inches of your nose. At that critical moment the missionary's wife comes to your rescue and, suddenly opening her sun umbrella, she shoos him away.

Yes, this is a war-dance, but a highly good-natured one, with a big ox roasting on a spit over in the grove. You return to the bungalow and your mail from home, rejoicing that times have changed so that the natives are to feed on the ox instead of on yourself. The thing impresses you as horribly heathenish but mighty interesting. After all, the most fascinating thing in Africa is the African.

The Great Zulu Choir at Durban

By way of contrast let us shift now to a scene about as different from the last as can well be imagined. We may the more appropriately speak of it as a scene, since it was staged on the platform of the city hall in Durban, the leading city of Natal. In connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the starting of mission work among the Zulus, held in 1911, the various mission boards united in a great public meeting of felicitation and thanksgiving. The city hall was offered for the purpose, a superb auditorium, not unlike Carnegie Hall, New York, with a seating capacity of 3,000. It was a daring enterprise, as only white people were to be admitted, except for 250 natives in the topmost gallery; and the whites of Durban had not shown much sympathy with what the missionaries were doing. But Lord Herbert Gladstone, the governor-general of South Africa, was to preside; Lady Gladstone, the mayor, and other persons of prominence were to attend; and good speaking was promised. The leading attraction, however, proved to be the Zulu choir, 345 strong, drawn from the near-by mission schools and led by Lutuli, a native teacher. The choir was banked in front of the great organ and made a brave sight, the young men in dark suits relieved by red ribbon rosettes, the young women in white dresses, set off by large Quaker collars of pink and blue in alternate rows.

Every seat in the hall was occupied, and not less

than one thousand persons stood throughout the evening. When Lord Gladstone entered, the chorus rose and gave him in mighty shout the royal salute of a Zulu king, "Bayete!" Lord Gladstone was visibly moved by this mark of respect and loyalty. The speeches were good, but when the chorus rendered several of the great anthems of the church, enthusiasm swept over the audience, wave upon wave, until it was well-nigh impossible to stop the applause. Some of the numbers sung were Grieg's "The Ransomed Hosts," Stainer's "Who Are These?", Palmer's "Trust Ye in the Mighty God." The African is a born singer, as everyone knows; but the possibilities of a drilled chorus of Africans just out of the jungle, rendering the noblest Christian compositions, had seemingly never been suspected. The volume which came from those sable breasts, the richness of tone, the velvety effects of the quiet passages, the swelling crescendos, the vigor of attack, the significance they put into the words,—here was a unique and thrilling combination. The soul of Africa was speaking in the music of that hour. A particularly strong impression was produced by the rendering of "Diademata":

Crown him with many crowns,
  The Lamb upon his throne!
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
  All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
  Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
  Through all eternity.

Here was Africa giving back to the white man in beautiful harmonies the gospel she had received. Here was Africa pledging herself to join the white man in sending that gospel to the continent's remotest bound. One missionary who was present writes that he has since heard those very songs of the Zulu choir sung in distant places, out in the wilds of Natal and in remote parts of the Transvaal.

Possibly these five glimpses into Africa's life will help us to realize that the continent is not such a dull place after all. It has been called the monotonous continent, in reference to its regular coast-line and the sameness of its topography in certain sections; but to one alive to historical, anthropological, scenic, and present-day human interest, it offers a bewildering array of attractions.

How Great Is Africa?

At one time, strictly speaking, Africa was hardly more than a corner of what we call Tunis, where dwelt a Berber tribe, known as Afarik, which is said to have given its name to the Roman colony of Africa. This name gradually expanded until it embraced the entire continent, very much as Asia came to be named from a small section of Asia Minor. To the Egyptians, Africa was the Nile valley as far south as Abyssinia, together with the southern coast of the Mediterranean and the western coast of the Red Sea. To the Phoenicians, Africa may have extended as far

south as the Zambezi on the east coast and even farther; it depends upon where you locate the Ophir of the Bible, whether in Arabia or in South Africa. Ptolemy, the geographer and mathematician, living in the second century A. D., drew a map on which he traced the source of the Nile to two lakes near the equator—a remarkably accurate calculation, or was it a guess? For several centuries the Romans based their ideas on Ptolemy's map. At the time of the Mohammedan invasion in the seventh century, nothing seems to have been known of Africa south of the Sahara Desert. But it was not long before the enterprising Arab traders opened up the great Sudan region as far south as the forests of the Congo.

It is to the Portuguese navigators that we owe our knowledge of Africa's size and shape. When they began their explorations late in the fifteenth century, the continent was supposed to be a stunted affair, about half its real size. It was this mistake which led them to seek a route to India by rounding the southern point of Africa, just as Columbus, by a similar miscalculation, sought to reach India by sailing westward. It is a curious coincidence that it was the lure of India which led both to the discovery of America and the delimiting of Africa. The work of these venturesome Portuguese should be kept clearly in mind. A good date to remember is 1415, which may be said to mark the beginning of modern exploration. In that year Prince Henry emerged as the national hero of Portugal in connection with the capture from the Moors of

Ceuta, the port in Morocco directly opposite Gibraltar. This was little Portugal's "comeback" upon Mohammedanism after six centuries of oppression.

Then began the voyages down the west coast by Prince Henry and other daring souls, by which they passed cape after cape, until they discovered the mouth of the Congo in 1484. It was in 1497 that Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope and passed into the Indian Ocean. Ten years later, the greatest of them all, Vasco da Gama, with four small ships, explored the east coast as far north as Mombasa and then, by one of the most daring decisions of history, struck across the waste of waters until he landed on "India's coral strand." We Americans do well to sing the praises of Columbus and the Cabots, to whom our continent owes so much; but let us not forget the equally thrilling adventures of Prince Henry and da Gama, who placed the great bulk of Africa on the map as we find it to-day.

It is hard for us to realize that Portugal, through her ownership of Brazil, her grip on India, and with three quarters of the coast of Africa hers by the right of discovery, was the great commercial and colonizing power of the sixteenth century. In those days that little country of two million souls styled her monarch "King of Portugal and of the Two Lands of the Setting Sun on this Side and on that Side of the Sea in Africa, Lord of Guinea and of the Conquest and Navigation of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India." Had Portugal's life been quickened by the Reforma-

tion, so that she could have swung into line with the modern states, she might easily have rivaled England in her influence upon the world. As it was, an extensive trade with India and with the African coasts was developed, only to have the great prizes of commerce fall to the English and the Dutch.

How great then is Africa? To say that it contains 12,000,000 square miles conveys little; the mind takes in such figures with difficulty. The method of comparison is better; so we might say that Africa is three times the size of Europe, half as large again as North America, or about the size of North America and Europe combined. In round numbers it measures 5,000 miles north and south and 4,500 miles east and west. It ranks second among the continents in size.

A Continent of Great Things

But it is when we penetrate the mysterious depths of this continent that our enthusiasm begins to kindle. What lakes and rivers! One of the pallbearers at Livingstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey was Henry M. Stanley, who, three years before, had rescued the famous missionary and explorer on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. A few days later Stanley found himself in the office of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Edward Lawson, the editor, came in, and they fell to discussing Livingstone and the completion of his task. Lawson asked how much remained to be done. Stanley answered: "The outlet of Lake Tanganyika is undiscovered. We know nothing

scarcely, except what Speke has sketched out, of Lake Victoria. We do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the central African continent is still a white blank."

"Do you think you can settle all this if we commission you?"

"While I live there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done."

They reached an agreement on the spot, and a cable was at once dispatched to James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald* in these words: "Will you join the *Daily Telegraph* in sending Stanley out to Africa to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone?" Back came the laconic reply, "Yes. Bennett." Who could have foreseen what great events for the world hinged on the chance meeting of Stanley and Lawson that day! The immediate result was the opening up of the lake and river system of central Africa. Victoria Nyanza was circumnavigated and established as the source of the Nile, and as the second greatest lake in the world. On the same trip Stanley discovered Albert Edward Nyanza and finished the exploration of Tanganyika, which he had begun with Livingstone. It must have been a tender moment when he stood again at Ujiji where, five years before, he had found Livingstone, "looking pale and weary," and where he accosted him in the simple words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Stanley then

set out to solve the secret of the Lualaba, that mysterious stream which had so puzzled Livingstone, and near whose banks his career came to an end. The Lualaba proving to be nothing else than the Congo, Stanley determined to explore the river to its mouth. When he emerged at the coast after that perilous voyage of 1,500 miles, it may be said that Africa's veil was lifted.

Some who read these pages will recall the profound interest which was stirred by Stanley's books and even how he appeared on the lecture platform, with the deep furrows on his face, and his strangely white hair. Yet the task he brought to a conclusion was begun by the Roman Emperor Nero, who seems to have been the first to interest himself in discovering the sources of the Nile. How old and yet how new is Africa!

Against this historical background it is easy to sketch the remaining features of Africa's interior regions. To lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert Edward Nyanza we add Albert Nyanza, as comprising the reservoirs of the Nile. Tanganyika, we now know, empties into the Congo. Add Lake Chad in the Sudan, which has no outlet, and which yet remains fresh, and Lake Nyasa, toward the east, which empties into the Zambezi, and you have the leading lakes of the continent.

Of the four great rivers which penetrate the continent, three take their rise in the lake region of the central plateau, the Nile running north, the Congo running west, and the Zambezi running south. The Niger, which ranks third in size, drains the vast territory lying to the north of the Gulf of Guinea, as far up

as the Sahara. Its immense size is indicated by the delta, which extends one hundred miles inland.

Closely associated with the rivers are the great forests of Africa. Stanley's description of how, on his search for Emin Pasha, he hacked his way through the dark forest of the upper Congo to the lake region, is the classic on this subject. Stanley speaks of forest growth so dense that the rays of the sun never penetrated to the ground. He describes how he found himself depressed, almost overwhelmed by these gloomy shades. Subsequent explorers say they have never found the forest as dense as that. They speak, however, of the luxuriance of the undergrowth and the tangle of creepers and parasitic vines which beset the traveler the moment he leaves the beaten path. The Congo basin throughout is heavily forested, as are the river bottoms elsewhere. Detached tropical woodlands of great density and beauty are found on the mountain slopes in various parts of the continent.

The world has yet to discover the commercial value of Africa's tropical forests. Red and brown mahogany is much sought after, but other woods as beautiful are unknown in Europe and America. Mr. Arthur Orner, the forester of the American Board at Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, has listed over twenty trees whose wood takes on a beautiful color and finish. In the Mt. Silinda forest mahoganies grow ten and twelve feet in diameter and 200 feet tall.

In general, however, it may be said that the African forests are thin affairs, the trees being far apart,

rather scraggly, and not heavily leaved. The tree-trunks, as a rule, are so crooked and knotty as to be the despair of industrial missionaries. The wood is also exceedingly hard. Travelers are often surprised to find that on the interior plateau, the continent offers almost no suggestion of the tropics, the landscape being much like that of North America or Europe. Palms are rarely seen, except along the streams. It is a mistake, however, to generalize too freely from particular journeys. Africa not only is of vast extent, but it is divided almost equally by the equator, so that it presents much variety and contrast in its various parts. Even so careful a writer as Henry Drummond occasionally overlooks this fact. From his journeys in the Nyasa region he concludes that the characteristic animal life of tropical countries is rarely found here. "A man must be satisfied," he remarks, "if he sees a monkey once a month." Drummond should have traveled on the Congo or on the Zambezi, or even in Rhodesia, where mission stations are infested with these imps of the wood, and where every native corn-field has a watch-hut for keeping off the baboons.

On the plateau, where the thin forest does not prevail, we have the grass country, the savannas for which Africa is famous, and where the big game is found. These prairie sections are extensive in the Sudan, the lake country, and in west Africa, south of the Congo belt. The growth of the coarse grass is an astonishment to travelers. One rides on horse-

back for miles, with the grass waving high above one's head. Lions, leopards, and other beasts hide in the tall grass, and have a way of emerging at inopportune moments.

But the interior is not all prairie and forest. It may not be to the credit of a continent to possess deserts; yet we must think of Africa as peculiarly well-furnished in this respect. The Desert of Sahara easily outranks all the deserts of the world in size and in reputation. Its extent is enormous, stretching from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, and covering twenty degrees of latitude in the widest part. It should not be thought of as a monotonous waste of level sand. There are wide varieties in elevation, and extensive oases, supporting considerable population. A study of the map will reveal that in the little known Tibesti region there is a mountain range rising to an altitude of 8,000 feet, from which numerous streams run down into the burning sands. In the Sahara, say the desert tribesmen, is the "Garden of Allah." Undoubtedly a book could be written on the majesties and beauties of the sand stretches of northern Africa. Undoubtedly another book could be written on the terrors of the region. Consider that the Nile, which traverses the Sahara for one thousand miles, has not changed the character of the country in any respect, except for a narrow fringe of arable land along either bank.

Then there is the great Kalahari Desert in South Africa, which lay across the path of the early mis-

sionaries as an almost insuperable barrier, and which has hindered the development of German Southwest Africa in our day. As the North African states, with their fertile soil and equable climate, are shut off from central Africa by the Sahara on the south, so the South African region, still more favorable for European settlement, is shut off by the Kalahari Desert on the north.

And how about mountains? Here alone Africa seems to fall short of full interest. Everything seems great except the mountain ranges. There is nothing comparable to the Himalayas, the Alps, the Canadian Rockies, the Andes. Yet we must not forget the Atlas range which zigzags across Morocco and Algeria and which boasts peaks 15,000 feet high, on which, according to the ancients, the heavens themselves rested; or the tangled mass of mountains in Abyssinia, which some have ventured to call the Switzerland of Africa. Those who have vivid recollections of the mountain fighting in the Boer War will think the Drakensbergs in Natal are worthy of mention. Africa's characteristic mountains, however, are solitary peaks, like Kilimanjaro in German East, which rises to an altitude of 19,321; Kenia in British East, 17,007 feet; Ruwenzori, near Albert Edward Nyanza, discovered by Stanley, 16,619 feet, and Mt. Cameroun on the west coast, 13,370 feet. These are volcanic cones which rise with snow-capped summits from the midst of tropical forests, an incomparably beautiful sight.

In its broadest terms, Africa may be described as

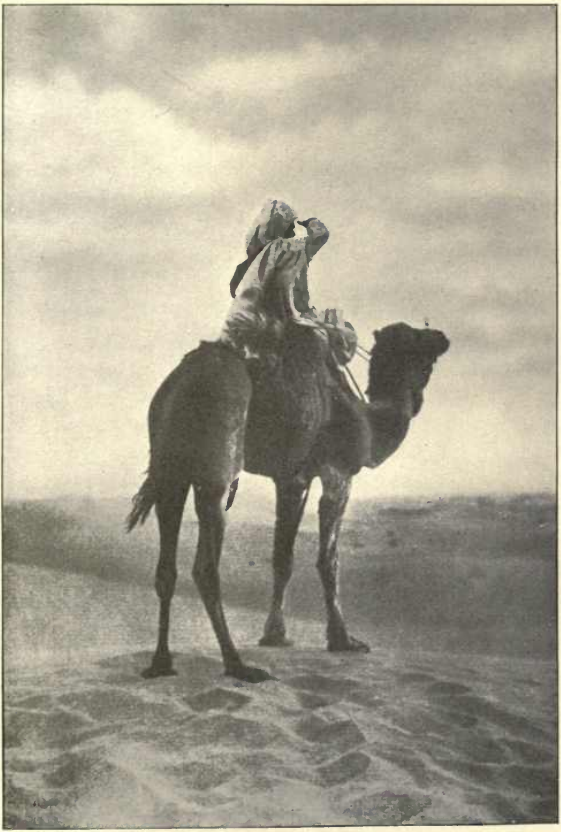
consisting of a low-lying coast strip, a few hundred miles wide, hot and unhealthy; a mountain strip back from the coast, high and salubrious; and an interior plateau, diversified by mountains and hills, with an elevation averaging 3,000 feet, and a climate in which virile whites can live. Africa has been compared to an inverted saucer—the rim being the coast region, the projecting circle on which the saucer rests being the mountain ranges; and the slightly depressed center, the interior plateau. This figure implies a rather broad generalization, but it has its value.

The mineral wealth of Africa passes all computation. Johannesburg produces one third of the world's gold supply. Ninety per cent. of our diamonds come from Kimberly and the other mines of South Africa. In these treasures the continent stands supreme. When we add the copper deposits of the Katanga district, on the upper Congo, said to be the greatest in the world, the iron, the tin, and the coal of various sections, being uncovered by the prospector, we are inclined to agree with those who claim that the natural wealth of Africa is equal to that of any two of the other continents. What this means in the way of commercial development in coming years it is not difficult to imagine.

A Continent of Strange People

Our real interest is to be in the people of Africa. What sort of beings inhabit these solitudes, range through these forests, paddle down these streams, and

hunt the wild beasts of the grass country? The best way will be to let the people disclose themselves as we proceed, section by section; but a general classification is desirable at the outset. At first there appears to be a perfect jumble of tribes, only one characteristic standing out sharp and clear—they are all of dark color. Closer attention, however, develops marked dissimilarities; even the color breaks up into half a dozen different hues. Speaking roughly, we may say there are five fairly distinct peoples in Africa. *First* are the aborigines of the Mediterranean states; Libyans, the Romans called them; Berbers, we call them to-day. Egypt has always been a distinct part of Africa, but racially the native Egyptians belong to this Hamitic stock. *Second,* we place the Arabs and other Semitic folk who have come over from western Asia and who seem to think that, religiously, at least, the continent belongs to them. *Third* are the negroes proper, who dwell largely in the Sudan, but whose most characteristic development is on the Guinea coast, whence most of our American negroes came. *Fourth* are the widely scattered Bantu people, stretching all the way from the lakes to the tip of the continent. They are quite similar to the negroes, but must be classed together as a distinct language group. Historically they probably represent an invasion or a migration from the north in very ancient times. We shall have much to say about these Bantus. *Finally,* there are those strange people, the Pigmies of the Congo, and the Hottentots and Bushmen of the Cape.



IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA

How shall we class them? The best way seems to be to lump them together as survivals of the most ancient of Africans, the bona fide aborigines, coming about as close to the primitive man-animal as any race on earth. These people are all intensely interesting.

As to the languages, we find a bewildering array, and this constitutes one of the most difficult problems of mission work. Although the British and American Bible Societies have printed the Scriptures in one hundred African tongues, there remain 423 tongues without the Word of God. The accepted computation is 523 distinct languages and 320 dialects, making 843 varieties of speech. Was the Tower of Babel located somewhere in Africa?

The population of Africa is variously stated, figures running from 100,000,000 to 180,000,000. Census officials have not abounded in the Congo forests and other interior sections, so that perhaps one man's guess is as good as another's. The latest governmental estimates appear to favor the more moderate figures. If we settle tentatively upon 130,000,000 we should not be far astray.

Africa and the War

A new interest in Africa has arisen because of the world war. Into four widely separated sections of the continent has the mighty struggle been projected. Not only has Europe presented to the natives the spectacle of warring "Christian nations," but the natives themselves have been drawn into the conflict, so that

we have tribe arrayed against tribe in the service of their masters. Imagine Zulus from the British province of Natal fighting their brethren 1,800 miles to the north, merely because they happen to live under the German flag! It is to the credit of the African that his confidence in the white man and the white man's religion has not been destroyed through this experience. While mission work for the most part has gone on undiminished, the change of control in the Cameroun from German to French has proved embarrassing in several ways, especially in the requirement that the French language shall be substituted for the German in mission schools. In German East the work of the German missionaries has been suspended, owing to the fact that the fighting has been carried into every corner of the colony. In German Southwest, also, the work has been brought to a standstill. Africa of the present day claims every human interest as her own—even the saddest.

A Continent of Great Adventurers

Africa has lured the stalwart souls of many ages. The Portuguese navigators were great discoverers and builders of civilization because they were great adventurers. They had a sublime trust in themselves and also in God, according to their light. They were great men. Let this fact lay hold upon us at the very outset. Africa beckons the great. The modern explorers, like Speke, Grant, Stanley, and Cameron, form a worthy succession. They have not been surpassed in

their field. To these add the adventurers in government and industry, of whom Cecil Rhodes is the king. They have not been above criticism. That is putting it rather mildly. But they were men of colossal nerve and daring; and they have accomplished wonders. Of late the sportsman is having his turn with Africa. What stories they tell, what books they have written, what amazing creatures they have placed in our museums! The same type again—from Roosevelt to Rainsford and Stewart Edward White.

The greatest adventurers of all are the missionaries. Have you ever considered the fact of the large number of really great missionaries, missionaries whose lives are upon our shelves, who felt the lure of this continent? Moffat, Livingstone, Mackenzie, Grout, Coillard, Hannington, Stewart, Mackay, Pilkington, Laws, Grenfell, Good, Lapsley, Mary Slessor—what a list! Some of these men were explorers and founders of states as well as preachers of the Word. They had just one life to live and they chose Africa. Why was it? Because the lure of the divine quest laid its spell upon them. Their idea was that Africa, the continent of the storied past, the continent of beauty, the continent of barbarism and wo, should be the continent of Christ. He who studies Africa should study in the spirit of a great adventure.

STRONGHOLDS OF MOHAMMEDANISM

II

STRONGHOLDS OF MOHAMMEDANISM

On March 30, 1912, the sultan of Morocco, sitting in his capitol at Fez, signed the treaty which established the power of France throughout his nation. Since then the tricolor has waved over the land of the Moors from the ports of the Atlantic to the high peaks of the Atlas range.

On October 15, 1912, Mohammed V, sultan of Turkey, sitting in his palace on the Bosporus, signed the treaty of Lausanne, which relinquished to Italy the vilayet of Tripoli. To-day the red, white, and green banner floats over this immense area from the Benghazi to Fezzan.

In December, 1914, on the occasion of the entry of Turkey into the war on the side of the Central Powers, Great Britain deposed the khedive of Egypt, who was ruling in the name of the Turkish sultan, and who had become overfond of that connection. She placed on the throne, with the title of sultan, Hussein, an uncle of the former khedive, and formally declared Egypt to be a protectorate of Great Britain.

Thus within five years Mohammedanism has lost control of the three states which remained to it in North Africa. Should Turkey some day forfeit her

independence—and there are those who think she has done so already—not a self-governing country will be left of all the lands once ruled by the followers of the Arabian prophet. These are days of the rapid disintegration of Mohammedanism as a political power. It would be a serious mistake, however, for us to assume that Islam is everywhere losing her grip upon the thought and life of the people. In Persia, in India, and even in Turkey it may be true, but alas! not in Africa. The tier of states which are washed by the Mediterranean—Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, Egypt—is the stronghold of the Mohammedan faith. For twelve centuries this rival religion has been entrenched throughout this region, and it shows but slight evidences of yielding to-day. On the contrary, it is from the North African states as a base that Islam is carrying on her active missionary propaganda throughout the Sudan and beyond. How all this came to be is a lesson of first importance to every Christian.

When Christianity Dominated North Africa

If we could go back to the days of the saintly Augustine, and could visit Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage, Hippo, and the other cities of the coast, we would say, "Christianity is so strongly established in this region that its overthrow is inconceivable." We would find hundreds of bishoprics, great churches with their endowments, extensive monasteries, clergy of various ranks, impressive rituals, fasts and feasts in great abundance, and an all-around development of church

service and life. Alexandria in the fifth century was one of the great capitals of the empire. The ancient Caesareum, converted into a church, was one of the noblest structures in the city, being marked by two obelisks, known as Cleopatra's Needles. We read that there were no less than 600 monasteries in the neighborhood of Alexandria. Egypt for centuries was the most splendid seat of oriental Christianity.

In North Africa proper, that is, the coast region aside from Egypt and Cyrenaica, the situation was somewhat different. In this vast domain, of which Carthage was the capital, Christianity was strong in leadership and fairly strong in numbers; but it possessed no such powerful organization as most writers have supposed. We read of six church provinces being formed in the reign of Diocletian (284-305), notwithstanding his fierce edicts against Christianity and the resulting persecutions. In the year 411 a conference was called at Carthage over doctrinal difficulties, attended by more than 500 bishops. These bishops, however, were hardly more than pastors, since in Augustine's time the parishes numbered a little over 500. Augustine, himself, if we may judge from one of his sermons, presided over about a dozen priests and deacons. The strength of the church in North Africa was primarily the strength of towering personalities, like Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, to whom the Roman world went to school. Under their leadership considerable progress was made in the conversion from heathenism of the Berber tribes;

but these tribes, never loyal to Rome, were not overzealous in behalf of the Roman Church. Many of these peoples had strong leanings toward Judaism. Yet, after due allowance is made for these facts, when we consider the extent of the North African church, and especially when we take in view the splendor of the establishment in Egypt, it would seem that Christianity should have been able to withstand any assaults, from within or without. As a matter of fact, it went down with a crash before the Mohammedan invaders.

The Mohammedan Invasion

The man primarily responsible for the subjugation of North Africa and for the annihilation of the church boasted the name of Amr-ibn-el-Asi. In spite of his name this man was no "hyphenate." He was an Arab of the most fanatical brand, knowing but one allegiance—the faith of Islam. Back of him towered the personality of Mohammed, dreamer, fanatic, despot, only six years in his grave, but raging like a simoom from the desert in the souls of his lieutenants. There can be no more striking commentary upon the power of this movement which burst upon the world from the heart of Arabia, than the fact that Amr-ibn-el-Asi invaded Egypt in 640 A. D. with a force of only 4,000 men. Apparently one Arab was equal to ten Egyptians. In fact, Alexandria surrendered without a struggle, and shortly the entire Nile valley was in the possession of the invaders. There followed an extensive immi-

gration from Arabia, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, the proud structure of Roman civilization and Christian institutions became a thing of the past. The loss of the collection of ancient manuscripts in the great library of Alexandria, the largest in the ancient world, is everywhere recognized by scholars as one of the tragedies of history. The story goes that Amr consulted Omar, the caliph, as to what he should do with the books, and Omar replied, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." Whereupon, it is stated, "the rolls were distributed among the 4,000 baths of the city, and it took six months to burn them all." The story is picturesque, and in a way characteristic; but since it is of doubtful validity it should not be used to the discredit of Islam.[1]

The rapidity of the Mohammedan movement in its sweep westward is highly significant. A succession of conquerors came to the front—their names need not bother us—and by 668 what is now Tripoli was a Moslem state. Algeria went down with little resistance and the Arab hordes swept onward to the Pillars of Hercules. The story is told that Akba, who raided Morocco, rode his horse far out into the surf and cried, "Great God, if I were not stopped by this raging sea, I would go to the nations of the west, preaching the

[1] The grounds on which this story is discredited are set forth convincingly by W. F. Adeney in his *The Greek and Eastern Churches.*

unity of thy name and putting to the sword those who would not submit." This is rather too melodramatic to be true, but it suggests the fierce impetuosity which everywhere characterized the North African invasion.

The year 711 is usually given as the date when the entire north coast was in the hands of the invaders. In the same year Tarik, a Berber prince, who had been converted to Islam, landed at Gibraltar with 13,000 men and commenced the invasion of Europe.

In all this history we are to bear in mind that Christianity went down as completely as did Roman government and law. To the Arab conquerors, as also to many of the Berber tribes, the two were bound up in the same bundle. It is quite conceivable that the church might have maintained herself under a Moslem government; but this was not to be. The plain fact is that Christianity was wiped out in North Africa, and in the Nile valley remained only in two struggling and degenerate branches of the church. Islam glories in this fact to-day and is not averse to throwing it in the face of the Christian who seeks to maintain the superiority of his religion.

Why Christianity Was Overthrown

As Christians we should have a clear philosophy of the failure of the North African branch of Christianity, so that we may help save our religion from similar calamities in the future. Probably the lesson had to be demonstrated at some time, in some place, for the benefit of the church universal, and especially

for those sections of the church which are emerging out of paganism.

A diagnosis of the situation reveals four fatal defects in North African Christianity. In the first place the North African church was a *disputing* church. A large part of its time was taken up with squabbles over doctrinal matters of a more or less technical nature. Its leaders were more given to intellectual pride than to humble-mindedness. In those days what an African bishop didn't know about the nature of the Supreme Being an angel wouldn't care to inquire into. Christianity was, in the main, an intellectual proposition. Orthodoxy, of the knife-edge variety, was the supreme end of man. From this condition it was but a step to the use of physical force. It is ominous to read that in the early days of struggle between Christianity and heathenism, mobs of monks gathered to destroy the pagan temples. One of these mobs, instigated by Cyril, the patriarch of Alexandria, stripped and tore to pieces the beautiful Neo-Platonic philosopher and priestess, Hypatia, immortalized by Charles Kingsley. It is still more ominous to find that heathenism was finally crushed out, or supposed to be, by governmental edict.

In the second place, the church was a *divided* church. This was an inevitable outcome of the bitter controversies. Parties sprang up like weeds, each one calling the other heretics. The dominant faction would brutally persecute its fellow Christians. As early as Augustine's time the impression made upon the world was of a split Christianity, since nearly half of the

500 bishops who met at Carthage were in the opposition, being known as Donatists. Thus the church was hopelessly weakened, its energy being dissipated in factional strife rather than against the common foe. How stupid and how wicked it all looks to us a thousand years after! Perhaps some of our differences to-day will appear stupid and wicked to later generations.

The North African church, furthermore, was a *formal,* rather than a vital church. The glorious soul-life, the personal connection with God through prayer, and with man through service, so characteristic of the early Christians, became buried under an elaborate system of rites and ceremonies. Christianity was a performance, not a life. Even the rites of heathen temples, with not a few of their degrading superstitions, gained a foothold among the members of the church of Christ. What with their images and their relics, there was little to choose between them and some of the heathen devotees.

It goes without saying, as our fourth count, that this church was a *non-missionary* church. Back from the coast lived native tribes steeped in idolatry and given over to all the base practises of paganism. Yet the African Christians cared not. Their interest was in orthodoxy, not in men. Their thought was turned in upon themselves. The church had ceased to be an army for spiritual conquest, and had become a debating society. Like some churches to-day it had turned its back upon a perishing world. Zealous for

the truth, it yet denied the fundamental principle of our religion. It became unorthodox in the sphere where orthodoxy involved the very life of the church.

Such is our diagnosis. Intellectual pride, party strife, formalism, self-engrossment—these all spell death to organized religion in any age. History contains no greater lesson than this.

Twelve Centuries After

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Let us now take a look at Mohammedanism as it has actually worked out in this region. We have spoken unsparingly of the faults of the North African branch of the Christian church; let us deal as frankly with the system which took its place.

Mohammedanism is a religion of the desert. It arose in the midst of Arabian sands, was developed by Bedouin tribes, and to-day boasts the place of its origin as the religious center of the world. Mohammedanism has in it both the mystery and the hardness of the desert. On the one hand, it allures; on the other, it repels. It emphasizes the unity of God, but it is the unity of an arbitrary, cruel sovereign, like a Bedouin chief. Need we wonder if the fruitage of this religion suggests the desert also?

The first effects of Islam in North Africa were undoubtedly beneficent. It came like a breath of life upon a decaying civilization. Commerce was revived, the arts and sciences were quickened. We must not forget that civilization owes a large debt to Arabia for

mathematics and astronomy. North Africa naturally shared in the revival of culture which followed in the wake of the Saracen armies. Religiously, this is to be noted: the use of images and pictures was ruled out of worship as smacking of idolatry, and a simple service of prayer in the mosque took the place of the barren ritual of the church. The heathen tribes were sought out, and their idolatry, so offensive to the Mohammedan, became a thing of the past. This may have been done with a high hand; but we must put it over against the indifference of the church.

Having admitted all this, we have said about all that can be said in favor of the new régime. The thing began to work out in Africa just as it has in other parts of the world. When the first burst of enthusiasm was over, the inherent defects of the system, intellectually and morally, came to the front. A pure and stern monotheism did not prevent its theology from being fatalistic to the core. Man is the victim of inexorable fate. This served to paralyze human energy. There was no room for freedom or for growth in Mohammed's scheme. The word Islam means submission, the submission of the slave. By the same process shackles were placed on the human mind. Truth was fossilized. The Koran became a dead weight upon the intellectual development of the mass of the people in all Moslem lands. Islam is a book religion in the narrowest sense of the word, an affair of statutes and forms.

To make matters worse, many of these statutes were guides to evil rather than to good. It is not necessary

in a book of this kind to give a detailed description of Mohammedan theology and life; but certain ethical defects are so notorious that they cannot be passed by. Polygamy, easy divorce, concubinage, the seclusion of women, the appeal of the sensual, slavery, intolerance, cruelty, these are some of the things which became ingrafted upon North African life when the Arabs took possession. They have borne their deadly fruits in personal character and social custom. We think of North Africa to-day as a blighted land, one of the most backward sections of the world, a millstone upon the neck of civilization.

Before the Great War, thousands of American travelers visited the North African ports every winter in connection with the Mediterranean trip, and the tales they brought of ignorance, sloth, dirt, and disease are not challenged by Mohammedan writers. E. Alexander Powell, once connected with the United States consular service in Egypt, describes, in his informing and entertaining book, *The Last Frontier,* the typical Moor in vigorous fashion: "The town Moor is sullen, suspicious of all strangers, vacillating; the pride, but none of the energy of his ancestors remains. In his youth he is licentious in his acts; in his old age he is licentious in his thoughts. He is abominably lazy. He never runs if he can walk; he never walks if he can stand still; he never stands if he can sit; he never sits if he can lie down. The only thing he puts any energy into is his talking; he believes that nothing can be done really well without a hullabaloo." In another place

Mr. Powell speaks of the Moors as probably the most licentious race in the world. "Compared to them, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were positively prudish." [1]

In Southern Algeria live the Ouled-Nails, famed for the rare beauty of the women and for the heartless fashion in which the girls are sold into lives of shame until such time as they can bring a sufficient dowry to their expectant husbands. As one writer puts it, these beautiful creatures "from earliest childhood are trained for a life of indifferent virtue as a horse is trained for the show ring." All this is supposed to be entirely consistent with religion. Another Moslem tribe, or conglomeration of tribes, known as the Kabyles, has adopted the pagan custom by which matrimony is made a commercial affair. Mr. Powell states: "A fine upstanding Kabyle maiden of fifteen or thereabouts, with the lines of a thoroughbred, the profile of a cameo, and a skin the color of a bronze statue, will fetch her parents anywhere from eighty to three hundred dollars." [2] These are not pleasant facts, but they must be known if we are to have an intelligent idea of the needs of this part of the world.

Fortunately the condition of women is not so bad in all sections; but everywhere the wives, the mothers, and the daughters, by that abominable system, invented by Mohammed himself, are kept in rigid seclusion,

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[1] E. Alexander Powell, *The Last Frontier*, pp. 37, 38.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 66.

living practically the life of prisoners. Even Moslem writers are beginning to realize the pernicious effects of this custom, particularly in keeping half of the community in ignorance and degradation.

As to governmental and social conditions, Americans had their first look into North Africa in connection with the little war of 1801 in which, for a time, the Stars and Stripes floated over the fortress of Derna on the Tripoli coast. When the United States frigate *Philadelphia* ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, she was captured by the natives and her crew enslaved. At that time Americans learned more about the Moslems of North Africa than all the books had taught them. Italy now rules over Tripoli, and France over Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, and outward conditions have somewhat improved. But down below we find the same old Mohammedanism as in the days of the caliph Omar.

An exceedingly unfortunate condition exists in connection with public health. One missionary writes, "Immorality and frequency of divorce, and the total lack of hygiene, combined with superstitious practises, have sapped the brains and constitutions of quite eighty per cent. of the children." It is stated on good authority that the natives of Algeria are, with few exceptions, tainted with syphilis. Smallpox and other virulent diseases abound, and the superstitions of the people are such that little can be done to prevent the spread of such plagues. Even in Egypt, after thirty years of British occupancy, astonishing figures are given as

to infant mortality. A recent government report states that over half the children die before they are five years old. Whatever North Africa may desire for itself, it is a region which needs to be cleaned up for the benefit of the rest of the world.

Such is the working out of Mohammed's religion in a region where it has had full swing for a thousand years. Lord Cromer, for many years British agent and consul-general in Egypt, is not oversanguine as to what can be done by Christianity in this part of the world; but as for Islam, he admits the case is hopeless. His position is that Islam is incapable of reformation. A reformed Islam would not be Islam at all. Where, then, is the hope of North Africa?

Christian Survivals

Naturally we turn first to those branches of the ancient church which have survived, although immersed in Mohammedan civilization. Are they dead branches, or can they be revived and become a saving element in African society?

Before the Mohammedan invasion, the Egyptian, or Coptic Church, as it came to be called, had fallen out with the church at large in connection with the Monophysite controversy. This was a highly technical discussion over the relation of the human to the divine in the nature of Christ, the Monophysites holding to a single nature in which the human element appeared to be ruled out. The Coptic bishops favored this view, and no end of trouble arose on that account. At the

time of the Mohammedan invasion the orthodox party was making it so hot for the bishops that the coming of the Arabs was actually welcomed as a relief. The spectacle of this ancient church standing in with these conquerors of its country and the enemies of its faith is humiliating in the extreme. It was rewarded by a temporary period of toleration, but also by an unusual degree of degradation. Principal Adeney puts the matter mildly when he says of the Coptic Church: "With all its endowments it never flourished, never grew. It has remained to this day a phantom church, with offices, but without functions."

Yet we recall that these Copts are the direct descendants of the men who built the pyramids and who, when the rest of the world was asleep, developed a civilization which has been the wonder of the ages. Their church, too, has suffered much persecution—possibly more than any other body except the Armenians. It has cost them dearly to hold out. The pressure of Islam has reduced the Coptic membership from several millions to less than 700,000. A ray of hope just now is found in the fact that they want their children educated and that they are sending them in large numbers to mission schools. These children will eventually be heard from. The question as to the possibilities of revival in a decadent nation of long standing is a very difficult one. History has not given her final answer to this question. It remains to see what the grace of God can accomplish, when Christian people of other lands are willing to turn in and help.

Then there is the little Abyssinian Church—a most interesting survival. Buried in the mountains of the easternmost projection of the continent, the Abyssinians have maintained themselves all these centuries against Mohammedan and heathen pressure. During most of this time, they have been shut off from all contact with other Christian bodies. That Abyssinia has kept the faith at all is to her credit. There is a strong admixture of Jewish elements in the life of this church, since it holds to circumcision, distinctions between clean and unclean food, and the observance of the seventh day. Adeney gives us an interesting picture of the worship of the Abyssinians. "There are prayers and psalms and one lesson, all shouted rather than intoned or merely read. The mass begins with a shout of hallelujah, and concludes with a procession of four or five crosses, to an accompaniment of drums, cymbals, and incense, carried round the church quite thirty times."

The Church of England undertook missionary work among these mountain people in 1829, but their missionaries were driven out by the intolerant priests. At present there is only one small mission station in the country, under Swedish auspices. Yet one cannot rid himself of the idea that some day Abyssinia will be reached and that her sturdy people will have a hand in the redemption of Africa.

Rallying Points of Christianity

From this checkered history of the church in North

Africa we come now to the era of modern missions. It fell to the lot of the United Presbyterian Church of North America to be the pioneer in missionary efforts among the Copts and Moslems of the Nile valley, and right nobly has this comparatively small body risen to the task.

In Cairo and in Assiut the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions maintains an array of institutions which fairly bewilders the tourist. It is a typical development of higher educational work on the mission field. In the midst of the day-schools for boys and girls, the various boarding or high schools, and the theological seminary, there stand out conspicuously two colleges, which should be known and honored in all our churches, the Assiut College for young men and the Cairo College for young women. The former is a well-established institution, having been organized in 1865. It has sent over one hundred men into the Christian ministry, twenty into medicine, prepared numerous teachers, and in less degree stocked all the professions and pursuits. The college occupies a campus of eleven acres in one of the choicest spots in Egypt. It is a credit to Christianity, a center of mighty influence for good.

The college for young women at Cairo draws its students from the most influential families of Cairo and Egypt. A large number of them are daughters of pashas and beys and the most eminent men in official and social life. Both British and Egyptian officials place a high value upon this college, as a contribution

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MISSION FIELD IN EGYPT

to the social, intellectual, and moral regeneration of the land. One writer speaks of it as "the greatest asset for the introduction and dissemination of Christian ideals and influences in Egypt." Already its graduates are reshaping the home life of this ancient land.

Dr. Charles R. Watson, well known in missionary circles as the secretary of the United Presbyterian Board and as a speaker in conventions, has recently re-

ATHLETICS AT ASSIUT COLLEGE, EGYPT

signed the secretaryship that he may devote himself, as president, to the building of a union Christian university in Cairo, an institution of the highest grade, which shall become the keystone to the educational arch of the Nile country. Already considerable sums have been contributed for this purpose. The leading Mohammedan university, if we may so speak of it, is located at Cairo, in the famous El Azhar mosque. Here not less than 10,000 youths, gathered from the whole Moslem world, assemble each year to study the tenets of Islam in the expectation of becoming teachers and preachers of the faith. It is appropriate that in this very city Christianity should establish a seat of the highest learning. What Robert College has been to Turkey and the Balkan states, and what the Syrian Protestant College of Beirut has been to Syria, this union university should be to the land of the Pharaohs.

There is an excellent medical work at Tanta, in the Nile delta, and at Assiut, and of course an extensive evangelistic enterprise all up and down the valley. A boat is maintained on the Nile, in which the missionaries live and itinerate. The figures in this department are good—a church membership of 13,034, and yearly additions of a thousand. In 1915 the native church contributed $42,931 for the salaries of African pastors and the support of evangelistic and local church work, not counting the support of educational and medical work. There are 214 Sunday-schools, with almost 17,000 pupils.

Mr. George Innes, a Philadelphia business man, who recently visited Cairo, sent this description of one of the converts from Islam. It is prophetic of great things to come.

"One of the strong preachers to this crowd is Mikhail Monsoor. He was an Azhar graduate; sat and rocked back and forth on the floor for twelve years; got his diploma and struck out. He hadn't seen a Bible, but he did know the Koran, and with that knowledge he started out to challenge Christianity. He went to an Egyptian Christian preacher, a wise man, wise with his Master's wisdom, who never enjoined arguing but always prayer and witnessing. He gave Mikhail a Bible and bade him take it home, read it and pray. Mikhail told me he read it, was interested but not converted until he came to read of Christ's life, and when he read that matchless and perfect life, he saw for the first time his own imperfect life, and, no longer a believer in Islam, became Christ's. He's a powerful preacher. The teachers and students of the Azhar flock to his meetings. Twenty of the sheiks of the Azhar University were turned away to-night; couldn't get in; no room. For years he has kept this up, and the continued hammer is making great cracks in the walls of Islam in Egypt and all the Moslem world."

Perhaps no missionary leader is better known than Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, famous for his Arabian work, his many books, and his eloquent addresses on the missionary platform. Let us remember with gratitude

that Dr. Zwemer is now located at Cairo, where he is chairman of the editorial committee of the Nile Mission Press. This extensive printing establishment and Christian literature bureau is sending out an immense quantity of leaflets and books calculated to win the attention of Moslem readers. This agency should be ranked with the school and the hospital in the solution of Africa's greatest religious problem.

Taking everything into consideration, we may say Christianity has made a splendid new start in Egypt. Side by side with the American workers, the Church Missionary Society of England conducts a strong work at Cairo and other centers in the medical, educational, evangelistic, and publication fields. It has a force of some twenty-five persons, among whom Canon W. H. T. Gairdner is well known. Other English societies at work are the Egypt General Mission and the North Africa Mission. The vital New Testament type of our religion is making itself felt up and down the Nile in a way to give great encouragement. More than that, the missionary enterprise in Egypt must become a model for the other sections of the coast.

The Door With a Thousand Dents

There remains the vast area covered by Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. What has been done to reach the 14,000,000 Moslems in these states? For the most part the mission boards have fought shy of this whole region. Mr. Freese, of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, is attempting a

heroic work under trying conditions in Algeria and Tunis; and the French Baptists have recently taken hold at certain points. There are less than 200 missionaries, all told, in this section of Africa; but no North African church has been formed and no statistics are given out. Practically we may regard it as an unoccupied field, a challenge not taken up by the church.

There is one bright spot, however, which we are thankful to mention. On one of the narrow, dark streets in Algiers is a house whose front has been battered by many a stone. The door alone is said to contain a thousand dents. This is the home of Miss Lilias Trotter, a heroine, if God ever made one. Here she lives and here she manages the work of the "Algerian Band," an organization which she established in 1888, and which she has supported by her own efforts, aided by friends in England and America. The dents in the door are the contributions of the natives, little marks of attention which rabble mobs have bestowed upon her. No wonder she calls her home her "battlefield." Her specialty is Arab boys, whom she gathers into schools at Algiers and in some eight other places, although, of course, she does not overlook the girls and adult Moslems.

Miss Trotter is winning out. The stones do not fly quite so frequently as of yore, neighbors are becoming friendly, her children are growing up into fine men and women, hopeful converts are being made. So she works on with her little band of helpers, in the midst

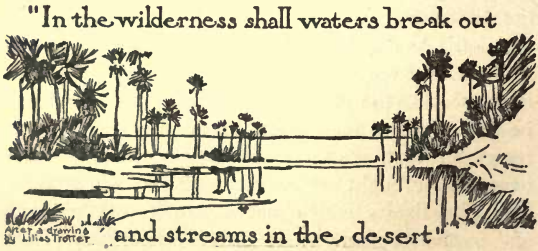
of the filth, disease, ignorance, bigotry, and violence of the Algerian coast towns. She is a woman of literary gifts, rare artistic ability, undaunted courage, unlimited common sense, and a faith like an apostle's. Miss Trotter was the favorite pupil of John Ruskin. When she went to Africa, Ruskin remarked to a friend, "I have lost the one pupil I had of real talent. She has decided to throw away her life teaching Arabs."

Sobering Considerations

As we leave this section of the continent, let us remind ourselves of the stupendousness of the task. This is the stronghold of Mohammedanism. This is where ancient Christianity made a frightful mess of things. This is where modern, evangelical Christianity has barely begun to work. We are not likely to overstate the difficulties. Certainly the workers on the ground are not. As President R. S. McClenahan, of Assiut College, once put it, "We are asking the proudest man in the world (the Moslem) to accept a religion which he hates from a man whom he despises." We must remember that, with rare exceptions, Moslems have never been brought into contact with vital Christianity. The Christianity which makes love its central truth and motive is unknown to them. Their idea of the religion which we offer is gained from the violence of the crusaders, from the quarreling churches of North Africa, from the decadent oriental churches of to-day. What a difference there might have been to

the world if Mohammed himself had ever come into contact with one genuine Christian!

Remember also the resisting power of Islam. Remember the dents in Miss Trotter's door. To this day Morocco has the death penalty for those who are converted from Islam to Christianity. With these things in mind, think of yourself in the position of a North African missionary. Can you imagine a more difficult task? As a Christian, what is your attitude toward this part of the world? What strategy on the part of the churches do you advocate? The globe-trotter returns from North Africa and nonchalantly remarks, "Christianity will never take this stronghold of Islam." Shall we accept his verdict?



MOHAMMEDANISM ON THE MARCH

ALGERIAN BOYS

III

MOHAMMEDANISM ON THE MARCH

The region lying immediately south of the Sahara, some 700 miles wide, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, a distance of 4,000 miles, is known as the Sudan. Since the Anglo-French agreement of 1904, the eastern section is called the Egyptian Sudan, the western section (apart from certain maritime colonies) is known as the French Sudan. This vast area, for the most part fertile and arable, is inhabited by a large number of warlike tribes. The population is placed by some authorities as high as 40,000,000. The name comes from an Arab word meaning "the country of the blacks." We associate this region with the uprisings of the Mahdi, who claimed to be the second Mohammed, appointed by Allah for the extermination of the infidels; the exploits of Emin Pasha, who was rescued in so dramatic a fashion by Stanley; the tragic death of General Gordon; and with the brilliant military achievements which brought Kitchener his fame. Of late the Sudan has come into prominence in religious circles because of the rapid advance of Mohammedanism. Throughout this region in recent years Mohammedan "missionaries" have been exceedingly active. annexing tribe

after tribe, until now by far the larger part of the Sudan has been preempted for that faith. These tribes might have been won to Christianity had our missionaries been on hand to present the message. But Christianity was conspicuously absent, while Islam was on the ground in the persons of multitudes of traders on fire with fanatic zeal. According to Mohammedan ideas, every Moslem is a missionary. Be he prince or slave, sailor or merchant, wherever he goes he is expected to proclaim his religion. In Africa as in no other part of the world the Moslem approaches this lofty ideal. He is a missionary, not as one sent out by a society or board, such as we have in Christian lands, but as one impelled by zeal for the Prophet of God. The fact that to-day the larger part of the Sudan is Mohammedan ground attests the power of a witnessing faith.

In the opinion of many missionary leaders the Mohammedan advance in central Africa constitutes the greatest crisis before the Christian churches to-day. The World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, in 1910, after reviewing the situation in every land, called particular attention to what is going on in the heart of Africa. "The absorption of native races into Islam is proceeding rapidly and continuously in practically all parts of the continent." The conference at Lucknow, India, called in 1911 to consider exclusively Moslem problems, issued definite suggestions for the meeting of this crisis. A chain of mission stations across Africa was proposed for the holding back of

the Moslem advance, and the mission boards were called upon to unite their efforts in such a movement. Immediate, concerted action they considered essential if the situation is to be saved. Other authorities might be quoted, all urging the critical nature of this Mohammedan drive. The Rev. William J. W. Roome, writing in *The International Review of Missions*,[1] maintains that the whole strategy of missions in Africa should be viewed in relation to Islam. In this chapter we are to study the facts of the case, inquire into the causes, and consider certain remedies.

The Mohammedan Hinterland

We are to remember that Islam in Africa has always had its hinterland. Hardly had the Arabs established themselves in the coast region before they began pushing into the interior. In the Sahara they naturally found themselves much at home, and being born traders they were not slow to press into the populated sections and annex the people, possibly 800,000 of them, to their religion and their civilization. They appear to have introduced the camel into this region; at any rate, they soon opened up caravan routes from the interior to the various coast cities and made large use of the Nile for reaching the eastern Sudan. When the Portuguese navigators explored the east coast in the fifteenth century, they found rich Arab cities along the coast as far south as Sofala, near the mouths

[1] W. J. W. Roome, "Strategic Lines of Christian Missions in Africa," *The International Review of Missions*, July, 1916.

of the Zambezi. These coast cities were undoubtedly built by immigrants from across the Red Sea. A century earlier the Arabs had crossed the Sudan and had established themselves in Kordofan, Darfur, Wadai, and other states. From all these centers they carried on an extensive trade in the twin industries, ivory and slaves, which everywhere have brought such wo to the Africans.

In the western Sudan the Moslems seem to have made their impression even before they were established in the east. On the upper waters of the Niger there was a remarkable tribe, with a long line of kings, and maintaining a capital, known as the Songhai. This tribe was converted to Islam about 1010. The Songhai, in turn, converted the great Fula tribe, which occupied the region south of Timbuktu. This was in the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Songhai also won over the Mandingos of Senegambia on the west coast. The Fulas, becoming aggressive, invaded the region to the east of the Niger, subduing and converting the Hausa people, who, as traders, are a mighty factor in spreading Islam to-day. So it went on, until Mohammedanism dominated not less than one third of the people of the continent. All this happened from 900 to 300 years ago. At the very time when the crusaders of Europe were endeavoring to wrest the original seats of Christianity from the Moslems, the Moslems were quietly taking possession of the Sudan. Writers and speakers who dwell upon the peril of Islam in Africa often overlook this history of unchecked conquest,

which runs back so many centuries. Islam is no new thing to the tribes north of the Congo.

The New Advance

The startling thing in the situation is the new religious impetus which has come to the Arabs and to the converted tribes, as the result of modern conditions. Having remained quiescent for some three centuries, the hosts of Islam once more are on the march. The remaining sections of the Sudan are being won over, tribe by tribe, and Mohammedan missionaries are pressing southward into the Congo country and along the two coasts. Nigeria, one of the richest and most populous sections of the continent, is now two-thirds Mohammedan. The Swahili, the dominant tribe in British East Africa, are becoming Mohammedan. The Swahili, being the artisans of East Africa, are in great demand in the interior. They carry their religion wherever they go. In German East Africa one sixth of the population has recently become Mohammedan. Even in Nyasaland, below German East, not less than 50,000 natives have lately been converted to Islam. To make matters worse we are learning now of Christian villages in west Africa which, under the pressure of Mohammedan neighbors, have deserted Christ and gone over to the rival faith.

Until the facts were made known at the Edinburgh Conference, Christian people had no idea of this new Mohammedan peril. They are beginning now to realize that all central Africa is threatened, that this is

not a matter of the neglect of the church five hundred years ago, but of the neglect of the church to-day. The missionary movement of the church had not begun or even been dreamed of when Islam won her initial victories in the Sudan; but this new advance finds the churches supposedly girded for the task of winning the world. Surely we must move quickly if we are to save the situation in central Africa.

How Islam Gets Its Chance

I have spoken of modern conditions as favoring the new aggression of Mohammedanism. What are these conditions? Strange as it may seem, the suppression of the African slave trade has proved to be a prominent factor in the process. It is one of the paradoxes of history that the putting down of the traffic in slaves has worked for the spread of the religion in which slavery is openly inculcated and practised. What would Livingstone say, were he alive to-day, to see the very Arab traders he labored so hard to suppress become the religious teachers of his beloved African tribes? Would he regret what he had done? Surely not. He would probably say: "One reform at a time. I devoted my life to the putting down of the great evil of slavery. Other evils have now arisen. It is for you to attend to these."

What happened was this. The Arab traders, driven from their nefarious traffic, turned to general trade as a substitute. They became importers of guns, gunpowder, cloth, tools, anything the African desired, re-

ceiving ivory, rubber, ostrich feathers, and other products in exchange. This required a reversal of attitude on their part toward the natives. Since mutual trust is the basis of commerce, the proud Arab sought the friendship of the humble African. He became very condescending. He was anxious to receive the despised natives into the fellowship of his world-conquering religion. "Let us be brothers. We have much to offer you. We can protect you from your enemies; we can give you standing among the great people of the earth; we can teach you the faith of the one true God." Behold the slave-driver become a missionary! Can we wonder that such arguments proved enticing to many a native king? Moreover, the Arab has not failed to keep his word. He actually receives his black brother into his tent, he shares with him his faith and his civilization. He is not troubled with race prejudice. He is a true friend so long as the African gives him the monopoly of friendship and the privilege of trade which goes therewith. Other higher motives will appear as we proceed; but bear in mind that the economic factor has a prominent place in this strange situation.

A prime factor in the Mohammedan advance is the attitude of the European governments which now control the Sudan. The battle of Omdurman, in 1898, in which Lord Kitchener shattered the power of the Khalifa, the successor of the Mahdi, marks the beginning of British rule over the Egyptian Sudan. A few years later Great Britain and France came to an agree-

ment by which the latter country should have undisputed sway over the western section of the Sudan. Since then, England and France, working in close accord, have maintained law and order throughout this vast territory. Tribal wars, which had hitherto abounded, were now suppressed, and freedom of travel and trade assured. This highly desirable end, however, deprived the pagan chiefs of their one protection against the aggression of the Mohammedan rulers. What the Moslem chiefs had not been able to achieve by the power of the sword, they now began to accomplish by peaceful penetration.

Had England and France stopped at this point, no just complaint could be made; but unfortunately they went a step farther and practically became patrons of the Mohammedan faith. Christian missionaries are at liberty to settle and work among the heathen tribes, and in certain large centers, like Khartum, but in areas which the government has designated as Moslem, Christian activity is forbidden.

This amazing attitude on the part of two powers which in other parts of the world have done so much to promote Christian civilization, is defended on the ground that it will not do to arouse the fanaticism of the Moslem chiefs, without whose friendly help it would be impossible to maintain peace in that far-off section of the world. It is the familiar argument of political expediency. That the problem of governing colonies in the interior of a continent like Africa is an exceedingly difficult one must be recognized.

SWAHILI IVORY CARRIERS
This Tribe is Becoming Mohammedan

Moreover, we must admit that Great Britain and France have received the reward of their policy in the loyalty of the Mohammedan tribes during the European War, when a revolution in the Sudan would have been an exceedingly embarrassing circumstance. None the less must we deprecate carrying the policy of sympathy and toleration to the point where the impression is given that the governing powers actually favor the Mohammedan religion. As it is, the Koran is taught by Moslems in the government schools throughout the Sudan, while Gordon College, a state institution at Khartum, where "Christian Gordon" laid down his life, is to-day practically a Mohammedan institution. The Koran is taught; the Bible is excluded. Even Turkey, Mohammedan to the core, tolerates Christian institutions and the use of the Bible in the schools. But in the Sudan we have the spectacle of Christian England and France refusing sanction to Christian people for the extension of their own faith.

In Northern Nigeria the British authorities state that the present restrictive policy toward Christian missions will be removed when railroads and other developments make possible the better protection of missionaries and other white settlers. This suggests a phase of the problem which in fairness we must not overlook. Certainly we welcome the indication that Christianity is to have a free hand and a fair chance some of these days.

The present policy of England and France is the more indefensible in that it runs counter to experience

in other parts of the world. In the most fanatical lands, like Arabia, Turkey, and northwest India, medical missions have been allowed and have won the favor of the people. Should Christian physicians withdraw from these lands the Moslems themselves would rise up and protest. It would seem that only in the Sudan must Mohammedans be protected against hospitals and other institutions which render service in the name of Christ.

It is frequently stated that the head and center of the Mohammedan advance is the El Azhar University in Cairo, to which allusion has already been made. Tourists who see the thousands of youths undergoing training in this famous mosque are informed that one of the main objects of the school is the capturing of the continent of Africa for Islam. It is explained that the Moslem powers, being now practically excluded from Europe and making little headway in Asia, are turning to Africa, which they claim as their peculiar field. The best information does not bear out this contention. It is doubtful if any of the El Azhar graduates go as missionaries to central Africa. Their ambition lies in the direction of the great mosques of Mohammedan countries. Nor is there evidence that from this institution or other Islamic centers is there an organized movement for the conquest of Africa.

Yet we may say one section of the Mohammedan world is, in a sense, organized for the propagation of the faith, and especially for the winning of Africa. Not a little has been heard in recent years of the

Senussi of North Africa, and especially of their activity against the French and Italians during the Great War. One hardly knows whether to speak of them as a tribe or as a brotherhood. They appear to be the strongest of the more than one hundred orders of Islam. Founded by the Arab sheik, Senussi, in 1835, they have withdrawn to strongholds in the desert wastes of Tripoli and Algeria, where they defy all control. They exist for the spread of Islam and refuse all Christian contacts. It is interesting to find that they are bitterly opposed to the Turks, whom they consider to be usurpers. The order is strongly puritan in its tendencies, prohibiting music, singing, dancing, smoking, and coffee-drinking. It has a rule that no member shall live in a country governed by a non-Mohammedan power. The present sheik is a remarkable man, and it is in his direction that we must look for the explanation of some things which have been happening of late in the Sudan.

Why the Mohammedan Missionary Wins

In addition to the general considerations adduced above there are certain special reasons why the Moslem advance is making such rapid progress. First of all is the simplicity of the Mohammedan creed: "La-ilaha-illa-'llahu; Muhammadu-Rasulu-'allah" (There is no god but God; Mohammed is the apostle of God). Five times a day, wherever Islam goes, the muezzin summons the faithful to prayer in words substantially similar to the creed. The fundamentals of this re-

ligion are few and they are ingrained in the soul of every disciple. It is an easy faith to understand, an exceedingly easy one to pass along. Reduced to its lowest terms the Mohammedan message is this: "We have the one true God; the one true prophet; the one true book; the one true brotherhood."

Consider also the passion in which this faith is held. Easy-going Westerners, who hold their religion lightly, have little conception of the intensity of the Mohammedan's belief. He *knows* he is right, and he preaches his doctrine with a passion and a dogmatism which is well-nigh compelling to the African mind. We read of Kitchener's victory over the Mahdi at Omdurman, but we forgot that ten thousand bodies of Moslem "martyrs" were left on that battlefield as a witness to their faith in Islam. Dr. John R. Mott tells how he once asked a little girl in Egypt if she were a Mohammedan. "Yes," she replied, "thank God, I am a Mohammedan."

We are to consider, also, that this religion of the desert appeals to the African because it comes from a man like himself. The Mohammedan missionary reaches him on his own level; he is one of his own sort, not unlike him greatly in color; much closer socially than the white-faced stranger from over the seas. Dr. Blyden, a Baptist missionary, gives the following illuminating description of how Mohammedan missionaries in the Sudan gain their foothold:

"On a certain day the inhabitants of the town observed a man, black like themselves, but clad in a

A MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER SERVICE IN THE DESERT

white garment, advancing down the main street. Suddenly the stranger prostrated himself and prayed to Allah. The natives stoned him and he departed. In a little while he returned and prostrated himself as before. This time he was not stoned, but the men gathered about him with mockery and reviling. The men spat upon him and the women hurled insults and abuse. His prayer ended, the stranger went away in silence, grave and austere, seemingly oblivious to his unsympathetic surroundings. For a space he did not renew his visit, and in the interval the people began to regret their rudeness. The demeanor of the stranger under trying circumstances had gained their respect. A third time he came, and with him two boys, also clothed in white garments. Together they knelt and offered prayer. The natives watched and forbore to jeer. At the conclusion of the prayer a woman came timidly forward and pushed her young son toward the holy man, then as rapidly retreated. The Moslem arose, took the boy by the hand, and, followed by his acolytes, left the village in silence as before. When he came again he was accompanied by three boys, two of them those who had been with him before, the third the woman's boy, clad like the rest. All four fell upon their knees, the holy man reciting the prayer in a voice that spoke of triumph and success. He never left the town again, for the people crowded round him, beseeching him to teach their children. In a short time the entire population of that town, which for three centuries had beaten back the assaults of

would-be Moslem converters by the sword, had voluntarily embraced Islam!"

Add now, as a clinching consideration, the fact of certain obvious advantages in the acceptance of Islam. It offers at once to the African tribe political stability, association with other organized peoples, commercial activity, and a measure of civilization. To the individual African, should he attend a government school, the new faith becomes a passport to government employment. In certain sections only Mohammedans are hired by the powers that be.

With so many advantages in his favor can we wonder that the Mohammedan missionary is winning his way? The wonder would seem to be that Christianity has any chance whatever in these regions.

Is Mohammedanism a Step Towards Christianity?

I was once addressing a convention of American negroes on the perils of Islam in Africa, when one of their prominent bishops took me aside and informed me that he considered it a distinct advantage for his people in Africa to be Islamized, since in that way they would become prepared for Christianity as the final stage in their progress. This accords with the view of some European officials who have labored in Africa. Captain Orr, of Northern Nigeria, is quoted as saying: "Even if it be true that Islam lays a dead hand on a people who have reached a certain standard of civilization, it is impossible to deny its quickening influence on African races in the backward state of

evolution. Among the pagan tribes of Northern Nigeria it is making its converts every day, sweeping away drunkenness, cannibalism, and fetishism; mosques and markets spring into existence, and the pagan loses his exclusiveness and learns to mingle with his fellow men. To the negro, Islam is not sterile or lifeless. The dead hand is not for him." Mr. E. D. Morel, whose books on the Congo atrocities have attracted such attention, maintains that Africa will undoubtedly become a Mohammedan continent, and that it is right and good that it should be so.

We must admit that Islam brings certain immediate advantages to the people of tropical Africa. The Mohammedan convert stands up straighter, he holds his head in the air, he has attained self-respect, he has put off certain disgusting practises, he has taken on a certain degree of civilization,—not a few counts in its favor. On the other hand, Mohammedanism is Mohammedanism. It has had a history, and from that history we know it has blighted the life of every nation coming under its power. Until the story of Morocco, of Algeria, of Arabia, of Turkey is wiped out, the presumption will be strong against Islam's becoming a blessing in the Sudan. The taint lies too deep. Grant that it favors reverence, cleanliness, and temperance; but how about sensuality, polygamy, the suppression of womanhood; the practise of magic; the darkening of the mind; the inculcation of hate; the spirit of massacre? It is these offsetting evils that have dragged down the population of every Moslem

land, and they will always drag them down. Central Africa will be no more of an exception than North Africa has been. If the enlightenment of the mind has anything to do with civilization, what hope is there in Islam? Is it possible for a religion of darkness to become a dispenser of light? I once asked a Moslem camel driver what, on the average, was the life-time of the camel. He replied in surprise, "How should I know? Allah alone knows such things. When Allah wants to take a camel, he takes him. Why should I inquire?" There you have the Moslem mind in a typical attitude. To the Christian, what God knows he seeks to have his children know and understand. He is a self-revealing deity. His wisdom is a challenge to our highest faculties and endeavors. To the Moslem it is the other way. Because God knows we must not know. Legitimate inquiry is ruled out; the motive for education is suppressed.

But theory aside, the facts are against the contention that Islam is a half-way house toward Christianity. Prof. Starr of the University of Chicago, who has traveled extensively in West Africa, even denies the material advantages which come with the adoption of the new faith. He says the Mohammedan towns are no better than the pagan towns, and that the apparent superiority of certain tribes who have embraced Islam is due not to their religion but to their inherent racial qualities. However that may be, it is a settled thing that Islam invariably works for the degradation of African womanhood. The women of

the African harems are actually in worse plight than when they were in their heathen state. It is demonstrated also that after a few years the native mind becomes set in the Mohammedan mold, so that it is vastly harder to win him to Christianity than before he dropped his pagan ways. If Christianity is the goal, then conversion to Islam is a step downward, not upward. It is doubtful if an instance can be cited where Islam has led to the higher faith. Any number of instances can be cited where it has worked in the opposite direction.

Back of all these considerations is the fact, which we must not blink, that Mohammedanism is by its very essence *antichristian*. It seeks to blot out Christianity, not to promote it. If we believe that Christ is the hope of the race and that his civilization is to prevail everywhere, then we cannot be too forward in our effort to save the African tribes, not only from paganism, but also from the impending spread of this rival faith. "Those who have found in Christ the secret of comfort, strength, and moral victory, cannot withhold the knowledge of him from the peoples of Africa at a time when they are exposed to new and grave dangers to their moral health and social well-being. The fact that paganism is doomed and must almost inevitably give place within the next few decades either to Islam or Christianity makes the task which Providence has laid on our generation of peculiar responsibility and urgency." These words from the Rev. J. H. Oldham, secretary of the Continuation Committee of

the Edinburgh Conference, would seem to close the debate.

How Christianity Has Met the Challenge

The Mohammedan problem in Africa may best be considered in connection with two zones of influence. The first zone comprises the North African states, where the situation has been set forth in a former chapter. This may be called the zone of Mohammedan consolidation, since throughout the coast strip Islam has been in control from the days of the conquest in the seventh century. The southern boundary in general follows the line of political division as found on the maps. To the south lies the zone of Mohammedan advance. Here it is not so easy to mark our boundaries. Roughly speaking, we may say the southern line begins on the west coast at the tenth degree of north latitude and runs across the continent, trending southward until it crosses the equator and reaches the Indian Ocean at the north border of German East. There are pagan tribes north of this line and Mohammedan tribes or portions of tribes to the south, especially along the east coast; but this division serves our purpose for a general view. The zone as thus defined includes the Mohammedan hinterland and also the sections into which Islam has pushed in recent years.

All mission boards working within this second zone, or in proximity to its southern border, are either engaged in stemming the Mohammedan tide or acting

as buffers for the rest of the continent. Throughout this region a twofold purpose is in view: to win the pagan population to Christianity, and to hold back the Mohammedan advance.

The Foreign Missionary Society of the United Brethren in Christ, after sixty-two years of valiant work in Sierra Leone, now finds itself in the forefront of this struggle with Mohammedanism for the mastery of the pagan tribes. The propaganda they encounter is not that of the simple, sincere believer in Islam, but of the unscrupulous official of the mosque, whose instruments are intrigue, lying, and intimidation. The high-handed methods of these men keep the native chiefs in such a state of terror that some are inclined to profess conversion as a means of safety. The work of this board is well established, with Freetown as a base, and with lines running into the far interior. At Rotifunk five of their missionaries suffered martyrdom in 1898. At this station to-day is located a remarkable missionary in the person of Dr. Zenora Griggs, who treats 8,000 cases a year in her dispensary. Secretary Hough aptly describes her as "a little woman doing a big work." This board conducts one of the best schools on the west coast in Albert Academy, at Freetown. In all, twenty-four missionaries are maintained on the field. The founder of the mission, the Rev. W. J. Shuey, who went out in 1855, is still living. Three quarters of the people of Sierra Leone are now Mohammedan. The Mohammedan population of Freetown has increased fifty per cent. in ten years.

All the societies located on the Guinea coast and as far north as Senegal are, in a sense, involved in this struggle. The American societies concerned are the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. The Episcopalians have been working in Liberia since 1835, the initial undertaking being in behalf of freed slaves, colonized from America. Bishop Ferguson (colored), who was consecrated in 1885, and who has recently died, broadened the work so that it has vital bearings upon the one million native people in the interior, many of whom are being won to Mohammedanism. The bishop left behind a remarkable record for fidelity and industry. His specialty was raising up an African clergy, but he also conducted forty-five excellent schools scattered along the coast.

The Muhlenberg Mission of the Lutheran General Synod began work in Liberia in 1860, in behalf of natives from the Congo region who were taken from a slave ship. The Rev. Morris Officer gathered forty of the children into a school which continues to this day and is doing excellent work. There is a girls' boarding institution at the coast and eight schools are conducted in the interior. A prominent feature of the work is a coffee plantation, which serves as a center of industrial training. The Rev. David A. Day was connected with the work for twenty-five years, until

his death, and at one time he was chief of one of the tribes. This mission is now turning toward the native tribes, but along with all other agencies in Liberia, is handicapped by the inefficiency of the government.

The Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board occupies a position of strategic importance in Southern Nigeria among the Yoruba people, one of the virile races of Africa. They occupy the gateway to the Hausa states, where the struggle between Christianity and Islam is focused. Working from four principal centers, by means of a well-developed medical work, industrial missions, and trained negro preachers, their task is to win the Yoruba and fill them with a missionary zeal in behalf of the other tribes. A victory at this point is vital to success throughout the continent.

The center of this mighty struggle is Northern Nigeria, where the Fula and Hausa tribes are entrenched, actively engaged in the Mohammedan propaganda. Here our chief reliance has been the Church Missionary Society of England. This is the work made famous by Samuel A. Crowther, "the Black Bishop," he being the first African to be consecrated to that office. There are now in the Niger Mission four bishops, three of them native. The work of the Niger delta is one of the noteworthy achievements of modern missions. In Northern Nigeria they have seven stations well placed in pagan communities. Recently they have been allowed to build a hospital in Zaria, a Hausa center, the Mohammedan emir and

the British governor consenting. Captain Orr speaks of this new venture as productive of good results. We may well be thankful that a great organization like the Church Missionary Society is standing so nobly in the breach.

On the extreme eastern edge of the Sudan again we find the American United Presbyterians at work. Doleib Hill on the upper Nile and Nasser, farther up the Sobat, are their leading stations, where they are seeking to win the important Shilluk tribe. Hospitals, schools, preaching places, and industrial training are the agencies upon which they depend. The natives are of a savage character, and the country is infested with wild beasts. These outposts of Christianity call for a rugged and courageous type of missionary. The killing of Mr. Ralph W. Tidrick by a lion illustrates the risks taken in the Sudan. A Shilluk village had complained of the ravages of some lions which were infesting the neighborhood, and Mr. Tidrick took his rifles and led a relief expedition. With a company of natives, armed only with spears, he attacked a band of lions, killing one and driving the others into the tall grass. The grass was then set on fire and a huge lion rose up to see where the fire was located. Mr. Tidrick fired, and the lion dropped, but soon rose again and was struck by a second bullet, after which he did not appear. Shortly afterwards a second lion appeared, and Mr. Tidrick dropped it also; but it, too, bounded up a second time, and was hit again. With the natives, Mr. Tidrick pushed into the grass. The

first lion was found stone-dead; the second was wounded, but Mr. Tidrick, being suspicious, turned to his gun-carrier for a particular rifle, and at that moment the huge beast was upon him. Before his helpers could come to the rescue with their spears, the missionary was mauled beyond recovery. By a relay of steamers, they managed to carry his mangled body to the government hospital at Khartum, but fever set in, and in a few days the brave soul took its flight. By such acts as this the missionaries of the Sudan reveal to the Africans how ready they are to serve them, even to the laying down of life.

No account of Christian activities in the Sudan would be complete without a reference to the excellent work of the Sudan United Mission and Dr. H. K. W. Kumm, its knight errant. This union organization was effected in 1904 for the express purpose of checking the Mohammedan advance. Its staff of fifty-eight missionaries works from centers among seven tribes in Northern Nigeria, and from one station on the upper Nile. It is carrying on evangelistic, educational, and medical activities and is translating the gospel into several of the very numerous languages of these pagan tribes. Between Numan, the easternmost station of this society in Nigeria, and Melut on the Nile is a stretch of country 1,500 miles wide, with not a missionary. Dr. Kumm states that thirty-five pagan tribes live in this unoccupied field, each one an open door of opportunity.

Dr. William J. W. Roome has recently taken a jour-

ney across Africa through Egypt, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and the Congo, for the purpose of investigating the Mohammedan advance movement. He found that there is grave danger of Islam capturing not only the remaining tribes of the Sudan, but also those of the Congo basin which have not been reached by Christian missions. He urges that two lines of mission stations should be established. The first line is practically the one proposed at the Lucknow conference, running from the upper Nile to Northern Nigeria, where it will join the stations of the Church Missionary Society and the Sudan United Mission. The other line connects the mission stations of the upper Nile with those of the upper Congo and its tributaries. Here a comparatively small gap is found, some 200 miles in length; but if this should be filled it would form a wall of Christian influence through the very heart of the continent. Those who are interested in the strategy of African missionary work should study Mr. Roome's map with care.

In view of what has been disclosed in this chapter, is it not plain that the Mohammedan advance in central Africa constitutes one of the greatest, if not the greatest issue before Christianity to-day? Bishop Hartzell of the Methodist Episcopal Church says, "The importance and greatness of this question to the Christian churches in America cannot be overestimated. It represents the largest world missionary problem confronting the whole church at the beginning of the twentieth century. By common consent, the most im-

MISSION STATION, DOLEIB HILL, EGYPTIAN SUDAN

mediate and insistent duty of the churches of Christ is to give the gospel to Africa's millions, thus saving them from the Moslem faith and the continent for Christ."

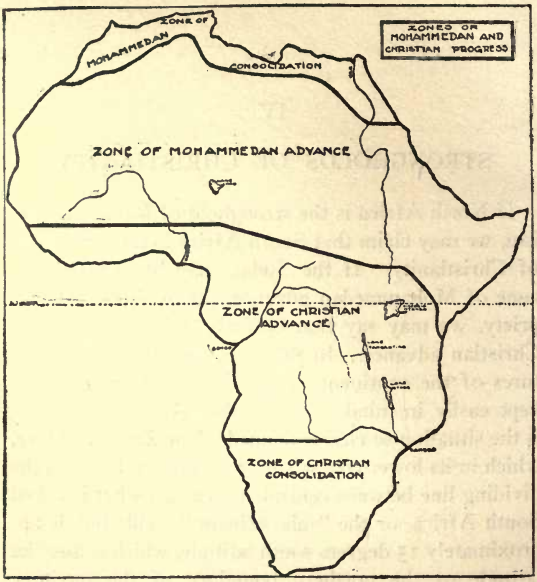
What Mohammedan Africa needs is a new crusade —*of love*. In the middle ages the Christian nations of Europe were possessed by the idea that they must drive out the Moslems and recover the sacred seats of their religion by the power of the sword. In this they miserably failed, as they deserved to do. They understood neither the spirit nor the power of Christ. If we are to win to-day, it must be by an effort to help the Moslems, not annihilate them, by a crusade of good-will, appreciation, of sympathy, of friendly help, in the name of Christ. Raymond Lull, the six-hundredth anniversary of whose death we celebrated in 1915, the first missionary to the Moslems, a man who sealed his devotion by a martyr's death, said, "He who loves not, lives not." It would not take a very large army of persons, living and working in the spirit of Lull, to win Africa's Moslems to Christ.

STRONGHOLDS OF CHRISTIANITY

IV

STRONGHOLDS OF CHRISTIANITY

If North Africa is the stronghold of Mohammedanism, we may claim that South Africa is the stronghold of Christianity. If the Sudan may be considered a zone of Mohammedan advance, then, with equal propriety, we may say that central Africa is a zone of Christian advance. In this way the outstanding features of the continent, religiously considered, can be kept easily in mind. In no other part of the world is the situation so clearly defined. The Zambezi River, which in its lower course runs east and west, forms the dividing line between central Africa and what is called South Africa, or the "subcontinent." This line is approximately 15 degrees south latitude, which is also the latitude of the northern boundary of the territory designated, prior to the European War, as German Southwest Africa. All south of this line we will call the zone of Christian consolidation. All north, as far as the Sudan, we will call the zone of Christian advance. Africa thus presents the spectacle of two missionary armies advancing for the conquest of the continent, the Mohammedan army from the north and the Christian army from the south. These four zones are useful, also, as indicating in a rough way the popu-



ZONES OF MOHAMMEDAN AND CHRISTIAN PROGRESS

lation areas of Africa; the Libyans and Arabs in zones 1 and 2, the negroes in zones 2 and 3, and the Bantus in zones 3 and 4.

There are those who fear that Mohammedanism will spread throughout Africa, even down to the Cape of Good Hope. They point out that settlements of Moslems are to be found in Cape Town, and in the port

cities of the eastern coast, and that these groups are growing stronger from year to year. I cannot share in their apprehension. It is inconceivable to me that Mohammedanism can penetrate below the Zambezi River in sufficient force to affect the religious situation in a serious way. Even if the churches should not become aroused sufficiently to hold the advance in the lake region and the Congo basin, the Christian forces would seem to be sufficiently entrenched in South Africa to assure, at least, that the native tribes shall not become Mohammedan. Whether they become Christian or not is another question. The Moslems of the coast are not of the aggressive, fanatical type; they are content to live and let live so long as they are allowed freedom of trade. Not a few of them are friendly toward their Christian neighbors. Moreover, South Africa is as much a white man's country as the Sudan is a brown man's country. Settled by the Dutch in 1652, and taken over through various stages by the British and Germans, the subcontinent is definitely organized on the European basis, with Christianity well to the front. The struggle in South Africa is clearly between Christianity and paganism.

The Natives and Their Religion

And what paganism! Recently a distinguished American college president, who considers himself an expert on ethnology, was addressing a body of Christian people in the city of Hartford. He pictured the life of the native Africans in almost idyllic phrase-

ology. He deplored teaching them to wear clothes, which gave them new diseases, especially the disease of false shame, and cumbersome conventionalities. He also deprecated leading them away from a religion which was sufficient for their level of culture, and a system of education which would separate them from their primitive, simple, and innocent relations with nature. A considerable tract of African territory ought to be set apart where one or more of these tribes should be left alone to live as they have always lived. All this sounded very wise and plausible. But there happened to be sitting in the audience President William Douglas Mackenzie of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who was born in South Africa, his father being the famous John Mackenzie of the London Missionary Society. President Mackenzie, being called upon to speak, thanked the lecturer for an entertaining evening, and then proceeded to portray some of the conditions of African life, which he had learned at first hand, and which illumined considerably the statements as to the simplicity, innocence, and universal gentleness of the natives. The idea of setting apart a tract for the perpetuation of native customs reminded President Mackenzie of Cecil Rhodes' scheme for maintaining a large section of Rhodesia for the preservation of the wild animals of Africa. The coincidence of ideas appealed to him as peculiarly amusing. The impression which was left upon the audience by the two speakers may be imagined. As one person who was present put it, "I feel pretty sure that Dr. ———

ZULU CHIEF AND HEADMEN

A SMELLER-OUT WOMAN

will probably not give that particular part of his lecture again, or at any rate, that he will try to make sure beforehand that no innocent 'native' African is in the audience."

It is not stated just what customs President Mackenzie cited in defense of his position, but for anyone who has traveled in South Africa it is not difficult to imagine. Possibly he referred to the practise of eating one's foe in order to obtain his bravery and strength, or the custom of making "medicine" of parts of the human body, the same being administered to the young braves before they go into war. It was this latter superstition which led to the Zulu uprising in 1906, which spread terror throughout Natal, and in which thousands of innocent natives perished. I recall seeing the very spot where a white man was murdered in order to make "war medicine," and how gruesome were the details of the transaction. The soles of the victim's feet were cut off, along with certain other parts of his body, and of these a decoction was made which the witch-doctor sprinkled over the Zulu warriors. The soldiers were assured that by this means they would be immune to the white man's bullets, and that the bullets, as soon as they struck, would melt and run off like water. Not less than 3,000 Zulus believed that word and, armed only with their short-handled *assagais,* they charged the Maxim guns of the British. A missionary showed me where their bodies were left rotting in the sun.

Possibly President Mackenzie told of those evil

geniuses of the South African tribes, the witch-doctor and the smeller-out-woman, who used to spread terror and death among the *kraals,* until they were suppressed by the British government. It is interesting to imagine what developments might occur in an area set apart for the preservation of native life, with the witch-doctor roaming at his own sweet will. More likely there was reference to the lovely custom known as *lobolo,* by which the girls are sold by their fathers to husbands at so much per head. In the old days the exchange was in cattle—twenty head for a likely maid; now it is an equivalent sum of money. Under this arrangement, universal in the South African tribes, marriage is a commercial transaction, pure and simple, and womanhood is rated as goods. The practise, we can understand, is popular with the fathers; but, who in his senses would consider it an idyllic state for the girls? Put yourself in the place of a Zulu maid, sold, without consultation on her part, to an old man who already has eight wives! From *lobolo* has sprung a brood of practises so revolting as to make description undesirable. A condition of society in which the mothers instruct their daughters in immorality can hardly be considered as a state of innocence.

The South African tribes have a number of excellent traits, which the missionaries seek not only to preserve but to develop. Their respect for authority, their unswerving loyalty, their bravery, their capacity for devotion mark them as worthy subjects for Chris-

tian culture. Undoubtedly there are grave perils for these children of nature in the advent of European civilization; this will be made clear in the following chapter. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the moral and intellectual degradation of the South African tribes, or as to the need of Christian sympathy and help, if they are to be anything more than savages and pagans. There are those who regard the condition of certain tribes as beyond all hope; the early settlers, as a rule, took this view; but, thank God, there are others who find in these very conditions a sublime challenge to faith and devotion. As we proceed it will become apparent that the optimistic view is not without good historical foundation.

The Demonstration at Umvoti

In a trip which carried me through important sections of South Africa I was much favored in an early experience which enabled me to estimate the possibilities and values of the missionary work in practical as well as spiritual ways. It was at Umvoti in Natal, a station of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, where work had been carried on for many years. A reception in my honor had been arranged in the large stone church and, as I approached the building, I was wondering what impression would be made upon me by a Christian congregation after the scenes of pagan degradation which I had witnessed in other parts of the continent. Entering by the pulpit door, with a missionary who was to act as my inter-

preter, I found myself looking into the faces of an African congregation which completely filled the church. They were divided, the men to the left of the center aisle, the women to the right. All were neatly clothed, the men with trousers, coats, shirts, collars, and even a few neckties; the women in well-laundered calicoes and wearing sunbonnets of brilliant hues. There was perfect decorum, as in an American church; their faces indicated earnestness and intelligence; the impression was of a congregation not only civilized but educated and prosperous. To look upon that throng was in itself a demonstration of the value of missions.

Finally, my eyes dropped to the seats immediately in front of the pulpit, and there I beheld a row of the nakedest, the dirtiest, the most unutterable pagans I had ever seen. They stretched from one wall to the other, the men on the left, the women on the right. The men were nude, save for a bunch of monkey-tails hung at the loins and a headdress of feathers which gave them a peculiarly weird appearance. Each man carried a spear. The women—how can I make my readers see those women? About their shoulders they wore a cloth which was saturated with red clay and grease. Their hair was done up also in clay and grease and hung in snake-like strings to the level of the tip of the nose. Their wild eyes peered out from among these strings like the eyes of a French poodle. They were all of one color—skin, clothes, and hair. They were of the earth, earthy. They looked as if

they had just been created by being pushed up through the mud. I had seen many savages, but none like these.

While I was wondering what brought these creatures into this decent assembly, the native chief came forward and made all clear. The chief was garbed like a city gentleman, long black coat, starched shirt, and all the paraphernalia of civilization, with not a detail omitted, even to the necktie pin. He was a Christian and a highly prosperous man, being the owner of a sugar-cane plantation. It seems he had set this scene for my special benefit. In his Zulu head he had thought out a scheme by which this American visitor should get an idea of what the missionaries had been about. Turning to the row of heathen men he commanded in a loud voice, "Stand up!"; and up they got, spears in hand, a dangerous looking bunch. Turning to the women, in a still louder voice he commanded, "Stand up!"; and up they got. Then turning to me he said, "*Mfundisi* (teacher), take a good look at these people." And I did; I took them all in—through more than one of my senses. The chief continued: "These are heathen, as you see, just like the wild beasts; and, *Mfundisi,* we want you to know that all of us people [he waved his arm impressively across the congregation] were once like that, just like the wild beasts, until Mr. and Mrs. Grout came among us to live. And, *Mfundisi,* we want you to know what a great change has come over us Zulus, and we want you to know how grateful we are to those who sent Mr. and Mrs. Grout and the other missionaries who

have lived among us; and, *Mfundisi,* when you go back to your people over the seas, we want you to tell them what a change has come over us and how grateful we are."

Was there ever a better speech or demonstration made in behalf of foreign missions? There was not another word to be said or thought on the subject. It was staring you in the face. In my response I said, "Chief, if I could take you and this row of heathen men and women with me to America, and could have you visit our churches in New York, Boston, Chicago and other places; and if I could have you make this same speech, I would convert every last remaining unbeliever in foreign missions."

Beginnings

South Africa is full of just such evidences of the gospel's power. They are written all over the landscape, and the evidence of this part of the continent is of peculiar value because this was the place of beginning; the experiment has gone on long enough to warrant drawing some pretty sure conclusions. As early as 1737, George Schmidt, the devoted Moravian missionary, began work among the Hottentots of Cape Colony, and before he retired under the compulsion of the authorities, he demonstrated that this race, one of the most degraded on earth, was susceptible to the uplifting influences of the gospel.

In 1797 the London Missionary Society, founded only four years before, sent three missionaries to work

among the Kafirs and Bushmen of Cape Colony. A few years later they pushed northward beyond the Orange River and established themselves among the Griquas and the Bechuanas, where a great work was to be performed. Four names should stand out in our minds in connection with this mission: Robert Moffat, one of the great names of missionary history, possibly the greatest missionary ever sent to Africa, who settled among the Bechuanas at Kuruman, and under whose leadership the moral life of the tribe underwent a complete revolution; Mrs. Moffat, who, three years before a church had been formed, wrote to a friend in England who had asked what useful thing she could send out, "Send a communion service, we shall need it some day"; David Livingstone, who married Mary Moffat, the daughter, and became the most famous of modern explorers; and John Mackenzie, already referred to, who succeeded Moffat, was the first to urge Great Britain to extend her protecting arm over the vast region to the north, now known as Rhodesia, and under whose influence the famous African king Khama was nurtured in Christianity. What a list! The lives of these all should be known to the missionary student.

As early as 1816, the English Wesleyans sent out Barnabas Shaw, who settled in the Namaqua country, not far from the mouth of the Orange River. On the journey, Shaw fell in with a Namaqua chief who was on his way to Cape Town, over 400 miles from his kraal, to plead for a teacher who "could instruct them in the great Word." No wonder the Namaquas re-

ceived the word gladly and that a great work sprang up. From this point the Wesleyans spread until they occupied many points throughout South Africa. They now lead all the missions in the number of church-members.

Add the fact that the United Free Church of Scotland began work at Lovedale in 1824, and that the American Board sent its first missionaries to Natal in 1835, and it becomes clear what a relatively long period of missionary endeavor we have in this part of the continent, as the basis of any judgment we may form.

Pioneer Experiences

There were many exciting experiences connected with the lives of the South African pioneers. The conditions which made the Boers one of the hardiest races on the earth contributed to build missionary fiber in this section. The distances were tremendous, when we consider that all travel was by ox-wagons. When Moffat went to Kuruman, he left Cape Town over 600 miles behind. Rivers like the Orange and Vaal, when in high water, had to be crossed by means of rafts. Livingstone and his bride, trekking north, nearly perished in a desert experience,

> Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
> And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

The savages in those days were exceedingly savage, and they kept on the warpath with painful assiduity in their efforts to stave off the coming of the white

settlers. Zulu chiefs, like Chaka, Dingaan, and Mosilikatse, laid waste large sections of the subcontinent, destroying entire tribes and putting to death, it is estimated, not less than 2,000,000 of the native population. In the Kafir War nearly every white man in a large district was murdered.

Then there were the wild beasts, especially lions, leopards, crocodiles, and snakes. The prize snake stories of the world come from this region. The deadly *imamba,* eight to ten feet in length and as large as a man's arm, took a fancy to living under the floors of the missionaries' houses. Not infrequently they would come into the houses and, lifting their ugly heads four or five feet from the floor, would dispute control. The rats would build nests in the thatched roof, and the snakes would go up after the rats, occasionally dropping down on the tables and beds within, a habit which the lady missionaries regarded as particularly objectionable.

Lion stories galore are narrated. One of the best is that of the Rev. Daniel Lindley, one of the American Board pioneers in the Transvaal. On account of the native uprising, he was obliged to pack his goods and his family on a cart and trek through the veldt to the coast at Natal. One day he was followed by a band of four lions. Unwilling to fire a gun or build a camp-fire for fear of revealing his whereabouts, he was in a precarious position. Should the lions kill his oxen at night, his escape would be impossible. This is what he did. *Outspanning* in the late afternoon,

he left the camp in charge of his wife, and taking the Boer ox-whip, with its long lash, he went after the lions. They were watching operations from the top of a ridge; but when the missionary came along, cracking his whip, they turned and walked solemnly away. Lindley followed and, coming to the crest of the ridge, was surprised to see the lions far away walking up the ridge beyond. Still pursuing, he chased them over that ridge, and when he arrived at the top he saw them making slow progress toward a third rise of ground. The next time he ran quickly to the top of the ridge and, peering over without revealing himself, he saw the lions running with the utmost speed toward the next hill. He understood then that, so long as he was in sight, those princely beasts, for the sake of preserving their dignity, would not proceed faster than a walk; but the moment they had the hill between them and that man with the whip, they would break into a run. Needless to say, they did not return.

Great Successes

If one is looking for missionary demonstrations, South Africa furnishes one of the best fields in the world. Only three can be mentioned here.

In Basutoland we have an independent native state, under British protection, completely surrounded by the South African Union. Should the Basutos ever come into the Union, it would be of their own free will and accord. Moreover, we find this to be a state of civilized, educated, prosperous, and, for the most

part, Christianized people. Here is one of the signal successes of modern missions, and we are to attribute it, under God, to the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions. Many noble workers have conjoined to bring about this result, among them the famous Coillard of the Zambezi, the first part of whose career was spent in Basutoland. The missionaries for many years have been the honored counselors of the chiefs. One of them was spoken of as "the uncrowned king of the Basutos." The Paris Society has been much favored by the fact that, under treaty, no white person can settle in Basutoland without the consent of the native government. Thus they have been free from the evil-minded whites who have so hindered mission work in other sections. Another favoring factor is the willingness of other boards to keep out and leave the field exclusively to this society.

The whole missionary world knows about Lovedale in southeastern Cape Colony, and the wonderful institution built up by Dr. James Stewart. *Stewart of Lovedale* is a biography which educational and especially industrial missionaries the world over regard as a classic. The United Free Church of Scotland in all parts of the world places emphasis upon education in order that the native church may have trained, efficient leaders. At Lovedale, under Stewart's direction, education has developed strongly on the practical side. In addition to normal and ministerial training, they lay stress on carpentry, masonry, wagon-making, blacksmithing, and printing. In these ways

they endeavor to suit educational processes to the special conditions of native life. Their graduates are found throughout South Africa and are giving a good account of themselves. Lovedale is the Hampton of South Africa.

The American Board work among the Zulus in Natal and Zululand is noteworthy because of the character of the people. The Zulus are the most aggressive and warlike of the African tribes. Solidly built and of more than average height, they are said to be the finest piece of muscle on the face of the earth. Their mentality is also beyond that of the average tribe. Theologically we find them reaching the highest point in African heathenism. Their belief in *Unkulunkulu,* "the great, great One," approaches the idea of a supreme being. Under their king, Chaka, they conquered a large part of South Africa by means of a series of wars which revealed an unusual capacity for organization. Such was the warlike character of these people that the early colonists laughed at the efforts of the American missionaries. They said, "It is impossible to convert the Zulus."

What has been the outcome? In a visit to Natal in 1911, in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of this work, I asked a company of missionaries and Zulu pastors to meet me for an early morning prayer-meeting at the grave of the first convert from this race. She was an old blind woman named Bhulosi, who came one day to Dr. Adams, after he and his colleagues had labored eleven years

without a single conversion, and said, "I choose God." Near-by, so that it was shown in the same photograph, was the grave of Dr. Adams himself. Standing on this spot, I asked the pastors how many Zulu church-members there are to-day. They replied, "Sixty thousand, sir." "And how many adherents have you, children and others who are practically Christians?" They put their heads together and estimated there were at least four adherents to each member. "That," said I, "means 300,000 Christian Zulus to-day; and here [pointing to the grave] is number one." It seemed the most fitting thing possible to close that service with the doxology.

Other societies have cooperated with the Americans in bringing about this splendid result; the outcome belongs to the church universal. In this work emphasis has been placed upon Zulu leadership, both in evangelism and education. Every male Zulu Christian is expected to preach, and some churches send out twenty and thirty lay preachers every Sunday. The Zulu churches are self-supporting. The British government, seeing the value of the educational work, gives liberal grants to the schools, in which some 5,000 children and youth are gathered. The educational scheme heads up at Amanzimtote, where the higher institutions are located. Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who went to Natal in 1868 under the Woman's Board of Missions, of Boston, the first missionary to be sent by a denominational woman's board in America, still lives and is active at Inanda, where she has built up a

boarding school for Zulu girls that is famed far and wide.

The Unfinished Task

I have called South Africa the stronghold of Christianity; yet it would be a grave mistake to think of our task there as completed. Take, as one example, the Zulu work. The successes have been noteworthy; yet to-day three quarters of this great tribe are as pagan as ever. They live in their hive-like huts, with their superstitions and their pagan ways still upon them. Polygamy is the accepted thing, *lobolo* prevails on every hand, and unspeakable immoralities abound. A Herculean task remains if this tribe is to be saved. There are blocks of heathenism in other sections of South Africa which have not felt the touch of Christianity. This is particularly true of the "locations," or reserves set apart by the government, where the natives live under conditions scarcely better than primitive paganism.

We are to remember, also, that the subcontinent includes vast regions outside of the Union. Southern Rhodesia is pioneer territory to-day. So far as the conditions and character of the work are concerned, Rhodesia should be classed with central Africa, rather than with the subcontinent. What was formerly German Southwest Africa covers an area one and one half times that of the German Empire. Much of this region is desert, but in the interior are many native tribes offering missionary opportunity. The Rhenish

and the Finnish Missionary Societies have divided this field between them; but even so, there are tribes where no missionary work has been attempted.

On the opposite side of the continent is Portuguese East Africa, a region of great fertility, with a coast-line of 1,400 miles. One half of this territory, that lying south of the Zambezi, is included in the South African zone. Here is a native population of about one million, for the most part unreached by Christian influence. This great region, lying in abysmal darkness, is the most important unoccupied area south of the equator. Work in Portuguese East is rendered difficult on account of the deadly climate, and, until recently, by the hostility of the Portuguese government. Since the republican régime began at Lisbon, missions, under proper auspices and conditions, are allowed, not only in the coast cities but also in the interior. Portuguese East Africa to-day is one of the great unanswered challenges of the pagan world.

Help From New Quarters

Beyond question, it belongs to the white churches of the South Africa Union to fill up the gaps between the mission boards of Europe and America. Certainly the reaching of the natives in the "locations" should be regarded as a home mission task. From early days the Dutch Reformed Church of Cape Colony, which is an exceedingly strong organization, has taken a certain amount of interest in the pagan tribes, and not a little good work has been done. It deserves the more credit

because of the hostile attitude of the Boers who have occupied the outlying regions, and whose notion is that Christianity "spoils the natives." To-day Christendom rejoices to learn that the missionary spirit is taking possession of this important communion, as also of the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Anglicans, and other churches of South Africa. Even the Boers are more sympathetic in their attitude. By a strange providence, this new attitude on the part of the Boers arose through the sending of Boer prisoners to India and Ceylon at the time of the Boer War. Shut up in the prison camps of these distant lands, in their homesick condition they were visited by American missionaries, and many of them were brought to Christ. At the same time they came to see the value and beauty of mission work. At the close of the war a goodly number of these converts returned to South Africa as missionary volunteers, determined to do for the negroes what the American missionaries had done for the Hindus. Does the history of missions contain a more romantic episode than this? I recall stumbling upon a mission station occupied by one of these converted Boer soldiers, when tramping through an exceedingly unhealthy section of Mashonaland in Southern Rhodesia. It was interesting to find this lonely man in that far-away spot, reading the reports of the Edinburgh Conference. Some Boer volunteers have pushed north of the Zambezi as far as the Nyasa country. They should make good missionaries.

Christian people the world over have heard of

Andrew Murray, who died in 1917 at his home in Wellington, South Africa, and have read his devotional books. But how many know that Dr. Murray's leading interest was the evangelization of the pagans of his continent, and that his pet enterprise was the South Africa General Mission? This union society was founded in 1889. It has stations in Swaziland and in other parts as far north as the Congo country. It does not attempt to compete with the older boards in the matter of settled educational work; but specializing upon evangelism, it is welcomed as a new agency in a very needy part of the world.

Can the South African church become a missionary force as her sister churches in Uganda and Cameroun are coming to be? It might seem, after all these years, that the black churches of Natal, Basutoland, and Cape Colony should be sending out missionaries on their own account to the unreached tribes of the interior. If they have been something of a disappointment in this respect, we must remember the repressive influences to which they have been subjected by the European governments, which, as a rule, do not wish them to become aggressive. We must bear in mind, furthermore, that the modern missionary movement is Christianity at its noblest, the flowering out of Protestantism after centuries of development. Should it be an occasion of surprise if churches only one or two generations out of paganism are not yet ready to pour themselves out in this high service of love? To these considerations we must add the fact that the gifts of

administration, which make for sound financial management and for wise direction of forces on the foreign field, are among the rarer things of life. Possibly no enterprise calls for greater stability of character and for a firmer grasp upon the principles underlying administrative efficiency than the building of a Christian civilization in a pagan land. Some day, beyond doubt, the rising churches of the Dark Continent will assume a worthy share of the task of redeeming Africa. When that time comes, South Africa may be counted upon as a fresh base of supplies, a stronghold from which a new army of Christ will march for the conquest of the regions beyond.

AFRICA'S DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH CIVILIZATION

V

AFRICA'S DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH CIVILIZATION

If you wish to obtain a correct idea of what European civilization means to Africa, a good way is to push into the interior of some British colony and spend a day with the magistrate. It is no holiday jaunt. At the head of a long line of sweating carriers, under the blazing tropical sun, you tramp for days before reaching the border of the district. When at last your caravan swings into the government clearing you are in a state of mind and body to admire the pluck of the man who, even for the sake of ruling, is willing to live in so remote a spot.

The first thing that strikes your attention is the bareness of the grounds about the magistrate's residence. You take early occasion to remark: "Why, in a fertile region like this, don't you have some grass or at least flowering shrubs and trees growing about your house?" "Well, don't you see?" the magistrate replies, "we couldn't exactly do that, on account of the mosquitoes, these pesky *Anopheles* which hide under the vegetation. It is rather bad around here in that respect. All the white men catch the fever sooner or later, and most of them have to get out. There were

sixteen of us in the district last year; only eight are left now. Three were ordered home; the others waited a bit too long and 'black-water' got them. You must have passed the carriers with the grave-stones, as you came in—some very nice ones sent out from home, they tell me."

The British flag flies from a rather crooked pole in the center of the clearing, and down the hillside you see the government house, where the court is held. It is a simple affair—the magistrate in his immaculate white cotton suit, sitting at a deal table, a clerk or two, several native aides, a white policeman in khaki, a group of black men waiting outside. The natives come in, bend level with the ground, clap their hands twice in token of respect, and state their case. Solomon in all his glory never had more puzzling questions to pass upon. Here is a father who cannot pay his hut-tax; he will send his boy of fifteen to the white settlement to earn the money. He asks for a permit for the boy to leave the district. Decision: Request refused—boy too young and untried; temptations too great.

"Next." Another father claps his hands; looks anxiously to left and right. His daughter ran away to live a wild life in a mining town. Will the magistrate bring her back? Decision: A policeman is ordered to investigate and report. If true, case will be taken up with magistrate of mining district. This means a seventy-mile ride on horse-back for the policeman; but the father goes away satisfied.

"Next." A most peculiar matter is brought to his attention by a letter from a missionary. Nomusa married a widower having several sons. Her husband died. For several years she worked to support herself and children, never failing also to give her share to the local church. In time she became engaged to marry again. But her eldest stepson, a boy in his teens, is her owner, and he has been lost sight of for several years and is not to be found. Yet he it is who must agree on the number of cattle as the marriage price of his mother! No relative can be found to act in his place, it being feared that the boy may return and take exception to the marriage bargain. Hence, the wedding cannot take place. Will the magistrate legalize the marriage? This he does, by consenting to act as trustee for the stepson, authorizing the marriage, and holding the dowry (money in lieu of cattle).

So it runs all the morning. Mounted police arrive to report upon the patrolling of wide areas; native chiefs call to turn in the tax money they have collected; a village headman reports the ravages of lions; the telephone jingles from the far-away railroad center, announcing the leaving of carriers with supplies, or the departure of the weekly post. It is a busy and highly useful life lived by this lonely Englishman in the clearing. He is a chief and a father, and, we are inclined to add, a missionary, all rolled into one. Naturally there are some of a different stamp; but, taking them all in all, they are a fine set of men. For

one I say, "Hats off to the British magistrates in the heart of Africa."

We are going to take a square look at this matter of European rule. It is a complicated problem, and many things have been said on both sides; but there can be no question as to the place of responsibility. The responsibility lies at the door of the nations which have deprived the Africans of their land. The scramble for Africa, which began with the opening up of the Congo basin by Stanley and the entering in of Germany in 1884, came to an end with the passing of Morocco to France in 1912. Of the black man's Africa there remain now only Abyssinia on the east and little Liberia on the west. War may change the alignment of territory, and adjustments may be made from time to time by treaty; but nothing points to the return of the Africans into control in any part of the continent. Europe is in possession and must give an account of herself.

The question is not whether Europe had a right to carve up Africa; but, whether, having done so, Europe has made a right use of her privileges. We will grant as a general principle that it is for the good of the world that large sections of the earth should not be left in barbarism; that no race can be said to have a right to territory which it is unable to use or which it uses in such a way as to prove a detriment to mankind. It was in accordance with this principle that our own continent was colonized by Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the Indians made

to give way. But, alongside of that principle, let us insist upon another. In taking over the territory of barbarians, civilized nations are bound to give proper compensation; to make adequate provision for the preservation of the native race; and, in general, to rule in such a way that the natives shall share in the benefits of the new order. In a word, Europe has no business in Africa unless it is for the good of the Africans as well as for the good of Europeans. It will help us to appraise the case for civilization if we keep these two principles in mind. In this discussion we shall use the word "civilization" in the sense in which it is used by the men (and there are a good many of them) who place civilization over against mission work as of equal or greater benefit, also by those who maintain that intellectual and practical culture should precede missionary effort, under the theory that the African is incapable of appreciating Christianity, until he has been "civilized." The civilization we are examining is the thing which the European powers, unaided by the churches, are trying to do in Africa—in a word, secular civilization. Let us take up the credit items first.

The Benefits of Civilization

When David Livingstone journeyed from central Africa to Cape Colony to wed Mary Moffat, he was six months trekking back to the Zambezi River. The traveler can make the same journey now on the "Zambezi Express" in four days; and instead of encounter-

ing all sorts of perils and hardships, as did Livingstone and his bride, he can recline in a sumptuous compartment, have excellent meals served in a dining-car, enjoy a good bed at night, refresh himself with a shower-bath in the morning, and, in general, have solid comfort along every mile of the way. I wonder how many tourists who take this "train de luxe" for the purpose of visiting the Victoria Falls stop to think of how much they owe to the British government for making possible this steel highway through the African jungle. Think of the cost of throwing that arch across the Zambezi gorge below the Falls! Yet that is but one item in a colossal enterprise.

In the Sudan Great Britain has built 1,500 miles of railway in fifteen years, not to mention the inauguration of 2,000 miles of steamboat service and the stringing of 5,000 miles of telegraph wires. Germany, before the war, planned to construct a transcontinental line from her colony on the east to her colony on the west. Already this line has reached Lake Tanganyika from the east. France, not to be outdone, would build a line from Tangier, opposite Gibraltar, through Morocco, over the Atlas Mountains, across the Sahara to Timbuktu on the Niger, where connections would be made with a steamboat and railroad service to the west coast. An even more daring French scheme is to build a railroad from Algeria to Lake Chad, and thence eastward through the Sudan, across the Nile, emerging at some point on the Indian Ocean. A group of London financiers are building a

line from Benguela, in Portuguese West Africa, to Katanga in the interior, where it will join the Cape-to-Cairo system, and tap the immense copper deposits of the upper Congo basin. This means 900 miles of rail through the coast range and across the interior plateau, with little revenue in sight until the last spike is driven. The railroads of Africa are not all dreams. Eight lines already penetrate the interior from the east coast. The west boasts sixteen such lines.

With the railroads go government, law and order, peace, agriculture, business enterprise, sanitation. Take the Nile valley as an example. Mr. Powell, in *The Last Frontier,* expresses the opinion that the development of Egypt under Lord Cromer is the best example of England's genius as a colonizing nation. He begins his chapter on the Nile valley with these words: "This is the story of how a handful of white men jerked a nation out of the desert and the depths of despair, as though by its collar, set it on its feet, and taught it to play the game."[1] What Great Britain has done for the Nile region by means of its railroads, steamboat lines, the Assuan dam, irrigation schemes, and, above all, through the administration of justice, presumably she intends to do elsewhere. Read Captain Orr's book on Nigeria, and you will see how a splendid beginning has been made in that colony.[2]

The abolishing of tribal wars in practically every part of the continent is a tremendous gain. It is stated

[1] *The Last Frontier*, p. 108.

[2] C. W. J. Orr, *The Making of Northern Nigeria.*

that not less than 6,000,000 natives perished in the campaigns of the Mahdi and Khalifa. To-day peace reigns in the Sudan. Kitchener was ten years building his railroads and steamboats and gathering his army before he commenced the Dongola campaign. He settled the issue in the one battle of Omdurman. Since then, under the administration of Sir Reginald Wingate, the Egyptian Sudan has settled down to raising cotton and cattle, and is to-day not only a peaceful but a prosperous state. South Africa, once ravaged by the Zulu chiefs, now has a Bantu population doubling every twenty-five or thirty years. The French and Germans deserve similar credit within their spheres of influence.

Law and order—how much we sum up under that head in our own communities! By the use of a little imagination we can understand what this may mean in an African village. Protection of life, security of property, a chance to work and save and build a happy home, unmolested by one's neighbors or by a tyrant chief—these are some of its fruits. Under this item we must include the putting down of certain revolting and destructive native customs, such as slavery, cannibalism, human sacrifices, the strangling of twin babies, and the criminal activities of the witch-doctor.

An important consideration is the labor market which has been opened in many parts of the continent. The character of the African has suffered immeasurably through the lack of a proper incentive to work. Adolphe Cureau, in his exceedingly valuable book,

Savage Man in Central Africa, says, "what we are being continually told of the negro's idleness is sheer slander. He is not in the least idle, but simply unemployed."[1] Samuel Johnson said, "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." With civilization there comes to the African the needed stimulus and also a remunerative opportunity. Throughout the colonies labor is in demand and, as a rule, good wages are paid.

Here, too, we must take account of what the European governments are doing for education. Germany has a particularly good record in this matter. In the Cameroun and Togoland, under German control, the school facilities surpassed those of the neighboring British colony, Nigeria. The French and British governments encourage education and make sizable appropriations for this purpose. Great Britain makes large grants to mission schools and in certain colonies has practically placed education under church control. A university for natives has recently been established in South Africa.

If the account stood at this point the showing for Europe would be exceedingly creditable. But the evidence is not all in.

What the Native Thinks About It

Strange to say, the native does not seem to appreciate what is being done for him by his rulers. It is not that he denies these things, but that certain other things occupy his mind, and bulk much larger than the

[1] Adolphe Louis Cureau, *Savage Man in Central Africa,* p. 64.

benefits of civilization. This is particularly true of those aspects of civilization which infringe upon his personal liberties. To begin with, the contemptuous attitude of the white man is gall and wormwood to his soul. He is a human being and he resents being kicked around like a dog. In many parts of Africa the *sjambok* (a large, thick whip made of rhinoceros hide) is the badge of the white man, and this instrument of torture and relic of slavery he uses with cruel and contemptuous frequency. In some of the cities the natives are not allowed on the sidewalk, and along all the trails the natives flee in terror from the white traveler or hide in the bushes until convinced that the foreigner is a friend, not a foe. In every possible way the African is made to feel his "inferiority."

Then there is the hut-tax. As a rule a tax of not less than one pound is placed on each native hut. This seems to him a tremendous sum, and in many instances such is the case. That he resents the imposition only marks him as human. The Zulu uprising in 1906 was caused by the British government's adding a poll-tax to the hut-tax. This was a cruel exaction, and the Zulu was driven nearly wild with rage. His mind worked in this way: "They have taxed my hut; they have taxed my cattle; they have taxed everything I own; and now they are taxing my head. Well, let them take my head. I am for war."

One day, when I was passing through Gazaland, several native chiefs waited upon me with a long string of requests, at the head of which was the plea that

I should pay their taxes, and if I was unwilling to do this, that I should use my influence to have the taxes remitted by the government. I saw this was rankling in their breasts as a great injustice. They were surprised enough to find that I had to pay a tax on my own hut in the United States; and when I told them how much I had to pay, they clapped their hands over their mouths and exclaimed, "Wow!"

Another galling restriction under which the native chafes is the limitation of travel. By all the tides of his blood he is a hunter or a trader, yet, living in "his own land," he finds himself shut up in a district and not allowed to pass its borders without a permit, secured only with difficulty. It is bad enough to be considered merely a taxable commodity, but by this law he feels himself a slave. And slave he is in those parts of Africa where enforced labor prevails. It is true the old slavery has gone, but often an industrial slavery takes its place.

The case is stronger yet. It has been said that the history of commerce may be traced by the weeds which have grown up along its pathway. The history of civilization in Africa may be traced by the diseases which spring up in its track. The cattle pests, which bear particularly hard upon the live stock of the natives, were unknown and were restricted to certain localities until the railroad and steamboat spread the germs far and wide. The African accuses the white man of bringing these things, and he names them over: rinderpest, tick-fever, east-coast fever, each one a

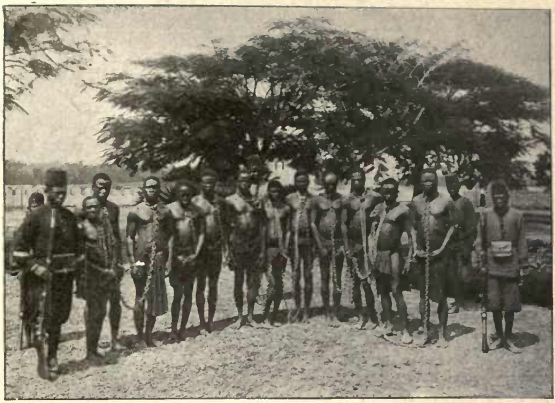
terrible indictment. The native stands gazing sadly at his empty cattle kraal. The magistrate, passing by, remarks, "Build a dipping-tank." The native replies, "Give me back my herds."

To the cattle pests we must add certain human disorders, like tuberculosis, smallpox, and the venereal diseases to which the African is peculiarly susceptible, and which have worked sad havoc. When the black man brings in this accusation, what is the white man to say?

In South Africa the breaking down of tribal and family restraints is a serious thing. Even the white settlers are beginning to recognize this. Paganism had its laws and its sanctions. Crude as these were, they formed a certain basis for society; they were vastly better than nothing. European law abolishes these, but is unable to put anything effective in their place. The result is that certain tribes are more immoral than before civilization came.

What shall we say of the unjust and cruel wars of suppression in which every European power has engaged, of punitive expeditions which have been little better than massacres? How about the Congo atrocities? The things Europe has done under this category are a disgrace to civilization. They will rankle for generations in the African breast.

The land question in the South African Union is so intricate that it can barely be mentioned; but the intelligent African will put it well to the front. A law has been passed making it a criminal offense to



NATIVES ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION FOR CANNIBALISM

CARRYING RUM INTO AFRICA

sell or transfer land to a native. The purpose is to force the natives on to the "locations," or native reservations, where paganism is rampant, or else to become the serfs of the white men. The African is not to have a home on his own continent! This would appear to be the limit of white meanness and oppression. Can we wonder that the educated natives, rising up in a mighty protest, voted to send a deputation to London in the hope of enlisting the sympathy of Parliament and the king? The wonder is that under such rank injustice they remained loyal; that when, shortly after, the Great War broke out, they decided to hold their grievance in abeyance and to enlist for the defense of the empire. To-day thousands of these protesting Africans are fighting the battles of white men in distant parts of the continent. Britain loves fair play, and when peace comes, she cannot fail to restore these loyal black subjects to their rights.

We have approached this question from the standpoint of the native who thinks. But we must not forget the inert mass, unable to state its case, or perhaps to understand that it has a case to state. Think what the tide of civilization means to the untutored African. For untold ages he has been a child of nature, living in a wicker hut, wearing only a bunch of monkey skins or a leather apron about his loins, eating the fruit of the land, hunting the abundant game with his unerring *assagais,* or raising a few cattle on his native hills, content to squat and smoke and drink beer, undisturbed and uninspired by the fierce competition

of the world beyond his shores. Now that world is upon him with a rush. With its railroads, steamboats, plantations, factories, mines, laws, taxes, magistrates, police, armies, Maxim guns, gin-shops, and prisons, civilization has descended upon the poor African like an avalanche. Is it any wonder that he sits among his beer pots, half dazed and half crazed by the situation, and that the demand of the white man that he go to work and live like a civilized being finds him unable to respond? If ever there was a man deserving our pity and our help it is the African of the present time.

The Liquor Problem

In the liquor traffic we have an evil against which, unfortunately, the native does not protest. It has remained for Christian Europe and America to inveigh against the ruin of Africa by the white man's drink. No race is so quickly and so utterly demoralized by strong drink as the African. Self-interest alone on the part of the colonial governments dictates that the traffic be suppressed. Yet a faltering course is followed. In the South African Union there is a law, not well enforced, prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives. In Nigeria the traffic is permitted under restrictions. Portugal rules out distilled beverages, but permits light liquors and wines. Colonial governors realize the destructive effects of alcohol upon native character and health, and would gladly be rid of the traffic; but financial considerations stand in the way.

In Southern Nigeria the importation of spirits furnishes fifty per cent. of the revenues. Rum pays a duty of 200 per cent., and gin a duty of 300 per cent.; and yet these deadly liquors are shipped into the country in almost unbelievable amounts.

The sinning nations are principally Holland, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The British Board of Trade reports that during the year ending in April, 1916, there were imported into British West Africa 3,815,000 gallons of spirits. During 1914-15, from the port of Boston, there were shipped to the west coast of Africa 1,571,353 gallons of rum. There is no pushing of this evil upon the shoulders of Europe. America is too deeply involved for that. The question is often asked, "Cannot something be done to stop the shipping of liquor from the United States to African ports?" Yes; Congress could pass a prohibitory law on the subject; but without international action it would be ineffective, since American vessels cannot be prevented from transshipping liquor to vessels of other nations. For instance, it would be easy and remunerative for American liquor merchants to ship to Lisbon or the Azores and there transship in Portuguese bottoms to African ports. No American law could prevent this under present circumstances. What we need is an international agreement such as prevails in respect to certain Pacific islands and the Congo State. The urgency of this question is such that it should engage the attention of the American government at the earliest possible moment. The evil

is one of colossal magnitude, threatening the very existence of the west coast tribes.

From the Black Man's Kraal to the White Man's City

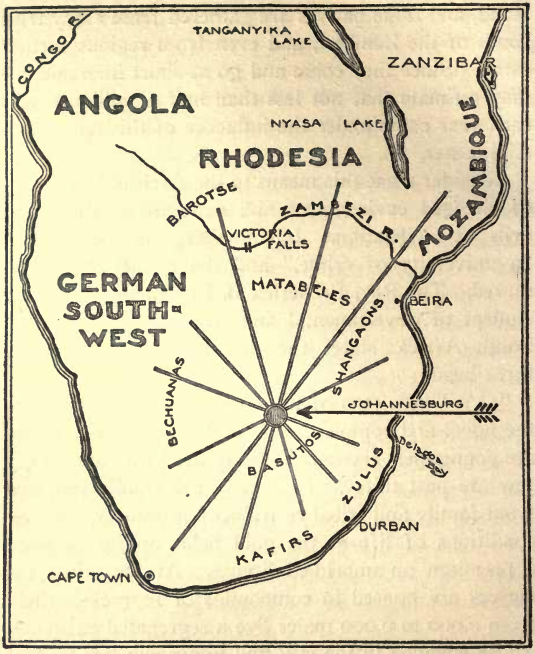
It is the old story of the finding of gold; of the rushing in of eager, unscrupulous men; of the springing up of cities in the wilderness; of the exploiting of the weak by the strong. Only, in South Africa, we are to add diamonds to gold. Of all the upheavals in native conditions and life which civilization has brought to Africa there is none to compare with this. Has there ever been such a landslide from the outer world, such a revolution in the life of a quiet people? As late as 1885 herds of antelope were roaming over the veldt where Johannesburg now stands. To-day we find a great modern city, with asphalt pavements, electric cars, and public buildings which would be a credit to Omaha or Denver. Johannesburg is the center of a mining district, known as "The Rand," which is some forty miles in length and has a population of close to 500,000. Forty per cent. of the world's gold comes from this region. The output per month runs as high as $17,000,000.

With the owners the problem is largely one of labor—how to persuade the natives to exchange their indolent village life for the exacting service of a mining compound. This difficulty has been overcome by offering special inducements in the way of good pay and short terms of service. Some 300,000 natives are steadily employed at Johannesburg and along the

Rand, and these natives are gathered from every tribe south of the Zambezi, and even from regions farther away. Since they come and go at short intervals, we may estimate that not less than half a million blacks each year come under the influence of this one industrial center.

Consider what this means to the African in the way of changed environment and exposure to the worst evils of civilization. Johannesburg has been called "a university of crime," and the epithet seems deserved. The Rev. Frederick B. Bridgman, a life-long student of governmental and economic conditions in South Africa, states the case under the following three heads:

"(1) These tens of thousands who are thrust into the novel and complex environment of a modern city are young men, sixteen to twenty-five years old. Very few are past thirty. (2) They are wholly removed from family and tribal restraints. Moreover, the new conditions of life at the gold fields appear to place a premium on unbridled license. At the mines the natives are housed in compounds or barracks, where from 2,000 to 6,000 males live a segregated existence. Those engaged in the city find living quarters as best they can, and this usually means drifting into slum areas of the worst type. (3) Of course, to such a mining center and frontier town as Johannesburg there inevitably gravitate many of the worst crooks and criminals of Europe and America. There seems to be no depth to which low-down whites will not descend



JOHANNESBURG—THE HUB OF SOUTH AFRICA

What Rome with its golden milestone was to that ancient empire, Johannesburg is to the subcontinent of Africa, where native paths, civilized highways, and railroads all converge on and radiate from the Golden City. The spokes indicate districts from which native laborers are drawn, and to which they eventually return. Shall these tens of thousands carry back to their villages the corruption of civilization, or the saving salt of Christianity?

in order to separate the native from his hard-earned cash. The result is that we find natives succumbing to drunkenness, gambling, robbery, murder, sodomy, and prostitution. To the vices of heathenism, the heathen are now adding the crimes of civilization."

To Johannesburg we must add Pretoria, Kimberley, Durban, Cape Town, and various smaller cities, where similar conditions prevail. Everywhere in South Africa economic changes of a revolutionary character bear heavily upon native life. The working out of this problem justly, scientifically and in the spirit of Christ will have much to do with the future of the African race.

Striking the Balance

How, then, stands the case for secular civilization? The problem is a highly complicated one, because so many personal and social factors enter in. It is not a problem in mathematics, but in sociology. Possibly no two persons would place the same values upon the various items we have been considering; but as to the main issue there should be no divergence of judgment. Clearly civilization finds itself on the wrong side of the account: *It has brought more evil than good to the African.* The plain and ugly fact is that in many parts of Africa the natives would be better off, physically and morally, if European enterprise had never come. The best authorities do not differ on this subject. There are those who fear that our so-called Christian civilization will make as bad a mess of things

in South Africa as Islam has made in North Africa. This is a startling judgment for Christian nations to consider. A prominent missionary has said, "While we must balance the good and evil effects of civilization, yet for my part I consider the real peril to Africa, south of the equator, to be civilization and not Islam." Mr. Gibbons, in his invaluable book, *The New Map of Africa,* remarks: "Unless they [the natives] are given the moral foundation upon which to build, material prosperity that comes with European control is to aboriginal races certain destruction—a rapid disappearance following deterioration."[1]

When the shocking conditions and atrocities on the part of the French concessionaries on the Congo came to light, the Comte de Brazza declared that he would never have explored this country and brought it under European control, had he realized what suffering and disaster European penetration was going to bring to the natives. M. de Brazza died on the west coast of Africa, broken-hearted through brooding over these things. Great Britain bears strong testimony to the evils of colonial civilization when she refuses to have the Basutos and Bechuanas come under South African control. She regards these tribes as the wards of the empire and she declines to pass them over to the Union, realizing that they will receive scant justice at the hands of their white neighbors, should they ever become integral parts of the dominion.

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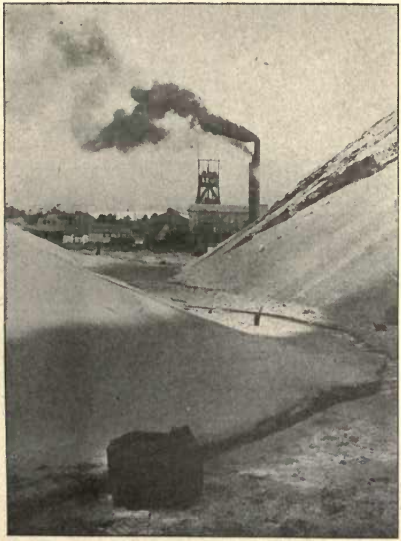
[1] Herbert Adams Gibbons, *The New Map of Africa*, p. 210.



A JOHANNESBURG GOLD MINE
Mountains of Tailings

NATIVES IN MINING COMPOUNDS
A Good Chance for Missions

The Church to the Rescue

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Africa is to be saved, not by laws, but by lives. If the church of the living God can be planted and made to flourish among the Africans, the continent will be saved; not otherwise. What are we to expect when the only white man with whom the African has practical dealings is the unscrupulous trader or the brutal policeman? What ideas of our civilization are the natives likely to receive under such conditions? Many a negro mind works in this way: "The white men are powerful; the white men are wise; the white men bring us many useful things; the white men are also dishonest and immoral; I will be like the white men." This gospel of the godless civilization is being preached far and wide. Fortunately there are regions where the natives gained their first impressions from the missionary and not from the trader. Such a region is Barotseland on the upper Zambezi, where Livingstone traveled extensively and where Coillard and the French Protestant missionaries settled in the early days. The result is that the Barotse, knowing civilization on its best side, are not likely to be corrupted by commercial greed. The same may be asserted with even stronger emphasis of Uganda, where Christianity gained the upper hand before the railroad appeared.

It is too late to preempt the ground in many sections of the continent, but by a truly wonderful providence the churches find a new opportunity in the very situa-

tion which is working such havoc in the industrial centers. Never has there been such a chance to reach the natives in large numbers as in Johannesburg and Kimberley to-day. In the old days the missionary sought out the natives in their kraals, often making long journeys only to find the men absent on a hunt or the whole population engaged in beer-drinking. At best he could preach to only a small group. To-day the natives are coming to the missionary by hundreds of thousands. Johannesburg spells opportunity in capital letters. Every African converted in such a center goes back, after his six or twelve months of service, as a missionary to his people. In this way every tribe in the subcontinent and some farther north can be reached.

Already good work is being done by way of seizing this opportunity. The Anglicans and the Wesleyans have taken hold vigorously, and a group of Johannesburg business men, under the leadership of Mr. A. W. Baker, have formed the "South Africa Compounds Mission." Americans will be especially interested in the plans of the Rev. Frederick B. Bridgman, of the American Board, who has become the apostle of a movement centering in Johannesburg, in which evangelism and social service are to go hand in hand. Mr. Bridgman was born in Natal of missionary parents, and he brings to the Johannesburg problem the results of a long and successful ministry for the native laborers of Durban. His idea is to establish a center in which the natives who flock to the city can find

congenial and helpful surroundings and where they will be brought under the influence of Christian men and women who can help them in every department of life. He would group together the church, the school-room, the lecture-room, the amusement hall, and offices for medical and legal advice. The staff will include an ordained missionary, a medical missionary, a legal adviser, a physical and social director, with native helpers. This dream is likely to come true through the generous gift of a New York business man. Already over fifty lay preachers go out every Sunday to preach in the mining compounds, where are congregated from 1,000 to 6,000 laborers. Wherever the Johannesburg converts go they carry the Bible in the vernacular and tell of Christ to their pagan neighbors. Near Delagoa Bay, 400 miles to the east, seven chapels have been built and hundreds of converts made by spontaneous native effort. When Mr. Bridgman has his new plant, he will be in a position to influence the life of an immense area.

In such ways the churches may come to the rescue and turn evil to good account. We must place before us nothing less than the task of Christianizing every contact with African life and enterprise. The Rev. John M. Springer, the Methodist missionary at Katanga, who is face to face with the industrial problem in a new center, and whose work will be described in the next chapter, in his addresses at home has been emphasizing that there are three factors in the African problem, the church, the state, and commerce; that

the church was first on the ground in the persons of Livingstone and the early missionaries; but that in many districts the state and commerce are now the sole representatives of western ideals and life. He argues with much force that these great human agencies must be brought together on a common platform, if the African tribes are to be saved from demoralization. Thus we see how intimately reform movements in government and business at home are bound up with missionary endeavor abroad.

The situation is not without hope. The European governments are learning many things, among them that missions are essential to civilization; that, without the Christian motive and the Christian morality, there is little hope of making the African honest and resourceful. Economic considerations also are leading Europe to pay more regard to the welfare of the native people, without whom their colonies would be barren enterprises indeed. The era of atrocities may be said to be passed. The liquor traffic will be brought to an end by governmental action one of these days, and the lesser evils are bound to give way in the process of time. The infusion of the Christian spirit into commerce will be a slower process, but even business houses will at times join the ranks of the reformers, as witness the suppression of slavery in Portuguese West Africa, through the action of the chocolate manufacturers. When the Cadburys and other importers of London learned that a large part of their cocoa supply came from contract labor which was indistinguish-

able from slavery, in the islands of Principe and Sao Thomé, the slaves having been brought from the Angola mainland, and that Portugal had refused to blot out this evil, they ordered that no purchases should be made from these islands until slavery should be abolished. Certain firms in the United States joined this righteous boycott, and the result was that Portugal lost no time in passing laws making the recruitment of contract labor voluntary, under restrictions. Let it be placed to the credit of commerce that slavery is now practically extinct in all that region.

Civilization in Africa will be godless only in case the Christian people of Europe and America fail in their duty. There is not a section of the continent where the situation could not be saved by aggressive action on the part of state and church, working in harmony. Selfish commercialism can be held in check, justice administered, education promoted, and the Christian religion established as the basis of society. Only the beginnings have been made in Africa; the great work yet remains to be done. Throughout this vast continent there will be a movement of civilization greater than any we have yet witnessed. Shall it be guided by Christ or by greed?

THE HEART OF PAGANISM

KIKUYU WOMEN, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

VI

THE HEART OF PAGANISM

Considering the continent from the standpoint of the struggle between Islam and Christianity we have spoken of central Africa as the "zone of Christian advance." From the standpoint of the dominant religion, it might with more propriety be called the "zone of pagan supremacy;" since in this section we have the largest area of pagan barbarism to be found in the world. India is non-Christian, for the most part, but India has a civilization dating from very ancient times. There is no evidence that the natives of central Africa have ever known a state higher than that they now occupy. Through all the changes of history they have lived on in virgin simplicity, untouched by the currents of the world's life. There are approximately 40,000,000 natives in this zone, and whether we consider them in the mass or as individual human beings, their appeal to the sympathy of the Christian world is pathetic beyond words to express.

Natural Features

Central Africa is tropical Africa. The sun is directly overhead and its rays beat down in a merciless and unremitting fashion. Even where the high eleva-

tion brings cool nights and occasional frosts, the days are intensely warm. Rain is abundant in its season, and except for a narrow strip on the western coast, south of the Congo, the region is devoid of desert. This is the country of the mangrove and the palm and all the picturesque features of tropical life. It is the paradise of hunters, where lions, leopards, rhinos, and elephants disport themselves, and where antelope and deer abound in endless variety and unbelievable numbers. Some who read these pages will say, "We have come to *real* Africa at last."

Yes, it is real Africa, because it is the black man's Africa. The white man is not tempted to linger in these parts. Aside from the uplands of the east coast and the tableland of Angola, climatic conditions render colonization from Europe undesirable, if not impossible. There will always be government officials, plantation overseers, and, of course, missionaries, who will be able to maintain themselves by the aid of frequent furloughs and rigid attention to health, but so far as white people generally are concerned, over the Congo valley and the lake country God has hung the sign, KEEP OUT. This much, at least, of the earth's surface is to be the undisputed abode of the dusky members of the race.

This is the Africa of Livingstone and Stanley, and it is rendered peculiarly sacred to Christian people because Livingstone's heart lies buried under an oak at Chitambo's, near the southern border. This is the Africa of the great lakes and the mighty Congo. It

is the Africa for which the European powers have scrambled as for no other part of our planet. A glance at the map will show that in this zone we have the whole of German East Africa, the whole of Uganda, a large part of British East Africa, more than half of Portuguese East Africa, more than half of Rhodesia, all of Angola, all of the Congo Free State, all of the French Congo, practically all of the Cameroun, together with Southern Nigeria and the entire Guinea coast. Its natural resources, in the forests, the farm lands, and the mining regions, mark the zone as one of extraordinary wealth. Add the fact of accessibility on account of the lakes and streams, and you have the basis for a sure prophecy of a great development in coming years.

The Land of Footprints

Stewart Edward White has written a delightful book on his hunting experiences in central Africa, which he calls "The Land of Footprints." The reference is to the innumerable tracks of wild animals at the water-holes and on the river banks, which every hunter of big game hopes some day to see with his own eyes. With equal appropriateness a missionary could have used this title in describing the life of Africa's human animals. If you could study the continent from an aeroplane, the most characteristic feature of the landscape would be the cobweb system of paths, which spreads out in every direction. One cannot think of Africa without these paths. Some of

them are of great antiquity, worn deep with the pattering feet of hunters, warriors, traders, slave gangs, and women going to their fields. The paths are the nervous system of African society, and the villages are the ganglia.

The thing to know above everything else in Africa is the native village, since each village is an African world. In spite of all the diversity of tribe, language and custom, the main features of the life of the people may be discerned in the ongoings of each little collection of huts. This is particularly true of the great Bantu race, inhabiting the southern half of the continent.

Let us imagine ourselves in a typical village of central Africa. It occupies a clearing in the forest, made by cutting off the tops of the trees and leaving the ground bristling with bare trunks. The one hundred or more huts are constructed of palm sticks and leaves, not circular in form, like those in South Africa, but rectangular. The door is low and if you wish to call upon the leading families you will have to get down on your hands and knees. The general impression is that of shabbiness and destitution. The population is about 500 and it strikes you at first as remarkably democratic and homogeneous. Aside from the headman there seem to be no distinctions of class or occupation. Later on you find that not less than a third of the population are slaves. Domestic slavery, although frowned upon by the government, is well-nigh universal. The slaves, however, are treated

kindly, as a rule, and they appear to be contented with their lot. They are restrained by the practical difficulty of returning to their distant tribal homes, and even more by an inherent consciousness and recognition of ownership on the part of their masters.

Scientists would not class these people as savages, but as barbarians, since they use tools forged from native ore. At some time in remote history they took one step toward civilization and then stopped. Not a village, not a tribe has a literature of its own or even an alphabet. You are surprised to find the people kindly disposed. They conduct you to the palaver-house in the center of the village and bring you gifts of manioc, yams, and bananas. It is much in your favor that you come from the mission station, since these people long ago learned the difference between a missionary and a trader. By their deepest nature they are law-abiding, inoffensive, and friendly, stirred to anger only when fearing war or when treated with injustice. If this statement is doubted, let it be noted that Great Britain maintains her rule throughout the colony of Gambia by means of seventy-five native policemen and soldiers. In Nyasaland she has the immense force of 135 native soldiers! Can that achievement be equaled in any other part of the world?

There is a darker side to native life. Everywhere the women live on a plane of degradation far below the men. Women are chattels, just so much property. Polygamy is universal, immorality a commonplace. The women raise all the food, which the men eat by

themselves. Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, in her articles in *The Atlantic,* and even more in her recent books, *Black Sheep, An African Trail,* and *African Adventurers,* has given the world a vivid picture of what it means to be an African woman.

The most brutal elements of the Bantu come out in connection with his religion. The thing which ought to elevate is the very thing that drags him down. The religion of the primitive African is usually classed as animism, that is, the worship of spirits. This is one step higher than fetishism, which is the worship of natural objects endowed with religious significance. The African's religion abounds in fetishistic elements, but the thing that dominates his thought is the innumerable company of demons which envelop him on every side. The fact that many of these demons are the spirits of his departed ancestors does not add to his comfort. The African lives in a haunted land. Demons in the stones of the brook, demons along the forest path, demons in the tree-tops, demons in the people he meets—the African never escapes from the terror of his supernatural world. Nothing untoward that happens to him is of natural occurrence; some witch is always to blame. When he is ill, or an accident befalls him, or bad luck comes, or a relative dies, there is a guilty party who must be "smelled out." Because the vital element in the African's religion is witchcraft, the witch-doctor becomes the great figure in the community. With his head-dress of feathers and his weird ornaments, his appearance is calculated to in-

spire terror and awe in the stoutest hearts. When employed to ferret out evil he gathers the people in a circle, spreads a skin on the ground, shakes his rattles made of gourds, in order to call the spirits near, and divines the event by means of a basket full of charms, each of which has a special meaning as he spills them on the sacred skin and notes their relations one to another. It is from the witch-doctor that the people obtain the fetishes which they hold in such high esteem. These may be almost any curious natural object or figure carved in wood: animal forms, heads of birds, teeth, pieces of glass, odd-looking pebbles, knotted strings, bags of colored earth, which are worn on the person or treasured in the hut.

Among the foul customs which arise from witchcraft are the poison test and burying alive in connection with the funeral of a chief. The former is the favorite method of chiefs in detecting witchcraft or the evil eye. Almost any untoward event may lead to the arrest of a large group of suspected people who are required to drink a decoction of poisonous herbs, in which the African forests abound. Those who recover are deemed innocent; those who die, guilty. It will never be known what multitudes of innocent people have perished in this way. Frederick Perry Noble maintains that the belief in witchcraft has done only less than the slave trade to depopulate sections of Africa. Sir Henry Hamilton Johnston, the greatest of all authorities on Africa, whose books would fill a shelf, speaks of the African as "fetish-ridden, tor-

tured in mind and body by some of the most hideous forms of religion ever invented."

In a word, the religion of the African is a religion of terror and hate. Naturally of a buoyant and lovable disposition, he has surrounded himself with phantoms which weigh upon his soul like lead. In the things which pertain to God he lives in abysmal darkness. When most religious, he is most fiendish. Will anyone deny that something ought to be done for these people?

Uganda, the Brightest Spot on the Map

We come now to the fascinating story of mission work in central Africa, and we are at once cheered by the thought that the "zone of Pagan darkness" is also the "zone of Christian advance." It is in this very region that the churches have scored some of their greatest successes. Historically, the work began in the east, and it will serve our purpose best if we start with that section and proceed westward through the Congo valley to the Atlantic coast. And first comes the story of Uganda, the brightest spot on our African map.

"Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! Such an one, if he be found, would become the savior of Africa. Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field than Uganda? Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity; embrace it. The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you." This ringing message to the Christian people of Great

A WITCH-DOCTOR TREATING AN OLD CHIEF
Pouring Quarts of Medicine down his Throat

Britain was found by General "Chinese" Gordon concealed in one of the boots of a French explorer, who had been killed by the natives on the upper Nile. It was from none other than Henry M. Stanley, who in 1875 was visiting King Mtesa on Victoria Nyanza. The letter created a sensation in England. Volunteers came forward at once; the Christian public responded with money; and in a surprisingly short time the Church Missionary Society reached the decision to accept the challenge and to open up work in Uganda. In the first group of missionaries who sailed in 1876 there were a naval lieutenant, two civil engineers, an architect, a doctor, a builder, and an artisan. The leading spirit was Alexander Mackay, the Scotch engineer, who was to become a famous figure in missionary history.[1] The story of their early struggles and their later successes reads like a romance. They found the Baganda all that Stanley had represented, a really remarkable people, of rich, reddish brown color, with short woolly hair, active, well-knit figures, expressive physiognomy, and easy and graceful movements. Nudity, when out of doors, was repugnant to them. They were cleanly in their habits, and they looked down upon the surrounding tribes who practised the hideous mutilations which we usually associate with African life. Mtesa, the representative of a line of kings which had ruled from the time of

[1] See Sophia Lyon Fahs, *Uganda's White Man of Work;* and Mrs. J. W. Harrison, *Mackay of Uganda.*

Henry IV of England, proved to be a man of great force of character, and he remained friendly until the coming of the Roman Catholics filled his court with jarring factions.

Under Mtesa's successor a fierce persecution broke out. The entire mission was expelled from the country and many of the native Christians suffered martyrdom. Some of the Christian boys went to the flames singing the hymns the missionaries had taught them. Such testimony could not fall to the ground, and back the missionaries came after a short period. Then the Uganda church started upon a career of rapid growth, which has continued to this day. The Christian population of Uganda, according to the latest figures, now numbers 374,264, being divided about equally between Protestants and Catholics. Since 1915 the Christians have outnumbered the non-Christians by nearly 100,000. Schools flourish, there is material prosperity on every side, and recently the native leaders inaugurated a missionary movement in behalf of the neighboring tribes. It is particularly gratifying to find that Mohammedanism, once rampant in this region, is steadily giving way before this strong Christian advance. From every point of view the enterprise which Stanley inspired has been a success, one of the greatest successes in the history of Christianity. The story, as told by Pilkington and others, calls to mind that phrase of the psalmist which meant so much to God's people of old, "Wonderful works in the land of Ham."

Nyasaland and Dr. Laws

It is remarkable how often these missionary successes in Africa hinge upon a single personality, like Mackay. It is remarkable, also, how one personality has kindled another. Robert Laws, while a student in Scotland, went with his mother to hear an address by the aged Dr. Moffat, then lately returned from South Africa. On the way home his mother was overjoyed to hear him say that he was resolved to be a missionary and that he wanted to go to the heart of Africa. This decision became a link in an important chain of events. Moffat inspired Livingstone; Livingstone inspired Stewart of Lovedale; Stewart was the man who persuaded the Christian people of Scotland to establish a Livingstone Memorial Mission on Lake Nyasa; Dr. Laws, who had come under the influence of Moffat, offered himself for the task.

That was in 1875. In 1915 the fortieth anniversary of the work was celebrated, and from the historical sketch by Donald Fraser we learn what has happened in between. Dr. Laws and his associates found the natives of Nyasaland degraded by superstition, the victims of hideously cruel customs, existing by plunder or by selling one another into slavery. Nevertheless, the missionaries received a joyous welcome because they were "the brothers of Livingstone, the tribe that loves the black man." To-day the Arab slave dealer has gone out of business, and scores of thousands of men are engaged in remunerative labor. Eight

languages have been reduced to writing, 850 schools have been started, 51,000 pupils are enrolled, and it is a rare village which does not have its little school-building. At Kondowe there is a central training school, modeled after Lovedale. Churches are found throughout the region, and when the first African preacher was ordained an audience of 1,600 filled the church, while 5,000 waited outside. There is a church-membership of 10,000 and a Christian community of 40,000. Such is the fruitage of only forty years.

To the south of Lake Nyasa, in the Shire highlands, the Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee established the Blantyre Mission, named from the birthplace of Livingstone. This enterprise has been greatly prospered and is widely known for the impressive cathedral which was built by native hands. The Nyasa work, like that in Uganda, just now suffers severely from the prevalence of the sleeping-sickness, which has depopulated many of the villages on the lake shore. This scourge, which is spread by the sting of the tsetse fly, afflicts whites and blacks alike, and is proving an almost insurmountable obstacle. It may be that the completion of the work in the lake country, where such a splendid beginning has been made, will have to wait upon discoveries in the schools of tropical medicine in Hamburg, London, and Boston. The Blantyre work of late has suffered from an inundation of Mohammedan missionaries. In nearly every village where a church has not been built a hut has been set apart as a mosque.

The Congo Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church

The southern section of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is now completed to Bukama, on the river which Livingstone called Lualaba, but which Stanley found to be the upper waters of the Congo. There connection is made with a mixed steamboat and railroad service to the mouth of the great river, 2,100 miles away. Thus the traveler can ascend the Congo to its head waters and proceed thence by rail to Cape Town, Durban, or Beira. This route has been made possible through the diversion of the Cape-to-Cairo system to the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo State, where valuable copper and other mineral deposits have been located. Already extensive mining operations have been begun and, as in the case of South Africa, thousands of native laborers are being drawn from tribes near and far. One mine employs 5,000 natives, another 2,000. Some prophesy that Kambove, the capital of the district, is to be a second Johannesburg. Here is a chance for the churches "to come in on the ground floor," as the investors say, and to capture the situation before commercial greed gets in its deadly work. Thank God, the chance is not to be lost. Hither came the Rev. John M. Springer, of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, in 1913, to preempt the situation for Christ. The work has opened up so encouragingly that it is now designated as the Congo Mission. The effort at present is largely evangelistic, although a beginning has been

made in education and literature. At eleven services held on one Sunday, Mr. Springer had representatives of thirty-five tribes in his audience, some of them from a thousand miles away. After a furlough in America, he returns with a splendid band of workers and liberal sums of money pledged for the development of the new field. Mr. Springer has started an enterprise at one of the most strategic points in the continent, which we all should watch with interest and earnest prayer for its success.

Evangelistic Harvestings on the Congo

And now we come to the great river itself, with its 9,500 miles of navigable waterways, a drainage area second only to that of the Amazon, its untold natural wealth, and its population of over 30,000,000 souls. Stanley, after his famous trip down the river, returned as the representative of the European powers and made treaties with 450 native chiefs, thus laying the foundation for the Congo Free State. If ever there was an encouraging start in African colonization, it was this. The natives showed a willing spirit and the prospects were excellent for the working together of Europe and Africa on a harmonious basis for mutual good. Yet in this very region we have had the most disgraceful exhibition of greed, injustice, and murderous brutality, on the part of the white man, to be found in the annals of our selfish race. Now that the atrocities are over, and that the good King Albert is on the throne of Belgium, we recall with gratitude the mis-

sionaries who had the courage to state the facts and to endure the calumny and persecution which followed. It remains now for the missions to heal the sores of hatred and revenge, and lead in a movement for the rapid civilization and Christianization of the entire Congo basin. In this stupendous task the American societies are likely to take the leading part.

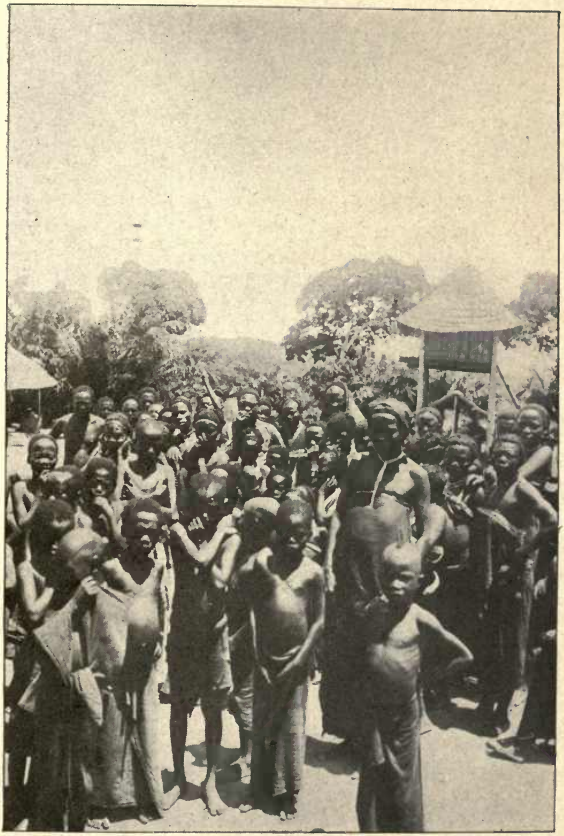
The Baptists were the first to see or at least to seize the great opening made by Stanley's explorations. To-day both the English and American Baptists are strongly established on the river. The stations of the English Baptists reach from Matadi, the port city near the mouth of the river, to Stanley Falls, and even beyond to the country north of Tanganyika. The hero of this mission is George Grenfell, one of the first figures in African exploration and missionary pioneering, the only missionary who may appropriately be spoken of as "the successor of Livingstone." It was Grenfell who discovered the Ubangi, the largest affluent of the Congo. The story of how, in his little steamer called *Peace,* he pushed his way up this stream past cannibal villages, and often through a shower of spears and poisoned arrows, for exciting interest is not surpassed by Stanley or any explorer. Sir Harry Johnston considered Grenfell worthy of a two-volume biography.[1]

The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has ten stations scattered from Matadi to the region above Stanley Pool. Of these, Ikoko, only thirty miles from

[1] Sir Harry H. Johnston, *George Grenfell and the Congo.*

the equator, is perhaps the best known, through its association with Rev. Joseph Clark, who has been heard on so many missionary platforms, and who took such a prominent part in exposing the Congo atrocities. Twenty-two years ago every man at Ikoko was a cannibal. To-day there are 500 church-members, of whom forty have gone to as many pagan villages to live and witness for Christ. A deacon, named Epundr, the son of a cannibal, during the absence of the missionary carried through the press the Gospel of Matthew in a language not his own, correcting proof and attending to every detail as well as Mr. Clark himself could have done. The working principle of this mission is that every Christian must be ready to render any service required by the church. At Banza a great revival has set in, and already, under the leadership of Henry Richards, a church of 1,800 members has been gathered. The mission is rejoicing over the raising of the money for the building of four new hospitals. The total membership of the mission is about 5,000, the English Baptists enrolling the same number. Up to 1880 there was not a Christian in all the region, only savages and cannibals.

The missionaries of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society are near neighbors of the Baptists. Bolenge, on the equator, is their typical station, concerning which we hear inspiring stories of progress. Dr. Stephen J. Corey tells of addressing an audience of 1,400 and of participating in the baptism of 207 persons on one Sunday. They have one church which



RAW MATERIAL ON THE CONGO

supports fifty missionaries from their own congregation. Dr. Corey also tells a remarkable story of a convert named Bonjolongo, who was one of the fiercest of King Leopold's tax collectors, and who had been instrumental in slaying thousands of his countrymen. Upon conversion he insisted that he must carry the gospel to the very people he had injured. He could not be dissuaded. "Bonjolongo," said the missionary, "if you go back the people will slay you, because they hate and fear you." His reply was, "Bonjolongo must go and witness for Christ in those villages." So, clothed in the blue denim garb of a Christian, he made the journey of six days into the jungle, unarmed and alone. Upon entering the town he was immediately recognized and the war-drum began to sound. In a moment he was surrounded by warriors armed with spears and knives. There was no time to explain his change of heart and his desire to do them good. In a moment he would be a dead man. But Bonjolongo was a resourceful African. The missionary had given him for the journey an aluminum canteen for drinking water, and he was carrying this on a strap over his shoulder. Knowing that the natives had never seen such an object, he took it from his shoulder quickly, pointed the cork at them, and exclaimed, "If you come a step closer, I will pull this cork out." He advanced a step and they fled precipitately into the forest. An hour later when the warriors came slinking back they found Bonjolongo preaching Christ to the villagers. He is now pastor of a flourishing congregation in that place.

The Southern Presbyterians on the Kassai

Draw a line from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Tanganyika and right in the middle of it you can locate the field of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. This is one of the most remote spots in the continent. The mission is reached by steamer on the Kassai River, one of the branches of the Congo, but so long is the trip that American mails are three months old when they arrive. Provisions have to be ordered six months in advance. The nearest post-office is five hundred miles away. In this far-off region we find a work of large proportions and great variety, one of the "show-spots" on the missionary map. The country is thickly populated, the leading tribes being the Bakete and the Bakuba, among whom the Southern Presbyterians are the sole workers. The steamer which plies between Stanley Pool and Luebo, the central station of the mission, bears the honored name of Samuel Lapsley, the founder of the enterprise and one of the hero figures of central Africa. What Mackay was to Uganda, Dr. Lapsley was to the Kassai tribes.

This mission, in the very heart of paganism, was not started until 1891; the results are truly extraordinary. Think of a church of 15,674 members gathered in that time, and a Christian community of 85,000! Think of 32,775 children attending Sunday-schools, and 15,835 in day schools! The total force of white workers is but thirty-four. Nothing could indicate the

ripeness of this field better than the fact that forty delegations from as many villages called upon a missionary about to return on furlough, begging him to bring them teachers. On the average, seven such delegations journey to Luebo every week. Such a record should entice other boards to occupy the virgin territory stretching to the south and east for hundreds of miles.

The Southern Methodists as Pioneers

Already the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has accepted the challenge of the vast unoccupied territory at the headwaters of the Kassai River. Under the leadership of Bishop Lambuth, who has twice visited the field, in 1914 they planted a station at Wembo-Niama, 700 miles by the river to the northeast of Luebo. This step was taken only after painstaking exploration, in conjunction with the Presbyterian missionaries, who have cooperated earnestly at every step in the undertaking. We find no better illustration of Christian unity than in the relations of these boards in this African work. When the field was chosen and the consent of the native chief had been obtained, two native pastors of the Presbyterian mission volunteered to join the Methodist force, and with them went nineteen others who constituted the nucleus of the new church. This is the latest enterprise to be started in the Congo basin; but the prospects are for large and speedy returns. The entire support of this work has been undertaken by the Epworth Leagues of the Southern Methodist churches.

The Enchanter's Wand in Angola

When Charles Darwin visited New Zealand in 1835 and saw the effect of mission work among the Maoris, he wrote, "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." The same may be said for many a field in Africa, where conditions to-day resemble those in New Zealand seventy-five years ago, and where the transformations in community life almost pass belief. Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, equal in area to fourteen Portugals, with a population of 7,000,000, is being worked by the Northern Methodists from Loanda as a center, and by the Congregationalists of Canada and the United States in the region back of Benguela. These fields are noteworthy for their demonstration of social regeneration. In this region we have the spectacle of Christian villages side by side with pagan villages and presenting the sharpest contrasts. In the pagan villages, disorder, filth, immorality; in the Christian villages, streets laid out in squares; houses of several rooms, with doors, windows, and furniture; a family life centering in the common meal; a community life taking its color from the daily prayer service in the church; on every side cleanliness, intelligence, prosperity, morality. To travel in Angola is to know the social power of Christianity.

At Chisamba, one of the stations of the Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society, a congregation of 900 gathers on Sunday. When Kan-

jundu, the chief, was living, he occupied a front pew among the elders of the church. So far as we know he was the first chief to adopt compulsory education. Every child was obliged to go to school and everybody else was urged to go. The result for a time was a strange jumble of old grannies, little children, young men, and mothers with babies on their backs. Kanjundu was short on pedagogy, but his ideal of an educated community has not been surpassed in Africa.

The conversion of this chief is worth knowing about. When, under the preaching of Dr. Currie, Kanjundu accepted Christ, he at once liberated his one hundred slaves, presenting to each one a house. He also released seven superfluous wives, honorably providing for each. Best of all, he lived an exemplary life, notwithstanding the persecution of the governor. Before conversion, a cruel chief; after conversion, a loving, kindly, childlike Christian. I told him about the Mohammedan advance, and asked if he was afraid for his people. A gleam came into the old chief's eyes as he replied, "Let them come. We will take care of them."

The Africans throughout this region are rapidly giving up their fetishes and charms, and bringing them to the missionaries for public burning in connection with the services of the church. It not infrequently happens that at the close of a service, in the space in front of the church, a bushel of charms is burned at one time, while the people stand around in awed silence. Those who have witnessed this performance

state that it calls vividly to mind the scene described in Acts xix. 19. Passing along a native trail in a remote region, I once met a company of native hunters, armed with bows and arrows. The missionary could interpret and we fell to talking. I asked the leader of the band, "Have the 'words' come to your village yet?" His face lighted up as he replied, "Oh, yes, the 'words' have come; a Christian teacher came to live among us only a week ago." I then inquired, "Would the other villages about here like to have the 'words'?" He swept the horizon with his arm and said, "All of them, all of them are waiting for the words to come." There you have Angola in a picture—7,000,000 people are waiting for us to send them the words.

Mass Movements in Cameroun

Of all the missionaries who work in Africa to-day the Northern Presbyterians are to be most congratulated. One of these is Miss Jean Mackenzie, whose articles and books have been previously referred to. Miss Mackenzie, in her inimitable way, speaks of their working during the past ten years in a "tumult of development." She says, "The forest tribes and the tribes by the sea crowded into the tribe of God." It is one thing to read missionary reports of success; it is quite another thing to be led, as Miss Mackenzie leads, into the very atmosphere of success. "All these years to have been praying, perhaps mechanically, 'Thy Kingdom come,' and then one day to see it coming, crowding up an old path that has been made straight

and the way of the Lord!" In one letter she writes, "Two thousand people assemble of a Sunday. The work is exceedingly encouraging, the people exceedingly responsive." In a later letter we have this: "I did, indeed, see an Elat communion service—a most exciting adventure. I saw 246 Christians admitted to the church, and a congregation of 5,000."

The story of Cameroun is the story of Uganda over again. Each mail brings something new. At an Elat communion in July, 1916, there were 8,000 present, and from the report I cull such expressions as these: "The work is moving in a way that is absolutely beyond human control. Hundreds are confessing Christ every month. The Lord is doing glorious things for Africa. The prayers of the home church are being answered." Among the wonders of Cameroun is the development of beneficence. In this field the every-member canvass has been carried out in its fullest extent, and they enroll to-day 18,000 Christians making a weekly gift to the Lord's work.

Naturally under such conditions it is a problem how to keep out unworthy members. The mission guards against this by a course of instruction and testing in a catechism class lasting two years; also by a thoroughgoing system of church discipline. Even so, one church has a waiting list of 1,650. The average Sunday attendance for the entire presbytery is over 77,000, while the number of adherents is slightly less than 100,000.

The mission has established an extensive educational system, including large industrial and agricultural de-

partments. During the vacation season, selected schoolboys in the higher grades go out two by two among the neighboring tribes, where they conduct vacation schools and preaching centers. When vacation is over they bring back with them to the central school all the boys who have made the proper grade in the vacation schools. At the beginning of the European War there were seven station schools where the teachers were under the supervision of missionaries, and there were nearly 200 village schools under black teachers. In the schools of this mission there were over 17,000 pupils.

Summarizing statements made by two missionaries on furlough, Messrs. Dager and Johnson, the following reasons for the Cameroun mass movements are given: 1. The Bulu are an energetic, virile tribe, living among the hills, just ripe for something new and better. 2. The leadership and personal influence of Dr. Adolphus Good, "that prince of Presbyterian pioneer missionaries."[1] 3. The rapid spread of the village school system, by which each school-house became an evangelistic center. 4. Rigid requirements for church-membership, with corresponding training in catechism classes. 5. Placing responsibility for the salvation of their people upon the native church. 6. The spirit of prayer pervading the church. 7. Insistence upon self-support. 8. The absence of any competing and confusing denomination working in Cameroun.

In all these favoring circumstances the missionaries

[1] See Ellen C. Parsons, *A Life for Africa.*

see how wonderfully God has prepared this field for the laborers he has sent to gather its harvest, and in their many striking and inspiring successes they feel the working of the Holy Spirit.

Christianity Advancing

There are other missionary enterprises in central Africa of which it would be pleasant to speak, did space permit; but enough has been said to demonstrate that the "heart of paganism" is also the "zone of Christian advance." From the east and the west and the south the boards have pushed in and have occupied strategic positions. There are vast territories still unoccupied on the upper waters of the Congo, along some of the northern affluents and south of the great bend; the work is only fairly under way in several of the occupied fields; but even so, great things have been accomplished and the evidence of success has been piled so high that he must be a feeble Christian indeed who thinks that central Africa cannot be won for Christ. There is only one real problem, and that is in the home churches. Will the people at home have vision and courage and consecration enough to do this great thing? The Africans are ready; the missionaries on the ground are ready; God is ready; are *we* ready?

AFRICA THE LABORATORY OF CHRISTIANITY

VII

AFRICA THE LABORATORY OF CHRISTIANITY

The significance of Africa as the laboratory of Christianity may best be set forth through an experience which came to me on an Easter Sunday at a remote mission station in Gazaland, Southern Rhodesia. This station, which is called Chikore, was founded by the Rev. George A. Wilder, a missionary of the American Board who sixteen years before had pushed into the jungle from Mt. Silinda for the purpose of beginning work among a virile but degraded tribe. They were known as cannibals, although their cannibalism was confined to the eating of one of their foes in war, under the idea that the prowess of the foe would thus pass into their own bodies. The flesh of the slain foe would be cut in long strips, which they hung from the branches of a great tree, known as the Chikore tree. The warriors would be drawn up in a circle and at a signal would rush in and eagerly devour the strips of flesh.

Easter at Chikore

Riding through the forest on horse-back that Saturday morning, I was eager to see what impression had

been made upon these wild people during the sixteen years of work among them. I was prepared to witness lurid scenes of savagery. Imagine then my surprise on being met, about a mile from the station, by a band of well-dressed young people, headed by Lincoln, their African teacher, each one carrying a palm branch. They separated into two lines, the boys on one side of the road and the girls on the other, while Mr. King and I rode through. As we passed between the lines the children waved their palm branches in rhythm, while they sang in English,

> From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's coral strand;
> Where Afric's sunny fountains
> Roll down their golden sand;
> From many an ancient river,
> From many a palmy plain,
> They call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain.

It is impossible to convey the impression produced by hearing that missionary hymn sung in the heart of Africa by the children of those who so recently had been cannibals. The effect was electric, and I found every fiber of my being thrilling under the significance of the scene. Evidently Dr. and Mrs. Wilder had not labored in vain.

I soon learned, however, that paganism had not been entirely overcome in the Chikore tribe. The same day there waited upon me a company of heathen men and women, headed by their ten chiefs, who came, as they said, to extend "a welcome to their country."

Their idea as to what was demanded on such an occasion was highly original. In a solid mass they squatted by the roadside, the ten chiefs in front. Each chief then insisted upon making a speech and each chief made practically the same speech. The tenor of their remarks was as follows: *"Mfundisi,* we don't like these people you have sent to us. We don't like them and we don't like their ways. We don't want to give up our wives. We don't want to wear clothes. We don't want to live in square houses. We don't want to dig the ground in the way they teach. We don't want our children to go to school. We want to be let alone. We like the old ways because the old ways were best. *Mfundisi,* when you go away to your own country, take all these people with you." These remarks were repeated over and over by the chiefs, not without murmurs and exclamations of dissent from the throng of Christians standing around. But I allowed the chiefs to have their say, each sentence being interpreted by Mr. King, who, in the absence of Dr. Wilder, was in charge of the station. Before they were half through I made up my mind that they were a set of shrewd old heathen; also that, so far as the feelings of the people were concerned, they were telling me a pack of lies. When, at last, they had finished, I said, "Chiefs, these are strange words which come to my ears. I must think them over. I want to meet you and your followers to-morrow at the Chikore tree, when the sun is there [pointing, African fashion, to the meridian]. To-

morrow is a great day for us Christians, and I shall have something important to say to you."

Now the Chikore tree had been the center of their superstitious rites and orgies for many generations and the chiefs pricked up their ears when I named this spot as our rendezvous; but they all agreed to come. The next morning, being Easter, we held a communion service in the thatched church, which was attended by the entire Christian community. At its close I asked them all to go to the great tree to meet their chiefs and their heathen friends, and I asked them to stand ready to do whatever I desired of them. It was arranged that Lincoln should march them up in a body. Mr. and Mrs. King, Dr. Lawrence, and I went ahead to the place of meeting. The tree proved to be a giant *umtombe,* fully fifteen feet in diameter, and with a shade area capable of sheltering a thousand people. The tree stood on a ridge and was a landmark for twenty miles around. The heathen were there in large numbers, and we found they had seated themselves in circles under the outer branches, leaving the interior of the space clear. The chiefs sat in a row by themselves. There could not have been a better setting for the effect I hoped to produce.

While we were greeting the people, the sound of gospel hymns came up over the tops of the trees, and I knew Lincoln and his band had started from the station. They made a beautiful sight as they emerged from the forest in double file, singing as they went, each carrying a hymn-book, like a cathedral choir.

The men were clothed in white and the women in colors. They marched around the tree and seated themselves on the ground in a solid mass, close to the trunk.

After prayer and a hymn, the speaking began. Alluding to the complaint of the chiefs and their statement that they wanted back the old days because the old days were best, I told them how I had traveled in many parts of the world, and always had found that Christianity brought a blessing, more food, better clothes, pleasant homes, peace in the heart; but evidently that was not the case at Chikore. "Here, you say, the Christian religion is a curse, not a blessing; but let us hear some other testimony. Mr. King, call out some of your converts and let them speak to this question: 'Were the old days best?'" It took the balance of the afternoon to hear all who wanted to speak. Not one man knew he was to be called upon, yet each one made a new point and nearly all alluded to what used to go on under the Chikore tree.

Bhande was the first. He said he was the son of a chief. Once when there was trouble in the kraal his father sent him to this place to sacrifice to the spirits. The ground was wet with blood. He added to the blood that day; but no peace came to their kraal. Now they are Christians and their hearts are full of joy.

Zonzo told how, in the old days, the bush was full of lions, leopards, and hyenas, and how their lives were full of terror; but now the missionaries with their

wonderful guns have driven these beasts away, and the women and children can walk through the bush in safety.

Tom Mapangisana said that in his opinion the old spirit-worship was "all a farce." He told how this used to be called "the hungry country," but now they had plenty of food because the missionaries had brought them better seed and had taught them to dig the ground deep. Someone mentioned what a wonderful thing it was to read and write, so that they could send messages to their children and friends when far away. Another had a good word for Dr. Lawrence—how he had healed their wounds and given them medicine when they were sick. All this time the chiefs were giving close attention. They began to lean forward and to look to the right and left to see what effect it was having upon their followers.

Then came forward Ndhlo-hla-hla, the evangelist, who kept smiting his breast and saying, "My heart cries out for you, O chiefs, because you are yet in your sins. You have told a lie to *Mfundisi.* Where would you go if you were to die this day? Where would you go?" And he told them where they would go in most explicit fashion. Then he softened in his tone and pleaded very tenderly with them. He drew his Bible from his pocket, and holding it high in the air, he said, "What can you do against the little book? You have had all the power in your hands, the fighters and the spears, and you have tried to stop this work. You would not let your women go to church, or

your children go to school. Have you succeeded? Look how many we are to-day. The little book did it. We had only the little book. Don't you know all this region is to be Christian? O chiefs, you must believe in the little book."

The sun was getting low, and feeling that we had won the day, I brought the service to an end by asking the Christians, both missionaries and natives, to join hands in a circle about the tree. A great circle was formed, as large as the space allowed, and so many wished to be included that a second inner circle was necessary. As Lincoln marched them around the trunk singing a native hymn, I invited the heathen, any who wished to stand with the Christians, to join hands with us. As they came over, young men and young women, mothers with babies on their backs, we opened the circle and took them in, making a strange contrast with the cleanly, well-dressed people of the church. Then I turned to see what effect this was having upon the chiefs, and lo, they were all gone. One by one they had slunk off into the forest.

Thus closed this strange Easter service in the heart of pagan Africa. Could one desire a surer sign of the living Christ than what we had witnessed that day? In Europe and America the churches were having their flowers and their anthems. Their great organs were pealing forth praise to God and the ministers were preaching eloquent sermons on the resurrection; but to us under that Chikore tree, it seemed that Christ had been in our very midst, revealing his glory in the

transformed lives of this pagan tribe and demonstrating his power to save unto the uttermost.

Significance of the Chikore Incident

Five things emerge from this Chikore incident which have a vital bearing upon missionary work. *First,* we note the practical benefits which came to the people as a result of the residence of the missionaries in their midst. The speakers mentioned protection from wild beasts, abundance of food, medical relief, and education. The list was by no means complete. Other advantages were suggested by the appearance of the Christian group in contrast with their heathen neighbors, and were in the minds of all. Among these may be mentioned cleanliness, industry, proper housing, and the practise of monogamy.

Second, we must consider the rapidity of the change. All this was accomplished within sixteen years. In that brief period a whole section of the population had been lifted from barbarism, practically from the bottom level of society, up through all the intervening stages of evolution, and placed on a fairly high plane of civilization. That which it had taken us these many centuries of struggle to achieve, these Africans, by our help, achieved in half a generation. This is a sociological fact of the first importance. It is not necessary for barbarous people to struggle upward as the white races have done. They can reach civilization at a bound.

Third, it is to be noted that the change came to these

natives as a community. The children were brought under the control of the missionaries, the parents also accepted the leadership of the missionaries in practical affairs, and all advanced together as a distinct group in the midst of the surrounding pagan population. Thus we find support for the sociological axiom that society must be saved as a whole, and that environment plays a prominent part in determining the direction of social progress.

Fourth, this community was formed by the coming over from heathenism of individuals like Bhande, Zonzo, Tom Mapangisana, and Ndhlo-hla-hla. The missionaries, being in control of the situation, were able at once to place these men in a helpful environment; but let it be noted that they came one by one, each of his own accord, and that certain ones emerged as leaders of the rest. The individualist and the sociologist meet on common ground in the Chikore incident.

Fifth, spiritual and moral regeneration was at the bottom of the whole process. This was not civilization by culture or education, but civilization by conversion. It resulted primarily from the working of repentance and faith in the hearts of individual pagans and savages through the preaching of Jesus Christ. Apart from the message of the "Little Book," we are unable to explain the rapidity and the thoroughness of the change. Unless a divine power had been lodged in the lives of these Africans, freeing them from sin and propelling them toward the life of righteousness

and love, such results never would have been achieved. Environment played an important part, but it was environment shaped by spiritual men. If the history of missions in Africa teaches anything, it is the value of soul transformation as a basis for social improvement. When the heart life of a pagan is set right, turning him toward God and away from sin, then his whole being awakes; a hundred aspirations appear and clamor for satisfaction. Thus we find conversion leading to cleanliness, orderliness, industry, intelligence, and material prosperity, as well as to character and peace of mind. When I visited a Christian native's house and found it approached by a good road and set in a well ordered garden, and when within I found the room which was assigned to me well matted, the walls neatly papered, the bed covered with a snow-white counterpane, the table furnished with pen, ink, paper, and a lamp, when I found on the washstand a pitcher, a bowl, and a cake of Pears' soap, then I knew that a spiritual force had taken hold of African society which nothing could withstand.

Africa is the laboratory of Christianity because it is the field for such experiments as Chikore, Uganda, and Cameroun. The Africans are the raw material of the human race; here is found some of earth's most refractory ore. If, now, we can take this crude material and shape it into goodly forms of Christian character and social attainment, then there is nothing in the earth too hard for us to do, then the gospel is indeed the power of God unto salvation. The time

is coming when the world will recognize the unique value of this African work as a demonstration of the adequacy of the Christian message to meet the most difficult of human problems. Perhaps Africa will say the last word when it comes to Christian evidences.

The Final Test

But someone will ask, do these converts from paganism never relapse? Are they capable of understanding the loftier truths of the Christian religion, and do they take on the finer graces of Christian character? The first question can be answered briefly; the second is more fundamental. Yes, the converts do relapse in an unfortunate number of instances, and this fact causes the missionaries great trouble and sorrow. Every precaution is taken to refuse church-membership to any who come from unworthy motives or without sufficient instruction, as also to protect the new members from undue temptation. Catechumen classes are the rule in every mission, and church discipline is maintained with a rigidity unknown in the homeland. Yet after all is said and done, these converts are hardly more than babes in Christ. Behind them are untold ages of animalism. Before them are the exacting ideals of the New Testament. Who can wonder that some fall away? Is it not the wonder that so many stand true? Are all converts to Christianity in Europe and America faithful to their vows? Do all live consistent Christian lives? I have before me the statistics of the West African Mission of the

Presbyterian Board, where church discipline is enforced with great strictness, and I find that out of a total membership of 7,407 there were suspended in 1915, 464 persons. This may be regarded as fairly typical, although the mass movement in this mission may increase somewhat the risks which must be taken if new converts are given the encouragement of baptism.

As to the ability of native Christians to appreciate the lofty truths of our religion and to take on its graces of character, the evidence is abundant and conclusive. The African is of a deeply religious nature. When once he is freed from fear, and discovers that, humble as he is, he can talk and walk with the infinite God, he not infrequently comes into a spiritual experience of a high order. The very contrast between his present position as a child of God and the heathen darkness out of which he came helps him to aspire. The experience is so new, so wonderful, so limitless in soul possibilities that he often progresses by leaps and bounds. Entering the kingdom of heaven as a little child, in the simplicity and openness of his mind, he sometimes sees things which more cultured Christians overlook.

Such an one was Bishop Crowther, who was an example as well as a leader of his great flock in Nigeria. Such is King Khama, who in his eightieth year still lives an exemplary life among the Bamangwato. Such was Kanjundu, the Angola chief, whose Christian spirit in the matter of forgiveness toward his enemies

A HEATHEN NATIVE'S HOME

A CHRISTIAN NATIVE'S HOME

and persecutors has not been surpassed by any missionary. Dr. Hough, secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of the United Brethren, tells of an African pastor in Sierre Leone, the Rev. R. Cookston Taylor, who not only displayed rare executive efficiency in the management of the native church, but who set an inspiring example of practical devotion, often giving not less than one half of his meager income to the Lord. There is a tablet to his memory in the church which he served which speaks of "His indomitable courage, sublime faith, unfaltering industry, and self-sacrificing devotion."

Nor are the women outdone by the men in the attainment of Christian character. Dr. Halsey, of the Presbyterian Board, tells of "Old Nana," who was the second person in Bululand to accept Christ, and who was preeminently first in faithful service and Christ-likeness. It would be hard, if not impossible, to name a Christian virtue which this aged saint did not possess.

Instances like the above could be multiplied indefinitely and they need not be confined to the educated and privileged Christian natives. Many of the humblest converts have shown a remarkable insight into Christian truth.

To those who have traveled in Africa and have had heart-to-heart talks with Christians like these, there is no room for doubt as to the African's capacity to appreciate the highest truths and to attain to the highest forms of religious life. For those who have

not had this privilege, the fate of the Uganda martyrs and the story of Livingstone's servants, Susi and Chuma, who would not surrender his body until they had placed it in the hands of the proper British authorities, may well be sufficient.

Africa's Special Problems

Africa is differentiated from the other leading mission fields by the fact that her missionaries must be builders of civilization. In lands like Persia, India, China, Japan, the missionaries deal with a culture and a literature older than our own. Their problem is to vitalize and improve. In Africa their task is to build society from the ground up. They must reduce the language to written forms, they must teach the arts and trades, they must establish social customs and institutions, they must formulate a moral code, and they must do all this in ways adapted to the African nature. Their problem is the creation of a Christian *African* civilization; it is the "naturalization of Christianity" in a race separated from our own by the widest possible racial and temperamental gulf.

Africa is *par excellence* the field for industrial education, and in every large mission the teaching of agriculture and the trades occupies a basal position in the educational scheme. As Du Plessis puts it, "The Bible and the plow must go together in South Africa." Possibly more has been accomplished in Africa by way of relating the system of education to the practical needs of the people than in other mission lands,

and certainly far more than has been done at home. Industrial education in the United States is in a chaotic condition, both as to theory and practise. Possibly some of our educational experts might learn a thing or two from schools like Lovedale in Cape Colony, Tiger Kloof in Bechuanaland, and Kondowe in Nyasaland. Nevertheless, industrial education in Africa is bristling with problems. It is easy to give the African a smattering of carpentry or blacksmithing, so that he can support himself in a native village and be of some advantage to his neighbors; it is a supremely difficult task to change the economic status of African society, so that it may support churches and schools, and, in general, be placed upon a self-sustaining basis. There are missions where agriculture has been taught and exemplified for thirty years and still the villagers use the native hoe and are content with five or six bushels of corn to the acre.

When we come to general education the problems are such as to challenge the brightest experts. What should an African girl be studying when she is sixteen? What when she is twenty? Should these children of the forest be put through the course prescribed for boys and girls in England and America, or should a curriculum be invented, adapted to their constitution and needs? What should an African curriculum contain? How much of the course should be taught in the vernacular and how much in the language of the governing power? How may we preserve what is good in the indigenous customs and life, while engrafting

the culture of the West? What is an ideal normal course for teachers? How shall we train pastors? How shall we inculcate Christian morality while meeting governmental standards in school work? These are some of the questions over which our educators in Africa are struggling to-day.

Then comes medicine. The medical missionary in Africa has been called the advertising agent for the gospel, because so often it is for him to overcome prejudice, break down superstition, and, in general, prepare the way of the Lord. But he is far more than that. There are no more fundamental problems than those which confront the medical men in Africa. With pests sweeping off the cattle in South Africa, with sleeping sickness depopulating large areas in the lake country and along the Congo, with the diseases of civilization spreading among the tribes, and with malaria and black-water fever wrecking many a missionary career, the physician who invests his life in this continent will not lack for a challenging task. Of all workers for Africa, physicians are the hardest to obtain. This probably arises from misapprehension as to the scientific quality of the work. One board is in the field with appeals for four physicians, and so highly do they rate the quality of the service that they offer to accepted applicants a special course in tropical medicine at Harvard.

In the sphere of evangelism and the development of the African church, the great problem is to secure moral stability and self-reliance. Owing to the fact

that so many regions are not suitable for white residence, Africa, more than any other mission field, must be Christianized by the native church. A strong indigenous church, self-supporting and self-propagating, is a prime requisite. Upon this problem the ordained men are perpetually at work. Mohammedanism propagates itself, in the main, through the accretion of native tribes. Christianity must provide a higher motive and a mightier propulsion of native forces. Another problem is the coordination of evangelism and of education and social service. The missionaries in Africa are determined that these agencies for human uplift shall not pull apart as they have done to such an unfortunate extent in America; but that all departments shall aim at spiritual regeneration as the supreme need. To a remarkable degree the missionaries have succeeded in this aim.

The Race Problem

At every point in his work the missionary is confronted by the race problem, which in Africa takes on an exceedingly acute form. Probably in no part of the world do the passions and prejudices which separate race from race reach a greater intensity than here. This is particularly true of South Africa, where the whites are bound to possess the land and to rule in their own way and for their own ends, although the blacks outnumber them four to one. We consider that there is something of a race problem in our own United States, but this is a mild affair compared to the

strained relations between whites and blacks in certain sections of the Union of South Africa. Nor is it confined wholly to these two races. In recent years Hindus and Chinese in considerable numbers have been brought to South Africa for work on the plantations and in the mines, and these people have met with scant courtesy on the part of their white neighbors. A prominent church in a certain city of South Africa was recently holding a revival service when two Hindus wandered in and innocently took their seats among the inquirers. Consternation fell upon preacher and people alike and the proceedings were stopped while the intruders were summarily ejected. Those precious white people were unwilling even to be "saved" in the presence of "the heathen." Apparently this was no place "to get religion" for those who needed it most, or did they need it most?

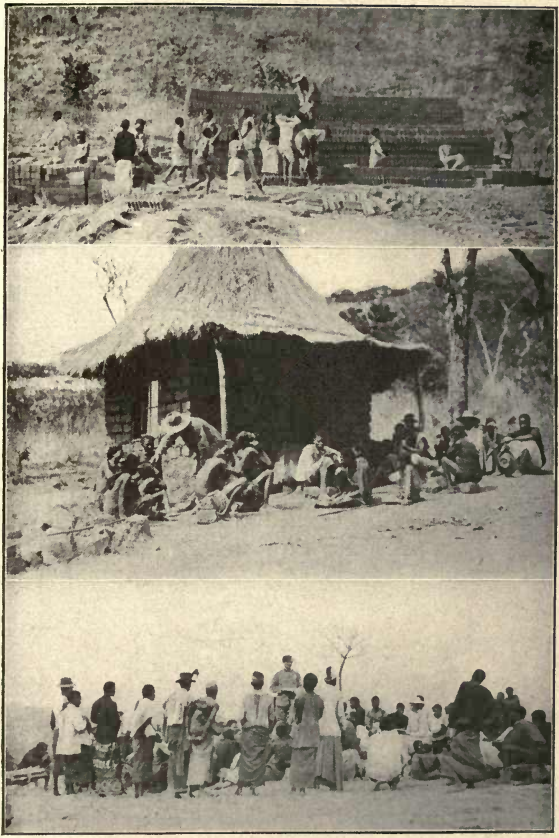
The people of South Africa have a good case, on governmental and economic grounds, against importing Orientals in large numbers. As with us in the United States, they have enough of a race problem without this new complication. But the intensity of feeling revealed by this incident, and by others which might be cited, indicates the special and peculiarly difficult form which the problem takes in the leading African colonies. In Portuguese territories the more friendly, or shall we say easy-going ideas of the Latin races prevail, and the African is not debarred from lucrative and responsible positions. Portuguese who marry native women, and there are many such, regard

their children as essentially white, and send them to the home country for education. In the other European colonies the lines of race are drawn with a rigidity unknown in other parts of the world. South Africa solicits the blacks with great earnestness for work in the mines, on the farms, on the docks, and in the homes as domestic servants; but renders it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for them to succeed in the trades and the higher callings. The trade unions are well organized and they watch with jealous eye every movement which tends to bring the Africans into competition with their own members. An enterprising Zulu, of my acquaintance, who became a skilled cobbler, and set up a shop in Durban, was boycotted by the entire white population. As his fellow Zulus are not addicted to the use of shoes, his enterprise was brought to an untimely end. Had he been satisfied with being employed by a white man, even though that white man had never handled a piece of leather, he could have plied his trade without hindrance; but on no account must he be allowed to get on for himself. From this unjust and cruel position it is but a step to where the African is shut out from skilled labor of every kind in behalf of the white population. There are those in South Africa who realize the ridiculous position in which they are placed in this matter. They say, "Here we are at one moment calling the natives good-for-nothing heathen, little better than the beasts, and in the next moment raising barriers against them for fear they will deprive the

white man of his job." Behold an illustration of the truth that selfishness knows no reason.

In addition to the fear of competition on the part of native laborers there is the dread of native uprisings which is never entirely absent from the white man's mind. Bloody uprisings have characterized the early days of the European rule in every colony on the continent, and the possibility of their recurrence is by no means eliminated to-day. It is at this point that the missions can be of special service, since they uniformly inculcate loyalty to the existing government. The British authorities have come to place such a high estimate upon this service that they make liberal grants for mission schools and not infrequently entrust the entire structure of native education to missionary leadership. A prominent British official is on record as saying, "One missionary is worth more than a battalion of soldiers."

The race problem is a complicated and tortuous subject. It varies greatly in different parts of the continent, but in almost every section it embarrasses the work of the missionary. The prejudice against skilled native laborers creates a special problem for our industrial schools. If, the more we educate the Africans in the trades, the less the white people care to have them around, is such education desirable? The answer depends upon whether African missions are to be conducted primarily for the whites or for the blacks. If the African needs our arts on his own account and has an inherent right to them, there is



A MISSIONARY MAKING BRICKS, HEALING THE SICK, AND PREACHING THE GOSPEL, ALL ON THE SAME DAY

nothing for us to do but to go on and give him every possible chance, in the expectation that in the process of time Christian forbearance and love on the part of both races will bring about such adjustments as are desirable.

Who Is Sufficient for These Things?

From what has been said, it is clear that a heavy burden of responsibility in every department of work rests upon the African missionary. It is a most exacting field, calling for rich endowments of personality and character and for the best possible training. As President Mackenzie has remarked, "It takes the highest to raise the lowest." Yet, strange to say, the opposite idea has prevailed throughout the churches, and, to an unfortunate extent, even in mission boards. There has been too much of the notion that anyone will do for Africa. Not so has it been with the great European societies, which have sent to this field such leaders as Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay, Laws, Grenfell, and Coillard. The annals of modern missions contain no greater names than these. If America is to do her share in meeting the problems of this continent, she must send out men and women upon whom can hinge social and spiritual movements of large significance.

Africa peculiarly demands what we call "all-around" men and women. Each missionary must have his specialty, he must be an expert in his chosen field, but, over and above that, he should incarnate the spirit

and form of Christianity as a whole. In the affairs of his home, in his business activities, in his governmental relations, as well as in the work of his church, his school, or his hospital, he should personify what is best in the Christian religion. Such an one was John Mackenzie of South Africa, who has already been mentioned, and who to the ordinary missionary activities added the functions of a government commissionership. His biographer (President Mackenzie, his son) pertinently remarks:

"It is when one reads the life-story of these missionaries in heathen and primitive lands that one realizes the breadth and the strength of grasp which the Christian religion lays upon human society. The missionary presents in his personality and in his actual work that synthesis which some economic students of our day discuss so much, and about which a few of them have so many dreams. Here is a man who at once is a builder of houses, showing people a new ideal of permanence and beauty in the structures which he rears; he is at the same time the agriculturist, giving them new ideas and desires in the development of lands which have been for ages treated as waste lands; he is the teacher, laboring to awaken the intellect of picked men and lead them at least into the vestibule of the intellectual life; he is also at the same time, as we shall see, the ruler who, for a long time, actually represents the British government among them, and to whom natives of all classes come from many towns in all directions for help, and to whom

government officials look for information and for advice; he is also the preacher, proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, believing in his heart of hearts that that is the root and crown of all human experience, and that all his other work receives its true interpretation in the light of this fundamental relationship; and we see finally that he is the spiritual shepherd of a very large flock, striving to know each sheep by name and disposition, giving every week many hours of his congested days to that which he believes to be his supreme task, namely, dealing with the characters of men and women in the light of the law of God and the cross of Christ."[1]

Two lives have recently been given to Africa which illustrate in strangely different ways the qualities which win. They are Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the German scholar and musician, and Mary Slessor, the Scottish factory girl. Dr. Schweitzer stands in the front rank of thinkers and writers upon theological and critical subjects. His book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus,* has been read far and wide and is regarded by some as an epoch-making work. Almost equally has he been known as a physician, and as an organist and interpreter of Bach. This man is at work to-day at Lambarene, in the French Congo, as a medical missionary. In odd moments he sits at his cabinet organ and plays the fugues of Bach, while the natives stand around in wondering silence. Dr. Schweitzer sup-

[1] W. Douglas Mackenzie, *John Mackenzie, South African Missionary and Statesman,* pp. 198–9.

ports himself from a fund he accumulated by giving musical recitals in the Fatherland. The breadth of his mind is shown by the fact that he affiliated his work with the mission of the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions. With such a man dedicating his life to missionary work on the Congo, let no student in America say he is too good for Africa.

Mary Slessor's life[1] should be read by every student of missions. In the matter of professional training she stands at the other end of the line from Dr. Schweitzer. The years she would gladly have devoted to securing a higher education were spent at the mill, where she earned the support of her drunken father and her godly but dependent mother. Hers was the power of a great personality, wholly given to God. When circumstances permitted her to go out as a missionary she was found to possess the qualities needed for pioneer work among the most savage of all the tribes of the Calabar hinterland. When a chief died, scores of innocent people were buried alive. The poison test was almost a daily occurrence. Practically singlehanded, Mary Slessor tamed and civilized this degraded tribe. When the church was established in their midst and the work entered the secondary stage, she asked for another assignment. Pushing farther into the forest, she settled in a savage community where a similar transformation was effected. Later in life she entered a third field as pioneer. Three pagan communities surrendered to this slip of a woman, who, at

[1] W. P. Livingstone, *Mary Slessor of Calabar.*

home, was so timid she would not cross a crowded street alone. In Miss Slessor we have an illustration of the missionary who succeeds, not because of special training, but from courage, versatility, unquenchable ardor, and a profound trust in God.

Grand Strategy

In round numbers there are in Africa 80,000,000 pagans, 40,000,000 Mohammedans, and 10,000,000 Christians. Of the Christians, possibly 3,000,000 are Protestants, the balance being adherents of the Abyssinian, Coptic, and Roman Catholic Churches. On the numerical basis, the task before Christianity is one of vast dimensions. When we take into consideration the character of the opposing forces, the stolidity of paganism, the aggressiveness of Mohammedanism, the demoralizing selfishness of commercial enterprises, the task becomes stupendous.

Consider also the matter from the standpoint of unoccupied fields. In North Africa we found the Christian forces well under way in just one section. In the vast expanse of the Sudan a bare beginning has been made. In the Congo basin the boards occupy only narrow strips along the streams. In Portuguese West Africa we have made a scratch upon the surface. In Portuguese East Africa a million natives live without a missionary in their midst. Even in Uganda, the best occupied field, nearly one half of the people have not been reached. This is not a situation which the churches of Christ, in the twentieth century

after he gave the great command, can view with complacency. In the mind of every earnest Christian it constitutes a sad indictment of the churches. As a recent missionary speaker said, "There should be no unoccupied fields."

All these considerations will be enhanced by the era of peace following the Great War in Africa and in the world. Whether there is to be a "new map of Africa" or not, there is bound to be a speeding up of colonial enterprises throughout the continent. Railroad companies, commercial corporations, and governments will be engrossed in new activities. Every resource of the continent will be exploited. There must be a corresponding acceleration of the Christian movement, or the churches will fail in the presence of an opportunity unparalleled in their history.

The military experts have what they call "grand strategy." That is what we must have in Africa if the continent is to be won. Unrelated local enterprises are not sufficient. We must have plans continental in their scope. We must have leaders of heroic mold, but also such a coming together at the home base as will place the power and resources of the whole Christian church behind the man at the front. As has been said of China, so it should be said of Africa, "No one denomination is equal to this task, and all the denominations are unequal to it, working apart."

What then does "grand strategy" demand? Clearly it demands a getting together of the Christian forces throughout the world. Suppose the mission boards of

Europe and America could establish a board of strategy for Africa, and suppose their constituents would stand loyally and unitedly behind such plans as might be projected, what wonderful things could be done! The task could be parceled out among these allies for Christ, according to some equitable and effective plan. The various sections of North Africa could be allotted to France, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. The line of mission stations through the Sudan for the winning of the pagan tribes and for the holding back of the Mohammedan advance might materialize through the apportioning of the area to such boards as have little or no work in Africa. Instead of the overlapping of mission forces in certain parts of South Africa and an entire absence of missionaries in certain parts of Portuguese East Africa, there would result a wise disposal of forces in every part of the continent. Is this a dream, or is it a practical measure of cooperation forced upon us by the exigencies of the situation, and into which the churches are being led by the Spirit of God?

The Great Partnership

"Africa has suffered many wrongs in the past at the hands of the stronger nations of Christendom, and she is suffering wrongs at their hands to-day; but the greatest wrong, and that from which she is suffering most, is being inflicted by the church of Christ. It consists in withholding from so many of her children the knowledge of Christ." Let these burning words

from the Edinburgh Conference, that greatest gathering of missionary boards the world has ever seen, sink into our hearts.

Volunteers, money, prayers, cooperation, these are the things which Africa demands of the home churches. There should be at least an immediate trebling of the staff of missionaries in the field. Let student volunteers take notice that Africa is the final test of the missionary motive. Climate, isolation, the primitive character of the people, and race prejudice haunt the minds of not a few volunteers. "Send me anywhere except to Africa," more than one candidate for missionary appointment has remarked. If that spirit is to prevail, not only Africa will be lost to the kingdom, but the home churches as well. Christianity cannot flourish with one continent left in darkness.

Then there is the test of money. We shall never win Africa or any other part of the non-Christian world on the present scale of beneficence. There are those who give nobly, but they are pitiably few. As to the rank and file of church-membership, the work of winning the world to Christ is not regarded as a serious obligation. What Christ placed first on his program they place last. Africa calls for the investment of large sums on the part of the Lord's stewards. New regions must be opened up, new tribes approached, new stations founded, new institutions built. Money is needed in strategic amounts, as well as in a multitude of small but sacrificial gifts. Some day a million dollars may be donated at one stroke for the saving

of Africa. Some day our Christian business men may display the same enterprise and daring for the evangelization of this continent as the business men of Germany, France, and Great Britain are showing for its commercial development.

The churches must pray earnestly for these things. The task, humanly speaking, is impossible; it is crushing to our spirits. But it is presented to us by Almighty God, in whom all resources are found. If we join in the great partnership for the redemption of Africa, we must have the heroic faith of a Livingstone and a Hannington. Livingstone died on his knees. Hannington marched to Uganda and his death, each morning greeting the sunrise with the words of the "Traveler's Psalm": "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Africa's great missionaries have been preeminently men of prayer. When the obstacles in their way appeared insurmountable, they took refuge in God. At such a time, Pastor Harms, a Lutheran missionary in South Africa, wrote in his diary, "I had knocked at men's doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. What was to be done? 'Straight-forward makes the best runner.' I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in his hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, in a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, 'FORWARD NOW, IN GOD'S NAME!'"

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