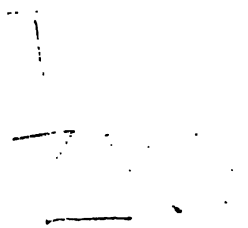
# IN WEMBO-NYAMA'S LAND



THE REV. AND MRS. THOMAS E. REEVE AND THOMAS ELLIS, JR.

# In Wembo-Nyama's Land

**A story of the thrilling experiences in establishing the Methodist Mission among the Atetela**

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**By the REVEREND THOMAS ELLIS REEVE**

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# PREFACE.

THIS little book has been written, first, with the purpose of giving a clear picture of the conditions, customs, and character of the Otetela Tribe, in Central Africa, among which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, began missionary work during the first part of 1914; second, with the desire of setting forth the history, splendid success to date, and the great promise of the future usefulness of this mission; and, third, with the earnest prayer that many of its readers may be helped through it to yield their lives more fully to the leadership of God's Spirit and to the extension of his kingdom in all lands.

It is also hoped that this simple story of those people in Central Africa and the mission work among them may be of great inspiration to the Epworth Leaguers especially, since almost from the very beginning they have assumed the entire responsibility for financing this mission and to a large extent for manning it with recruits from their ranks.

Grateful acknowledgment is given to all those who have in numerous ways assisted in the preparation of this volume. Especial mention should be made of the various missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission, from whose articles and letters numerous quotations have been made, the use of which it has been requested be made with the writers' names held in reserve.

We are deeply grateful to Prof. Garfield Evans, of Epworth League Central Office at Nashville, Tenn., for his timely suggestions as to certain parts and paragraphs, for corrections, proof reading, and the assuming of the practical responsibility of the editing. We are also largely indebted to him for the closing reflections, meditation, and prayer of each chapter.

Perhaps it should be stated that it was never the

intention of the author to write such a book until only a short time before it was necessary to have his manuscript ready for the press in order that the books be available for the Epworth League Mission Study Classes soon to begin and for which use the book was chiefly designed. Doubtless a greater opportunity for study and more careful observation of these people looking to the writing of a book about them would have resulted in some changes in the subject matter and improvements otherwise. T. E. R.

# INTRODUCTION.

THE sphinx—the riddle of the ages—has couched like a sleeping lioness for forty centuries and more in the shadow of the pyramids. Mute, mysterious, and impenetrable, it has typed the hitherto insoluble problem of Central Africa. It was David Livingstone, the missionary explorer, who discovered the key to the solution of that problem. It was Henry M. Stanley, the friend of Livingstone, and of the missionary who, by the way of the Lualaba and Congo Rivers, flung the door of the Dark Continent wide open; and it is the missionary evangelist, teacher, medical missionary, trained nurse, and industrial worker who are now making the deeper exploration of the African heart.

This book, written for the Epworth Leaguers and young people of our Church, has grown out of the personal observation and experience of the author and of other members of the Congo Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Brave and faithful men and women these have been who have toiled and prayed and wrought for seven years among the Atetela, that great tribe of hunters and fighters, three hundred thousand strong. occupying the forest and uplands of a territory which stretches far to the east of the Sankuru and on toward the Lomami and the backbone of the continent.

In looking back to the year 1911, that of the first exploratory journey in company with Prof. John Wesley Gilbert, that splendid representative of his race, one marvels at the providences which attended the journey, the answers to prayer, our being led to Wembo-Nyama, the choice men and women who were called to the field, and the coöperation of missionaries of other boards, especially those of the Southern Presbyterian Church, who have placed us under lasting obligations and endeared themselves to us all.

The redemption of Africa! The magnitude of the

task! Who can measure it? There are more than one hundred million on the continent who have never even heard of Jesus Christ. The Belgian Congo is said to be "the largest area of pagan barbarism to be found in the world." French Equatorial Africa is a close second, while in Nigeria and East Africa, under British rule, there are other vast areas unreached by the gospel. Then as to the individual African, who can sound the abysmal depths of sin, immorality, ignorance, superstition, hopelessness, despair! And as if these wretched conditions were not enough, the unprincipled white man with his drunkenness, shamelessness, cupidity, and refined cruelty debauches the native until the latter is induced to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, then appropriates his land, confiscates his ivory, steals his wife, and by forced labor reduces him to a state of peonage. Fortunately there are some notable exceptions.

Is there any way out of this human jungle? The missionaries are not trying to find a way out, but to find a way in and to blaze their way through. They are sometimes called the "pathfinders." The writer is one of them. Out of a successful slum work in San Francisco he plunged into a deeper morass, he and his wife, with faith, hope, and self-sacrificing love. But they and their coworkers are bound to win.

Nature has done some wonderful things for the African. He is good-natured, light-hearted, eloquent, musical, forgiving, law-abiding, loyal to his friend, and devoted when religious. Grace has done more. It has worked miracles. The story of Cilolo, the converted executioner, who took a fiendish delight in torturing his victims, is convincing proof of what grace can do for the race.

The Epworth Leaguers who have so royally stood by our Congo Mission will find in this book a mine of information, an inspiration to further study, and, I trust, a clarion call to service which will lead many a young Christian to say: "Here am I; send me."

WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *SOME STRIKING FACTS ABOUT AFRICA.*

THE very name "Africa" is unusual in that when it is spoken the hearers and the speaker have different sensations, different thoughts than the speaking of the name of any other continent produces. South America is just South America, Europe is just Europe, Asia is simply Asia; but Africa, Africa, what is Africa? To the average person it has long been the Great Unknown, and even to-day, in spite of all that has been found out and written about it, it still remains in a very great way "The Dark Continent." Even what is not known is often too readily imagined. What does Africa stand for among those who do have some accurate knowledge of it?

Speak the word "Africa" to the hunter, and he thinks of great herds of game of various kinds and sizes. In his mind he sees slow, stately elephants walking about wheresoever they will and possessing the land. One night they trample underfoot and destroy great sections of the natives' fields; another night they mischievously tear down a section of a village. Again they have great sport in ruining the hard-made path through the forests by trampling it full of huge post holes (their tracks) from a few inches to two feet or more deep and then pulling up trees and scattering them and their branches over the path and blocking it up. He sees innumerable herds of buffaloes, the best of big game to hunt, very fierce, fairly quick on their feet, with marvelous vitality, and without fear; great, bulky, ugly hippos, with their small eyes and ears and their huge mouths, rising everywhere out of the water to peer in curiosity at the passing river steamer; antelopes, from the size of a jack rabbit to very nearly that of an elk, in herds or running singly, in the plains and in the swamps;

crocodiles basking in the sunlight on the sand bars or lurking around the bathing places waiting for their "human feasts" to get near or into the water. And monkeys! The forests are literally alive with various sizes and kinds. Lions, rhinos, leopards, giraffes, zebras; squawking, screeching droves of parrots flying overhead; game birds, plumage birds, water birds, innumerable birds—truly Africa is the hunter's paradise.

Say "Africa" to the adventurer, and he thinks of cannibal tribes, cunning, fierce, quick, and hungry; of vast forests unpenetrated by white man or sunlight; of wonderful rivers unfathomed and unexplored; of great treasure fields unknown and maybe even unsought; of dangers and hardships on every hand, in every place. Africa is to him the supreme thriller.

To the scientist "Africa" stands for the "unknown quantity"—various peoples, various tribes, various customs, various languages. Whence came they, and whither do they go? Soils, from the burning Sahara sands to the innumerable acres of inestimable fertility; deserts and great grazing veldts; death-dealing swamps and scattered mountains; impenetrable jungles and expanseless plains; grasses from a few inches to fifteen feet in height; trees from the scrubby thorns and undergrowth to the magnificent giants of the forests; beautiful hardwoods into which cannot be driven the best of nails, and soft, pulpy woods from whose fiber the natives sometimes weave cloth; from the scrawny broom sage of some infertile sections to the gorgeous abundance and wealth of the tropical vegetation of others; diamond fields, gold fields, copper fields, iron fields, coal fields; wonderful rivers and great lakes; amazing waterfalls; animal life, insect life—what can he not find in Africa? Certainly Africa is the scientist's wonderland.

To the trader and treasure seeker—what does "Africa" mean to them? Diamonds, almost a complete monopoly of the world's supply, producing over ninety

per cent; gold, far outstripping Australia, California, or the Yukon, and amounting to forty per cent of the world's supply; silver, copper, and the baser metals, with their large quantities yet unestimated; ivory, with one shipping point alone shipping five hundred thousand pounds annually worth from fifty cents to five dollars per pound (one elephant sometimes produces nearly five hundred pounds, but the average for a fully matured elephant is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds); palm nuts, millions of tons being shipped annually, from the oil of which much of Europe's fancy fine soaps are made; rubber, peanuts, timber, wool, cotton, cloves, etc., exported in great quantities from different sections of Africa. Then there are the goods, cloth, beads, perfumes, soaps, and such like which are sold at exorbitant profits to the ever-ready-to-buy natives. Traders and trading companies in Africa are generally profiteers of the highest order, and the ignorant, helpless native pays the price. Yes, Africa is the "end of the rainbow" to the trader and an immense "treasure island" to the treasure seeker.

Say "Africa" to the medical man, and there passes before the mind's eye numberless crowds of the sick and suffering, deformed, twisted, drawn, emaciated, feeble, rotting, and helpless; diseases everywhere; tropical diseases, ordinary diseases, introduced diseases, incurable diseases; sores, ulcers, rottenness; tumors, hernias, growths, internal and external, requiring the surgeon's knife; parasites of all kinds, germs, insects. Thinking over the list of the most frequently found bad diseases, such as sleeping sickness, tropical dysentery, leprosy, elephantiasis, dropsy, hookworm, venereal diseases, tuberculosis, malaria, and pneumonia, and realizing the fact that in the great interior of Africa these and many others are the sad and awful realities of everyday life on all sides, Africa becomes to him literally and physically the "great open sore of the world."

To the earnest Christian, longing for the coming of the kingdom, "Africa" presents challenged service, sacrifice, prayer, giving. Looking forth upon the "fields white unto the harvest," he sees humanity in its lowest form of degradation, depravity, ignorance, superstition, witchery, idolatry, a great sea of sinful, sin cursed human beings waiting for the light.

From the standpoint of history, secular and religious, Africa proves to be very interesting. It is interesting to note that it was the effort to find a waterway to India that led to the discovery of the immense size of Africa and the charting of its coast line, as well as to the discovery of the continent of America. Africa is larger in area than the continent of America and all of India and about equal to the combined areas of Europe and North America. It is a continent of great things as well as great size. The Sahara Desert in the north is the world's largest desert, while the Kalahari Desert in the south covers one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. The world's longest river, the Nile, crosses the world's greatest desert, the Sahara, and across the Nile is the world's greatest dam. The Nile drains the world's second largest lake, Victoria Nyanza. Not only does Africa boast the world's longest river, but it also has the world's longest lake, Tanganyika. Another of Africa's rivers boasts the world's greatest waterfalls, the Victoria Falls, called by some the greatest natural wonder in the world. Victoria Falls is about two and a half times higher than Niagara Falls and is over a mile in length. The great cloud of vapor which rises from these falls and the low rumble of the mighty torrent as it pours over the precipice may be seen and heard from twenty-five to fifty miles away. For some distance below these falls the Zambezi River makes a number of other leaps, small in comparison with Victoria Falls, but grand in themselves. The Cape-to-Cairo Railroad crosses the river just below the falls on the highest steel-arch bridge in the world,

the center span of which is five hundred feet long and three hundred and fifty feet above high-water level and over four hundred above the low-water level. It is said that when Cecil Rhodes, the great empire dreamer and builder, pointing to the huge chasm into which the cataracts fall, said to the engineers, "I want the bridge to cross the river so close to the falls that the travelers will have the spray in their faces," they replied: "It cannot be done; it is impossible." Rhodes answered: "Then I will find some one who can do it." And he did.

This Cape-to-Cairo Railroad is not yet completed, but a great part of it has been finished, and the other part will be finished in the not very distant future. Eight large feeders to it have already been completed and are in operation. In writing of this railroad E. Alexander Powell, in his splendid book on Africa, "The Last Frontier," has this to say: "When the last rail of the Cape-to-Cairo is laid and the last spike driven, its builders may say without fear of contradiction: 'In all the world there is no road like this.' And in the nature of things it is impossible that there can ever be its like again, for there will be no more continents to open up, no more frontiers to conquer. It will start on the sandy shores of the Mediterranean and end under the shadow of Table Mountain. In between it will pass through jungle, swamp, and desert; it will zigzag across plains where elephants play by day and lions roar by night; it will corkscrew up the slopes of snow-capped mountains, meander through the cultivated patches of strange inland tribes, stride long-legged athwart treacherous, pestilential swamps, plow through the darkness of primeval forests, and stretch its length across the rolling, wind-swept veldt, until it finally ends in the great antipodean metropolis on the edge of the Southern Ocean. On its way it traverses nearly seventy degrees of latitude, samples every climate, touches every degree of temperature, experiences every extreme.

"The traveler who climbs into the Cape-to-Cairo Limited at the Quay Station in Alexandria can lean from the window of his compartment as the train approaches Cairo and see the misty outlines of the pyramids, those mysterious monuments of antiquity which were hoary with age when London was a cluster of mud huts and Paris was yet to be founded in the swamps beside the Seine. At Luxor he will pass beneath the shadow of ruined Thebes, a city beside which Athens and Rome are ludicrously modern; at Assuan he will catch a glimpse of the greatest dam ever built by man—a mile and a quarter long and built of masonry weighing a million tons—holding in check the waters of the longest river in the world; at Khartoum, peering through the blue glass windows which protect the passengers' eyes from the blinding sun glare, he can see the statue of Gordon, seated on his bronze camel, peering northward across the desert in search of the white helmets that came too late; at Entebbe his eyes will be dazzled by the shimmering waters of the Victoria Nyanza, barring Lake Superior the greatest of all fresh-water seas; at Ujiji he will see natives in uniforms drilling on the spot where Stanley discovered Livingstone. He will hold his breath in awe as the train rolls out over the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, for there will lie below him the mightiest cataract in the world, an unbroken sheet of falling, roaring, smoking water, two and a half times the height and ten times the width of the American fall at Niagara. At Kimberly he will see the great pits in the earth which supply the women of the world with diamonds. In the outskirts of Johannesburg he will see the mountains of ore from which comes one-third of the gold supply of the world. And, finally, when his train has at last come to a halt under the glass roof of the Victoria Terminal in Cape Town, with close on six thousand miles of track behind it, the traveler, if he has any imagination and any appreciation in his soul, will make a little pilgrimage to that

spot on the slopes of Table Mountain known as 'World's View,' where another statue of that same bulky, thick-set, shabbily clad man, this time guarded by many British lions, stares northward over Africa."

Turning for a glance at the religious history of Africa, we find interesting facts. Before history was begun to be written, Abraham visited Egypt. His wife's handmaid, who became his concubine, was Hagar, the Egyptian. Joseph was sold into Egypt, where he was later followed by the entire family of Jacob. Israel became a numerous people in Egypt and were enslaved by the Egyptians. The then great plagues were visited upon Pharaoh and his people in Egypt. The Jewish Passover, prophetic of the Saviour's death and salvation from sin, was instituted in Egypt. Even our Lord himself when a babe was taken by Joseph and Mary into Egypt as they fled from Herod's wrath.

In apostolic times the early Church was not long in planting Christianity in North Africa, where for a time its growth and expansion were very marked. "If we could go back to the days of the saintly Augustine and could visit Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage, Hippo, and the other cities of the coast, we would say: 'Christianity is so strongly established in this region that its overthrow is inconceivable.' We would find hundreds of bishoprics, great Churches with their endowments, extensive monasteries, clergy of various ranks, impressive rituals, fasts and feasts in great abundance, and all-round development of Church service and life."* A number of the towering personalities of the early Church were North Africans.

But the early Church of North Africa fell, fell with a crash before the Moslem invasion. Christianity went down as completely as did Roman government and law and was practically wiped out of Northern Africa. How could it happen that Mohammedanism

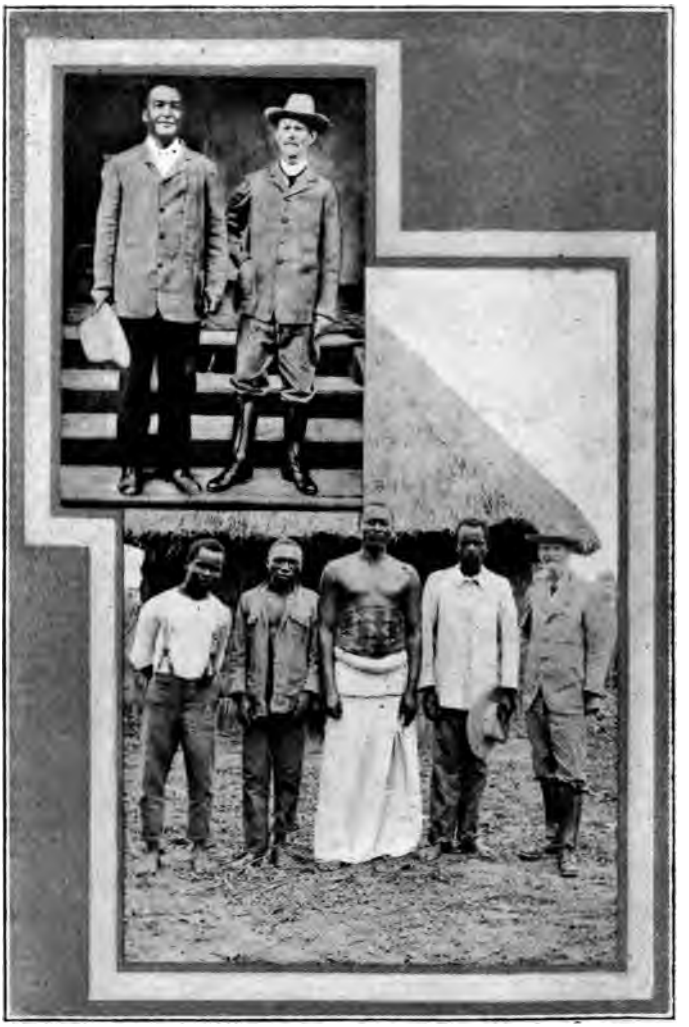
*"The Lure of Africa," page 32.

should thus annihilate Christianity? Dr. Patton gives four reasons, which we summarize thus: It was a disputing, quarrelling, squabbling Church, filled with intellectual pride and employing physical force for propagation. It was a divided Church, differing parties in bitter controversies, calling each other heretics and brutally persecuting each other. It was a formal rather than a vital Church. Thus its Christianity became a performance, not a life, with rites, images, and relics playing important rôles. It was a nonmissionary Church, whose interest was in orthodoxy—not in men—and whose thought was turned in upon itself. There is no wonder that it fell, that it was annihilated. But it was not Mohammedanism which wiped it out. Internal and not external were the causes of its downfall.

Africa is unusual again in that it is the only continent practically all of whose territory is claimed and controlled by outside countries. Only little Liberia, on the west coast, and Abyssinia, on the east coast, remain "black man's Africa." The countries of Europe have literally gobbled up the rest. France and England are the largest holders of African territory, controlling roughly about five-sixths of the continent.

Nearly one-fourth of the earth's surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around its coast line as it is around the earth. It has forty thousand miles of navigable rivers and lakes. The total of its water power aggregates about ninety times that of Niagara Falls. The value and quantity of its hardwoods are inestimable. In one section over twenty trees have been listed whose wood takes on a beautiful color and finish. Mahoganies grow to immense sizes and heights. There are about eight hundred thousand square miles of coal fields. Its undeveloped iron ore is estimated to be five times that of North America. Its copper fields equal those of North America and Europe combined; the greatest copper region of the world is said to be the upper Congo dis-

*Path through the Forest near Lusambo. Mrs. Reeve and Her Hammock Men.*



*Top: Bishop Lambuth and J. W. Gilbert, "The Pathfinders."*
*Bottom: Bishop Lambuth and Chief Wembo-Nyama.*

trict. Africa supplies over forty per cent of the world's gold; the mines about Johannesburg are unexcelled and produce as high as seventeen million dollars' worth of gold per month. About three hundred thousand natives are regularly employed in this one section. They come and go at short intervals and are from many tribes, far and near; also gathered in and about Johannesburg are many of the civilized world's worst crooks and criminals, who are schooling these natives in the crimes of civilization.

Ninety per cent of the world's diamonds come from African fields. The mining of these diamonds is very interesting. At one place the mine consists of a great hole in the ground over two thousand feet in diameter and about one hundred feet deep. The diamonds are found in beds of clay, which is dug up by the natives, exposed to the weather for months, pounded, and then crushed and washed. The natives doing the mining are kept in a large inclosure, constantly and severely guarded, and given no contact with the outside world until their period of service is completed, and then before being released undergo a period of solitary confinement, in which "emetics and cathartics play an unpleasant part." Wire netting, barbed wire, electric searchlights, and heavily armed guards play prominent parts in the effort to prevent diamond-stealing. One of the very largest, if not the largest, diamonds of the world came from a South African field. It is four by two and a quarter by two inches in size, weighs practically one and two-fifths pounds, and is worth a million dollars. It was presented by the Transvaal government to King Edward and is one of the crown jewels of England.

To the person who is vitally interested in missions all these things become of secondary importance, for his chief concern is the people. "There are five fairly distinct peoples in Africa. First, are the aborigines of the Mediterranean States; Libyans the Romans called them, Berbers we call them to-day. Egypt has

always been a distinct part of Africa, but racially the native Egyptians belong to this Hamitic stock. Second, are the Arabs and other Semitic folk who came from Western Asia and who seem to think that the continent belongs to them. Third, are the negroes proper, who dwell largely in the Sudan, but whose place of characteristic development is on the Guinea coast, whence most of our American negroes came. Fourth, are the widely scattered Bantu people, stretching all the way from the lakes to the tip of the continent. They are quite similar to the negroes, but must be classed together as a distinct language group. Historically they probably represent an invasion or a migration from the north in very ancient times. Finally, there are those strange people, the Pigmies of the Congo and the Hottentots and Bushmen of the Cape."* The people of the Otetela tribe belong to the Bantu division of Africans.

"Africa is the foremost land of human failures. There are more than a hundred million human beings in it, and most of them are sheer abortions. They have come to birth physically, and a few have opened their eyes mentally, and here and there one has come in touch with the blessed Spirit and has been born spiritually. But that is all. Many of the African peoples seem never to have developed any higher than they are to-day. Others show signs of a considerable ancient civilization followed by ages of steady degeneration. To-day they are in depths unspeakable. No missionary in that dark land has ever found words to convey to the Church in the homeland anything like a clear idea of the moral depths to which they have fallen."†

Facing the missionaries when they start for Africa there appears a formidable array of languages and dialects. These must be learned and reduced to writing

*"The Lure of Africa," page 24.
†"Adventures in Faith in Foreign Lands," page 262.

before the missionaries can in any real degree begin their evangelizing and civilizing labors. About one hundred of these languages and dialects have already been learned and reduced to writing and parts of the Scripture printed in them by the Bible societies. There remain yet some seven hundred and forty-three unmastered dialects and without the Word of God. Of the total 843 varieties of African tongues, it is commonly reckoned that 523 are distinct languages and 320 differing dialects. It has been asked: "Was the Tower of Babel located somewhere in Africa?"

North Africa presents a varied picture. The greatest university in the world in point of numbers is El Azhar, the Mohammedan university in Cairo with eighteen thousand students. The graduates of this university go out as missionaries and are making thousands of converts to Mohammedanism annually. What changes are wrought in the lives of these converts by their conversion to Mohammedanism? Do they receive any real benefit? The answers to these are found in examining the people of those lands long dominated by the Moslem faith. The picture of sin and vice, of indolence and insolence, of slavery, selfishness, and shamelessness which E. Alexander Powell gives in "The Last Frontier" when he portrays the conditions and life of the people of North Africa unequivocally stamps Mohammedanism as one of the worst of heathen religions. Mr. Powell was not writing from the standpoint of the missionary, but plainly setting forth the facts of existence as he had had occasion to observe them. He tells us of slavery markets wherein are sold boys and girls, young and attractive women being especially in demand. Fathers sell their daughters to the highest bidders. Young girls are trained from infancy by their mothers for a life of sin. When barely in their teens, or even before then, they leave their tent life in the plains and go to the cities, where for several years through their beauty, their dancing, and their sin they gain the dowry for their future

husbands. The women of some of these people possess a marvelous beauty of face and figure, but their lives and their dances are the vilest and most sensual imaginable. After four or five years of such living, they have gained sufficient dowry to enable them to return to their native communities and be married and "settle down" without having incurred one hint of scandal or trace of shame. In other sections the seclusion, slavery, cruelty of the harem life is most awful. These things exist in the name or with the sanction of the Moslem faith.

Of some of the men Mr. Powell says: "The town Moor is sullen, suspicious of all strangers, vacillating; the pride, but none of the energy, of his ancestors remains. In his youth he is licentious in his acts; in his old age he is licentious in his thoughts. He is abominably lazy. He never runs if he can walk; he never walks if he can stand still; he never stands if he can sit; he never sits if he can lie down." Of the Moors as a race he says: "They are probably the most licentious race, in both thought and act, in the world." They are not interested in the future, in progress and advancement, in civilization. In fact, they are Mohammedans.

Writing of the Mohammedan religion of Northern Africa, Mr. Patton says: "A pure and stern monotheism did not prevent its theology from being fatalistic to the core. Man is the victim of inexorable fate. This served to paralyze human energy. There was no room for freedom or for growth in Mohammed's scheme. The word "Islam" means submission, the submission of the slave. By the same process shackles were placed on the human mind. Truth was fossilized. The Koran became a dead weight upon the intellectual development of the mass of the people in all Moslem lands. Islam is a book religion in the narrowest sense of the word, an affair of statutes and forms. To make matters worse, many of these statutes were guides to evil rather than to good. . . . Po-

lygamy, easy divorce, concubinage, the seclusion of women, the appeal of the sensual, slavery, intolerance, cruelty—these are some of the things which became ingrafted upon North African life when the Arabs took possession. They have borne their deadly fruits in personal character and social custom. We think of North Africa to-day as a blighted land, one of the most backward sections of the world, a millstone upon the neck of civilization."* Thus we find it fourteen hundred years after Mohammedanism took possession.

Writers on this subject have divided Africa into "zones," calling the section north of a line from about midway of the Red Sea on the east across to Morocco on the west the "zone of Mohammedan consolidation," and from there south to near the equator it is called the "zone of Mohammedan advance." Even south of the equator there are reckoned to he four million Mohammedans. In reference to the Mohammedan advance in Central Africa, Bishop Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says: "The importance and greatness of this question to the Christian Churches in America cannot be overestimated. It represents the largest world missionary problem confronting the whole Church at the beginning of the twentieth century. By common consent the most immediate and insistent duty of the Churches of Christ is to give the gospel to Africa's millions, thus saving them from the Moslem faith and the continent for Christ." And Dr. J. E. Crowther, Foreign Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says: "Perhaps the most potent man in Africa to-day is a dead man—Mohammed."

One out of every twelve persons of the world's population lives in Africa, and throughout the continent there averages one missionary to about every one hundred and thirty-three thousand souls. Are the people of Africa to become Christians, Mohammedans,

*"The Lure of Africa," page 41.

or the doubly cursed cross-breeds of the "vices of heathenism" and the "crimes of civilization"?

### Reflections.

1. What are some of the striking facts about Africa?
2. What appeal does it have for the adventurer, the trader, and the Christian worker?
3. Who was Cecil Rhodes, and what was his contribution to Africa?
4. Give four reasons for the failure of the early Church in North Africa.
5. What are the five types of people found in Africa?
6. Illustrate the blight of Mohammedanism.

### Meditation.

Have I a real interest in Africa? Around what does it center? If business offers were sufficiently promising, could I be induced to go to Africa? If a pleasure trip were offered me to Africa, would I find any great difficulty in going? If Christ should offer me a way to go, would I go as cheerfully?

### Prayer.

O Lord, open my eyes to rightly appreciate the greatness of this continent. Free my spirit from self-satisfaction. May I realize that Africa needs the enlightenment of my conscience and that I need to share it with them. Amen.

## CHAPTER II.

### *A PEOPLE SITTING IN DARKNESS.*

AFRICA has been called the foremost land of human failures. Of the many millions of people there, only a very few have ever become spiritually awakened. And to the vast majority their brains are but a small part of their physical anatomy. The "physical" is the plane on which nearly all Africans live; it is the animal plane, the beast-of-the-field plane. In the average case there seems to be no thinking and no ambition to think. The signs of any ancient higher order of civilization are quite meager, and they are found chiefly in the "making of a few crude metal tools and the surprising completeness of the languages." Whatever that civilization might have been, it has been followed by ages of steady degeneration, until to-day the people are so low that it baffles a "full" description. In this chapter we shall try to get a mere glimpse of the intellectual and moral character of the people of our tribe—the Atetela.

On one occasion one of our missionaries observed a native basket maker weaving some small pretty baskets and decided to have several like these made to bring to America with him. He wanted them made to fit into each other, so that they could be packed up in the smallest possible space. Accordingly he requested the native to make him three, one to fit inside of the next one. The native in blank amazement told him that it could not be done. After some discussion the white man showed the native what he meant, and the native replied: "O, I can make them one to fit over the other, if that's what you want." On another occasion when a new "wash jack" had been employed he was told that he could not take the clothes to the stream, where he would chug them on the common village chugging log, but must use tubs and wash

them in the missionary's yard. The boy began to wash with the tubs sitting on the ground, while he bent over them and did the rubbing. The missionary went to the workshop and made a wash bench and had it brought to the yard where the washing was being done. After telling the workmen to place the tubs on the bench so that it would be easier for the boy to do the rubbing, he went to another section of the compound. On returning later he was almost convulsed with amusement and astonishment at seeing the native standing on the bench with the tubs and nearly breaking his back as he bent over to do the rubbing. When one attempts to reprove a native for his mental indolence or the waste of energy on crude methods when better ones were at his command, he replies: "How can I use better methods when my grandfathers didn't use them?" "Our grandfathers didn't think, so neither can we" is to him a perfectly sufficient reason for letting his mind lie inactive and useless.

In writing of the stupidity of the natives, Mr. Stockwell says: "I wonder if it were possible to remove from the mind of one of us all ideas of geography, all scientific knowledge, all thoughts of home (substituting in its place a mere hut for shelter), all things that make life attractive, absolutely all ideas of virtue and truth, if all this and even more could be removed from our consciousness, what would we have left on which our minds could feed? Yet this is just the condition we meet and are trying to alleviate, but at present we are only four, and there are millions in that degraded condition."

There grows in the forest a certain vine which the Atetela call "nkodi." It is used to tie together the framework of the houses, to tie the grass upon the roof, to make baskets, to tie up bundles, to tie boxes and trunks, sacks of salt, and other loads to poles to be carried overland on the shoulders of the natives. It is the African's nail and rope, and he would have

a most difficult time without it. For some reason it grows only in certain sections of the forest. We are compelled to send our workmen a day's journey for it (at Wembo-Nyama), though heavy forest is found within a half mile of the mission. Strange to say, and yet not strange when you know the African, not one of them has ever made an effort to transplant the vine to a spot closer home. One of our missionaries asked certain of the workmen if roots of this vine could be procured and planted close by. They said: "We do not know." "Well," he said, "why haven't you tried it? Here you've been going for years and years far away to this other place to get your 'nkodi' when with a little effort you might have had the woods near by full of it." "We do not know; we haven't any sense. Our fathers never did it. It would take a long time for it to grow large enough to use, and we might be dead before then."

Among the hardest problems for the missionary to solve and the greatest difficulties for him to combat are those centering around the superstitions of the natives. Misfortune, sickness, and even death are many times, if not generally, considered to be the direct result of some evil wisher's medicine, which is almost always applied externally, and seldom really comes in physical contact with the body or bodies of its intended victims, but may be placed in or about his hut, in the path near his hut, in his garden, out on plains, or even more remote still, and does its work through some secret, silent, unseen power. The serious sickness or death of either child or mother in child-bearing is believed to be due to the wife's infidelity. A baby left helpless by the death of its mother will not be nursed by another woman, because they believe that if she does she will herself contract the other woman's disease or become barren.

Once when one of the missionaries was itinerating in a leopard-infested section he saw a native carrying a buffalo's tail attached to a goat's horn and asked the

man what he would sell it to him for. The fellow said he wouldn't sell it because it kept the leopards from catching him. A woman badly crippled with rheumatism told the same missionary that her suffering was caused by some one making rings and putting them in the room where she slept.

When the Spanish influenza swept across our section, the natives generally blamed the disease on the white man's salt and money. In the beginning of the epidemic a steamer brought a boatload of salt to a trading place near Lusambo. Some of the boat's crew had been sick with the flu, so they were not permitted to mingle with the natives on shore, hoping thus to keep the disease from being contracted there. The crew brought the salt ashore, piled it on the ground, and then withdrew to the boat, while the trader kept his men back until after the boat's men were gone. Then they took up the salt and carried it to the magazine. Visiting natives, who saw the whole affair and noted that the trader kept his men back from the salt for a while, told the story, which soon went far and wide, that the sickness was in that salt which the white man had left on the bank because he was afraid of it. Even one of the evangelists in an outstation from Lusambo sent in for his "rations" of salt and said he wanted the kind without the sickness in it.

Into the Belgian Congo the Belgians have introduced their money, which is gradually taking the place of various barter goods as the medium of exchange. Their one franc and half franc pieces have either the images of King Leopold or King Albert stamped upon them. As the French and Belgian Congos are adjoining for many miles, and as the French and Belgian francs are practically the same in value, and hence interchangeable, many of the French coins have drifted over into the Congo Belge. Back in the interior sections some of the "excessively proud" Belgian small officials have refused to accept the French coins in payment of the natives' taxes, telling the peo-

ple that the image of the woman sowing seed, which is stamped on one side of many of the French coins, was the image of the devil. Hence it is almost impossible to get the natives to accept these coins and often causes considerable inconveniences or hardship to those who are forced to take them in their dealings with the white men.

Elsewhere we have mentioned the State guest houses which each chief has for the white people to stay in when they visit his village, and for which privilege they are always supposed to pay the chief something. One of these houses on the path between Wembo-Nyama and Lubefu was destroyed by fire, being struck by lightning and burned to the ground on the day after our missionary had spent the night in it. When he returned that way and found the house in ashes, he inquired as to the cause and was told that a visiting chief had made lightning strike it by rubbing his hands through his hair and shaking off some "medicine" on to the porch. Here is the story he was told: "Diata, a rival chief, came to the village of Okitangandu, the owner of the guest house which was struck, saw his big house for the white men, and became jealous. Both chiefs were sitting on the porch when a cloud came up. Diata said the lightning was going to strike that house and that they had better move. About that time he ran his hands through his hair, shook off the medicine that brought the lightning, and left for his own village. He was hardly out of sight before the house was on fire, having been struck by lightning, just as he said it would be." One might talk till he was gray and would never be able to make them believe but that the chief was responsible. Many of our mission men heard the tale and accepted it verbatim, even though our missionaries have been trying to teach them better for the past six years.

Thus it is that the missionary meets with superstition on every hand and in every form. Every native

seems to have it "born and bred" into the very fiber of his being, and, like a deep-rooted cancer, it is next to impossible to get out every taint of it. Some allowance must be made for it even in the lives of "our best natives" for many years to come, and much prayer should be made for them that they may be freed from its frightful bondage. Even this very superstitious nature itself may be caused in time to work for a greater faith in the guiding hand of Providence on the part of the soundly converted and mature Christians.

It is not the condition of the minds of a people, however, but the condition of their womanhood which is the best index as to what those people are. Measured by this standard, our people are indeed in midnight blackness. The picture of Otetela womanhood which we shall give in the following paragraphs comes from some of our missionary ladies who have had great opportunity for observing and studying their sisters in black.

"The problem of woman is a most difficult one to handle. She is far inferior to man. She holds no responsible position. In everything her husband precedes her. She is nothing more than a slave. She lives to toil and to be sold. Marriage is the aim of her life. It is not for her to say whom she shall marry. The agreement is made between the would-be husband and the father or guardian for so many goats, chickens, ducks, pieces of cloth, francs, copper crosses, and so forth. If she does not want to go with her new husband, she may be beaten by him or by her father and made to go. If her husband should die, she then goes back to her father or to the chief in whose village she has been living or to her husband's brother or friend. If for some reason the husband should want a divorce, he may demand of the father a part or all of the amount he paid for her and return her to her father.

"Some of the reasons for divorce are immorality,

inability to work, disobedience, and loud (brawling) talk. After she has been returned to her father, he may sell her again. She is never free, but tossed about from man to man. About a year ago Boma, one of the boys working for the Mission, bought a wife. Just lately he found out that she was a very immoral woman and sent her back immediately to her father. Her father said that he did not want to take her because he did not have the purchase money to refund. But after many palavers he agreed to take her and to pay back only part of the money. He said that he was going to beat her for not sitting down quietly at Boma's house. Usually the husband is content if his wife obeys him and feeds him well.

"Child marriages very frequently occur. Even while a baby girl is still in her father's arms she may be 'spoken for' and part of the purchasing price paid down. Sometimes it is the young man who is intending to marry her when she grows up who does the bargaining. Again it may be the father of some boy who is planning for his son's future 'helpmeet.' It is not a rare thing to find a man from thirty to forty years old with a girl wife of about ten. If he has other wives with whom she may stay, she will go about this age to his house; but if he has no other wife, she may wait two or three years longer before going to his house to live.

"The husband does not usually care how his wife looks or what she does or whether or not she comes to church and school. He buys himself plenty of clothes, but in his opinion his wife needs very few. A piece of cloth in front with a bunch of leaves behind and held in place by strings is sufficient. Many times an ordinary lady's handkerchief would be enough cloth to supply three native women with full dresses. I am sure that there are plenty of women who have never had a piece of cloth and do not care if they never have one. A great many women have but one piece, and it is worn for months. Around the

house and at work in the fields others wear only a small piece of cloth, saving a larger piece for special occasions, such as visiting friends in a neighboring village, going to market, or attending church. However, there are exceptions to what I have just said. Some few men are proud of their wives and spend much money for their clothes. Whether any real love exists I do not know."

Let us turn aside to say just here that the gospel makes such a tremendous difference in their hearts, in their conduct, in their faces, and in their clothes. When a family become followers of the Mission, the fact is very likely to soon show itself by the wife and larger daughters wearing more cloth. This is usually a strip wrapped about them from arm pits to knees and giving them a modest, attractive appearance.

"It is no unusual thing for a husband to beat his wife. Often we have seen a woman being driven to her house, her husband following behind and beating her whenever she attempted to leave the path. One day I asked one of the men: 'Do you ever beat your wife?' 'Yes, I beat her to-day,' was his answer. 'Why?' 'Because while I was asleep she brought my food and left it close to my feet. In my sleep I moved and put my foot in the pot and upset the food. I told her to cook me more, and when she refused I beat her.' 'Did she cry?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'Why do you beat your wife, My husband never beats me.' 'O you are white people; we are black. Every day we beat our wives. No palaver with us.'

"Owanga's husband had beaten her because their baby got hold of a knife and cut its finger a little. He said it was the mother's fault. He is such a mean man. He has beaten her several times and put out one of her eyes. She said she was tired of his treatment and was going back to her parents and told her husband he would have to pay her for putting out her eye. But he said he did not 'see any goats' now, and that if she wanted to go back home let her give

him back the price he paid for her and she could go. She may not go, though, when she gets over this spell. She had a great bruise on her forehead and long scratches on her neck yesterday. But she was not to blame about this baby's finger; she was very upset about it and brought the baby here to have its finger tied up.

"On another occasion we were quite surprised to learn one morning that an old neighboring chief, who was real friendly to us and had appeared to be quite respectable, had literally beaten one of his wives to death the night before, using only his bare fists. She had angered him, and in a fit of rage he fell upon her, not ceasing to beat her until he had killed her. For this murder he was placed in prison by the State for two years.

"A man may have as many wives as he can buy. I will not say support, because the wives make the living. The more wives a man has, the more work he will get done and the more wealth he will have. Each wife thus helps to buy other wives. The chief will have from ten wives up (sometimes the number reaches to one hundred or more), his headmen five or more, and many of the other men of the village from one to three. A great number of men have no wives at all. The huts of the chief's wives are built about a small plot of ground just back of the main large building and inclosed within a high fence. Each wife has her hut where she and her children live. Generally there are slaves to help with the work; but if there are none, the wives do all the work, always in the background, making things as easy for their chief as possible. There may be quarrels between the wives, but there are cases where real affection exists between certain of them.

"Woman's work begins before day or sunrise. She is ready for work when she gets up. There is no hair to comb, no clothes to put on, since she very likely sleeps in the only cloth she possesses. There is not

much housework to be done, no beds to make, no early breakfast, no table to set, no chairs and furniture to dust. Usually the house has only one small room, and after the chickens, goats, and ducks have been driven out to their daily hunt for food this can be swept in a few minutes.

"Woman prepares the ground for seed-sowing, plants, cultivates, and harvests the crops. She carries the grain home and beats (threshes) it. It is very unusual for a man to help her with this work. It is the woman who brings the firewood and water, unless the family can afford a slave. She goes out into the forest to make her garden, where more fertile soil can be found. If she has been planting grain, she returns with her basket full of firewood, palm nuts, roots, or fruit which have been found along her path. If she has been harvesting, she returns with her basket full of rice or millet, but always with her basket on her back, fastened about her breast, and always bending under its heavy weight. Often she has her baby sitting astride her hip. Her husband may precede her, carrying nothing but his head high in the air.

"The native woman does not bother her brain about fancy dishes for her table. The meals are simple, but there is a great deal of work about them, and the woman does it all.

"Are there any pure women? I wonder, and yes, I doubt if there are. Impurity is their greatest sin, causes the most trouble, and requires the most consideration. We are told that there are no pure girls or women. The most promising young evangelist in training said just the other day that before the Mission came the people made no distinction between purity and impurity. Could anything be worse than this? No moral standard whatever.

"But in spite of her faults and sins, the native woman seems happy and loves her children, and surely there is hope for her. She is always proud to exhibit her baby. She never strikes it to punish it, only shak-

*Top: They Came from Villages Eight Days Away to Ask for Christian Teachers. Bottom: Mrs. Schaedel and Her Sunday School Class.*

*1. Friendless Sleeping Sickness Sufferer within a Few Steps of Native Village and Two White Traders' Home. 2. A Water Carrier. 3. Native Women.*

ing it a little. It is no rare thing to see women who have never had children, yet they say they love them and want them. I do not know in what esteem a man holds his wife who has not borne him children, but I do not know that Wembo-Nyama's wives who have children seem to be his favorites.

"I should like to tell about two women, wives of Chief Wembo-Nyama. Their names are Okito and Ngongo. Last January, when I went to the village to teach, these two women, with all the others in the class, knew absolutely nothing. These came every day, worked hard, and now are reading in the First Reader and can write well; we often exchange notes. They have learned the catechism, and when the chief gives his consent they will be baptized and taken into the Church. I have the first time yet to see them do anything out of the way. Instead of begging, as natives usually do, they have given me gifts in return for the books and other things which I have given them. They are always clean. Okito is the mother of one little girl about ten years old. Although Ngongo has no children, she says she loves them and wants them, but that God has never given her any. I cannot tell of the joy that comes to me when I think of the influence these two women can have over the others. They are jewels in the rough and need a great deal of polishing, but time, patience, prayer, and faith in God can do it.

"We have no Bible woman, for there are only a very few Christian women, and none of them can read well enough to go out and teach the Bible. These women are far more ignorant and immoral than you can imagine. They are by no means equal to the men in intellectuality. They come to school for only an hour in the afternoons, because they have to work in the fields in the mornings, and they learn very, very slowly. Taken as a whole, they are so thoughtless and careless that it is my opinion we shall not have a native Bible woman very soon. It is hard to get many

of them to remember even one point in a Bible lesson from one week to the next. They do not seem to know how to think."

There are few creatures of earth more needful of sympathy and care than the helpless children of heathenism. Born without medical attention or assistance, cradled not even in a manger, but on the ground, wrapped not in swaddling clothes, but sprinkled with cold water and smeared with paint, over fifty per cent of these little creatures are doomed to death before they are one year old. They are begun to be fed solid food when from four to six months old; and if the child is unable of itself to swallow the wad of food, it may be assisted by the finger of its parent somewhat in the manner of a ramrod. Some strings of beads, little pieces of wood or metal, small seeds, tips of goats' horns or hoofs, or a few small tinkling bells tied around waists and necks constitute the usual clothing of little children. In the cold, raw morning air and before sun-up they are taken out to the fields with their mothers and likely placed on the ground while their mothers work and with no thread of clothing or wrap save these useless charms. During the middle of the day their little bodies and heads are exposed to the ruthless rays of the tropical sun without one particle of protection.

There is very little restraint thrown around the lives of children, and corporal punishment is almost never used on those under nine or ten years of age. They are turned loose in the villages very much like little animals, and early know all the village gossip and scandal. Having no useful occupation, they soon learn to gamble and grow up lazy and disobedient. If a young boy chooses to go to another village, he may "pull out" from home without consulting his parents and may not return until he is a mature man. However, if the boy's father should die, he then becomes the "property" of his uncle, older brother, or whoever is the nearest of kin to the father, and his

days of freedom are likely at an end. His lot henceforth is that of a slave. The girls cannot leave home as they may choose; for while they are too young to be generally sold off into marriage, they work for their father and brothers, beginning when only from six to eight years of age. When ten or eleven they may be sold to their future husbands and go to their houses to work under their older wives until they themselves are a little more matured. All this is bad enough, but what is infinitely worse is that no effort is made to instill any ideas of purity and morality in either boy or girl. Consequently impurity begins as early as five or six years of age. The parents take this as a joke and laugh about it.

So far our missionaries have been unable to find any words in the Otetela language for purity, virtue, and virgin. Nor have we been able to find any "idea" of these things nor any sentiment against their opposites. The native mind doesn't seem to be able to comprehend what is (to him) such an impossibility. On one occasion one of our brightest and best evangelists who had been with the Mission for five or six years came with several others to a missionary and said: "Tell us again just what you mean by saying that Jesus was born of a woman that had never known man. Was she really a grown woman, or was she just a little child in her father's arms?" On being told that she was really a grown woman, he then asked: "Well, did she become with child by the Holy Ghost when she was still a very little child herself?" They do not for one moment question the divinity of Christ; that is readily accepted. The difficulty with them is mature pure womanhood; they cannot conceive of its possibility.

There are other words and ideas which we have not been able to find or are very incomplete and hazy. Their commonly used word for God is an introduced word, though some idea of God as a supreme being is general among them. To try to tell them of God's

holiness becomes very difficult, for identically the same word has to be used as they use it in saying, "This food is good" (tickles my palate), "this is a good day" (no rain), "my stomach is good" (not sick), "this goat is good" (large and fat), "this water is good" (not muddy, discolored, or foul-smelling), etc. To say a person is honest one must say "he is no thief"; to say he is truthful one must say "he is no lie." "My home" is simply "my house" and "my wife" just "my female." The same word is used to denote the female of animal, bird, chicken, etc. When a native says to us, "This is my child," we ask him if he means that it is his child by blood and birth or if it is the child of his brother or sister or of his friend or is his namesake or is only from the same village.

What these people lack in words, clothing, intellectuality, and morals they make up for in their superabundance of pride. Sometimes it is amazing, sometimes amusing, sometimes aggravating, but always present. On one occasion a workman came to me at the beginning of the afternoon schedule and said: "I can't work this afternoon; I haven't any strength." I asked: "Why haven't you any strength? Are you sick?" He said: "No, I'm not sick; but I haven't had any food to-day." (He had attained the white man's habit of eating at noon.) I then inquired if he possessed nothing to eat at his house, and he answered: "O yes, I have food there, but my wife has gone away and didn't cook anything for me." I said: "Well, what's the matter with you cooking something? All you have to do is to put a pot of water on the fire, and when it boils pour in the pounded millet and stir it till it is finished." The reply came: "I cook? Why, that's a woman's work; I can't cook."

These people have a great passion for the white man's clothing. Anything that is foreign is highly prized and swells up its possesor with pride. An old pair of shoes or a threadbare vest is a real treasure in their eyes. On one Sunday morning at the preaching

service I was almost convulsed when one of our proudest young men came up the aisle to a front seat wearing a carelessly discarded garment of ladies' clothing. The black skin showed up the fancy trimmings to greatest advantage, but what a fall his pride would have taken if he could have seen himself through the missionary's eyes.

In the training of our personal boys about the house and kitchen and in the assigning of their daily work we sometimes are confronted with, "That is woman's work; I don't do it." It is generally something very simple and could be easily done by any one, but we must either do it ourselves or, if we are too heavily crowded with more important things, we must send to the village for a native woman to come and do it for us.

There is quite a degree of affection on the part of parents for their own children, but very little for those of other parents. The following incident comes from the second quarterly report of our medical department for 1920 and occurred at Wembo-Nyama: "A few days ago a young woman died in Osumba and left a little two-weeks-old baby. Two days later the uncle of the litle one came to us and told us the baby was dying of hunger because no mother in Osumba would nurse it. I said: 'Well, if you will bring the baby, I'll see if we can't help you. Perhaps some mother in our village will help nurse the little fellow.' He brought the baby to our house, and we went to see the mothers in our village and plead with them to share a little of their babies' nourishment with the little orphan baby, but they all refused. Some said they were afraid of the sickness of which its mother died; others said, 'It is not our custom'; and others said their own baby would die if another woman's baby nursed with it. No offer of money would induce them to help. So we took the baby and put it on a formula of goat's milk and kept it in our own home for a few days until we got the feeding adjusted some and then

let one of our evangelists and his wife take it. We are having the opportunity of teaching these people that a baby does not have to be held in the arms all the time, as is their custom. This baby is kept in a basket and fed at certain hours with a spoon, as we have no nipples. It is also affording us an opportunity to prove to them that a black baby can be raised on goat's milk as well as a white baby."

The natives believe that all milk is unclean and cannot be induced to drink it. Parents will let their child literally starve to death when its own mother is unable to feed it, believing that to give it milk other than its own mother's would be to bring some disaster. This affair just related happened a few days before communion day; and as some of the women were supposed to be ready for baptism on that day, according to probation months, it was decided that this was a very good evidence that none of them were ready, and so no one was baptized. On the following Saturday after this the woman who was caring for the baby came for pay for caring for it. Then a few days later the child's grandmother came and said if we did not give her (the grandmother) some pay she was not going to help with the baby any more.

Domestic slavery is very prevalent among the Atetela, though its presence is denied by the government. Intertribal slavery no longer exists, so far as we know. In the former the case of the slave is nothing like so horrible and abominable as in the latter. But even at this it is an institution that should not exist. As mentioned previously, women are practically slaves at all times: the wives of their husbands or his heirs, and the daughters of their fathers, brothers, or fathers' heirs. Boys whose fathers die very often become slaves of his heirs. The slave may be fearfully and frequently beaten at the will of his owner, is forced to do much hard work, and has to live very cheaply. There are methods whereby slaves may secure their freedom, but that more do not try to

take advantage of them is explained by the fact that the government is sometimes quite loathe to admit of the existence of slavery; hence the "burden of proof" falls upon the slave. As the masters will stick together and do not mind lying for each other, the slave has very little chance of making out a good case for himself. The fear of the consequences if he should fail to gain his freedom from having aroused his master's anger by the effort to gain it causes him to withhold from making the effort. In addition to the above, there seems generally to be some restraint from seeking their freedom by a kind of inherent consciousness and recognition of ownership by their masters.

The absolute poverty of nearly all these people cannot be fully realized by those who have never seen heathenism at home. The bareness and simplicity of their existence is almost unbelievable: No houses but mud huts ten by twelve feet in size and with roofs thatched with grass; no furniture save chunks of wood to sit upon, a stick bed to sleep on, and a reed mat with which to cover up; no dishes but clay pots and gourd shells; practically no clothing save small loin cloths or bunches of leaves and grass; children go entirely naked; the simplest of foods and eaten by many only once a day; small crops, frequently not making sufficient surplus to meet the family's need during the dry season; no machinery and but the crudest of tools. A few small, scrawny chickens, perhaps a duck, occasionally a goat, and, even much rarer, a "razor-back" swine constitute the sum total of poultry and live stock of the average families.

At the end of his first two years of service on the field Mr. Stockwell wrote: "As we learn more of these people, their condition seems more and more appalling to us. Of course we expected to find a people who were dishonest and immoral to the very last degree, but I am now convinced that they are even lower than I then deemed possible."

From another of our missionaries we read in his

journal: "I am finding my people here interesting, though terribly ignorant and degraded. Superstition, ignorance, poverty, disease, and sin prey upon them in a most horrible manner. All about me I see evidences of their bondage to superstition. The astounding simplicity of their minds manifests itself every day in many ways. Poverty in its most blighting and appalling degree is prevalent everywhere. Disease, virulent, unchecked, and everywhere misunderstood, runs rampant, leaving suffering, emaciation, and death in its wake. Sin, wide open, horrible, vicious, as common as air and as constant as life, reaps its inevitable harvests daily all about me. These are the things that make one's heart fairly ache for poor old Africa, and he wishes he had a thousand lives to give instead of only one."

### Reflections.

1. What is a guest house?

2. What is the relative position of woman? Give examples.

3. How are the children cared for?

4. Describe the poverty of the Otetela language.

5. Illustrate the bareness of the "home."

6. To what degree is there any parental affection? Illustrate.

### Meditation.

How absurd the thought that a people who live in such darkness can be happy! How terrible the misery such ignorance and living must foster! "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? . . . They are of more value than many sparrows." "It is not the will of your Father . . . that one of these little ones should perish."

### Prayer.

O God, I thank thee for the blessings of Christian civilization, for our civilized nation, and my Christian home. I thank thee for my homeland of Bibles and churches, of schools and education, of doctors and medicine, of conveniences and comforts. Give me gratitude and grace sufficient that I shall do my utmost to pass on these unearned blessings of mine to those who know them not. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

## CHAPTER III.

### *TRIBAL AND VILLAGE LIFE.*

IT is the purpose of this chapter to deal with some of the customs of the Otetela people not touched upon in the preceding or succeeding chapters. The strangeness and newness of their tribal and village life is very interesting to the missionary going among them for the first time. There are no snow-capped mountains in this part of Africa, the Congo Belge, but village-capped hills are innumerable. Often it is a very pleasing sight to look from the last hill over which your path leads to the village ahead of you on top of the next hill, with the large path winding up the hillside to it. Viewed from a distance, most African villages make pleasing pictures, though close inspection and contact will generally sicken one's heart, for filth, trash, and ugliness seem to fill every nook and corner. At a distance one cannot detect the rotting and falling-in condition of so many houses, back yards littered with trash and refuse, dirty or painted savages hideous in their nakedness, and the varying marks of superstition and idolatry, such as red-painted posts with bundles of sticks, pieces of skins, broken pots, a few peanuts, a plantain or such like lying near them, or small medicine and idol houses with various worthless articles in them as offerings to the village or family gods. From the distance one sees a long, straight street lined on one or both sides with grass-roofed huts. Sometimes rows of small palms or pineapples line the sides or mark the middle of the street, with larger palms and banana and plantain trees in the rear of the houses. Near the center of the village is a large house surrounded by a group of smaller ones, and all of them except one side of the large house inclosed in a high fence. This is the chief's compound where he and his many wives

live. The length of the street may be several miles if the village is quite large, but there are practically never any cross streets. Very rarely one may find parallel streets. The main street is quite wide, as a rule, and kept swept fairly clean. Outside of the chief's inclosure one seldom finds other houses fenced in, though the porches of the houses may be walled in with reeds, grass, or palm midribs. In spite of the fact that land is free and fires are frequent, the houses are built close up to each other. Nor is the tall grass kept cut away from the rear of them, but grows up to within a few steps of the houses and, averaging about shoulder-high, forms an ideal lurking place for leopards or other beasts of prey, the quick and easy transmission of diseases, and a ready hiding place for wrongdoers.

The people have a peculiar habit of sometimes moving a village *in toto*. A new site will be selected when the old one has been tired of, and the entire population move. In selecting the location for a village the natives do not always give due consideration to the water supply, which is generally a small stream or river, though sometimes it may be a spring. I have known villages to be several miles from their sources of water, requiring a round trip of over an hour to get a small vessel of it. In other places I have found the people using seepage water only. They make a hole in the ground from six to ten inches deep and three or four feet in diameter. Possibly in this hole all the natives of the village may take their baths and wash their clothes, besides getting from it their drinking water. The water seeps in so slowly that when thoroughly stirred up, as in bathing, it takes hours for it to settle and become fairly clear again and days for the polluted water to flow off. The native will not likely tarry long waiting for the water to become clear, but will fill his jar and return to cook his food or give his child a drink. At other places I have found villages using the vile stuff from a buffalo and elephant

wallow in the near-by forests, where because of a sink in the ground rain water would collect and the overhead mass of jungle leaves would keep the sun from evaporating it. At night buffaloes and elephants would wash and wallow in it, stirring up the bog and mire of the bottom and leaving the water so polluted that the smell of it would make a civilized man sick. Is it any wonder that the inhabitants of such villages as these are filthy beyond description, that disease is rampant, and that calls for medical treatment double those of other places of equal size?

The most important character of a village is the chief, who is lawgiver, judge, and executive all in one, and these functions he exercises with a high-handedness sometimes that is amazing. He is a law unto himself and does as his daily whims and fancies may suggest. He may flog or imprison his subjects and confiscate their property almost at will. He judges a "palaver" in the interest of the person having the largest bribe. He steals, cheats, swindles according to the dictates of his avaricious heart. Generally if he fails to do these things it is not because he does not want to, but because he fears the white government official, whose headquarters is likely several days' journey away. However, if he keeps his people with their taxes all paid up, keeps the paths about his village in pretty fair shape, and has no murders in his domain, he may get away with most of the other things without fear of being called to account. The chiefs inherit their chiefries from their fathers or older brothers or are appointed so by the State when there is no regular heir to the throne or when the regular heir is so objectionable as not to be acceptable to the State.

A great chief may have from fifty to one hundred wives and claim even several times more. They come to be his by inheritance, by gift, by purchase, by confiscation, or by revocation. The majority are little more than slaves under the several favorite wives.

Their work helps to keep the royal exchequer replenished. Many chiefs have few if any children, and even those they do have may often be very weak intellectually.

When a white man stops in a good-sized village, the chief at first appears to be quite proud and feeling his importance greatly, he dresses up in a regalia composed of various odds and ends of foreign apparel which he has collected, gathers about him his coterie of leading men of the village, and calls upon the white man. All during the interview the chief's drummer and praise singer may be vociferously and continuously yelling and drumming his chief's praises, and even after the chief has returned to his own house this man will continue near him and shout and drum his praises sometimes until way into the night. Each chief of a large village will often go to great extremes assuring his guest, white or black, that he is greater than all other chiefs in the surrounding country. But when the guest is a white man his visit usually winds up with the chief turning beggar and asking for any number of things. Refusing him one thing only seems to remind him of another for which he wishes to ask. Thus while he starts off as big chief he may finish up as big baby.

According to Eastern customs, the chiefs always present their guests with presents. The motive, however, is not that they wish thus to show their joy at having these guests, but they desire the greater presents in return, which they know will be forthcoming. When a chief visits a white man's post or mission, he will carry some small present. If the white man acts as if he thought the chief had brought it to sell, like so many of the common natives do, and asks him the price of it, he will say: "O, I never brought it to sell to you, but just to give it to you for nothing." This means that he expects in return a present amounting to much more than he would receive for it if he were selling it to you. If he calls on the white man at his

post and brings him no present at all, he nevertheless expects the white man to give him some gift as he departs. On one occasion one of the headmen from a near-by village called on me and made four fake departures thus: When he told me farewell the first time and I gave him no gift (he was not a chief and had brought me nothing), he changed his mind and remained a while longer. When he told me good-by the second time, and I still gave him nothing, he asked me if I were going to give him anything. On being informed I was not, he continued hanging around. The third time he acted as if he were going, and when I still did not present him with a gift, he began to try to argue with me that I should give him something. After a little he then tried another "muoyo" (the native term of greeting) and began to beg me to give him something. I simply laughed at him, shook my head, and went on about my work. He then said good-by and left.

Some references have already been made to the houses, but there remains quite a bit more to tell. They are made in either rectangular or round shape, with a floor space of from eighty to one hundred and forty square feet; in other words, not much larger than a large bathroom. The circular houses are much lower than the rectangular ones and not nearly so convenient to live in, but more easily and cheaply made. Usually there is but one opening to a house, and it is a small door about twenty inches in width and from four to five feet high. It is always closed at night. The materials used in constructing a house are various sizes of short poles from the forests, a kind of "broom sage" grass from the plains and used for roofing, canes for laths, and vines for tying these together, water, and dirt. The palms of the hands substitute for trowels in smoothing down the surface of the mud walls. A door is woven from some light substance such as the heart of bamboo. It must be light, because the door has to be lifted bodily into place to

open or shut it, hinges of any kind being very seldom found.

In one corner of the house a bed is made. This may be just a dirt elevation a few inches higher than the rest of the dirt floor, or it may be of sticks and poles. In making the latter kind four forked uprights are placed in the ground in rectangular shape, poles laid lengthwise in these forks, and then to the poles are tied short crosspieces, forming the mattress, as it were, of the bed. A reed mat for covering and maybe a chunk of wood for a pillow complete the bed. Around the walls are driven wooden pegs upon which to hang pots and baskets, either empty or filled with oil and produce. Overhead is made a kind of loft in which is stored the garden produce, dried meats, and fish, etc. These latter never fail to give off numerous and unsavory odors. All the tying together in the construction of a house is done with the native vine "nkodi," which is best to use when it is between the size of a pencil and the little finger. The rough outside bark, if it has any, is removed, and the vine is split into halves or quarters and the heart removed. That which remains is in the shape of a wide shoe string and is very flexible and strong.

The occupants of a house are first its owner and his wife and children, if he has any. Next are the chickens and ducks which he may possess, roosting in it at night, laying their eggs in it, and hatching their young. The family goat and dog also have their sleeping quarters either under the stick bed or in some corner. One other unfailing occupant is the small fire in the center of the room which is kept slowly burning all night long. If there are no elevated beds, the occupants sleep upon thin reed mats on the ground and with their feet toward the fire in the center. As the roofs generally leak and the dirt floors are on a level with the outside ground, the houses are often damp. Thus pneumonia is frequently contracted, and many are carried away by a disease that ought not to be known in

a tropical climate. The absence of air and light, together with the number and variety of the occupants, also make an excellent breeding place for tuberculosis.

What does the native do to make his living? What are his useful occupations? We should begin by saying that he is the greatly indulged child of a bountiful and opulent nature. A bare existence may be had with almost no expenditure of time and energy. So many of his fruits and vegetables need but to have their sprouts or cuttings stuck into the ground, and nature does the rest. After due time he (or she, for it is woman's work) goes back and cuts the bunch of bananas or plantains and digs the basket of cassava roots or potatoes. He needs almost no money, for there is practically nothing for him to buy with it except food. Consequently he does but very little work and therefore is called "lazy." There are not many who would not be under such circumstances.

There is not any regular employment for the men. Some of them do a little hunting and trapping, some are fishermen, some are blacksmiths, a great many do a little work annually clearing forests, most of them do some gardening, though not much, some make cloth, and some weave mats and baskets. House construction is man's work, but the dirt and water for the mud walls may be brought by the women. The men slaves, and sometimes the free men, assist the women in carrying the great loads of produce to distant markets. Of course all the manual work about a white man's post is practically always done by native men. They do not seem to mind working for a white man like they do for themselves.

The hunting is mostly done with spears and nets. A long net is stretched across a neck of woods and men with spears stationed at frequent intervals behind it. Others enter the woods some distance above and by whooping and yelling and making other noises drive the animals ahead of them into the net. When they become entangled in it, the spearmen run up and

*A Village Band in the Congo.*

*1. Carrying Water. 2. Wash Day. How he thought the wash bench was to be used.*

*Seventy Men Carrying a Log.*

*Riding in the Hammock.*

*Floating Logs to the Mission for Lumber.*

speedily kill them. The trapping is done with nooses arranged to slip over the game's head which will be drawn tight by the trigger release of a bended sapling or sprout or by pitfalls in or tunnels under the game paths through the forests and near the watering places. In some places heavy iron-pointed timbers are held up over their paths between two uprights so arranged that when the game passes between the uprights he trips the trigger holding the heavy timber, and in its fall the game is mortally wounded. Fishing is mostly done with baskets and nets. Small ponds are made or found near streams and at certain intervals are shut off by mud dams from the main channels and are thoroughly seined out. In other ponds all but a small part of the channel connecting the pond and main stream is closed up, then in the remaining small opening several fish baskets are placed. All meats have to be dried in order to be preserved.

The native word for blacksmith is "ocudi," and this means not only blacksmith, as we commonly understand it, but also carpenter and wood or ivory carver. Crude knives and axes, arrows, spears, bracelets and anklets, hocs, and such like are beaten out of iron and copper, which are surface mined and smelted by natives. Boats, drums, mortars, and low stools are carved from suitable woods. Boards are hewn out of small trees. Small clearings in the forests are made that good new ground may be had for certain crops, and men even do a good part of the actual gardening. Most of the cloth is made in the villages which are nearest the places where the palm trees grow from which the raffia for cloth-making is taken. It is the same way with baskets, mat, and clay pots. They are made mostly in the villages nearest the places where the material for making them may be most easily found. Then they are carried to other sections and sold or exchanged.

There is no such thing as the family washing. Occasionally when the individual is taking his bath he

will also wash the cloth he is wearing at that time. This washing is done at some log or rock close to the water. The cloth is dipped into the water, then gathered into a wad and chugged up and down on the rock or log. This process is repeated a number of times, then the water is wrung from the cloth and it is replaced around the waist of the wearer, and he goes his way.

Of all occupations that of "palavering" is the one to which the average African gives the most time. Everything is a palaver. Weddings, births, deaths, sickness, gardening, house-building, making of pots, cloth, mats, crossing a river, buying and selling, lying, stealing, and so on, covering the whole of life's activities—all are "palavers." And "palavering" is the planning, discussing, arguing, settling of these affairs. It is very evident that some require very much more verbal attention than do others. The zest and perseverance with which these folks usually palaver, if put into productive labors, would doubtless make them the crowning workers of the world. They will heatedly argue and talk for hours or even days over the trivial matter of a ten-cent debt or a stolen chicken, most of the friends on both sides taking part.

Woman's work in detail has been dealt with in another chapter, where we see that she does the limited housework, prepares and cooks the food, grows the garden, brings the firewood from the forests and the water from the stream, cares for the children, and carries the produce to market. However, she is no doubt better off for the quantity and constancy of her work. The outdoor exercise does her body good, and the large occupation of her time gives her that much less for taking part in idle gossip or bad palavers around the village.

As we turn to the amusements and recreations, we find that the savage requires very much less of these than does the civilized man. He seems well satisfied with a few simple ones, simple to him at least, but

some of them would be rather difficult to one of us at first. One of the most universally practiced habits which may be classed under this head is smoking. Nearly all the adults smoke, but the men seem more fond of it than do the women. Most of the homes have their tobacco patches near by. However, the people do not smoke anything like as much as the average smoker in America does, and their methods are not so injurious. A small clay bowl with a hole in the bottom is fitted into one side of a long-handled gourd. The top end of the gourd's handle is removed, making the hole to which the lips are placed for drawing the smoke. The gourd itself is nearly filled with water, and the smoke is drawn from the clay bowl through the water and up the long handle into the mouth. Thus the native says he "drinks tobacco." Another style of pipe is made from the large cane bamboo. A piece about eighteen or twenty inches long is fitted with the clay bowl at one end and a hole bored through the center to the other end. This kind of pipe is sometimes six or eight feet in length. Then the smokers sit in a circle or semicircle, the center of which is the bowl of the pipe and its radius the pipe's stem. Other styles of pipes are sometimes carved from wood, have long stems (nine to fifteen inches), and large mouthpieces to which the lips of the smoker are placed. Very seldom is a pipe seen with a mouthpiece. Smoking is a very sociable habit; but instead of passing around the cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco sack, the pipe itself is passed around, each individual taking one or two puffs as it goes by. Not very frequently is a native found smoking by himself. Most boys begin smoking when from ten to twelve years of age. The serious injury done these people by smoking, however, is not caused from the smoking of tobacco, but of hemp. Every effort the missionary can make is put forth to discourage them from the use of this most hurtful narcotic. The government

has laws to prevent its use or production, but little effort is made to really enforce them.

Dancing is another universally indulged-in amusement. There are dances for men and dances for women—war dances, worship dances, funeral dances, sensual dances, "moonlight" dances. The latter on a bright moonlight night and accompanied by the musical notes of various deep whistles and the chants of the folk are very fascinating and are devoid of objectionable features. War dances are reminders of the past and are not now so frequently danced. Worship dances come every new moon or oftener in many villages. Dress, ornaments, and bodily movements may be very objectionable in these. The ordinary dance by the women on market days, Sundays, and other gala occasions is exceedingly vile and suggestive. These war, worship, and ordinary dances are generally "daylight" dances and may last for hours or even most of a day. They are accompanied by much hideous singing and the incessant beating of drums.

As may be noted in different sections of this chapter, the native is very fond of noise and has numerous contrivances and occasions for the making of it. He must have it while he works, while he plays, and often has a great deal while he tries to sleep. The village "choir" and drummers seem never to weary of making noise, and sometimes I have wondered how their bodies, to say nothing of their throats and lungs, could stand the strain of such hours and hours of wild yelling, and especially in the night air as it is done.

I hardly think that bathing should be classed as an amusement, but it may be discussed that way. The use of soap in bathing is not exactly unknown, but it is almost never practiced. Many natives on getting up in the mornings will wash their faces and heads, then later in the day and after the sun has warmed up the earth and air they will take their daily bath in a near-by stream. Their word for bathing is to "throw water," and that is literally what they do. Standing

in the water, one catches it up in his hands and throws it over his body, doing a little rubbing in spots. If the water is deep enough and not too cold, he may dive a time or two and swim a little. Then the bath is finished. The body is dried with a towel of sunlight and zephyrs.

Some gambling is done, though not on a great scale, and but very few gambling games are played. Nor is there but very little drunkenness among our tribe. Several kinds of drinks are made, among them palm wine and millet brew, but they are generally drunk before much "kick" has been developed, and no harm is done.

The boys and girls have a number of simple games which they play, but not frequently together. The boys like bows and arrows and wooden spears and have several games in which these are used. Sometimes when one boy gets hurt by the spear of another he wants the other boy to stand up and let him throw a spear at him in the same way. They are also fond of fishing with hook and line. Their hooks often may be only a forked stick or the wishbone of a fowl.

The ornaments of our people are many and varied and run the whole scale from simple little charms held on by strings to different kinds of bodily mutilations. A majority of the natives wear some kind of simple charm fastened with a string around either ankle, waist, neck, or wrist. There are also bracelets and anklets of many styles and sizes. Sometimes a woman will wear on one arm from ten to twenty-five or more large copper bracelets, each greater in size than a pencil. Much larger ones still are worn on the ankles, sometimes being nearly two inches in diameter. These heavier ones cause great ugly calluses around and above the ankles. Ear and nose ornaments are quite widely used. A small hole is punched in the lobe of the ear or the side of the nose, and after the wound heals then gradually larger and still larger objects are inserted as the hole enlarges to accommodate them.

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In the nose the objects worn are usually flat and round and sometimes exceeding a quarter of a dollar in size. Those worn in the ears vary greatly, the largest being as great around as a man's thumb and several inches in length.

Another very ugly practice is that of knocking out the upper front teeth. This is very widely done. Many of those who do not do this will file the front teeth to a point. Many styles of tattoos and cicatrices are worn on the face, arms, shoulders, back, and chest. Sometimes the designs of these are quite pretty, and they are artistically done. The cicatrices resemble in shape grains of wheat and oats. The designs may indicate the wearer's tribe, village, etc. Occasionally some bad deformity will result from infection in the cicatrice or tattoo.

The various styles of cutting and dressing the hair are almost innumerable. Some wear it long, some short, and others wear it part long and part short. Three-fourths or more of the head may be shaved, while the remaining one-fourth to one-eighth will be combed to stand out in little spirals several inches long. Sometimes a bushy head of hair will be divided up into small bunches, a few strands to the bunch, and each bunch twisted and wrapped, giving a porcupine effect. Again the hair will be cut in one-inch-wide strips from front to rear, leaving alternating strips uncut. Sometimes a narrow half inch to one inch circular strip around the top of the head will be left and the rest inside and outside the circle shaved. The method of shaving the head is suggestive of chiseling wood. A bunch of hair is caught in the fingers and held while a chisel-like knife and motion cuts them loose from the skin. The women wear theirs cut very much the same as do the men. A few women and fewer men occasionally let their hair grow quite long and wear it in bushy, pompadour style.

White clay, red paint (made from powdered camwood), and oils play large parts in the Otetela's ef-

fort to beautify himself or herself. The entire body may sometimes be covered with the white clay, leaving only eyes, mouth, and hair their natural colors. The effect is most hideous to look upon rather than pleasing. Frequently smaller splotches of the white are worn, and especially when in mourning. The red paint is smeared in spots on the body or face, with an abundance worked into the hair. Red palm oil is also used in liberal quantity upon the hair and allowed to remain there indefinitely.

The people of our tribe are genuinely African in their liking for perfumery, which to them includes strong perfumes, highly scented soaps, moth balls, strong ammonia, ground cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. At times they will pester the missionary for the moth balls which it is necessary to keep among our clothing on account of the innumerable moths and other insects. The natives are fond of sniffing up their noses our ground spices. They also sniff snuff made from pounding tobacco in their mortars.

The Atetela have a bad custom of burying their dead within their villages, generally in the yards to their houses or even inside the houses themselves, since the floors are of dirt on a level with the ground outsile. Mostly children or infants are buried inside. A dead chief is buried in some prominent place in the village or beside the path leading to the village. As a rule each family looks after its own dead, the closest friends generally refusing to help handle or carry a corpse. It is very difficult to get a friendless person's body buried.

Graves are sometimes great holes; at other times they may be barely large enough to receive the corpse. The depth of graves varies from two to five feet. Frequently they raise over the graves large mounds of earth with bases as much as sixty square feet. For burial the corpse is dressed in what was the person's best clothes, if there were any best, and rolled in a grass or reed mat. Many of his other belongings will

be tossed into the grave or placed on top of it where they are never molested. No native will take a chance on having a mix-up with the spirit of the departed on account of having stolen his things from his grave. Often various kinds of foodstuffs are also placed on the grave. These may be continued to be put upon it for montths after the death occurred. Near white communities or locations wooden coffins patterned after those of the white people may be used if the materials to make them can be secured.

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has laws to prevent its use or production, but little effort is made to really enforce them.

Dancing is another universally indulged-in amusement. There are dances for men and dances for women—war dances, worship dances, funeral dances, sensual dances, "moonlight" dances. The latter on a bright moonlight night and accompanied by the musical notes of various deep whistles and the chants of the folk are very fascinating and are devoid of objectionable features. War dances are reminders of the past and are not now so frequently danced. Worship dances come every new moon or oftener in many villages. Dress, ornaments, and bodily movements may be very objectionable in these. The ordinary dance by the women on market days, Sundays, and other gala occasions is exceedingly vile and suggestive. These war, worship, and ordinary dances are generally "daylight" dances and may last for hours or even most of a day. They are accompanied by much hideous singing and the incessant beating of drums.

As may be noted in different sections of this chapter, the native is very fond of noise and has numerous contrivances and occasions for the making of it. He must have it while he works, while he plays, and often has a great deal while he tries to sleep. The village "choir" and drummers seem never to weary of making noise, and sometimes I have wondered how their bodies, to say nothing of their throats and lungs, could stand the strain of such hours and hours of wild yelling, and especially in the night air as it is done.

I hardly think that bathing should be classed as an amusement, but it may be discussed that way. The use of soap in bathing is not exactly unknown, but it is almost never practiced. Many natives on getting up in the mornings will wash their faces and heads, then later in the day and after the sun has warmed up the earth and air they will take their daily bath in a near-by stream. Their word for bathing is to "throw water," and that is literally what they do. Standing

in the water, one catches it up in his hands and throws it over his body, doing a little rubbing in spots. If the water is deep enough and not too cold, he may dive a time or two and swim a little. Then the bath is finished. The body is dried with a towel of sunlight and zephyrs.

Some gambling is done, though not on a great scale, and but very few gambling games are played. Nor is there but very little drunkenness among our tribe. Several kinds of drinks are made, among them palm wine and millet brew, but they are generally drunk before much "kick" has been developed, and no harm is done.

The boys and girls have a number of simple games which they play, but not frequently together. The boys like bows and arrows and wooden spears and have several games in which these are used. Sometimes when one boy gets hurt by the spear of another he wants the other boy to stand up and let him throw a spear at him in the same way. They are also fond of fishing with hook and line. Their hooks often may be only a forked stick or the wishbone of a fowl.

The ornaments of our people are many and varied and run the whole scale from simple little charms held on by strings to different kinds of bodily mutilations. A majority of the natives wear some kind of simple charm fastened with a string around either ankle, waist, neck, or wrist. There are also bracelets and anklets of many styles and sizes. Sometimes a woman will wear on one arm from ten to twenty-five or more large copper bracelets, each greater in size than a pencil. Much larger ones still are worn on the ankles, sometimes being nearly two inches in diameter. These heavier ones cause great ugly calluses around and above the ankles. Ear and nose ornaments are quite widely used. A small hole is punched in the lobe of the ear or the side of the nose, and after the wound heals then gradually larger and still larger objects are inserted as the hole enlarges to accommodate them.

In the nose the objects worn are usually flat and round and sometimes exceeding a quarter of a dollar in size. Those worn in the ears vary greatly, the largest being as great around as a man's thumb and several inches in length.

Another very ugly practice is that of knocking out the upper front teeth. This is very widely done. Many of those who do not do this will file the front teeth to a point. Many styles of tattoos and cicatrices are worn on the face, arms, shoulders, back, and chest. Sometimes the designs of these are quite pretty, and they are artistically done. The cicatrices resemble in shape grains of wheat and oats. The designs may indicate the wearer's tribe, village, etc. Occasionally some bad deformity will result from infection in the cicatrice or tattoo.

The various styles of cutting and dressing the hair are almost innumerable. Some wear it long, some short, and others wear it part long and part short. Three-fourths or more of the head may be shaved, while the remaining one-fourth to one-eighth will be combed to stand out in little spirals several inches long. Sometimes a bushy head of hair will be divided up into small bunches, a few strands to the bunch, and each bunch twisted and wrapped, giving a porcupine effect. Again the hair will be cut in one-inch-wide strips from front to rear, leaving alternating strips uncut. Sometimes a narrow half inch to one inch circular strip around the top of the head will be left and the rest inside and outside the circle shaved. The method of shaving the head is suggestive of chiseling wood. A bunch of hair is caught in the fingers and held while a chisel-like knife and motion cuts them loose from the skin. The women wear theirs cut very much the same as do the men. A few women and fewer men occasionally let their hair grow quite long and wear it in bushy, pompadour style.

White clay, red paint (made from powdered camwood), and oils play large parts in the Otetela's ef-

fort to beautify himself or herself. The entire body may sometimes be covered with the white clay, leaving only eyes, mouth, and hair their natural colors. The effect is most hideous to look upon rather than pleasing. Frequently smaller splotches of the white are worn, and especially when in mourning. The red paint is smeared in spots on the body or face, with an abundance worked into the hair. Red palm oil is also used in liberal quantity upon the hair and allowed to remain there indefinitely.

The people of our tribe are genuinely African in their liking for perfumery, which to them includes strong perfumes, highly scented soaps, moth balls, strong ammonia, ground cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. At times they will pester the missionary for the moth balls which it is necessary to keep among our clothing on account of the innumerable moths and other insects. The natives are fond of sniffing up their noses our ground spices. They also sniff snuff made from pounding tobacco in their mortars.

The Atetela have a bad custom of burying their dead within their villages, generally in the yards to their houses or even inside the houses themselves, since the floors are of dirt on a level with the ground outsile. Mostly children or infants are buried inside. A dead chief is buried in some prominent place in the village or beside the path leading to the village. As a rule each family looks after its own dead, the closest friends generally refusing to help handle or carry a corpse. It is very difficult to get a friendless person's body buried.

Graves are sometimes great holes; at other times they may be barely large enough to receive the corpse. The depth of graves varies from two to five feet. Frequently they raise over the graves large mounds of earth with bases as much as sixty square feet. For burial the corpse is dressed in what was the person's best clothes, if there were any best, and rolled in a grass or reed mat. Many of his other belongings will

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had a good reception at the next village. Fifty of the people came to hear our message. They gave splendid attention, often joining in with one accord on the last word of the sentence that the evangelist was completing at that particular moment." This outburst coming in the midst of an earnest speech and right at the close of a climax makes a striking impression, especially when it is accompanied by a handclap.

### Reflections.

1. Describe a native village.
2. What sanitary measures obtain?
3. What is the place of a chief in the village?
4. Describe the furnishings and the life of a native hut.
5. What are their forms of recreation and amusement?
6. Enumerate their striking customs and habits.

### Meditation.

What can Christianity do for the negro race? To what extent can a people of such habits of body and mind really grasp and react to the great principles of Christianity? "The way of holiness . . . shall be for the redeemed: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

### Prayer.

Our Father, we pray for our missionaries on the field. May thy blessings be upon them as they break stubborn soil. May thy patience possess their souls. May thy Holy Spirit prepare the hearts of the natives for the messages of truth. Amen.

## CHAPTER IV.

*CHOICE MORSELS; OR, WHAT A SAVAGE EATS.*

ON one occasion it was my good fortune to live in a grass hut for several months, during which time all my cooking was done outside of the house and over a little hole in the ground. I had a native boy assisting me whom I was trying to teach elementary cooking. Among my instructions to him was that he should never bend his head and shoulders over the cooking vessels when he had removed their covers in order to stir the food. I expected to have to repeat this order a number of times, but after several weeks of repeating I decided it was time I was punishing him for his forgetfulness. At the next offense this conversation occurred: "Jimbo, why do you keep bending your head and shoulders over those vessels when I have told you so many times not to do that? From now on I shall punish you with a small deduction from your salary every time I see you doing that." Whereupon he replied: "That is right, chief, I forget, I forget, I forget. When I bend my head over the cooking pot and take the lid off to stir the food, 'little animals' will fall from my head into the food, and you don't want little animals in there."

That was exactly the reason, but for the sake of his feelings I had refrained from telling him so, and I was quite surprised that he had guessed my reason. I had been in Africa only a few months then and didn't know, but since have found out that these "little animals" are an everyday reality of African existence, from the possession of which there is annoyance, but not shame. And as to their getting into their food, that is an insignificant matter. The dogs may lick out the cooking pots, chickens peck into the wads of food while it is sitting on the ground cooling, ants leave the village filth on the ground and crawl around

over food which is put aside for lunch or next time. When the family is ready to eat they gather in a circle around the pots on the ground. Hands are washed by rubbing them on their dirty, sweaty loin cloths or on one of the porch supports which has already been used for the same purpose innumerable times before. Sometimes a bunch of leaves or grass may be substituted for either of these. Each fellow puts his hand over into the pot and takes out a wad of soft bread, rolls it around in his fingers a few times, and then dips it into the smaller pot of greens, meat and oil, or caterpillar stew. On finishing the meal the hands are again wiped off as in the beginning.

The cooking pot may serve for a wash basin when not in use for cooking food. Face, hands, or feet are washed in it, the water emptied, and the pot set aside to await the time for cooking the next meal. This is bad enough when it is his own cooking pot he is thus using. But that is not always the case. On one occasion a cook of mine had my dish pan bathing his sore leg and foot in it. At another time I found the cook letting another fellow wash his loin cloth in one of my cooking vessels. Another fellow who had been a mission cook for four years and had been thoroughly and constantly instructed in cleanliness about the kitchen was recently seen to wash his head, face, and feet in the dish pan, then throw the water out and turn the dish pan down on the kitchen table ready to be used again in its regular work without so much as having rinsed it out. Other "clean" habits about their food will be noted later.

Contrary to what is usually thought, our people eat very little meat for savages. Plenty of cases may be found where it is not eaten once a week, but the average would be two or three times per week. Nor is the quantity per meal very large. What is ordinarily considered a small steak in an American restaurant order would serve from three to six natives. I have known one wild guinea to be divided among four or

five families. The meat is cooked in palm oil, which thus gets the meat flavor and substitutes for more meat.

A peculiar practice exists among them of tabooing foods under certain conditions. At a child's birth, or in its early childhood, some old witch doctor will declare that it must never eat bananas or maybe plantains or some other perfectly good article of native food. Throughout its life that person will always taboo that particular food, no matter how good it may be or how hungry he may be. Sometimes a person will voluntarily take upon himself the taboo of a certain food or foods for limited times, as a father during the months preceding the birth of his child. One of my caravan men, after a hard day's travel and when he must have been very hungry, refused to eat some mutton which I bought for the men, saying that if he did his child would be born with some defect or come to some disaster. He told me that if I had bought goat instead of sheep he could have eaten it, as his taboo was only for mutton.

In the matter of sharing his food with others the average native is very generous indeed. I have seen a workman take his pot of food, which his wife would bring him near noon or early afternoon, and divide it among his fellow workmen who had gathered about him when the food arrived just as naturally as if they had had it prepared jointly. The formality of an invitation seemed to be next to inconceivable. To share his food with his friends seems to be almost as natural as his appetite for food. When it is considered that in his natural state the native has but one real meal per day, though he may supplement it with a roast plantain or hunk of cold millet or some other such light lunch elsewhere during the day, his generosity is all the more to be wondered at. An amusing theory about his eating is that the stomach should be full of food—and he literally means full—when he retires to sleep, hence his rule of eating his one meal per day

toward the day's close rather than in the morning or at noon.

Let us look for a few minutes at the implements used in their simple methods of agriculture. First is the hoe with which the gardening is done. It consists of a piece of soft iron beaten into an oval shape on one side and a pointed neck on the other. A short stick, usually about twenty inches long and with a knot at one end, is secured for the handle. Into the knot the pointed neck is driven after a hole smaller than the neck itself has already been burned through it. As can be easily seen, this is not a two-handed hoe, but is used first in one hand then in the other, the person bending over so as to reach the ground with it. The soil is readily handled with such a hoe, as it is soft and sandy and entirely without rocks. It might be added that except in spots it is also very poor. (This is in the territory of the Otetela tribe.) When new ground is desired, the undergrowth and smaller trees of a not too dense forest are cleared away by use of small, crude hand axes or large, heavy knives before being ready for the hoe.

Large baskets are used for transporting the crops from the fields to the houses. Heavy wooden mortars with a bowl capacity of about three quarts are used for threshing the grain. The grain is put in the mortar and pounded with a large wooden pestle until the husks come loose. Then to separate husks from grain the mortar is emptied into a large light tray woven from split vines about two feet in diameter, but only about three inches deep. The women are very adept at manipulating and shaking this tray so as to throw the light chaff to one side and the heavier grain to the other. Where the flour from Indian corn or dried cassava roots is desired, these are first pounded in the mortars and then sifted through fine woven sifters. Very fine flour or meal may be thus secured. The mortars are also used in preparing palm oil from the palm nuts and peanut oil from peanuts or for beating

hard green plantains or the tough leaves of edible shrubs into a soft pulp so that they will not have to be cooked very long. These mortars are used in various other ways, such as for making fresh cassava pudding, pounding tobacco into snuff, pounding peppers, etc.

A large clay pot for boiling the breadstuffs, a smaller one for cooking the meats or vegetables, and a wooden paddle for stirring are all the cooking vessels needed. The pots are generally supported when on the fire by three large ant hills each nearly as large as a man's head. They are brought in from the plains and are made of a clay which excellently withstands the fire. The vessels for containing water and palm oil are the small-mouthed clay pots or large gourds. Thus given a hoe, two baskets, a mortar, a tray, two cooking pots, a stirring stick, and two jars for water and oil, you have the needed equipment for an average family for growing, preparing, and cooking their food. Even "simplicity" fails to describe such a condition.

Rice is widely grown on hillsides or in lowland near the streams, but requires a rich soil. It is of a variety that does not have to be irrigated and is of splendid quality. When ripe the heads are hand-picked and stripped of the grains. The unhulled rice is then daily spread out on the village streets to dry thoroughly. In the afternoons it is swept up in piles, along with much dirt and grit, and taken in for the night. To hull it it is pounded in the mortar.

German millet patches mark almost every hillside in our country, for this millet is the chief breadstuff of our tribe. When ripe the heads are gathered and piled on high platforms until thoroughly dry. The mortar is also used for hulling it. However, neither millet nor rice are hulled until near the time they are to be eaten. In cooking the millet, the native heats a pot of water and puts in the millet a handful at a time, stirring slowly, until all the water has been absorbed and the constituency of soft corn bread without crusts

is arrived at. It is then considered finished, or "done," and removed from the fire, and the last handful put in may not be cooked for even five minutes. It ought to be cooked for two hours.

Certain small peas similar to cow peas, but smaller, make an appetizing dish along with palm oil and other seasonings. In cooking the peas are poured into the boiling water without previous soaking and seldom cooked for over thirty minutes. They should be cooked for at least four or five hours after first having soaked that long. The missionaries soak them overnight and cook them all the next morning until noon. Great injury is done the digestive system by eating such slightly cooked foods as are these partly cooked peas and millet. The stomach is packed full of either before they have hardly finished swelling, much less finished cooking. Is it any wonder that trouble results? When I first went among our people I wondered why so many of the little children possessed such abnormally large stomachs. On inquiry a doctor told me that it was because the parents feed their children such quantities of this partly cooked millet. At times an adult will come to us on the morning after he has eaten his fill of nearly raw peas the night before and with misery on his face, mourning in his voice, and pains in his stomach, complaining as he rubs his stomach with his hand: "I have a stomach, I have a stomach to-day."

Indian corn is widely grown and used. It is pounded up in the mortar and used to help make a soft "boiled" bread. The natives know nothing of baking. A greater use of corn, however, is to roast it in the ear after it gets so hard and dry that we could never think of using it. Their corn is of good flavor, though much smaller in ear and grain than average American corn. The soil is well adapted to the growth of sweet potatoes, only they are not very sweet. They grow large and plentiful, but are almost sugarless. Manioc, or cassava, grows everywhere. Break off a

section of a limb, stick one end of it in the ground, and you soon have a large manioc bush. Its root is very much like a potato, but is coarser, harder, and longer. It contains much food and is used roasted fresh or pounded up and boiled or more generally cured and then pounded into a fine white flour and made into boiled bread. The curing process consists of putting the fresh root into a mud hole (or clean water if an old boggy hole cannot be found) and letting it stay there four days. By the end of this time it has rotted and is then removed and put in the sun to dry. When dried it may be kept indefinitely.

Peanuts grow readily and are eaten either raw or roasted or are made up into oil and sold to Europeans and Americans. The oil-making is interesting and consists of pounding, boiling, and hand-squeezing. To roast the nuts the native scratches out a few coals from the fire and scatters the nuts around among them, using his fingers to put them in and take them from the fire. There is also a kind of bean which grows in the ground and when boiled is quite good to eat if not eaten too often. Palm nuts furnish the native's chief source of fat. These grow matted together in great bunches and sometimes as high as sixty feet or over from the ground. It is very interesting to watch a native climb one of these trees, seldom over a foot in diameter, and cut the bunch of nuts from the top. Often the natives are killed or badly maimed by falling from the trees. Each nut has two very distinct meats. Inside the hard, thick shell is a white oily meat, which is sold to traders, shipped to Europe, and used in making fancy, high-grade soaps. On the outside of the shell is a yellow meat, also rich in oil. This contains the oil the native uses. It is extracted by first boiling the nuts, then pounding them, washing in cold water, hand-squeezing, and boiling again. This is the oil in which his meat and fish are cooked or which is heated and poured over his breadstuffs. The yellow meat of the palm nut has a delicious flavor when

the nuts have been roasted and dipped in a little salt. It is full of coarse, stringy fibers which must be squeezed or "chewed" out. The palm nut itself is slightly pear-shaped and about equal in bulk to the black walnut or smaller.

There are numerous tropical fruits which may be grown with ease, but the native is not very industrious and contents himself with the few which practically grow of themselves. Among these the plantain, banana, pineapple, and pawpaw (or piepie) are chiefest. The plantain resembles the banana in shape, is several times larger, and much coarser. The native uses it more often green than ripe, either pounding it to a pulp in her mortar and then boiling it or roasting it whole. Why they eat them green I cannot say, for their taste is certainly not palatable and appetizing. The bananas grow in great abundance and are eaten raw but ripe. Both bananas and plantains grow from sprouts of the old stalk, and one stalk bears but one bunch. Almost wherever a pineapple top is thrown aside it will take root and likely in a year's time be bearing pineapples. They are consumed in great numbers. Pawpaws (or piepies) somewhat resemble muskmelons in appearance and size. They grow on the trunks of small limbless trees and are very palatable and desirable.

Tomatoes are widely but not extensively grown. The most common kind is small and very acid. Several varieties of peppers are found, but a certain small exceedingly hot kind is held in high favor. The leaves of the manioc bush are used as we use spinach. They are tough, coarse, and sometimes bitter. The native beats or pounds them to a pulp in the mortar and then boils them for a short time. This type of "greens" is used almost daily, though at times the leaves of the hog weed are substituted for them. Edible mushrooms are plentiful and are greatly used. There are several other kinds of herbs, roots, fruits, and nuts which are either too difficult to grow or are

not so palatable and desirable as foods. Around centers where the white man has lived may be found a few European vegetables, but the difficulty of securing fresh seeds and keeping them so they will germinate is so great that they do not come into general use.

Before the white man carried salt into our section the natives were dependent for their salt upon a certain large-leafed weed which grows in swamps or low places. The leaves of this plant were taken and dried, then burned so that their ashes could be secured. These ashes were their salt. They look very much like fine gunpowder, and of course contain much foreign matter besides the salt.

The foods of the animal kingdom may be grouped under four heads: animals, birds, insects, and fish. The native would not make a distinction between animals and insects, for to him all are "nyama." The buffalo or hippo is "nyama kaoke efula" (a very large animal), while a flea or louse is "nyama kacice kacice" (a very small animal).

There are no large domestic animals in our section, on account of the dreaded sleeping sickness, which would quickly kill them off. Being thus deprived of cattle, horses, and mules makes the life of the native much more limited as to food and work and the development of the country by white men much more difficult. Certain types of inferior goats, sheep, and hogs are the largest domestic animals our people can have, and these are not affected by the sleeping sickness. They are raised for the meat alone, for our natives will not drink milk or eat cheese and butter, because, as they say, "they are unclean." When the people eat a goat, there is "very little left for the dogs." The horns, the hoofs proper, and the harder bones are not consumed. But all the rest is used, even to the hide sometimes. Occasionally on the path I have given my men a goat to supplement their rations, telling them to bring the skin to me, as I wanted it to put on the ends of their carrying poles. Later some came

to me asking for the hide, saying they were still hungry and wanted to eat it. I give it to them, and they cut it up into small pieces, boiled it, and ate it without so much as singeing the hair or washing off the dirt. I have seen a man with his pot of food ready to eat. On top of it lay a goat hoof with about three inches of leg attached. It looked just like a goat might have been caught, his foot chopped off at the knee and dropped into the pot and boiled for a while, then fished out, and placed on top of the breadstuff.

The eating of a goat, hog, or sheep is quite an event, for they are not raised in such numbers as to be slaughtered frequently by any one or group of men. The sheep are slender and grow hair instead of wool and are not very numerous. The hogs are of the "long-nose, razor-back" variety, filthy as can be, and worse than scavengers.

Various kinds of wild meats are greatly desired and sought after. Traps for the larger game and nets stretched in the forests for the smaller game often prove effective in supplying meat. The animals thus killed include elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, large and small antelopes, and wild hogs. The meat is cut up into large hunks and dried—that is, the outside of the hunks is dried, while the inside is often left raw. Of course this soon rots and fills up with worms, but this does not effect its desirability as food so far as the native is concerned. Worms, rotted meat, and all are put into the pot and cooked. When the white man remonstrates against their eating such stuff, pointing to the worms as evidence of its unfitness for food, the native replies: "The worms, why, they are meat too." Then the white man says: "How can you eat anything that smells so badly? Why, I cannot get near it, the odor is so vile." And again the black man replies: "We eat the meat; we don't eat the smell."

On one occasion a man came to the hospital with his legs so sore and swollen that it looked almost as if he were wearing very large boots. A little later the

missionaries were away for two days attending the other station. On returning they found this man with one of his legs quite bloody, but in a more or less happy frame of mind. He said one of the native dogs had bitten him, but he got it back on the dog by killing and eating him. Others of the hospital inmates had killed a neighbor's cat and eaten it. Sometimes I have had people ask for the dead rats being taken from my rat trap. They wanted them for food. Certain kinds of large field and water rats are quite generally eaten, but dogs, cats, and house rats are not so widely relished. Some few also eat leopards. Monkey meat is very much liked by all, but monkeys are so hard to trap and kill that they do not often have it.

Domestic fowls are also few in kinds as well as numbers. Occasionally a native is found to have four or five ducks, although it is common for one to have half a dozen chickens. Occasionally domesticated pigeons are found. The chickens are but very little larger than bantams and their meat quite dry and stringy. They are much inferior to the average American stock. A sick chicken about to die is seldom given a chance to meet his "death from natural causes," but is killed and eaten. Even though the fowl may beat the native and dies of his sickness, he will be eaten anyhow. The average native only occasionally has chicken, duck, or pigeon to eat.

The chickens and ducks are not prolific layers, and hence eggs are rarely eaten by the common folk. The native had much rather keep the eggs until the hen or duck sits, and when they hatch he has a fowl instead of a mere egg. If they do not hatch, it will be time enough then to eat the eggs. Once I had an old duck that stole her nest and after laying seven or eight eggs began to sit. My yard boy knew about her, but I did not. Later when I found her and found that she had been sitting for six weeks I told my boy to break up the nest and throw away the eggs. Several of our evangelists who were near by spoke up quickly, say-

ing: "Give us the eggs." I said: "Why, they are no good now. What do you want with them?" And the reply was: "Eat them." So it is with all eggs that do not hatch. Among the game birds eaten are wild guineas, bustards, prairie chickens, and doves, all of which are very difficult to secure, as the natives have no guns. Sparrows and certain small birds are also used for food, together with several kinds of hawks and small eagles. Carrion birds and crows are not eaten, "because they are unclean." Personally I should call a crow a dainty morsel compared to some eggs.

It is a very interesting sight at night to watch the natives on a slope a mile or two away looking for a certain cricket. They usually hunt these in pairs, one carrying a torch. The cricket is located by his chirping and is found sitting in the grass within a few inches of his hole. He is a large white fellow, hardly as long as one's little finger, but a bit larger around. The person with the torch holds the cricket's attention while the other native slips up behind and puts his hand over the hole. In certain seasons an hour's hunt will get enough crickets to furnish the "piece de resistance" at the next day's meal. Several kinds of caterpillars are eaten. If eaten fresh, a pint or two are put into the stew pot and "boiled till tender." The resulting mush makes a palatable dish, according to native tastes. One kind of caterpillar is a large fellow the size of the little finger and covered with "thornlike stickers" somewhat like those of a blackberry bush and which have a backward slope. He is eaten, "thorns" and all. I suppose he is swallowed head first, so as not to get hung up on his way down. These kinds are also dried and thus may be kept indefinitely. Among such relishes are certain large black beetles and palm worms. The natives pinch off the legs, head, and hard, crusty backs of the bettles before eating them. Two or three kinds of flying ants make truly savory dishes. After a rain they will come

up from their nests in the ground and fly skyward for a little while until their wings drop off and they fall to the ground. After the rain the native goes out looking for the streams of ants flying heavenward. When he finds them he digs back the dirt a little from the mouth of the hole, and then if he is hungry he drops down on his hands and knees and catches the ants by the handful as they come out, putting them right into his mouth and eating them raw and alive. If he is not so hungry, he will take them home and cook them or maybe dry them and keep them for some future day. A few people eat snakes, especially the larger kinds.

Practically all kinds of fish are used for food. They are eaten fresh or dried. Dried fish are one of the principal meats. In some streams there is a peculiar fish which gives a decided electric shock when caught on a hook and line which is being held in the hands or when the hands themselves touch the fish. The native men will not eat this fish. They say it is a woman's food, but not a man's.

Once when a missionary was puzzling over some language difficulties, he remarked to a near-by native that his language was hard. The fellow thought that was rather peculiar, for he considered it should be easy to the white man. Whereupon the missionary jokingly challenged the man to try to learn English. He replied: "O, you are over here and can eat Otetela food and therefore soon learn to talk the Otetela language. If I could have English food to eat, I could soon learn to talk the English language." From what has been written above, I am of the opinion that very few of us would ever learn Otetela if our learning it was really contingent upon our eating all kinds of Otetela foods.

### Reflections.

1. What superstitions do they hold regarding certain foods?
2. Give an example of native generosity.

3. How often do they eat?
4. Discuss their agricultural methods and products.
5. Describe an Otetela menu.

### Meditation.

Can it be best for a people to subsist on such poorly prepared and often decaying food? Does not such food largely contribute to their prevalent diseases? Does it not help to explain why so few ever live beyond fifty years of age? Should the missionary particularly concern himself about their domestic life? "Am I my brother's keeper? . . . The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

### Prayer.

Blessed Master, we thank thee for the bounty with which thou hast surrounded our lives. May we understand that the joys of our homes and the food for our bodies are blessings made possible through a knowledge of thee. Deepen our interest in the lives of those who have not heard of thee. Amen.

## CHAPTER V.

*EATEN ALIVE.*

NINE days after I first reached our mission I was left entirely alone in full charge of the entire mission for several weeks. Among the numerous events of my life during these weeks was the establishing of myself in the estimation of the natives as a "doctor," though I knew practically nothing of diseases and their treatment. Numerous minor cases were brought to me daily, and I did the best I could with the application of salves and ointments or the giving of calomel and salts. One noon the headman and several of our villagers came to me bringing a boy who was all doubled up and crying in pain. From the way he had his hands clasped over his stomach it was easy to locate the neighborhood of his troubles, and after a little examining and questioning I concluded he had a case of cramp colic. The next question was, "What was to be done?" I thought of laudanum, ether, chloroform, but I had an idea that I might stop more than his pain if I attempted to alleviate his sufferings with either of these. I remembered that paragoric used to be used for baby ills of that nature, but I could not find any bottle labeled "paragoric" in English, and I was afraid to make a guess at some of the technical Latin names. I was ready to tell them to take the boy away, for I could do nothing for him, when a bright idea came to me, and I said: "Wait." Going to the kitchen, I found a kettle of hot water, into a quart of which I put several teaspoonfuls of salt, and we forced the unfortunate lad to swallow it all. The results were immediate and satisfactory, and the source of his trouble "rose up and departed." After a few minutes the boy got up, grinned at me, and said as he put his hand on his stomach: "It is all right now." The headman turned

to me as they started to leave and, tapping his head with his fingers, said: "Ah, you're a doctor, you're a doctor! You have much sense." So I became a medical missionary in spite of myself, and so I remained for my entire first term, for it fell to my lot to open our second station, where I lived without doctor or nurse until the time for my furlough. Much of what I shall relate in this chapter is taken from observations and experiences in trying to help the sick and suffering about me during that time. What I am bringing you is the picture of human need and not a professional discussion of diseases, diagnoses, or methods of treatment.

It is in order to discuss the animals and insects which prey upon our people as well as the diseases which eat them alive. There are very few lions in our immediate territory, but there are many leopards. Since the beginning of our mission one boy was carried off by lions at the native village of Wembo-Nyama. In that section seven lives were laid to the account of these same two lions before one of them was killed and the other left. The leopards do much more damage to the life of domestic animals and fowls than to that of the natives, though occasionally we learn of attacks being made upon people themselves. More often these result in a badly lacerated body by the teeth and claws of the animal than in the immediate death of the person. Of course in the case of children they may be taken off by leopards, but most of the time a grown person will be left unmolested if he in turn does not molest the leopard. Helpless, sick persons, and these are often found left in isolated spots or trying to make their way from one village to another, may be killed and eaten if found by a leopard, jackal, or hyena.

However, what is lacked from animals is made up by insects, which are classed as "animals" by the natives. Among the most numerous of these are jiggers, lice, fleas, bedbugs, ants, mosquitoes, and blood-suck-

ing flies. Jiggers resemble fleas, but are much smaller. They bore in under the skin of heels, toes, and fingers or under finger and toe nails and make themselves "at home." Though only about the size of an ordinary period when they enter, they soon become as large as a small pea if not promptly removed. This increase in size is due to the laying of their eggs. The sand and dirt wherever there is much walking become alive with these pests, and all except the most indolent natives keep their hands, and especially their feet, under constant daily surveillance to find the jiggers before they can get started to growing. Occasionally we find natives, especially children, with their toes or large sections of their heels eaten off by jiggers. It is quite an art to "excavate" a jigger without bringing blood. The natives are adept at this, but the white man generally makes a failure of it until he has had much experience, which experience he will surely get if he remains in the Congo long. Sometimes a badly infected foot results.

Fleas and bedbugs are plentiful and persistent. I have sometimes been called to the door of my house by a mission schoolboy who would hold up for my observation a handful of bedbugs which he had caught and say to me: "See, chief, see! There are many of these little animals in our beds, and they bite us so bad we can hardly sleep at night." It is time then for a general hunt to be instigated.

There are various kinds of biting and stinging ants which are exceedingly painful to encounter, but may be found everywhere in great numbers. There is also a very small brown ant which has neither sting nor bite, but possesses a most ravenous appetite and is more numerous than flies about a garbage can. He is in everything everywhere all the time. It is this ant chiefly that when a friendless sick person becomes helpless begins to eat on him even days before death comes.

A warm climate all the time, rain almost daily for

nine months of the year, lowlands, swamps, pineapple plants, and palm and banana trees everywhere enable the mosquitoes to keep so numerous that one wonders how the natives of many sections can sleep at all at night. Their houses are damp and dark, and they have no screening for their beds, consequently they are at the mercy of the mosquitoes. In malaria-infested sections this works a double hardship on the people. Horse flies, tsetse flies, and other blood-sucking flies are about the forests and brush and always ready for a meal. Besides drinking his fill of blood, the tsetse fly may also impart the germs of the dreaded sleeping sickness.

When an ordinary missionary enters the heart of Africa, he comes in contact with disease and death in such numerous and gruesome and awful forms as he never before realized they could exist. I never dreamed the human body could have so much rottenness, so many putrefying sores, and such deadly and horrible sicknesses. Everywhere there are the expressions of the universal fear of disease and the pitiful confessions of their helplessness against it. White men are begged and besought for medicine on every hand. A small lump of vaseline, if it can be secured from the white man's supply, may be taken off into a distant village and sold at great profit, because it is the white man's medicine and therefore has wonderful curative powers for any and all maladies. We try to guard carefully against this practice by giving medicine to sick persons only, and that when they are on the compound or we have gone to see them in their villages.

Accidents and mishaps occur among our people, but of course not in the variety, quantity, and seriousness that occur in a civilized land. They belong much more to civilization than to savagery. On account of going barefoot all the time many minor bruises, cuts, and tears come to the feet, which, if they do not become infected, soon heal and are forgotten. Some-

times in the forests a long, sharp snag is stepped on and a hole punched entirely through the foot. This may become a serious palaver. In the excitement of the chase or because of an unskilled thrower a person may become pierced with a spear. Its seriousness depends upon the extent and location of the wound and whether or not it becomes infected. In taking dirt from out of the clay pits for making the walls of their houses quite often a "thinkingless" native will dig back too far under the sandy sides of the pit, and they cave in on him. A sprained back or legs may result in addition to the fright. Falling from the high palm trees up which they have climbed for the nuts is one of the most fatal kinds of accidents. If not killed outright, such injuries may be sustained as will ultimately result in death or crippling for life. I spent three hours on one case trying to bandage up and splint the shattered collar bone and right leg of a fellow who had such a fall. After getting him fixed up, I had no hospital in which to keep him, but had to send him to the house of his friend in our village. The next day I found him out of bed, sitting propped up against the outside of the house and with bandages either entirely removed or so loosened and slipped down as to be worthless. My trouble was to do over again, and I tried to fully impress upon him and his friends that they must leave the bandages in place or deformity would result. The next day I found those from his collar bone removed, but those on the leg were left. The latter healed all right, but the collar bone was deformed. Another fellow near us had such a fall and broke both legs above the knee. He had only native assistance, with the consequences that his deformity is so bad that he can stand with both feet together and a grown man can go between his legs.

Quite frequently persons come to us with injuries received in encounters with each other. For example, a man may have his back, shoulders, and face badly scratched up or his finger nearly bitten off or a great

hole bitten in his cheek or body in a fight with some other man or with his wife. They seem to know absolutely nothing about the use of the fist in fighting, but claw and bite like animals. Injuries from the bites of or the attacks from animals also are frequent.

The ignorance that prevails in the matter of obstetrics is very costly in life and health. The expectant mother receives no special care, but continues her daily work. Her child may be born on the ground outside her house or on the dirt floor of her house or on the small dirty, uncomfortable stick bed. She herself may be responsible for getting her very next meal after her child's birth. She practically never stays in bed unless something goes wrong, and whenever it does it usually costs her life. Many people carry through life ugly scars because of improper attention at their birth.

The native attitude toward disease is that it is either from God himself or from the numerous evil spirits with which the world all about him is thickly populated or that it is the work and malign influence of some enemy among his acquaintances; usually it is the latter two. They know almost nothing about the real causes of diseases, and seem to think we are beside ourselves when we tell them of the transmission of disease by germs and germ carriers. The part of the mosquito in malaria and of the tsetse fly in sleeping sickness is never suspicioned. They have great terror of disease itself, which sometimes leads them to acts of the most heartless cruelty. Sick persons are often driven from their villages or taken off into the plains and left to die or to be killed by animals. It matters not whether the person is man or woman, boy or girl. A father may be driven from home by his own children, a wife and mother by her own people. On the other hand, a badly diseased mother is frequently seen hugging her little child close to her body, even right up against a running sore of a contagious nature. A woman will handle her bad sores and then without

washing her hands put them about her child and into their food. Sometimes when warned of danger a person will reply with apparently the utmost indifference: "God's palaver. If I am going to get sick or hurt, I am going to get sick or hurt, and there's no use of me trying to avoid it."

With such attitude toward disease and such dense ignorance of it is there any wonder that we find the most worthless or injurious preventive and curative methods employed? Native medicines may be various kinds of charms, such as the tip of a horn or half of a hoof, a bone, animal's tooth, piece of skin, seed, small piece of wood, and such like. These are supplemented occasionally with some concoction to be drunk or more often with an application of a mixture of clay and oil or dirt and water or pounded leaves of some shrub, pounded charcoal, etc. Numerous small cuts may be made about over the body to let out the pain. Sometimes a long hole is dug in the ground and the body of the sick person placed in it with feet extending at one end and head at the other. A few inches of dirt is put over the rest of the body and a fire built on top of the dirt. Thus the sickness is cooked out of the sufferer. If you could see a person after he has been cooked, you would be sure that much more suffering had been cooked into him. Almost the entire back or stomach and chest may be so badly burned that all the skin will come off and leave great raw places. Witness the treatment of two new-born babes administered to keep off the evil spirits of disease. Two of our missionaries going from one station to another write of their experience thus: "As we went through one village the men asked us if we wanted to see some tiny twins that had just been born. We said we did, and they showed us the house, and what do you reckon we saw? In a big threshing tray, without a stitch of cloth, right out in the wind, which was cool because it was quite cloudy, those two little babes, just born a few hours, lay exposed, and two old

women whom we judged to be witch doctors sat beside them shaking rattles over them to keep the evil spirits away. At the head of each baby was a little pile of charms—little chips, old nuts, an old cartridge shell, a piece of skin, a bracelet, and a lot of such junk, on top of which was a tiny little gourd containing some kind of 'medicine.' These were all from the witch doctor to guard the lives of the babies. The women had a pot of oil and a pot of water and were incessantly rubbing the water all over the babies' bodies and leaving them wet in the wind. It is a continual marvel to me how the children ever survive the treatment they get at birth. The mother was sitting near by cooking her own food over a fire close enough so that she did not have to get up."

Once I was called to our mission village to see a fellow who had lived for several years near the mission. Although he had seen our methods of treating disease at the hospital and had heard us condemn many of their methods, they had made little impression on him. This poor fellow was in a dreadful plight. In attempting to treat himself, he made a fire of coals and placed his bare body upon the live coals, literally cooking himself so badly that an operation was imperative. Yet there was no doctor to perform the operation. It was a heart-aching sight to see and to know that I could give no relief. The natives consider that the efficacy of the treatment is in proportion to the severity of the pain it causes in being administered or the bitterness of the medicine when taken internally.

Though not a doctor, I was daily called upon to treat many such cases. For some of them I could do nothing at all, for others only a very little, but for many I was able to give relief or effect permanent cures. When leprosy cases came, of course all I could do was to send them away. It is surprising that the government permits lepers to mingle as they may choose with other people. No effort is made at segre-

gation, and they may marry as often as they have the price. For dropsy cases, elephantiasis, and sleeping sickness patients I could do nothing so far as relief or cures were concerned. Minor surgery only of the simplest sort was ever undertaken, but there were numerous cases of these, and I kept my knife, scissors, forceps, needles, and thread always conveniently handy.

When new patients came to me, my first difficulty was in the diagnosis. Having had no previous experience along this line and knowing practically nothing of medicines, I was often sorely put to it trying to find out what was the matter with the sufferer whom I wanted to help. After close questioning for a few minutes on the character and locality of the pain, I would make a guess at what I thought the trouble was and then go to my Standard Encyclopedia and look up its name. There I would often find the symptoms described and a short paragraph on the treatment. If my guess proved to be correct according to the encyclopedia, I returned to the patient and either tried to do something for him or else told him it was too difficult for me and therefore I could do nothing. If my guess was wrong according to the encycpoledia, then I guessed again. I was always assisted by one of our more intelligent natives, who soon learned to diagnose quite readily the more common troubles. In questioning a new patient I often had to rely a great deal upon him because of the difficulty of being understood by or understanding the new person. Even though I might have perfectly understood the stranger, this assistant would most likely repeat to me what he had said. Once when two boys came, each having ulcers, but quite evidently not of very long standing, I inquired how long they had had them. One said his was a week old, and the other said his was two weeks old. A schoolboy standing near by turned to me (he had been getting a little arithmetic in school and wanted to demonstrate his

learning) and said: "This one one week and this other one two weeks; but together three weeks."

Diagnosis does not mean much to the native medicine man. The medicine to be applied or treatment given is determined by lot rather than by attempted diagnosis. When dysentery breaks out, it soon spreads throughout the village. There is no sewerage system, and the custom of getting their drinking water from the nearest stream and using it unboiled makes them a prey to the rapid and thorough spreading of this disease. It is remarkable how the black man who contracts dysentery can throw it off without medical assistance. It wastes them away quite badly, but not so many die of it.

The intestinal parasites include hookworm, pinworm, roundworm, and tapeworm. There are numerous other stomach and bowel complaints. The quantity and quality of their foods and their habits of eating tend often to produce one of the two extremes of diarrhœa or constipation.

Venereal diseases are very bad in sections near the posts of unprincipled white men. It is claimed that these diseases were unknown before the white man came. Their prevalence is a terrible commentary upon his "uplifting" influence on native life. The utter absence of any moral standard among the natives makes the spread of these rapid and sure once they are started. Often people come to us for treatment with their eyes badly diseased, their mouths in the most awful condition, and their bodies or limbs literally rotting away as results of these horrible diseases. Many homes are childless and many lives wrecked.

Great eating sores and ulcers are everywhere. Often they have eaten deep into the flesh and may become even larger than a saucer. On one limb there may be several such sores. Sometimes limbs are so badly swollen and putrefying that if it were not for the fact that they are attached to human bodies we

could hardly believe them to be human. From a number of holes in them putrefying matter will be flowing. These sores often start from common little cuts which become infected. Whatever the native may do for them in an attempt to aid healing, it is almost sure to be the opposite of antiseptic and healing in its effects. Sometimes our treatments prove wonderfully effective against such sores and ulcers, even when we feel we can hardly expect results. A woman came to us with her poor, emaciated body so badly diseased that we felt nothing could be done, and to give her medicine would seem but to waste it. She had walked from a distance, and we reluctantly told her to return to her home. She begged for a dose of medicine that morning anyhow, so we gave it. The next morning she was at the clinic for another dose. When this continued for several mornings, I inquired of my assistant how she in her condition managed to get up the hill to the mission each day from the regular native village at its foot, where I supposed she was staying, as I had told her we could not take care of her at the mission. He replied that she did not go down there, but stayed at the mission, sleeping at night on the dirt floor of the clinic porch without protection, clothing, or fire, and depending on the charity of our people to give her something to eat each day. Just a night or two before we had a fearful rain and wind, and it was quite cold and raw. This poor creature, without my knowledge, was hovering against the wall of the little eight-foot square clinic room shivering with wet and cold all night. When I saw her persistency and what she had endured to get some of the white man's medicine, I said: "We must make a place for her." I put some men to work to slightly repair an old abandoned building and fixed her up in there. We arranged for her food and continued giving her medicine. Marvel of marvels to us, she began to improve, soon her sores were healing, and in due time she was well, fat, and smiling, and an entirely new woman. Later when

itinerating trips take us to her village, she will stand before her villagers a living testimony of our friendliness and capacity to heal their physical diseases. It will then be a very easy matter for us to say to them: "Our medicine was good for your sick bodies; we also have some medicine which is good for your sick hearts and which will cure them as completely as this woman's body was cured." Many similar cases have occurred, and doors are thus being opened which push our evangelistic department to properly man new territory.

Malarial fever, contracted through the bite of the mosquito at night, and sleeping sickness, through the bite of the tsetse fly by day, have been very aptly referred to as the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday." As far as the native of our tribe is concerned, malaria is a pestilence. His system seems to be somewhat hardened to it. For a day or so he may be quite "down and out" with it and then get up and apparently be all right again for a while. It does not seem to wear him away like it does the white man.

Sleeping sickness is a "destruction that wasteth" both in body and mind. Some sections in the interior of Africa have been wiped out by it. There are many cases throughout our tribe, and we are frequently called upon to treat it. Treatment is either a solution of arsenic or salvarsan. If patients are secured in the early stages of the disease, complete cures may be effected. But if they do not come until after the fourth or fifth month, they are generally beyond help. Death results in from one to two years. The following accounts of some of the cases which we have seen will be interesting. Dr. Mumpower relates: "A few days ago Mr. Bush and myself made a short tour to a near-by village with an eye to opening up work there in the future. As we were leaving we were met with a request to come see a man with 'sickness in his head.' We found a raving

maniac, talking, spitting, and trying to get at the throats of the standers-by. He was perhaps a prey to sleeping sickness and in its last stages. His friends had hit upon a novel plan to keep the patient at home. In the end of a heavy log five feet long and ten inches in diameter they had cut an eyelet, as one finds in a needle, large enough to admit the man's foot. Having compelled him to place his foot through this eyelet, they had firmly fixed a stick across the middle, so as to reduce its size by half. Then the patient's right hand was tied to his waist. Insanity is a common termination of the disease."

Two days before Mrs. Reeve and I were to leave our station to start home on our furlough a woman crawled into the long street of our mission village and begged for a place to stay. She was from a village one hour's walk from ours, and on account of her sleeping sickness had been taken from her village out on the adjoining plains and left with a hunk of cooked millet and a small amount of water and was told not to return to her village. Knowing something of us, she started for our mission, crawling on her hands and knees. It took her from Friday until Sunday morning to reach us. She spent the two nights alone out on the plains without clothing or covering or protection from leopards.

As we passed along the path on our way to the railroad we met another victim of this awful disease who had been driven from his village. He was living in the open plains and kept two fires going all the time. They were some distance apart, and he went from one to the other. This man was crazy and wild and a horrible sight to behold. He was ravenous with hunger, and when our men gave him some of their food he ate as I have never seen another human being do, wildly wadding the food into his mouth, using both hands and almost ramming it down his throat. The scalp on top of his head had been laid

wide open a night or two before by a leopard who had attacked him when his fire got low.

Another case is that of a woman, a mother of three children. One morning while I was busy with my daily round of clinic patients she came slowly and stupidly to within a few steps of where I was "doctoring" other natives and sat down on the ground. On her back she brought an old produce basket from which she took a handful of peanuts, a plantain, and an edible root. In her arms she carried a boy of about two years of age, whom I could see was badly diseased. I sent my native assistant over to her to find out the purpose of her visit. He came back and told me she was from a village about two and a half hours' walk from ours and had been driven out of her village because she had sleeping sickness. The people of that village had given her a pittance of food and, placing her sick boy in her arms, had driven her from their midst, telling her with threats of beatings and other cruelty not to come back there. The two healthy children, a bright lad of about nine years and a girl of about six, the villagers had kept because the boy would make a good slave and the girl could one day be sold for a wife. The woman had heard of us and some came to the mission begging that somewhere be given her to stay. As this was at Lubefu, which is on a hill away from water and brush and hence free from tsetse flies and sleeping sickness dangers, we could give her a home without endangering the lives of the other natives who were about us as well as the lives of the missionaries themselves. So we built a small straw hut for her, and then through the assistance of a friendly State official we secured the well boy and girl. The girl was put in the girls' home and will likely one day become the educated and trained Christain wife of one of our future evangelists. To the boy was given the task of caring for his mother and sick brother. Daily he cooked their food and brought their water and wood and tried to

"nurse" his slowing dying mother. At first she walked about over the mission, but gradually took less and less interest in everything and would lie around on the ground in front of her hut or on the stick bed inside in a kind of stupor. When we left the station for our furlough she was lying thus and with possibly only three or five months longer to live.

One of our Wembo-Nyama workmen was afflicted with a bad harelip. On some of his trips to Lusambo Dr. Kellersberger, of that station, had tried to get him to let him operate on his lip, but the man was afraid. Finally, however, he consented, and the doctor did a most excellent job. The native was very proud of his good lip, and the fame of the doctor was scattered far. About a year later Dr. Kellersberger visited Wembo-Nyama, arriving on Saturday afternoon and leaving on Tuesday. When he attended church on Sunday morning the natives saw him, and immediately the news of his arrival was spread abroad. Monday morning eight major operation cases came in and said, "Cut on us," and were greatly disappointed when they found he could not do so then. At the present writing the greatest need of our mission is surgeons. Though the work is now seven years old, we have yet to secure our first surgeon. All manner of cases needing surgical relief are being constantly turned away from the mission. The list is long and full and the natives quite ready to trust the white man's knife. The worth of this kind of work in breaking down suspicion, winning friends to the mission, and opening the doors of hearts to Christ can hardly be overestimated. Our trained nurse writes that "numbers of patients come to us needing major operations and beg us to operate."

From one of her late reports we take this: "We have a patient in the hospital now from a distant village who walked days to get here, hoping we might relieve her. But only an operation can bring her relief. She is now begging us to send her to Luebo,

where there is a surgeon, another walk of four hundred and sixty-five miles, so that she may have the needed operation. I have not promised her that I would send her, as I am not sure she is equal to the long journey. She could not go alone, for the State does not permit going from one district to another without a white man's written permit or passport. Perhaps she would never reach there. She is a bright, interesting young woman that possibly an operation would save. It surely hurts to see so many of these people here and be unable to help them. I am convinced that the medical work is one of the greatest evangelizing agencies we have. If only more of the splendid young doctors at home could see the wonderful opportunities that are open to them here!"

As is to be expected, there is a great deal of suffering from bad teeth. And the condition of some mouths when we look into them seems almost unbelievable. I have seen one whole side of a jaw with every tooth rotted down to the gums and then grown over by them, so that all that was left showing was an occasional piece of shell sticking through. Many times I have seen where the gums have grown over the rotten snags of several teeth in different parts of one mouth. We pull a great many teeth, although equipped with only three pairs of forceps and no method of dulling the pain. Thus the laity finds himself becoming professional under the stress of relieving suffering. Sometimes we are also forced to attempt dental work for our fellow missionaries.

In passing through the Atetela country one is almost sure to note the absence of old people. They are not killed, as some have conjectured, but simply die off early or with the first serious attacks of sickness that come in their declining years. The alloted span of life is seldom ever attained; not many pass beyond the age of fifty-five. The death rate among infants is very high, perhaps fifty per cent or more. This is not surprising considering the circumstances

of their births and babyhood. Mr. Bedinger, writing of other tribes in our district, says in "Triumphs of the Gospel": "The first attention an infant receives is a sand bath. Artificial food, coarse and indigestible, is forced down the unwilling throat of a three months' old baby. It is not surprising that the infant mortality is as high as seventy-five per cent."

At the end of seven years our medical force and hospital equipment consists of one physician and two trained nurses (with a total of seven and a half years' service on the field for all three of them) and a small hospital with dirt floors, mud walls, and thatched roof. Physician, nurses, hospital all are at Wembo-Nyama, where our medical work, along with all the other, was first begun, and has grown till the number of treatments now amounts to about five thousand annually. Considering the meagerness of the equipment and force and the fact that much outside work has had to be regularly placed upon the medical staff, this is an excellent showing. The money for the erection of a good brick hospital well equipped is already in hand, but is being held awaiting the securing of more medical recruits.

The four years' work at Lubefu Station since its opening has been done without a doctor or a nurse and with only a small one-room dispensary, and even this for only part of the time. At times the work has had to be entirely suspended on account of the sickness of the only two missionaries on the station. At other times it has had to be left largely to the trained native assistant, when overworked missionaries had to temporarily let up in some department on account of the strain. In spite of this the work grew fast, totaling for the three-month periods of several quarters as much as from one thousand to fourteen hundred treatments. Some days from twenty-five to thirty treatments have been given. Considering that neither of the missionaries on this station had had any medical instruction or training whatsoever and

that only an hour or two per day could be given to this department, this showing is wonderful.

The location of Lubefu Station is very favorable for a large hospital. The government estimates that within easy access of us, from a few minutes to a day's walk away, there are more than twenty-five thousand natives whom we could serve if adequately equipped and manned, not to mention the many who would come from a greater distance. Money also for building a hospital here has been promised, but Southern Methodism so far has been unable to furnish the doctors and nurses to man it. Lubefu is on top of a small plateau several miles long. There are no trees, bushes, or water for quite a distance, and hence no tsetse flies to transmit the germs of sleeping sickness. Out on this plateau under the direction of this station would be an ideal place for the establishing of a lazaret for sleeping sickness patients and perhaps leprosy cases. Human need and Christian love combine in bringing a mighty challenge to help these poor unfortunates.

### Reflections.

1. Describe the climate of the Congo Belge.
2. Illustrate some of the difficulties encountered because of insects.
3. What is the native attitude toward disease?
4. Describe an unitiated missionary's diagnosis.
5. Give an example of sleeping sickness.
6. Describe the opportunity of the missionary doctor.
7. What are the hospital successes and needs?

### Meditation.

Most of the diseases if treated in time could be cured, and if they were treated at all the patients would be saved much awful suffering and misery. A sleep-

ing sickness camp is needed in connection with the proposed hospital. Volunteers are needed to man both the hospital and camp. Both hospital and camp must wait for men to respond to man them. Yet the life and soul of the African is as dear as mine to God.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? . . . [They] are of more value than many sparrows."

**Prayer.**

"O Lord Jesus, who didst choose to be poor rather than rich, send thy blessing upon the benighted people of the Congo who are in poverty and distress of mind and body. Raise up from among us new recruits for swift ministry to the suffering bodies, darkened minds, and impoverished spirits of the needy ones of the Congo." Give me the light to find my place of duty and grant me the courage to obey. For the glory of thy name. Amen.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *WITCHERY, WORSHIP, AND THE SPIRIT WORLD.*

THERE are some very real elements in the Otetela's religious life, but they are not the love of Christ, the power of prayer, the fellowship of the Spirit, the mercy, wisdom, and justice of God the Father. Talk to him about the "kindly care and provision of a loving Heavenly Father"? Previous to the missionary's coming he had about as much idea of the being of a loving God and the attributes of righteousness as he had about the solution of the difficult problems of higher mathematics. Tell him of inward peace, a heart pure, gentle, loving, and without fear, and he would understand as much of what you are saying as he would if you were addressing him in classic Greek or Latin. To him religion is chiefly the appeasing of evil spirits, the warding off of impending ill, the staying off the malign influence of some enemy.

Writing of the general religious characteristics of the Bantu people, the group name applied to many tribes of Central Africa and of which our tribe is one, Mr. Patton, in "The Lure of Africa," says: "The most brutal elements of the Bantu come out in connection with his religion. The thing which ought to elevate is the very thing that drags him down. The religion of the primitive African is usually classed as animism —that is, the worship of spirits. This is one step higher than fetishism, which is the worship of natural objects endowed with religious significance. The African's religion abounds in fetishistic elements, but the thing that dominates his thought is the innumerable company of demons which envelop him on every side. The fact that many of these demons are the spirits of his departed ancestors does not add to his comfort. The African lives in a haunted land. Demons in the stones of the brook, demons along the forest path,

*Native Medicine.*

*Ready for the Dance.*

**The Large Drums at the Extreme Right Are Used to Telegraph Messages from One Village to Another.**

demons in the tree tops, demons in the people he meets—the African never escapes from the terror of his supernatural world. Nothing untoward that happens to him is of natural occurrence; some witch is always to blame. When he is ill or an accident befalls him or bad luck comes or a relative dies, there is a guilty party who must be 'smelled out.' Because the vital element in the African's religion is witchcraft, the witch doctor becomes the great figure in the community. With his headdress of feathers and his weird ornaments, his appearance is calculated to inspire terror and awe in the stoutest hearts. . . . It is from the witch doctor that the people obtain the fetishes which they hold in such high esteem. These may be almost any curious natural object or figure carved in wood—animal forms, heads of birds, teeth, pieces of glass, odd-looking pebbles, knotted strings, bags of colored earth—which are worn on the person or treasured in the hut. . . . In a word, the religion of the African is a religion of terror and hate. Naturally of a buoyant and loving disposition, he has surrounded himself with phantoms which weigh upon his soul like lead. In the things which pertain to God he lives in abysmal darkness. When most religious, he is most fiendish. Will any one deny that something ought to be done for these people?"*

It is fortunate for our people and for the missionary work among them that there exists no great tribal and national religions such as are found in Japan, China, and Korea; no tribal devotion to tribal gods. Sometimes we find a village a unit in observing certain religious rites and practices on certain days each month, but even then almost each individual has his own way of worship, and there are no deep-rooted national customs and beliefs connected with it.

There seems to be some dim, hazy idea of God as a creator and supreme being, but after creation he went

*"The Lure of Africa," pages 142-4.

a long way off and now has no interest in his creatures. He has left them in the hands of a world of evil spirits whose fiendish delight is to hurt, harass, and kill them. On observing the utter poverty, the awful sicknesses and suffering so prevalent everywhere, and the numerous other adverse conditions of life and existence all about him, it is not surprising that demon control of the earth seems to the native the most logical way to account for it all.

Note the native's attitude toward the responsibility for wrongdoing and the confession of guilt. One of the missionaries gives it thus: "You can put it down as certain to occur that no guilty man believes in confessing his guilt. He will stand up till the last and protest his innocence and then when driven to the wall lay all the blame on Satan. Satan came into his heart, and apparently there was nothing to do but to do what Satan said. By this you can see that there is no great sense of personal responsibility and also that there is a great element of fatalism in their beliefs. Certainly they know quite well what is right and wrong, but they lay the blame of sin on outside forces rather than on themselves. Thus it becomes necessary in teaching the truths of Christianity to emphasize the guilt of the native, even though we feel that there are extenuating circumstances."

The chief elements in the Otetela's native religion are his belief in witchcraft and witches, moon and idol worship, belief in the power of charms and "medicines," and belief in a kind of spirit world in which the souls of man, animal, and demon intermingle and scheme for the downfall of mortals and whose power and influence it is very hard to combat. We will discuss them in this order.

The practices of witchcraft center in the witch doctor, or medicine man as he is called. Supposedly he functions to the advantage of his friends and patrons in warding off various evils and bringing them success, to the disadvantages of his and their enemies by the

bringing of evil upon them, and to the healing of diseases. Of course he never functions for fun, but is careful to see that he receives abundant remuneration for his endeavors. The sick man often winds up by paying the witch doctor all that he himself has and all that he can borrow, and then probably dies. Considering the native's exceedingly superstitious nature, it is easy to see how the village witch doctor may often exceed the chief of the village himself in power and influence. Frequently he can work tricks to deceive, and he is not slow in taking advantage of any unusual occurrences which can increase his power.

One of our lady missionaries, whose work keeps her from often getting out in the villages away from the mission, interestingly describes how a witch doctor looked on a short trip she made: "As we came through Diata we unexpectedly came upon the first witch doctor we have seen garbed in full-dress costume. On her head she had a bunch of feathers as big as a small tub. Her face was painted pure white with 'mpembe,' making her eyes and mouth look very queer. Fastened around her body under her arms she had on at least six skins of animals, some of them resembling young leopards. She wore enough cloth as a skirt to make her look like a ballet dancer, and as she danced these skirts flew around and the feathers flopped about. The dances of these people are all very vile-looking. I could not make out how she twisted her body to make her skirts fly so funny, and the way she stamped her feet was very queer. Her entire body was painted with white, red, and brown mud until she was a sight wonderful to behold. After she had danced about five minutes she stopped. I went over and talked a few minutes to the chief and his crowd, who were watching her, and told them of God, who is the Creator of us all, and how that we should all worship him instead of the moon and these old women. The woman would not stay to hear me,

but the chief listened and did not take his eyes off me while I talked. Then I prayed for them, and we had to pass on."

Other missionaries tell of how they have observed them working in villages which they have visited.

"On my way back to the house in which I was to sleep I heard a rattling noise. I asked the natives who were with me what it was, and they said, 'Weci,' which means witch doctor. I said: 'Let's go and see.' Here is what we saw: A big, fine, healthy-looking man was sitting on his porch, which of course is nothing but the ground with the roof extending over it, treating a woman who was sick. He had been working on her for some time, so I did not get to see all he did to this one; but I did see him treat another one. The woman was sitting upon the ground and leaning against a post close to the man. The only thing I could see wrong with her was a cut just above each knee, made by herself 'to let the pain out.' She doubtless had rheumatism. The doctor had a large gourd about fourteen inches around and about six inches deep, with an opening cut in the top so he could stick his hand in and get out the 'medicine.' This medicine consisted of old pieces of animal skins, small sticks, seeds, nails, pieces of iron, a chain, chicken bones, chicken claws, some large seeds, native bracelets, and all kinds of things imaginable. On his left hand were fastened some rattles made of large dried seeds from the forest still in their shell. These rattles make a harsh sound which can be heard a long way off. He had some larger pieces of skins and feathers and combinations of the two outside his gourd. That was all his equipment.

"He picked up his gourd with all that trash in it and with his rattles on his left hand shook both, murmuring an incantation all the while. Then he opened the door with a quick motion, looked in, picked out something, and gave it to the woman. I thought they did not look in when they drew for the patient, but

this one looked in and selected what he wanted the woman to have. He even took away all the air of mystery about it. He made several selections and gave them to her and kept this up until her two hands were full. The woman smelled the things and returned them to the doctor, who put them all back into the gourd and repeated the same performance several times.

"The other case was that of a young girl. I could not see anything definitely wrong with her, although she did not look very healthy. She sat down close to him, and he gave her a stick with some feathers and a piece of old skin tied to it. She touched all the different parts of her body with it and finished by smelling it. The doctor then went through the same motion as with the older woman, only not so long."

"In preparation for the evening service the evangelist and I made a house-to-house visit. There were many interesting scenes. I shall mention one. It represents the village doctor, the 'medicine man,' at work. His patient is a woman whom I judge to be thirty-five years old. She complains of a pain in the back, in the neck, and in the arms. The doctor places her upon a low stump which stands close by a small tree. She grasps the tree with her right hand. From a gourd which he holds in his left hand the medicine man takes a black mixture and puts it upon various places on the back, neck, and arms of the patient, afterwards putting some of the medicine on the tree which the woman is grasping."

The epidemic of influenza afforded a means of gain to many witch doctors and illustrates some of this people's senseless conduct when sick. From one of the reports we read:

"Beginning with the last week in February, an epidemic of influenza swept our village. In less than a week scores of people were ill, and in the school on the compound, where there were one hundred boys, the disease was raging. The hospital was filled with

sick, and when that overflowed all the convalescent boys were removed from one house to another to make room for others going down daily until every house was full, and every boy in the mission school had the flu with the exception of two. A number of deaths occurred among the natives, one of the most promising and useful young Christians being one of the number.

"A great many native superstitions and customs were seen during this epidemic. One woman, having a temperature of one hundred and four degrees, was given a blanket and told to stay quiet in the house. The next morning when I called I found her sitting on the damp ground just outside the house perfectly nude and with wet millet flour rubbed over her entire body. On her forehead and legs she had cut little gashes from which the blood was oozing, 'to let out the pain,' as she explained. Strange to say, when I called the next day I found her much improved, and she now seems to be entirely well.

"Another interesting event occurred in connection with one of the witch doctors in Wembo-Nyama's village. He had been quite sick himself, but upon sufficient recovery he called together all the people in his part of the village and told them that he had a vision in which his idol had told him to have all the people bring to his house some of their produce or money. He was then to take this to the forest as an offering to the idol, who then would drive the influenza away. But in spite of this the majority of the people contracted the disease, including another one of the witch doctors. When the first witch doctor recovered, he killed a goat and a pig and called together his intimate friends and had a feast in worshiping this idol, who he claims cured him of influenza. This idol, which I have seen, is just a piece of carved wood, the image of a man with cowry shells for eyes. Some little knives and feathers are stuck in the head. This is only one instance where it may be seen how the witch doctors deceive the people and work their evil influence.

Nevertheless, there are evidences of a changing order; many are beginning to ask questions and to suspect their deception."

In many villages each new moon is the occasion of much celebrating and worshiping both of the moon itself and of idols. Celebrations consist of much dancing, yelling, beating of drums, and making other noises, painting and decorating the bodies in weird fashions, and making of sacrifices and praying to their idols. Work is suspended, and numerous queer rules are enforced, such as not allowing the males of goats, hogs, dogs, chickens, and ducks to run at large or even to get out of the houses on these occasions. On the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun, which occurred in our district in 1919, great fear and consternation prevailed, and we were told that many chickens were sacrificed and many people unaccustomed to attending church ran to our church sheds.

There is seldom a village in which there is not much evidence of idolatry and fetishism. Numerous little sheds or houses for idols may be seen everywhere. Sometimes these contain idols and sometimes only old no-account trinkets, broken pots, pieces of glass, horns, skins, gourds, vessels of various concoctions and mixtures, and small amounts of foodstuffs. Frequently posts or poles are carved to suggest human faces and planted about in the villages. Sometimes streaks and daubs of paint and stains substitute for the carving. The African will make an idol or fetish out of most any object he can get, but it generally is something of no value or use. Frequently idols and fetishes are placed on the path leading to and the one leading away from the village. Then if a person having a contagious disease enters the village from either direction these objects or medicines are supposed to protect the villagers against their contracting his disease.

Not only are these objects of worship seen about the streets and houses, but "personal charms" of

greater variety and number adorn the individuals themselves. They are worn around the ankles, waist, wrists, neck, on the forehead, fastened in the hair, or carried in the hands. They are of many varieties, shapes, and sizes, and function in numerous ways, such as protecting life, bringing wealth, protecting from lightning, making the body strong, killing one's enemies, healing diseases, producing good crops, making invisible in battle or hunting, etc.

Among a great quantity of charms and medicines which the people of Wembo-Nyama gave up soon after our missionaries first went among them were two specimens especially interesting. Chief Wembo-Nyama himself described them to the missionaries. One was a stick two feet long with one end flattened and sharpened, the other adorned with the fur of some animal. This was used to stir food with and kept away the evil effects of any poison that the wife may have put in. The second was a roll of cloth with a knot in each end. If the possessor of this killed another man, it would keep him from being caught. The chief said that the owner paid the medicine man eight yards of cloth, four chickens, and one shirt for this charm. A great many people have lost faith in their charms, though often under stress of sickness or misfortune they revert to them.

In writing of his visit to another village, Mr. Stockwell says of the chief: "He sat and talked with us for a long time and listened to what the evangelist had to say; but when I suggested taking his picture he declined, saying that if he had his picture taken he would die." At another place when the service was concluded Mrs. Stockwell tried to give the women some little Bible pictures, but they were afraid of them and ran away from her, believing, as had been told them by the Roman Catholics, that they were bad "medicine."

Mr. Anker had an interesting experience in securing a large idol three feet tall from Chief Wungu, which

he brought to America later. The chief was suspecting that his idol was not doing him much good; so when Mr. Anker asked him one day if he could get an idol like it, the chief replied that he would sell his. However, he was afraid to remove it from its special house himself and told Mr. Anker to send some of our evangelists over to get it. Two young men from our school were sent, but before starting they were asked if they were afraid to go and get it from Wungu's village. They answered: "No, we are not afraid. An idol is not a god, but is only wood." When they arrived at the village, the people told them where the large village idol was to be found, but they said: "If you enter its house, you will never pass out alive." The young men said they had no such fears, and so entered. When they came out with the idol, the people of course were astonished, but concluded that the idol had not warmed up yet, but would exercise its power later on. They predicted that our two men would stumble and fall on the path home and hurt themselves seriously because of the idol's anger. The idol arrived at the mission all right and stood for a month on one of our verandas. Little schoolboys, not long on the mission and still quite superstitious, would sometimes say: "It hasn't any power at all; it lies still when it is put down."

On one occasion the house boys of one of our homes slipped out the missionary's Bible and had it on the floor stepping over it, endeavoring to find the guilty person in a case of stealing. They consider the Bible as very strong medicine, and if any one swore to a lie by stepping over it they would suffer many bad palavers; hence each fellow's denial of the theft was reënforced by his stepping over the Bible. A common method of swearing among these folk is for each party to the oath to place his foot on the ground in front of him and beside the foot of the other party or parties to the oath.

As has already been indicated, the Atetela people

surround themselves with a vast spirit world of innumerable spirits of the departed, spirits of animals, spirits of lightning, of forests, of trees, and other inanimate things of nature, demon spirits, and spirits of the elements. He believes in a kind of future existence, which is sometimes the transmigration of the soul from man to leopard. While his ideas about the future existence of people in general may be very hazy and indefinite, he has very positive and pronounced views concerning the leopard's part in the spirit world and his embodiment of the spirits of some departed human beings. Many of his medicines are used or worn to counteract the hurtful influences of these inhabitants of the spirit world. And any mishap or misfortune is most likely to be attributed to one or more of these spirits, no matter how very evident it may be that the responsibility belongs to human indiscretion or carelessness.

When the exciting news was brought one morning that a leopard had been caught in the trap placed by a missionary, all the natives from far and near quickly gathered to accompany the missionaries to the trap and see the leopard killed. They brought numerous knives, spears, and pieces of old Arab guns to "help kill" the beast. When the missionary had shot him through a hole in the trap, he was dragged out, and all the natives wanted to stick their knives, spears, and sharp sticks into his body to make them strong for killing other animals for their food, such as the leopard often killed for its food. A few days after this incident occurred a man in a near-by village died whom the natives had said "had a leopard." They then said the leopard which was killed belonged to him and that he could not live without his leopard.

At another time a leopard came for several successive nights to our workmen's village, adjoining the mission compound, and killed goats, dogs, ducks, and chickens. The natives came to the missionaries and said that the leopard belonged to the chief of another

village, one of whose wives had run away from him and was then living in our village. They told us that the only way to get rid of the leopard was to send the chief's wife back to him.

Not very far from Wembo-Nyama there lived an old fellow whose name was Dinjangu. He was at the head of a small village which bore his name. Formerly, we were told, this had been a much larger village. This is the story of how it came to be small: "The people believed that Dinjangu created leopards by putting medicine on a stick which caused the stick to change into a young leopard. With plenty of leopards at his command, he is believed to have put medicine on bananas which, when eaten by the leopards, caused them to catch chickens and goats and bring them to him. If a man made trouble with Dinjangu, the leopards would go at night, catch, kill, and eat him. On account of Dinjangu making so many leopards all the people of his village, except his own family, moved to a distant neighborhood."

It is interesting and pitiful to see the efforts the people make to protect themselves from leopards by means of native medicines. It is a frequent thing to find beside the path where it enters a leopard-infested forest a small post driven into the ground. The upper part has been skinned and painted red. The native in passing rubs his hands on this medicine and feels safe from harm by leopards. Variations to the painted stick are often resorted to. A missionary writes: "I have seen two interesting specimens of 'leopard medicine' to-day. One consisted of a pronged stick stuck in the ground, with stalks of corn laid in the prongs. The other consisted of four sticks stuck in the ground in such a way as to represent a leopard's paw; lying on the ground between the sticks were stalks of grass; a little distant was a conical mound of dirt containing two small pieces of wood standing upright."

Near one village a missionary counted five different places where medicine had been placed on a stake or

stob by the side of the path for the purpose of insuring safety from leopards to all persons who would take hold of the stake or rub a foot on the ground by the side of the stobs. At another place was seen two mounds of earth in the middle of the broad path. Each mound was about three feet wide, four feet long, and one foot high, and constantly growing larger by travelers scraping dirt upon it by means of a side sweep of their bare feet in passing. The medicine placed on these spots by some witch doctor in the by-gone days was supposed to act as an insurance policy against leopard seizures to all who properly observed the charm. The belief prevails that a leopard when hard pressed changes into a man and joins in with the hunters who are pursuing him.

We shall now turn our attention to some forms of idolatry, fetishism, and superstition which are not native to the African, but which are seriously threatening to take possession of a big part of the land and which will make it much harder for the people to be reached with the true message of salvation than if they remained only in their native superstitions. I refer to the objects and methods of worship: the wearing of rosaries, crucifixes, and such like; and the teachings and practices of the Roman Catholic Church and their effects upon native life and customs. To the average American unacquainted with real Romanism this may at first appear to be sectarian and too harsh. But the plain facts, as the missionaries on Catholic-ridden mission fields come to know them, warrant the strongest denunciation of the iniquitous teachings and practices of this body of power seekers and idolaters.

Consider first the natives' susceptibility to Romanism. He is very superstitious. It is unquestioned that the African is the most superstitious of earth's peoples. He is ready to believe in almost anything of a superstitious or weird nature. Charms of all kinds are in daily use everywhere, and a foreign charm is much more efficacious than a home-made one. In-

cantations, ceremonies, and rituals have always been his methods of worship, but how much better to substitute the white man's forms for his own crude ones. His own ugly, simple idols of roughly carved posts smeared with paints or stains are esteemed far inferior to the foreign idols of the ingenious white man —Catholic images and pictures of saints, Mary, and Christ. If the tip of a goat's horn, a jackal's tooth, or a piece of snake skin sewed around a small particle of clay serves to ward off demons and diseases or bring success in the pursuit of game, the seeking of a new wife, or the destruction of an enemy, how much more effective will be the working of the white man's charms as the rosary, the crucifix, or a piece of Mary's dress or her picture! Thus to become a Catholic the native does not have to give up his idolatry, he does not have to give up his superstitions, nor does he have to give up his heathenism and sin, for the priests will forgive him of his sins. To become a Protestant he is asked to give up all of these. Catholic numerical success is easily accounted for under such conditions.

Note this statement from "The Triumphs of the Gospel," by Rev. R. D. Bedinger, a Presbyterian missionary of seven years' service in the heart of the Belgian Congo, and whose constant contact with Catholicism there affords him ample knowledge for saying: "We maintain that as a menace to the progress of Christianity Romanism is on a par with Mohammedanism. As related to the Belgian Congo, Islam is an impending peril, while Romanism is an actual, present peril. Only those who come in contact with Rome can appreciate Rome." He further says: "In the consideration of this peril we should sympathetically remember that the priests of the Congo come out under a severe handicap. They are taught from infancy to believe in the infallibility of the pope and to hate us with a bitter hatred. At the beginning of the Congo missions the College of Propaganda at Rome issued this encyclical: 'The heretics

are to be followed up and their efforts harassed and destroyed.' These priests are absolutely subordinate to their superiors. No doubt many of them go out with no individual call, but because sent by a superior, which makes them more or less inefficient. . . . They have had little opportunity to see and understand Protestanism. In view of these facts, we can afford to be charitable and long-suffering. But our sympathy should not blind us to the real nature of Catholicism."

Some of the claims which the Roman Catholic priests often make for themselves and their religion appear ridiculous to an intelligent thinking man, but the ignorant, unsuspecting heathen swallows them whole. We learn from the natives that the priests teach them that God meets the pope in the air above the earth and gives him the rosaries, crucifixes, and pictures of the saints in long, flowing robes; that the pope in turn brings these to earth and sends them to the priests in Congo, and the priests give them out to the natives; that the little pieces of cloth worn by many Catholics tied with strings around their necks are pieces of Mary's dresses which have been supplied the priests to give to the people. Is there any wonder that these various articles are desired as charms?

Another very frequent weapon employed by the priest is the threatening and intimidating of chiefs and people. They frequently claim that they are the government or are one with it, that they own the land, that they make or remove chiefs according to their Catholic inclinations, that they can whip and beat up the people at will if they do not obey them. As the government itself is strongly Catholic, these claims are never challenged by it, and the acts of force committed by priests or their native representatives are seldom if ever punished. Several times when Catholic followers have been converted and wanted to join our Church and mission, they have been harassed, threatened, and persecuted until the poor

fellows would almost be beside themselves. The most frequent argument used upon them is that they will be visited with sure and speedy death or dire calamity for receiving our baptism on top of the Catholic baptism. When they ignore these threats and receive baptism, then they may be offered bribes of various kinds to return to the Catholics. If they do not accept these offers, then they are anathematized and may be persecuted and villified in most pernicious and persistent manners for months and years.

Presents and gifts at times play very important parts in Catholic propaganda, especially where there is or is likely to be a strong Protestant following. A priest will make frequent visits to such places and distribute small gifts to many of the people. Then he begins to draw the net: "I am your friend; I give you gifts. The Protestants are not your friends; they do not give you gifts; they are poor and stingy." Even during the war, while America was subscribing her hundreds of thousands to help Belgian orphans and war victims, Belgian Catholic priests in the Belgian Congo were making numerous gifts to buy people from Protestantism. (This had no connection whatsoever with the Oriental custom, also prevalent in Africa, of exchanging gifts.) I have had many natives approach me and ask: "Are you not going to give us things like the priests give the people who follow them?" The Protestants observe scrupulously the custom of exchanging gifts with chiefs and other prominent persons, but we carefully and conscientiously avoid any semblance of buying followers. We strive and pray to win people to Christ and away from their sins.

The natives tell us that Catholic followers are often baptized after but two or three months' instruction, and then with rosaries or crucifixes around their necks and hatred for Protestant devils filling their hearts are sent away—baptized heathens. Boys and girls and the younger people are the ones most sought after,

and it is not unusual for the complaint to come to us from the older people that "the priests don't care for us because we are not young." Many of the very meanest natives with which I have had to deal in Congo have been those who "stood high in Catholic circles."

The priests instigate their followers to various acts of discourtesy and violence toward our people. Our evangelists are frequently attacked and sometimes badly beaten by Catholic evangelists and converts. As we forbid our evangelists ever to use force or retaliate in such cases, they are left entirely helpless in the others' hands. To retaliate would result in the case being taken by the priests to the government, and the heaping of still greater injustices upon our man by a Catholic-domineered official. In outlying villages our services, even when missionaries themselves are conducting them, are frequently all but broken up by Catholic adherents of those neighborhoods, who will gather very close to where our services are being held and begin loudly and rapidly to repeat their chants. Thus we have been literally drowned out numerous times. I have known them to leave their regular places of worship in order to get near a group of worshiping Protestants and then send forth such a volume of noise that the others could hear nothing or but very little of their own service. No matter what time we may have our services, the Catholics are always ready to have one at the same time and place. At times chiefs are either bribed or terrified into actually interfering in our services and driving our followers from their worship in the churches. The priests who thus instigate the chiefs know full well that this is a direct breaking of the law of the land and the treaty by which the land is held, but it seems that they care little for the law of man or God so long as their power-seeking ends are attained.

What is the personal attitude and conduct of Cath-

olic priest and Protestant missionary toward each other? The Protestants try to be friendly, courteous, patient in all relations with the Catholics, though often, under the stress of great aggravation and injustice, it is a bit difficult to do. We observe, or rather try to observe, the custom of the country for the newcomer or passer-by to call on the resident. When our missionaries first arrived at Wembo-Nyama, Dr. Mumpower, as superintendent, wrote to the Catholic mission, located about ten miles away, tendering them his professional services if they should ever need them, since they had no doctor, and inquiring when it would be convenient for them to receive our call. They wrote back briefly thanking him for the offer of his services in case of sickness, and stated in reference to our calling that they "could not receive us for fear of scandalizing their native Christians." They never call upon us save when circumstances practically force them to do so. I know of two such calls in the history of our mission. On a third occasion when all our missionaries were away from Lubefu station the Catholic priest came up and carefully looked over the mission, inspecting the buildings, etc. In the presence of the natives we are referred to as Protestant devils and called evil men, liars, and adulterers. Our characters are vilified in the most vicious and loathsome methods.

Once it was decided that Mr. Anker and myself should make an itinerating trip of two or three weeks to the east of us, starting from Lubefu. I was living alone at Lubefu at that time, and it was necessary for another missionary from Wembo-Nyama to come down and look after my station while we were gone. Mr. Stilz was to do this. He and Mr. Anker were going to leave Wembo-Nyama on Friday morning and arrive at Lubefu Saturday noon, but he became sick with fever, and the trip had to be deferred. I did not find this out until late Friday evening and could not let my workmen know until Saturday morning. On

Friday morning I had told them of the intended trip and instructed them to come Monday morning prepared to start. When they returned to their villages Friday afternoon, this word was scattered out, so that the Catholic followers heard about it, and when their workmen went to their work at the Catholic mission on Saturday morning they told the priests. On Sunday morning one of the priests left their mission with a caravan of his men, heading for the same country and places we were intending to visit. The idea was to keep a bit ahead of us, warning and bribing both people and chiefs not to receive us or have anything to do with us because we were evil men. The Catholics have been known to thus harass and hinder Presbyterian missionaries on similar trips for as long as twenty-eight consecutive days, working together by twos, so that one man could go ahead very early each morning to the next village and secure the "guest house," the only partly decent house in each village that a white man can find in which to stay, and thus forced the Protestant to occupy the filthy hovel of an ordinary native. Thus the encyclical quoted above, "The heretics are to be followed up and their efforts harassed and destroyed," is being fully and literally acted upon throughout this dark land. This is Romanism pure, unpretentious, uncloaked, and to which the curse of superstition and fear, the curse of ignorance and witchcraft, the curse of degradation and immorality, the curse of suffering and disease are added ills. And the priest teaches that such ills are insignificant compared to the "curse of Protestantism."

### Reflections.

1. Describe the natives' religion. What two words summarize their religion?
2. What differentiates Africa from the Orient in the kinds of religious beliefs?
3. What is their conception of God?
4. Describe a native witch doctor.

5. Give examples of idolatry and fetishism.

6. What spirit beliefs do they connect with leopards?

7. Describe the curse of Romanism.

### Meditation.

Will the native ever find righteousness and peace through his charms and superstitious idolatry? Does Roman Catholicism bring him any nearer to God? "By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? . . . The corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." "Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheeps' clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves."

### Prayer.

Our Father, bless thy ambassadors, who to-day labor in the far and needy places of the world, and especially of our mission in the Congo. "We remember with humble thanks those who have gladly died to make us free; may we with no less resolution forsake all soft living, bear the cross, endure the shame," and fight the fight for victory in the name of Him who came to make men free. Amen.

## CHAPTER VII.

*METHODIST BEGINNINGS IN CONGO.*

WHEN the General Conference of undivided Methodism met in Philadelphia in 1832, the missionary society had not been long organized. During the year preceding this General Conference missionary interest and giving had very largely increased, due in a large measure to the new plans for work among the Indians of the West. The Church felt, too, that it was time to begin work in the fields abroad, especially Africa, Mexico, and South America, and accordingly plans were made to investigate these fields. The story of our first missionary to Africa is told in the "Leader's Supplement to the Yearbook, 1919" of the Junior Missionary Society as follows: "Attending this General Conference of 1832 there was a man named Melville Cox, a native of Maine, and at that time a preacher in Raleigh, N. C. He was present as a reserve delegate to the General Conference and was greatly stirred by the call to enter upon these new fields of service. Because of his presence the meeting came to be one long remembered, for it was then that Melville Cox offered himself to go as a missionary to Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. This offer was accepted, because he was a man especially fitted in mind and heart for the great task of being the first representative of the Methodist Church in a far-away land. The General Conference was greatly stirred by this heroic act, and he was given his appointment by Bishop McKendree. Upon receiving his appointment Mr. Cox said these words: 'At present I am at peace. Death looks pleasant to me, life looks pleasant to me, labor and suffering look pleasant to me, and last, though not least, Liberia looks pleasant to me. I see—I think I see—resting on Africa the light and cloud of heaven.' And

so it was that in March, 1833, our first foreign missionary arrived in Liberia. Because of the hardships and the trying climate he died in less than five months after his arrival. During that short time, however, he organized a Church and planned three missions and an academy in Monrovia. Before he died he requested that on his tombstone should be written this epitaph: 'Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up.'"

This was the interesting and stirring beginning of Methodism in Africa, but it was not until eighty years later that the beginning of Methodism in the Congo section of Africa was made. When our Church divided, about eleven years after Cox went to Africa, the Methodist Episcopal Church took over the work he had opened, and it was not until 1910 that the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, determined to begin a mission in Africa. To Bishop W. R. Lambuth was given the privilege of exploring for a location and pioneering the way. For years, while Secretary of the Board of Missions, he had set his eyes longingly toward "The Dark Continent" and sought to turn the missionary thought of the Church in that direction. Even back in the nineties he had sent out a "call for missionary volunteers to go to Africa with him as soon as a way could be opened up."

Writing of his trip to find a location for our mission, Bishop Lambuth says:

"Prof. John Wesley Gilbert, of Paine College, Augusta, Ga., a representative of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, desired to make the journey with me, since he had offered himself to his Church and to ours as a missionary. He met me in London, where we secured an outfit consisting of pith helmets, khaki suits, walking shoes, leggings, mosquito boots, barometer, compass, medicine chest of tabloids, etc. We sailed from Antwerp, Belgium, on Saturday, October 14, and arrived at Matadi, at the head of navigation on the Lower Congo, on Sunday, November 5, 1911.

"On Monday we began a railway journey of two days to Stanley Pool, thus passing quickly through the zone which was so trying to missionaries in the early years. After ten days at the Pool waiting for a boat, we resumed our journey into the interior by way of the Congo, Kasai, and Lulua Rivers and arrived at Luebo, the center of the Presbyterian work, on the 7th of December.

"On the 22d of the month we started from Luebo overland on our tour of exploration with sixty carriers, who bore our tent, hammocks, provisions, cloth, salt, medicine chest, typewriter, etc. Our pocketbook consisted of sixteen sacks of salt and many bales of cloth, money being of no value in the remote interior. For three days we were blocked because of our inability to secure more than forty carriers. After an appeal by Dr. Morrison the ruling elder and leading evangelist of three hundred teachers and evangelists volunteered to go with us and twenty-two members of the Presbyterian Church, one of whom was a converted cannibal.

"Our caravan stretched half a mile along the trail, Professor Gilbert at the head of the column, and I myself bringing up the rear to prevent stragglers from running away or falling into the hands of the savages. There were sections through which our men would not go alone, and we passed through two villages at war with each other, thirty-four having been killed on one side and nine on the other.

"On our entire journey we crossed many rivers and streams, waded through swamps, met fifty chiefs, visited two hundred villages, treated four hundred patients, camped in a number of cannibal villages, were exposed to African fever, bitten a number of times by the tsetse fly while on the lower river; but by the goodness and mercy of God we escaped all these dangers and, penetrating to the heart of the Batatela country, arrived at the village of the great Chief Wembo-Nyama on Thursday, February 1, 1912.

At first the chief, who was the largest man we met in all our travels, was distant and suspicious, but suddenly his whole demeanor changed. He could not conceal his joy. He had discovered a long-lost friend in Mudimbe, the evangelist, whom he had not seen for nearly twenty years and whose father was also a chief and had been shot down in a wild raid upon his village. Then our converted cannibal cook turned out to be another friend of his boyhood days. The chief had assigned us to an indifferent house on the side of the street. He now took us to his own house and, ordering his servants to bring out the biggest goat in the village, two baskets of rice, one of yams, and an abundance of fruit, made us at home. We remained four days, and at his urgent request to return we determined to open the mission in or near his village, believing the hand of God had shaped our course and raised up a friend.

"Upon leaving the chief, Wembo-Nyama, we promised him to return, if possible, within eighteen months. He said he would be cutting notches in a stick, one notch for each moon, until the eighteenth notch had been reached, when he would expect our shadows to fall on the ground at the full moon by the side of his shadow."

That the determination to locate our mission near the village of Wembo-Nyama was wisely made cannot be questioned. That the selection was the result of earnest prayer is a matter of record. The Presbyterian missionaries near by had been praying for eighteen years that our Church would come into the adjoining territory to theirs and open a mission. Many in our own Church at home were earnestly praying for Bishop Lambuth and Professor Gilbert while they were in Africa, that they might be guided in their great undertaking to find a suitable place for our beginning. When Bishop Lambuth and his party had left the bounds of the Presbyterian territory and were plunging into the new, unoccupied fields, the

Bishop would ask in prayer at the end of each day's march, "Is this the place?" and had daily received the answer, "Not yet," until he reached the large village of Wembo-Nyama, where they remained for four days. During that time circumstances and the Spirit of God seemed so convincing that God's choice had been revealed that the Bishop determined to return to America immediately and lead back the missionaries with which to begin the mission.

Wembo-Nyama, which is thus called after its chief, though its real and older name is Mibangu, is located a little to the southeast in the territory of the Otetela tribe. It is about four degrees southeast of the equator and is nearly midway between the east and west coasts of Africa. Its elevation is about eighteen hundred feet above the sea level. While there is malaria and some sleeping sickness in the locality, it may be said to have very little in comparison with other sections. Other conditions of health are excellent. The nights are cool, always requiring cover. The water supply is very satisfactory and safe, and there are many native foods that are edible for the white man, often quite palatable, as well as abundant.

The Belgian Congo, in which our mission is located, is one of the political divisions of Africa. Until 1908 it was known as the "Congo Free State," but in that year it was taken over by Belgium as a colony and officially called "Congo Belge." "It lies in the west central part of the continent and is drained by the Congo River and its tributaries. Its maximum length north and south is 1,250 miles, its breadth 1,250 miles, its area over 900,000 square miles. Immense as it is, it has but fifty miles of coast line. Within this vast area are gathered about thirteen million inhabitants, all belonging to that part of the black race called Bantu, but broken up into tribes speaking over one hundred languages and dialects. The known history of the Congo begins practically with the explorations of Henry M. Stanley. On his second journey

*1. Church and Congregation. 2. Group of Converts on Day of Their Baptism. 3. A Native Evangelist at Work. 4. Out for a Ride. A means of transportation in mission station.*

*Manual Training.*

*Bishop Lambuth and Our First Missionaries Holding a Service.*

he explored the entire Congo River. This was the famous 999-day journey, justly considered one of the greatest achievements in African exploration."

"The colony is presided over by a governor general, appointed by the king. There are five provinces, over each of which is a vice governor general. The provinces are subdivided into districts, with commissioners (commissaires) as chief officers, the districts into territories with administrators (administrateurs) as their chief officers. All these officials are Europeans, white men; only in the villages is any kind of government intrusted to the native black man, and that under the supervision of the Belgian officials. The chief of the village occupies his position by right of heredity, but the government reserves the power to remove any chief if his conduct and administration are unsatisfactory."

The great central section of Africa, of which the Congo Belge is a large part, has been called the "zone of pagan supremacy" and has "the largest area of pagan barbarism to be found in the world." There are about forty million natives in this section. Writing of it Mr. Patton says: "Yes, it is real Africa, because it is the black man's Africa. The white man is not tempted to linger in these parts. Aside from the uplands of the east coast and the table-land of Angola, climatic conditions render colonization from Europe undesirable, if not impossible. There will always be government officials, plantation overseers, and of course missionaries, who will be able to maintain themselves by the aid of frequent furloughs and rigid attention to health; but so far as white people generally are concerned, over Congo valley and the lake country God has hung the sign, 'Keep out.' This much, at least, of the earth's surface is to be the undisputed abode of the dusky members of the race."*

And speaking generally of the people of that section,

*"The Lure of Africa," page 138.

the same author says: "Scientists would not class these people as savages, but as barbarians, since they use tools forged from native ore. At some time in remote history they took one step toward civilization and then stopped. Not a village, not a tribe has a literature of its own or even an alphabet. You are surprised to find the people kindly disposed. They bring you gifts of manioc, yams, and bananas. It is much in your favor that you come from the mission station, since these people long ago learned the difference between a missionary and a trader. By their deepest nature they are law-abiding, inoffensive, and friendly, stirred to anger only when fearing war or when treated with injustice."* It is in the very center of these people and this section that the tribe in which our mission has been organized is located.

When Bishop Lambuth returned to America, he found three missionaries and their wives ready to enter upon the great privilege of our Church in helping to make Christ known to these pagan peoples. They were Dr. D. L. Mumpower, a physician, and Mrs. Mumpower, a trained nurse, both of Missouri; the Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Bush, preacher and teacher; and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stockwell, of Louisiana. Mr. Stockwell was to be the head carpenter, builder, and agriculturist. These sailed for Belgium on August 28, 1913, and there for two months they studied French, which is the official language of Congo Belge.

Soon after reaching America official duties had taken Bishop Lambuth to South America, where he was detained for several months. Realizing that it would be impossible to get back to Wembo-Nyama by the eighteenth moon, Bishop Lambuth wrote to the Rev. Motte Martin, of Luebo, and asked him to send messengers to the chief telling him of his unavoidable delay and promising him to get there by the twenty-fourth moon. Four men were sent, who walked one

*"The Lure of Africa," page 141.

thousand miles, five hundred each way, and were welcomed by Wembo-Nyama, who loaded them with presents of food and a piece of cloth each and then gave them his spear, saying: "Present this to Kabengele (Bishop Lambuth) as a guarantee of protection when he comes with his people."

On November 8, 1913, there sailed from Antwerp, Belgium, for the Congo Bishop Lambuth, the three missionaries and their wives, little Mary Elizabeth Mumpower, the Rev. J. T. Mangum, who was to be Bishop Lambuth's assistant for the trip, and Dr. W. M. Morrison, the great leader of the Presbyterian Mission at Luebo. They reached Matadi in three weeks and went by rail from there to Stanley Pool, where they found the steamer Lapsley, of the Presbyterian Mission, waiting for them to take them to Luebo, the center of the Presbyterian Mission, nine hundred miles farther inland.

The trip from Europe to Stanley Pool is not without interest in itself. The first glimpse of Africa is generally at Daker, away up on the west coast. It looks very different from everyday America. The chief points of difference are the many blacks with long, loose strips of cloth wrapped about their bodies serving as clothes, the white people all dressed in white and wearing pith helmets to protect them from the sun, palm trees everywhere, and the low, level land. From Banana, at the mouth of the Congo River, to Matadi, at the foot of the great Congo Rapids, a distance of about one hundred miles, the ocean-going steamers "wind their way through charted channels up this wonderful river." The most noticeable things in this distance are the innumerable palms and islands of palms, the peculiar greenish yellow of the water, the great width of the river, and the great whirlpool between two gigantic rock cliffs in a bend in the river. At Matadi the river navigation ceases on account of the rapids and cataracts which extend for about two hundred and fifty miles to Stanley Pool.

To-day this journey is made on a small narrow-guage railroad, which takes two days for the two hundred and fifty miles. There are first-, second-, and third-class accommodations on the trains, the coaches of the first and second classes carrying only from eight to twelve people each. The passengers may be divided "according to class" as follows: Roman Catholic priests and government officials, first class; traders and missionaries, second class; natives, third class. The first-class rates are prohibitive save to the "specially privileged." Food for the two days must be provided by the individual passengers. There is a midway point where the train and passengers spend the night in fairly comfortable though rather expensive quarters. Before the railroad was built this journey had to be made on foot at great expense as well as terrible risk to health and life.

The trip up river on the river steamers is very interesting to the new arrivals, though somewhat tedious to the old-timers. The different types of native huts, villages, clothing, and personal adornments of the various tribes passed along the way; the herds of game, including various kinds of antelopes, buffaloes, and elephants seen from time to time on the banks; the huge hippopotami rising out of the water; the lazy, sleeping crocodiles on the sand bars; the swarms of monkeys swinging and jumping in the forest trees; the droves of screaming parrots flying overhead—all are intensely interesting to the uninitiated who is getting his first taste of Africa. Even the natives of the boat crew with their camp fires on the banks at night, where they prepare their food and sleep in the open, the method of handling the boat, the daily loading on of the many cords of firewood for the boilers, the limited varieties and preparation of the passengers' food are none without more or less interest on the first two or three trips.

As the beginner enters Africa there are many "do's and don'ts" which the old-timers give him. If he con-

scientiously tries to do all he is told, he finds himself developing eternal vigilance as a sort of second nature. During the day he must keep in a kind of St. Vitus's dance to keep off the tsetse flies, which carry the germs of sleeping sickness. He must not become exposed to the direct rays of the sun without his helmet on, or the sun's rays may give him a dangerous sort of brain fever, peculiar to those whose bare heads are exposed to the rays of the tropical sun sometimes for even a few seconds. He must not drink water until it has been boiled twenty minutes and then filtered. He must be careful to keep out of a draught of wind if he is the slightest bit damp with perspiration. He cannot go into his cabin, as the sun's rays upon the metal roof have so heated it up as to make it unbearable. Out on deck he is kept moving from side to side as the boat turns in the bends of the river trying to get as far as possible from the sun's heat and rays. At night he must see that the mosquito net is carefully tucked in around his cot, and he must lie straight in his narrow berth, not rolling over to the side so that any of his body touches the net. He must take quinine in such quantities as almost to be said to eat it. He must often take medicine of a purgative nature. He must "steel" his stomach so as to be able to scoop the numerous bugs out of his food and then eat it anyhow. He must not let his bare foot touch the ground, or he will get it full of jiggers. He must keep carefully out of the way of numerous wild animals which are fond of choice morsels. He must not get into the waters of the streams, or the crocodiles will get him. He must keep an eagle's eye on his belongings, or the natives will relieve him of their possession. He must cultivate great patience, for it is as necessary as fresh air. In other words, he must be wiser than a serpent, more harmless than a dove, more watchful than an eagle, more patient than Job, bolder than a lion, keener than a razor, and more capable than Aladdin's lamp.

After about three weeks on the steamer Lapsley,

our party arrived at Luebo. Of their reception at that place, Bishop Lambuth writes: "The welcome to Dr. Morrison and our party was a royal one. Nearly fifteen hundred people, including the missionaries of the station, were gathered on the river bank to greet us. As we steamed up to the landing place 'Trust and Obey' was started by our crew of sixty men, while from the shore 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' came floating back from the throats of over one thousand native converts. It was a scene and an hour rare in the annals of missions and one never to be forgotten."

The American Presbyterian Congo Mission (A. P. C. M.) is one of the three great missions of Africa, judged either by the size or the quality of the work being done. The largest Presbyterian Church in the world, numerically, is their Church at Luebo, in the heart of Africa. In the thirtieth year of their mission's history we find these figures: Native evangelists, 689; mission stations, 6; outstations, 523; organized Churches, 10; communicants, 19,206. In addition to these figures, there are about five hundred day schools with pupils numbering many thousands, Sunday schools with some thirty thousand scholars, and Christian communities totaling well over seventy-five thousand. Every morning at sunrise fifty thousand natives gather in their various churches for early morning worship and prayer. Some of our missionaries, writing of that work at Luebo, said: "O, if the people back home could only see the awful ignorance and sin of these children of darkness and then witness the wonderful change that the power of the gospel works in their lives, they would be willing to bring all the tithe into God's storehouse of missions and lay down their lives as a reasonable sacrifice at the feet of Christ. When we heard little children in the day and Sunday schools repeat entire chapters of God's Word, we blushed to think how they put the children of enlightened America to shame." "Our stay at Luebo has been both enjoyable and

profitable. We have been shown the greatest hospitality by the missionaries and have been given every possible help. We have seen what God has wrought among this people, and our faith is strengthened thereby. Through all the work the spiritual is pre-eminent. One can see it among the workmen and in the school as well as in the Church." We cannot but marvel as we learn of incident upon incident of their native converts standing steadfast and unmovable in the midst of great persecutions and severe testings, and our hearts are mightily stirred as we hear of their "secret paths to places of prayer in the forest."

Our first party spent about a week at Luebo, and, in addition to the generous bestowal of courtesies and time, our Presbyterian friends gave them very great assistance in many practical ways. Besides the supply of a ton of salt, much cloth, some school supplies, and provisions, they gave them two of their best evangelists and eleven of their Church members, all belonging to and speaking the language of the Otetela, the tribe among which our mission was to be established. Again embarking upon the Lapsley, they steamed nearly five hundred miles, going down the Lulua and Kasai Rivers and up the Sankuru to Lusambo, another of the Presbyterian stations, which is the closest one to our tribe. Here they were welcomed and entertained by the Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon and the Rev. R. D. Bedinger.

Lusambo proper is the seat of a large interior government post and boasts a branch of the Congo bank and a number of European magazines (storehouses) and in normal times a white population of nearly one hundred. The Presbyterian Mission station is about two miles up river from Lusambo proper. This A. P. C. M. station has played a most vital part in the history of our mission from the very beginning. All our missionaries go to Lusambo to begin the overland journey to our field. On their return to America they go back to Lusambo to catch the river steamer,

waiting there from one to four weeks for the steamer's arrival. Without the hospitality and entertainment of this station great hardship would be worked on our missionaries. All our supplies are received from the steamers by this station, stored until the arrival of our caravans, and then dispatched by them to us. All our mail comes to us through their hands, thus reaching us quicker and safer than it could otherwise. Almost every week one from that station has to go in person or send some of their workmen the two miles or more to some of the stores to secure for our mission some needed article to be sent us by our weekly mail courier. When we need money, they go down to the bank and get our drafts cashed for us. Without them our mission would many times have been subjected to inconvenience, embarrassment, or even loss.

After a few days' stay at Lusambo, during which two hundred men were secured for the caravan, Bishop Lambuth and the others were ready to begin the last lap of their long journey, the overland walk to the village of Wembo-Nyama. Mr. Bedinger kindly consented to go with them and rendered valuable assistance as interpreter and in handling the huge caravan, which numbered in all two hundred and thirty-five men, women, and children. The hugeness of the caravan made traveling very slow, and thirteen traveling days were necessary to cover the one hundred and sixty-five miles from Lusambo to Wembo-Nyama by way of Lubefu. (There is a shorter route which does not touch Lubefu, but it is not ordinarily used.) When traveling an average of from five to six hours per day, five days are the time required from Lusambo to Lubefu and two more from Lubefu to Wembo-Nyama. The path lies through dense forests—made almost impassible by innumerable roots, fallen trees, and deep ravines—across wide plains covered with grass as high as one's shoulders or head, over many long, tendious hills, across big streams and little

streams, some of which are forded, the missionaries either riding in their hammocks or on the backs or shoulders of the natives. Other streams are crossed over on ragged, rotten stick bridges, where great care must be exercised lest one fall through a hole or else make a new hole by stepping on some rotten stick; while still others are crossed over on suspension vine bridges, which appear a bit scary at first, though they are quite safe.

It is on this journey that the missionaries usually get their native names, by which they are always called among the natives, for none of them are called by their English surnames. The African does not use surnames, nor does he use "good English names." Some of the names of our missionaries are Talatala (Mr. Stilz), Lupemba (Mr. Anker), Mama Okoko (Mrs. Stockwell), Mama Dembo (Mrs. Shadel), Weci (Dr. Mumpower), Mama Nkeci (Miss Wilson), etc. Sometimes these names are suggested to the natives by some physical characteristic, sometimes it is something worn by the missionary, sometimes it is a single act, or again it may be some habit or mannerism. Then again a name may be given without any apparent reason whatsoever, but just accidentally "stuck on" by one of the caravan or hammock men. Of the above names Talatala means glass or glasses (Mr. Stilz wears glasses); Lupemba means something about white sand (Mr. Anker is a decided blond); Okoko means sheep (why it was given to Mrs. Stockwell we do not know); Dembo means flower (Mrs. Shadel showed great interest in the little wild flowers along the way); Weci is doctor, or native medicine man; Nkeci means love (Miss Wilson's tenderness, kindness, and sunny nature well merit such a recognition, but she came by her name the second day on the path when Miss Woolsey, now Mrs. Shadel, put her arm around her and told the natives near by that she loved her).

At Lubefu the first party were met by Chief

Wembo-Nyama, who had come this far from his own village to greet them. He then hurried on back to his own village that he might have everything ready to receive the Bishop and his party when they arrived. Writing back, one of those present said: "When we arrived, he turned over his home to us to remain in as long as might be necessary. He has allowed us free use of his veranda to hold our services in. On one occasion he sent one hundred and thirty women and forty-eight men to assist in clearing the concession. He has made good every promise made to Bishop Lambuth two years ago, and he has displayed a great desire to become acquainted with our message, promising to put up a church and school close to his own house."

In going from Lusambo to our mission station at Wembo-Nyama the path leads through the middle of the large village of Chief Wembo-Nyama. The welcome that is accorded new missionaries or old ones returning from their furlough by the people of this village as they are passing through it is one of the unforgetables of African experiences and difficult to relate on paper. A missionary has written of it thus: "I do wish I could describe our entrance into Wembo-Nyama. But I can by no means do it justice. Of course the news had been sent by the telegraph drum that we were coming, so that the people from the village and the mission boys and men and women came several miles down the path to meet us. The path was through high grass and corn, but that did not stop them; they fell over each other in trying to get a sight of Lokadi with Mama Okoko and their new baby and the three new mamas who have no husbands. (That is a very strange thing to them, and they sometimes sang about it.) I am sure I said 'muoyo' a thousand times that morning. There were hundreds of people following us, and such a racket is entirely beyond my power to describe. It seemed that every one was talking and laughing at once as loud as he

could; added to that was the noise of drums beating, horns blowing, rattles shaking, and one foreign dog barking (native dogs were there, but they seldom bark). The hammock men could hardly walk because of the people who knew the Stockwells running in between the hammocks to shake hands with them. Well, we went along, with the crowd swarming around us like bees and increasing all the time, until we got nearly to the mission, and then Mr. Anker had us to stop that he might get a picture of us."

Reference is frequently made to the hammocks and the hammock men. The hammocks are generally made either of canvas or woven of split vines. They are attached to bamboo or other light poles about twelve feet long, leaving about two feet of the poles at each end free. The hammocks are carried by natives, one at each end of the pole. Four to six others trot along close by. These have already had their turn at carrying or are awaiting it. Each couple will carry from one to two hours, going in a little trot and making five miles an hour where the path is good. While carrying they will sing various of their hammock songs or will follow the tunes, but vary the words according to the occasion. Praises of themselves, of their village and chief, of their tribe, or of their white leader are the subjects of their songs. One individual will sing the improvised verses, while the others all hum the tune, and then all will join in on the chorus. Here is the translation of one of their "free verses": "Mamas have walked far. They came from a foreign country far away. Mama Dembo and Mama Okoko are wearing pantaloons [riding breeches as used by many lady travelers in Africa]. Mama Okoko has a child. The three new Mamas have no husbands [a very strange thing to the Africans]. Bring things to sell."

Hammocks and hammock men are very essential parts of a traveling outfit in much of Central Africa. It is very necessary for white men, natives of a tem-

perate zone, to guard against undue effort in or exposure to the rays of a tropical sun. Of course railroads are very scarce and far between. Horses and trek oxen are impossible in many sections because of the sleeping sickness. Pushcarts and bicycles generally are impracticable on account of the character of the average paths. There remain only riding in the hammock and walking on foot. The wise missionary who values himself for the work's sake will not wear himself out walking when the path is good enough to ride in the hammock. There are many places where the hammock is impracticable or even all but impossible. In such places he always walks, unless very sick. Also where the path is uphill or very crooked in high grass or through deep, soft sand the missionary usually walks, even though his natives will urge him to remain in the hammock. If he should walk on entering a village or in the presence of a large number of outside natives, even though the path may not be good, he may greatly humiliate and vex his men.

Throughout Southern Methodism the name of Chief Wembo-Nyama is perhaps better known than that of any of the missionaries who have gone to his people. He is spoken of as being the Great Chief and is considered as the head of the Otetela tribe. This is a natural mistake to have fallen into. As a matter of fact, however, Wembo-Nyama is chief only of one large village and several small near-by ones. The State reckons the number of his people as three thousand. Formerly he was chief of many more villages, but years ago he was reduced by the government to his present standing. There are many other Otetela chiefs greater than Wembo-Nyama, some of them having five times as many people as he has.

"Wembo-Nyama is a large man, about six feet and two inches in height and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Unlike most Africans, he has a light brown skin. He is between fifty and sixty years old, though one of our boys said he must be about

five hundred years old. They know nothing about time, and this boy thought that because he had twenty-four wives and twenty-six children he had lived a long time. His upper front teeth have been knocked out and the lower ones filed to a point. This is one of the tribal customs for beautifying the looks. He is minus a toe, which he says he lost in battle. He has several changes of clothes. One time he comes to see us with only a cloth around his body, reaching from his waist to his ankles. Another time he is dressed like a soldier and still another time in civilian clothes. Occasionally he wears shoes, which were given to him by Bishop Lambuth and which seem to be about size fourteen. He always has his followers, a servant, a headman, a son or two, several wives, and the village musicians. He is a chief, you know, and never works. He does not even fill and light his own pipe to smoke."

Wembo-Nyama is not a Christian, and there is not much likelihood that he will ever be. The step would involve the giving up of his many wives save one and of his avaricious heart. However, he has been a friend to the mission in many ways, though his motives have not always been altruistic. There have been times when he has been a great problem as well as great trial to us, and sometimes we have even had to virtually "sever relations" with him. Sooner or later he would come around and want a favor or seek a gift. His professions of friendship for Bishop Lambuth have been constant and profuse all these years, and he is not backward in seeking to turn to his greatest advantage that friendship. Below is a literal translation of a letter dictated by Wembo-Nyama and sent by him to Bishop Lambuth (whose native name is Kabengele) by the last missionaries who returned to America:

*My Friend Kabengele:* Let your chief of America [Woodrow Wilson] send me things—a water pitcher and dishes and pans and cups, all good things. The chief of America, let him send me the things I like and also the things wanted here by the Atetela. Let him send me a letter through his children living with me. And, too, I want many of his people to come here. Then also send me a coat, good to dress up in, and shoes and pants and a bed. Why do you not send me things here? My friend Kabengele, come over here quickly to see this village.

Great Chief of America and Kabengele, many greetings to you. Weci [Dr. Mumpower] and Mama Kote [Mrs. Mumpower], many greetings to you from me. CHIEF WEMBO-NYAMA.

By comparison, our Atetela people may be classed quite high. They are strong, vigorous, well developed, 300,000 or more in number, and are reputed to have been great warriors and never conquered save by the white man. Though once cannibals, to-day cannibalism has been wiped out among them, and they make the impression of being a very friendly and peace-loving people, open to the influences of Christianity and the gospel. Dr. W. M. Morrison, of the Presbyterians, after spending two weeks among them, wrote of them thus: "I must say that these Batetela are a wonderful people. What splendid villages! I have seen nothing like them in all the Congo." Dr. Morrison calls them Batetela, and throughout our Church they are known as Batetela. However, their correct name is Atetela, and their language is the Otetela language. This is what they call themselves and their language. A single individual is an Otetela, and many are Atetela. It is easy to understand how they have been so generally called Batetela, which is the Buluba name for our tribe. The Buluba is the language used by the Presbyterians in their mission. Thus it was through them and our close contact with them in the beginning of our mission that this error has been made.

Our first party arrived at Wembo-Nyama the day before the twenty-fourth moon and were entertained

the first night by the chief in his own house. This was Friday, January 30, 1914. The next day they moved out to the "State guest house," built by the natives in all large villages and many smaller ones for use of passing white men. This one was located on the outskirts of the village on the side toward the site of our mission and made a very convenient camping place for our people until the first houses were constructed on the mission compound. Just three weeks after the last family of our missionaries had moved from this house to the temporary dwellings erected on the mission compound a terrific storm laid it low, tearing it to pieces. But for the guiding and protecting hand of the Heavenly Father this storm might have left us without a living missionary on the field ere the mission was half a year old.

The first work was done on the compound on February 2, when the concession was staked off and places for the missionaries' dwellings, the church shed, and the hospital determined. The formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission was effected on February 6, 1914, with Bishop Lambuth presiding, and a few days later Dr. Mumpower and Mr. Stockwell were granted local preacher's licenses. On February 12 Bishop Lambuth organized our first Church, with the Rev. C. C. Bush pastor in charge, Dr. Mumpower and Mr. Stockwell local preachers, and Mudimbi and Lufaka native evangelists. The membership was composed of missionaries, 3; missionaries' wives, 3; native evangelists, 2; native members, 13—making a total of 21. Even before the construction of the buildings to be used by them had hardly more than begun, a school, a clinic, and evangelistic services were already under way.

The first great task that faced our missionaries was that of learning and reducing the language to writing. Until a common medium of speech was established very little other work could be done except through

the two native evangelists and in the industrial department. During the first twelve months Dr. and Mrs. Mumpower and the Rev. and Mrs. Bush were able to give a large part of their time to the study of the language and cannot be too highly commended for the very excellent work they did. Many of the foundation principles of the language were learned and a fair-sized vocabulary collected. In the language work of this first year very useful assistance was rendered by Mudimbi, the leading evangelist, who came from Luebo. Being an Otetela, but having lived many years at Luebo and therefore knowing the Buluba even better than he did the Otetela, he was able to do quite a bit of translating from the Buluba passages of Scripture and song books of the Presbyterians. He also knew a little English, and thus often helped the missionaries to arrive much quicker at the meaning of Otetela words and phrases.

During these early months of the mission's history no busier man could hardly have been found anywhere than was Mr. Stockwell. Dwellings, kitchens, storerooms, church and school sheds, carpenter sheds, tool houses, and hospital buildings all had to be erected, and he was the man upon whom the burden of their construction fell. To have had to build them using only trained native workers would have been a huge task, but to have had to undertake the job with raw savage workmen who knew nothing of the white man's standards of efficiency and accuracy was the taxing of one's patience, resources, and perseverance such as only those who have had similar experiences can appreciate.

Thus was the beginning of our Southern Methodist Mission in Africa. Of it Cornelius H. Patton says: "This is the latest enterprise to be started in the Congo basin; but the prospects are for large and speedy returns." And the *Kasai Herald,* published at Luebo, in its issue of April 1, 1914, makes this comment: "Perhaps no other mission ever began under

more favorable auspices or had greater encouragement at the beginning than this mission of our Methodist brethren." The task ahead of the mission is aptly set forth in the "Lure of Africa" thus: "Africa is differentiated from the other leading mission fields by the fact that her missionaries must be builders of civilization. In lands like Persia, Japan, India, and China the missionaries deal with a culture and a literature older than our own. Their problem is to vitalize and improve. In Africa their task is to build society from the ground up. They must reduce the language to written forms, they must teach the arts and trades, they must establish social customs and institutions, they must formulate a moral code, and they must do all this in ways adapted to the African's nature. Their problem is the creation of a Christian African civilization; it is the 'naturalization of Christianity' in a race separated from our own by the widest possible racial and temperamental gulf."

### Reflections.

1. Tell the story of the first American missionary to Africa.

2. Give the story of Bishop Lambuth's and Professor Gilbert's pioneering trip.

3. When and where was the Southern Methodist mission located?

4. Describe the Otetela country and the location of our mission.

5. Portray a typical trip of a missionary from America to Wembo-Nyama.

6. Describe Chief Wembo-Nyama.

### Meditation.

"Not what you see, not what you desire, but what you determine, that you are." "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and

see if there be any wicked (selfish) way in me and lead me in the way everlasting."

### Prayer.

We come into thy presence, O Lord, humbly confessing our indifference to the cries of human needs. Break down the barriers that have separated us from a consecrated service; search thou out the hidden pride of our hearts and purge from us all narrow and selfish loyalty. "We have seen a great light; we have heard clear calls. Grant that we may be willing and obedient to follow fearlessly wheresover thou dost lead." For the sake of Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *SEVEN YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENTS.*

THE numerous trading companies and mission societies of the Congo are seldom referred to by their full names. Some shortened form is used. In our case and that of our Presbyterian neighbors, along with most other missions, the combination of the initial letter in each word of our full name forms the usual designation applied to our respective missions. Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission thus becomes "M. E. C. M." and American Presbyterian Congo Mission becomes "A. P. C. M."

During its few brief years our mission by its attitude and conduct toward natives, traders, and government has won itself a permanent place in the high esteem of all. We now stand before a wide-open door of friendliness on every side among our tribe. The people know we mean well by them and will not take advantage of them, and they are beginning to realize in a very small way that we have something for them well worth their seeking. The opportunity is indeed a rich one, and it is difficult for us not to become impatient that we have not the missionaries with which to take the fullest advantage of it.

At present we have but the two main stations of Wembo-Nyama and Lubefu, the former nearly seven years old and the latter nearly four. Wembo-Nyama is in the south central section of the territory of Otetela tribe, and Lubefu is near the southernmost boundary. The north, east, and west remain to be occupied. Around Wembo-Nyama are the distinct fair-sized villages about two hours or more of travel from each other which are typical of the country. At Lubefu, which is a government post, there is a large settlement consisting of smaller compact villages merging into each other. Within two hours and a

half of Lubefu there are a dozen different chiefs with many of their people, while within the same distance from Wembo-Nyama there are only four or five. However, the work at Lubefu is more difficult, has more discouragements, and receives less response than that at Wembo-Nyama. Around a State post it is nearly always harder to do work. There seems to be more sin and greater indifference; temptation is more open and powerful. Consequently Wembo-Nyama is the more desirable location for our mission center, the boys' boarding school, and the Bible training school; but Lubefu is the better place for our medical activities. It also affords richer opportunity for personal contact between the missionary and the natives on account of the great number who live within easy reach of the station and also on account of the great number of visitors from other villages who come to Lubefu on State palavers. Many of them will visit the mission before returning to their own village.

Neither of these stations has ever been anything like adequately manned, save perhaps the first year of Wembo-Nyama. Since the beginning of the mission at Wembo-Nyama, seven years ago, it has only had an average of less than five missionaries, including their wives, and Lubefu since its organization, four years ago, has had an average of less than two missionaries. These small forces have tried to carry on all the work of the different departments of each station. Yet the results attained are very gratifying. We are praying and longing for a really fair chance with a full force at both of these places, and O, how longingly our eyes turn eastward and westward to the great unoccupied sections which we will enter just as soon as a sufficiently increased force will permit!

The chief work of each station is divided into departments and grouped as evangelistic, educational, industrial, medical, and business, but these cannot include many of the lesser and incidental activities.

The evangelistic department functions in a variety

of ways. The daily preaching and prayer services on the mission compounds and in the outstations are under its direction and supervision, the missionaries themselves doing as much of the preaching as the general interests of the work will admit. The appointment of the native evangelists and teachers to their respective fields of labor by this department is a matter requiring prayer, care, and study. The number of workers we have being so far less than we need makes this the more difficult. A careful observation and record of these men must be made. With the assistance of these pastors this department keeps in constant touch with the Church members, observing their conduct and watching the probationers' behavior. It instructs and examines the catechumens and keeps their individual records. It organizes and conducts the Sunday schools and follows up the work begun in them. It directs the Bible study classes and the Woman's Missionary Society. It plans and executes itinerating trips for the preaching of the gospel in the unoccupied surrounding villages, selecting from these places the more favorable openings for new outstations, and deciding upon their relative importance. In fact, the missionaries in charge of the evangelistic department are local pastors, preachers, presiding elders, bishops, Church Extension Boards, Sunday School Boards, etc. They have charge of the offerings and keep the records on tithes. They pass upon each individual's eligibility to partake of the communion elements. And as if all this was not enough, they are responsible for the translation of scripture and songs and the writing of other literature essential to the carrying on of its work. The Bible training school for the final instructing and developing of evangelists and teachers also belongs particularly to this department. The central aim of this school is to teach the Bible, with daily expositions, memory work, and practice in preaching and teaching. One missionary might well devote his entire

time to this work if he could be spared for it, for our great need is native evangelists. As fast as it can be done native leaders are developed who will take as much of the work and responsibility from the missionaries as it may seem wise to put upon them.

In the educational department the educating and "training of the native people to take the gospel to their own people, which is the most important part of the work of this department, is a long and laborious process and requires careful, patient, and prayerful training with a faith that overlooks many disappointments. The boy or young man that comes to us wanting to learn the gospel or wanting to learn to read and write and acquire various other accomplishments which he thinks will give him something of the power that has made the white man what he is, comes to us either a raw heathen with centuries of paganism back of him, or, worse still, comes to us with a veneering of Catholicism over this paganism which is harder to get rid of than the paganism itself. Our first task, therefore, is one of instruction. We cannot refer even to deity without previously defining and explaining our conception of God. Facts that are everyday knowledge with the white boy at home in America have to be explained, amplified, and illustrated before they can be properly used."

The boarding school includes boys from ten or eleven years of age to young men twenty-five or more. They come from villages far and near. On making application for entrance they are examined in the effort to discover if they possess serious mental deficiency, physical habits and diseases, or qualities of character which might make them very unpromising or altogether undesirable. If they are accepted, they are assigned a place, according to size, in one of the dormitory buildings. It is a very significant fact that one of the first things we do for a boy when he comes to us is to give him a long-handle hoe and put him to work. This is a severe test, for among the Africans

it is the woman who works. Man's pride forbids that he should work save in a very limited measure. We endeavor to teach and show them that work is honorable and not to be shunned. If during the first ten days or two weeks the new scholar proves satisfactory, he is then given a piece of foreign cloth to replace his old native cloth of raffia. Thereafter if he should for any purpose wish to leave the mission, he must surrender this cloth before he goes. Twice each day these boys and young men are given their food, already prepared, which they eat from individual plates, using spoons and knives. Before coming to us they were accustomed to eating from clay pots, from three or four people to a dozen eating from one pot and using only their fingers with which to eat. They sleep on raised beds in houses having some ventilation instead of in closed hovels and possibly on the ground. From sunrise to sunset they are given very little time in which to loiter, and when not in school or in a Bible study or catechism class they are doing manual work on the mission. A little while late in the afternoon is taken for play, and all activity ceases for two hours at noon. Of course many boys come to us and ask for work who, when they find that we interpret work literally, soon find some excuse for returning to their villages. Of those who are not too greatly afraid of work a number have to be ultimately dismissed on account of bad characters or religious indifference.

In the Girls' Home we find even more discouragements and difficulties than in the Boys' Boarding School. Of necessity the girls must be kept inside of a large inclosure, while the boys may go about the mission as they choose. The first difficulty with the girls is securing them. Being "commodities of trade," they are not permitted to go far away from home or where and when they choose to as the boys are, nor are they readily given up even to enter the Mission Girls' Home. Orphans, girls redeemed from child

marriages, occasionally the sister of a mission boy, and the daughters of some of our more advanced Christians constitute the student body in the Girls' Home and school. In addition to regular schooling and Bible study, they are given instructions in sewing and cooking, with special emphasis upon what is fit and not fit to eat and when food is properly cooked. We also endeavor to teach them how to grow better gardens, how to keep their homes and yards clean, and how to guard against diseases. One of the greatest tasks is to get embedded in their minds the Christian ideals of the sanctity and value of womanhood, the sacredness of the marriage relation, and the beauty and power of motherhood. Remember the picture of African womanhood given in Chapter II, and the hugeness of this task may be better understood. In our Girls' Home we get only young girls, averaging from five to ten years of age. Those over ten years old are getting so close to the time when they may assume the full responsibilities of wifehood that there is very little chance of securing them.

The lady missionary in charge of the Girls' Home has one of the most difficult and trying jobs of any on the mission. These little girls are much more like wild animals than human beings. Fighting, lying, stealing, running away, misconduct, disobedience, and deception cause many palavers each day for her to solve. The awful picture of what they will become as African women if we do not do something for them, together with the great need for trained Christian wives for our evangelists and faith in the power of the gospel, enable us to hold on to this all but hopeless task.

On the mission compound we have two daily sessions of the regular school, about three hours in the mornings and two hours in the afternoons. These are under the direct supervision of one or more missionaries, who are assisted by the more advanced students who are still too young to send out as evangelists.

*An African Suspension Bridge, Made Entirely of Vines, Across River at Lubefu Station.*

*Common Village Scene.*

*1. An African Bridge. 2. Pawpaw Tree Which Bears a Fruit the Natives Call "Dipapadi." 3. Homes of White Men near Native Village.*

They give greatly needed assistance as teachers of the classes in the subjects which they have finished and for which service they are paid the small sum of one dollar and twenty cents per year, in addition to their food, clothing, and dwelling places, which latter items amount to an average of twelve dollars per year. Instead of having school for nine months and vacation for three months, as is done in so many places, we have six weeks of school and two weeks of vacation. Among such primitive people as these the latter policy is decidedly preferable. Three months of vacation would almost completely wreck our school and home.

In all the outstations schools are conducted by the evangelists in charge. At some places we have found it advisable to use some of the advanced younger students of the mission school to assist them. In these schools only reading with a very little writing and the simplest figuring are attempted.

The curriculum of the compound school includes reading, writing, spelling, the simpler rules of grammar and syntax, simple physiology, a little geography, arithmetic, drawing, composition, elocution, memory work, some French, and the Bible. The development of the school idea, as well as its influence and power, may be traced by the development of the curriculum. At first there was reading, then reading and the Bible, then a little numbering. Gradually other subjects have been added, until to-day we are beginning to have what looks like a real school and an efficient one. The forty-five minutes of school which are given the workmen each afternoon are mainly devoted to reading, writing, and a little figuring. This enables them to meet the requirements for Church membership.

We have attempted almost nothing yet in the way of a kindergarten, but we are longing for the day to come when we can have one at each station. The possibilities in these can hardly be overestimated in such places and conditions as we have. As soon as

children are large enough to run about they are turned loose in the villages. Thus without occupation, without restraint, without instruction they spend the early years of their childhood until eight or nine years old. By then the seeds of sin have been deeply imbedded in their lives and hearts and habits of idleness well developed.

Miss Woolsey tells how she was compelled to do a little kindergarten work in addition to her other heavy school duties. It happened this way: "The little children crowded into the afternoon school in such numbers and knew so little how to sit quietly enough not to disturb the other pupils that I had to refuse them admittance with the promise that they might have a school just for themselves when the mission boys are dismissed in the afternoons. And so I have been giving them a half hour's work extra. There is a wonderful opportunity for a real kindergarten teacher out here, for in some of our schools the little children around ten years old and much younger flock to school, eager to learn. I myself have been going each Friday afternoon to Ekunda, a near-by village, because the school was almost filled with little children. One not more than six years old knew the letters and was acting as teacher to those who had not learned them. I give a Bible lesson, drill in memory work from the Bible, teach new songs, and then have a writing lesson. It is remarkable how quickly some of my little naked pupils are learning to write."

The work of the industrial department does not lack for variety or for trials and difficulties. Directing from fifty to one hundred raw, savage workmen who have had no previous experience with the white man's standards of efficiency and accuracy is a gigantic task incapable of being appreciated unless having been attempted. To the native there is one way of doing everything—the way our fathers did. Those ways generally required no thinking, hence today the average matured person almost never thinks

or uses his brain to save him labor or make improvements. Furthermore, it seems very difficult for him to grasp any new idea or an improved method which the missionary attempts to give him. A straight line is generally an exceedingly complex affair to him, and should a line be drawn straight it is more of an accident than an accomplishment. It takes months of training and penalizing to get straight poles brought in from the forests instead of crooked ones, though the missionary has given a pattern and gauge as well as demonstration.

Through the industrial department are built all the houses, sheds, fences, and such like which the mission requires. This means that those in charge of that department must learn all they can about the various materials used in construction. They must learn what poles rot the slowest, resist the white ants the best, and are most easily obtainable; what dirt sticks the tightest, cracks the least, and resists crumbling the longest; for the lath work what material of the several kinds available makes the best braces for the walls, will not be eaten by white ants, and is readily obtained; for the roof rafters what poles are straightest, longest, most enduring, not too large in size, and will resist the borers; for the board work what trees make the best timber, are nearest the mission, are in the largest quantity, can be easily sawed and worked up, will resist the borers and white ants. In fact, he must become an encyclopedia of facts about timber of all kinds. These facts he must gather from careful observation, frequent experimentation, thorough questioning of natives, and faithful keeping of records and data. But this is only a small part.

Furniture must be made. It is out of the question to try to buy it abroad and transport it into the interior. This means that all kinds of hard woods must be carefully studied and tested. Some are too rare, some are too hard to cut and rip into boards, some do not resist borers and white ants, the sawdust of

others is almost like pepper in the eyes, nose, and throat, hence must be avoided or well protected against. The sawing of lumber requires trained sawyers, and this involves tedious and patient effort on the missionary's part. The making of furniture and building of houses require trained carpenters. These cannot be secured in a day by "advertising in the papers," but must be developed by constant, painstaking instruction and example.

The industrial missionary is also the agriculturist, responsible for the improvement of soils and crops, of methods of cultivation, also responsible for the introduction of new crops and the experimentation with them. This line of activity offers a vast field for service to the black man and to the missionaries. A mere glance at the crude methods employed by the natives and the small variety of foods and fruits used by them quickly shows what great things may be done along this line. While the fact that so much of the missionary's foodstuffs must be imported and canned fruits substituted for the fresh ones makes plain what a good agricultural (branch of the industrial) department could do. The industrial department looks after the beautifying of the mission grounds, keeping the brush and broom sedge removed, planting pretty grasses, setting out fruit and shade trees, and making walks and flower plots.

All the mission blacksmithing falls to this department. In many ways the blacksmith shop saves the day for us, making as well as repairing tools and other articles. And in addition to all these other activities, this department conducts industrial classes for the benefit of the young men and boys in our schools that they might be taught a little about carpentry and the use of tools to the best advantage. There is great opportunity for a real industrial school so that young men who want some kind of technical education may receive it under Christian environment, and being trained can command good positions from the govern-

ment and trading companies; under any circumstances such training fits the native for a better home builder. The Catholic missions have won great favor with the government by means of their industrial schools.

The activities and general work of the business department consist of the handling of caravans which bring in our supplies, the keeping on hand in the magazines of salt and other barter goods, the payment of taxes, the running of the mission store, the cashing of drafts through the colonial banks, and the keeping of the departmental and personal accounts. The mission store and the bookkeeping are the two which require most time and energy. In the store such articles as cloth, second-hand coats, shirts, some enamel ware, safety pins (of which the natives are very fond), needles, thread, salt, and such like are kept on hand to be sold only a little above cost to the employees of the mission and the people of our village. This store is opened for a short time once or twice a week, at which time those desiring articles must make their purchases. Considering that the next nearest stores are four days' journey in one direction and six days in another, it can be seen what a service this renders our people.

In the language work and translations our mission has been particularly fortunate. In the beginning we had the very timely assistance of the Luebo-trained native evangelists, who were by birth people of our tribe, but had in one way or another drifted over there long years before and entered Christian service there. However, they knew enough of their own language to translate into it a number of articles from the Buluba translations of the Presbyterians. As our missionaries had no way of learning the language of our tribe before arriving on the field, and hence could not do any translating at all until after their first fifteen to eighteen months out there, we were practically dependent for the first two years on only what these assistants from Luebo could do in translating. This was

enough to enable us to begin teaching school and use some Bible selections. As soon as the missionaries themselves were able they began to work over and add to these efforts of the natives. The Otetela language has not been difficult to learn, though its range and comprehensiveness have literally amazed us, seeing it is but the language of a savage people. While we do not profess even yet to know it, we do feel that we have sufficiently mastered both grammar and vocabulary that our translations now possess a real permanent value. It may be some years before an Otetela grammar is attempted to be edited in permanent form, but we have made a temporary grammar in typewritten form which, revised to date, is sufficiently comprehensive in syntax and vocabulary as to render satisfactory service for some years to come.

Our translations and literature are a first reader, the second edition of which was a corrected and enlarged one; second reader; third reader, consisting of Bible selections from the Old and the New Testaments; catechism of one hundred and twenty-four questions on the Bible and Christian living and the answers to these questions; the Gospel of Matthew, first typewritten and then later revised and five hundred copies printed; several hundred copies of the book of Acts; a volume of folklore for the schools; two hundred pages, in typewritten form, of Old Testament stories and lessons; three editions of the hymn book, the first containing fourteen songs, the second thirty-two, and the last, a corrected and revised edition, containing seventy-two songs and six Psalms; a simple physiology, translated but not yet printed; and some leaflets containing translations of the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. We feel the pressing need of much more translating and writing of literature, but with such an inadequate force it cannot yet be done.

Despite the fact of our very limited force since the very beginning, a good number of itinerating and ex-

ploring trips have been made. Many more should and would have been made if the workers could have been spared to do so. These trips have tremendous value in the spreading of the mission's influence. The results for Christ are indirect more than direct at present, but in time large direct results may be obtained. At present the three chief objects of an itinerating trip are: First, the making of friends for the mission and the establishing of personal contact between the missionaries and the raw savages; second, the securing of boys and young men for our boarding school; and, third, the visiting and assisting of the native evangelists in those villages where we have placed them or where we are expecting to immediately place them. The itinerating trips last from a few days to two weeks, but as our work enlarges their duration will increase. On account of heavy pressure of work at the stations we have to rush through an itinerating trip too quickly to do the most effective work.

Exploring trips are more extensive in time, distance, and activities. Though designed mainly for exploration, the evangelizing feature is kept to the front. The stereopticon plays a strong part in "catching the crowd," unless they take a notion that it is strong medicine or witchcraft, in which case its service is worse than useless, and through the Bible pictures presented and discussed the first germs of the Christian religion are sown in many hearts. Picture cards given away, songs sung by ourselves and caravan men, and sermons preached help create impressions and awaken desires the results of which only the Spirit of God can measure. The medicine chest and administrations to the sick, where practical, works wonders in breaking down suspicion and superstition and in creating friendship. The phonograph proves a genuine drawing and entertaining feature.

On any trips away from the mission compound the missionaries must take most of their food material. A small variety of native products can be secured

along the way to supplement their canned and dried foods. Thus the equipment of a trip always includes "chop boxes" and camp kits or cooking utensils. The meals are cooked over open fires. Folding cots upon which to sleep, bedding, mosquito nets, chairs and a small folding table, compass, watch, laundry soap, charcoal iron, a few bartering goods (especially salt), and a very small box or trunk of clothing complete the list of main essentials for a trip. Sometimes charts of a trip are desired by the mission. The making of these require very frequent readings of the compass and observations of the watch, together with the noting of objects, villages, streams passed *en route*. These readings and observations are carefully recorded until the day's destination is reached, when a chart of the day's journey is made accordingly.

Take a few glimpses at some of the experiences on these trips as written by the missionaries taking part in them: "On several occasions we had the interesting experience of sleeping in the villages where there were no houses built for the accommodation of the white travelers. The chief usually selected the best house in his village and placed the "keys" in our hands. But there were no keys, only vine strings with which to make fast the one hingeless, palm-frond door, which one would lift bodily into place when it was time to retire for the night. The previous human occupants moved out, and we moved in; but before morning we usually found out that we were not the only occupants of the one-room house. The chickens had come into their usual roosting place and did not seem the least bit annoyed by their white-skinned fellow occupants, and the old chanticleer let us know of the break of day by his crowing within arm's length of our bedside. But an old hen sitting in a native-woven basket attached to the center post, about as high as our heads from the ground, quietly and serenely minded her own business. Rats, mice, roaches, and other creeping things came from their places of concealment in order

to reconnoiter among the possessions of their new visitors. The white ants had a delightful feast upon the greasy leather of our shoes. A dog or a goat occasionally wakened us by thrusting its head through a crack of the door to see who was so rude as to debar them from their usual abiding places."

"Passing through Okitangandu on our way to Lubefu, we found quite a number of faithful attendants who had nearly completed memorizing the catechism. One young man, a former idol maker of that village, came along with me to Wembo-Nyama and has entered the class of young men. Such cases could be multiplied were it possible for one of the missionaries to make frequent itinerating trips through surrounding villages."

In 1917 the mission ordered an exploring trip to be made down the Lubefu River in the interest of the small steamer then expected to be placed upon it. Messrs. Reeve and Stilz were selected to make the trip. In their report, which deals largely with types of steamers and the river's navigableness, we find some other interesting items: "We secured an iron rowboat from the State post at Lubefu and made the trip down river from there to a point several hours below, where this river flows into a larger one. We were six days going down and camped and slept at night on the river banks. The country was wild, with almost no villages except an occasional small group of forest dwellers' huts. We found fewer mosquitoes than we had expected, but the tsetse flies were numerous. One day Mr. Reeve counted twenty-five at one time on the boat within arm's reach in front of him. We were bitten by them many times. While in camp the wild honey bees of the forests were very annoying. We saw some hippos and crocodiles, and one night just across the river from where we were camping a herd of elephants came down to the water for their nightly frolic. They had a great time, judging by their trumpeting and the splashing of the water.

About half a mile back in the forests from where we camped on another night we found an isolated village of the most unique and interesting savages we have yet seen. They were short in stature, highly painted, hair long and plaited in very small plaits smeared with grease and paint. Their huts were very small, though artistically made of bark and palm leaves."

In the more remote sections where exploring trips sometimes take us we find the country, the people, and their customs greatly different from those of our immediate section. In their report of a long exploring trip made by Messrs, Reeve and Anker to determine the boundaries of our tribe and gather general data needed by the mission we read:

"Leaving Shuka and traveling toward the Lomami, we found mostly a forest country, increasing in density as we approached Lomela. After recrossing the Lomami we found the villages were few and very small and inhabited by bushmen of the crudest type we had yet seen. One day we traveled nine hours and forty-five minutes before coming to a village. Another day we walked through eight hours of continuous forest and did not enter our hammocks all that day. That night we all camped out in the open forest by the side of a small stream. Our poor men had nothing but green plantains for their supper, as this was all the villagers of the day before ate, and all, therefore, we could purchase from them for our men. The next day, after five more hours of the same stretch of forests, we finally emerged into the open. It seemed to us like coming out of a mine.

"Trying to preach to the crude bushmen of these forest sections was almost entirely useless, and showing the lantern slides with Bible pictures at night was too superstitious a palaver in their minds for them to attend. In some villages the people were afraid even to accept the little Sunday school picture cards which we had taken along for distribution, thinking perhaps that these might have some evil charms or would bind

them to some unprofitable bargain with the white man. We found men and women here dressed with a minimum of native cloth and almost entirely nude. Their little houses were built of bark and leaves gathered from the forest. Their food often consisted of but one item, such as plantains, which grew in abundance near by. Other villages lived entirely on manioc, which requires so little attention and cultivation that it is a very popular foodstuff with lazy natives. Either one of these two, supplemented by wild meats, formed the day-after-day, year-in-and-year-out menu of numerous villages through which we passed. They use a great deal of paint on their bodies, generally the red camwood dye obtained in the forests. Both men and women have the bad tribal custom of extracting all their front teeth, making them look very much older. The method of extraction usually employed is to 'knock them out.' We found the people everywhere through here much afraid of the white man. Some villages would be almost entirely deserted while we passed through them, their inhabitants having fled to the near-by forests. On the path we were given a wide berth, the people being too frightened many times to say 'muoyo,' the native greeting. In other villages the villagers would run out to meet us with ivory and rubber which they offered for sale. Their only conception of the white man is 'one out for money (taxes) or with money to buy (trading).' They cannot conceive of a white man traveling so far just 'to tell a good palaver.'"

In the first of 1919 our mission decided to send one from our own small force to Lusambo to assist our Presbyterian neighbors in the work of that station. Mr. Stilz was selected and spent about a year there, the greater part of which time he was alone on account of a shortage of Presbyterian missionaries. It is the purpose of our mission to keep a worker at Lusambo on account of the great demands we have to make upon that station. In addition to these busi-

ness activities, there is abundant opportunity to do effective missionary work among the Atetela, who live in and about Lusambo. The population there is estimated to be about fifteen thousand and for whom nothing is being directly done. Lusambo will also be the headquarters for our mission steamer.

The latest statistics of the M. E. C. M. (July 1, 1920) are the following, which give some indication of the good progress of our work: Missionaries, including wives of missionaries, sent out (these to January 1, 1921), 21; main stations, 2; outstations, 22; baptized converts, including those fifteen from Luebo, 332; catechumens, 750; probationers (for six months' period), 300; total attendance at daily sunrise sermons, including outstations and compound, 1,000; total Sunday school attendance, outstations and compound, 540; total attendance on Sunday morning sermons, outstations and compound, 1,600; medical treatments for previous twelve months, 6,500; girls in Girls' Home, 13; boys in boarding school, 82; workmen attending school, 45; village women attending school, 30; village children attending school, 25; active evangelists, 18; evangelists in training, 34; assistant teachers (too young to be sent out as regular evangelists), 31; total daily attendance at outstation schools, 475; kindergarten attendance, 17.

## Reflections.

1. Discuss missionary opportunities at Lubefu.

2. Describe activities of the mission station in the following types of work: Boarding school, educational work, Girls' Home, industrial, business department.

3. Narrate some of the experiences on several exploring trips.

4. How has our mission been able to repay some of the courtesies of the Presbyterian (U. S.) mission?

5. What statistics of our work impresses you most?

### Meditation.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people, for there is born to you this day . . . a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." "Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end."

### Prayer.

Our Father in heaven, our hearts are filled with gratitude and joy for the success thou hast given our work in these few years of labor in the Congo. We thank thee for the prayers, the gifts of money, and the sacrificial service that have contributed to its success; but all glory is to thee, for thou only hast made it possible. We especially thank thee for the native Church and ministry and pray that thou wilt strengthen these little ones for their fierce battles with temptations and besetting sins. May the native Church be ever a growing Church, a giving Church, a praying Church, a spiritual Church. Amen.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *LIFE ON A MISSION STATION.*

IT is the purpose of this chapter to deal chiefly with the missionary himself, answering many questions which have come to us, such as: "What do you eat, what kind of houses do you live in, what do you do when you get sick, how does the climate effect you, what kind of clothing do you wear?" and so forth.

Over there we have much in our favor from the very fact that we are foreigners. When our missionaries and others first went to China, they were "foreign dogs"; when foreigners come to our country, they are usually "vile immigrants"; but when we go to Africa, we are immediately "big chiefs." In China they hated and killed the foreign dogs; in America they shun or poke fun at the dirty foreigners; but in the heart of Africa they beg for the missionary-foreigner to live in their midst, and they serve and obey him, calling him "chief." What a difference! And I might add what a rebuke to Christian America and what a challenge to Christian manhood and womanhood of every civilized country!

In opening a mission we first secure a grant of land from the Belgian government. This we call the mission compound. It is generally rectangular in shape and comprises about twenty-two acres. The factors in determining the selection of its locality are the number of natives which it will be able to serve, the drainage of the land, the distance from swamps, and the accessibility to good drinking water. Permission for the temporary occupation of the location is given by the local officials, but the authorization for the permanent occupation must come from the head of the colonial government or from Belgium itself.

When the land is secured, the first task is the erection of the various necessary buildings. Temporary

dwellings for the missionaries are put up, costing only a few dollars, which are to be followed by permanent ones as fast as they and the other needed buildings can be built. On account of the grass roofs and no fire protection the kitchens are separated from the main houses by thirty or forty feet. Magazines and storerooms for the mission supplies and our own extra supplies and equipment are necessary for each station. A combination church and school shed, dormitories for the schoolboys, hospital and dispensary buildings, tool house, carpenter shed, various small outbuildings, and probably a girls' home complete the list of buildings ordinarily required on a compound.

The materials used in these buildings are various sizes of poles, vines, tall grass, palm leaves and stems, canelike reeds, dirt, water, and boards. The poles are brought from the forests eight to twelve miles away and vary from the small rafters of the porch roofs, of which one man will bring from six to nine for a day's work, to the large thirty or thirty-five-foot centen poles which take ten or twelve men two days to get one pole. The poles for the walls are generally about four inches in diameter after the bark is removed and twelve to fourteen feet long, one such pole representing one day's work for one man.

The vines substitute for nails. Because of their great weight and the distance they have to be transported and carried, nails are used very sparingly by the missionary and practically not at all by the native. The vine is a type which skins and splits readily and is very strong. It is brought a distance of fifteen to twenty miles, a seventy-five pound load representing a two and a half days' work for one man. These and all other loads carried by the natives are borne either on their heads or on their shoulders. The vines are split into halves or quarters and the heart removed and discarded. The houses are literally tied together with these strips which remain.

The roofs of all houses are made either of long grass

or palm leaves. The grass grows four or five feet high all over the plains, which are everywhere through our country. From seven to nine large bundles, according to the distance they have to be brought, are required per day for one man. The palm fronds, or leaves, are much farther away and take a two days' round trip. We use these only for our kitchen roofs, because they do not catch fire as easily as the grass. The canes and reeds take the places of the lathes used in an American house. They hold the mud of the walls, also acting as reënforcements to it when it becomes dry and otherwise bracing the walls. The men mix up the mud, using chiefly their hands and feet, and with these same implements put it in its place in the walls and smooth over the outside surface. The palms of their hands substitute for trowels.

The securing of boards is the most difficult proposition we have in the gathering of the various materials for a house. They are sawed by hand with the old-fashioned pit saws, with trained natives handling the saws. The work of training these men to use the saws is a difficult and slow process. Only certain woods must be used, which the white ants will not eat. The logs are cut in the forests from six to twelve miles away and carried by the men to the mission and sawed. If a river can be used, they are floated downstream. Usually the logs are twelve to eighteen feet long and as large as can be safely handled by thirty-five or forty men. Sometimes, however, much larger ones are secured, and we have to send seventy or more men for one log. To carry the logs a kind of sled is made, the "runners" being long poles which will set on the men's shoulders easily. When the log is tied in place, the sled or framework is raised to their shoulders, the leader starts up a song, and away they go. All the planing and dressing of the boards is done by hand. In spite of all this, the cost of lumber is much less than the present prices of it in America. The cheapness of labor keeps down the expense.


*1. Preparing a Meal. 2. Dr. Mumpower and Group of Missionaries on Way to Africa. 3. An Idea of Africa's Size. 4. A Cargo Just Arrived.*

*Our Representatives in Africa.*

1. Rev. Ansil Lynn. 2. Miss Kathron Wilson. 3. Rev. T. E. Reeve. 4. Mrs. C. T. Schaedel. 6. Mrs. D. L. Mumpower. 7. H. B. Stilz. 8. Rev. J. J. Davis. 9. Mrs. H. P. Anker. 10. Mrs. T. E. Reeve. 11. Dr. D. L. Mumpower. 12. Rev. H. P. Anker.* 13. Rev. C. C. Bush.* 14. Mrs. C. C. Bush.* 15. Miss Ella Marzie Hall.* 16. Miss Flora Foreman.* 17. Miss Ruth Henderson.* 18. Miss Eliza Iles.*

*Pictures not available.

Where the word "shed" is used it means that the building consists of a roof, supported by poles driven into the ground, and without any walls. A low fence of light material surrounds the building usually. Such structures are very satisfactory for church, school, workshop, and sawmill, since they are used only in the daytime and then not when the weather is very bad. During rain storms or slow, all-day rains work in general has to be suspended so far as the natives are concerned, since they have neither clothing nor umbrellas to protect them from exposure to dampness and cold.

Houses with board floors formerly were considered "luxuries" for missionaries, but hard, cold facts have proved them to be cheaper economically. In the houses with dirt floors the insects, vermin, and "varmints" felt more "at home" than the missionaries who built the houses. Besides the nuisance and annoyance of some of these, there was the danger and destruction of others. While jiggers and mosquitoes worked on the missionary, possibly giving him an infected foot or a case of malaria, the white ants were working on the house and furnishings, eating them up. The excessive dampness of such houses not only aided the breeding of mosquitoes, but hastened the development of rheumatism or contraction of colds and pneumonia. Consequently in a few years the missionary was incapacitated by broken health, and the house destroyed by ants and moisture. Both had to be replaced by new ones. Our mission has profited by the experiences of other missions, and from the first we have made it our policy to construct permanent dwellings with board floors.

In the matter of climate we are more fortunate than many people think it is possible to be in Africa. The temperature does not vary much from one end of the year to the other. Rarely does the thermometer go over ninety-five in the shade, nor does it very often get below seventy. At night it becomes quite raw and

cool, and from one to three blankets are almost always needed. The noonday heat does not hurt one very much provided he is under a heavy roof; the shade of a tree affords slight if any protection. The really injurious and dangerous elements of our climate are the direct rays of the sun, the utter absence of any cold weather, and the tropical lightning. Very careful effort must be made to protect one's head and body from contact with the sun's direct rays. There occasionally comes the news of some foreigner who has discarded discretion and his helmet and paid the price with a serious case of sickness or speedy death. When one has to be out in the sun after eight o'clock in the morning and before four in the afternoon, heavy pith or cork helmets to protect the head and sometimes red-flannel pads to protect the spine are used. Quite often, even with these precautions, violent headaches are brought on from "too much sun." We miss the invigorating frosts, snows, and cold weather of the homeland. While we do not have summer and winter, it being summer all the time, we do have wet and dry seasons. Almost every day of the nine months' wet season one will either be in a rain or within sight of one. However, the sandy soil soon soaks up the water that does not drain off, and in a few minutes after the rain ceases one may go out and begin digging in his garden. A very objectionable feature of the weather at one of our stations is the fierce winds, which almost always precede and frequently accompany the rains. As the soil is soft and sandy, great clouds of sand and dust before the rain begins falling sweep the compound, filling our houses, getting into our food, almost blinding our eyes, and proving irresistible to every kind of effort to protect against it.

In the matter of clothing we find white duck or khaki suits and cotton or linen dresses the most satisfactory. Light woolens may be preferred by a few. Otherwise we dress very much like we do for the summer in the Southern States.

Part of the furnishings of our homes has to be bought in America or Europe, such as beds and stoves, cooking utensils and dishes, curtains and various cloths, but many things can be made at the mission. Among them are dining tables, straight chairs, rockers, dressers, buffets, clothes' chests, food and kitchen cabinets, desks, wardrobes, settees, and numerous smaller articles, all of which add to the efficiency and comfort of the workers. At the same time they show the native what he could have in his own home made from the products of his own land if he would only make sufficient effort to get them. Our various articles of furniture are not made by the missionary himself, but by the natives under his direction and with his assistance. Those who are thus trained may make many of these articles for their own homes or sell them to their fellow men, or, if they so choose, they may find very remunerative employment doing such work for the white traders and government officials.

There are abundant beautiful hard woods in this country which lend themselves to the making of substantial as well as very pretty household articles. They are sometimes very difficult to work, but have great endurance when once made up. Some of our woods will turn strong twenty-penny nails as if they were only slim dressing nails, and many are so heavy and solid that they will not float in water. One of our industrial missionaries gives us an interesting paragraph on the woods about our mission stations. Calling them by their native names (as we know no other names for them), he says:

"In our part of Africa there are no trees exactly the same as those which are found in America, such as oak, ash, pine, etc. But it might be said that there is a tree for every purpose. There are some trees whose wood is almost as light as cork, while that of others is heavier than any wood in America. Besides the great variation in height, there is also a great variety of colors, including white and different shades

of yellow, of brown, and of red. Many of the trees are valueless as lumber on account of being subject to the attacks of borers and white ants. Among those which are not and which we have found useful are the 'okulungu," which is a beautiful red, but very heavy close-grained wood. It is rather hard wood to work, but makes beautiful furniture. When the missionaries first came to Wembo-Nyama, they asked the natives to show them a tree out of which to make boards. They were shown one of these, but soon found that it was very difficult to chop down and harder still to rip into boards. They got the impression that all of the trees were that way. Later a tree was found of brown-colored wood which is easier to work and is also very pretty. It is called 'olundu.' This wood has been principally used in furniture-making on the mission, and some very pretty things have been made from it. It is probably a species of mahogany. Another valuable tree is the 'odiwula.' Like the cypress, it grows only in swampy places. Its wood resembles very much yellow poplar and is good for all kinds of interior work. The most common tree, however, which can be used for lumber is the 'osumba.' This is a light-weight white wood and has been largely used for the woodwork in our buildings and in making some furniture.

"Other woods that may be used for lumber are: 'Wete,' a very strong hard wood; 'odinda,' white and more nearly straight-grained than most African varieties; 'sanga,' a very strong and durable wood; 'olungu'; 'mvolote"; and others. There is also a very hard wood called 'woto' from which they say they used to make hoes sometimes. This tree never grows straight. There are the 'opinge,' an extraordinarily hard and close-grained wood; the 'okuka,' from which the natives make drums and other musical instruments; the 'ocumbecumbe,' the lightest of all and used for carrying poles and sometimes seats in a church; and a certain kind of tree which is used for rafters.

These latter are light and strong and can be had in almost any needed length. There are other trees in the forests, many of which we do not know at all and which may in the future be found to be very valuable."

We now come to the matter of our personal staff of native helpers about the house and yard. Each household has several, for these reasons: First, the more of the household tasks from which the missionaries are relieved, the more time and strength we have to give to the real work of preaching, educating, doctoring, and the many other things which the natives cannot do in our stead. Second, the closer contact which we can have with the natives in our homes gives us greater opportunity for personal work. Some of our most valuable workers to-day got their start as house boys. Third, it takes several Africans to equal one live, hustling person. And fourth, labor is so very cheap that several helpers there cost much less than one in America.

At Lubefu it takes the water boys one hour and fifteen minutes to make a round trip for drinking water and that which we use about the kitchen or for washing our faces and hands. Our bath water and laundry water has to be brought from a place which requires forty minutes to make the round trip. These same "boys" (they are full-grown men) bring our firewood from the forests. It takes three hours to make one round trip for firewood, and then one brings only what he can carry on his head or shoulder. These two men cost a total of about $2.50 or maybe $3 per month, and this is all our wood and water costs one household. There may also be a house boy, who looks after the house, and the "cook," who works at the kitchen. These two together also do the washing and laundering.

The cook is the one of all helpers who causes the most concern and trouble. To begin with, he cannot understand why the white man objects to a dog licking out of his dish or sticking his nose on the cooked

food, nor why he protests against letting "little animals" fall from the natives' heads into the cooking food, nor why he should kick on his dish pan being used for the cook's foot basin or his cooking vessels as washtubs. And how can it hurt the bread if the cook stops picking a jigger out of his toe and sticks his hand right into the dough tray without washing it. Why are not the remains of a native's worn-out shirt just as good to dry the dishes on as the clean, fresh cup towel? What difference does a little sand and dirt make in the soup? Why should he object if the cook occasionally uses the kitchen cook towel for a loin cloth?

Just as little reason and logic is used in compounding recipes. Sometimes when our pancakes are being cooked and are not rising as the cook knows they should, it does not occur to him that the reason is because he has let the fire nearly go out, but he thinks it is because they need more baking powder. Consequently, without regard as to how much he has already put in, he will go and get another heaping teaspoonful and add it to the batter. In compounding other recipes he thinks that if he forgets two or three of the ingredients which are to be used only in small quantities it can make no appreciable difference in the result, because there was to be so little of them anyhow. If he carelessly lets something burn or makes an entirely too hot a fire and ruins the food, he himself is not to blame; it is the fire's fault and not his; the fire burned it, he did not. And so it goes. Only those who have ever tried it can really appreciate what it is to try to teach a savage African how to cook for a civilized white man.

As has already been noted, there are many native foods which can be used by the missionaries. Some of these are very palatable, and all are very cheap. If we could raise foreign vegetables on our mission, a large part of our food problem would be solved. There is something about the climate, however, which

kills the germinating power of foreign seeds before they can be planted, or if this does not happen they are soon devoured by insects after being put in the ground or after sprouting. Out of one $10.50 package of seeds planted by one missionary nothing whatsoever came up. Sometimes we can have good tomatoes and maybe okra and occasionally for a season succeed in something else; but for our vegetables generally we have to depend on those which the natives themselves can raise. This necessitates the buying of large stores of canned supplies from America, the final cost of which amounts to about two and a half times the price of the American retail groceryman's price on the same articles. The chief foods purchased from America are wheat flour, sugar, butter, milk, marrow fat, canned meats and fruits, salt, and flavoring extracts. All of these articles have to be put up in carefully sealed tins. They are used very sparingly, and then mostly when we have thoroughly tired of the sameness and unpalatableness of the majority of the native dishes which we use. If it were not for the pineapples, bananas, plaintains, pie-pies, sweet potatoes, rice, corn, chickens, and eggs secured from the natives, our food palaver would be very serious indeed. It is not a rare thing for American supplies to get very low. Especially during the war did this happen. Sometimes we were months without any white bread. Native rice and corn were wholesome if not so palatable substitutes. We are very grateful for the natives' sakes as well as our own that we do not have the serious famines in our section of Africa like other sections have or like India and Asia have, though there is at times a scarcity of food.

Concerning the activities centering around the compound and the missionary, we are asked what is a regular day's program. Here it is: Rise before day for private devotions and prayer. Breakfast either just before or just after the six-o'clock morning sermon. Forty-five-minute preaching service beginning

as the sun peeps over the horizon and which is attended by all the workmen, all the schoolboys and girls, all the mission villagers, some outsiders, and the missionaries. Following this the workmen line up at the workshop and are assigned their day's tasks, given the necessary tools, and started to work. The schoolboys are assigned one or two hours' manual work to do before school time. All the sick or injured are met at the clinic and doctored and the hospital patients visited. School begins about eight-thirty and continues until eleven-thirty. Catechism classes at eleven-thirty. From twelve to one-forty-five is the noon rest, during which time there is as little movement out in the sun as possible. At one-forty-five there is afternoon prayer service. This is followed by the workmen's school for about three-quarters of an hour. Then comes afternoon school for the dormitory boys and those in training and the village women. Later in the afternoon, for a part of the week, there will be Bible study classes for women and for evangelists in training. Maybe there will be a meeting of the compound evangelists and those of near-by villages, together with one or more of the missionaries. Evening meal is followed by group language study, letter-writing, missionaries' prayer service, or a social evening.

But by no means is this all, nor are we always able to carry out this regular schedule. Interruptions, serious or slight, come from all sides. However, they would not so badly upset the day's work if the stations were properly manned; but when one or two are trying to do the work of four or five, these interruptions seriously hamper the regular activities. Among the interruptions are the visits of numerous chiefs and their retinues. Sometimes as many as five visiting chiefs will be present at one time. We have to "visit" with these men or be considered unfriendly, and therefore greatly hurt our work, though many times we feel like we were otherwise wasting the time thus con-

sumed. We discuss various phases of the palaver of God, play the phonograph, talk of native affairs, and exchange with or give to the chief some presents or possibly show him some of the white man's wonders, such as spring bed and cook stove or typewriter and small folding organ.

Often there are caravans to be gotten together and dispatched to bring supplies, or, what is much better, they come in, and the goods are to be received from them and checked up and the men are to be paid off. The receiving and paying off are by far the greater palavers and may easily take one-half or two-thirds of a day in case of very large caravans. An outgoing and an incoming mail courier are to be handled each week and the mail collected, tied up, and given to them. Often occasions arise which demand the dispatching of special couriers. Once a week is market day, when every workman, schoolboy, evangelist, house and yard boy, and all other natives employed by the mission must be given their weekly rations of salt or small coins and a general oversight of the market kept. Once a month is regular pay day, when individual accounts with all employees are settled up and the different wages computed according to the varying scale of department standards, the natives' good behavior, and the regularity with which they have come to their work.

The hearing of palavers, which cover nearly the whole range of native life and activity, is a constant drain upon the time and energy of missionaries. There are palavers of the workmen, palavers of the evangelists, of the schoolboys and young men, of the mission villagers, of some of part of these with part of some other or with outsiders. There are fighting palavers, stealing palavers, bad debt palavers, palavers of wife-beating, of wife-buying and selling, of dogs killing chickens, of goats eating up gardens, of accidental or intentional destruction of another's property, of losing another's knife or hoe, of lying and curs-

ing, of stealing another's wife, of immorality, of births, of deaths. Everything is a palaver, and many of them come to the missionary for final settlement. He may be called upon from early morning till midnight, whether he is sick or well. Whenever a palaver comes the natives insist on telling the complete past history of the whole affair and sometimes much of the past history of several of the participants in it. These palavers are the "grit in the bearings" which wear so tremendously on the missionary's nerves.

Many interruptions are caused by natives bringing various produce to sell the missionaries. We cannot risk the cook's decision on these things, but have to look them over ourselves after he has examined and said that they were good. There also are brought to us at all times articles of native make which will be excellent curios and souvenirs to bring to America, but the buying of them takes time and talk (to the African trading is not trading without a great deal of talking). These things we have to buy when they come if we ever expect to buy them at all. To put it off till some other time will likely mean failure to ever get something which may be greatly wanted to demonstrate native ingenuity or to show their desperate needs.

Frequent visits from local government officials or from passing officials and traders occupy time and attention. There are, comparatively speaking, so few white people in the deep interior that whenever those who are on the paths come near to the posts of the residents they call upon them. These calls very frequently materialize into dinners. Dinners, according to the State custom, should be served in courses, and courses require more time and effort to prepare. Then these calls must be returned, and the former guests become the hosts for return dinners. These occasions often arise at inconvenient times for the missionary; but by being courteous, friendly, and hospitable he will create friendship for the mission, will be observ-

ing the colony's rules of etiquette, and may find opportunity to do some fellow white man a godly service. Not to be hospitable would embitter the government and others against the mission and seriously hurt its standing and influence. Turning aside from his constant missionary activity into social converse with other white men also proves restful and invigorating to the missionary.

Other things which break into a regular day's program are witnessing weddings or officiating at Christian weddings, making short visits to near-by villages, writing monthly letters or quarterly and annual reports, examining catechumens, making special trips to the forests in reference to lumber logs, carefully examining applicants for entrance to our mission schools, making with our crude equipment a supply of sirup for the station, dropping other things to attend some seriously injured or sick person, or bargaining for the freedom of a slave or redeeming a little girl from child marriage.

The "town clock" of the mission consists of some stobs driven in the ground near some permanent elevated object and a native bugler with a bugle. In the morning just as the first faint rays of light shoot across the skies the bugle blows to awaken the villagers; again just a few minutes before the sun can be seen on the horizon he blows for the people to assemble at church. Then when the shadow of the permanent object falls on a certain stob he blows the school bugle, when it falls on the next stob he blows the catechism bugle, and so on through the day until the shadow strikes the final stob, and the bugle is sounded for quitting work. It is very evident that our "town clock" cannot "run" at night or on cloudy days. Occasionally our new calendars fail to reach us before several months of the new year have expired. Thus have several Easters passed by unobserved because no one knew the days on which they came.

The missionaries are subject to practically the same

diseases from which the natives of our section suffer. However, our knowledge of the causes and transmission of disease, coupled with our habits of life, give us much greater protection against their contraction than the natives have. Malaria, dysentery, and hematuria are the three which work greatest havoc to the white man, all of which seem to be much harder for him to throw off than for the natives. During the nearly seven years of our mission we have had no serious sicknesses which may be laid to either African diseases or to the climate. But for the boiling of our drinking water, the proper washing of our fruits and native produce, and the daily taking of quinine tablets we doubtless would have had numerous serious or possibly fatal cases from all of these three above mentioned.

One of the great factors of life on a mission station is the receiving of a foreign mail. Every week a local mail comes in bringing a few letters or packages of merchandise from Lusambo and other missions or government and trading posts. Foreign mail is supposed to come about once a month, though since the war began it has been very irregular. Sometimes we have waited from ten to twelve weeks between our mails from home. These are indeed long, anxious weeks of waiting. How we long to know what is going on in the outside world, but especialy as concerns our immediate families and relatives! Finally the mail comes, and everything is dropped, save possibly a few very urgent matters, while we hurriedly run through our letters to get the main points of news. A few letters may have been on the way a little under three months, but generally it averages from three to five months since they were mailed in America, while many others fail to reach us at all. We eagerly and yet with a feeling of dread search out the last letters mailed by our loved ones, so we can glance over them and find whether all has gone well since the last news we had. Then we can go back to the oldest let-

ters and without any fears or suspense enjoy reading them down to the latest. Sometimes, however, the first letters opened bring the sad news of loved ones who have gone away; it may even be a father or a mother. One missionary during her first year and a half on the field received the news first of the death of her father and then a little later of her mother. In such times it is a precious consolation to know that the God of America is also the God of Africa and that in him is life forever.

The biographer of John Mackenzie, of South Africa, sums up the all-round capacity and varied activity of the African missionary thus: "It is when one reads the life story of these missionaries in heathen and primitive lands that one realizes the breadth and the strength of grasp which the Christian religion lays upon human society. . . . Here is a man who at once is a builder of houses showing people a new ideal of permanence and beauty in the structures which he rears. He is at the same time the agriculturist, giving them new ideas and desires in the development of lands. He is the teacher, laboring to awaken the intellect of picked men and lead them at least into the vestibule of the intellectual life. [He is their doctor, the best they can get; and though he may have had no previous knowledge of medicine, he daily gives much time to the treatment and relief of numerous cases of sickness and suffering which come to him for aid; also he is a judge and lawgiver in their midst, whose judgment is sought and whose ing the gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, believing in his heart of hearts that that is the root and crown of all human experiences and that all his words are obeyed.] He is also the preacher, proclaimother work receives its true interpretation in the light of this fundamental relationship. And we see, finally, that he is the spiritual shepherd of a very large flock, striving to know each sheep by name and disposition, giving every week many hours of his congested days

to that which he believes to be his supreme task—namely, dealing with the characters of men and women in the light of the law of God and the cross of Christ."*

Is it any wonder that health often breaks down under such varied and constant activity and such responsibility and strain, one man trying to do several men's work and often laboring from sixteen to eighteen hours a day or longer? Yet in spite of all this we like our work, we like it immensely; but this does not mean that we like the isolation, the deprivations, the hardships, the dangers, the unceasing toil, the ignorance, superstitions, sufferings, diseases, and sins with which our lives are completely surrounded. We do not like the heartaches we feel, the lonesomeness we endure, the burdens we bear. But O how we do like to see the expressions of pain and suffering fade from those black faces as healing and recovery are effected, the look of fear and anguish disappear and change to those of quiet serenity and calm, intelligent courage as superstition and ignorance are dispelled! We do like to see the countenance aglow with the light of life eternal when the blood of Jesus Christ has washed away all sin and stain. We do like to hear incantations of witchery and the wild shrieking and yelling of idol appeasing change to songs of joy and praise to God. How glad we are that we have come to Africa! A terrible sacrifice? No, but a privilege.

### Reflections.

1. What factors are observed in locating a mission?
2. Describe the construction of a mission compound.
3. Illustrate some of the domestic problems.
4. Describe a regular day's work.
5. Illustrate some of the missionary's varied experiences.

*"John Mackenzie, South African Missionary and Statesman," pages 198, 199.

### Meditation.

"Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

### Prayer.

O Lord our God, thou hast blest us with the freedom of companionship with thee; our lives have been enriched with thy fellowship. As we have been made rich in him we pray that the men and women living under the bondage of superstition may be led to "know him and the power of his resurrection." Amen.

## CHAPTER X.

### *BABES IN CHRIST.*

IN reading of the opening of new missions there are many interesting incidents related of how the natives receive the missionaries and how glad they are to get a chance to learn of God. At the bottom of most of this, however, is the desire for the material things which the coming of the white man brings rather than for the spiritual truths. It takes a few years for them to learn that there is something far better than material things. Dr. Mumpower has aptly stated the case: "I do not find that the pagan man is hungering and thirsting for righteousness. In many writings by Christian men who usually have not been on the field there will be emphasized the fact that the heathen is stretching out his hands in vain appeal to civilization for the gospel. Let me not seem pessimistic; but the work of the missionary is not first to answer such an appeal, but to create such an appeal. We do not find people asking for the gospel; they do not know what it is that they may ask for it. Undoubtedly they want the white man's cloth, his money, his machines, his hardware, his knowledge; but many of them hold up their hands when he asks for the giving up of polygamy, of drunkenness, of immorality, of slavery, and other gross sins. Of course tribes differ in respect to the response they make toward the efforts of the missionary, but I should say that all must first be aroused from their lethargy before they appreciate the blessings of the gospel."

Dr. Morrison, the great leader of the Presbyterians at Luebo, who had many years' experience working among several different tribes and helping present to them for the first time the gospel message, wrote thus: "It is necessary to sow the seed and allow time for the people to realize what Christianity means in life and character. This cannot be told to the natives;

it must be seen in the lives of other professing Christians." The people of our tribe are just waking up in a small way to the fact that we have something for them worth their seeking. Now in a short time our opportunity grows to be gigantic. All along we have received many requests for the "white man to come and begin a mission in our village," and we have been forced to realize that the chief motive prompting such requests, and no doubt many times the only motive, was not the highest motive. However, when a distant chief sends some of his people the long distance to the mission to sit there and learn this new palaver and then to return and tell their home people about it, we realize that the gospel seeds are germinating. One chief from a village thirteen days' journey away sent two boys to our mission to hear the gospel and take it back to his village. They did not come to spend just a few days and report. They entered the school, that they might go back trained teachers and evangelists. Thus the spiritual consciousness is beginning to be awakened even to the farthest limits of our tribe.

From the second quarterly report from Lubefu Station in 1920, when that station was three years old, we take the following, which clearly illustrates the dawning realization in purely native villages of Christianity's inherent worth: "The work in the eight outlying villages directed from Lubefu is counting. The people of two villages did half the work of building their own churches and were proud of them when finished because they themselves had put something into them. Another village had only two Christian men in it, but they volunteered to build the fence around their church. A fourth village is now building its own church. They have asked no help from the mission except the use of some big knives for cutting the grass and logs to build it with. It has been gratifying to us to find even a few natives who will consent to work for the improvement of their own village and their own minds and souls without

pay from the mission. The black man seems to think that whatever a white man does in a native village, no matter how much it may be for the welfare of the villagers, he must pay for the privilege of doing it. We are endeavoring to make them see that 'faith without works is dead.' In one village a house was bought by the mission and put into good repair for the native evangelist. Every Church member of this village comes up well with his offerings. The envelope system is used, the envelopes being brought in on the first Sunday of the month. Not a one came in empty, with the exception of those whose owners had gone visiting."

The first converts in our African mission were baptized in August, 1915, one year and a half after the opening of the mission. There were twenty-five baptized within a few days of each other. Since then the work has steadily grown, until in the beginning of the seventh year we find three hundred and thirty-two baptized converts. Thus in four years and a half nearly three hundred were added. Fifteen native Christians from Luebo accompanied our first party to help organize our mission and became the first native members of our mission Church. When we consider Robert Morrison's twenty-seven years in China with only three converts, or even the two converts for the first four years' work of Charles Taylor, who went out over forty years after Morrison first began work, or the twenty-four years of Justin Spaulding in Brazil with practically nothing at all to show for it, or in Africa itself the seventeen years' work of J. W. Banfield in Nigeria and only one convert, and the first four years' work of our Presbyterian neighbors at Luebo without a single convert, the figures for our six years look large and promising. They are even more remarkable when we remember that practically all this work had to be done through the spoken word alone, for we were in the midst of a people who had no written language. We could not print and scatter

abroad the message of salvation, but instead had to first learn something of the language and then reduce it to writing. In addition to this, the force was small, averaging for the six years a total of but six per year, including missionaries and their wives.

When one evidences a desire to become a Christian, we require him first to enter the catechism class, where he is taught the answers to one hundred and twenty-four questions on the Bible and Christian living, which also include the memorizing of passages of scripture. These questions and answers are designed to give him an idea of Christian truth. It takes six months for the average native to memorize these answers. When the native teacher reports that the catechumen is ready to be examined, a missionary thoroughly questions him on the catechism. If his answers are satisfactory, he is passed into the probation class, where he must remain for at least six months, and during which he receives special and frequent instruction in the Christian fundamentals. Thus he is kept in waiting from twelve to fourteen months from the time he takes his first step toward becoming a Christian until he is finally baptized and publicly declared to be one.

These are not months of idle or easy waiting. When a person enters the catechism class, he also must enter school and make a sincere effort to learn to read the Bible. Diligence in application and regularity in attendance are necessary. There are exceptions made in the case of people too old to learn or otherwise hindered from learning. Attendance upon school continues until baptism or longer. The candidate must also realize a personal responsibility for the salvation of others. He is instructed in personal work, and himself must become a personal worker. He is also taught that his heart cannot become Christian unless his "pocketbook" also becomes Christian. Tithing as a Scriptural doctrine and essential is set before him and the principles of stewardship early

given him. If he is not willing to embrace them and honestly strive to live up to them, he is not yet ready to become a Christian. Herein is the foundation being laid for a self-supporting native Church. Of course regular attendance upon religious services is insisted upon, and in case of boys and girls in training it is required.

Along with the things which he must come to know and do and love, there are other things which he must cease to do and love. Among these latter are belief in witchcraft and consulting witch doctors and medicine men, taking part in idol worship, moon worship, and such like, use of charms and charm medicines, immorality and their suggestive dances, practice of slavery, hemp-smoking, doing of unnecessary work on the Sabbath, polygamy (this applies especially in the case of men; as women have no say in their marriages, but are bought and sold as cattle), lying, stealing, fighting, quarreling, and using bad language. In fact, during the time of one's probation his life is as carefully watched as circumstances will permit; and if in the missionary's estimation he has failed to properly grasp the significance of the step he is taking or his conduct and attitude still proclaim him to be unchristian at heart, he is continued on probation until such a time as the sincerity of his efforts and professions cannot be further questioned.

Even after he becomes a member of the Church, training and instruction continue, and discipline is strict. We have a preparatory service on the Friday before the quarterly communion service, in which tickets are given out to those present who are in good standing. The possessors of these tickets only are entitled to partake of the elements at the communion. By this plan we may discipline those who have had bad palavers and encourage all to come to the preparatory service. The communion services themselves are the occasions of some wonderful experiences, especially at Wembo-Nyama, where the older Church is

so much better developed and organized. Sincere, heartfelt confessions are made, feuds and little disagreements wiped out, debts paid up, wrongs forgiven, restitutions made, and back tithes paid. Even boys who earn only from five to ten cents per month keep their tithes paid up. Of the native after baptism Dr. Mumpower says: "The native usually makes a good Christian. He is weak, it is true, and must be closely looked after, for his temptations are many, and unless he happens to live within the mission village itself he does not have many fellow Christians to encourage him. His faith is simple, sincere, absolute. He is loyal and willing to suffer persecution for the cause of Christ. Best of all, he is deeply reverent and has great respect for the Word of God."

The various departments which we have organized in the local Churches on the mission compounds include the regular Church preaching services, Sunday schools, Woman's Missionary Society, catechism classes, Bible study classes, and deputation work. A great deal of preaching is done by the missionaries. Careful effort is also made to develop good native preachers, and the teaching of homiletics occupies a proper place in the Bible-training school work. The singing is congregational and is truly good for these people. The songs are all memorized, and most of the people join in them. Most any Christian will try to lead in prayer when called upon, and all the people reverently bow with their faces in their hands while the prayer is being uttered.

Our Sunday schools are very popular with all ages and classes. The scarcity of missionary teachers often means the mixing of ages in the classes in a very unsatisfactory manner. Nor can one teacher handle from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five savages, only part of whom are converted, in one Sunday school class and make very much progress. How many primary teachers in American Sunday schools could handle satisfactorily seventy-five little children in one

class and with no equipment and conveniences? Yet there are no other religious services that are so largely attended or have such interest taken in them.

One of our lady missionaries says of the Woman's Missionary Society:

"In January a meeting was held with the women to explain what a missionary society is and its purpose and to ask them if they would like to have one. Most of them welcomed the idea. So on February 14, 1919, the first African auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society was organized here on the mission with the enrollment of forty-five charter members, including the three missionary women who were on the station. Since then the number has increased, until we now have sixty-five members. The dues are only one egg, or its equivalent of one cent in money. Of course the missionary ladies pay the regular twenty-one cents.

"At the April meeting the women were asked if they would like to have a share in the work of God by supporting an evangelist in a village which had never had one before. This suggestion received their hearty approval. So for three months our society has been paying Mundadi's salary ($1.30 a month), while he carries the message of the Saviour to the people of Okitangandu. At first the chief there refused to enter the church; so the fifteen members of the society who were baptized Christians have been meeting for about two months with one of the missionaries once a week in their several homes for special prayer for the chief and for Mundadi. Our hearts were rejoiced when we recently learned that the Spirit was at work in the heart of the chief and that he had begun going to church.

"These prayer meetings in the homes with our women permit them to grow in grace. At our last meeting seven of them expressed themselves as willing to pray in the public Church service. This is a brave step for them, as they fear the ridicule of the

men and boys, since it is such an unusual thing for an African woman to hold any place or do any work of importance."

Catechism classes are taught on the mission compounds and in each village where we can send a teacher or evangelist. While the native workers do practically all of the teaching connected with the memorizing itself of the answers, the missionaries and the native preachers both together expound and enlarge upon the truths set forth in these answers. Bible study classes are conducted for the benefit of the catechumens and probationers, and especially for the boys and young men of the Training School, and for the women. The Training School takes the young men who have completed the work of the primary school and gives them the instruction and training which enables them to go out as evangelists and teachers. It is really a Bible Training School. From this school a number of young men are sent out two days a week to preach and teach in near-by villages in which we have no regular evangelist. As a rule, we send two together; in this way they do better work and are less subject to temptations. The villages thus attended very seldom have church sheds, hence the services are conducted on the porch of some house or in an open place in the village. Some of the audience stand up during the service, some squat down, some sit on poles or pieces of wood which they have brought with them, and a few sit on the ground. Dogs, chickens, ducks, and goats move about among the audience at will and cause very little distraction. The people are called together by the blasts from a goat's or antelope's horn blown by the evangelist in the place where the service is to be held. After the service the crowd will be divided into classes and school taught for a while. Thus every church or preaching place becomes also a school.

In presenting the gospel we strive to give the people the whole truth from eternal punishment to infinite love. They are not slow to recognize that various

temporal and material blessings accompany Christian civilization, but the strongest personal appeals that are made to induce them to accept the Christian religion are: First, the love of God toward fallen humanity as revealed in the life and death of Christ. They do not seem to question the fact of the earthly existence of Jesus. Secondly, the fear of eternal punishment. This always has a strong appeal. The native evangelists do not hesitate to preach it emphatically and constantly as the just deserts of those who will not accept God's love and reject their sins.

Faith in God is absolute and somewhat inclined to fatalism. This is no wonder, since fatalistic tendencies are so strong in their natures. Sometimes discretion, in trying to avoid accident or sickness, may be thrown to the winds with the statement that "it is God's palaver." Very careful and frequent effort must be made to convince them of their own personal responsibility and that "faith without works is dead."

Religion is not so much a matter of teaching doctrine as it is of building character. We have no trouble in persuading these people to accept the truths of Christianity. They give ready mental assent. They have such confidence in the missionary that they believe without question what he says and would immediately make profession and accept baptism if permitted to do so. This, by the way, explains the great numbers which some missions in Africa claim as converted because they have made "professions of faith." It is in no wise to the discredit of the power of God and his gospel to assert that whole villages or great numbers of heathen savages who never before have had the slightest contact with Christianity *cannot* become converted on a two or three months' acquaintance with some "faith" missionary. Such claims and work do very grave injury to the very cause it is sought to advance. I repeat again, the mental assent to the missionary's word is readily given, but the difficulty comes when he insists that bad habits be

given up. This involves a test of character which is indeed real.

To what extent do they grasp the gospel message? Is there any marked spiritual development? The following pictures from real life are the best answers to such questions:

"During his early life Cilolo was an executioner for one of the worst chiefs in Central Africa. This chief used to torture his own people for amusement. We are told he would sometimes have a house filled with human beings and then set fire to it. At other times he would catch a strong man, tie great bundles of grass to him, and set fire to this, so as to use the charred remains as a medicine to rub on his body. One of his favorite pastimes was to cut off the fingers, hands, nose, lips, or ears of his subjects. On our trips to Lusambo our caravan men have shown us the precipice, about one hundred feet high, where this chief hurled a number of his followers to the crocodiles below. He was finally executed by the Belgian government. Cilolo, together with others of his followers, revolted against the Belgians because their chief had been killed. Of course they were defeated, and Cilolo now carries in his body a piece of lead as a result of that fight. After this he wandered away and finally came to the Presbyterian mission at Luebo. He became a Christian and, being an Otetela, joined our forces when we went out first to establish our mission, going with us to Wembo-Nyama. His faithfulness soon attracted the attention of our missionaries, and he was made sentry over the tools and other hardware at the carpenter shop. All tools were invoiced, but nails and other small articles were placed in kegs without any accurate account being kept of the exact number of them. To express what this means one could say that it is equal to placing a white man as Treasurer of the United States with only the large bills and bonds counted, all the silver and small change being piled up in one corner, with no account kept of

the amount. To him this amount of tools and other hardware is undreamed-of wealth; but he has been absolutely faithful to the trust. On one occasion, when my wife and Mrs. Mumpower were left alone on the mission overnight, I jokingly told him that I wanted him to take good care of them during my absence. The following morning they found that he had walked all night long around the house, although he is lame in one leg on account of his bullet wound. There is no person, white or black, whom I would trust farther to protect my wife and babies from danger, as far as his intellect would permit him, and this great change has come into his life as a direct result of the Christian religion."

"We always try to make the natives realize that pride is sin, and it is a very common sin among them. Mundadi had been back at the mission for a few months to obtain a little more schooling. When his time came to go out again into the evangelistic field, and he was appointed to go to Okitangandu, one of our outstations, he requested that he be supplied with enough carriers to carry his chair, chickens, rice, and other belongings. The missionary in charge of the evangelists replied that the mission would gladly furnish him with helpers, but that he himself also must carry a part of his possessions, so as not to appear proud. This Mundadi flatly refused to do. The missionary replied then that he could not send him as evangelist. Mundadi went home very angry. He was planning to 'sit down' and work no more as mission evangelist. That night the missionaries felt very sad over the apparent loss of one of our best men who had hitherto always been obedient to the mission. Some of us, perhaps all, prayed that night for Mundadi, that God might show him his stubbornness and pride. And that night, as Mundadi himself told us later in a confession in church, he tried to pray, but something kept him from finding rest and peace. He said that there were no others in his room except his wife

and child, but it seemed as if a voice kept speaking to him and accusing him of forsaking the work of God. Finally he said he called his wife, who was sound asleep and unaware of what was going on in her husband's mind and heart. 'Omoyi, get up. Why are you asleep when I am in such trouble? I do not know but what I may die, for I am in such agony.' He prayed again, and finally told the Lord that he would carry the things he had refused the day before. Then peace came to his heart, and he fell asleep. After that night of experience with conscience and the Spirit of God, Mundadi was a firm believer in the supernatural power of the white man's religion, and he was also a much happier Christian."

Kimbulu is one of our best carpenters. He has been with us since the mission began, but has been a Christian not more than a year. He has always stood pre-eminent among the natives because of his intelligence and keen sense of justice. But Kimbulu had two wives. (A heathen man's community standing is to a large extent reckoned by the number of his wives.) Finally the missionaries decided that all polygamists would have to be dropped from the mission employment and made to move out of the mission village. Kimbulu really seemed to love both wives and had lived with them for a long time. He also loved the mission and wanted to remain with it. After a great deal of hesitation he decided he would keep the wives and move from the mission. One day after leaving, and while at work in his rice field, he said he heard the voice of God speak to his heart: "If you die, how can you meet God? What will become of your soul?" He was much concerned and came to tell the missionaries he would give up one wife and come back to learn the palaver of God. But the devil was too strong for him, and before he had been back very long he had allowed the second wife secretly to come back to his house to live. He again moved away from the mission village to a near-by place, but continued attending

church and catechism classes. Finally he determined to give up his extra wife once and for all and came requesting two mission workmen to accompany her many days' journey away to her former home and leave her there. Now there is not a man outside of the evangelistic force, and but very few indeed in it, who can equal Kimbulu's power and influence for Christianity.

"Nganjolo was formerly a student of the Catholic mission school near Wembo-Nyama and was one of their evangelists at the time of the opening of the Methodist mission. He tells us that long before this the priests informed their followers that the Protestants were coming and described them as Lutherans and people of Satan. The day on which our first missionaries arrived was a big event for Nganjolo and others. He said that they stood afar off to view the new white men, for fear that should they go too near some harm might befall them. As time went on they learned that the new Protestants were not as bad as they had been pictured, and when the priests refused to pay Nganjolo his promised monthly wage he decided to visit the Methodist mission. Very soon after this he entered our school, which was very displeasing to the Catholics, and they began to do their utmost to get him back. They sent a messenger to the chief of Nganjolo's village with the following words: 'We want Nganjolo, and if he does not return to us we will report you to the government officials.' The chief replied: 'Nganjolo is not a slave of mine, and he may sit in the village of any white man he may choose.' Having failed in this attempt, they sent one of their evangelists to Nganjolo, offering him work for a better salary. They also asked their Church to pray that he would change his heart, and if not, that he might die.

"Nganjolo had no desire to return, and in course of time he and others who had previously been baptized by the Catholics were ready to be rebaptized by our mission. The Catholics were on the alert and

thought they saw a favorable opportunity in this to frighten him into coming back to them. They predicted that if these boys and young men received baptism twice they would die. The natives are very superstitious, and this was too much for most of the candidates for rebaptism. So all, with the single exception of Nganjolo, ran away on the date of baptism. Some of them, however, returned later and were baptized. A few weeks after this, when he was on his way to a certain village to preach, he stumbled on the path, and a knife which he was carrying for protection pierced his leg. Many of the natives were filled with fear and thought at once that this accident had been prayed upon him by the priests and that his death was near. But God had other plans for Nganjolo's life, and after his leg was healed he was sent out as our evangelist to Oduku. While there he was visited by one of the priests who tried all manner of methods to win him back to them, to all of which Nganjolo replied that he would not leave his present work. After this the priest became very angry and left, calling him a lost sheep.

"On one other occasion he was sorely tempted to leave us. Lack of enthusiasm in his work had been noted by the missionaries and wondered at. Soon they were able to understand, for Nganjolo came and said that he and one other evangelist were about to leave, having accepted employment from a trader. With the trader they would receive a much larger salary. It is greatly to Nganjolo's credit that he informed us of his intentions to leave, for most natives would have secretly left. The last Sunday of his stay on the mission the Spirit of God led a missionary to preach that morning on the subject of Jonah. The message touched the heart of Nganjolo. He felt that he was running away from the work of God even as Jonah had tried to do. Soon he returned and made a touching public confession of his error and since then has grown to be our strongest and best evangelist."

"But," says Mr. Patton, "some one will ask, Do these converts from paganism never relapse? . . . Yes, the converts do relapse in an unfortunate number of instances, and this fact causes the missionaries great trouble and sorrow. Every precaution is taken to refuse Church membership to any who come from unworthy motives or without sufficient instruction and also to protect the new members from undue temptations. . . . Yet, after all is said and done, these converts are hardly more than babes in Christ. Behind them are untold ages of animalism; before them are the exacting ideals of the New Testament. Who can wonder that some fall away? Is it not the wonder that so many stand true? Are all converts to Christianity in Europe and America faithful to their vows?"*

Cula was a very bright and promising evangelist, but he yielded to temptation and had to be dismissed from evangelistic work because of immorality. He drifted away from the mission, entered a white man's employ as a personal servant, and went many days' journey hundreds of miles away from the mission, where he lived a sinful life. But God's Spirit did not let him go. He was not happy or at ease and often thought to himself: "If I die, I will be lost forever. I would be afraid to meet God." Finally he came back to the mission and confessed his sins. Then he lived a good Christian life as an ordinary workman for a year, after which he was reinstated in the work. It is a very severe test of a native's purpose and strength when he will submit to what is considered by these people as the great humiliation of doing the work of an ordinary day laborer when he has once been elevated to evangelistic work.

From one of the quarterly reports of 1920 we take the following illustration of the splendid influence of the medical department as an evangelizing agency:

*"The Lure of Africa," page 175.

"We have been so glad of the opportunity this past quarter to come in direct touch with one of the witch doctors and be able to help him give up his evil practice. He came from another village, three days' journey away, to the hospital to be treated, having been sick for weeks. He had been in the hospital several days before we knew that he was a witch doctor. Another patient came from the same village and told us that he was one. When we asked him if it were true, he admitted that he had been, but said that he was going to give up deceiving people. When he was dismissed from the hospital we talked with him and urged him to give up his old life of deception. He was gone about two weeks, when he returned, bringing with him two chickens and his medicine gourd. He said: 'I have brought you my medicine gourd; I don't want to deceive people again.' The dried gourd, which was about the size of a soup tureen, was full of all sorts of trash, such as chicken feet, goats' feet, little bones, pieces of snake skins, nuts, etc. Generally it seems that the witch gourd is a sort of lottery. A patient will go to the witch doctor, and the witch doctor gets his gourd, sings his incantation, and shakes the gourd well. Then the patient puts his hand into the gourd and draws. Whatever he draws is an omen of what will befall him. For instance, if he draws a goat's foot he will be well and strong to walk again, and the doctor instructs him to bring a goat for his service. The second time when this witch doctor left us to return to his home he said: 'I am going back to my village, and when I see other witch doctors with their gourds deceiving people as I have done I am going to tell them of the God I have heard of and ask them to let go their idols.'"

Another instance of very effective evangelistic work by the medical department is that of Ngelesa. He came with a very badly diseased leg and was treated a long time by Dr. Mumpower and then a year by Miss Wilson before he was cured. While at the hos-

pital he attended church, and God's Word found lodgment in his heart. He became converted and was baptized. When healed he said: "I do not care to go home to my own village now (his brother is quite a big chief near by), but I want to enter the work of God." After finishing the primary school work he entered the Bible school. Now he is one of our best Christian men and evangelists. When Mr. Anker was very sick of influenza he went to Mrs. Anker and said: "I would be glad to die in the white man's stead if only he might be spared." The missionaries believed that this was said in deepest sincerity, and it is a high tribute to the Christianity of a converted savage.

"Leteta is the name of a young man who came to our mission four years ago from Lodja, a four or five days' journey from Wembo-Nyama. He had heard the report of our coming, and his heart at once longed to hear 'the palaver of the true God.' He had long before seen through much of the deception of the native witch doctors and had realized to some extent the hopelessness of idolatry and superstition. His leaving home was against the protests and pleadings of friends and relatives, and messages have since come begging him to return. When we consider further that Leteta was in line to inherit a chieftainship and that he forsook the life of ease and honor of a future chief among his people, his following Jesus was all the more remarkable. Probably the biggest loss our mission could have had, except the loss of a missionary, was the death of this promising young man. He was humble, respectful, sensible, and appreciative, a quiet, earnest Christian such as one rarely meets. In intelligence and refinement he was far ahead of the average native. From sunrise till the close of the working day he was busy with his duties on the mission. He helped in translation work, was overseer of a large number of boys, attended to their daily food and manual work, was the teacher of the daily catechism class, and taught in the schools. Besides these and other duties,

he found time during rest hours and at night to sew his own clothing and to carve ivory. Of his income, he faithfully gave God one-tenth. When influenza began to spread very rapidly in our village, some of the natives went off to other villages thinking to escape it. Many were afraid and could not be persuaded to help us; some were too lazy; very few offered to help. Leteta did not have to be summoned or be asked; he came to the hospital of his own accord and volunteered to help care for about seventy sick mission boys. He also accompanied us each day, visiting the sick in the village. When later he became ill it seemed from the first that he had a very severe attack of the disease. In spite of every attention, he quietly slipped away after a few days' illness. His loss is keenly felt, but the quiet influence of his Christian life and character will not soon be forgotten in the village."

There have been a number of our converts whose Christianity has cost them very much financially, looking at it from their point of view. Here is a case described by Mrs. Mumpower: "One day at Wembo-Nyama one of our helpers named Boma, a Christian and a very bright young man, came to Dr. Mumpower with a palaver. We could tell at a glance that something was wrong. Hesitatingly he told Dr. Mumpower that an uncle of his in a near-by village had died and had left him all his possessions, since he (Boma) was the nearest living relative. These possessions, he said, consisted of a furnished house (a small hut with perhaps a chair, a few mats, a few cooking pots, and a few baskets), some goats, chickens and ducks, and three wives. The three wives were causing Boma's trouble. A man is considered wealthy largely according to the number of wives and goats that he possesses. And most Africans, like most Americans, are ambitious to be wealthy. Boma was troubled because a Christian can have only one wife. If he accepted this fortune, which he was expected to do because 'their fathers did,'

he would have three wives in addition to the one he already had. He asked Dr. Mumpower what he should do, and the doctor told him he should decide that for himself. He said: 'You know you can't have more than one wife and remain in the Church.' It was evident that Boma wanted the fortune. But he knew that if he accepted it his relation with the Church would be severed. He knew, too, that if he refused he would be called a coward by those who were not Christians. He had found Christianity to be a good thing. He wanted that too. How would he decide? He stood and thought for quite a while, Dr. Mumpower all the time trying to direct him to the right decision. Finally he decided to go and take possession of the fortune, told us good-by, and left. But after a little while we saw Boma coming back. We wondered what had happened. His expression had changed. Instead of the troubled look there was the usual happy expression that Boma always wore. He had 'overcome,' and his face showed what his heart felt. He had given up the fortune for the sake of Christ."

Reference has been frequently made to the "mission village." This is the native town which has developed to one side of the mission compound and which is under the direct control of the mission instead of a native chief. At first there were only a few houses, but it has steadily grown as people moved to it who wanted to live near the mission. There are now about five hundred natives living in it, not including the nearly one hundred schoolboys and schoolgirls who live in the compound itself. Of this five hundred, only about two hundred have already become converted and baptized, but many of the others are catechumens. The following account, which is condensed from an article written by Mr. Bush, shows some of the social and civil progress of Christianity in their midst. This progress is the more remarkable because of its striking contrast to the ordinary chief-ruled type of govern-

ment, which heretofore is the only form of government known among these people:

"On a bright moonlight night toward the latter part of 1920 a few blasts from the village bugle summoned the natives of our mission village to the market square for the purpose of selecting their own mayor. A quiet, orderly crowd having gathered, they were told the purpose of the meeting, and also that it would be well to elect two aldermen to assist the mayor. They withdrew apart from the missionaries in order to put their own heads together on the selections. The missionaries were wondering what type of man would be chosen. Would these people in their first step in self-government pick out a man who favored lawlessness and the old customs? Would they select a man who advocated polygamy, excused adultery, advised divorce, practiced opium smoking, and disregarded the principles of Christianity as held up by the mission? The man whom they chose was Kimbulu [who has been previously referred to in this chapter]. He had made a sacrifice some months before, even at the loss of prestige among the heathen people of the surrounding villages, in order to live in our Christian village. Recently he had administered to his own son a sound chastisement for wife abuse and attempt at divorce. We have often noted this man's keen sense of justice, and are confident that the people of the village will hesitate before entering into bad palavers under his administration. The privilege of selecting the two aldermen was very courteously proffered by the leader of the crowd to the missionaries.

"The assembly approved of the two men chosen, and then there were three speeches in order. The newly elected mayor mounted a box for a platform and in very effective oratory enumerated the prevalent evils among the Atetela people and warned them that they may be sure of punishment if they practiced these sins. One of the aldermen, who is our carver of ivory, trained carpenter, and applicant for pilot on the new

steamboat, made a strong plea for righteous conduct, even challenging any one to point out one evil in his record of seven years at the mission. The other alderman was not so oratorical, but was quite earnest in his stand for Christian integrity."

Many other incidents of the Otetela people's response to and grasp of the gospel message could be given. We have seen enough to believe that God is raising up unto himself a Church from out of this heathen darkness which will bring glory to his name and joy to those who have had a human part in its construction.

### Reflections.

1. To what degree can the native sense his needs?

2. When were our first converts baptized? How does this compare with other fields?

3. What are the requirements for Church membership?

4. Describe the work of the native evangelists.

5. To what extent can they grasp the gospel message? Illustrate.

6. Give the stories of Kimbulu, Nganjolo, and Leteta.

7. Note the developing ability of the natives in their conception of village government.

### Meditation.

The people of this tribe want Christianity. They respond to its appeal with deep convictions; and although it is costly to them, they stick with fidelity. But why does not the whole tribe become Christian? Very many of them would if they had a fair chance. But "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Many earnest prayers go up daily from those who have become Christians, praying that Christian America will send them teachers, doctors, and preachers.

### Prayer.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt grant to the missionaries great wisdom and patience and love to lead these children of Africa into a saving knowledge of Christ our Saviour. And give to us, we pray thee, to do our full part at the home base for reënforcements and supplies to that distant battle line. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *THE UNFINISHED TASK.*

WE have been studying the picture of need presented to us by one of the many tribes of Congo Belge, in Central Africa. As many such pictures as there are tribes could be presented. For many years Christian America and Europe have been knowing something of the existence of these terrible needs. In the light of Christian truth and Christ's commands, their response has been small indeed. Lack of men and lack of money have been the chief reasons assigned for doing so little.

However, governments have not been slow to go to Africa. They have found men and money with which to lay claim to her lands and peoples. To-day there is only about five per cent of the whole of Africa which is not claimed by some European power; and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, from the Mediterranean to Cape Town are to be seen innumerable officials of various rank and order representing many governments.

Trading companies, mining concerns, and other business organizations have been able to find men and money with which to enter Africa on a great scale. To-day there are large railway systems being developed. Mines of fabulous wealth are being worked. Trading posts in great numbers dot the lands. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown." (1 Cor. ix. 25.)

These governments and these business organizations have many things to their credit benefiting the natives as well as the white man. The abolishing of intertribal wars, slavery, cannibalism, the poison cup, and human sacrifices have been a tremendous blessing to the blacks. The nominal establishing of law and order has brought a degree of protection to native life and safety to his property hitherto unknown in the

Dark Continent. The building of railroads and river steamboats has opened up much of the land, and now the interior native has access to the white man's numerous commodities which will contribute so greatly to his health, comfort, and progress. He also has a ready market for his own produce.

Some few of the mother countries have done much for their colonies in the way of education. Belgium has not. It is true that she subsidizes the Catholic missions to the amount of about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy thousand dollars per year; but this is all, and what percentage of this goes into useful native education as contrasted to Catholic religious propaganda we cannot say.

Along with the material benefits of "secular" civilization (many African officials and traders distinguish between civilization "secular" and civilization "Christian") are many things which are neither benefits nor civilizing but, nevertheless, are chargeable to the white man's account. We must briefly mention some of them.

The full account of the organizing, administering, exploiting, and terminating of the Congo Free State (now Congo Belge) is one of the blackest records of human history. Of it Sir A. Conan Doyle says: "All the cruelties of Alva in the Lowlands, all the tortures of the Inquisition, all the savagery of the Spanish to the Caribs are as child's play compared with the deeds of the Belgians in the Congo." This was spoken of King Leopold's régime, which was of practically thirty years' duration, and during the last twenty years of which he virtually looked upon all that vast territory as his personal property. Not only did he and his agents claim the land, but all the products of it were claimed by them. The native was left only the actual site of his village and the adjacent small garden plots. One of the very high Belgian officials declared: "The native is entitled to nothing. What is given him is a mere gratuity." Consequently in their great greed

for collecting the products of the land there were perpetrated upon these helpless people the most inexcusable cruelties, the most inhuman beatings, the most horrible mutilations, the most pitiless massacres, to terrify them into bringing more goods and produce or to punish them for not having brought more.

When these frightful atrocities were finally exposed King Leopold hypocritically professed ignorance of them, but wound up by ceding the territory to Belgium as a colonial possession in 1908. Since then many reforms have been inaugurated and effected, but lesser forms of cruelty and injustice are still practiced in various sections. Among these are exorbitant taxes, enforced labor, brutal beatings, travel restrictions, and indirect religious persecutions. The taxes exacted are poll taxes, which are begun when a lad is sixteen to eighteen years of age. For the average native this tax amounts to from one-tenth to one-fourth of his actual money income per year. Enforced labor becomes practical slavery. Brutal beatings are often administered and never justifiable, though sound and sane floggings are often almost indispensable and have very wholesome effects. Travel limitations confine the once free-to-go-where-he-pleased native to his respective district or section. To venture out of these without special permits may get him into trouble with the State if caught. The chief method of indirect religious persecution is the rendering of verdicts in the cases involving Catholics and Protestants almost always in favor of the Catholics and against the Protestants, making it practically impossible for a Protestant to receive justice.

This incident, taken from the journal of one of the missionaries, will show a little of what the Protestant missionary undergoes at the hands of the Catholic domineered officials. When a white Protestant is treated in the following way the reader can well imagine what may be the treatment accorded the black Protestant natives. The chief of a village about forty-

five minutes' travel from the mission station was very friendly to our mission and missionaries when we first began work in his section. He and a great number of his villagers attended our services. Now, this chief was strongly inclined to the Catholics, had received many presents from them, and had a son or two in their mission school. As soon as the priests found out that he was being friendly to the Protestants, they called upon him and ordered him to keep away from our services and also to drive his people from them. This was done in direct disregard of the laws of the land, which expressly declare that the natives shall have the right of religious freedom and worship. Fearing the threats of the priests if he should disobey them, he turned against his Protestant friends and began such effective persecution of our followers in his native village that we soon did not have one attendant upon our services, though there were many who were friendly and wanted to attend. The missionaries were patient with the chief and kind and friendly to him, hoping finally to win him back to them. Every legitimate effort was employed to induce him to cease his activities against our people. Spurred on by the priests, he responded to our kindliness with greater and more open hostility, at last becoming disrespectful and even insulting in his attitude and conduct toward the white missionaries themselves. As a final resort, in justice to the native Protestants of that village, the missionaries decided to take the case to the near-by government official, although because of his Catholic subserviency we much doubted that our cause would receive justice.

The charges against the chief were preferred in writing, accompanied with the request that the missionary be permitted to appear in person before the official and in the presence of the offending chief when the case was to be heard, so as to verbally set forth the charges and the evidence. Among the six different charges preferred were the interfering with a reli-

gious service and driving the worshipers from the church; the whipping, threatening, and otherwise mistreating of the Protestant followers who attempted to attend our religious services; the insulting and libeling of the white missionaries themselves. In some of these the evidence was submitted through the statements of a large number of the chief's villagers who were our followers and who had suffered at the hands of the chief. In other charges the evidence was the personal testimony of the missionaries as to what they themselves had actually seen, heard, and experienced.

At the trial the government official stated that the case would be taken up one charge at a time, together with the evidence supporting it. He then asked the missionary to proceed accordingly. When the first charge and its evidence were submitted the official turned to the chief and said: "The missionary says"— To which the chief replied: "It's not so; it's not so. I didn't do it." Whereupon the official turned to the missionary and said: "The chief says it is not so. What is your next charge?" The other charges and their evidence were also declared false by the chief and his word accepted by the official rather than the word of the missionary. At first the chief was very much frightened, for he thought that the word of a white missionary would be sufficient to cause him to be punished for his misconduct, but after the trial he openly bragged in the village about himself and his word being more honorable in the eyes of the government than was that of the missionary. The natives are not slow to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and they know that except among the Christians falsehood is very, very prevalent. In this case they knew that the old chief was lying all the way through and that the official, because of his own and the chief's Catholic adherence, had accepted the chief's lies and denied justice to the missionary and his cause.

I have no doubt but that there are many officials who sincerely desire to be kind and just in their deal-

ings with the natives. It has been my privilege to know a few. It has also been my sorrow to know others such as the following: On the Lusambo wharf were being worked a number of prisoners, some of whom no doubt were being imprisoned because of inability to pay the high taxes demanded. They were transporting the freight from the wharf to the storerooms some distance away. Among them was one elderly man, whose frail body looked quite weak and sickly. Two strong native soldiers lifted a heavy load and placed it upon his back and shoulders. He tottered a few steps and dropped it, for which he was mauled with fist and hand of the soldier. The load was again placed upon his back, and this time after a few steps he fell down with the load. More slapping and mauling was administered by the soldier. The white boss (official) came up and saw the load again placed on the old man, and when he again fell down with it the white man proceeded to brutally kick him until he arose from the ground. The load was replaced, and the poor old man tottered only a few steps with it and fell under it again. Whereupon the white man, in a furious rage, set upon him with his strong, solid walking stick and frailed him in the most merciless manner. This is but a fair example of the type of treatment accorded the natives by many of the white officials to-day, especially in the interior, where the fewness and isolation of the white men enable them to be laws unto themselves. The surrounding conditions give the native virtually no chance to appeal to a higher official against the brutality and injustice of the treatment accorded him by the lesser officials.

The attitude and conduct of white traders and other civilians toward the native often greatly exceeds those of the type of officials just mentioned in the contempt with which the native is held and the injustice and brutality with which he is treated. They cowardly strike him with fist, foot, stick, heavy whip, or any

other handy object, knowing full well that the native never strikes back. They cheat him, swindle him, withhold his wages, take very many of his products at whatever price they may choose to give him, and mistreat and abuse him if he protests. I have known traders to allow a sick and slowly dying native to lie out on the ground day after day within a short distance of their dwellings and where they could see him as they daily passed back and forth, yet they never lifted a hand in his behalf.

On one occasion the river steamer on which my wife and I were traveling stopped a little while one morning at a certain trading post. We went ashore while the cargo was being loaded and saw a man slowly dying in the last stages of sleeping sickness. He was lying on the ground in the center of a "new-moon" shaped village and only about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the dwelling of the two white traders who ran the place. He had less than a square foot of cloth on his body and no shelter whatsoever. He was lying near an old log that was slowly burning. Some "kindly disposed" native had placed an old mat on four upright sticks over the burning part of the log so that the heavy tropical rains would not completely quench the fire. Four other sticks stuck in the ground, with several strands of vine strung between them had served for a chair when the native was able to get up off the ground and sit in it. When we saw him he was past that stage. His body was so emaciated and wasted away that it looked like the bones would punch holes through his skin. Day after day the blistering tropical sun poured its merciless rays upon his helpless form, and night after night the cold, raw rains beat against his unprotected body. These, together with the chilling fogs and the biting winds, seemed no less mindful of the poor human being lying there on the ground than did the natives and white men who daily walked back and forth within a few feet of the sufferer.

I have heard expressed the desire for a return to the good old days—the days when natives' ears and noses were cut off, their eyes put out, their hands and feet chopped off, or even more shameful mutilations upon their bodies executed in the most cold-blooded heartlessness in the beastly exploiting of the land and its people. They dare not do those things to-day, but one can imagine what their treatment of the native is likely to be when they harbor such longings in their hearts.

We are glad to say that it is illegal to sell liquor to the natives of Congo Belge. However, the consumption of liquor by the white men of the Congo is something appalling. The individual buys his whisky by the case, not by the bottle. As is always the case, along with the drinking goes immorality. Even white men with families in Europe live lives of the most open and sickening shame in the Congo. I have had native workmen come to me and complain against the white official and trader for so frequently calling their wives away from them. I have known of an official having a chief of a village, in which he was spending a few days, to order the women of his yard or village to line up so that he (the official) might select the ones whom he wanted to live with him while he was in that village. The general attitude toward and the prevalence of this awful vice is almost inconceivable to the respectable people of the homeland.

We have had a glance at some of the frightful wrongs which Africa has suffered at the hands of the white race. But there is more. Read these burning words from the Edinburgh Conference: "Africa has suffered many wrongs in the past at the hands of the stronger nations of Christendom, and she is suffering wrongs at their hands to-day; but the greatest wrong, and that from which she is suffering most, is being inflicted by the Church of Christ. It consists in withholding from so many of her children the knowledge of Christ."

When all the nations stand before the judgment seat of God, who is going to bear the chief responsibility for Africa's sins and wrongs and suffering? It will not be the nations of the world, but those individuals who have professed to be Christ's followers who have forgotten to pray, refused to give, and "would not even think for one second of going," those who would not accept the commands of Christ the Son, but have demanded a special "call" from heaven bringing them their "Go ye." They were ready to take John iii. 16 as it stands in relation to their own salvation, but for Matthew xxviii. 19 they waited to have a special revelaton. Where can any scrptural grounds be found for such position? A missionary has written: "I would just call attention to three facts: Wonderful results follow the preaching of the Word; the way is open to millions who have never heard of Christ; and, lastly, the Omnipotent God gave the command to GO, and he did not say anything about any other kind of a 'call.'"

The Roman Catholics seem to have no trouble about responding to the call of Africa. Sometimes one boat will carry out as many as thirty or more priests and nuns. The government officials go out by the boatloads. Traders, miners, adventurers go in great numbers. But how about the Protestant missionaries? Often this question is put to us by the natives themselves when they come to us and say: "We pray every day that God will send us more white men from the far country to teach and help us. When are they coming?" You can hardly realize how this question wrings the hearts of missionaries.

Our closing paragraph is from Mr. Stilz, one of our very effective missionaries. He writes: "I used to think it rather chronic with returned missionaries to tell of the need of more workers in their particular territory. But when one goes out and sees for himself he realizes that the half has not been told. Last year there were six missionaries on our two stations and

all of them overworked. When the Ankers and I left in April (1920) there remained only five missionaries to work the two stations. As we started home on the boat I was much impressed with the fact that they had one man set apart to print menus and the passenger list and four able-bodied men to make music while the passengers ate. There was the equivalent of our whole mission force, the difference being that, besides making the music and tending to the printing, our folks have the teaching, preaching, building, bookkeeping, and such things to do. The natives wonder why so few missionaries come. They point to the great stretches of country which we have not begun to touch. Some from distant villages tell us that people there want the gospel. They realize as well as we do the fact that people are dying without even the chance to hear the gospel and that children are growing up to become hardened in the vices of the country. Every day prayers go up from simple, trusting hearts that the Spirit may move the hearts of young men and women to go out there, and we feel sure that their prayers will be answered."

## Reflections.

1. How long have the needs of Africa been known?

2. What governments have colonized Africa and where are their possessions?

3. How has industry and governmental ambition developed Africa?

4. What is the tragic picture of the early condition of government by Belgium?

5. Illustrate the attitude of brutal and domineering officials.

6. What forceful comparisons does Mr. Stilz make?

### Meditation.

Why have traders risked their lives in the jungles of Africa? Why have governments eagerly contended for its territory to the point of taking up arms? Yet why are the missionaries willing to spend their lives there and traders and government officials spend only four or five years? "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice." "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." This picture of needy humanity and an anxious Christ presents an opportunity, a challenge, a call to—some one. Conscious that the world is needy, knowing that, either now or when prepared, my service invested through the Church could meet some of these needs, can I give a reason to God why I should not respond? "And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."

### Prayer.

O Lord, our Saviour and our God, we know that thou wouldst have Jesus Christ uplifted in darkened lands that troubled and anxious hearts may know him and be drawn to him. Thou knowest the need, the agony of soul, the despair, and the hopes of those who sit in darkness. Forgive us when we have been unjust and indifferent to them and grant us to see eye to eye, to feel heart to heart with their needs, and remove far from us suspicion, hatred, and injustice. Forgive us for our failure to become acquainted with their needs and to hear their cries; forgive us for hardening our hearts to the call of thy spirit. But now, O Christ, we consecrate to thee our time, our talents, our possessions and income, and ourselves. And, O blessed Redeemer, not only are we willing to, but we do now take up our cross and follow thee. In the name of Christ our risen Saviour. Amen.