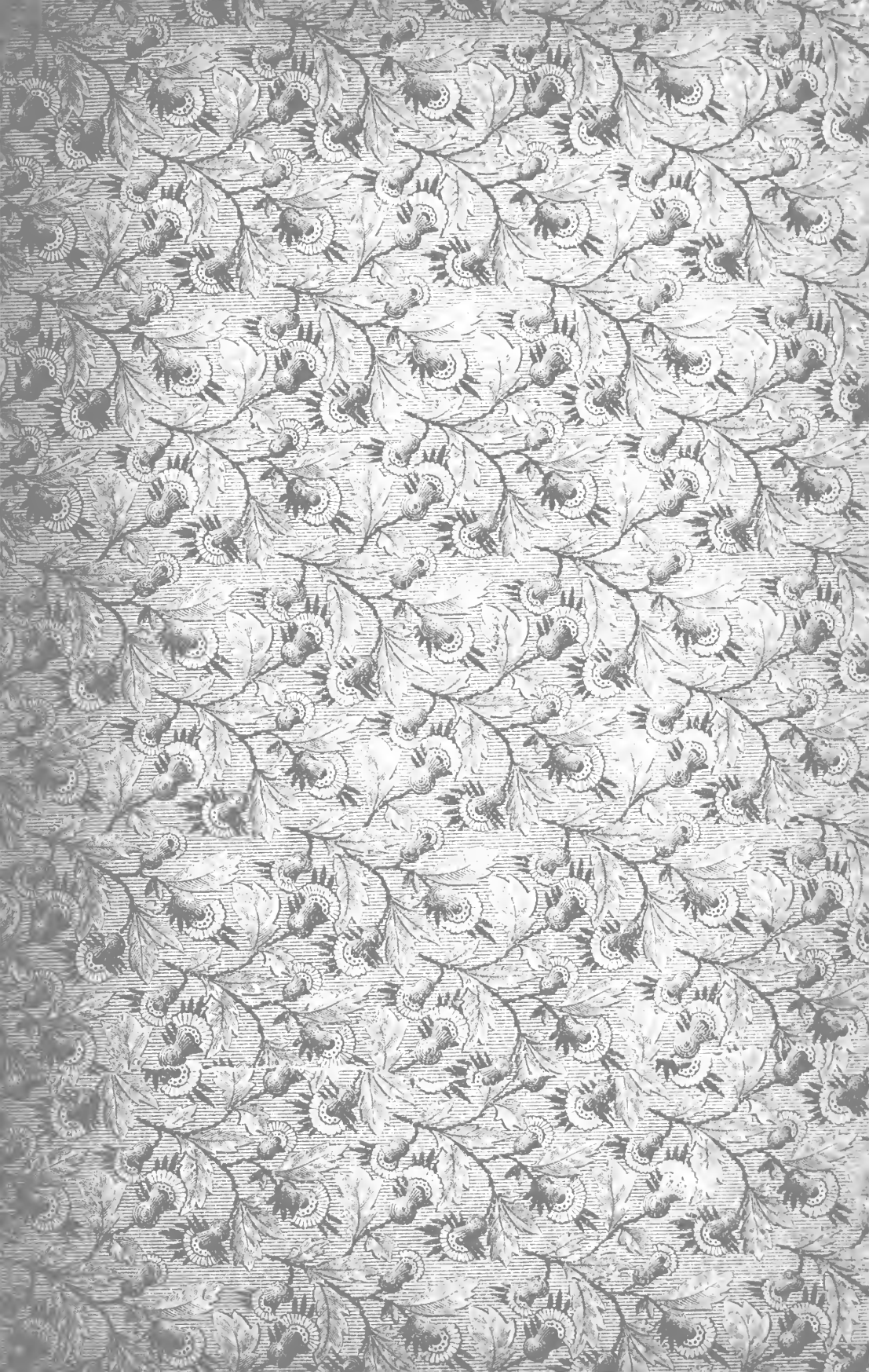
SKETCHES
FROM THE
DARK CONTINENT.



Very Sincerely Yours

Willis R. Hotchkiss

SKETCHES

FROM THE

DARK CONTINENT

BY
WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS.

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To my dear parents
who with rare self-sacrifice
gave me
to the work, and whose unfailing
love and tender devotion
sustained me
through many a trying hour,
this volume is affectionately
dedicated
by the Author.

"The night lies dark upon the earth, and we have light;
So many have to grope their way, and we have sight;
One path is theirs and ours—of sin and care,
But we are borne along, and they their burdens bear.
Foot-sore, heart-weary, faint they on their way,
Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray;
Glad are they of a stone on which to rest,
While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast."

PREFACE.

THREE considerations have influenced me in publishing these sketches of my experiences in Africa. But for these I should not have been persuaded to do so. First:—A sense of the Divine call; Second:—This call reinforced by, or perhaps I had better say made apparent to me through numerous and urgent requests from friends in those places where it has been my privilege to tell the story of the Lord's faithfulness to me in the Dark Continent; Third:—Because there is so little distinctively Friends' literature.

While I am sensitive of the fact that my contribution to such a literature may be exceedingly small and scarcely worth a place, yet if it can be used of the Lord in arousing an interest and securing the co-operation of a few who are not now interested in the great work of world-evangelization, I shall feel amply repaid.

With all our missionary meetings, and in spite of all the stirring addresses on the subject of missions, there will be no real vital awakening, much less per-

manent and enduring interest, until the glaring facts as to heathendom's actual condition and needs are studied—actually studied, not merely read as an interesting, though dreadful tale in the light of the command of Jesus Christ, and of the obligation which that command lays upon us.

This volume does not pretend to be exhaustive, but merely suggestive. It is not even a consecutive record of my life during those four years of difficult, yet blessed service, though there has been some regard to order in the arrangement of the chapters. It is, as its name implies, a few salient points gathered from the records of my diary.

I have tried to depict as clearly as possible the daily life of a pioneer missionary in a part of Africa which is but little known.

I could not enter into minute details without greatly enlarging the scope of the book, which I did not feel led to do. I trust, however, that enough has been said to give a somewhat clear impression of the actual conditions attending such a work—its difficulties, its dangers, its possibilities, its encouragements, its successes—and lead to more definiteness in prayer and more zeal in service for the coming of His Kingdom

and the glory of His Name in the great lost continent.

Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God, and my earnest hope is that this little record may be instrumental in some degree toward filling those hands with the Bread of Life.

WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS.

Cleveland, O., 2nd. mo., 1901.

AFRICA'S AWAKENING—AN ALLEGORY.

THE great giant Africa has been asleep, but he is waking up, and the stretching of his limbs is shaking the world. For long centuries he has been lying in a stupor right across the world's path-way. His younger brother Europe for a long while had to pass clear around his prostrate form in order to visit India, the elder, but finally hit upon the simple plan of cutting off one of the big fellow's arms, which greatly simplified matters and brought about a closer union of the two extreme branches of the world family than had been possible before.

The pain caused by this operation really awoke the sleeping giant, and now he is sitting up, rubbing his eyes, and beginning to ask questions about things. He wonders—does this big, black, ignorant savage—how these little brothers of his have acquired so much power. It's all so new and strange and altogether perplexing to him.

Before he went to sleep he was rich and powerful, and altogether beyond the rest of the family in several

branches of learning; now he finds himself an object of pity, or of contempt, or possibly of utter indifference. Meanwhile, his children have been growing up uncared for, untaught—a wild, lazy, reckless horde at the mercy of every adventurer.

He has dim recollections of the sweet-faced, kindly teacher called "Christian," who taught them long years ago, and whose success had been so great in taming their wild passions. He also remembers a little, how that father and mother with the wonderful Child came to him fleeing from the wrath of Rome, and he threw about them the protection of his brawny arm until the danger was past. And though but a memory, the sweetness of it is with him yet, and softens in some degree the hard lines which age and trouble have furrowed in his countenance.

And then with shame he remembers how a bold-faced, deceitful, yet attractive young woman called Islam, captivated him; he listened to her seductive voice and specious reasoning, drank the potions she gave him, and then—came darkness and forgetfulness.

Twelve centuries he has been lying thus, while Islam, with stern visage and cruel method has forced her false hopes upon multitudes of his children.

She tells them of a hard, implacable, vengeful Being called Allah, whose rule over men is one of blind force, unrelieved by the finer attributes of love and mercy.

Certainly they would not be attracted to any such being; but terrified and subdued by her uplifted sword they submit, and then she lures them on by promises of sensuous delights till they, intoxicated with the dream of such a heaven and goaded on to frenzy by the promise of reward if they destroy all who oppose, fling themselves in fanatical rage against their brothers. The path of Islam is a path of blood. Wherever she goes, the clank of the chain, and the crack of the whip are heard. Womanhood is immeasurably degraded. Islam waylays progress and murders morality. Mercy is forgotten under the spell of her witchcraft, and love is paralyzed. Deceitful, double-dealing, unscrupulous herself, all who come under the influence of her teaching partake of her character.

Her conquest has been steady, but not by any means easy. She found many who could not soon forget or be easily lured from their allegiance to the radiantly beautiful "Christian." Many years and even centuries of carnage it took to obliterate from their memories

that face. But time and fear and isolation did the work eventually in almost every one. A stalwart fellow, Abyssinia, managed to keep his garments though they are sadly torn and bedraggled, and his ideas have gone awry through lack of companionship. But he is coming round one of these days, and under Christian's tutelage will become one of her strongest allies in the work of bringing the refractory brothers into line again.

Yes, Christian has come again, and the giant is waking up. Sometime he is going to have decided opinions of his own about God, and immortality and the future life. But those opinions will depend altogether upon his teachers. Islam will come, as she has come to his children, with her book which tells of Allah, and his prophet *Mohommed*—a fascinating story, but cold and heartless. But her day is past, her sun is setting, her glory is departing. Another teacher, "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, terrible as an army with banners" has come to enlighten poor Africa. Her sword is a Book, and that book contains the story of ineffable love. She has no theories, no vain speculations that make nothing clear, no metaphysical dissertations which only make the fog of uncertainty more

dense; she speaks of a personal God, with whom she holds sweet converse, calling Him Father, and of His wonderful Son Jesus Christ.

This Son of God has so won her heart, that she never tires of speaking His praises. He it is, who is the author of her Book, and its every word is precious to her. No wonder it is the companion of her quiet hours; her solace when sorrow comes, her guide in perplexity; in a word, the solution for her of all the riddles of existence!

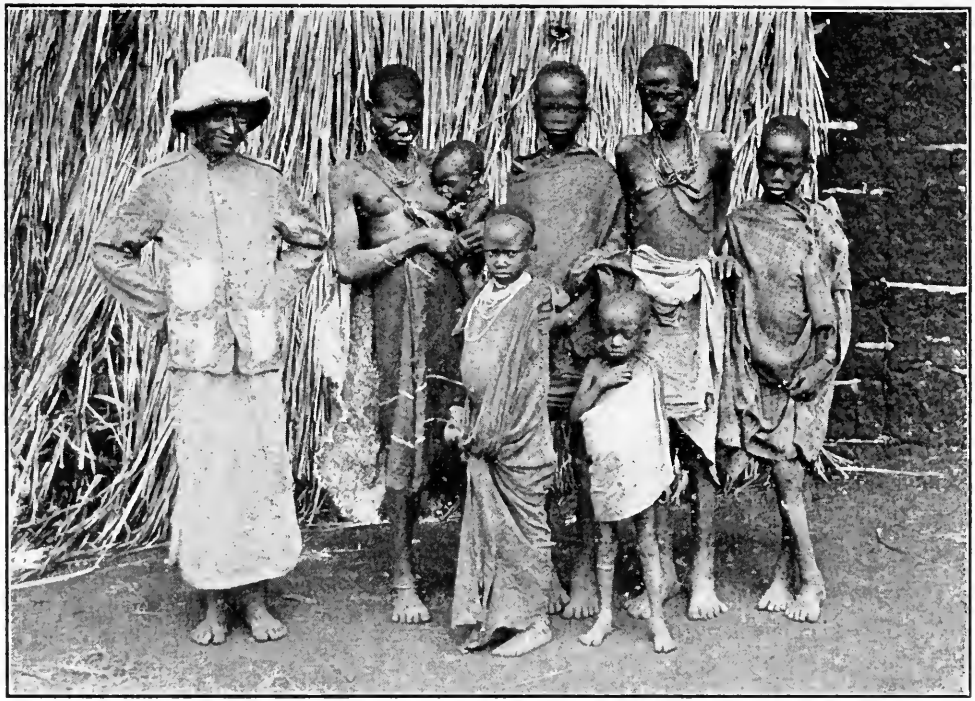
In her self-effacing desire that every burdened soul should share with her the joys of such a friendship, she has left the comforts and conveniences of her home to enlighten the wild sons of Africa. Much suffering she has had to endure in the person of her messengers, and privations not a few. But she has done it "joyfully for her Lord's sake."

Once she was compelled to go without bread for over fourteen months, and a good part of this time she was forced to subsist on the native diet of beans and sour milk. But He was with her all the time, comforting, blessing, upholding, so that even this poor fare became a veritable feast. Then she managed to grow some wheat. Fourteen months abstinence from bread gave

her added energy in its cultivation. Her joy was great as she saw it grow up, and head out, and turn golden in the sunlight. It was a beautiful sight to her tired eyes. Then it was reaped, a handful at a time, and some of her friends whom she had gained by this time among the sons and daughters of Africa, beat it out with sticks and she had a good supply—enough to provide her with bread for many months to come. She revelled in the prospect before her.

But there came a famine, which wrought sad havoc among those thoughtless, improvident sons of darkness. Time and again she looked upon their forms stretched out in death upon the plains; and more than once she came near stumbling over a stark form, lying in the path, hands clenched, teeth set, body twisted as in those last awful convulsions of death from starvation. Men and women and children whom she could call by name and who were dear to her for His sake whom she loved, came slowly toward her, with hands outstretched in mute appeal for food.

Then there came before her the vision of her precious wheat, the one luxury toward which she had looked so long. Here was a need, she had a supply for that need. Which should it be? her desire or their



Some famine refugees.

need? her luxury or their necessity? must she really give it up?

Only for an instant did she hesitate, for she saw another vision which settled the question forever. She saw Him who had once received in Himself a blow that had been aimed at her, and she had promised Him her heart in return, henceforth to live, not unto herself, but unto Him who had died for her. When He *saw*, He felt, and when He *felt* he *did*, and perhaps it was because she had caught some of that self-same spirit, that she now gladly yielded her luxury to meet the greater necessity of the famishing ones.

She could well afford to do without bread for a few months longer, but she could not bear to look upon those eyes that had closed in death for her; to gaze upon those cruel scars which had purchased her freedom from a dreadful fate, and then hear Him say, "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked and ye clothed me not."

It would have been very ungrateful in her to have consulted her own convenience rather than His express wish in this case. The voice of their need was but the voice of her Beloved calling her to the exercise of that spirit which He had taught her to manifest in His stead while He was absent from her.

For a long time she had forgotten this, and that is the reason why poor Africa was forgotten while sleeping on through those twelve centuries. She heard the seductive voice of the world, listened to its flatteries, looked enviously upon the gaudy apparel and rich jewels offered her, thought her place was to rule rather than to serve, gave herself up to pleasure's intoxication, and very soon forgot Her Lord and His parting message to her.

But now, with self-will submerged in His will, she labors patiently and uncomplainingly for the redemption of these neglected children of the dark. She does not murmur, though far from home among people who have nothing in common with her; who are unsympathetic and unappreciative, often meeting her kindest actions with abuse and cruelty, or at best with indifference.

She can endure this, however, for she expects nothing better from them since all their life has been spent under conditions calculated to foster such a spirit. But the indifference of her friends at home in spite of her earnest representations of the need, does give her a sense of aloneness almost unbearable at times. These friends of hers are good, well-meaning

people, live in fine houses, dress well, enjoy all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Indeed they have even studied from that same Book which tells about Him. It must be that they have not met Him, for those who really meet Him are never quite the same as they were before. Something in that contact has imparted itself to them, and they begin to think His thoughts after Him.

True, they think of her sometimes, and in great commiseration for her hard lot as they imagine, occasionally send her help, but it is so pitifully inadequate! And Christian's efforts are blocked. The good she would do she cannot do. She beholds the unutterable wretchedness of these around her, and she fain would help them.

She is sure that she has a message that will bring new life to them, she has a seed that once planted in those hard hearts will rend them so that it can take root and bear fruit for His garner. She believes — because her Book says so — that this is the only hope for these blindly groping multitudes. If there were some other she might be less zealous, but how can she rest at ease while these are perishing through lack of knowledge she might give them? She wonders then

how *her friends* can remain so careless when such momentous issues are at stake !

But despite all this, she is surely winning her way into the affections of the barbarous sons of Africa. Very many of them have been won to Him. The sweet story of the Book lays hold of them : they catch something of that wondrous life ; the old life is forsaken and the old habits drop off as dead leaves of autumn when the power of Spring's new life courses through the tree. Persecuted, tortured, subjected to nameless cruelties, at the hands of their fanatical brothers as they frequently are, yea, even martyred, yet amid the flames of martyrdom singing the praises of Him of whom she had told them.

Finally wearied, broken, she is urged by her friends to leave her beloved task and rest awhile with them. Here she is looked upon as an unnatural enthusiast, so far is it from being the present custom of the Friends of Christ to forsake all and follow Him. Now they leave only that which is *convenient*, giving Him the bones after they have devoured the meat. As wealth increases their houses seem too small, their servants too few, their garments too plain ; so while He *waits* for a dwelling, His house in *ruins*, these, forgetting that

they are dependants upon His bounty and grace, rear them massive houses, clothe them in gorgeous apparel, surround them with every luxury, instead of seeing in their increase of wealth an increase of power to do good in His name.

When she tells them the story of Africa's waking up, and shows the awful condition of his sons and daughters, they say "how very interesting!" and with aching heart she sees them go their way to spend the price of a soul on some useless extravagance. Africa is waking up, but shall it be to Christ or Islam—the cross or the cresent!

CHAPTER I.

Africa, past and present—Caravan traveling; its lights and shadows—A night attack—A lion in camp—My first rhinoceros—A night tramp in the desert—Charged by a rhinoceros—First attack of fever.

AFRICA is the greatest paradox the world has ever seen. Once the most powerful of nations, now the weakest; once learned beyond all her contemporaries, now sunken in densest ignorance. Here the Pharaohs ruled over the greatest dynasty of ancient times; here dwelt Sheba's illustrious Queen, and Candace of Ethiopia; from the bosom of Africa came the famed gold of Ophir, which gilded the magnificent temple of Solomon. Here the infant Christ was sheltered while the storm of Herod's jealous hatred spent itself. Thence came the bearer of the Savior's cross, and here sprang up some of the strongest churches of apostolic times. Apollos, mighty in the scriptures, powerful in argument; Augustine, Cyprian, Tertullian, Dionysius, Clement, Athanasius are names immortalized in the annals of Christianity—and they belong to Africa.

But how is she fallen! Her candle-stick is removed out of its place and she is left to grope amid the

ruins of her former greatness. Failing to use her God-given opportunity, it is taken away and given to another. The light that was in her has become darkness, and behold, how great is that darkness!

Long has she lain a heap of ruins, a by-word among the nations, though greatest of all. She shall yet, however, furnish jewels to beautify a better temple than Solomon's. Black though she be as the tents of Kedar, for the sun hath looked upon her, yet comely as the curtains of Solomon she *shall* be in that day when she looks upon the Sun of Righteousness. Spoiled now and defrauded of her rights through the selfishness of her brothers, she too, shall enter in and partake of the root and fatness of the olive tree of God's rich bounty. Like the lame man lying at the beautiful gate of the temple, passed and repassed daily by multitudes going in and out to enjoy and participate in the splendid service, yet unable himself to join the busy throng, so Africa lies a helpless giant in the track of the nations, huge, yet impotent.

Round her borders flow the commerce of the rich, the gay and the powerful nations of the world. She is being spoiled of her jewels and gold, debauched and stupefied by their vile potions, stripped of honor, a spec-

tacle of woe! Who shall say, "in the name of Jesus Christ, rise up and walk?"

The day is fast approaching, however, when the Dark Continent shall become "light in the Lord." Open doors are being multiplied; barriers, hitherto insurmountable, are being broken down or overcome; facilities are increasing with astounding rapidity.

It will be many a day yet, before the old and oft-times cruel method of traveling by caravan will be done away, if indeed it ever is entirely. But in the increasing number of railways being built from every direction into the interior, we read the prophecy of better things; we see the vision of a redeemed continent.

When our party entered East Central Africa from Mombasa in 1895, there was no sign of the railway which is now being pushed rapidly forward by the English Government and completed for over 400 miles, so we had to resort to the old method of travelling by caravan. Swimming the streams, wading the swamps, blistered by the tropical sun to-day, drenched by the rain tomorrow, in danger from savage men and attacked by wild beasts, winding along the narrow tortuous native paths, single file, until feet are like lead, heads

Opening of bridge on Mombasa—Victoria Lake Railroad connecting Mombassa Island with the main land.

drooping, tongues swollen, eyes painful — here the romance of missionary life loses its fine outline in the dead level of actual life.

Nowhere in the world can such an interesting aggregation of individuals be found as in an ordinary African caravan, and nothing in the world is more fascinating than such a caravan on the march. From the head-man down to the meanest porter — and some of them it must be confessed are pretty mean — they rivet your attention. Their moods are as fitful as the play of cloud and sunshine upon the placid bosom of a mountain lake and follow each other just as rapidly.

The porters themselves are unusually rollicking, good-natured fellows, unless it be the first day or two when they are getting adjusted to their burdens, and then they grumble right heartily. Yet one cannot but admire the ease with which they take up their loads of 65 lbs., besides the accessories of food and personal "kit" which often brings the weight up to 90 lbs. or more, and swing off with them day after day, in sunshine and rain for months perhaps, at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day.

A pathetic interest centres about these black fellows which, despite their many faults, gets hold of one's heart by a hundred tendrils of affection.

Given enough to eat they will endure almost any amount of hardship. For long years these black men have been bearing the white man's burdens through malarious swamp and over desert sands, till the caravan routes might almost be traced by the trail of bones they have left. 'Tis a ghastly but eloquent testimony to a body of unrequited, unremembered heroes.

I say this despite the heartaches they have caused me and the serious inconvenience as well as pecuniary losses I have sustained through their duplicity. Desertion is the great bugbear of every caravan leader. Few caravans go into the interior without some defections of this sort, consequently provision is always made for such an event. Since the porter has little to lose and much to gain by the act, it is little wonder he watches his opportunity, drops his load, steals into the bush and in a few minutes is beyond the possibility of capture. Three months pay, a suit of clothes, and a blanket or two have been paid him in advance according to law. The caravan leader has no means of apprehending him among the ever changing multitudes of the coast town, so he changes his name, signs with another caravan, and perhaps remains with that one through thick and thin, just because the mood strikes

him that way. Sometimes, indeed, he takes his load with him, but not often, for this greatly multiplies the chances of his apprehension.

Coming up from the coast on one occasion I had an experience which is typical of this sort of thing. I with a companion had pushed on ahead of the caravan in order to get to camp, and if possible, to get some game for the men by the time they got in. It had been a long, hard tramp, and we were pretty thoroughly tired out when we got to the camping place, but notwithstanding this we set out across the hills for game, our thought being centered upon surprising the men when they came in. I succeeded in bringing down a fine large zebra which I left a couple of men to cut up while we returned to camp, expecting to find tents all up and lunch ready. But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, late in the afternoon one came in to say that six men had deserted, leaving their loads by the path. Men were told off to go back for these, but before they got away one of my faithful "askeri" (guards) came in with the startling information that no less than fourteen had taken French leave.

Finally getting enough of those already in to go back with me, I set out to hunt up the loads. One

has to experience it to appreciate what it means to ask jaded, weary men, who have already borne their heavy loads at least fifteen miles, to go back three or four miles to bring other loads. But such is life in Africa. About eight o'clock that night I dragged myself into camp, helped to put up the tents which had just arrived, got some supper, and then ministered to a companion who had come down with the fever.

We were only half way to our destination, so I had to leave seventeen loads at this camp in charge of our trusty head-man while we pushed on to the end and then sent back men to bring the extra loads in.

This record of caravan life would be incomplete without some mention of the "boys" or personal attendants. These are as invaluable on the march as they are necessary in camp, and indispensable on the station. On the march they look like walking junk shops. Over one shoulder is the strap bearing your water-bottle or canteen; over the other your field glasses; on his head—over his own fez cap of course, is your extra hat—helmet or tarai, according to the weather. If you have a camera, this is tied on somewhere, and your extra gun—rifle or shot gun—usually completes his novel toilet.

Arrived in camp they put up your cot in the tent, open your boxes and take out the necessary camping requisites, and spread them out in orderly confusion for your use. Then they busy themselves assisting the cook—who meantime has a fire started and kettle boiling—to get the lunch, for which your long tramp has splendidly fitted you.

In the afternoon, if you have any washing they take it down to the stream, and soon the "slap, slap, chuck, chuck," as they pound your garments on the rocks tell you that they are getting the dirt out and alas! the holes in, for this sort of treatment is not conducive to longevity in linen.

Meanwhile refreshed by a bath, and strengthened by food, you seat yourself to write up your diary,or pen the anxiously awaited message to the loved home-circle. But sometimes, yea, not infrequently, this order of events is rudely disturbed. You arrive in camp, footsore and jaded, only to wait—it may be in the burning sun, perhaps in a drenching rain or equally trying drizzle—for an hour or so until the particular porter carrying the tent makes his appearance. Or, perchance, ravenously hungry, and weak from sheer weariness, you are compelled to wait because your

"chop box" is away back at the other end of the long line that crawls like a huge serpent across the plains and into camp. But in the evening, when the warm glow of many camp-fires lights up the thick darkness, around each fire a group of laughing, careless black forms silhouetted against the darkness, recounting the incidents of the day with rare faithfulness to the minutest detail, while they watch the puttering, steaming pot of beans; the trees reflecting weird forms in the lurid light; while from out that mysterious darkness there falls upon your ears the chattering of the apes, the dismal howl of the hyena, the deep hoarse growl or magnificent roar of the king of beasts, the weariness of the long tramp of to-day and the dread of tomorrow are forgotten in the fascination of the scene.

The very uncertainty that attaches itself to life in these wilds, has its compensation, in that it drives you to greater reliance upon the guardianship of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, but is an unfailing refuge in every hour of need. How often we proved Him true in those days of weary marching and nights of danger!

The second night we stood guard from one o'clock until morning expecting every moment to be attacked

by hostile natives whose spies could be seen skulking in the bushes around us, and from that time on we were in constant danger from one source or another.

One night we were startled from our sleep by one of our askari thrusting his head in the flap of our tent and yelling "Simba ! Simba ! Bwana !" (a lion, a lion, master,) We rushed out, and in the dim light of the flickering camp-fires a scene of bewildering confusion greeted us. All the porters were talking at once, gesticulating, and running about, and good reason they had! A lion had sprung in from the nearby bush and torn down a small tent that had sheltered two of the porters, but frightened by the uproar that ensued, left his prey and dashed back into the bush carrying the tent with him. We returned to our tents, the men gathered about the fire and chatted awhile, but soon the camp was wrapped in slumber as though such things were but a part of the ordinary routine of life.

One day we had tramped all the morning in a drenching rain. There was no road, and the pouring rain made all the paths look alike. We had been trudging along, feet wet and seeming as heavy as lead, and on the whole presenting a sorry, bedraggled appearance, when, as we came over a slight eminence,

our guide stopped suddenly, pointed to three huge rhinoceroses about 100 yards away and yelled "piga! piga!" (shoot! shoot!) There were two of us at the head of the caravan at this time, and neither of us had had any experience with such large game, so we were rather uncertain of ourselves, but getting behind a tree we fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the largest of the three fall flat in her tracks. The other two ran round and round the carcase, but a few shots sent them off.

An indescribable scene followed! In less time than it takes to tell it, a score of carriers had dropped their loads, a score of knives were out, and forty arms and forty legs were mingled in wild confusion round the huge carcase, while from more than a score of throats the most unearthly yells emanated. Slashing, pulling, tearing, yelling, they cut away until naught remained but a few bones. The most disgusting scenes ensued, as the men fairly fought over the cast off portions! Then tying their gory treasure to their backs, or upon their loads, they resumed the march, not however, without some murmurings, for they would fain have pitched camp at once and de-

voured the meat, utterly oblivious to the fact that there was no water for miles around.

This peculiarly African habit of living entirely in the present, without regard to future contingencies. brings the native into endless difficulties, and makes not a little trouble for the leader of the caravan. He not only does not take "anxious" thought for the morrow, but takes no thought at all, hence famine, starvation, ruin, death, are the result.

When we were camped on the edge of Taru desert, intending to start across its waterless expanse in the evening, in order that the men should not suffer so much from lack of water, a government official with an ox train passed our camp on his way to the coast. He startled us with the declaration that there was no water nearer than four days march ahead. His statement was strikingly verified, when one of his oxen dropped dead before our eyes, and those remaining could scarcely move along! He had started with thirty-two and but eleven were living after that fearful passage.

Filling every available vessel with the precious fluid, we started before sunset on the hazardous journey. The men were gay and light-hearted and

started out merrily as though on a holiday jaunt. Every mile, however, made its seriousness more apparent as we came upon the remains of the unfortunate bullocks. Night came on and then fifty or more "Wa Teita" who were with the caravan, began building fires beside the path and feasting on the dead cattle. It was a weird, unearthly sight—the fires amid the jungle scrub, with the native black figures around them talking, laughing, yelling, in utter abandon of spirits.

The Swahilis plodded on however, but after a while the laughing died away, the merry badinage ceased, and silently the long line crept on in the darkness. There was something awful about this slow moving line of black men in the night upon the desert. The scrubby thorn bush on either side was filled with imaginary terrors, and some that were not so imaginary. The men with their various shaped burdens were like dim specters.

After a few hours they began to lie down in the path, and with heads upon their loads fell fast asleep. Before ten o'clock we were busy, and were kept so until near midnight rousing the sleepers, lifting the burdens to their heads and urging them on, but only

to find them in a few minutes again calmly sleeping, utterly regardless of the fact that life and death hung upon their going on.

At midnight a halt was called. but it was two o'clock before the last stragglers dragged themselves in and lay down for a little rest. But, oh joy! as we lay there, nothing under us but a ground sheet, nothing over us but our mackintoshes, it began to rain. Too exhausted to get up, too thankful to murmur, we lay still and praised God.

Starting again at 4 A. M. we reached Mt. Maungu at 10, and there, to our delight, high up on the top, in the hollows of the rocks, we found the precious rain gathered for us, and we camped with feelings akin to those that moved Isral at Elim.

One day we came suddenly upon a mother rhino and her baby. She stood perhaps a hundred yards away and probably did not see us, for though keen of scent and hearing, these great beasts are very short-sighted, but hearing the noise she stood sniffing the air. John, our worthy cook, happened to be carrying a shot-gun belonging to one of the party. He calmly knelt and was about to fire when we stopped him, for it would certainly have goaded the huge beast to

desperation to have been peppered with small shot. Finally, with head up, and snorting as only a rhino can, she dashed for us. None of us had our rifles in our hands, for all were pretty well used up, two having had fever the night before, and the rest were destined to have it yet that day. There was the sound of falling boxes as the men dropped their loads and dashed for the scrubby trees around. But fortunately the animal did not keep her course in the line; if she had, some one would have been hurt or killed. But she swerved and went down the line parallel with the caravan. The askari recovered themselves, opened fire and after firing some fifty or more rounds, succeeded in bringing her down.

This day was really the end of the long tramp in quest of service for the Master. We had no sooner arrived in camp when one after another of the entire party of five, stretched themselves out, helpless, in the grip of Africa's great scourge-fever. For a week we lay there, our beds old mother earth, our springs a bit of grass, the stronger ministering to the weaker — but we were happy, for we were in God's will, and there is no sweeter place in all the wide world than that.

We were on the edge of our promised land. As we lay there, for the first time we looked into the faces of those for whom we had left home and all the hallowed associations which cluster about that word. But Christ had said, "other sheep I have," and these were some of them. Bruised and torn through long wandering, crippled in moral character, seared in conscience, will power paralyzed, they were yet sheep for whom the good Shepherd had given His life, and they must be sought out, informed of His love and brought, as many as would. into the fold.

CHAPTER II.

Character of natives—Masai—A journey across the plains—A village; manner of living, and result in character of people—Appearance of people—Marriage—Slavery—Cultivation of soil—An African burial—Who cares!

THE natives of East Central Africa, though broken up into many tribes each speaking a dialect so different as not to be understood by members of the tribe immediately contiguous to it, and varying somewhat even in facial appearance, are yet so nearly akin in most respects as to make the description of one suffice largely for all.

They belong to the great and powerful Bantu family which comprises practically all the tribes in the central portion of Africa from about two degrees N. latitude to the Cape. There are some exceptions to this rule, however, as in the case of the Masai and the Somali or Galla, of Eastern Africa.

The former are, or have been, for their power is largely broken of recent years, the terror of East Central Africa. Having nothing in common with the tribes about them, either in language, habits, or personal appearance, they might well be called the Ishmaels of East Africa. Their hand is against every

man and every man's hand against them. Many a time as we have been traveling over the plains, has my head-man pointed to a number of sculls and uttered the significant word "Masai," and then gone on to tell about the stirring days not long past when these terrible warriors would swoop down upon them, and battles would be fought, in which sometimes they, and sometimes their enemies would be worsted. If the former their cattle were driven off, and wives and little ones enslaved.

How they came there and where they came from is a mystery to which future historians will doubtless give us an authorative answer.

But our narrative has to do largely with the Wakamba, who are a part of the great Bantu family. They number something like 300,000, or did at least, until the recent awful famine wrought such havoc in their midst. They are a pastoral rather than a warlike people, having large herds of cattle and flocks of goats, with a few sheep which, by the way, are covered with hair instead of wool.

The country is mountainous, with a beauty all its own, but incomplete owing to the scarcity of timber.

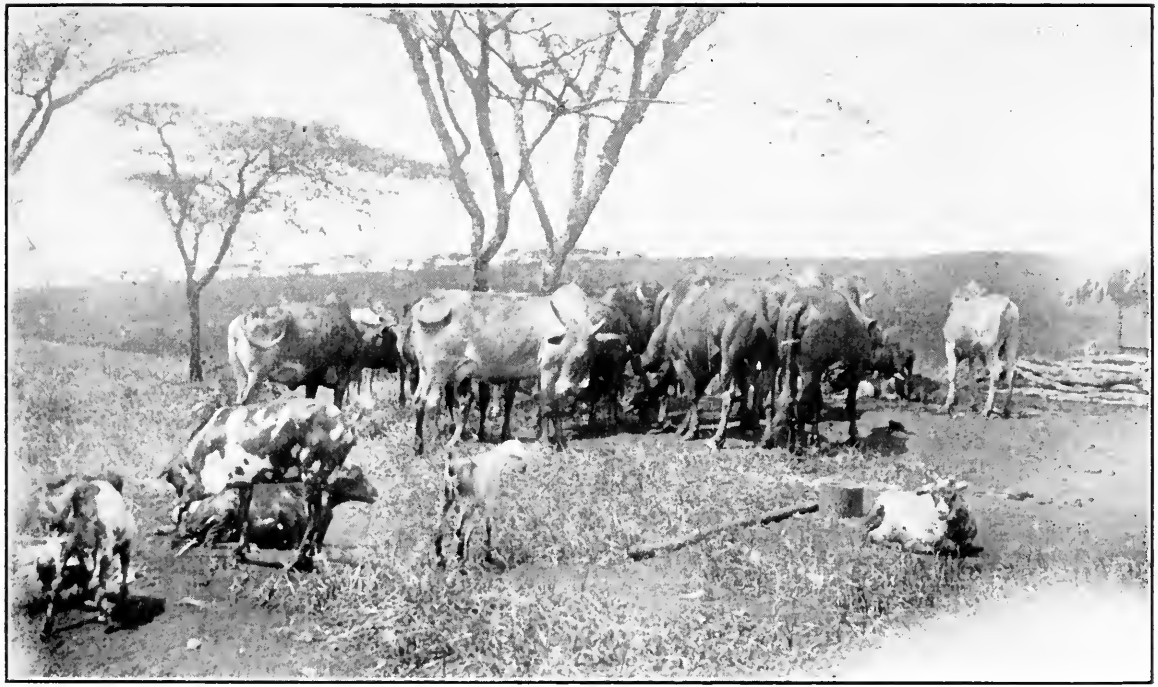
Here is a record of one of my journeys to Kikuyu

in quest of food, which may be taken as quite representative of the general physical features of the country. "It is a wonderfully fascinating trip, for in spite of the weariness incident upon such a tramp, there is always something to interest one. The plain that we travel, is like a vast amphitheatre, forty-five miles wide and at least sixty miles long. The whole vast expanse is encircled by lofty mountains, while two or three stand out in lonely exile right in the midst of the plain. There is Koma Rock, a great, bare, jagged wart on the face of the plain, rising several hundred feet out of the level.

But more fascinating still, is old Donyu Sabbuk, which towers up to the majestic height of 6900 feet. This was formerly a rendezvous of the dreaded Masai in the days when they struck terror to the hearts of all the tribes from here to Victoria Nyanza.

High up on his rugged side they established themselves, and then, watching as an eagle from her lofty perch, swooped down upon the Wakamba on one side and the Wakikuyu on the other.

But not the least interesting sight is the snow-crowned summit of Mt. Kenia, visible seventy miles to northward. The mountain has the appearance of a



Native Cattle and goats.

magnificent arch, rising above the clouds, from the centre of which arch two glittering columns shoot up to an altitude of more than 19,000 feet. My native friends have not the remotest idea what that white thing is, some thinking that it must be a kind of white pigment such as they use in decorating themselves; others hold to the opinion that it is like wood ashes.

There are no ruling chiefs, the government being vested in the elders, who are called together to discuss matters of interest to the district in which they live. There are of course those, who by reason of special fitness to command, and bravery in leading in the frequent raids, gain more or less of ascendency, and are recognized as leaders.

The villages are for the most part family arrangements; a father with his married sons settling together for mutual helpfulness and defense. Go with me into one of these villages; you enter through a narrow, tortuous passageway, lined on either side by thorn bush; at the farther end is a sort of gateway or low narrow opening, which at night is closed up by piling thorn bush against it. Crawling through this opening, you find yourself in an open space varying from 20 to 30 feet in diameter, enclosed by a thorn "boma"

(hedge) as a protection from wild beasts. This is the cattle "Kraal" at night, and at the far side is the manure heap. Along one side of the kraal, and opening upon it are the living-huts, while back of these are smaller huts used for storing grain and other food supplies. These living-huts are circular in form, shaped like a bee-hive, built of grass thatch over a framework of slender sticks. The only opening in the hut is a little hole two and one-half feet high by one and one-half feet wide, and into this you must crawl on your hands and knees. You cannot stand erect except in the centre, so you squat on one of the low seats a few inches high and look about you.

When your eyes have become accustomed to the semi-darkness, and your nostrils to the almost overpowering stench, an indescribable scene greets you; Your first feeling must be one of wonder, that in the blaze of this 20th century, human beings could yet be found living in such a state as this. It ought not to be so; it would not have been so if the Church had been true to her Lord; and it will not long remain so, if we through repentant tears for our past neglect, look into His dear face and promise that we will be true henceforth.

On one side is the wood used for cooking purposes piled high in preparation for the rainy season. In the centre are three stones upon which an earthen pot, the only cooking utensil, sits above the fire; while on the floor amid the refuse and filth are calabashes of various sizes, which serve for plate and cup alike. *Sometimes*, these are washed. Do you want something to eat? The woman picks one up, brushes the dirt out with her knuckles, and it is ready for use.

The beds are along the sides of the hut, and are made by binding slender sticks together and fastening these to props about two feet from the ground, for, of course, there is no floor in the hut save mother earth. Under this rude bed is usually a young calf tied, or a big goat or sheep fattening for a feast, and almost always a lot of little kids or lambs frisking about at will.

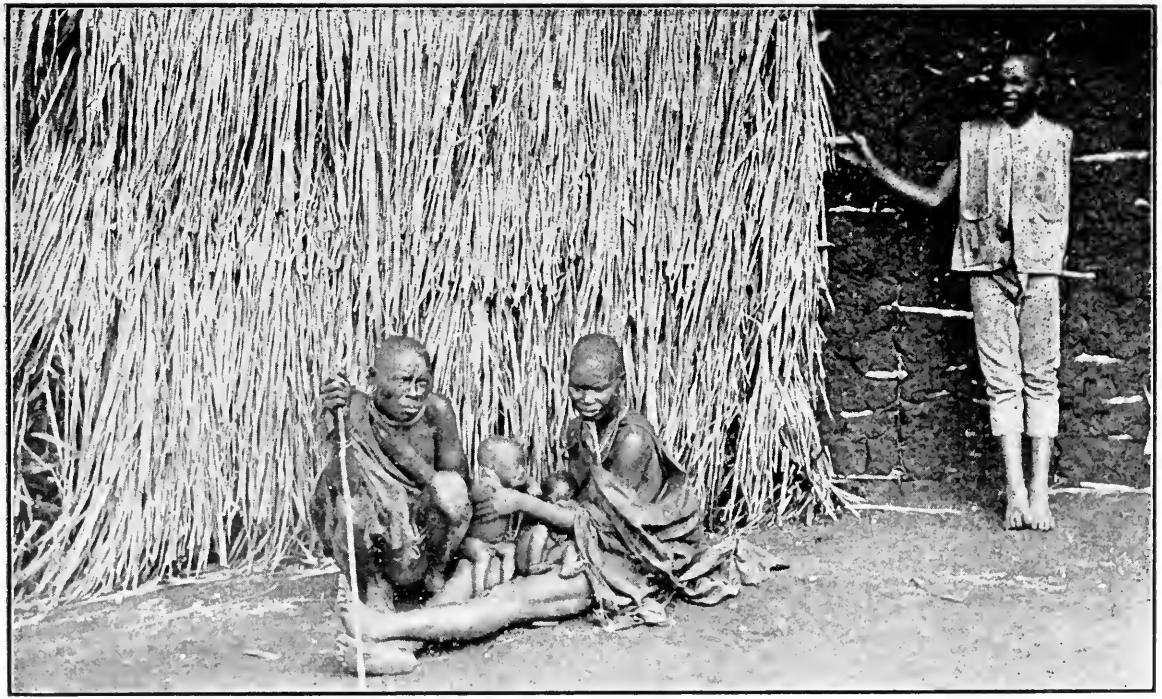
But that you may understand more clearly the manner of life of these wretched people, let me say that I have, upon being called to minister to their sick at night, counted as many as eleven persons and seventeen goats and sheep huddled together in huts fifteen feet in diameter.

Is it any wonder, think you, that living thus for

generations with their beasts, the beast has actually gained the ascendency in their nature? that they have become beastly in thought, in speech, yea, in very appearance? For in Africa as well as America, a man becomes like his habitual associates, whether these be men or thoughts. Think lofty thoughts, pure thoughts, and divinity will shine out of your countenance; dwell upon the low, the mean, the vile, and the beast will leap forth and show himself in brutalized countenance and vicious life. But thank God! there is a stronger than the strong man: the gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth—even though that one be a beastly African.

The Wakamba are of average height, black, but not quite so negroid in appearance as are the natives of the West Coast. The men wear absolutely no clothing, the women only a small apron a few inches square suspended from the lions by a thong of leather. The former deck themselves out by twisting brass or copper wire about the arms and legs; the latter with hundreds of strings of beads about the neck and waist.

The body is smeared with red clay and grease, and the hair is carefully shaved off even to the evebrows, eye-lashes pulled out, ears pierced and hole gradually



Kamba man and wife with twin babies.

enlarged, until I have frequently seen them pick up a tin can on the station and insert it in the ear-lobe and use the can as a pocket in which to carry their trinkets. To make the hideous toilet complete, the teeth are filed to a sharp point, as sharp as the prongs of a fork.

Marriage is a mere matter of barter, and polygamy is universal. A man's social position and influence in the tribe depends largely upon the number of wives he has, consequently his aim is to have as many as possible. This is because wives are an index of wealth, for a wife costs among the Wakamba from forty to sixty goats, a goat being the standard of value in a country where money is unknown. The man thinks just as much of his wife as he does of the goats he has paid for her, and no more. She is practically a slave, a beast of burden, reckoned as just so much "Mali" (property.)

She it is who thatches the huts, cultivates the fields—her only farming implement a straight stick two and one-half feet long sharpened at the end; with this she laboriously digs up the ground. She goes long distances, chops down trees with little miniature

axes, and carries the wood in great staggering loads to the villages.

Slavery—I mean the hideous traffic Livingston saw—the traffic which once deluged Africa with blood, and sowed her plains with human bones—that slavery practically ceased to exist when England in 1897 abolished the legal status of slavery in her protectorate of Zanzibar. In Zanzibar, on the spot where once stood the greatest slave market in the world, there now stands the magnificent Cathedral of the Universities Mission, built entirely by natives, under the direction of Bishop Steere.

On the adjoining Island of Pemba, to within the last decade a favorite rendezvous of slaves owing to its numerous little bays and inlets, which enabled them to escape the vigilance of English men-of-war, there is now a strong Industrial Mission of English Friends, seeking to bring the gospel to these newly created freedmen. Nevertheless there is a form of slavery still remaining, and which it will be difficult to put down entirely, though the end is sure to come in due time. This is what is sometimes termed "domestic slavery." In this case it is not Arabs who are the captors, but the natives themselves.

In their frequent inter-tribal wars, women and children are captured and enslaved. Their position as slaves may not be any worse in a physical sense than it would be in their own tribe, but in dealing with slavery, we judge not by the occasional best, nor yet by the occasional worst in it, but by the *tendency* of the *system* as a whole, and judged by that standard, the civilized world has passed the death-sentence upon slavery as an institution.

I have had the privilege of rescuing some of these unfortunates and restoring them to their tribes. The presence of missionaries will do much to stamp out the last vestige of this demoralizing traffic.

The soil varies greatly in different localities, but on the whole the country is exceedingly fertile. There are considerable stretches of red clay which is of little value for cultivation but which supports a sparse growth of mimosa thorn and a more or less dense scrub. Then too, there are vast areas covered with lava—sometimes immense beds cropping out of the ground, again the plains littered for miles with the debris resulting from some mighty convulsion of nature in the dim past.

But by far the greater portion of the country is of

a rich dark sandy loam, easily tilled and of great fertility. And there are such vast tracts entirely unoccupied that the natives having exhausted the strength of a given portion by raising two crops per year with but the merest trifle of an effort at fertilizing, simply leave it and take up another plot.

On my station I found no difficulty in raising two crops a year, of wheat, potatoes, corn and every variety of vegetable. Besides tropical fruits, as oranges, bananas and figs, such fruits as peaches, apricots, pears and plums can be grown to advantage.

What do the natives grow? Millet, three varieties, beans—on bushes from six to eight feet high—corn, sweet potatoes and squash. Sugar-cane, manioc or cassava—from which our tapioca is obtained—and bananas are also cultivated in different localities. The sugar-cane and bananas are almost all converted into "tembo" the native intoxicant.

It is a peculiar and suggestive fact that the young men do not drink; not until after they are married do they indulge in "tembo," and then it is usually the old men who become intoxicated.

It will readily be seen from the foregoing that there is little chance for the developement of the finer

sensibilities of the nature. Love is crushed almost out of existence in the choking atmosphere of moral putrefaction, and throttled to death in the grip of physical degradation. Where a father can sell his daughter to the highest bidder—or worse still, rent her out to shame by the day or week or month as his cupidity may determine, you do not look for the fragrance of genuine affection. I thought I saw it once, just a glimmer—a suggestion—but I was disappointed.

Mutu Nyaa came to tell me that his daughter was dead. I went to the village; no one about; sat down on a log to await developments. A little, chubby, dirty child toddled across the open court, and looked curiously into a ragged shallow hole on the edge of the manure heap. The father crawled out of another hut: he had hold of something which proved to be the naked body of his dead daughter. He pulled it out of the little hut, and dragged it across to the hole and flung it down. Stooping down he unclasped all her little ornaments, then he selected the best and placed them in the little hand, and closed the lifeless fingers over them, saying "here are your ornaments, take them with you." He went through some incantations with the witch-doctor, leaving the child clasping the

precious treasures. Stooping down again, he unclasped the fingers, slyly extracted the ornaments, closed the fingers over the empty palm as though still grasping the treasures, picked the body up by one arm, threw it into the narrow hole all doubled up, covered it with dirt and manure, and the burial was complete.

Shocking? Yes, but even this was far in advance of the usual proceeding. In nine cases out of ten the bodies are not buried at all. A short shrift into the bush, at night a horrid carnival of wild beasts, in the morning a few scattered bones, and—oblivion! Who cares? Do you? How much? Just so much as you are willing to give to deliver them from such a frightful end, and no more!

CHAPTER III.

Africa's oppression and its result—A hostile demonstration thwarted—What shall be done with the white man?—An edict—God's ravens—Missionary duties—Necessity for medical work—Surrounded by hostile natives—Policy of non-resistance—Coals of fire—A missionary foot-race.

AFRICA'S history is one long record of war and carnage, rapine and murder, horrid superstition and frightful abomination. Like the angry waves of a storm-tossed sea, her multitudes, goaded on by lust and greed throw themselves against each other, fall, rise up again, and come back to the fratricidal strife! Tribe arrayed against tribe, the conflict goes on: the weaker crushed out of existence or assimilated with the stronger. Backward and forward the surges of conflict roll, and with each ebb of the fearful tide the wreckage is visible. Melancholy sight! slaughtered manhood; enslaved womanhood; blighted childhood; burned villages; ruined fields; charred and blackened valleys where once was peace and plenty!

But if there is restlessness and strife within, there is also fear and trouble from without. Where the carcase is, there will be the vultures. Africa has her vultures. Unscrupulous traders, corrupt officials—

though, thank God, there are some notable exceptions —and Arab slave dealers hover over the devoted land, and fatten upon her helplessness.

But the day of reckoning comes sometime, the hour of judgement strikes when the cup of iniquity is full, and then the lean kine devour the fat ones, and the blasted ears swallow the full ones. The newspapers call it a massacre, but it may be only the turning of the worm when it is trodden upon too heavily. 'Tis the history of America's injustice toward the Indians—it will be, yea, already is, the story of much European encroachment on Africa.

In consequence of this, the messenger of Christ upon entering a new field here, must reckon upon these new and perhaps intenser hates and animosities that have been engendered and fostered by the brutal and shameful conduct of these leeches of humanity which have been sucking the natives' life blood.

These meet us with outstretched hands, but the hands bear a spear, bow and arrow, or rifle. Unable at first to discriminate even between an Arab and a European—they put all alike under the ban of hatred on general principles, and only after years of patient,

toilsome effort, is their suspicion of the missionary overcome.

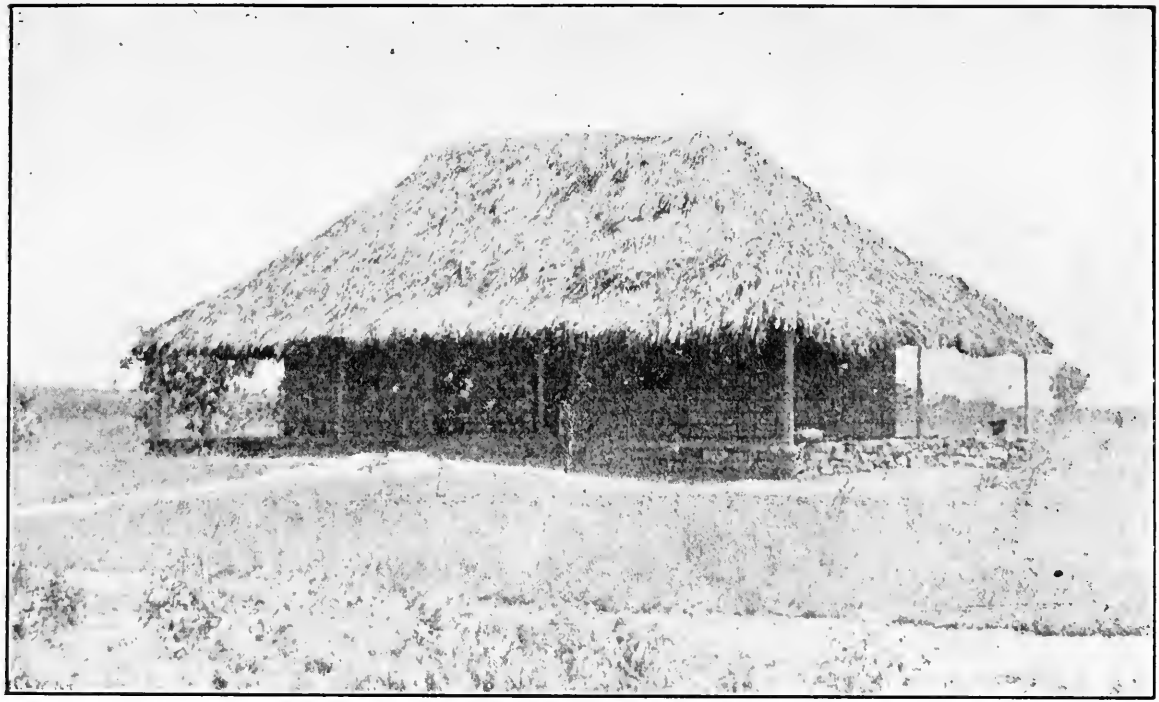
So it is not surprising that my first months in Africa were troublous ones. My life was in constant jeopardy. But "if God be for us, who can be against us?" The heathen raged, the people imagined vain things; they took counsel together, but God was over all, controlling, shaping, directing events to His own glory.

Three months after our arrival in the interior found me twenty miles from any companions, with two Swahili native workmen and a boy. The natives supposing me to be a Government official thought that I would have soldiers with me directly, but as time elapsed and these did not appear, they began to take steps toward my removal.

Councils were held to discuss the best means of ridding them of the white man. One day a band of men came from a distance expressly to kill me, but were stopped about half a mile away, by some natives who, having been to the government post and seen the great power represented there, and being awed by it, prevailed upon them to give up their project for the time being.

Finally an extended palaver was held on the hill-side a few hundred yards from my hut. All day long these black men discussed the problem of getting rid of me. 'Twas an interesting sight. Have you ever watched a crowd who were passing sentence of death upon you? I would watch them a little while, then go into the hut and lay the matter before my blessed Lord. About four o'clock in the evening a deputation of seven were sent to inform me of the decision. They solemnly squatted before me, and as solemnly stated that they had decided to give me three days to get out. If I remained there they would kill me and burn down the station. I sent word back that I was there to tell them about God and I intended to stay; they would find me at the end of three days if they wanted me. Throughout this time they threatened all manner of things, but did not resort to actual violence. Seeing that they did not frighten me, they resorted to the plan of starving me out, issuing an order that any one found bringing food to me was to be put to death. For over a month this was rigidly enforced.

But mark the hand of God. It would have fared ill with me, had it not been for a divine supply to meet my need. An old woman frequently passed my hut



My first house, (sun dried brick and thatch roof.)

going to and from her work in the fields. I had seen her but two or three times. But every time she passed she managed in some way to drop a root of cassava in the path before my door. This I roasted and it enabled me to eke out my slender supply of provision through this trying period.

What was it that prompted this old heathen woman under penalty of death if caught, to drop that food before the despised and then hated white man's door? The very same power that caused the ravens to bring the meat to the famished prophet by the brook Cherith.

Is God changed? Depend upon it, He has His ravens for every Cherith still. Hast thou stood for Him when the crowd was against thee? Be sure He will not fail thee. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass."

Finally convinced that I had come to stay, and perhaps judging from the fact that my little force of three native helpers was not augmented, and there was no parade of arms, that I was a harmless sort of being, they submitted to the inevitable, came to me and said that if I would remove across the river a few hundred yards away, I might stay. I met them thus far and

removed. And significantly enough on the very spot where sometime before the palaver was held which condemmed me to death, I began the erection of buildings for permanent occupancy.

My duties at this time, and indeed thereafter, were of a varied nature. There were two languages to learn, one of which had to be reduced to writing; there were buildings to erect, and for helpers in this I had, as before stated, but two Swahili men. My dwelling was built of sun-dried brick. Together we labored in making them, I taking my turn in digging clay, they puddling it with their feet, and then moulding a single brick at a time. It was a happy moment, when having laid every brick myself, I saw the house fifteen by thirty feet, with two rooms, stand complete before me. Then there was medical work—crude it is true, owing to limited knowledge, but effective, and indicative of the wonderful results that might accrue from this branch of mission work in the hand of a thoroughly qualified medical missionary.

Sores, sores, sores, everywhere the revolting sight meets you, everywhere the frightful stench assails you! Poor, limping, rotting, suffering humanity! May the great Physician in healing thy soul sickness, restore to

thee thy birthright of physical wholeness! For is there not a vital relationship existing between the two, the one operating upon the other?

Gardening, cooking,—until my native boys were initiated—and sewing, complete the list. This latter was no small task to manly fingers; for the transition from brickmaking or farming to shirt making was rather sudden, and not at all calculated to relieve the blunderer's fingers of a certain mild kind of torture, nor to add beauty and grace to the garments. But the wearers for the most part having never worn clothing before were not critical.

Candles served me for light, and when these failed, as they did sometimes, I would lie down on the floor before the blazing wood fire, and do my writing or studying of the language. The nights — however hot the days may be—are always cool, for though a degree and a half south of the Equator, the altitude is such—between four thousand and five thousand feet—that a cool breeze greatly tempers the heat. The temperature varies greatly. At night it will fall as low as forty-five degrees, and by day, rise as high as one hundred and fifty degrees in the sun. This, of course, has its disadvantages, and necessitates great

carefulness to guard against sickness. But by observing proper precautions, this danger can be reduced to a minimum. Over thirty times I was stricken with the fever, and being much of the time alone, had to minister to my own needs. As for food, my boy would build a fire beside my bed, and I would then direct the preparation of it. Yet despite all this, those were the richest experiences of my life. In them I found that the sweetest place in all the world is the will of God. And since He wills naught but our good, surely it is the part of wisdom to discover that will, and make it life's supreme business to do it.

But still, in spite of every endeavor at conciliation, in the face of the scores who had come to the station in almost every stage of this loathsome disease, and been cured gratis, when I walked about, I saw dark, scowling, suspicious faces, hatred stamped in every lineament of the countenance, and hostile demonstrations were frequent.

Day after day my men would be driven from their work and would come running into the station, sometimes bruised from their encounters with the hostile warriors.

Once they came in thus after I had sent them out for some timber, I having gone with them in the first instance and selected the timber I required. It was some distance from any village, but I had taken the precaution to seek, and had obtained the consent of the villages nearest the place, to cut the timber.

I returned with the men, but no one was to be seen. No sooner had we begun work however, than we were surrounded by a band of natives, who skulking from tree to tree, arrows fitted to the bow strings, and swords in hand, threatened our lives. The situation was critical, and I did something for which I was ashamed at the time, and have been increasingly so ever since. Having a revolver in my pocket—a thing of rare occurrence—I drew it out, opened it, and then in the sight of the angry mob, took some cartridges from another pocket, filled the chambers slowly and deliberately, closed the weapon and then returned it to my pocket. All this without saying a word. But the act seemed sufficient, for there was a hasty consultation among our foes, and then they suddenly withdrew. Why I did this I cannot tell, because I am strictly opposed to the use of fire-arms to quell disturbances of the natives, both from

motives of principle and expediency. It is contrary to the Spirit of Christ, and that ought to be sufficient for any one who follows Him.

The greatest blunders of Christendom, are those in which the church—Peter like—has taken up arms in defense of her "rights."

What a sad and humiliating travesty on the gospel, whose every line breathes a sweet benediction of peace upon the restless tossings of men and nations, when through a mistaken zeal, the followers of the lowly, unresisting Christ, fight, and kill, and devour, in the effort to extend His kingdom! It results only in somebody's ear being cut off, and the sorrowing Savior, lamenting the inability of His disciples to catch the real meaning of His mission, has to mend the injury to prove that His is not a temporal kingdom sustained by brute force, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost—peace, lasting as the eternal hills, because based upon righteousness; and joy unspeakable and full of glory, because the overflow of hearts at peace with God and with men.

But patient continuance in well doing, eventually had its effect. Still the old opposition died hard. One morning I was attending to the long line of suffering

ones; the last one had been reached, and I was binding up her foot, a huge ulcer having eaten away half the upper portion to the bone.

Occupied with my task, I did not notice the approach of my boy, Vui, until I heard him say, "Bwana nimepiga Mkamba." (Master, I have hit a Mkamba.) Finishing my work I looked up, and, used as I was to scenes of blood, I gave an involuntary shudder at the sight of the lad. A ragged, gaping wound in his head, fully three inches long, was pouring a stream of blood down over his face, and his shirt and loin cloth were already crimson.

He had said nothing about his having been hurt himself, so I said, "what is the matter, Vui? who has done this?" "I went to the river to get some water," said he, "when a man sprang upon me to kill me. I beat him off with my club and cut his head, and he broke his club over my head. "And master," he continued, "there is a great crowd down there and they are going to kill us all!"

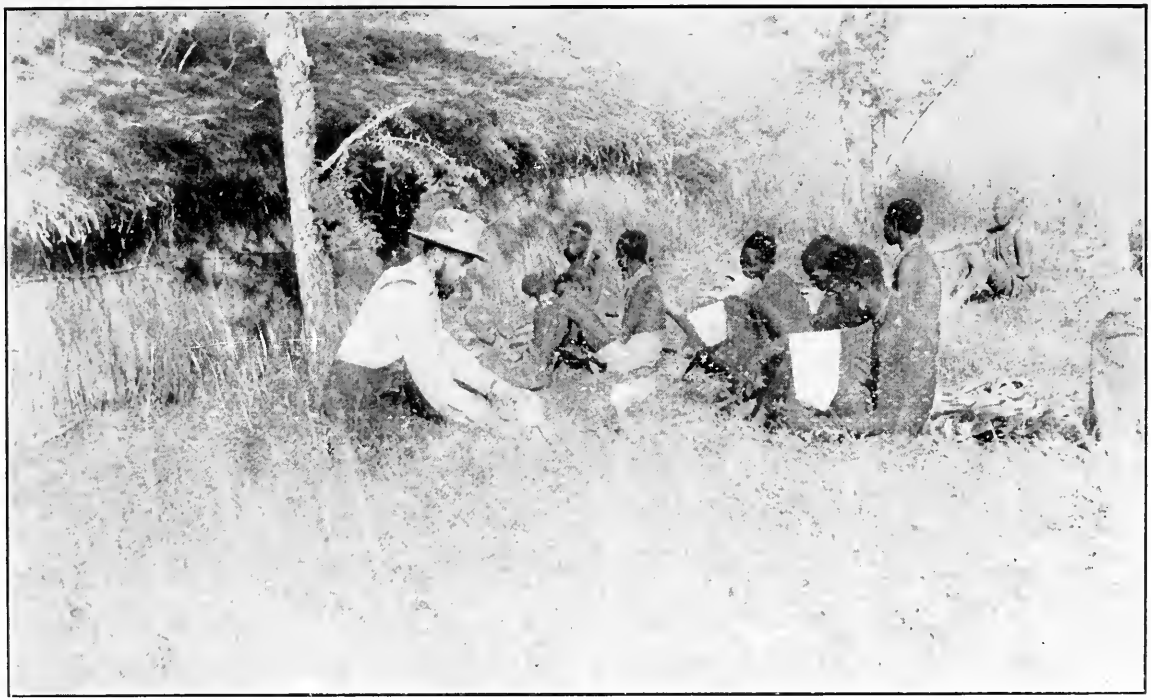
I had been only a few months among them, and had not yet succeeded in breaking down their natural suspicion against white men. At once it struck me

that this incident might in some way be turned to account for the Master, though I scarcely knew how.

So I said to Vui, "We will go down and see about it." I went into the house and got a sponge with which to wash his wound, and came out just as I was, in my shirt sleeves, and started off. Vui looked at me curiously, hesitated and then said, "Bwana usimepata bunduki yaku?" (Master have you not taken your rifle?) "No" said I, "we are here on God's business, and He will take care of us, and we will be safer anyway without the gun." At such times I thought it much better to display no weapon, for its very presence created suspicion, and was thus an element of danger rather than safety.

Arriving at the river, which was about two hundred yards away, sure enough the whole river-bed was filled—there being no running water in it at the time—with a howling mob of painted savages, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, spears and short swords. They were evidently bent on mischief. Decisive measures had to be taken, and that quickly.

So with a wordless prayer, I walked into the midst of them, much to their astonishment. This was the best course I could have pursued, for they have at first



An out door Dispensary.

a superstitious awe of a white man, not knowing but that he has some unseen method of defending himself.

The leader of the band, who likewise had a huge gash in his head from Vui's club, made a dash at him, but springing between them I began talking to the crowd, asking them if I had ever harmed them in any way; if I had not paid them well for everything that I had gotten from them; if I had not ministered to their sick; if I had not showed them in many ways that I was their friend.

Gradually they cooled down and became silent as I talked, and when the arrows were taken from their bows, and the hands quit playing with their swords, I took Vui to a water pool, cleansed his wound, and sent him off down the river for water. Then to their amazement, I took the wounded leader, pulled him to the water-hole, and began to do the same with him. They could not understand it. "An eye for an eye" yea, a life for a life, is the only law their poor minds can grasp, and they rigidly adhere to it. That the white man should take his worst enemy and do to him the same kindness he had done for his own boy, was so foreign to their ideas of justice that they simply stood and looked in wonder.

Having cleansed the wound thoroughly, and noting the advantage I had gained, I followed it up by saying: "now, if you will come to the house, I will put on some medicine." Slowly they followed me up the path, thoroughly vanquished. Getting out my instruments, I shaved the head, sewed up the ragged wound, bound it up carefully, and they went away. From that day their attitude changed, the stubborn opposition melted away, sufferers thronged the station, and some of those who had been most troublesome became my staunchest friends. Thereafter I could go anywhere through that country unarmed, so far as danger from the people was concerned.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

But before the natives went away, an event occurred which shows the varied nature of a missionary's duties. They were seated before me and I was talking earnestly to them, when Bwewa came up carrying a bucket of water for Vui—he being unable

to carry it owing to the cut in his head—such a thing as carrying it by hand being undreamed of.

Bwewa had some scores to settle with the natives, and he proceeded to settle them at once in a characteristic fashion. With a yell he rushed to his little hut, and presently emerged with a huge club in his hand. Brandishing this above his head and yelling like a mad-man, he dashed for the crowd of natives. They sprang to their feet and fled in every direction, Bwewa after them. I called to him to stop, but I might as well have tried to stop a tornado with a word. He would certainly kill some one if he were not stopped, so I jumped up and started after him. It was a novel foot race: first the fleeing natives, followed by the yelling Bwewa swinging his club, and finally myself. Down over the hill we went at full speed. I finally succeeded in catching my man, and flinging my arms about him, tried to talk to him. But there was no reason in him: the more I talked the more he struggled to free himself. So I made a virtue of necessity, flung him on his back, sat on him, and thus managed to get him subdued sufficiently to talk with him. He gave me no further trouble after that.

In the afternoon while I was working in the brick-yard, the ring-leader of the morning's attack came to the station with a bag of beans as a peace-offering. He and Vui made up, and peace reigned between them.

CHAPTER IV.

A hostile district—An ungracious refusal—Healing of a child and the result—An uncomfortable night—A novel wash-rag—How a rhinoceros hunt helped the work of God.

SOMETIMES the Lord was pleased to use some slight incident to break down the opposition or allay the suspicion of my dusky neighbors. A small thing it seemed to human judgment, but the small things weigh much in the balances of African opinion.

There was one district through which it was necessary for me to pass on my way to another station, and the natives of this district for a long time manifested a peculiar hatred and contempt for the white man. I remember passing through on one occasion, when I was suddenly stricken with an attack of the fever. I kept up as long as I could, until my feet refused to bear me longer, and I fell beside the path. I observed a village near by and some natives squatting outside. Slowly crawling up to them, I begged them to permit me to lie in one of their huts out of the burning sun. But they contemptuously refused my petition, and I crawled under a thorn bush and lay there for hours until the fever had spent itself, and then got

up and moved on as fast as my weakness would permit. But God had His purpose of love toward this people, and in His own way brought about a complete change in their attitude toward His servant.

It came about in this way: I was passing through the district on another occasion, when I was called into a village to see a sick child—a girl perhaps ten years of age. You ask me why they were so interested in a girl where womanhood is so fearfully debased, and I must point out that a girl is cared for on about the same principle as a man at home looks after his horse or cow—she will bring so many goats when she comes to marriageable age. It is to the interest of the father to look after his daughters for this reason.

The child had a huge ulcer as large as the palm of my hand, right on the stomach. It was a fearful looking thing, and I hesitated to try to do anything because it seemed to me it had gone so far that there was little hope. And then I disliked to attempt it with my very limited knowledge, for if there should be failure, and the child should die, my position might be made very much more dangerous than it was. But they urged and entreated, and finally after prayerful consideration, I undertook the case.

Somehow from the first the child seemed to trust me, whether induced by the kindly manner in which I went about it, as opposed to the rough, cruel practices she had undergone at the hands of the witch-doctors or not, I do not know; but certain it is she was always the first to greet me when I came thereafter to the village. I carefully treated her, left some medicine to apply daily until I should return, and went my way. It was an experiment, and I was exceedingly doubtful of the outcome, for natives have a peculiar habit of judging, that if a little medicine does some good, much will do more good, and give the whole in a single dose. But the young father was above the average in intelligence, so when I returned a few days later I found to my great delight, that the child was much improved. Again I left some medicine with instructions to the father to come to my station in two weeks and get more. Promptly to the day he appeared—ten miles from his home—reporting improvement, and received his medicine. This thing continued for nearly two months when the healing of the child was completed. From that time there was a radical change in their attitude toward me. The children would run to meet me far along the path, and the elders would beg me to

stop with them over night, or at least partake with them of their humble fare. This would not be considered very palatable at home, but here, wearied with a long tramp, even the humblest fare is relished. Sometimes it was beans without any seasoning, eaten with the hand from a dirty calabash, again it was "udzu" a sort of thick gruel made from rough millet-meal and drank from the same dirty calabash, and while I ate, the little ones, dressed in their birthday clothes would stand around and smile and whisper amongst themselves in thorough enjoyment of the white man's presence.

But they were not satisfied until I consented to spend a night with them. So I arranged to do so on one of my trips. They were delighted when I arrived, and plied me with food and honey. While I was sitting in the hut talking with the young man and the little girl, a big ram was pushed in through the little opening which serves for a door, and after him crawled an old man, the father of Ngongo, who solemnly presented the ram to me. I knew the native peculiarity, so immediately called my men and instructed them to kill the animal and prepare him for the feast. I almost wished I hadn't before the night was over, for I did

The hope of Africa. A group of children.

think they never would get enough and go to bed. I spread my blankets on the rude pallet called a bed, and about midnight was able to lie down. I insisted upon their leaving the goats outside, but still there were nine persons, several chickens and an innumerable host of insects, and creeping things without number to keep us company. Rats swarmed over me, they bit my ears and fingers, and pulled my hair, and wound up by eating holes in my blankets, as large as my hand. So the weary night passed and the first glimpse of returning day I hailed with delight.

Before leaving, the old man gave me a calabash of honey. In dishing it out he got his hand smeared with it, and then I saw a new idea in the line of wash rags. His grand-daughter—my little girl patient—was called, came up demurely, held her head down as though it were a familiar operation, and in a trice the offending honey was transferred to her woolly head.

Another incident can best be told in the words of a letter written at the time: "Last month's message conveyed tidings of our difficulty with the natives about the purchase of food. All this was overcome in a very unique manner as you shall see. A peculiarity

of the people which is sometimes amusing, is that they are not at all averse to asking a favor of you, even though they are at swords points with you. It happened that a couple of rhinoceroses had been committing depredations among the fields of the natives not far away, trampling and destroying the crops, besides being a menace to life itself. Accordingly a deputation waited upon me, begging me to go with a party on a hunt. Friday the 3rd. inst., was the time set. Meanwhile Bro. Tool came down with hematuric fever on the 1st. and on the night of the 2nd. came very near death's door. Word had been sent postponing the hunt, as the animal's haunts were about two miles away, But our disposings are not always final. Through many a strange and inexplicable event He wakes our sluggish senses up to the fact that "His ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts." What would you think of a missionary going hunting when a brother missionary lay sick nigh unto death? Yet that is just what I did. But let me ask you to suspend judgment until you have learned the story. Such a course would ordinarily be termed brutal and inhuman, but this was manifestly of God's own ordering, that not only I, but every one

concerned might see His hand and give glory to Him for a blessed deliverance. I find that one may even shoot a rifle to the glory of God, and that such a small matter as the killing of a rhinoceros may tend to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Early on Friday morning — having sat up all night—I called my men to worship, and had just set them about their several tasks, when the stillness was broken by a great yelling from the hillside just across the river. We paid little attention to it, thinking it was a drinking party, until Mutu Nyaa, our staunch old friend, came running up, accompanied by a boy crying out that the "Mbuzya" was just over the hill yonder, (about half a mile away). Still wishing to avoid going, I told him to run and make sure, sending the boy back if it was so. He had not gone far, however, before it became plain that the crowd yonder was looking for the "white man" and at their entreaty he came back and then even Miss Lindburg, our nurse, in spite of her woman's horror of hunting wild beasts, lent her voice to the clamour of the crowd.

It began to dawn upon me that possibly God had a purpose in all this, so taking my rifle, which Vui had already brought from the house, accompanied by

Rashidi with another rifle, we set out on a run, down the path, across the river, and up the hill. Plunging across a corn field and gaining the top, a splendid sight met our eyes.

Every hill-top as far as we could see, was black with people, and such a deafening, ear-splitting clamour one seldom hears. It was a very foolish proceeding, for it could not but excite the brutes and make them doubly dangerous, and they are bad enough at the best. Before us lay a deep, narrow gully, and the steep hill-side beyond was covered with a thick growth of bushes in which the rhino had taken refuge. The natives had given him a wide berth, and seemed to be paralyzed with fear. Crossing the gully we made our way cautiously up the hill, peering closely into every bush. Near the top a young man motioned that he would show me where our prey was located. As soon as his mission was accomplished, he disappeared and I saw him no more. He was not to be blamed however for putting no confidence in his bow and arrows, for the big animal made a formidable appearance, standing as he did with his great ungainly head swinging from side to side, evidently much excited by the noise.

The African rhinoceros is unquestionably the

homeliest brute that lives, and probably the hardest to kill. This particular fellow measured ten feet in length, and six feet in height. Attached to his ponderous bulk is a hideous head with little eyes, which by actual measurement, are no larger than a man's. On top of his snout are two formidable horns one behind the other, the front one being two feet and more in length, and the other about half as long. These are his weapons of attack. His defensive armor consists of a covering of hide an inch thick, and so hard that a bullet striking him at any great range will glance off as from armor plate.

The bush was so dense on either side of him, that I could not get a shot in behind the ear as desired, so had to risk one in front, a bad place, owing to the horns being in the way. The first shot took off half of the front horn and buried itself squarely in the centre of his head, whereupon he set up a fearful snorting, and tramping round and round in his tracks. The next one was planted in the side of his head, and still to our surprise he did not drop, but made off in the opposite direction at great speed, for ungainly as they are in looks, they can travel with amazing rapidity. The natives were simply frenzied when they

saw the trail of blood, and with a yell they started in pursuit. Over fields, through bushes, across streams, we sped at break-neck speed. Finally we came upon him in another clump of bushes about a mile further on. When I arrived, every point of vantage for sight-seeing was occupied. Every hill-top and tree within seeing distance was crowded with an excited throng. I had to stand for a little and take it in, so grandly, wildly magnificent it was! I prayed mightily that God would give me the hearts of that multitude through that day's work. And he did. It seemed to me like a crisis in the work of God at Kilungu station. For weeks past they had been most unfriendly, and would have nothing to do with us. And now the Lord had thrust before me an opportunity of ridding them of a great danger. They looked to me for deliverance. What an opportunity to win their favor and confidence! It was a tremendously solemn moment to me, for it seemed as though my whole work hung on the issue. And God did not permit His servant to be put to shame before the heathen.

The first care of every rhino hunter is to look about for means of escape in case the animal should take it into his dull head to charge. Close by was a

splendid tree for the purpose, but it had already been appropriated by a crowd of young natives. These were sent to another tree a little farther away, and Rashidi was then posted in the top, Vui next, and then Mutu Nyaa last, leaving a convenient limb vacant for myself in case of need. Then removing my shoes, I crept up to within fifty yards, from whence his huge body could just be made out through a net-work of bushes, and taking careful aim at his head, I fired.

If ever I prayed for steadiness of aim, I did then, for I felt that my target was a place in the hearts of this rebellious people, rather than the animal before me, and I must win! And I did! Not a sound followed the shot, and I knew that God had heard my cry.

It proved to be indeed true, but to take no chances, for experience teaches one here that some animals may not be so dead as they seem, Rashidi was given the delightful privilege of putting two more shots into him from twenty-five yards.

I shouted to the nearest natives "akwangamika!" (he is dead) and then there was a stampede. The scene that followed beggars description! From every direction the frenzied mob broke through the thicket

and surrounded the fallen giant of the plains. The din was terrific, everybody telling everybody else just how it happened.

White man's stock took a big rise! Human nature at the bottom is much the same the world over, only needing the proper occasions to bring it out. One little fellow with true boyish instinct, edged up close and laid his hand on my rifle. I saw the longing that was unexpressed, yielded it to him, and knew that the boy's heart was mine thenceforth.

Contrary to all expectation, the natives would not touch the meat—at least those in this district—for the women—here as in all heathen lands the bulwarks of superstition—declared that the cattle would die, and the rain would not come if it were touched, so the elders in council decided accordingly. They came from Nzawi—twelve miles away—however, and carried off loads of it. But there hasn't been a particle of trouble since then. Confidence seems quite generally established, and the work seems quite hopeful.

Next day a long file of men came into the station, each one bearing a small bag of millet and beans as a

present. Thus does God in strange and unexpected ways bring to pass His glorious purposes.

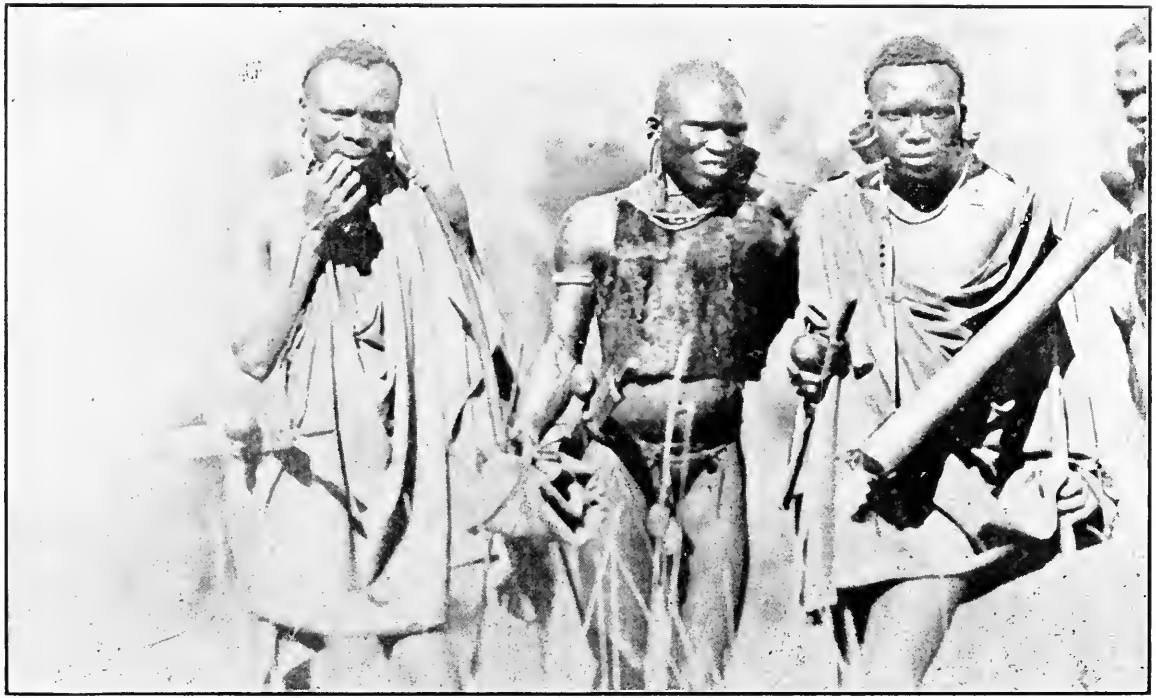
The battle against prejudice and suspicion had been won, and we learned afresh that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

CHAPTER V.

Entering the land—Beginning of vocabulary—"MUTHANIA," Savior; the story of a word—A distinguished (?) visitor and sequel—A challenge.

> "To illumine the scroll of creation,
> One swift sudden vision sufficed!
> Every riddle of life worth the reading
> Has found its interpreter—Christ."

THE caravan is slowly and painfully winding its way among the rocks up the steep mountain sides into Ukamba land. Native villages lie perched in almost inaccessible places. Women and children working in the fields run in terror before the white man's approach, or stand in the distance gazing wonderingly. A few young warriors, bolder than the rest, in all the glory of red clay and grease habiliments, brass and copper wire bracelets, and bow and arrows, come closer, and when we stop to rest spring up like magic all around us. Stork-like, they stand on one foot, one being drawn up and resting on the other knee. Stolidly they gaze for a little while, but human nature is much the same the world over, curiosity gets the better of them, and they begin pointing, and—is that language? Are they really talking? What a meaningless jargon!



Wa-Kikuyu Warriors (note huge ear ornaments.)

And we must learn that ! without grammar or vocabulary, or even the faintest beginnings of one, we must bring order out of this chaos of sounds that fall on our ears.

But we settle to the task which is to be limited only by the years of our lifetime.

An inquisitive young fellow points to something and utters a single word "Nichau?" What does he mean? We conclude from the association that he was asking, "What is it?" In order to prove it I point to the nearest object, which proves to be his bow, and to his surprise inquire "Nichau?" He hesitates and then answers, "Uta." The two words are hastily jotted down phonetically — i. e. by the sound — and we have the beginning of the Kikamba vocabulary.

Then begins the work of compilation in dead earnest. Day after day through the months and years that follow we fling that word "Nichau?" in their teeth, pester them with it on every possible occasion until finally we have mastered several thousand words.

At first we get only the names of things as we point to various objects, then by listening carefully, catch short sentences which we hastily jot down in our ever present note-book. Of course, for some time,

until we become accustomed to the strange sounds, we cannot distinguish words — just a babel of sounds which seem to be all alike, but gradually they separate themselves, and by means of comparisons we manage to evolve the other parts of speech.

But how we long to preach the gospel to the multitudes who are perishing through lack of knowledge all about us! Here indeed we have need of patience lest the greatness of the task dishearten us ere it is accomplished. African missionary work needs the grace of stick-to-it-iveness in an eminent degree.

It was long after we were able to converse on ordinary topics, before we could intelligently set before them spiritual things.

For two years and a half I was baffled in my effort to obtain one word. But it was the word that has belted the world with praise: the word that brings order out of the chaos of man's vain search after God: the sweetest word e'er spoken by human tongue: the word which is yet destined to make dark Africa light in the Lord. That word was "Savior." Never had it seemed so sweet, so incomparably beautiful before! What a big thing it became to me in those days! In mountain-like proportions it loomed up before

Faithful Kikuvi with wife No. 3 and prospective No. 4.

me in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

You who have never known its lack cannot possibly realize how vast a place it occupies in the scheme of redemption. All those weary months in which I had been attempting to give out the glad message, I had been compelled to circle all about the idea of salvation, with labored sentences telling what should have taken but a single word.

Hour after hour I've sat with Kikuvi and others, exhausting every conceivable illustration in the vain effort to draw out that magic word. But with agonizing persistency they would beat all about it without approaching the thing itself. The very day on which I was finally rewarded, I had no less than five persons in my room questioning, explaining, but to no avail. Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure that swept over me when at last the long search was crowned with success.

Darkness had thrown its thick mantle over the sad, sickening scenes of the day, to cover sadder sights of revelry and sin by night. Even the brilliant vault of the equatorial sky is hidden behind thick masses of clouds, and only the mournful howl of the

hyena is heard in the land. But with the master passion tugging at my heart I made my way to the men's quarters and seated myself with them about the blazing camp-fire. They recounted the incidents of the day minutely, and then Kikuvi—the most intelligent and trustworthy native I ever saw—launched into a story which gave me reasonable hope of getting the long-looked – for word, so I braced myself to listen.

Bro. Kreiger—laboring in another tribe—had been badly torn by a lion sometime before this, and Kikuvi, being with him at the time, was the means of his rescue. I felt that the word must come now, and two years and a half of disappointment was put into the eager attention with which I followed his story of the encounter. But he went through the whole scene most eloquently, and concluded, even to his having frightened the lioness away, without using a word which I could construe to be the one sought after. Finally, however, just as I was about to give up again in despair, in a modest sort of way he remarked, "Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvi" (the master was saved by Kikuvi.) I could have leaped for very exhuberance of joy, but being afraid of losing my precious possession I immediately changed the verb from the passive

to the active form and said, "Ukuthania Bwana?" (you saved the master?)

This proving correct I said, "why Kikuvi, this is the word I've been trying to get you to tell me these many days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God came"—"O yes" he interrupted—and the black face lit up as in the lurid light of the camp fire he turned to me—"I see it now, I understand! Jesus came to "Kuthania" (to save) us from our sins, and to deliver us from the hand of "Muimu" (Satan)."

Never did sweeter words fall from mortal lips. The treasure had been discovered at last, and weary prospector, lighting suddenly upon rich gold reef, never felt keener emotions than did the lonely missionary when for the first time he was able to frame that matchless word "SAVIOR" in a new tongue. And besides, it was the first real evidence I had had in all those months that the message spoken in such conscious weakness had been grasped to any extent at all.

They assented, it is true: but it did not satisfy me: I wanted certainty. Completely overcome I rushed into the house and fell on my face in thanksgiving before God.

Next day was the sabbath. In the early morning I was sitting in the house singing, to the accompaniment of my guitar, a rough translation of a hymn which I had just made, when Kikuvi came in and said there was a crowd outside who wanted to hear me. I went out with all the joy-bells in my soul ringing, and sang for them. But I wanted to preach—to set before them my new discovery. "Muthania," (Savior,) it rang through my being like sweet music. I began to speak to them, but had not gone far before I was interrupted by a query from Kikuvi, relative to the resurrection, which is always an amazing thing to them. This too, was encouraging, because questions usually betoken interest, and also aid greatly in the work of enlightenment. His question answered, he surprised me still further by saying, "Master, let *me* talk a little." Wondering what he could have to say, I gave him leave, and in a truly marvellous manner be began to tell out the "old, old, story." I listened in amazement. I could scarcely believe that he could have grasped the thought so intelligently from the fragmentary way I had been compelled to preach to them hitherto. But that flash of intelligence the night before by the camp-fire explained it all. In that

An afternoon service outside the dispensary.

blessed moment when the word "Savior" dawned upon his darkened vision, all the scattered fragments of truth that had been floating about in his darkened mind fell into line, and became one glorious revelation.

Yes, and it brought a revelation to me as well. In the light of that experience it seemed as though I had never before known the meaning of the word "Savior." I had spoken it from childhood; had preached it for years; but somehow it became luminous with meaning that night. Over against the frightful need which settled down around me there flashed a light unutterable, and a scarred hand traced in letters of glory "M-U-T-H-A-N-I-A."

They have no conception of writing, not even hieroglyphics, so my writing was usually done with a huge crowd gaping through windows and doors, if in the house; or, if I were traveling, well nigh tearing down my tent in their eager desire to see.

An amusing circumstance happened in this connection shortly after I had settled at Sakai, my first station.

A magnificent specimen of a native, tall and commanding in presence, but with only a calico rag about

his giant form, came to pay his respects to me. He began by telling me what a great man I was, and ended by drawing a very vivid word picture of his own prowess and greatness. The average native is an adept at self-laudation if there is anything likely to be gained by it. Having sufficiently impressed me with the fact that he was a man of influence in the tribe, he adroitly informed me that he wished to become my friend. In African parlance this invariably means a present. I was unsophisticated, so fell into the trap immediately, and my new "friend" departed with his present. Before he went however, I learned his name and jotted it down in a small note-book, which I used as a pocket vocabulary. He was much interested in this and had me read it over and over to him.

Two years and a half passed before I saw him again, and then quite by accident. I was on a journey some thirty miles from this place when, as we were zig-zagging our way through the bush at the foot of a mountain range over which we were to pass, whom should we come upon in the narrow path, but my "friend." He did not recognize me at first, but inviting me to his village, turned about and led the way to it. It was perched on the mountain side, a good stiff

climb. Upon reaching the village, he left us for a few minutes, and then returned with some food for my carriers and myself.

While we were eating we engaged our host in conversation. His surprise was great when he discovered who I was, and he almost immediately asked me if I remembered his name. "Yes" said I, taking my note-book and reading from it, "your name is Minindi wa Uminvilo." The effect was electrical. His astonishment knew no bounds. Over and over I had to read it, showing the magical lines that spoke to me after two years and a half and told me his name. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet, rushed into the village proper, and emerged again, pulling his three wives after him, These likewise had to be shown the wonderful writing, and finally I had to write down the names of all of them. And all this within the limits of a single tribe. What about the problem of Africa's evangelization in the light of the fact that over three hundred and fifty distinct languages and countless dialects are spoken within her borders, more than three-fourths of which have never been reduced to writing! If ever the curse of Babel rested upon a land, that land is Africa! Every tribe is shut off from the others by

this barrier. So distinct are these languages, that members of one tribe do not understand the language of the tribe immediately adjoining them, save in isolated cases, where it has been learned through the medium of slaves.

What a challenge to spirit-filled students is here! In this realm of African philology, there is urgent need of the brightest intellects and the deepest and truest spiritualily.

The gauntlet is thrown down! Who will take it up?

CHAPTER VI.

"What's the use?" — Are the heathen lost? — A soul's awakening; the story of a flower — Getting rid of ear-marks — A tender conscience — A prodigal's return.

"WHAT'S the use of you missionaries trying to do anything with these beastly Wakamba?" So spoke a certain official to me one day as we journeyed together. Yes, "what's the use?" we reiterate. If we are set merely to put our religion over against the fetichism of the African, what's the use? If it is merely a liberal-minded charity, or a broad philanthropy that impels us to go to Africa, what *is* the use? If it is only a civilizing agency we are setting up, what's the use? It might be beautiful as a charity, and noble as a philanthropy, and audacious as a civilizing enterprise, but these are not the reasons that justify missions to the African. No! No! It is because we believe there is a divine potency in the gospel of Christ. to reach down to the lowest depths of African beastliness, and transform it, creating these lost ones anew in the image of God; because what Christ has commanded He is able and will perform; because *what He can do* with the dregs of humanity has been imaged in

what *He has done* we are persuaded that even the awfully degraded African ought to hear the message of God's love. And experience has abundantly proved that our confidence was not misplaced. He ought to hear it because he needs it. The commands of Christ are not arbitrary, unreasonable things. Every command springs from a distinct need.

It is said by opponents of missions, that if the heathen live up to the light they have they are all right. If it were possible for every man to do this of himself, the point might be well taken. But in that case where were the need of the death of Christ? It is because *all* were concluded under sin that He came into man's place that He might bring man into His place. Because there was "none good, no, not one," He, the only good one, received the penalty and opened a new and living way into the Father's presence for those—but only those—who would believe on Him.

Now the heathen not only do not live up to the light of their conscience, but *know* they do not, and deliberately do wrong from practically the same motives that inspire wrong doing in civilized lands.

Let me relate an incident in point. The native tribes, as I said before, are constantly warring one

with another, and I had frequently to witness these strifes, or at least see the result of them.

One day I was working in my garden, when a large war party passed out toward the plains along the hills opposite my station. They were bound for a raid upon the WaKikuyu, the tribe adjoining us on the north. I had used my utmost endeavor to get them to desist from this raid, but without success. Kikuvi was standing by my side, and as the long black line crept on to the music of the drums, I turned to him, sick at heart, and began talking to him about it. I told him that this raiding and killing was displeasing to "Ngai" (God); that this capturing of women and children and enslaving them was wrong in the sight of God. He listened attentively, and then exclaimed, "Why, Master, we know that God does not like these things!" I was greatly surprised, for the popular idea concerning God, is, that He is a great being away off somewhere, too great to be concerned with human-kind, and has accordingly left the control of the world to evil spirits. "How do you know this?" I questioned. "Many moons ago" he replied, "there was a great storm. In the midst of it, Ngai told our fathers, that he was not pleased with

their fighting; that if they continued to do so, He would withhold the rain from them, and there would be a famine; but if they stopped, He would send plenty of rain, and they should not go hungry. Our fathers listened to this "Ndoto" (message) and for some months did not fight. But we like to fight, we would rather fight than do anything else; we wanted more cattle and goats, more women for wives and slaves, so we went to fighting again, and have kept it up ever since." "Now," said he significantly, "behold the great" munyalo (hunger) that has come upon us." For months the famine had been tightening its grip upon the land; suffering multitudes thronged the station; while everywhere was the fearful spectacle of stark forms lying in the paths.

Here was this heathen man, this savage, directly attributing this awful visitation to their disobedience of this vision, or revelation, whatever it may be called.

Surely God hath not left himself without a witness to any people, however degraded they may be. "These that have sinned without the law, shall also perish without the law." But whatever the fate of the heathen may be, it rests with us to face a clear

command of Christ our Master, and adjust ourselves to it.

It is interestihg to note the manner in which a soul first emerges from the blackness of heathenism into the broad daylight of Christianity. A pathetic interest centres in the first stirrings of that new life which is destined to burst the bonds that have held it in so long. The story of Vui's awakening is interesting in this connection.

He was my "boy"; i. e. personal attendant. We were on a "safari" (journey); he as usual by my side, or more correctly speaking, just behind me—for natives never think of traveling otherwise than in single file—when he ran out of the path, and presently came to me bearing a flower in his hand, "Bwana, ua mzuri hili?" (Master, is'nt this a pretty flower?",

You wonder what possible significance could be attached to such an ordinary act as picking up a flower! You would not wonder if your view-point were changed, and you could see the act in its African setting. Here it would be unnoticed because of its very naturalness, there, it became an epoch in a soul's development.

Flowers in bewildering profusion everywhere

abound, but to the native's eye they are as though they were not. He never thinks of plucking one, or of stooping to smell its fragrance. The sense of beauty is lost; he has become so used to ugliness, that it has come to be his standard of beauty; his ear has become so accustomed to discord, that it appears to him as harmony; foulness and filth have so demoralized his sence of smell, that the fragrance of the flower is lost upon him; and even taste is so perverted that he calls bitter sweet, and sweet bitter. He is a sad jumble of inconsistencies from first to last.

To me, then, the simple action of my black boy spoke a heart-lifting message. It meant the heart's awakening, the budding forth of a soul, the first faint glimmer of light telling him that he was an immortal being. Not that he understood all these things, oh no; but a something had taken place which had in it all of these elements.

Well, from that time he began to pluck bouquets for me and place them upon my table; then I noticed that he began to discriminate between flowers, selecting those which he knew I especially liked. This was kept up so faithfully, that should I go away for a few days or a week, upon my return I would always

find a fresh bouquet awaiting me. Meanwhile I was telling him the old, old story as simply and earnestly as I could, and daily he was taking it in and yielding to its sweet, powerful influence. I did not urge him much, fearing his affection for me might induce him to make a declaration which was not grounded on personal faith in the Savior. I wanted the Spirit alone to do the work of convicting, and He did. Vui became a devoted Christian, and thereafter lived an exceptionally consistent life, of which all who knew him were witnesses.

But every Jordan has its wilderness, and Vui's faith was put to the test. The native workmen, many of whom were, nominally at least, Mohammedans, began to taunt him. They would point to the holes in his ears, great holes into which I could thrust my thumb, made while yet a mere lad in his heathen home, and jeeringly say, You are only an "Mshenzi"! (Bushman or heathen!)

Finally he came to me and asked me if something could not be done to stop this: if the holes could not be sewed up. I replied that it would do no good, as the parts would not adhere. He came back a second time and I put him off, saying it mattered not what

the men said about him, if Jesus were pleased with him. He could not help the holes being there, but he could keep from *living* like a heathen.

This satisfied him for a time, then he came again and with great earnestness besought me to sew up the holes, "For" said he, "I am not a Bushman now, but a Christian, and I do not want them to call me a heathen just because there are holes in my ears."

I had to submit, though I knew it was futile. I seated him on the floor before me, and began the gruesome task of obliterating those visible marks of heathenism. At every jab of the needle he writhed in agony, and the blood flowed down and dyed his shirt crimson. Several times I hesitated, but he said, "Go on." The first ear completed, I said, "Vui, let me stop now, the pain is too great." For answer he rolled his head over on my knee and said, "finish it." So desperately in earnest was he to get rid of every vestige of the old heathen life!

He was happy for the few days that the threads held the parts together, but after a while they came open again, and I thought now he would give it up. But no, he came to have the thing done over again. This time I absolutely refused. A surgeon could have

done it, but I did not care to take the risk myself. But this boy was of the stuff martyrs are made of, so it was not surprising when he came in one day with the parts fastened together *with thorns*, which he had persuaded a native to thrust through the ears. Such grit was worthy of a better issue, but he failed, and the poor boy had to learn to overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony.

Oh! that Christians at home were as determined to rid themselves of the ear marks of the old life! But alas, how they cling—selfishness, pride, malice, envy, covetousness and a host of other things—marking us still as more or less the servants of sin!

Again about a year and a half after he became a Christian, he demonstrated how a conscience that had been seared and blunted through years, even generations of neglect, might became so tendered as to detect even the slightest deviation from the straight way.

I was sitting at my table one evening after supper, when I heard a great noise in the direction of the men's quarters. I went out, and there stood one of the men, a poor simple fellow named Ndolo, and he was crying. I asked him what was the matter. He replied that

another of the men, named Rashid, had hit him. I went with him down to the quarters, called all the men out and carefully inquired into the matter. Finding it was only a little thing, such as frequently occurred, I was about to pass it off, but that it should not pass entirely unnoticed, I reprimanded Rashid, and then sent the men back to their quarters, while I returned to the house.

About ten o'clock, while I was busily engaged in the effort to unravel a difficult construction in grammar, I was conscious of a black form slipping into the room behind me. Turning, I discovered Vui sitting on a box and acting very shamefaced about something. I knew something was up, for it was a very unusual thing for him to come to the house at that hour of the night. "Utaka nini?" (What do you want?) I asked. His head dropped on his black bosom as he replied, "Nataka Ukuomba na mimi," (I want you to pray with me.) "But why do you want me to pray with you at this hour of the night?" "My heart is'nt right, Yesu is'nt pleased with me," he replied. "But why? what have you been doing that Yesu is so displeased with you?" The head went lower, "You scolded Rashid to-night and I stood by and said nothing.

It wasn't his fault, it was my fault, for Rashid hit Ndolo for something Ndolo had done to me. I was afraid that you would scold me too, so I kept still. But I can'tsleep, do pray for me."

It was a little thing, so small that most of us would likely have passed it by as of no great consequence, but it was just big enough to that erstwhile slave-boy, to mar his fellowship with the Master he had learned to love.

Let it not be thought however, that these converts never weaken under the strain of persecution to which they are sometimes subjected. The frail creatures, lacking the reinforcement of generations of moral training, not infrequently bring us pain by their lapses, but the marvel is that these are not more frequent and serious.

Vui did indeed give way once, but it was only for a short time. But during this time he requested me to let him work with the porters, as he did not want to be with me in the house. 'Tis ever so with sin, in makes the sinner uncomfortable in the Master's presence.

But Vui got back. Like the prodigal, the husks reminded him of the abundance in Father's house, and

he came back. I was sitting in the gathering darkness outside the house when he came. He first asked me for some medicine, but I did not happen to have any for his supposed ailment. Still he lingered, saying nothing, yet his very actions telling of a struggle within. I felt that he wanted something beside medicine, and he did. But his disease was too deep for drugs. Poor boy! The past few days have been days of heart lonliness; he has been away from his Master. Under the jeers and persecutions of his companions his strength gave way, and for a brief period he wandered. This led to a desire to be away from me, and hence his request to be transferred from house duty to porter's work.

But thank God he had gotten a taste of heavenly things, and he soon found that garlic and onions were poor substitutes! I waited, he fidgeted, then it came out. "Master, I want you to pray with me." That was music to my ears. It told me that the Holy Spirit had found a place in that black boy's heart. It told me too, that this trial of his faith would work patience, and patience experience, for he would realize now as not before, the genuineness, the reality of his faith.

For a few days the joy of the Lord had been withdrawn, and he saw how dark and dismal and cold is life without Jesus, after having once tasted of His goodness. We came in and knelt down in the dark; we could not see each other, but the Lord saw, and the angels rejoiced, and heaven echoed with gladness! It wasn't a polished prayer, but the Great High Priest up yonder took the broken fragments, added the sweet incense of His own merit, and it came before the Father a sweet-smelling savour. It was the cry of a child that had lost the touch of Father's hand in the darkness of night, and feeling the gloom as a tangible thing settle round him, called out for that dear presence again.

Surely "it is the Lord's doings and it is marvellous in our eyes!" "With man it is impossible," but "the things that are impossible with men are possible with God." From this vast rubbish heap of creation, the Architect of human destinies picks the battered, ruined blocks of humanity, and under the friction of His unerring hand, makes of them polished shafts to be set up in the eternal temple!

CHAPTER VII.

The universal consciousness—Fetichism—A revolting dance—A familiar sight—A significant sacrificce—An unjust criticism—The witch-doctor—Treatment of the sick.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in every savage bosom
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened—
Listen!"

SIN, and the need of an atonement for sin, is a fact of universal consciousness. In splendid mansions of the avenue, and in the rude huts of the savage, men are one in the consciousness of God. The extremes of human society here meet and stand upon one platform. They are also one in the consciousness that an immeasurable distance separates them from God. This has led to a universal effort to bridge the chasm.

Men look above, and God is there: they look within, and sin is there: and somehow, there comes a

sense of uneasiness. Something must be done, and instinctively the thought of man turns toward sacrifice. So we have religions manifold: idols innumerable: fetiches, charms, dances, sacrifices, testifying to the world-wide restlessness of human hearts without God.

We therefore conclude that every such sacrifice and offering: every superstitious rite and ceremony; every idol before which blinded, deluded devotees bow down in abject slavery of spirit, is but a testimony to a feeling ingrained deep in the human heart that God *is*, that *sin is*, and that between the two there must be a mediator—a Savior. This feeling finds expression in myriad forms. Enslaved by horrid superstition, imagination runs riot, peopling the universe with terrors; led captive by Satan at his will, the world is racked with pain, and deluged with blood through the frenzied efforts of men to find a way to God.

In speaking of the religious ideas and customs of any portion of the lost continent, it must be borne in mind that owing to its vastness, what would be true of the one portion might not be true of another, though there are many things common to all. Generally speaking, though, the Bantu tribes are not idol wor-

shipers. Fetichism, or trust in charms, is the prevailing belief. These may be of various kinds—a bone, a stick, a piece of cloth, as suits the caprice of the witch-doctor or the whim of the subject. I have even seen them use thus a piece of paper picked up on the station premises.

If you would have me describe fetichism so as to be understood clearly, I should say, look about you! The man who nails a horse-shoe over his door "for good luck" has a fetich; those persons who solemnly break the "wish-bone" of a chicken, believing certain things wished for in the act will happen, have a fetich; that man who carries a rabbit's foot about in his pocket as a cure for his rheumatism, carries nothing less than a fetich. These might be added to extensively, but it is enough to say that there are a good many evidences of our heathen ancestry clinging to us yet.

Then there are sacrifices and offerings and dances of various kinds. It should be noted however, that all this has little to do directly with God, for since according to their idea He has left the control of the world to evil spirits, their efforts are directed to propitiating these. The whole thing becomes then nothing more nor less than devil worship.

To my mind the saddest thing in the world is the fruitless effort of Africa's myriad souls to find a way to God. This blind groping in the dark; this pathetic reaching out through the night of ignorance that settles round them like a pall; this eternal struggle against a merciless fate that forever terrifies them by its dread approach; this everlasting cry with no response following; is certainly the saddest tragedy of human life.

I've seen the African women dance hour after hour, in the most loathesome and disgusting manner; abandoning themselves, body, mind and spirit to the spell of their awful delusion. With vacant, helpless look, yet with the energy of despair, flinging themselves against the phantom forces that encompass them about. The breath comes in quick, short gasps, the eyes stand out; the body twitches convulsively; the drums beat monotonously what seemed to me the dirge of hope; then from this mass of flinging arms and twitching bodies there reels forth a form more devilish than human, who with an unearthly shriek, falls in convulsions at my feet. Do they pick her up, carry her tenderly to some quiet spot and minister to her there? Not they! Paganism has no lesson to

teach her blinded devotees in the art of compassion. Its whole tendency is toward a calloused heart, a seared conscience, a blunted susceptibility; no warm Gulf Stream of Divine love touches the bleak waste of these lives.

So this woman lies there alone, eyes staring, mouth frothing, body twitching. Someone takes her place in the dance, and the unequal struggle goes on—ever fighting, ever losing. And all for what? Just to find an answer to the imperious question, which in some form or other springs up in every human heart, "Where is the lamb?"

Perhaps I can best bring it before my readers by quoting from my diary under date of Feb. 20th, '98.

"I have just returned from a sight, which, often as I see it, leaves me with an aching, burdened heart. A peculiar kind of dance has been in progress for several days, and seems likely to continue for several days longer, but I have been too busy hitherto to go near. This afternoon, accompanied by Mutu Nyaa, I went to see this "Kitombo." It was the same old story of God-dishonoring, man-degrading superstition, only with new details added. The numerous native dances, however much they may vary as to detail, present the

same dominating features of demon worship always. This one was strange, but the revolting features seemed all the more prominent. Picture to yourself forty or fifty women and girls, with a few young men and children—for be it understood women are the bulwarks of superstition abroad, as they are the most loyal defenders of the faith at home. All are naked save for a strip of cloth about the loins. Each one carries in his or her hand, a slender bamboo rod, from ten to fifteen feet in length, decorated from the top about half its length with white feathers. In answer to my query Mutu Nyaa explained the meaning of these rods with the significant reply, "Aimu" (spirits).

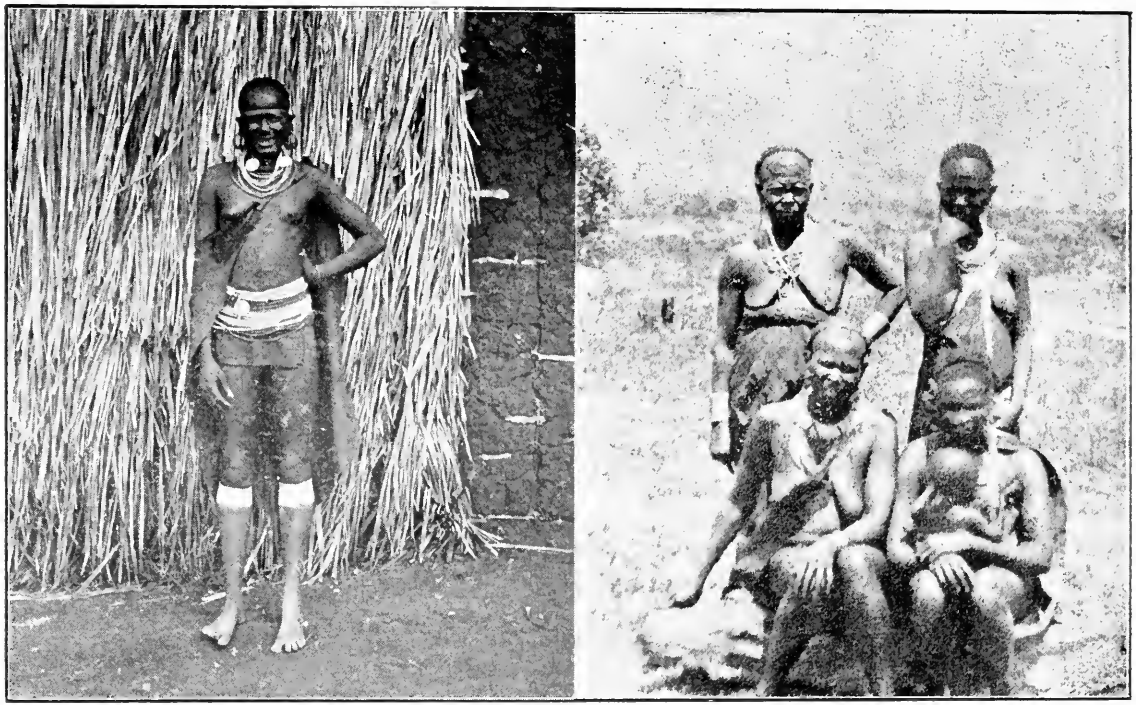
This is the only dance I have seen in which there is no yelling, or perhaps I should say, nothing resembling a song. No one utters a word, save now and then when one who has lost all semblance of reason, breaks forth with the most unearthly screams. She trembles from head to foot, and pays no attention to anything that goes on about her. Yet they dare not stop: it would seem that their very lives depended upon their ability to keep going. They seem utterly at the mercy of some demoniacal power. And they

tell me that this is indeed the case. Now and again other women carrying large calabashes of water enter in among the crazed dancers, and dash quantities of water into their faces and over their quivering, perspiring bodies.

I saw one poor woman who had been led out of the crowd—so utterly helpless was she in the grip of this awful spell—to nurse a little babe. She sat on the ground, her arms hanging limp at her side, her whole body twitching convulsively, while she paid not the slightest attention to the babe at her breast.

And this is womanhood in Africa, womanhood without God! Oh God, what a pity! What a shame! Thou wouldst save, but there is no one to tell them! Thou wouldst deliver them from the blind groping in the dark, but there is no one to point the way! Thou hast reconciled this sin-burdened world to thyself in the death of thy Son, but these and countless others do not know it! Who is to blame my fellow Christians? Is it you? Is it I?''

Another dance—a familiar sight—which usually occurs at the time of the new moon, is weird and fantastic to a degree. The young men have decorated themselves for this occasion with great care, and the



A Contrast.

Young Girl, (note filed teeth and cuts in body)

Married Women

result could scarcely be more ghoulish if there had been a design to make it so. The body is smeared with a fresh coat of red clay and grease, around the eyes are painted large white circles, within these another circle of bright red, a streak of white down the nose, feathers in their hair—if they have not shaved the head—feathers on the elbows, and bells on the ankles. In the changing light of the moon they look ghostly beyond description.

The men form in line, the women facing them, their feet touching; then to the din of the numerous drums they lay their cheeks together and yell into each others ears at the top of their voices, meanwhile keeping time to the music (?) by throwing their arms and shoulders in the most disgusting manner, moving their feet only enough to jingle the rude bells fastened to their ankles. The din is terrific, and many a sleepless night have we had as they kept it up into the "wee sma' hours," for the very same reasons that the prophets of Baal so frantically besought their God to send rain upon the famished earth.

A peculiar ceremony is that connected with the offering of a sacrifice about the time of the harvest. All the afternoon the women are gathering at a given

point, where they roast corn, and have a good time generally. In the evening a large fire is built, and later on several of them, around a big tree. Then their offering of beans, or corn, or millet is placed at the foot of the tree, after which the women begin to circle around the tree, singing to the music of the drums a song of thanksgiving for the harvest. The darkness of the night, the great fires sending light and shadow chasing one another in the leafy branches overhead, the black figures moving about the tree chanting the weird and unearthly strains, is a scene that, once witnessed, can never be effaced from memory. While this is going on, some old men come in leading a big goat. The killing of the animal is as unique as it is brutal. One man holds the animal upon the feet, while another squats before him, grasps the poor beast by the mouth, and slowly smothers him to death. The blood is then taken and poured out at the foot of the tree, while the body is feasted upon.

It is striking to note the similarity between some of the rites and customs, and those of ancient Egypt, and especially of Israel. There are the offerings of the first fruits of harvest: there are the groves in high places where sacrifices and offerings are made; and the

most remarkable of all, a sacrifice which very nearly resembles the old wave-offering of Israel. A goat is sacrificed, cut in two, one half is devoted to the offerer for a feast, the other half is cut into small pieces and tossed into the air as a propitiation to the spirits.

Yet I have heard travelers declare that these people were without religious consciousness altogether. The man who said it was hopeless to save these "beastly Africans" replied to my reference to the savagery of our ancestors, that they had religious ideas as expressed in the worship of Thor and Woden and other deities, while these had absolutely no conception of a Supreme being. Then as we journeyed on he expressed a great desire to see a native village, "For," said he, "I have not seen a village since I have been in the country." The reason being, that in that region, the villages were hidden away in the dense bush through fear of the dreaded Masai raids.

He had seen the few wretched, half-starved, greasy, ill-smelling natives, who had been attracted to the railway by curiosity or cupidity, or both, and who there gave no indication of the real life of the people, and from this superficial knowledge had drawn conclusions at once erroneous, misleading as to mission

work, and therefore unjust and unscientific. It is to be feared that much of what passes for criticism of mission work, has no more ground than the above.

The witch-doctor is an important figure in African religious affairs. Professing to communicate with the spirit world, he holds a remarkable power over the poor deluded people. And usually he is keen enough to see his advantage and use it. A goat or two must always be forthcoming, ere he can hold converse with the spirits; so he fattens upon the helplessness of his deluded followers.

Their treatment of the sick is sometimes frightful. The tortures the poor sufferers have to undergo beggar description. Huge gangrenous ulcers are plastered with dirt and manure, and then left for days before it is changed; women suffering from fever are dragged from their huts and compelled to dance the evil spirit away; cuts are made in the skin, and a powder made from glass beads and various stones is rubbed into the quivering flesh.

In these, and countless other ways, are these blinded children of the lost continent made to feel the galling yoke of a servitude worse than physical slavery.

Imagination peoples the universe with vague, terrible shapes, ever ready to pounce upon them and rend them with pain or disease, or perchance bring some great calamity upon them; so the weary round of sacrifice, and offering, and dance, must needs be in order to stay the evil which, notwithstanding all their efforts, is always impending, hanging like a sword of judgment over them.

Thus the battle for Africa's redemption has to be fought, not alone against the stupidity, and superstition and hatred of flesh and blood, but here the rulers of the darkness of this world have massed their forces contesting to the death every inch of ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day of small things—White ants; how they live, how they work—"Siafu"; their method of travelling—Routed out—An army ot locusts—Warding them off—Snakes: a meeting rudely disturbed—Vui kills one—Lizards—Jiggers.

"FOR who hath despised the day of small things? Surely not one who has had experience with the myriad forms of insect life in the tropics! Indeed such a one must often have been humiliated before the prowess of these diminutive assailants. The wise man's injunction, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise," has a fresh significance, when you behold this industrious little creature literally eating your house down over your head.

Perhaps the following quotation from my diary under date of Jan. 12th, '98 may bring the whole matter before you briefly with its attendant circumstances.

"Many things are combining to wrest from me the splendid health that has hitherto been granted me. Whether Kilungu is more unhealthy than Sakai—which certainly is so in a measure at least, due to the close proximity to water—or whether from lack of nourishing food, combined with excessive labors, or a

combination of these, I know not, but my health is being undermined. We have almost no medicines. For three days I have been having fever, and I wabble about in most uncanny fashion, unable either to eat or sleep. The latter fact is due partially to other causes, however. Between mosquitoes and rats, one's time is pretty well occupied. And it's hard to tell which are the worse. The former come 'in swarms'; they sing in fiendish glee about your head: they whet their swords, and after maneuvering for an opening, strike home for blood. You strike back, but they hover above you and fling derision in your teeth, while you sink back to meditate upon the frailty of man, who, though made but a little while lower than the angels, is helpless before a mosquito.

The rats come in droves. They eat your shoes, your clothes, your food: then sighing for other worlds to conquer, they undermine your floor, and one day it opens and swallows you up, and you must build anew. But this is not all. Their voracity knows no limit. They riddle your bed clothing, till the wind whistles through the apertures and you vainly strive to keep warm. And should you by any chance fall into a blissful doze, you are rudely awakened by these little

rodents pulling at your hair; or perchance you feel a sharp throbbing pain resembling the pulling of a tooth, and you start up to shake a rat off your ear from which he has been trying to feast. But these are little things to which one *may* become accustomed in a measure; they are but inconveniences of circumstance, and one *can* learn to adjust these to their proper place in the sum of African life.

There are several varieties of ants in Africa, but those which give most trouble are the famous termite, known as the white ant, and a little reddish-brown fellow, called the "siafu." The former devote themselves to your property, the latter to yourself. The white ant has a varied existence. He lives in quite pretentious style, building for himself huge, dome-like hills of clay, which sometimes attain a height of ten or twelve feet. These are honeycombed with galleries, the sides of which are of an exceedingly hard substance made by mixing a kind of glueish spittle with the clay.

The ants seem to be hatched at the beginning of the rainy season, and for the first few hours of their existence they are provided with wings. After a rain

they may be seen swarming forth from thousands of these domes, filling the sky with a fluttering mass.

Poor work they make of it though; they are made to crawl, and not to fly; Unable to control themselves they are driven by the wind hither and thither; their little silken wings soon drop off, and from henceforth they are doomed to an existence which is of the earth, earthy. But the brief tenure of life is very uncertain, and maybe, indeed is, often terminated abruptly. The natives consider the ant a great delicacy during the tender period of his infancy. Woe to him if he comes forth in the evening! A large place is cleared and swept clean, the native takes his stand in the midst, and with a huge torch of slender twigs, singes the wings and toasts the body of the flying insects at once; they fall into the cleared space and are swept up into bags and devoured with avidity. The effect at night from the hundreds of gleaming torch-lights piercing the inky blackness, is fantastic and beautiful.

I had a very good mackintosh which I prized very highly, as it had been given me by the young people of L——. I went on a journey which would occupy about a week, so I took the precaution to

hang the coat from the rafters, being careful that it was several inches from the wall. This did not deter them however; up the wall they came, attracted doubtless by the smell, and stopping opposite the coat, deliberately set to work building a bridge of mud right across the intervening space to the coveted prize, and when I returned the carefully treasured coat was plastered with mud and riddled with holes. Of course after a few such experiences, we learn to a greater or less degree how to circumvent these voracious little creatures, but they are always an incentive to carefulness.

As you travel along the narrow paths which serve for roads, you frequently see a dark line across the path before you. Beware! if you are wise you will go carefully and choose your stepping place. These are the dreaded "siafu" out on a foraging expedition. They will amply repay a careful investigation however, under proper conditions. I have frequently watched and always admired their movements. That dark thing across the path is nothing less than two living walls of "siafu." They march in solid "colums of eight," the line varying from fifty to a hundred or more feet in length. When they come to a path they

throw two lines across, composed of living walls often an inch high, ant piled upon ant in apparently inextricable confusion, the main body scurrying in hot haste between these protecting barricades. And this is not all : out along the path in both directions, important little fellows nervously rush to and fro scouting a full yard or more—on the lookout for possible danger.

Interesting ! Yes: but 'tis better to keep them at a distance, for they *may* prove unpleasant, if not actually dangerous. Natives assert that the "siafu" have been known to overcome no less an animal than an elephant by swarming into eyes, ears and nostrils.

If such diminutive creatures working in concert can accomplish such a task, what might not the church of Christ accomplish were her membership massed in one tremendous assault against the forces of iniquity !

I have been awakened at night with a sensation as of sleeping upon blankets full of sand. But the first move convinced me very forcibly that my discomfort arose not from sand, but from the dreaded "siafu." They swarmed all over me, biting me in a hundred different places at once in a most painful manner, so making a virtue of necessity and leaping out of bed, I attempted to brush them off. But they

will not be gotten rid of so lightly; you must pull them off one by one, and they will frequently leave their heads sticking to the flesh rather than relinquish their tenacious hold.

Their foraging completed they again fall into line, influenced by some mysterious signal, and march forth leaving you free to return in peace.

Then too, we have that other division of God's great army with which he subdued the pride of Egypt's insolent monarch—namely, locusts. Here again is a practical lesson on the power of concentrated effort. One little locust—how insignificant! Millions of these together, they become a terrible scourge, a devasting horde. While one day watching the passing myriads of locusts, which at times dimmed the glare of the mid-day sun, there occurred a thrilling sight.

Regiments and batallions had passed up the valley and evidently checked by the mountains were now returning. Up from below came the sound of another advancing host. Just before my door they met Both were flying at tremendous speed, and the compact was thrilling. With terrific force they came together like hostile armies contending over disputed

territory. For a moment the lines intermingled as in hand to hand conflict; then gradually the centre, pressed by the still advancing legions from behind, began to heave upward as in the throes of mortal combat. Both forces commingling, the living wave rolled upward and then backward above the serried ranks below. Then it seemed like some splendidly executed military evolution as the two separate lines continued to join and move away together until all had passed. The noise was like the distant roar of Niagara. But it is soon gone and our hearts are relieved as we watch them disappear over the hills, though we reflect with sadness on the possible effect on the valleys beyond.

If they can be kept on the move, well; but once they settle everything green disappears before their ruinous advance. So when the cry "Ngie!" (locusts) is heard in the land, all available men, women and children make it their business to out-do their neighbors in the volumes of noise they can create. Out to their little fields they swarm, rushing hither and thither, beating drums, yelling at the top of their voices, and so keeping the invaders on the move. Consequently they do not do much harm in the day

time, but at night they settle down when there's none to molest, and in the morning the poor native looks forth upon bare twigs where had been blossoms or fruit.

Snakes? Yes, plenty of them of all colors, and degrees of meanness; yet few, if any of the larger variety, such as are encountered on the West Coast and in other parts. But the smaller ones make life quite interesting enough for the average person.

I was talking to a group of men one day who were seated on the floor before me, and they appeared to be greatly interested. But all at once there was a panic, and with yells and frantic haste, my congregation disappeared through the door. I caught the word "Nzoka" (snake) as they went, and turning in my chair, discovered a snake curled up within two feet of me. He did not disturb any more services.

One evening while sitting on the veranda just after sunset, a snake about four feet long, and very poisonous, glided under my chair and around the end of the house. By the time I had secured a stick, he had disappeared. Suspecting he might be in the house, I lit a candle and after a little search, found him coiled up under a cup-board containing my pro-

visions. Just then Vui came in and seeing the snake, cried out, "Wait, Bwana, until I get my bow and arrows," and dashed off. I stood guard until he returned, then held the candle while he proceeded to slaughter his snakeship. The first arrow pinned him to the wall, but he was far from being dead. Vui put fully a dozen arrows into him before we could get at him safely to dispatch him.

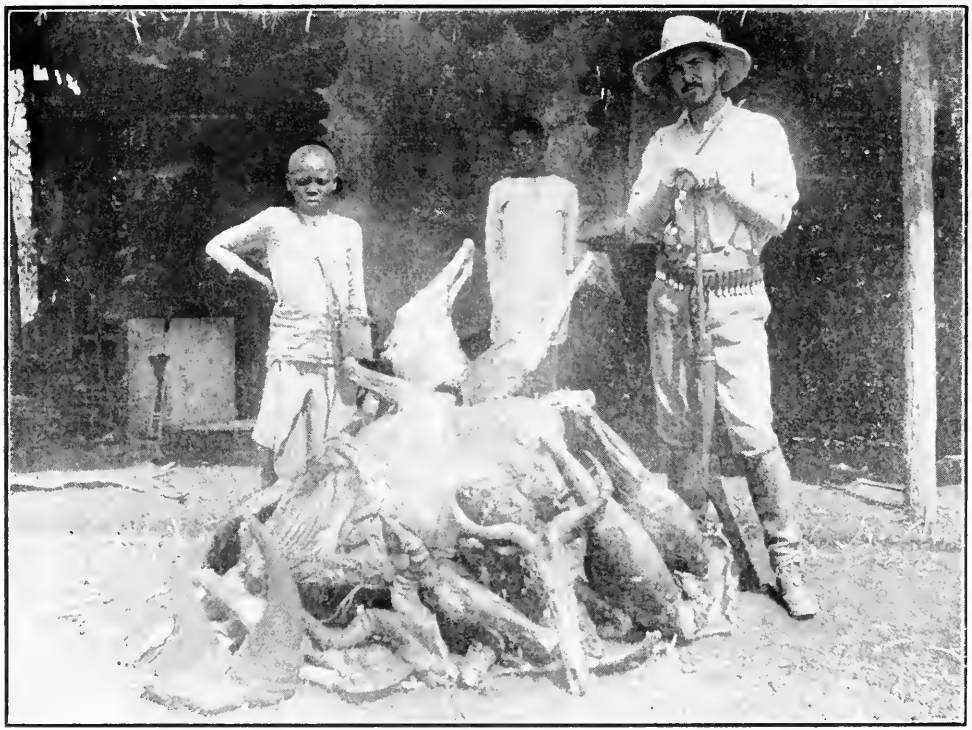
Lizards too, there are in great numbers and variety of color and size, scurrying across your path when you journey, and gliding over the walls of your honse when you remain at home. But one becomes used to them, and I even found that they relieved the tedium of those lonely months when no white face brought cheer or change to my habitation.

Last of this record of pests, but among the most troublesome of all, are the jiggers. About half the size of an ordinary pin-head, they yet possess in their small anatomy more concentrated, distilled, ready-for-use power of inconveniencing humanity, than all other insects I know of. Their operations are usually confined to the feet of their subjects, and in a country where so much depends upon feet, the choice is very disconcerting. Your first sensatien is that of intoler-

able itching, but unless you are an expert at the business, you fail utterly to detect the offender, for by this time she has burrowed her way underneath the skin where she goes to work enlarging her borders. For a day or two you feel nothing, then your feet grow painful, and when you finally get at the intruder, she has made a hole as large as half a pea. Multiply this several times and you have a disabled missionary, or porter, as the case may be.

The latter suffer greatly from them because of carelessness, frequently being incapacitated for work by them.

Other pests might be named, but these are the most familiar. And why mention them at all, you ask? Well, because the daily tests that come to the missionary through these little things, really require more grace, and greater dependence upon the Holy Spirit for strength to overcome, than in the occasional great danger or wrenching trial. 'Tis harder to face the nine hundred and ninety-nine little vexing things of the every day life, in a Christ-like way, than the great lions that meet us at long intervals.



KAMAU. NDUNDA. MR. HOTCHKISS.

Food for famine sufferers. 1500 lbs. of meat secured in four hours hunt.

CHAPTER IX.

The promised Presence—Famine—Followed by a lion—We go a-fishing—An opportune meeting—Charged by a lioness;—narrow escape; a gracious deliverance—The rhinoceros again.

"GO YE—and lo! I am with you" becomes a living reality under even the ordinary stress of missionary life, but it becomes increasingly so when peculiar dangers, or exceptional trials bring into bright relief the superintending Providence of our heavenly Father. Let these few incidents, culled from many, call attention, not to a missionary for the time being turned hunter, but to the God of the missionary, and of every one who dares to trust Him fully.

On account of a severe famine, which in its course carried away vast numbers of the people, I was compelled to resort to hunting to procure food for those under my care, and thus wasbroughtinto contact with wild beasts more frequently, perhaps, than is customary with missionaries even in Central Africa, who as a rule have their hands far too full of loftier tasks to spend their time in hunting, except merely to supply their own larder.

But under the influence of such life-tragedies as this, recorded at the time, I shouldered my rifle and sallied forth to do battle for the physical need in order that I might meet the greater spiritual need. "Here are the little brother and sister of my boy Kamau—as sweet children as one would wish to see; a short time ago so plump and merry and full of laughter, but now, alas! so pitifully weak and thin—mere shadows of their former selves! The laugh has died away from their lips in the grim struggle for existence. It would melt a heart of stone to see the little forms grow thinner and weaker, and the great sad eyes grow more sad and hollow. Of what use is it to preach the gospel to such as these, gripped in the clutches of such a hunger?"

While engaged in this business (hunting), I was brought into some narrow places through encounters with lions and rhinoceroses, of which there are great numbers in this region.

My first actual encounter with the "king of beasts" was on this wise. A brother missionary, Mr. Krieger and I were camping in a cave at the Athi river. In the evening we went across the river—a narrow shallow stream at that place, to get some game

for supper. We were stalking a herd of small antelope, when they scurried off, and we saw four lions jump up from the plain about 300 yards away and run for cover where the river made a turn ahead of us. We circled around toward camp, when just as we came over a small rise, a lion cub jumped up right before us, and dashed away. Following him with our eyes, to our amazement, there on the open plain not 250 yards away, lay a whole family of them.

We were in a precarious positon. Not a bush or shelter of any description was nearer than the river, and that was farther away than were the lions. Seeing us, they sprang to their feet and began that ominous pacing to and fro which hunters learn to interpret as of hostile intent. The sun was just sinking—a big red ball of fire—in the west, which made shooting a matter of extreme uncertainty. We did not dare to run, for that would have brought them upon us with a rush. So we edged off slowly toward the river. The male lion, a magnificent specimen, shook himself and started after us. Every moment—and they seemed like hours—we expected to see him charge us in real earnest, but we prayed that God would keep him from doing so. And He did! Slowly but surely we made

our way to the river, yet just as surely we saw the gap lessening between us and our altogether too inquisitive follower. But we did reach the river at last, and as we descended the bank, we turned long enough to see the lion stop as though surprised at our disappearance, and then go back to his family and the evening hunt. We heard them all night long as we lay in our little cave, yet felt secure with the blazing camp-fire before the entrance.

On one occasion during the famine, my amnunition became exhausted. I had no means of procuring food now, unless it were by fishing, and the river was over 20 miles distant. But there were serious obstacles to this, for the natives have a horror of fish, thinking they belong to the snake family. I overcame this scruple however, and gathering my people together, we set out for the river. Arriving there we found a company of native troops in camp in charge of a young officer, who I soon learned had but recently come into the country, so was glad to have company.

Having procured some ammunition from him, and as we were both dependent upon our rifles for rations,

HOTCHKISS BUCKEL, (A Gov't Official.)

Crossing the Athi river.

we spent a part of each day in hunting, incidentally having some narrow escapes with our lives.

One evening two of our men came in in a great fright, saying they had had a narrow escape from lions just across the river. As the place indicated lay near the path frequented by natives in their journeys to and from Kikuyu, we determined, if possible, to get rid of the intruders. Accordingly next morning we set out with a few men, well armed.

We were crossing a ravine, and had started up the opposite side, when we discovered five lions on a rocky prominence jutting out from the hillside about 250 yards to our left. There was another rocky point about 300 yards from the lions, and I urged that we make a detour and come up behind this, which would afford excellent shelter for us. But my companion, not knowing the habits of these beasts, preferred to take what seemed to be a shorter route to a clump of trees on the crest of the ridge, to reach which we had to pass up the hill in plain view of the lions.

As we started up, they began pacing up and down on their rocky platform, in a nervous, excitable manner that boded ill to us, lashing the rocks with their long tails, and now and then giving vent to sur-

pressed roars. We did not dare take our eyes from them for an instant. All was going well, when to our great relief, the lioness, taking her three full-grown cubs disappeared from view on the other side of the rocks. She was the dangerous factor in the situation, and now that that was eliminated I turned to see how near we were to the trees. Judge my amazement when I saw the way blocked by two huge rhinoceroses, which had evidently came up in the meantime, and being extremely short-sighted animals, had not seen us. These huge brutes were forever turning up, when least expected or wanted.

There was nothing to do but turn back. I had just broken the intelligence to my companion, who was still watching the lion—a big shaggy-maned fellow, standing clearly outlined against the background of blue sky—when a blood-curdling roar fairly lifted us from our feet, and we turned to see the lioness dash down from the rocks, and come bounding across the hillside toward us! I have heard lions roar while lying secure in my tent with camp-fires blazing around, and have rather enjoyed it, but never anything like this. With every leap—and they were tremendous—she emitted that roar of defiance that made

the very rocks vibrate. Just for an instant we forgot ourselves and started to run, but just as quickly saw the folly of it, for we could not have saved ourselves, and kneeling down, we began to fire at her. But she proved a very uncertain target, consequently only one bullet struck her, and that only slightly wounded her.

The firing of the men—the two or three that stood by us—was wonderful to behold; they couldn't have hit an elephant! All my ammunition was soon exhausted, then with empty rifle in one hand, and hunting knife in the other, I lifted up that mightiest of all weapons—prayer. Not a nicely formulated prayer—there was not time for that, but just the wordless expression of a desperate need. But it was enough. The infuriated beast had gotten within seventy yards when without any apparent cause—but God—she suddenly turned at right angles and dashed away. The day of miracles past? Never! So long as the God of miracles lives and reigns, so long will he manifest His power to deliver His own from peril.

"But," you ask, "what became of the rhinoceroses?" Well, they were evidently frightened by the charging lioness or by the reports of our rifles, and ran

away, for when we turned to look for them they were nowhere to be seen.

We were not quite through with them yet, however. We were making our way across the plains in the afternoon toward camp, having been joined by our men and replenished with ammunition, when they, having scented us some distance away, bore down upon us with a rush. It is commonly believed that owing to their huge, cumbersome forms, they travel very slowly, but this fallacy is soon dispelled by a close acquaintance, as I have several times proved, almost to my undoing. Fifteen miles an hour is attained with comparative ease despite their huge bulk.

Now we were out on the level plains, no shelter within reaching distance. But we did find a novel retreat made ready at our hand.

It was nothing less than a big hole burrowed in the ground by a certain animal, and large enough to contain the two of us, our men meanwhile having fled. Into the hole we slid, and then with only head and shoulders appearing, fired into the charging rhinos. Every shot took effect, but owing to their tremendous vitality, and armour-like hide which is an inch thick, they seemed not to mind it at all. One of them finally

ran off, and the other, passing within twenty feet of where we lay, eventually dropped some distance farther on, within sight of camp.

CHAPTER X.

Another lion encounter—Up a tree—A dangerous predicament, and the escape—A wounded lioness—Man-eaters. Anxious days and nights—"The lion's share; what it is—A doubt that nearly ended disastrously—A fortunate shot.

AGAIN the long journey to Kikuyu had been made, and on the return journey Bro. Krieger accompanied me. The second day, late in the afternoon as we were drawing near the station, that is to say within an hour's walk, we came upon a herd of antelope in the bush.

Knowing my people were in need of food, we tried to bring one of them down, but only succeeded in wounding one. The herd ran over a ridge before us, and we followed as fast as the tall grass and our weariness would allow—for we had tramped twenty miles already. But when we reached the top of the ridge, the antelope were nowhere visible.

As it was so late, and not wanting to be caught in the bush at night, we relinquished further pursuit and pushed on toward the station. We had not gone more than 150 yards however, when we descried what we thought were the antelope in a depression

about 200 yards in front. We kelt for a shot, but had no sooner done so, than we rose very quickly, for in that brief moment we were both impressed that our presence was desired elsewhere. Our supposed antelopes were lions; and already they were moving toward us, their low, hoarse growls sending a chill through us. We did not dare to run—to shoot would have been madness; though it required all our resolution to keep from doing both. Six full grown animals and five cubs composed the group, the latter adding very greatly to the danger of our situation.

We retraced our steps, the lions following us in a zig-zag course, but steadily gaining upon us. Reaching the crest of the ridge and disappearing on the opposite side we hastened our pace, but the lions, upon losing sight of us, sprang forward and in a few seconds had gained the ridge and only 90 yards behind us.

By this time we had reached a little clump of scrubby trees, into which we proceeded to climb as quickly as possible. They were so small that two of us could not get into one tree, so my companion took one and I another. Neither of us could get very high. I stood on a small limb not eight feet from the

ground, so small that it swayed threateningly beneath my weight. There was nothing to hold on to, but with one knee braced against a branch that shot up from the limb on which I was standing, and the other foot in the crotch of the tree, I managed to steady myself.

You ask what had become of the lions all this time. Well, for some at first unaccountable reason, they had stopped on the top of the ridge, and when we finally got our bearings, we discovered that they had pulled down the wounded antelope prior to our appearance, and as it lay behind a clump of bushes, we had not seen it.

Now we found ourselves in a perilous predicament, entrapped there in the trees; unable to get down because one or other of the lions kept watch of us; not daring to risk a shot because they were partially screened by bushes, and to have wounded one of them meant our destruction. But worst of all it was near sunset, and there being no twilight there, night falls rapidly, and in the event of our being kept until darkness set in, our case would be absolutely hopeless, for they could easily have pulled us from our exposed perches, eight feet being no sort of leap for a lion to make.

For nearly half an hour they kept us there, while they roared and fought over the carcase. It was a thrilling experience, but withal the most valuable of all my life, because of the consciousness of the abiding presence of the Lord. Face to face with death, we yet felt that we were "garrisoned" by Divine power unto salvation.

Having devoured their prey, they came forth to the charge in a solid body, in triangular form, led by the largest of them; and whereas they had been roaring and fighting over the antelope, now there was not a sound from them. The sun was just sinking, and in harmony with the approaching night, an oppressive silence took the place of the noisy demonstration which had just ceased.

With every head erect, watching us in the trees, noses bloody, jaws opening and closing suggestively, and with perfect deliberation they slowly advanced toward us.

Unfortunately, my companion was unable to see them at first, owing to a bush which obstructed his view, so he requested me to wait until he too could see them. Knowing that that first shot probably meant life or death to us, we waited until they had

advanced to within seventy yards before firing. At the first shot the leader fell; this checked them, and before they could advance a second round brought down another. This was too much for them and they began to retreat toward the bush from whence they had come. But we managed to get in a third volley, and another came down. As the last one disappeared in the bush, we hastily swung from our precarious perches and made for the nearest path and home; and none too soon either, for in five minutes it was so dark we could not see the path before us.

Next morning, accompanied by Bro. Bangert, we went out and secured the hides, and incidentally had an experience with the wounded lioness, only two having been killed the night before. While we were looking at the fallen beasts, one of our men came running up, saying that the wounded one was in the grass near by. Hastily consulting among ourselves, we decided that it was worth our while to run some risk to dispose of her, for, if she were so badly wounded that she could not secure game, she might turn into a man eater, and so become a menace to the whole region.

During the construction of the Mombassa–Victoria Lake railway, scores of native workmen and

KRIEGER BANGERT HOTCHKISS

The vanguished lionesses.

several white men were carried off by these blood-thirsty beasts. A reign of terror lasting for months, permitted no sense of security to any of the thousands engaged in the work. I made a trip to the coast just when the trouble was at its height, taking Miss Lindberg and Mrs. Allan—whose husband had just died, and both of whom were broken in health, to take a homeward-bound steamer. Upon making our last camp before reaching the railroad, having walked a hundred miles, we learned that that very morning, a man had been carried off from the path over which we would have to go next day. And as we lay that night and heard the deep-toned roars in the bush around us, the experience was not altogether reassuring. But the ladies were kept in a remarkable manner, notwithstanding their weak physical condition and the nerve-racking experiences they had just passed through. They being carried in hammocks were kept close together in the morning, I, with my rifle walking at their side,but we were not molested.

That day we went a few miles down the line on the engine to where we were to pitch camp and await a construction train to carry us further. I disliked to pitch camp in such an exposed position, but there

seemed to be no other course open, so was about to do it, when the Gen'l Traffic Manager of the Road came down with his private car and placed it at our diposal. You will see the significance of this, when I say that two nights later, two native men were taken out of an open car at that very spot, one of them devoured and the other killed by a stroke from the lion's paw.

The next day we made a few miles further, and that night and for several succeeding nights, until we finally reached the coast, we had huge fires blazing and sentinels posted, while I made the rounds every hour, so imminent was the danger.

A man-eater, by the way, is not a distinct species of lion, but simply one that has gotten a taste of human flesh, and has been able to gratify that taste a number of times in succession until the taste is set, so to speak, and thereafter he will run any risk in order to satisfy that desire. They become peculiarly bold and ferocious, for whereas under ordinary circumstances a circle of good camp-fires is sufficient guaranty of safety, a genuine man-eater will not hesitate to spring right into the midst of a camp thus protected, and with an additional barrier in the shape of an eight foot hedge, in his frenzy for human prey.

It can be seen how important it was in our encounter with the wounded lioness, to get rid of such a possibility. Accordingly, we advanced cautiously toward the place indicated, and as we approached, saw the object of our search run into a thick copse. One good sized tree stood within forty yards of the copse, and reaching it we could hear the wounded animal growling but could not see her. Mr. Bangert was sent up the tree to discover her if possible, and fire upon her. But he could not see her, so thick was the bush.

Then it was arranged that Mr. Kreiger fire into the bush in the direction from whence the sounds emanated, and if he hit her, well—and if not he might drive her out of cover and give us a chance to bring her down. A fierce growl and a crackling of the bush followed the shot, but instead of coming toward us she went out on the other side, and when we ran up it was to see her leaping over the tall grass at a good speed, though one hind leg swung helpless.

We considered her abundantly able to take care of herself, so did not go any farther, but returned and secured the hides of the others which we keep as mementoes of a very trying experience and gracious deliverance.

I might remark here in passing that the king of beasts has a spouse worthy of him in every particular; indeed the lioness is considered by far the more dangerous of the two. It is a fact that the female does most of the work—a la native, you see—pulls down most of the prey, after which the majestic monarch of the plains coolly appropriates the feast to himself, and his mate must fight for what she gets, until he is satisfied and retires. You will perhaps recognize in this a reason for the familiar expression, "the lion's share," used when one person gets the larger end of a transaction over another.

An encounter with a rhinoceros once nearly ended my career as a missionary. I was out with my people on one of our, at that time, frequent hunting trips up in the mountain range. My head-man, Kikuvi, and I had become separated from the rest of the party. We were crossing a ravine the sides of which were quite precipitous, and through which was a swamp filled with thick swamp-grass. About half way down the hill-side, Kikuvi suddenly stopped, pointed to a clump of bushes on the opposite side and said, "Bwana! Mbuzya huko!" (master, rhinoceros yonder.) I looked carefully but could distin-

guish nothing that looked like an animal, only a big something partially screened by the bushes, which I thought was a large boulder, many of which were lying about on the mountain-side.

Meanwnile we had been moving down hill, and as there had been no movement in the bush to indicate life, I said to him, "Ni ivia tu," (it is only a rock). But he insisted it was a rhinoceros, and I asked him what made him so certain. He replied that he had heard the "rhinoceros bird," as he called it, a kind of bird which hovers round these huge beasts continually, and where the one is, the other is almost certain to be found.

But I had not seen or heard the birds, so concluded he must be mistaken. "We will go across the swamp," said I, and suiting the action to the word, started in. If I had known what I did a few moments later, nothing could have persuaded me to cross that swamp. But as it was we made no pretense of going carefully.

When we reached the other side we were within twenty yards of the bush, and still there was no sort of movement therein: still only the appearance of a big rock screened by the bushes. A little bit of a tree

stood within ten yards, and to this we made our way. No sooner had we reached it than that silent bush woke into life, and Kikuvi's confidence was found to have been well-grounded.

Even then I could not tell which was head or tail of the animal. All I knew was that there was an enormous brute there within thirty feet, and he was getting ready to charge! Kikuvi pointed to an opening in the bush where the body was visible and said, "that's his shoulder, master!" and I, raising my rifle, and guessing where his heart ought to be, if it were indeed his shoulder, prayed for help and fired.

Instantly there was a snort, or a series of them, as the huge beast tore out of the bush and came straight for us. There were the two of us behind the wee bit of a tree, which did not begin to hide us! The question uppermost in our minds was, "which side of the tree will he go?" However for a few seconds he seemed bent upon bowling us over, tree and all, for he did not swerve until he got within ten feet of us. I stood next to the tree, my black man directly behind me, both of us poised, ready to spring to one side or the other the moment that big, ugly form indicated its preference. The moment he turned slightly

Natives preparing to cut up a hippopotamus.

to the right, we whirled around in the opposite direction just in time to escape him, for I could have put my hand on him as he passed us. I saw he was badly wounded, and for that reason did not turn on us, but crashed through the bush, and when we followed a few minutes later, we found him lying dead on the hill-side about seventy yards away.

That night the natives camped beside the carcase, and next morning cut it up and brought it into the station, where it was portioned out among the hungry people.

Thus did the Lord enable us, by meeting the merely physical need, to pave the way for the supply of the soul need. We literally shot our way into the hearts of the people, not by sacrificing them, but by saving them. Soon these once suspicious, distrustful, treacherous natives, began to ask if they might not build near the station, for there, said they, there is no "Mulonzo," (trouble). So the foundations were laid for a blessed work for God, which shall not end until the last black slave of superstition has heard of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS.

We have striven in the foregoing pages to tell as clearly as possible, the actual condition of native life in East Central Africa. We have seen their deep degradation; we have marked the all but hopeless stalling of every noble impulse; and we have discovered too, that deep down beneath the surface of these lives, there is capacity for developement, there is large hope of something worthy our utmost endeavor; these lives may become transformed and quickened by the Spirit of God into earnest, consistent, helpful, Christian men and women.

Now for a little while, let us consider carefully just what we mean by the term "Industrial Missions" in connection with missionary effort in Africa. In the first place let us clear the ground somewhat, by coming to an understanding of terms.

First of all, what is said here relates to *only one field* out of the many, and that field possessing very peculiar and distinctive features, presenting just as peculiar and distinctive problems for solution. Let us

see then, that the method is very closely related to the field and the need. Industrial missionary effort has been condemned by secretaries and others, who, while they have visited some great fields in round-the-world tours, have as a rule, by some strange oversight, passed Africa by on the other side. They have a working knowledge of conditions in India, China and other fields, which is thoroughly to be desired, but we hold that it is most unjust to insist that this knowledge shall determine the policy of work in a field so widely divergent in every sense as is Africa.

Again let us determine the aim of missionary work in Africa. Unquestionably the supreme and determining aim—that to which all else must be subordinated—is evangelism—preaching the gospel for a witness to all people.

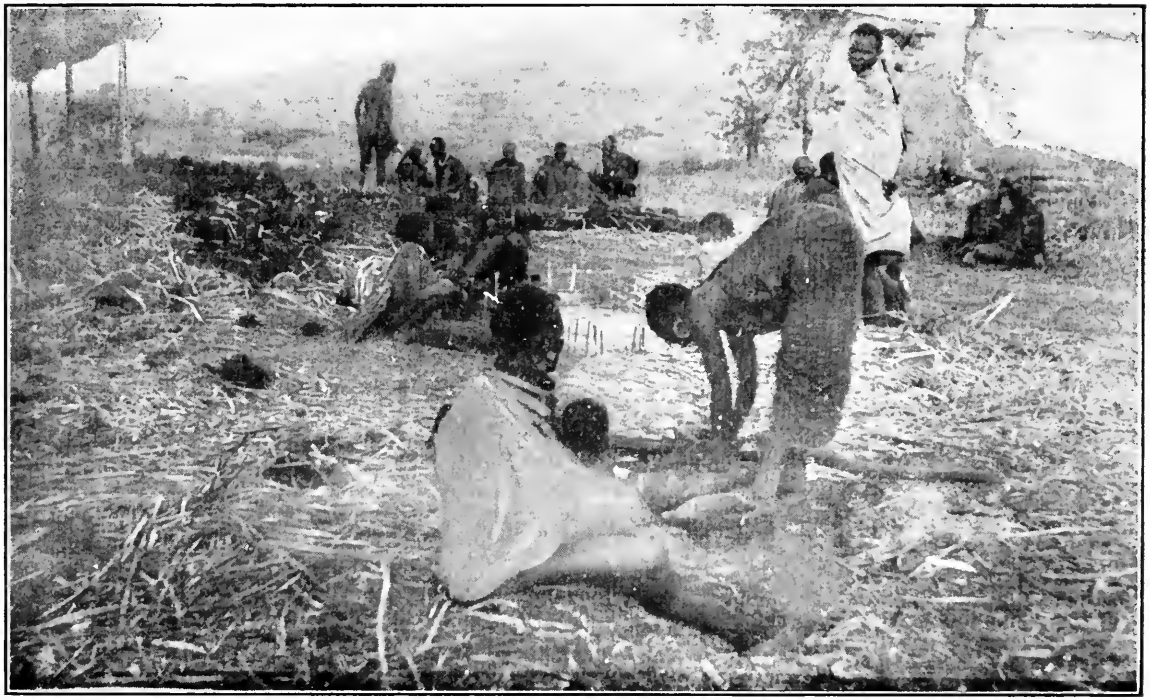
We do not forget that what the world needs first and above all, is not changed social conditions, but Christ. Except this be the *controlling* aim, all our missionary effort must fall flat, and fail utterly of its purpose. Changed environment does not necessarily lead to changed hearts, but there never can be a *real* change of heart that is not followed by a radical clean-

sing of the social conditions which immediately encompass it.

But is this all? Ought we not to aim at something more than this, namely, the creation of a self-supporting, self-propagating native church? If so, how can the end be attained most effectively?

The farmer does not sow his seed and then leave it to a precarious existence—a struggle against rocks, and weeds and thistles; he *prepares an environment* for it, because he wants not merely a harvest, but a *healthy* harvest of good, plump, solid grain. So he takes out the stones and weeds, and gives the struggling seed a fighting chance for its life.

Now that is precisely what we mean by Industrial Missionary work. Not converts merely, but *strong*, *healthy* converts: not life merely, but enough life to *propagate itself*: a life that can stretch its glowing, quickening self, upon the dead selves around it, and make them feel. We mean to help the African so to change the conditions that surround him, as to realize the highest possible ideal in the christian life, and so make him a positive force in the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, rather than a mere negative adherent. Instead of giving him the blessed truth of



Natives on station. Woman in foreground is taking grain from wooden mortar. They always bend thus from the hips.

God, and then leaving him to struggle against an environment that throttles his best effort, and floors him again and again, we simply aim to give him a good honest chance, by removing as far as lies in our power, the limitations that confine him: in other words, "loose him"—take off the grave-clothes, the wrappings of his dead past—"and let him go."

Manifestly in such fields as India, China, or Turkey, where social conditions are either buttressed by law, or imposed by religion, it would be unwise and dangerous, as well as useless, to antagonize them by assailing them directly. Here the steady proclamation of the Gospel, and the acceptance of Christ in individual lives must be left to work itself out in the social environment.

But in Central Africa, we meet with entirely unique conditions. Here we have no semi-civilized peoples, with subtle philosophies, social structures based upon law and industries some of them of a high order. We *do* have barbarism pure and simple, with its social anarchy, lawlessness, and consequently instability of character; we have disgusting practices in private; and degrading, demoralizing conditions in social life, but without the same patriotic or religious motives which

obtain in other lands. Manual labor is a disgrace, consequently womanhood is reduced to servitude, doomed to drudgery, a mere beast of burden. Therefore, since idleness and ignorance are the twin parents of crime, it can scarcely be wondered at, that Africa's annals furnish one long tale of frightful cruelty, unparalleled suffering, and hideous atrocity.

If it is true that "the time to begin the training of a child is two hundred years before it is born," then it must follow if we are to realize our aim of a self-supporting, self-propagating native church from such material, the regenerate units who are to compose that church must from the first be aided in the direction of a responsible manhood; lost will-power must be retrieved; and the usually weak, vacillating character re-enforced by means of a careful training in habits of industry.

How can the African bear another's burden, when he does not bear his own? By training him in habits of industry, we create in him a stability of character otherwise impossible, and without which he will ever be vacillating and unreliable; a wave driven by the wind and tossed; a prey to every evil passion; a melancholy picture of the house swept and garnished, only

Birds eye view of Kangundo station, showing garden in foreground.

to be possessed again by seven other devils worse than the first.

There is no reason why "mission boys" should be looked upon as they are in too many cases—as spoiled and lazy, thinking only of getting into European clothing, and speaking execrable English. Surely it is an injustice to them, and a dishonor to christianity not to show them the way to help themselves to a nobler, truer manhood which must repudiate these unworthy suggestions.

In more ways than one does the artizan missionary aid in the work of evangelizing barbarous people. Let me give a practical illustration: I was making a table; everything but the top, which was made from my "chop boxes," had to be hewn out from the rough timber by hand. Kikuvi watched me carefully, and his surprise increased, until finally the table stood complete before him. The whole proceeding had been wonderful to him. "I see a new thing to-day," said he, "I thought God made these things and gave them to you white men, but now I see you do it yourselves." It was but the work of a moment to refer him to the astonishing fact, that once our ancestors were savages too, but when we heard of the true God, and obeyed

Him, we became strong and wise to do these things. Instantly the query came, "If you have done this, why cannot we? So the making of a table becomes the occasion of an effective gospel message.

With the people of a single tribe scattered in families over a territory many thousands of square miles in extent, it is simply impossible with the present force of workers, to compass the work. The only practicable way—and in the end it will prove to be the quickest way—to evangelize Africa is to establish, say in each of the larger tribes, one large industrial mission settlement. The land is fertile—utilize it; it will provide food, reduce expenditures, and further, may go a long way toward solving the vexed problem of missionary support. Employ here large bodies of natives in agriculture, and simple, useful handicraft.

Experience has shown the writer, that when once their confidence is gained, they are quite ready to work for the white man, and especially the missionary. Now then, you have a body of people directly under your influence day by day; the message of to-day is going to be followed by the message of tomorrow, and you have a reasonable assurance that the seed will take root. Why do you have revivals and weeks of


A
ABYSSINIA
GULF OF
GALLA
SOMALILAND
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
KONGO RIVER
ALBERT NYANZA
ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA
VICTORIA NYANZA
KAVIRONDO
KONGO FREE STATE
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
MOMBASA
PEMBA
ZANZIBAR
INDIAN OCEAN
PORTUGUESE
BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA
ZAMBEZI
PORTUGUESE MOZAMBIQUE
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
MADAGASCAR
AMARA
AND
ERMAN
TRANSVAAL
ORANGE RIVER FREE STATE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
SOUTH INDIAN OCEAN
10°
0
10°
20°
30°
20°
30°
40°
50°
60°

prayer in the home lands? Just because it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt, that when people hear the gospel continuously for a given length of time, they are more likely to consider its claims seriously, than if they heard it only at intervals of even a week.

Human nature is the same in Africa as in America, only the difficulties are multiplied. Why then should we not expect speedier results and, because of the manual training involved, more permanent results, from such a plan than from the itinerating plan?

Africa must be won by the African, hence to train native evangelists and place them in out-stations under missionary supervision, seems to be the best course to pursue, in view of the inadequacy of the force of missionaries, and the insufficiency of funds. In this way we conserve our force and accomplish by far the greater good in the least possible time, and that too, with greater prospect of permanency.

"The Friend's Africa Industrial Mission" has been formed with the object of putting into effect the above principles in a mission settlement to be founded near Lake Victoria Nyanza in East Central Africa. (see map.)

The work will doubtless be divided into four de-

partments, namely: evangelistic, medical, educational and industrial. Each department will be under the direction of missionaries thoroughly trained for this special service.

While world powers are dissecting the Dark Continent for commercial advantage, we propose for the honor of our King, and in His Name, to stake out a claim! Richer ore than Klondike gold, fairer jewels than Kimberly diamonds await the prospector for soul-treasure! The King desires them—we will bring them to Him.

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake;
And with leathern hearts forget,
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear;
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

A QUESTION OF RIGHTS.

"Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll
thy long annals and say
Are they those whom the world called victors,
who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at
Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or
Socrates! Pilate or Christ?"

"Save thyself and us," cried the impenitent thief as he swung beside the dying Son of God. And this has in large measure come to be the standard of effort and giving for the world's evangelization and the amelioration of humanity's woes. If we can do anything to silence the cry of human distress without inconveniencing ourselves; if we can save others and at the same time spare ourselves: if we did not have to go out of our way to minister to the bruised and suffering unfortunates that line the higways of life, well.

But the thought of sacrifice is repulsive as a practical thing, beautiful and sublime tho it be as a peroration from the pulpit. Peter-like, we are forever disappointing our Lord and dishonoring our profession

by protestations against the necessity of giving up our rights for others. Do we forget that *we have no rights* ourselves to give up? Was not the question of "rights" settled in favor of Jesus Christ when He took our place, paid our debts, established our credit, and gave us whatever standing we possess in the world? "Not your own—bought with a price;" does not this settle once and for all, this question for the christian? Whatever rights I have—and they are all His gift—must henceforth be held at His call.

"Pity thyself," says Peter when the Lord first broached the startling news of His impending death to His disciples. Yet Peter–he who had declared his belief in the Messiahship of Christ, the first to discover the real identity of their Lord—so far misses the real purport of that mysterious life as to upbraid His Lord when He mentions the thought of suffering in connection with His coming Kingdom. Let self-pity come in, and that moment we cut the nerve of successful service. Naught but heroic renunciation of self for the sake of other selves will meet the demands of a suffering world. More "lost lives" would mean more saved souls. More seed scattered would mean a richer harvest.

"Save thyself and us!" But that is just what the Son of God could not do. Himself *and* them: not even the exercise of His divine power could have wrought that. He might have saved Himself, but if He had, the world would have been plunged in endless night—the last ray of hope extinguished. Would He do it? The pain was wrenching His body; the agony was inexpressible, and His human nature might have given way under the fearful strain. What if it should? What if He *had* considered His rights as against the rights of these miserable wretches that hung at His side, jeering, cursing, railing upon Him? There was the justice of God yet unsatisfied, the divine judgment still impending against the sinner. The blow against sin must strike somewhere: it must be either the sinner or the sinner's substitute. The choice lay between saving Himself and saving them; one or the other must be sacrificed; one only could be saved.

He choose to save them by the sacrifice of Himself. He drank the bitter cup to the dregs! He suffered that keenest of all anguish—alienation from the Father's face; for the first time in all the eternity of His existence failing to meet the Father's smile! He

became as though He were sin; therefore an outcast from the presence of the Holy One! Rejected of men, for a time forsaken of God, behold, the Son of man treads the wine press alone! Alone. Oh the wonder of it! Come, ye ease-loving christians, bring your plummet and fathom the depth of that aloneness! Alas! the well is deep and ye have nothing to draw with. Loneliness such as this, thy soul may never know. Alone! That the guilty sinner's whose place He took might never be alone!

"He saved others, Himself he cannot save." The very fact of His having come to save others precludes the possibility of His saving Himself.

Nor did God spare His only Son. Having voluntarily taken the sinners place He was treated as a sinner, that we, if we believe on Him might never be so treated. He *tasted* death in a sense in which we never could, and that too for every man. He is the propitiation for the whole world.

And did you hear what He said: "As thou Father has sent me into the world, *even so* have I also sent *them* into the world?" *Even so*, yet we continue to consult self rather than God: our convenience rather than their necessity: expediency rather than

duty. Busied about many things, we have missed the one important thing. We tithe mint and anise and cummin, and leave undone the weightier matters, justice and mercy. Have ye not read, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice?" God cares more, infinitely more for the spirit of the sacrifice than for the sacrifice itself.

God help us! We are so busily engaged in saving ourselves—saving our health, saving our strength, saving our time, saving our bank accounts—that we have scarcely time to consider the souls of men! So the great mass of Christless humanity, 800 millions strong, stagger hopelessly along under the stupefying drugs of superstition, or stumble blindly in the dark, ignorant in a world flooded with light and knowledge! And they are likely to continue stumbling and staggering for centuries to come, if present haphazard methods continue.

The gigantic business of self-preservation has swallowed up or almost effaced the business of saving others. I grant you that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," but you shall not, indeed you cannot make it a law of grace. Nature says "pity thyself," grace says "deny thyself." Nature says "My desire," grace says "His will."

Hands full, too full to bear the bread of life to starving souls: eyes full—so full of the dust of earthly visions that they fail to see the shepherdless multitudes; ears full, so full of the rattle and roar of commercialism that the sob of human lives adrift in the night never reaches them: hearts full, so full of the world and its spirit that heathendom's shivering nakedness wrings no response, unless it be a shrug or a sneer. God help us! Does Gethsemane with its bloody sweat, and the judgment hall with its crown of thorns and scourge, and Calvary with its cross and broken heart, mean no more to us than this? Are these but the symbols of a creed, or do they stand for a life to be lived out before men? Shall we forever crucify the Son of God afresh on the cross of our convenience? God forbid.

THE END.