New Frontiers
in the
Central Sudan

By C. GORDON BEACHAM
(Sudan Interior Mission)

ILLUSTRATED

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TO

MY WIFE

Faithful companion and helper.

INTRODUCTION

LONG acquaintance with the author of this volume during the formative years of his missionary consecration and career, a more or less extensive fellowship with missionaries from the "fields of the world," the experiences of several months of travel in Northern Nigeria, from which country the writer brings to us the scenes and subjects of his book, each contribute their quota of pleasure as I pen this brief introductory contribution to what I esteem an excellent and really valuable addition to the constantly enlarging library of missionary literature.

"NEW FRONTIERS IN THE CENTRAL SUDAN" will make friends for African and world-wide missions. It depicts African life and customs, which in broad outline and in much detail are common throughout "Darkest Africa." It affords the background of midnight into which the light of the Gospel needs more fully to shine. The light must shine in the darkness in response to the Great Commission of our Great Commander ere He returns to receive His own. The book is evidently written to further the sending of the light. The piled up proof of the utter depravity and spiritual destitution of the African is so convincingly presented by the author, that doubt of duty is no longer possible, and missionary dilatoriness no longer defensible.

The book is interesting throughout. Prosiness is not found on one of its pages. Its range of topic is wide. African family life, the tribal distinctiveness in daily custom and religious ceremony, both ludicrous and sad, are described. The fear and the courage, the sincerities and the dishonesties, the religious observances and the delirious fleshly excesses, the cruelties practised at birth and the sordid ceremonies at death, are not merely referred to, but illustrated by incidents from the personal observation of the writer, and each is tersely told, by one who evidences the experiences of a life controlled by missionary vision.

Missionary books are made imperative by the trend of "The Last Days." Both pulpit and platform have, in obedience to human appeal, become too overcrowded to provide opportunity for the missionary to present adequately his case. He is frequently accused of failure to tell the whole truth in the recital of his story. Our author, probably without intending to do so, has parried thrusts at missionary deficiency, at least so far as his local field is concerned. He leads his readers through the tragedies of native life and the pathway of missionary peril, sustaining interest and thrill from the first to the final chapter of his volume, not omitting the conquests of the Cross as he has beheld them in lives formerly savage and cannibal.

The Bible Study Class will find in "NEW FRONTIERS IN THE CENTRAL SUDAN" an invaluable text-book on missions in Africa. The Sunday School teacher will profitably resort to it for incident and other material usable in all grades for missionary illustration and inspiration. The preacher will discover in it a harvest of facts calculated to re-fuel his missionary passion and kindle with new missionary fervor the soul of his congregation.

Mr. Beacham's book should, in my judgment, find a wide circulation. Missionary facts, with which to replenish the low burning missionary fires, will be permanently on hand to the owner of each volume, and like bread cast upon waters, should be seen after many days.

HERBERT MACKENZIE

PREFACE

PRIOR to the World War, the Sudan Interior Mission had established over a dozen stations in the central part of the British Protectorate of Nigeria extending inland as far as the head of the Bauchi branch of the Nigerian Railroad. From that point the view for extension was eastward, and in 1915 the Rev. R. V. Bingham, General Director, and Dr. A. P. Stirrett, Field Secretary, made a journey for the purpose of looking out new territory. Two hundred miles beyond they found the Tangale tribe, and returned with a plea for new workers for it. In response to that appeal, the Rev. John S. Hall and I were commissioned the following year to open a station in that region, hitherto untouched by missionary effort. From our experiences among the Tangales and their neighbors has developed the material embodied in this book.

Because of the appalling ignorance in the homeland concerning Africa and especially the Central Sudan, it has been thought worthwhile to add this material to the comparatively meagre amount of literature on the subject. "Facts are the fuel to kindle the missionary fire." Facts are presented. But it is hoped that they will not only entertain and inform, but cause a wider interest to be taken in the people of the Central Sudan, especially the tribes yet unreached by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an interest that shall express itself in practical ways.

Much credit is due to my fellow workers in the Mission for making this work possible, especially to those whose names are mentioned in the opening chapter. I am indebted also to Mr. Thomas Millar for some of the photographs used as illustrations. Special thanks are due to Miss Alice Hanscom, the Rev. R. V. Bingham, and to my wife for valuable critical help in the preparation of the manuscript.

C. GORDON BEACHAM.

Willoughby, Ohio.

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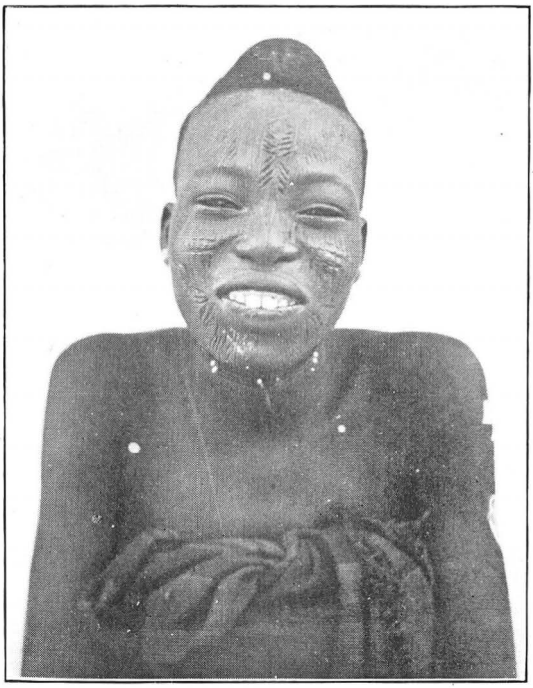


A young woman of the Tera Tribe.

CHAPTER I.

FRONTIER LAND

TWO very prevalent and erroneous notions concerning Africa, particularly tropical Africa, need to be corrected. One is, that it is a land of jungle, snakes, and wild animals. To be sure, there is some jungle, but it covers by no means all of Africa, not even all of tropical Africa. From the mission house where we last lived, not a single palm tree was visible. Other trees there were, but like in appearance and number to those in an ordinary country scene in the northern United States. Snakes there are, from the tiny but deadly viper, usually not more than twelve or fifteen inches long, to the python, with a body as thick as a man's thigh and as long as thirty feet, which crushes its prey in its folds and then swallows it whole. But actually, we see very few snakes, probably not more than the average country boy sees at home. And the wild animals are there, lions, leopards, hyenas, giraffes, buffaloes, elephants, wild boars, bush cows, many kinds of antelope, baboons, and several kinds of monkeys, with almost numberless smaller beasts. But these are more plentiful in some sections than others, and during the eight years spent in the country, I have not seen any of the larger ones alive. They are as much afraid of us as we are of them, and they keep pretty well away from the villages, at least in the day time.

A story is told by a missionary who lived in a town on the Benue River. While sleeping on his front porch one night, with the usual mosquito net covering his bed, he was awakened by the heavy breathing of what he thought to be a town dog at the side of his net. With his fist, he gave the animal a blow on the snout, which sent it off into the darkness. The next morning, he discovered much to his amazement, lion tracks leading up to and away from his bed. While true, such stories are very few and far between.

The other notion that needs correcting is that the Sudan is a comparatively small piece of territory, adjoining Egypt somewhere to the south, and the home of Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." But properly speaking, the name "Sudan" covers a much larger area than merely the Egyptian Sudan. The name itself comes from *Bilad-es-Sudan,* an Arabic term meaning, "The Land of the Blacks," and designates that region of Africa which stretches south of the Sahara and Egypt, from Cape Verde, on the Atlantic, to Massawa, on the Red Sea. Incidentally, the only ruler who bears the title "King of the Sudan" (*Sarkin Sudan*), is the Emir of Kontogora, whose kingdom lies in one of the northern provinces of Nigeria.

One fact, which needs constantly to be borne in mind, is that Africa is a vast continent, more than equal in area to China, India, Europe, and the United States combined, and every part of the continent is different from every other part. What may be said in this book may not, therefore, be true of other parts of the country, only of the particular area described.

My own experience has, for the most part, been confined to three tribes, the Tangale, the Tera, and the Waja, and so, on the whole, the material is confined to them. These tribes, with the Tula and three or four others of insignificant size, occupy the southern and part of the eastern portion of the Gombe division of Bauchi Province, Nigeria, in the Central Sudan. They are about ten degrees north of the equator, and about three hundred miles S.S.W. of Lake Chad. To reach their country, one must take ship to Lagos, near the mouth of the Niger River on the West Coast, then travel north on the Nigerian Railroad almost 800 miles to Jos, near the end of its Bauchi branch, and leaving the train there, trek almost due east for two hundred miles. When, early in 1917, the Rev. John S. Hall, of Windsor, Ontario, and I, opened a mission station among the Tangales, we were the first white people to settle in their midst. For several months during 1923, Mrs. Beach-

am and I, in company with Mr. Thomas Millar, of Hamilton, Ontario, sojourned in the Tera tribe, and ever since we have kept up a connection with those people. Early in 1924, the three of us entered the Waja tribe, and opened a mission station at Gelengu. More recently, Mr. John S. Nicholson, of Waikaka, Southland, New Zealand, has been associated with us in Waja. Among each of these peoples, our work has been necessarily of a pioneer nature, since we are the first white missionaries to them, and so we choose to call this "Frontier Land," where new spiritual frontiers have been established.

The Central Sudan presents a unique situation ethnologically. The division of the Africans into distinct tribes has been carried to the nth degree here. Nigeria alone has 480. In Bauchi Province, with a total population of 950,000, one hundred and ten different languages are spoken. Very few of the tribes are large in number. The Tangales, for example, number 35,000, and the Tera and Waja each 25,000, and there are many with only 5,000, or even less. Each one of these tribes speaks a language which is totally different from that of its neighbor. They are not mere dialects one of another, but absolutely distinct languages, as different from each other as English is from Russian. People living fifteen miles from each other cannot understand one another. One language will be intoned, the next one will not. One will have gender, the next one no gender. One will be a "class" language, all of its nouns, for instance, resolving themselves into a certain number of classes, with separate systems of pronouns, adjectives, and demonstratives for each class, but all are not "class" languages.

Through inter-tribal warfare, slave-raiding, and cannibalism, the various tribes have not only been divided into these comparatively small groups, but have been isolated each from all the rest and from the outside world. Until the advent of European government, at the beginning of the present century, venturing outside of one's own town

or tribal limits was done at the risk of one's life. And so each tribe, and in many cases each town, has lived for generations with practically no knowledge of what lay beyond its own small horizon. Miles of uncultivated bush lay between town and town, through which the wild animals might roam practically unmolested, and a few venturesome men might crawl, now and then, to do some coveted trading, or a slave steal back to his home again. And the same wild bush made an excellent cover for raiding parties, which might descend upon a village and take its toll of slaves, or "catch some meat" for another cannibal feast. Constant watchfulness had to be exercised. The villages of the Teras and the Wajas were all surrounded by a high, thick mud wall and a dry moat. The gates were always fast shut at night. The Tangales depended upon the hills for their protection. Some of their villages are built on the tops or sides of hills, and a few are nestled in some hill-encircled enclosure. With a peaceful rule thoroughly established throughout the land, some of those who built upon the hills are now descending and building their homes upon the lower and more easily accessible levels.

The southern edge of our Frontier Land is bordered by a range of hills, which rise a thousand feet, and almost cut off communication with the tribes of the Benue River valley, their neighbors to the south. From these hills, peopled by the Tangale, the Tula, and some of the Waja, the country is perfectly flat as far north as the eye can see, dotted only here and there with individual mounds, many of which look like giant bee-hives. On this plain live the Waja and Tera. Down the eastern border of this section flows the Gongola River, the chief tributary of the Benue, which, in turn, is the chief tributary of the Niger River. Apart from the Gongola, there are few rivers. Many places have springs for their water supply, but the Teras depend mostly upon wells, of which some are seventy-five and a hundred feet deep.

Tall grass grows over all the uncultivated areas. Every

dry season this is burnt off by the natives, after what is desired for thatching and mat-making has been cut. The cool nights of January and February are brightened by the sight of these huge bush fires in every direction, sometimes looking for all the world like a giant fireworks demonstration. The trees which dot the landscape suffer frequently from burning.

The year is divided into two major seasons, which we generally speak of as the wet, or rainy, season, and the dry. The rainy season lasts from April the first to October the first, and the dry from October to April. By no means does it rain unceasingly during the wet season. There are usually two or three storms in April, five or six in May, and they increase in frequency as the season advances, until in September, there may be some rain every day or every other day. During the dry season there is not a drop ordinarily.

The climate has, by some, been compared to that of Florida or southern California. The sun's rays are much more direct in the Sudan, though, and therefore more dangerous. It is this directness of the rays, rather than the heat, which is so harmful to white people. Our average temperature has been around 90° Fahrenheit, rarely exceeding 100° (in the shade) or going below 60°. There is not the humidity that we often have in the homeland, and many days in July and August on the southern shore of Lake Erie have been more uncomfortable than any in our African home. A helmet, made of pith or cork, must always be worn by a white person, from an hour after sunrise to an hour before sunset, to prevent sunstroke. March is the hottest month of the year, just before the rains, and January is the coldest, when north winds blow, bringing with them, from the great Sahara, dust so fine that no grit can be felt, finer even than talcum. Over the landscape it hangs a white shroud, the lower the temperature the denser the shroud, and from every bush and straw can be shaken a little white cloud. So dense does the harmattan become,

that at times objects a quarter of a mile away are not discernible. The extreme dryness of these winds parches the skin and withers vegetation.

The sun, the mosquito, and the water are the great enemies, that have caused West Africa to be known in the past as the "White Man's Grave." The anopheles mosquito transmits the malaria germ. Thanks to medical science, quinine has been found to be a specific for malaria fever, and five grains of it are usually taken daily as a prophylactic. Although one may not actually have the fever, yet, as a result of the bites of the mosquito, the malaria germs are ever present in the blood, tearing down the red corpuscles, and tending to produce a certain anaemic condition. And just as soon as one's vitality is lowered, through overexertion, loss of sleep, biliousness, or other cause, the fever is almost certain to show itself.

All water for food or drink must be boiled to kill the dysentery germs which may be present in it. This is a precaution which must always be observed, to the distress sometimes of the white traveler, whose bottle which he had filled with boiled water before starting has become as dry as the proverbial bone, and he still has many miles to go before it is possible, or convenient at least, to boil a further supply. He may cross many streams, whose clear waters go bubbling by in a most tantalizing manner, but he knows that death may be lurking there, despite its apparent clearness. Even milk must be boiled, not because it may contain the dysentery germs itself, but because there is the possibility, and probability, that it has been watered. Dysentery has a nasty way of clinging to a person's vitals, even after it apparently has been cured.

Our Sudan pioneer, the Rev. R. V. Bingham, tells of meeting, on one of his later trips to the country, some Fulani women, carrying large bowls of milk to a market some miles distant. He asked good humoredly if they had put water in the milk. "Do you think we are fools," they

replied, "carrying water in our milk all the way to the market when there is a stream a short distance from it?"

The tsetse fly is also a great enemy, both of the white man and the black, for the native has in no measure become immune to sleeping sickness, the germ of which is transmitted by the bite of the tsetse fly, as he has to a certain degree to the sun, to malaria, and to dysentery. One whole village, Balanga, in the Waja tribe, has been nearly wiped out by this one disease alone.

There are other pests too numerous to dwell on, but some mention should be made of the white ant. This is not destructive to life, but to property. Everything made of soft wood, cloth, paper, or leather must be kept out of their reach. This is usually done by supporting all trunks and boxes with tin cans, from which the labels have been removed. Most species of white ants never work in the open, but always build earthwork up to and over that which they intend to eat, and they cannot build this earthwork on the smooth side of a tin can nor on stone. One of the doors in our house collapsed with a crash and clatter one day. Investigation showed that the white ants had reached it from the wall, had burrowed inside and eaten the wood, until just a shell remained, and when this became too flimsy it fell, without a note of warning. One night, the ants entered our dining room floor and before morning had built a mound eighteen inches high. They had also built high enough in an adjoining room to get into a wardrobe trunk, and pretty well rifled the contents. Then they tunnelled to the bedroom and ate two pairs of Mr. Nicholson's shoes while he was away, and part of our American flag. In the bottom of each ant hill is a queen. When she is taken away, all the ants in the hill will move. In places where the ants are especially numerous, they have transformed the bush into what resembles a "Garden of the Gods," with their steeple-like hills, some rising ten and twelve feet high.

In the days prior to the rule of Britain, the different

tribes had varied forms of government. The Tangales had no real chieftains, that is, men who ruled over them and led them out in warfare. As in the days of Israel's judges, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." And the Tangales had their judges too. They were the only men, apart from the heads of households, who had authority over others, and that was merely for the purpose of settling disputes. The stone of adjuration was the sign of their office, and their chief reliance in rendering judgments. Those who brought their cases before the judge were required to sit on this stone and swear, with oaths of death, to the truth. For such cases as assault or debt, the offender was put in stocks until his family made such restitution as should be designated by the judge. If the required sum was not forthcoming in full, the prisoner would be sold into slavery by the offended ones. Wives had no recourse to any kind of legal proceedings. If a wife should displease her husband, or a husband have cause to think that his wife was about to go to another man, he would sell her into slavery and so indemnify himself. The patriarchal system was in full force. With the advent of the British, a chief, selected by the people, was appointed for each town, and he is responsible to the British official of his district.

Each town of the Wajas and the Teras was ruled by a king and coterie of nobles, and was autonomous, although in certain matters, especially in religion, they recognized the precedence of certain kings, or more strictly certain towns, over others. This precedence was reckoned from the order of settlement as related by tradition. Each king had the power of life and death in his own town. The office was for life, and was usually held in turn by representatives from the various "royal" families, the actual appointment being made by the vice-chief, who himself was of the common people and appointed by the reigning king. The British have kept intact this form of government, but limiting, of course, the power of the kings, now more

properly termed chiefs. They, too, are responsible to the British official of their district. Early in the nineteenth century the Teras were conquered by Buba Yero, the first Fulani Emir of Gombe, and remained under his power until the coming of the British, and are still subject to the reigning Emir, as all Moslem emirates were kept intact in accordance with the policy of "Indirect Rule" which was adopted.

The British Government took over the government of what is now known as Nigeria during the years 1900 to 1902. The Governor's headquarters are at Lagos, on the coast. For the purpose of administration, the country is divided into provinces, and these again into a northern and southern group, with a Lieutenant-Governor over each group. Each province is in the charge of a Resident, and is subdivided into districts, each district being in the charge of a British officer. A telegraph and postal system connects all the district offices, the benefits of which others in the country share. So away at our mission station, a thousand miles from the coast, we receive our letters from home regularly every two weeks, by sending a native messenger to the nearest district office. In our case this is fifty miles, and the man makes the round trip, one hundred miles, on foot in three days.

CHAPTER II.

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFT"

UNTIL recently, nothing but narrow and devious foot-paths cut the bush in our "Frontier Land." A few main routes have now, under the direction of the British Government, been made passable, even for a motor car, for a few months during the dry season of each year. For the most part, though, the foot-path still prevails. Travelling for the white man is a task to be accomplished when necessary—not a pleasure.

Well do I recall that memorable New Year's morning of 1917, when Mr. Hall and I, accompanied by a senior missionary, the Rev. George Sanderson, set out on our two hundred mile trek for Tangale. All of our goods were packed in small loads, most of which did not exceed seventy pounds, and each load carried on the head of a native porter. In addition to the outfit which we were taking to our new station, there were our camp beds, tables, chairs, dishes, cooking utensils, and "chop" (food) box, for at the end of each fifteen or eighteen mile trek, we would have to make camp in a rest house provided by a benignant government at suitable stages along the way. The rest house is not an inn, but merely a building, which consists usually of one large room, with mud walls and thatch roof, and open doors and windows. Here the foreign traveller is allowed to set up his shifting household for the night for a charge of two or three shillings (48c or 72c) per head.

Our first stop, after collecting all our things at Jos, the railroad station, was four miles from the railroad, twenty miles from Miango, our mission sanatorium, which had been our starting point. We stopped this night at an old Niger Co. rest house, which looked more like a haunted house than anything else. At any rate, it boasted brick instead of mere mud walls, and had some windows, that could be

closed with some rusty corrugated iron, nailed to wooden frames. But when our beds were made up that evening, Mr. Sanderson discovered that his "boy" (a personal attendant, no matter what his age or degree of skill, is always called a "boy"), Haruna, had forgotten to bring his best woollen blanket. January nights in Nigeria are too cool to be without a woollen blanket, and Haruna was instructed that he must produce the forgotten article. We arose at four the next morning to get an early start, and as soon as the loads were packed ready for the day's journey, Haruna was off for Miango again. Our objective was Toro, eighteen miles away. The first day's trip was broken by the excitement of getting to the railroad and collecting our goods and porters for the journey. But the eighteen miles of that second day seemed interminable. Mr. Sanderson had a bicycle. Mr. Hall and I had nothing but "shanks' mares." But Mr. Sanderson was good enough to let us take turns with him, riding the bicycle. That helped a great deal, but even so, we thought the sun would wilt us into the dust, and then burn holes through us, before we caught sight of Toro rest house. When at last, shortly after high noon, we turned a bend in the road and saw the house crowning a knoll half a mile beyond, like Paul, we "thanked God, and took courage" enough to drag ourselves up the little hill leading to the door. The cool floor of the rest house was most refreshing, and we lay there, while our two new "boys" put up the beds, without the help of the more experienced Haruna. Before the afternoon was up, though, Haruna himself appeared, with the blanket hanging from his shoulder, and a lantern for himself in his hand. With all his fifty-eight miles' travel in the sun that day, he courageously set about getting our evening meal. The following day, a shorter stage was travelled, to rest both our porters and ourselves. But after that, an average of sixteen or seventeen miles was made every day, except Sunday, which was spent quietly in the rest camp. It took us seventeen days to cover the two hundred miles.

We learned our lesson from that first long trek, and both Mr. Hall and I purchased horses for subsequent journeys, and after our first furloughs in America took back bicycles. An easier mode of travel for the ladies is the hammock. This is usually a rope or canvas hammock, slung from a long stout palm frond, at each end of which is a cross-board about four feet long. Each end of the two cross-boards is carried on a native's head. The journey in a hammock may be quite comfortable, if the four men are not experienced enough to keep step. Keeping in step makes the carrying easier for the porters, but the effect on the passenger of the rhythmic swing and jerk is something worse than that of a rough sea. The broken step of the men, though, causes the hammock to ride quite evenly and quietly.

Travelling in the rainy season is more comfortable, because the clouds mercifully shade the sun much of the time. But it is decidedly more of a problem, for there are always streams to be negotiated. While the region described is comparatively dry, yet in the wet season many streams are born with the heavy rains, only to dry up again when the rains cease. Occasionally, one may find a native with a dug-out canoe at a road crossing. But, usually, one has to discover his own ways and means, not only for crossing himself, but for getting his loads across. If the stream is not too deep, the porters can wade through with their loads on their heads, and the white man can be carried over on the shoulders of a strong native. Our travelling bath has proved useful to Mrs. Beacham on more than one occasion. The bath is made of thin sheet iron, painted brown on the outside and white inside, with a wicker basket made to fit the inside, and has a cover and strap. This is used for the double purpose of trunk on the road and bath tub in the rest camp or at home, by removing the wicker basket. When a stream has been too deep for crossing in the arms of a native, the bath tub has been requisitioned. The wicker basket will be removed, Mrs. Beacham will sit down inside

the tub, and this will then be lifted on the head of a native, who will carry it across, like an ordinary load.

One learns from experience many things about crossing streams. Near the end of our first year in Tangale, Mr. Hall and I started back for Miango, where Mr. Hall was to be married. Our station was twenty-eight miles from the first rest house, so we had made up our minds to camp in the bush, somewhere about half way. We wanted to find some place with water, which we could use for cooking and washing. We travelled at least the fourteen miles which we wanted to cover that day without sighting a drop of water. And on we went, and on and on. Finally, we stopped at a dried-up stream bed, and found that by digging we could get a little water, so there we camped, out in the open. About midnight, a severe thunder-storm broke over us, and deluged us with rain. It was the only night of the seventeen that we did not have a rest house in which to sleep, and the only night we had rain! There was nothing to do but lie there and take it. Our canvas cots made a lovely receptacle for holding water, too. We covered our faces with blankets, and managed to keep the clothing we were to wear the next day dry, by putting it under our pillows. How long it seemed until morning! And when the day did break, we discovered that we had made the serious mistake of camping on the *near* side of that dried-up stream bed, for now it contained a raging torrent. It was too deep to be carried through, so of necessity we waded, with the water to our arm-pits, and the clothes we had so carefully preserved were soaked with the rest of our goods. Never since have we camped on the *near* side of a stream bed, no matter how innocent it looked.

CHAPTER III.

BRANDING FOR BEAUTY

ISAIAH, in the third chapter of his prophecy, gives a picture which portrays the condition resulting from pride in a race, a picture which well represents the average pagan tribe in the Central Sudan to-day. "Instead of sweet spices there shall be rottenness; and instead of a girdle, a rope; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a robe, a girding of sackcloth; branding instead of beauty." The last phrase has, perhaps, more universal application to these pagan tribes, and is one of the striking characteristics which first impress themselves upon a foreigner. "Branding instead of beauty."

As one who is more or less familiar with the people walks in the crowds which fill any of the larger markets, such as Jos or Minna, where a thousand natives may be gathered from far and near, he can readily distinguish the members of various tribes by the markings on the face. Each member of a tribe, with few exceptions, is marked exactly like every other member of that tribe. And the markings of each of the hundreds of tribes are different one from the other. Not only can individual tribes be recognized by these distinguishing marks, but sometimes the group to which several tribes belong, as one family. The Beri-beri, for instance, have a very deep incision, cut from the top of the middle of the forehead straight down to the tip of the nose, with additional marks on the cheeks. And so, tribes which in days gone by have sprung from the great Beri-beri parent stock, retain the long deep cut through the forehead and nose, but use varying designs on the cheeks. These tribal markings thus have a certain value to the student of ethnology.

While the various patterns serve as distinguishing means of tribal identification, yet it is interesting to note that the

people themselves do not so mark their faces for that purpose. When the question "Why?" is put to the native, the unvarying answer from a man or boy is, "That I may be handsome," and from a woman or girl, "That I may be beautiful." And so, very literally do the words of the prophet have an application in this land. "Branding instead of beauty." But, while the people thus mark themselves to enhance their good looks, the principle of uniformity which prevails in every tribe, whereby each member must do exactly as every other member does and as their fathers have done before them, makes each separate design a distinguishing tribal characteristic.

The picture facing the title page is that of a young woman of the Tera tribe, and is typical of almost every member of that tribe, with this exception, that the men do not have the small criss-crosses on the cheeks. These are peculiar to the women and may vary in number. First, there is the long deep line from the middle top of the forehead down to the tip of the nose. Then, on each side and extending well behind the ears, there is a series of fifty lines, converging on the top of the head and extending down to the mouth or jaw, and another series of twenty parallel lines extending from the lip to the bottom of the chin. One hundred and twenty-one in all.

When a child is perhaps six or seven years old, he will begin to beg his father to give him some corn, that he may take it, as a fee, to the man or woman who is skilled in making these tribal marks. Perhaps the child will be put off for a while, but he sees the other children having their faces marked, and all his older brothers and sisters and playmates with their faces marked, and he (or she) wants to be "beautiful" too, and continues begging. Finally the father will consent, and will take the child, who carries in his hand a calabash full of shelled guinea corn, to the scarifier. A small iron (not steel) lance is used to make the incisions, and the operation is a painful and bloody process. After it begins, the child will pull and cry, and

perhaps ask to have some of it left for another day. But the father reminds him of the many times he begged to have it done, and now he must see it through. No anaesthetic is used—pagan Africa knows no amelioration of pain. After all the incisions have been made, powdered charcoal is rubbed in—which vies well with salt for producing a stinging sensation, but incidentally acts as an antiseptic against the many germs that the iron lance may have left, or that may be blown in from the open air "operating room." Sometimes, though, infection does set in, and leaves running sores for years, or is responsible for many malformations. A few years later, another visit will be made to the scarifier, and this time, a more or less elaborate design cut into the flesh, covering the whole chest and abdomen, and perhaps the back, the arms, and even the hips and legs to the knee or ankle, will be made. A few individuals in the Tera tribe may be seen who have no markings on their face. The usual explanation is, that the parents have had three or four die successively, some time after the face had been scarified, and, when another child was born, an oath had been made that its face would not be marked, in the hope that death would not claim this one in its infancy or youth.

The three tribes under discussion are not of the large-featured negro type which one finds near the coast, and to which most of our American negroes belong. The lips are fairly thin, the nose of medium size, neither sharp nor flat, the hair woolly, and the range of color of their skins runs from that of milk chocolate to coal black. Both men and women are of average height, but a very fat person is never seen among them. Many of the Tangales have very sloping foreheads, in fact, scarcely any forehead at all. Once, when I was visiting some fellow-missionaries in the Iregwe tribe, who have very straight foreheads(like the Teras), an Iregwe youth got to quarreling with one of my Tangale "boys." After some heated discussion (all carried on in the Hausa language, the *lingua franca* of the Central

Sudan), the Iregwe said to the Tangale, "If we find you in our cornfields, we'll kill you, and no one will say anything to us for it, for you're not a human being, you're a monkey! Look at your forehead!"

Of the Tera and Waja, it can be said, "instead of a robe, a girding of sackcloth." Both men and women, and even the children, are clothed. But their primitive little loom takes but 28 strands of homespun cotton to the inch and weaves a strip of cloth 2¼ inches wide. The strips must then be sewn together, until the desired width for a garment is obtained. And the very same cloth is sewn together to make the sacks in which they frequently carry their grain. The men usually wear trousers and a jumper, with or without sleeves. On dress occasions a loose robe may be thrown over this. When they farm their land, often they wear only a loin cloth. Special trousers are frequently worn for "dress up" occasions. These are made of much ampler proportions, long, and large at the waist. Some measure sixteen feet in girth! And they like to copy the Nigerian Mohammedans, who, it is said, have a tradition, that if one should go to hell, only that part of the body below the seat of the trousers will go in the fire, so the ambition is to have the trousers' seat drag on the ground!

The women wear a cloth, which is wrapped once about the body under the arms and knotted with a simple twist of the hand in front. How the native woman can fasten her dress, with such an apparently simple but effective twist, is a lasting marvel to the white person. But effective it is, for even when a baby may be included inside the dress, bound thus to the mother's back, there is no giving way under stress and strain. At work, this cloth is often lowered and tied around the waist, and, sometimes, the bottom pulled up between the legs and fastened inside the "belt" at the back.

The Tangale man stands as he was born, and his wife has little more. "Instead of a girdle" she has "a rope"—several strands of cotton string tied around her waist.

From this she hangs a small bunch of leaves behind, and a smaller bunch in front. Girls, until they are married, do not wear the leaves in front. The Tangale woman has this advantage over her Tera or Waja sister, that she may have a new dress every day, without it costing her husband a cent. And if the Tera or Waja man ridicules the Tangale on account of his nakedness, the Tangale will retort, that the other only wears cloth to save taking a bath, as for himself he has nothing of which to be ashamed! But, with all his lack of apparel, there is no prouder person in the world than the Tangale. Many is the time that one has stood for a long while in front of our mirror, admiring himself. Once, a man whose face had been scarified with tribal markings to the limit, appeared at the door, asked us to look at his face and tell him if he was not good-looking. His trouble, he explained, had been that no woman would marry him, and he was distressed about his looks, for he had done everything he could to make himself handsome.

For the most part the men are clean-shaven. They do not seem to prize a beard like their Moslem neighbors, who hold that it is impossible for a man with a beard to lie. Oftentimes we have suggested to a Mohammedan that he was not telling the exact truth, and, immediately, his hand would go to his beard, and grasping it tightly, he would ask whether a man with a beard could lie. The insinuation, of course, being that he could not. But our pagans remove their beards. I say "remove," for they do not shave. They have razors, but these iron tools are for shaving the head! For chin whiskers a pair of wide-blade tweezers are used, and the whiskers pulled out!

The Tera and Waja women retain their hair, although it does not grow to any great length. It is dressed in a coxcomb fashion, braided tightly over a "rat" of old cloth, as illustrated in the picture facing the title page. But with the Tangale women, there is "instead of well set hair, baldness," for like the men, they shave their hair completely

off. The Tera and Waja women look much more attractive with their hair, but certainly one has to admit that the Tangale custom is more sanitary. A common thing for visitors of all ages, both sexes, as they sit on your porch, is to examine one another's heads for vermin. When the Tangale woman's hair has grown out to a nice wooliness, she likes to rub over it, thoroughly, a mixture of oil and red ochre, so that, as she goes on the path ahead of you, her head looks for all the world like a huge ripe tomato.

No woman is without her "vanity case." This contains the above mentioned oil and red ochre, her rouge. Clothed and unclothed alike, whenever they wish to "dress up," the whole body is rubbed with the reddish oil, making it shiny and black. Both men and women also like to "pencil" their eyes, using a small bone to rub blue indigo on the upper and lower eyelids. Every one has his or her ears pierced, and many have the lower end of the nasal septum and both lips pierced. The piercing is done with a thorn, making a very small hole at first. Then straws of increasing thickness are inserted, until the hole has become the desired size. Some of the Tangale women have wooden plugs, the size of a silver half dollar, in the lobes of their ears, and plugs the size of a dime in their lips. Rings, of course, are worn in the ears, and frequently in the lips, as are also straws and feathers. The favorite article of adornment for the girls is a curved straw, six or eight inches long, through the septum of the nose. Cowrie shells and beads, the latter imported from Europeans, are commonly worn, and iron, brass, and leather bracelets of many kinds and sizes. Another means of enhancing their beauty, as they think, is filing the front teeth to a point, a practice that really gives them a vicious appearance.

All are illiterate. Words for reading and writing are not even contained in their languages. When we introduced these arts to them, terms had to be adapted. The word for "to count" was used for "to read," and the one for "to mark," such as to mark or decorate a pot, extended to mean

"to write." Living in the isolation that they have for generations, their extreme ignorance is not surprising. But from our experience among them, we are led to believe, that, from the standpoint of intelligence, they may quite correctly be termed bright. Their backwardness is due, largely, to lack of opportunity. Given the same opportunity, they would advance as quickly as others. Boys and girls who have come to our schools learn to read in three months' time, and to write well in another three months.

The Teras especially make good traders. Many of them, too, have distinguished themselves in the civil and military service of the Nigerian Government. And a large number are to be found working as head-men in mining camps, and as cooks and stewards in personal employ as far as the coast.

Certainly, they have a sense of humor. There is nothing that any of them like better than for you to sit down in the friendly shade of a tree and crack jokes with them. A man brought an old rooster for us to buy one day, but we decided that he was trying to get some cash out of the fowl before it died of old age. "No," we said, "we cannot eat your rooster, our teeth are not made of iron!" Quick as a flash, he pointed to the gold fillings in our teeth and retorted, "No, but they're made of brass!" One evening about dusk, one of our "boys" went into his house to get his calabash of mush and gravy, which another's wife usually cooked and placed there for him. As he entered the house, his eyes not yet accustomed to the dark interior, he did not see the woman's husband squatting on the floor with his back to the door. Intent upon getting his supper, he took in his two hands what he thought was his bowl of food, but in reality was the other's head. "Take it right along," said the owner of the head, "and see if you can find some gravy to go with it!"

On the whole, they seem like a happy, care-free people, and one is often tempted to envy their light-heartedness. As you walk through any Tera town in the early morning

or the afternoon, you will hear women's voices in song coming from within the houses, for a Tera woman invariably sings as she grinds her grain into meal. The men will trot off early in the morning to their farms, whistling or singing. Their salutations are usually bright and cheery. They quickly forget their quarrels and their troubles. It is only when you come to know them more intimately that you discover the terrible fear under which they are in constant bondage, the fear of demons, of ghosts, and of witches.

Living in the open as they do, they are a comparatively healthy people. But the lack of hygienic measures frequently increases their troubles. The majority of patients at our dispensaries are ulcer cases. A small nick with a knife or a hoe is easily infected. And often, the dirty treatment of an early infection quickly turns it into a huge and rotting ulcer. One day the Chief of Kaltungo, where our Tangale station was located, came to take us to treat an old man, who, he said, was no longer able to walk. We followed him for nearly a mile, over a hill, and were led into a hut where lay a man who must have been all of eighty years of age. He lay on the floor, with a rough grass mat for his bed. The dirt on his body could have been scraped with a hoe. His right leg was entirely bound with leaves. When these were removed, we almost turned away from the sight that met our eyes. An ugly ulcer had eaten away most of his leg, from the ankle to the knee, until seven or eight inches of the tibia and even part of the fibula were exposed. We dressed it as carefully as we could, and left orders for a warm bath to be given. Each morning we went to attend the old man. But on the fourth morning we were met on the path with the word that it was no use going further, the patient had died during the night.

Leprosy is common, but is not looked upon as contagious. When smallpox breaks out on a person, he is immediately taken to the bush, where a grass house is built for him. Here, in his isolated dwelling, a friend who has

recovered in some former time from the disease, and is, therefore, immune, ministers to him. But no such precaution is taken with leprosy, and it is continuing to spread among the people. Until recently, they have been free from venereal disease. But since the more peaceful condition of the country has been brought about, with its freer mingling of the population, venereal disease has been introduced from their Moslem neighbors. Epidemics often take a great toll of lives. In 1918 the Spanish Influenza did not skip this district. Often smallpox rages among them, and measles seems to come periodically. In 1924, 1925, and 1926 cerebro-spinal meningitis caused the death of hundreds.

CHAPTER IV.

CANNIBALISM

WHILE Mr. Hall and I were travelling on the train to Jos in December, 1916, just after our arrival in Nigeria for the first time, we fell into conversation with an Inspecting Traffic Officer of the railroad. When he learned that we were intending to settle among the Tangales, he expressed great astonishment, and asked us whether we knew anything about them. We replied that we did know a little, from the reports of Mr. Bingham and Dr. Stirrett, who had inspected their country some eighteen months previously. "Well," he continued, "but did you ever see a Tangale grave?" "Yes," we said, "we have seen a picture of a Tangale grave." (For Mr. Bingham brought one back with him.) "But," our would-be deterrent persisted, "did you ever see the *inside* of a Tangale grave?" The insinuation was that the Tangales had no real graves, because they always ate their dead, and some who were not dead! The "I. T. O." was greatly shocked to think that we would risk our lives among such a people.

We proved to our own satisfaction, when we were actually settled in the tribe, that the Tangales do bury their dead. The many graves which we saw, some of them decorated with trophies of the hunt, were not shams, for we attended more than one funeral and *saw* the *inside* of the grave.

It is quite true, however, that the Tangales have eaten many human beings, who were not ready for a grave. And our railroad friend might have thought that he had some justification for his remarks if he had heard a stalwart youth say to me one day, at the same time patting his stomach significantly, *"This* is the black man's grave." Another remark often heard is, "There is only one kind of meat," that is, no distinction is to be made between human

and animal flesh. The practice of cannibalism to the Tangale is merely one form of legitimate hunting.

Under the sacred tree of each family group is a collection of stones, each planted lengthwise in the ground. Each stone represents a head, that had been captured and eaten by that family. Every year, when the millet in their town farms is ripe, a little ceremony is held under the tree, the first-fruits of the millet are parched and eaten, and a streak of red ochre made lengthwise on each "head" stone. Whenever a human victim was brought home, the head would be placed for some time on an altar under this tree. The body would be dismembered and divided among neighboring family groups. As soon as preparations could be made, a head-dance would be held, lasting three days. In the dance, the killer would be distinguished by a wreath of locust leaves worn around the head, and he and his companions would receive gifts of all kinds from the people as the dance moved from one part of the tribe to another.

The heads of human victims were always reserved for the elder men, as were the breasts of young maidens. The heads underwent a special process of boiling in a communal pot, a huge thing some three feet in height, which stood under a sacred communal tree. The titbits, the eyes, brains, and tongue, were given to the oldest men present. Under this communal tree lie buried some iron bracelets, relics of the first settlers of that particular community, and placed there by them. Every three or four years, all male members of the community gather with their spears under the tree, the bracelets are unearthed and washed with beer, some chickens killed in sacrifice to the ancestors, and the blood sprinkled over the spears, prayer being offered that the "eyes" of the spears might be made sharp, that is, that they might find many more human victims whose heads might be boiled in the great pot. The women are never allowed to partake of a cannibal feast.

While the Tangales are cannibals, they observe certain restrictions. They will never eat the body of one of their

own town, or of the section of the tribe to which they belong, nor of certain neighboring tribes, with which they recognize a treaty of brotherhood. There are two main divisions of the Tangales, and a member of one is legitimate prey for the other. Periods of truce were established occasionally, not only with the opposite section of the tribe, but with hostile neighboring tribes. Preliminary negotiations would be made with duly appointed and recognized envoys. If both sides were agreeable, a day would be set on which the full man power of both contracting sides would assemble midway between the two towns or tribes, with the women keeping a respectful distance behind—as they did when their men went to war, to lend encouraging shouts. A piece of rope about a foot long would be produced and a representative of each side would take hold of an end, and a third person would cut it with a knife. The cutting of the rope was the sign of peace, which would be observed until a violation of it precipitated another inter-tribal war. During such seasons of peace the people mingled freely and safely.

Cannibalism has been practised by all the Tangales, by the southern half only of the Wajas, but never by the Teras.

The British Government has, of course, outlawed the practice, and suppressed it. But even yet, it is done when some one thinks that he can escape the vigil of the officials. It is against the law in the United States to commit murder, but we do read of murders now and then in our newspapers! The difference in Tangale is, that when one commits murder, it usually ends in a cannibal feast. One of the first experiences we had when we settled at Kaltungo was to discover a man passing through our yard with a sack, which, upon inquiry, we found to contain two human heads, somewhat decomposed. The story connected with them was that the two men whose heads these were, had been traders, had been murdered by the Chief of Dadiya, a small tribe twenty miles south of Kaltungo, their trade goods had been

confiscated, their bodies eaten, and their heads buried. The heads had been discovered and were being taken to Mr. T. F. Carlyle, the District Officer. The Chief was subsequently hung for his crime.

It was Mr. Carlyle who was chiefly responsible for subduing the Tangales and their cannibalistic neighbors and establishing the peaceful rule of the British flag over them. His peremptory measures were effective, and the only kind which the natives really understood. His name is still revered and sung in the district, although he himself, after passing on to higher positions, is now retired from the service. I remember him saying at one time that he advocated burning these pagan villages once a year, purely as a sanitary measure! Not that he did it, but he thought it would be beneficial. It was Mr. Carlyle, too, who selected our site for us at Kaltungo, and to him we were indebted for many kindnesses during those early days. We had asked for a site six miles west of Kaltungo, in the western section of the tribe, but he told us that if we should settle there, he would be afraid that we might wake up some morning and find ourselves in the pot! The people there were just a little wilder than those of Kaltungo.

With the ban put upon cannibalism, the Tangales now hold their head-dance for the killing of any wild animal of that class, which has paws like a cat, such as the leopard or hyena.

One of our Christian young men, Kwamjom, tells of one of his childhood experiences. A man in a neighboring family had killed and brought home a man from the western section of the tribe. The head had been put on the stone altar under the sacred tree, and the body divided. One of the arms fell to the lot of Kwamjom's family, and the little fellow was so scared at the sight of this human arm, with the red flesh and white bone appearing at the end, that he ran and hid under his mother's bed. After awhile, he mustered up enough courage to go outside again, and then with other boys went to see the head, and, standing at a respect-

ful distance, threw stones at it for the fun of seeing the face twitch each time a stone hit it. A cousin of Kwamjom's had at the time a skin disease, which covered his whole body, and the soup made from human flesh was thought to be good medicine for it. When the arm had been boiled, the flesh was divided among the male members of the family, including the boys, and the soup given for a bath to the one with the diseased skin.

There is a tribe, found throughout the whole of the Central Sudan, known as the Fulani. They are for the most part nomadic, herding their cattle wherever they can find good pasturage. During the farming season, they must of necessity keep outside the cultivated areas, but after harvest, they are allowed to glean on the farmland. A Fulani youth had some of his father's cattle one day in Western Tangale. When, in the late afternoon, he did not return to the family camp, the father set out in search of him, and came upon his cap and staff. He looked closer in the vicinity, and in a small farm hut he found, to his horror, the partially consumed body of his son. He went to the chief of the town to which the farm belonged and told his story. Together they went to the owner of the farm, whom they found at his home in town. The farmer expressed absolute ignorance of the affair, and said to the father, "You say that is your son's cap and staff? Ask the staff and see what it knows." When the father and chief returned to the farm hut, they found this time that the balance of the body had been eaten and the bones buried. That was in 1920.

About the same time, a man of the Tula tribe was working on his farm. Two neighboring Waja men came along, found the Tula alone, attacked and murdered him, carried his body to a hill, a few miles distant, where they had a pot. Here they cooked and ate their victim, stuffed the bones in the pot and hid it in a crevasse of the rock.

The Wajas say that in former days, if ever drought threatened their crops, all they had to do was to send a

party of horsemen to capture a Tula man, hold a dance, in which the head of the victim was carried atop a long pole, and rain would be sure to come within twenty-four hours. And, they add, the body of the victim, decapitated and therefore not able to be identified, would be given to their Tula slaves for a feast.

These are only a few of the cases which we have known to occur in our immediate neighborhood during the time that we have been there. They are given to illustrate that these people still have a taste for human flesh, even though restrained by the stronger hand of a foreign power. Many times have I heard the men wish for the good old days, when they could do as they pleased. Never having been caught in warfare themselves, they seemingly do not appreciate the benefits of an enforced peace.

CHAPTER V.

PRIMITIVE ECONOMICS

THE visitor to one of the towns of "Frontier Land" will find no hotel, no stores, no street-cars, no automobiles, no banks, no "movies," no library, no post-office, no newspaper, not even a bill-board. In Tangale and Waja he will find nothing but small huts grouped here and there, without any order or arrangement. In Tera he will find similar huts, but all within the ruins of the old town wall, and built in an orderly arrangement with streets between.

In their extreme isolation, it is most interesting to see how the people live entirely upon Nature. Not only are they ignorant of the outside world, but economically independent of it. If they want a house, they merely dig a hole where there is suitable clay, mix the earth with water, tramp it with their feet, and build a circular wall about four feet high. This they cap with a conical-shaped roof of thatch, laid over a framework of corn-stalks or bamboo poles. Before the mud is thoroughly dry, the Tangales cut a hole about two feet in diameter for a door, through which they crawl, more like goats or dogs than human beings. The Wajas make their doors about three feet high, and the Teras make both their walls and doors somewhat higher. A "home" usually consists of a round house for the husband and one for each of his wives, a store house, brew house, goat house, several granaries, and sometimes a visitor's house, all arranged in a circle around the court-yard.

If they want a bed, they go to the bush with their little axe, cut down a tree and hack out a slab, on which they sleep with nothing covering it except a skin or single cloth. Or, they may weave some grass into a thick mat, or some corn-stalks into a pallet. Many of the Teras and Wajas build a bed of mud, about eighteen inches high

and three or four feet long, with space below in which to build a fire. For furniture, a log or stone is rolled in. Sometimes the women use a small stool, carved from a solid piece of wood about six inches in diameter and four inches high. Or a curved forked branch of a tree cut down to twelve or fifteen inches, serves as a stool, the three ends serving as legs and the natural curve, elevating the fork a few inches from the ground, is the seat. A larger branch, with a fork at one end, is used for a ladder to climb into their granaries, which are built of mud, in the shape of a huge milk bottle, the entrance to which is at the top. A few notches cut in the side of the "ladder" serve for steps.

For dishes, Nature has provided them with a wonderful assortment of gourds, all shapes and sizes, the dried shells of which are quite hard. Some of the spherical ones are cut in half for bowls of various sizes. Some are used whole for carrying water. One variety has a straight thick neck, which, when cut in half, makes a dipper or a cup with a handle. Some have a constriction between the body and the neck, and these are used as water bottles. For cooking, pots are made of suitable clay. The firing is done in a large shallow hole, in which the pots are placed and covered with a great heap of dry grass, to which fire is set.

For rope, grass, or the shredded bark or root of certain trees, is braided or twisted into the desired thickness and length, or long vines, which grow in the more thickly wooded sections of the bush, provide stout rope ready made. Grass and leaves are utilized for so many things that it is hard to give a complete list—roofs, mats, beds, rope, bracelets, leggings, dresses, "wrapping paper," bandages, head-pads (for carrying loads on the head), sieves (used especially for straining beer), fly switches, "corks," trays, baskets, making salt, food for sheep and goats, and even medicine.

For grinding grain, a stone of suitable size and hardness is brought from the bush, and a smaller one of similar quality serves as the upper stone. The grain is spread

upon the lower and the smaller one rubbed back and forth over it, the meal falling into a tray at the lower end.

Even the iron with which they make their few crude implements, is smelted out of the rock. The Teras and Tulas do the smelting, and the neighboring tribes get their iron from them. The smelters are small, made of clay, filled with alternate layers of iron ore and charcoal, and heated with the help of hand blowers made of whole goat skins.

Nature is practically the only sanitary agent these people have. There are no sewers to carry away their filth. It is spread upon the ground, and the beneficent rays of the sun speedily render it a harmless fertilizer, which helps to enrich their town farms.

All are farmers. Each family must produce whatever foodstuff it needs, for there are no markets from which they may buy. The boys and girls early learn to carry a hoe and scratch the ground, in imitation of their elders. The only implement with which the native has to do all his farm work, from preparing the soil, to harvesting the grain, is a small hoe, the blade of which is about the size of a man's hand, and the handle about twelve inches long. It is necessary, of course, to stoop over to work with such a short instrument, and exceedingly tiring to the back. One might ask why they don't use longer handles, like our American hoes. The only answer is, that their fathers had short hoes, and their grandfathers, and their great grandfathers, and so they must use the same kind. And if an American hoe were to be put in the hands of one of them, he would not know, nor want to know, how to handle it. Like the fellows whom we hired to paint some of our buildings with tar. Instead of using the brushes, which we made for them by pounding the ends of thick bamboo sticks into shreds, they insisted on smearing the tar on with their hands, and since they made a satisfactory job of it, we let them do it their own way.

In the old days, when it was unsafe to venture beyond

the limits of one's own town, the farms were all within safe distance. Most of the hilltops and hillsides were made to yield their crops by dint of laborious cultivating. But since peaceful conditions have prevailed, the farms are stretching farther and farther out into the bush, although the people still continue to live in their towns. Some of these farms will be ten miles away from home. Little huts of straw mats and thatch roofs are made on them, and in these the men and boys spend the nights during the time they need to work there, and the women make daily trips with food, spending perhaps three or four hours in work on the farm themselves, before returning home to prepare the evening meal. Each year some virgin land is claimed as farmland, and boundary stones set up, which are ever afterwards respected, the grass and trees cleared, and seed planted. This clearing of new land is usually done in July, when there is a little respite from cultivating the other crops. In August the new farms are planted with benniseed, which is valued for the oil it contains, and which grows and matures more quickly than corn or millet. The following year this new farm will be planted with guinea corn, the next with millet, the next with peanuts or beans, so rotating the crops. Several bush farms are owned by one family and different crops grown in rotation, leaving one or two to lie unused each year. The town farms, which are fertilized annually, are used repeatedly without rest.

Any man or youth may stake out a farm from virgin bushland, mark it properly with boundary stones, and it will safely remain his possession. Only male members of a tribe own the farm land. Some farms may be designated for female members of a family to work, but they can never come into ownership of it, although they may have full right to the products grown thereon. Very seldom is a farm sold to any one outside the family. When a man dies, his property is divided among his sons. If any are too young to work the land, it is held in trust for them by their mothers until they become of age.

The crops grown in this particular locality include guinea corn, millet, maize, cotton, tobacco, peanuts, beans, benniseed, squash, okra, rozelle, sweet potatoes, and a very few yams of the tropical variety.

Guinea corn and millet form the staple food supply. The meal made from these grains is boiled into stiff mush, the meal being stirred into the water until it is so thick that it is impossible to stir it any more. When cooked, it forms a solid mass, which is usually divided with a knife. With it is eaten a gravy made either from greens, okra, rozelle, or leaves of the baobab tree, or from the seeds of the locust or baobab. Sometimes, a small piece of meat, or soupstock, is used to improve the gravy. The male and female members of a family always eat separately. In the centre of each group is placed one pot of gravy, into which the individuals dip their mush as they piece it off with their fingers. This diet of mush and gravy rarely varies throughout the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Only one meal a day is cooked by the Tangale and Waja housewives, but the Tera supplement this with a breakfast about nine o'clock in the morning. They are very fond of their mush and gravy and do not understand any pity we may have for their limited menu. When we have had some of them with us on extended tours into other parts of the country, where they had more variety and what we considered better food, they soon pined for their mush and gravy.

After a child is weaned, no milk ever enters into his diet. Goats and a small variety of cattle are raised, but are never milked. Very little sweets enter into it either. Apart from a certain sweetness in some wild fruits, the only sweet thing which they have is wild honey. This, naturally, is a great delicacy, although after their process of smoking out the bees, it is usually eaten with a good proportion of burnt straw, dead bees, and larvae. Even European salt is a luxury, enjoyed by only a few who care to afford it. Children often come and beg some from the missionary and then lick it down as American children

would candy. The native salt is merely the dark bitter water which has been filtered through the ashes of certain grasses or bark. This is mixed with the food in the cooking process. The name for salt and ashes is identical.

Although the people raise sheep, goats, chickens, and some cattle, and do a certain amount of hunting, they eat very little meat. Their hunting weapons are limited to the bow and arrow and spear, so they do not bag large quantities of game. Their religious feasts provide them with most of their meat, for the sacrifices, offered to the objects of their worship, are always eaten by the worshippers, their "gods" being expected to appreciate the "spirit" of the animal. A young man will sometimes kill and cook a chicken and take it as a gift to the mother of the girl whose hand he is trying to win. Only on special occasions such as these is any of their livestock killed. But, while they get very little meat to eat, they have a great appetite for it, and seek to satisfy it in many ways, some of them quite disgusting to the white man. Of all kinds of meat, the Tangales' favorite is dog! And he is not satisfied with eating only the dog's flesh, but throws the whole body into the fire to roast, and, when it is done, eats hide, entrails, and all. I remember going into a native home one day where they offered me a piece of meat. I noticed some hair still sticking to it, and inquired what kind of meat it was, and was told it was dog. I refused with thanks, but the expression of the native indicated that I didn't know what I was missing! We always have to keep a watch on our "boys" to see that they don't cook on our stove or in our pots the entrails, head, and feet of the chickens which they prepare for us. Mice, snakes, grasshoppers, and ants are all good "meat" to the native. Miss Hazel Ryckman, a missionary on another station, went into her kitchen one noon to find how nearly ready dinner might be. When she opened the oven door, she found the gravy pan, with several fat, woolly caterpillars lying in the gravy. The "boys" were making the one fire do for both. They expected

to remove the caterpillars before taking the gravy to the dining room. The native is greedy for even the bodies of animals which have died of disease, or ones that have been buried and are partly decomposed, and he seems to be able to eat them with impunity. In fact, they even prefer fresh good meat to lie until it is "high" before eating it.

Mr. Sanderson, when he first accompanied us to Tangale, killed some roan antelope, animals the size of a horse. After disposing of the meat freely, he kept the hide for several days, and then sawed off squares of it sufficiently large for a pair of sandals. The natives prize the roan antelope hide for sole leather. One elderly man came along one morning, uttering the one word, "rawzaw, rawzaw, rawzaw," the Tangale word for neck. Then he pointed to his feet, and made us understand that he wanted a piece of hide cut from the neck, the thickest part, for a pair of sandals. Mr. Sanderson sawed him off his desired piece, although he had been wanting to save that for his own use. The next morning he was back again, calling, *"Rawzaw, rawzaw, rawzaw."* When he was asked what he had done with yesterday's piece, he made us understand that he had boiled and eaten that, and now he wanted another piece for sandals!

No fruits or fresh vegetables are grown. This may be the reason why so many indications of deficiency diseases are seen among the people, with all their open air life and simple diet. Even eggs are rarely eaten, chiefly because every egg is a potential chicken. We make it a rule never to buy eggs without first testing them in water. The fresh ones will lie down quietly on the bottom, and the stale ones stand upright or rise to the surface. Sometimes they fairly pop to the top! A man who brings a hatful of eggs to sell, has probably had a setting hen that has left the nest, and since he has heard that the strange white man eats eggs, he wants to realize a little cash on them. Sometimes eggs are brought to us when they have failed to hatch, and great is the astonishment of the owner when we refuse to buy,

and he explains that they have no chickens in them, only liquid! Such eggs are always eaten by the natives, but only by the old men, for there is a tradition, which says that if boys ever eat an egg, their backs will become so sore that they will never be able to stand up right! Sometimes a chief will send a present of a couple dozen eggs or so. They are tested for our own use, but the bad ones are not sent back, and then it is that the "boys" have a feast. You will see them later around the fire, in which they have put the eggs, and sometimes hear a "pop" of one that they have failed to rescue in time, or see them open one, fling aside the embryo and drink down the liquid.

Clear water is disdained by the native, unless he can get nothing else and is very, very thirsty. Beer or thin gruel is usually drunk. The beer is made from guinea corn, wetting and allowing it to sprout, then grinding and boiling it, and setting it aside to ferment, a process that usually takes seven days. A host will never offer a visitor a drink, without first taking a sip himself, in the presence of the visitor, to assure him that it contains no poison.

CHAPTER VI.

PRIMITIVE ECONOMICS—Continued

THERE is a distinct division of labor, both according to sex and to season. It is a shame for a man to do a woman's work, and vice versa. And to do a piece of work out of its appointed season is to incur the wrath of some spirit. While both men and women share in the farm work, yet it is the peculiar responsibility of the man. He builds the houses, weaves the mats, pursues the chase, is carpenter, blacksmith, and tailor. The woman must prepare the meals, hew the wood and draw the water, make pots and baskets, and brew the beer. Men, however, will cut and bring wood for brewing purposes. Frequently, all ages and both sexes unite in bees for doing certain work, such as clearing virgin bush for new farm land, harvesting, and building. Music and singing are always features of these bees, and beer drinking invariably follows, the beer being supplied by the one for whom the work is being done. All the farm products must be carried by head-loads from the farm to the home. When a family is ready to bring in its grain, beer is brewed, the friends and neighbors invited to join the family, all of whom go out very early in the morning to the farm, each gets a bundle of grain, and they march back single file, girls and women first, and the musicians bringing up the rear. The afternoon is then spent in drinking the beer and having a general carousal.

Each major season is divided into seven "moons." The second half of the seventh moon of the rainy season is considered as being the first one of the dry season, making thirteen "moons" in a year. Every few years, one has to be dropped to fit in with the seasonal changes of Nature. A certain position of the Pleiades is watched for, as the unvarying sign of the beginning of the farming season each year. To each month, certain work has been assigned by

divine decree, and this order must be rigidly observed, under pain of suffering calamity of some sort, either by the people or by their crops or livestock. One evening, we noticed a man making a roof outside the town. Upon inquiry, we were told that that was not the month for making roofs, but a storm had destroyed his and he was making another one where the eye of the town's god would not see him, then at dusk, when that god would be busy preparing his evening meal, and so not be noticing what was going on in the mundane sphere, he would carry the roof to the town and place it on his house.

Near the end of one wet season, we were needing an extra house to accommodate a visitor who was coming. It was to be only a small round one of native style and construction, and could be put up in a few days. When we asked the chief to undertake the work, he conferred with his people, and then told us it would be impossible, as that was not the "moon" for building houses. We argued that since we were white people, such a taboo did not affect us. Nevertheless it affected them, they argued, since they were to do the work. At last, they consented to build the house when we agreed to take full responsibility for whatever might happen. One night, when the walls were about half way up, a terrific storm came and laid our station field of guinea corn quite flat, but did scarcely any damage to the fields immediately around us. When the people saw it next morning, they expressed no surprise, but many an "I told you so" were heard in their comments.

To the Teras and Wajas, who wear cloth, weaving is second in importance to farming. The cotton is ginned, spun, and woven by hand. The amount of labor expended in all processes necessary in producing one yard of the finished product is tremendous, yet it sells for about two cents. Time to the black man means nothing. He will carry his bag of peanuts fifty miles farther, entailing a round trip of one hundred miles, if he can get an extra twenty-five cents for them. A common means of using

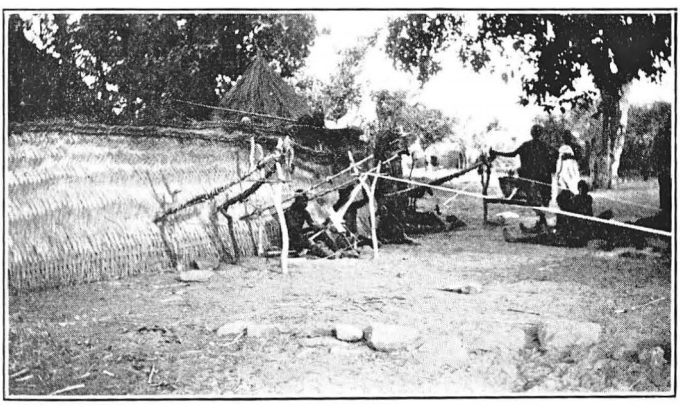
one's otherwise leisure time is to sit in the shade of a tree, perhaps with several other friends, with whom interesting conversation is carried on, and with a bit of cotton stuck on the end of a piece of corn stalk in one hand, spin out the cotton into thread and wind it upon a spool with the other. When a sufficient number of spools have been spun, the thread is stretched from post to post all around the outside of the family group of houses, making in this way a warp about fifty yards long. When sufficient strands have been wound around to complete the warp, it is rolled up in such a way as to keep the strands from snarling, and one end threaded through the loom. The loom itself is a tiny thing, hung on the wall of the hut when not in use, and yet has every working part of an American hand loom, all made by hand from natural products. The framework consists of some cornstalks or bamboo poles, from which is suspended the loom itself. The treadles are mere twigs, which fit at one end into strings connected with the headles and are braced against stones at the other. The little pulley of the harness always squeaks when the headles move up and down. I asked a weaver one day why he didn't put a little oil on his pulley, so it wouldn't make so much noise. He replied, that the loom did not weave well if it didn't squeak! So we can always tell when the weavers are busy by the noise of the looms, which is really distracting until one becomes accustomed to it.

All the implements of war and work are made by their own blacksmiths. A visitor could pass right by a blacksmith shop without guessing what it was. Usually an old thatch roof is used, supported by stones around the side. Just enough room is left at the eaves for one to crawl under, crouched as low as possible. The anvil is a large hard stone planted in the ground. The forge is a wall made of clay, about a foot high and three feet wide, with a hole at the bottom centre. Around this hole is heaped some charcoal, and behind the wall sits the blower, equipped with two bellows, each consisting of a whole goat skin, open at

one end and fitted with a bamboo tube at the other. The open ends of the skin are fitted with a wooden rod along each lip, and the hand of the blower opens and closes these ends in working the bellows, opening to take in air, and closing to force it out through the wooden tube. The two tubes are fitted into the hole in the wall, supplying air to the charcoal fire. The only tools the blacksmith uses are a pair of pinchers and a hammer, both home-made. Since the hammer is merely a shaft of iron about eight inches long and two inches in diameter, held firmly in the hand, most of the force in forging has to come from the arm. With this simple outfit, all the hoes, knives, sickles, spears, arrow heads, and axes, as well as articles of personal adornment, are smithed.

A different process is used in making articles of brass, which are chiefly for adornment. First a pattern is made in gum elastic, with the design engraved complete. Then clay is built around the rubber pattern, with a hole about ¼ inch in diameter left as a vent. After this, all is put in a charcoal fire, which causes the clay to harden and the rubber to melt. When sufficiently heated, the rubber is poured out, leaving the inside of the mould clean. Then bits of brass are heated to a liquid state and poured into the mould, and, on cooling, take the shape and design of the original pattern.

Hunting in Tangale is sometimes an individual affair, but more often a communal. A very few follow the chase, as a profession. There are recognized hunting leaders, who have been chosen because of their own skill and who announce the communal hunts. They are always careful to offer proper worship in the sacred groves so as to make the hunts which they lead successful. Sometimes, when the men have gathered and are ready to depart for the bush, a chicken is killed as a sacrifice to the ancestors, and the blood sprinkled over the spears of the huntsmen. During the dry season, the hunters spread themselves out along a certain line and all stalk forward with concerted action



Looms set up in the shade of trees in a Waja village.

through the appointed territory, attempting to kill with bow and arrow or spear, whatever they may scare up before them. A trophy belongs to whoever succeeds in first getting a weapon into it. Almost every hunter has a dog, which is trained to track and catch wild animals, from its puppyhood. Should a dog succeed in catching anything, he will always hold it until his master arrives. In the wet season a different method is used. Rope nets about six feet square are carried out to the hunting ground, and joined side to side, making a line perhaps a quarter of a mile long. A few men will secrete themselves near the net at different points, and the rest, with their dogs, will make a big circle to one side. The circle of men gradually draws in, driving whatever animals there may be into the net, there to be quickly set upon by the liers-in-wait.

A certain ceremony is observed with every animal caught. One with a cloven foot is dismembered in front of the mat doorway which guards the inner courtyard of the home, and some of the blood sprinkled on the doorway. Then the right thigh and breast is removed and hung in the house, to be kept there until a certain feast, called "Eku," is held after harvest. Animals of the paw-footed variety are cooked and eaten under the sacred tree, and at least one of its bones stuck into the tree as a relic. A professional hunter saves his own relics, and these are usually placed on his grave after his death.

There are a few native doctors, men who have some knowledge of roots and herbs, but that knowledge is very, very limited. They charge very nominal fees, and their practice is usually limited to washing ulcers, setting fractures, and lancing boils. I have known them, however, to do some remarkable surgery, remarkable considering the implements with which they had to work. The removal of tonsils is often done by Waja doctors, with only a pair of native forged iron scissors.

There is no such thing as a genuine pauper among the Tangales, where the patriarchal system prevails. But there

are a few in Tera and Waja, where distinctions of society are recognized and the family tie less binding. When a man in Tangale marries, he does not build his house anywhere he may wish. He always builds it in his father's family group. Neither does he put his grain into his own private granary, but into the family granary, in which his brothers and their wives and perhaps others of the family connection share. If one member of the family becomes infirm, temporarily or permanently, he shares in the family resources the same as ever.

No waste is ever permitted. Food dropped on the ground is picked up and eaten without a second thought. The pods of the locust fruit are saved and burned for salt. And should you pass a group when they were eating this roasted fruit, you would be offered some, but expected to eat it on the spot and return the seeds after the flesh had been sucked off, so that gravy might be made of them! I once saw one of our carriers, where water was scarce, wash his face and hold his little calabash under his chin to collect the water again, and then drink it. To waste anything edible is an unpardonable sin.

In former days, iron was used as the chief medium of exchange, not raw, but made into what are called hoes, but are never used for hoeing. They are the same general shape as a real hoe-head, but thinner, and are kept almost exclusively for use as money. Being of iron, they can be and are sometimes smithed into other articles. To-day they have a cash value of two cents (one penny). Various articles of exchange were reckoned as having the value of so many hoes, values which were quite standard. For instance, a small chicken was worth two, a female goat forty, a new farm hoe five, an arrow head one, a head-load of guinea corn five, and so on. The Teras and Wajas also used cloth in much the same way, the cloth being measured in standard lengths, and articles valued at so many lengths. A length of cloth, which varied somewhat as to season, but approximately a yard long, was equal in value to one hoe.

Livestock is also used to a limited extent, but the hoe has been the standard of measuring values. With the advent of the British Government, a coinage based upon the British was introduced, the smallest denomination being a tenth of a penny. The circulation of this is forced by the system of taxation, a head tax of all adult males and of livestock being imposed, which must be paid in this coin. Money is obtained, under the new regime, by working in the mines, or as carriers, and by selling surplus crops and livestock. But the new has by no means entirely replaced the old, for the natives still value the hoe and the cloth above the minted coin, because of their being indigenous and having a practical value beyond their mere use as a medium of exchange.

CHAPTER VII.

WEDDING BELLES

THE Tangales have a marriage ceremony, but neither the bride nor the groom attend! The male relatives of the bride assemble in the sacred grove, where they offer a large male goat, one which had been given by the groom as part of the bride-price, in sacrifice to the ancestors. So much had the people accepted us as one of their community, that I was invited, once, to attend one of these ceremonies in the grove. The goat is killed by suffocation, no blood being allowed to escape, is skinned, cut up and put into the pot to boil. During the cooking process, the men sit around, gossiping on the stones which encircle the altar. When ready, the meat is divided among all present, but before any partake, a few crumbs are laid upon the altar by the family priest. After all have eaten, five or six of the elder men present offer extempore prayers, addressed to the spirits of the deceased, asking for blessing upon the new couple, that they may be kept in health, that they may prosper in material things, that the new wife may be fruitful in child-bearing, and ending with the petition that the wife also be lucky in soon finding another husband, so they may return to the grove and worship the ancestors again with another feast! Each time a girl is married, more dowry (the reward paid for a wife) is given to her father, so he is happy. And the more times a girl is married, the more popular it proves her to be, so she is happy. Desertion, therefore, is commonly practised by the women.

Polygamy is practised by the men, and the number of wives is limited only by economic resources. This should be qualified by saying that men who are abnormal physically sometimes have difficulty in securing wives. Many men have two, three, or four wives, although most do not have more than one at any one time. A chief sometimes

has a dozen. There is no such thing as an old maid, all women, no matter how lacking they may be in beauty, or whatever may be their physical handicaps, are claimed by somebody. Even a bachelor is very rare, and there never is one from choice. The people are wholly unable to understand white people refraining, voluntarily, from the marriage relationship.

Polygamy cannot be defended on economic grounds. The natives claim that there must be more women than men, because many men have a plurality of wives. On the surface this looks plausible, but an actual census, as taken by the government, shows practically an even distribution of the sexes. That some men have more than one wife is accounted for by another fact, usually overlooked, that many men are temporarily without any. Monogamy is plainly the teaching of Nature, according to the distribution of the sexes. Nor is it necessary, as some have argued, for a man to have more than one wife in a land where the social system does not provide for the hiring of extra labor. That a man and his one wife can do all the work, both on the farm and at home, necessary to support themselves adequately is abundantly proved by the many who are doing that very thing.

To the native, a wife is property. Not only is she considered as chattel herself, but a means whereby an increase of wealth may be obtained, by farming and so producing crops, and by bearing children, who in turn will also farm and aid in producing still more crops. The desire for wealth, therefore, includes the desire for many wives. But an even more potent reason for the practice of polygamy, and one that will have to be satisfactorily dealt with before the people will become monogamous, either collectively or individually, is the universal practice of a mother living separately from her husband for the two years during which she nurses her child. The birth of a baby is usually the sign for a young husband to look for his second wife.

Before their teens, boys and girls make their choices of

future mates. While a price is paid for a wife, and she is looked upon as a form of chattel, yet the girls have the choice as to whom they will marry, and many marriages are real love matches. I have known of some adults who were still living with their first wife or husband and never had but the one. Such cases are, however, greatly in the minority. Certain restrictions concerning consanguinity are strictly observed in courtship and marriage. Unions of brother and sister and of cousins to the second generation are prohibited. Before a boy enters his teens, he will be given some benniseed to sow and a nanny-goat, the natural increase from which is expected to furnish him, in time, with the purchase price of a wife.

While choices, and even preparations, are made so early in life, girls are usually sixteen years of age before they are married, and boys eighteen. For several years previously, though, the boys will be doing some work for their girls, work that is usually rendered to the fathers of the maidens. A man, for instance, will tell his daughter that he has such and such a farm which he wants cultivated, and she is to pass on the word to her suitor. The youth invites all his boy friends to help him, and the job will probably be done in a forenoon. Some kind of refreshments are usually served the boys, generally beer, after the work is finished. The one who invited his friends to help him will in turn help each one of them, when he may be called on for similar service. Many gifts, too, will be given to the girl's parents during this period of courtship, some voluntary, some asked for. The mother and father deem it their privilege to ask anything reasonable—that is, reasonable to them—which they may wish of the young suitor, and the youth knows that his hopes may be shattered and all his former service and gifts go for nought, if he refuses one request.

When, at last, the young couple are of suitable age, either the young man or his father approaches the father of the girl, to see if arrangements can be made for the

marriage. The latter directs them to some young man of mutual acquaintance to act as best man and as an intermediate agent. Early the following morning, the intermediary goes to the maiden's house and awakens her by tappink on her mat door. When she opens it, to find who is there, two hoe-heads are extended to her, but as she is about to take them, they are withdrawn. For three mornings this is repeated, as a means of discovering the girl's mind in the matter. Her willingness to accept the proffered hoeheads is an indication of her willingness to be married to the young man whom the intermediary represents. On the evening of the fourth day, if the young maiden has agreed, the purchase price is carried to her father. This consists of one hundred and ten hoe-heads and seven goats, one of which must be a large male, suitable for offering in the sacred grove the following day. Great deliberateness marks every action of the father in this transaction, to impress upon the young man's family his importance as a father-in-law. And the reality of this importance is felt by the husband as the days go by and he realizes that his wife ever yields to the control of her father more easily than to his own. To the Tangale wife "blood is thicker than water."

All of these wedding arrangements can be carried through without the groom being present at all. In fact, many times a young man has returned from a journey, after an absence of several days or weeks, and discovered that he had been married while away! But in any event, this marriage ceremony does not bring the bride home to her new husband. She still remains with her parents for about two years, or at least, until after her first child has been born. When the time comes for her to move to her husband's home, an additional payment of fifty hoe-heads and two goats must be paid her father. A new house, decorated as artistically as possible with white clay, red ochre, and charcoal, has been prepared for her. A woman relative of the husband leads the wife to her new home the

evening following the last payment. The next morning the wife returns to her parent's home, enlists the help of a large number of girl friends, perhaps thirty or forty, who aid in carrying the wife's possessions to her new residence. This dowry of hers, collected through the years of her girlhood, consists of a huge pile of wood, calabashes, pots, trays, baskets, brooms, and other kitchen and dining necessaries. At the head of the procession is the "bridesmaid," frequently the wife's younger sister. Before putting her own load down, she waits until the husband gives her a gift, usually tobacco. If the quantity is small, she remains standing, but if sufficiently large to suit her, she drops her load, which is a sign to all behind her to do likewise.

The next day, the wife is initiated into her new culinary duties by preparing a feast for all her husband's friends. The young "bridesmaid" lights the first fire, and again indicates that she wants a gift from the husband by lighting some straw with a live coal and quickly extinguishing it. She repeats the process and waits. The husband takes the hint and brings tobacco. When again the gift is sufficiently large, she kindles the fire in earnest and starts to heat the water for the mush. The wife then takes hold and cooks the meal. The men are called and feted in honor of the new wife. Following the meal, prayer is offered by a few of the visitors, of which the following is a sample, as translated by Mr. Hall,

> "So then, we have partaken of the feast to the new wife. Whenever my friend (the husband) gives a charge to his wife, I would that she deal not unfaithfully therewith. I would that she speak truthfully and softly. Whenever my friend speaks harshly to her or scolds, let her weep silently, not adding to words."

And then he adds words which are frequently used to end a prayer,

> "Fruit of the tree, fruit of the tree, come forth on many heavily laden branches. Let all trees flourish and give much fruit, for trees are food for men."

Though the Tangales have a recognized marriage ceremony, they have none for divorce. A woman can belong to only one man at a time, and once her father has accepted a dowry from another man, her former husband has no further claim upon her. A man may renounce his wife and send her off any time for any reason or no reason at all. And a woman may leave her husband any time she wishes and be married to another. This very thing is done so commonly that the people practically live in promiscuity. The chief value of the marriage ceremony is to fix the legal ownership of the children. A child born before the bride-price has been paid is counted as illegitimate and the property of the mother's father. It can never become the legal property of the father. If a man suspects that his daughter is going to have a child, he will not accept any payment from her suitor. There is absolutely no social stigma attached to illegitimacy, and it consequently is very common. In fact, a man often prefers a girl who has had a child before he marries her, as proof of her ability. Lack of children is believed to be the mark of divine disfavor of a union, in which case a new one must be made. The legal ownership of children is important in relation to their future marriage. In the case of a girl, it is the legal owner, not necessarily the actual father, who receives the bride-price. In the case of a boy, his legal owner is responsible for seeing that he has sufficient with which to purchase a wife. In either case, the owner profits from their labor during their minority. When it is discovered that a girl is to have a child, her suitor is asked to provide a male goat, with which a sacrifice is made to the ancestors, for the purpose of securing their blessing upon the coming child.

A common custom among all these people, especially for "royalty," is for a host to lend a "wife" to his guest for the period of his stay. If a Tangale man goes on a journey expecting to be away for any length of time, he may leave his wife with a friend, so that she will not get lonesome.

The Teras and Wajas have marriage ceremonies which are not entirely unlike the Tangale, yet vary in detail. But if ever a woman is dismissed by her husband or leaves him and is married to another man, the second husband must reimburse the former one for all which he ever paid for her. No further payment is made to the father. There is also a certain stigma attached to illegitimacy. Consequently the marriage relationship is not quite so loose. An interesting custom among the Teras is for the married women who are still living with their parents to go to the husbands' homes each evening and return to their own in the morning.

Widows do not usually remain long in a single state, unless they are quite old and have outgrown their economic usefulness. In Tera and Waja, they may be inherited by the elder son. The Tangales frequently practise the Mosaic custom of the brother of the deceased taking the widow to wife, without any payment being made.

The desire for children is strong, and either sex is most welcome. A boy will add his quota to the labor of the family, and perhaps bring glory to it in the chase or in war. A girl will also aid in the work around the house and on the farm, and be a source of increased wealth when she becomes of marriageable age, and even before.

When a Tangale boy is born, he is not lifted from the ground, the spot where he first enters the world, until a man of the family has rushed to the sacred grove and, standing just outside the entrance, made three false thrusts with his spear towards the grove, evidently a signal to the ancestors that another one of their line has come into being. No such demonstration is made for a girl. When a child is old enough to sit on the ground by himself, a little ceremony is held behind the house, in which the father, seated on the ground, presents the child upwards three times, each time announcing his new name, then seats him

on the ground in front of him. Each family group has a series of four male and four female names, which they always give children in order of their birth. This is called their "little" name. Later in life another one of their own choosing, sometimes suggested by a friend or given as a nickname, may be taken, this one being called their "handsome" or "beautiful" name. This later one may be discarded in favor of another at any time, and sometimes a person will have three or four names by which he is known. Family names are not used among any of these tribes, but frequently, that of the mother is added as a surname, usually to distinguish individuals with the same name.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUSIC AND THE DANCE

THE chief form of amusement is dancing. Almost nothing has a greater hold on the native than the love for dancing, and the sound of the tom-tom is always sure to gather a crowd. Their best and prized articles of adornment are kept for the dance and worn with profuseness. The Tangales normally go unclothed, but one would never guess it from their dances. Clothes, to them, are not for the purpose of hiding one's nakedness, but for adorning the body, as a peacock spreads his feathers. It is as interesting to note the different costumes in a native dance, as in a fancy dress ball. The women rarely do more than put on their best dresses, or fresh leaves, oil and rouge themselves, and add such articles as necklaces, bracelets, girdles of small bells, or a straw through the nose, and a fly swatter or something similar may be carried in the hand. But the men frequently paint their bodies white and red with various crude designs. Great quantities of cowrie shells, strung together, are worn around the neck and body. Rattles made of iron, or small gourds, are often tied to the ankles or legs. Helmets made of bright red seeds and decorated with cowrie shells and chicken feathers may be worn. A small mirror may be tied to the head at the temple, and perhaps a beer bottle (a prized possession brought from the tin mines or the railroad) carried upright in the hand. I have even seen such recent acquirements as empty sardine cans hung from the waist! Fly swatters, spears, swords, sticks, hatchets, all claim the hands of some, to be carried half at arm's length, and perhaps move back and forth to the rhythm of the music.

The dancers are always formed in circles. When men and women dance together, separate rings are made by each, one within the other. And the orchestra is always

in the centre. Drums are indispensable to the dance. They are usually small enough to be carried, and sometimes come in pairs, the long "mother" drum and the shorter "daughter." Flutes made of corn stalks and whistles made of horn or clay have their place. The Teras and Wajas have a xylophone, which is quite ingenuous, and gives very pleasing tones. Below each key and extending to the front is a cow's horn of varying length, the end of which is cut off and covered over with the closely spun web with which a spider encloses her eggs in a niche. When not in use, cornucopias made of palm leaves cover the ends, but these dangle down and add decoration when the instrument is being played.

Singing, too, accompanies the dance, usually led by a leader with the entire crowd responding. Many of the songs are impromptu, composed by the leader on the spur of the moment. Most, however, are composed by the local "poets," who most frequently base their songs on some incident of recent occurrence. The music sounds very much like modern "jazz." The following is typical:

Ban nga Lamayi,
"Da nego, da
Mu kuru kongom."
"Laliwin paro shangal,"
Karlai ka Lamayi,
"Njangaldang keb mu,
Pon ma waku."

The song begins and ends on G, with about an octave range between. The one verse is sung over and over again, sometimes through an entire dance, sometimes alternated with other songs. A translation of the above would be,

A while ago said Lamayi,
"Of old it was said,
The people of the world are not good."
"Children must seek tax money,"

Said Carlyle to Lamayi,
"(And if) the field-gun destroys some,
Then you will go."

It is a reflection on the enforcement of the comparatively recent system of taxation which had been imposed. Lamayi is the name of the Chief of Kaltungo, and "Carlyle" (pronounced by the natives "Karlai") is Mr. T. F. Carlyle, the British official referred to in an earlier chapter.

Most of the dances are of a religious nature, although some are held purely for pleasure. After the evening meal, when their "stomachs are full," as they say, instead of wanting to rest, as we would after eating as much as a native does for his one meal a day, they want to jump around, and this exuberance of animation is frequently expressed in dancing. A drum or two is brought out, and soon a crowd has gathered and the dance is on, and may be on until daybreak. The Tangales and Wajas shake their bodies as they move about in the circle in a most lascivious manner. And dances are usually accompanied by much beer drinking. The Tera dances, however, seem to be of a more harmless nature, more like the folk dances of our Nordic ancestors.

All dancing, except the head-dance, is banned during the rainy season, when the people must be busy with their farm work. So, too, is the playing of musical instruments. With great rejoicing is the harvest moon hailed, when once again the noise of pipes and drums is heard. Should a serious epidemic of disease be present in the dry season, dancing is again banned, until it has passed. Communal merry-making is not permitted when mourning prevails in many of the homes.

The dances of a religious nature are usually held to honor the memory of the dead, and offered by the living as a part of their worship. In May, 1918, drought seemed to threaten the Kaltungo crops. The corn, which had sprouted, was withering away. A dance was announced to be

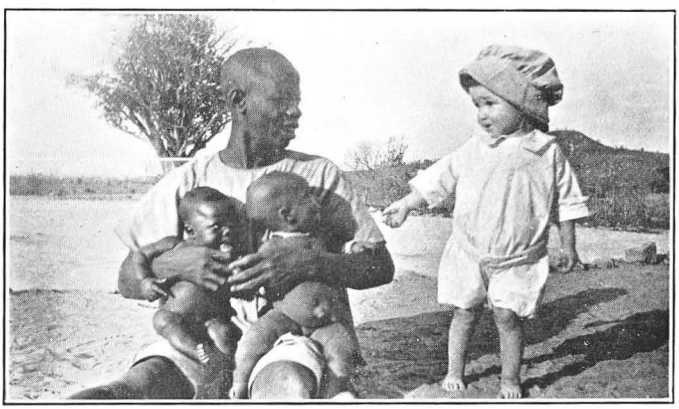
held in honor of a certain ancestor, who had promised rain in time of need, providing the memory of his name was kept fresh with suitable worship. Not only did the entire population of Kaltungo turn out, but people came from all sections of the tribe. All who partook in the celebration would be favored with reviving showers for their crops. Not the tiniest cloud was to be seen in the blue heavens. An announcement was made and all the people stood in an awed silence, every head uncovered. Then the priest of the family to which the ancestor had belonged stood forth, a long cloth hanging down his back and a hat on his head. He offered a prayer that could be heard throughout the great assembly, so hushed were they in reverence and expectancy. The end of the prayer was the signal for the drums to begin, and the dance got under way. After about fifteen minutes, from the cloudless blue and with dramatic suddenness, came the crash and peal of thunder, so loud it seemed to roll along the top of the nearby Kaltungo hill. Up went a great responding shout from the crowd. Their ancestor had answered by pulling the string and releasing the thunder, a promise of the rain that would soon come. The dance went on until evening, the crowd dispersed, fully expecting rain that night. But their hopes were shattered. Not a drop fell, and the sky next morning was as cloudless as before. It was ten full days before rain came. When questioned about it, no blame was placed upon the ancestor. Either their dancing had been at fault, or God had shown his spite against the ancestor!

CHAPTER IX.

THE GROWING GENERATION

LIKE Topsy, the children of "Frontier Land" just grow. They know nothing of what home means to us in America. Home to them is merely the place where they eat (at least, most of the time), and where mother lives, and perhaps father. With polygamy and loose marriage relationships prevailing, real homes cannot be established. Although women never legally own children, the child usually stays with his mother and goes with her wherever she may go in her marital vagabondage. But that does not imply all that we usually mean by a mother's care. Parental discipline is totally lacking, as well as parental care. Fathers tell us that they would not dare whip their children for fear that they would run away. And they would run away, and be quite welcome in some other home. The older folks are always complaining about the unruliness of the growing generation, but none of them ever do a thing to correct their own children. The one weapon which is always resorted to when a parent is incensed by a child's action is cursing—cursing in the sense of vilifying, like our small boys at home calling each other nasty names. Scarcely anything will bring tears to a youngster's eyes quicker than cursing. It is also a common practice among grown-ups as well, and one of the most difficult habits of which to break the boys who live with us on the mission station.

Love is almost a lost word. It is a lost word in Tera. Even though the Tangales and Wajas have a word for it, it is very seldom used. We were a long time in discovering it. The word that is usually used in place of it is "want." Even a lover will say to his girl, "I want you." Marriage is more of a commercial proposition than a love affair. But the one place where the real quality of love is exhibited,



A Study in Black and White. Gordon Junior with Eliya and Rode. These black babies were the first to be born to Christian parents in the Tera and Waja tribes respectively. Eliya's father is shown.

is between the mother and her baby. My own discovery of the word in Tangale was hearing my "boy" talking about this very relationship. But even there it is limited. An infant will not be many days old before the mother will be off again to her farm work, or getting in another supply of wood for the kitchen, and baby will be left to grandma or grandpa or older sister to care for. When he is old enough to sit on the ground by himself, the child may sit there with the boiling rays of the sun beating down upon him, picking up the dirt with his chubby hand and stuffing it into his mouth.

For two years a child is nursed by the mother, although after about six months a supplementary feeding of gruel is given. When the mother is off to the bush, sometimes a very small child will go all day with nothing to drink but gruel. In Tangale a mother never carries her baby on her back, as the Tera and Waja women do, who have cloth with which to tie the little one on, or even like the Tulas, who also are unclothed, but use a goat skin in which to carry the baby suspended from the shoulders on the back. A Tangale baby must never be carried outside the town limits until he is able to walk out himself. Since our mission station there is built the four hundred and forty yards from the nearest native dwelling, as prescribed by government regulations for white people, many parents have refused to bring their babies to the dispensary for needed medical treatment, because of that traditional taboo. Probably because of being carried so much, the Tera and Waja child does not walk quite so quickly as the Tangale, and none of them seem to progress as quickly as the white baby. The natives often accuse us of giving medicine to our children to make them grow.

The most characteristic thing about the native child is the way his stomach sticks out in front. Every one is the same, only some are worse than others. Some even look poorly balanced, as though the little "tummy" would pull them over forward by sheer weight, and perhaps it would,

if the children didn't have such straight little backs. Or is it that the backs are made so straight by counterbalancing the weight in front? Two things are responsible for the protuberance—one is malaria, and the other the method of feeding. Malaria, with which every child is infected through the bite of the anopheles mosquito, is instrumental in enlarging the spleen. The method of feeding is probably the greater cause. The African mother has a peculiar and an irresistible way of having her child take gruel or water. Here no fussing is tolerated. The "I won't" or the "I don't want it" of the youngster is of no avail. The child is put over the lap of the mother, who holds in her left hand a bowl of gruel and with her right forms a cup over the child's mouth, pressing her smaller fingers over the nose, so as to make nasal breathing impossible. Of necessity, the small mouth goes open to breathe, in goes some gruel, the child begins to sputter and perhaps to cry, only helping to open the throat, and down goes the food, and keeps going, with only sufficient interruption to allow the child to catch his breath. The mother watches the small stomach, and when it is distended to what she considers the right size, she stops. Much as we dislike the practice, we sometimes are glad to resort to it ourselves, in administering a dose of medicine which a child may refuse to take voluntarily. It works perfectly.

As a consequence of this method of feeding, the native develops a tremendous capacity for food. When one sees what one person eats at the evening meal, no wonder is felt that they can go twenty-four hours before another regular meal. It is nothing for a man to drink a gallon of beer at one time, or three quarts of heavy mush and gravy. One of our Christians came to me one day, and with all seriousness asked me for medicine to reduce his appetite. It was some time before I could stop him insisting, that the reason we white people ate so little at our meals, less at all three combined than they do at their one,

was because we had medicine which kept our appetites in check and yet adequately sustained us.

The African mother has her own way, too, of giving her baby a bath. She gives the young one the thrill of a shower bath, and at the same time conserves water, all of which has to be carried laboriously from the town well or spring. Filling her mouth with water, the mother spurts out sufficient to cover one portion of the little body, and then follows it with a vigorous massage, and so on until the bath is complete. About a pint of water is ample for the whole. Then the little body is well rubbed with oil.

After weaning, the children roam at will, playing with each other around their houses, through the town, or as far into the suburbs as their fear will allow them, sometimes in the ash heaps, until they look more white than black. It is funny to see them after they have had a cry, their faces covered with white dust and black streaks showing through where the tears ran. They like, too, to get white clay or red ochre and mark their little naked bodies with designs, such as they have seen on the older folks in the dances. They rarely eat the sour red plum, which grows wild, without making red streaks on their faces after the first bite.

Many of the games which the children play are similar to those of young America. At the town wells, groups will often be seen, playing ring-around-the-rosy and blind man's buff, while their mothers are filling their pots and exchanging recent gossip. Their "blind man" stoops over and tries to guess who it is that kicks him as the circle moves around, singing. The girls play jacks with pebbles, using a larger stone for a ball. And they have their dolls. A stick, forked at one end, does for the Tangale girl—and, of course, she is not troubled with having to clothe it. The Tera and Waja girls like to use an ear of Indian corn, pull back the husks and braid them so as to resemble a woman's coiffure, and then carry her "corn baby" tied on her back, inside her dress, with the "head" sticking out. The same

girls also have a pleasing game, in which they form a circle with one, two, or three girls in the centre. A song is sung in chorus, the company moving their clasped hands back and forth with the rhythm of the music and all walking about. Those in the centre, also keeping time with their bodily movements, fall back into the arms of those in the circle, each at a different place, and are brought to their feet again, by the forward movement of the same arms into which they have fallen. But there is nothing any of the children like better than to sit around a fire in the evening and listen to some older ones tell folk tales, usually of the "Brer Rabbit" kind, of which they have a great fund. At one New Year's time, I provided a program of sports, consisting mostly of games of contest for our school boys and any others who cared to come. Meat, sweet potatoes, and other articles of food were offered as prizes. Apart from those who won prizes, the boys seemed to care very little for such style of play. One young man at the close said to me, "Is this all there is? If I had known that, I would have gone to the dance."

The boys like to practise hunting and fighting. Many are the sham battles fought after the corn is ripe and the stalks furnish an abundant supply of "spears." Shields are woven of grass, in shape just like their fathers', which are made of buffalo or roan antelope hide. And often you will see a number of boys headed for the bush, each with a stick either hanging from his shoulder or carried in his hand. They will tell you they are going hunting. The sticks, heavy at one end, are for throwing at the animals they hope to scare up. Or, they may use them for digging up the long tunnels which field mice make, looking for their occupants.

Soon after a girl becomes proficient in the art of walking, she will follow her mother to the town well or spring with a tiny pot on her head, and bring home her little contribution of water. As she increases in size, the pot she carries increases proportionately. Even the small boys learn to

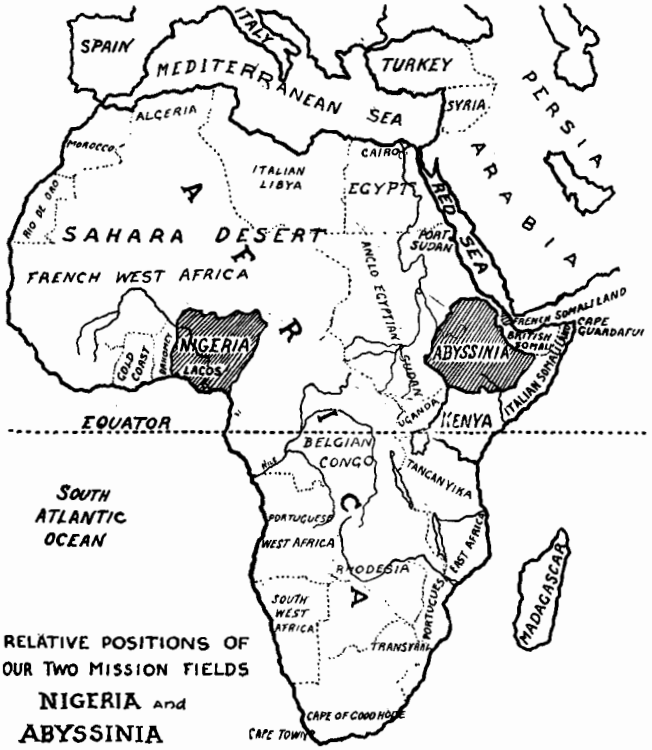
carry in this way, and by the time they are six or seven, they want to follow their fathers to the farm, equipped with small hoes.

Reference has already been made to the way in which the youths work together for the fathers of the maidens whom they are courting. The girls also have their farming bees, for the enjoyment of the association and the beer drinking that follows. Even the babies are given beer to drink, and the appetite for it increases with their age. One evening, we saw a group of small girls, about six to ten years of age, hoeing not far from the mission station. Pleased at the sight of their industry and the sound of their music as they sang with their work, we walked down to where they were. But as we drew near, and caught the words of their song, our surprise and shock almost made us turn back, so filthy were the words coming from their young lips. Songs and even conversation of that kind are common among the people, who seem to think nothing of it.

In Tera and Waja, the boys' houses can be identified, because they are usually built off a little space from the other huts, and they have much smaller doors, with a high sill, and which are always covered with a mat tied with a rope, which extends around the house. But in Tangale no separate provision is made for the boys. In each family group of huts, there is one large house set aside for all the girls of the group. And among these houses the boys of the town distribute themselves, each one seeking out the abode of the girl of his choice. At night, a row of beds extends from one side to the other, the occupants being alternately girls and boys. This practice of unmarried young people sleeping together, the Tangales call "water marriage," likening it to the pool of water, to which any one is at liberty to come and drink. With such a custom, it is easy to understand that young people are brought up with all the encouragement of their parents to immorality. Just here is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the young people becoming Christians. When visiting in the

town once with one of our Christian young men, an elderly man in a sneering kind of way said to me, referring to the youth at my side, "Huh, he doesn't call on the girls any more." The older man's thought was, that the younger was to be disdained because he had broken away from a tribal custom, but incidentally he could not have given a better testimonial for the lad.

From the missionary's viewpoint, the children are the hope of the future, despite all the adverse conditions which surround their lives. It is the children who flock to our meetings in church and in public places. It is they alone who have ventured so far to come to our schools. They quickly learn our Gospel songs and sing them at work and play—far better, certainly, than the foul ones they have learned from their elders. And it is the youth who first respond to the Gospel appeal of yielding their lives to the saving and sanctifying power of Jesus Christ.



The Tangale, Tera and Waja tribes are in the north-eastern section of Nigeria.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEATH WAIL

NO sound is more weird or harrowing than the "aya-a-a, aya-a-a, aya-a-a" of the death wail, especially when it breaks out in the dead of night, such a shrillness and such a note of despondency there is in it. It is enough in itself to break down the heart of the most stolid and create sympathy for the bereaved. The moment a human soul passes from its earthly tabernacle, announcement of the fact is made by the familiar death wail, which at once gives vent to the feelings of the bereaved and advertises the death, so that others may know and come and offer condolence.

The tribes of which we are writing are literally dying races, according to the censuses taken by the government. This is not surprising, after generations and generations of intermarriage within such small groups, their excessive drinking of intoxicants, immorality, and inter-tribal warfare. Were it not for the intervention of European governments and of Christian missionaries, these tribes would before long cease to exist. Their own traditions point back to a glorious past, when their villages were far more numerous and more populous. The great cry of the old men to-day is, "Where are the children? Where are the children?" The death rate of children under two years of age is shockingly high. No actual figures are available, but it must be at least fifty per cent. Another writer has placed it at seventy-five per cent., and he is quite apt to be right. Ask any elderly man how many children he has had, and he will tell you, perhaps, twenty-five living and fifteen dead.

All deaths, even of infants, are not due to natural causes. With all their love for children, the Tangales will not tolerate twins. Should a mother give birth to more than one child, they would be stuffed into an earthenware

pot and thrown, either into the river, to be carried away, or in some thicket in the bush not far from the town, where prowling animals would make an end of them. More often, they are thrown in a thicket. On one boundary line of our Kaltungo station was a large mound, composed mostly of small stones, probably the collection from adjacent farms in years long gone by, and covered with trees and thick undergrowth. The time came when we wanted this mound cleared away, to make room for more buildings. But not a man could we get to cut down the trees and brush. Upon inquiry, we found that, prior to our settling, that very thicket had been one of the places where twins had been cast. Many of the pots were still there, and it was looked upon, of course, with superstitious fear.

Not only are twins done away with, but if a new-born child is deformed in any way, the witch doctor will be called and asked to determine by divination, whether the little life shall be spared or not. Usually the answer is in the negative.

If a mother of a very young baby dies, no other woman will take and nurse him, for fear of his guardian demon. In such a case, the infant is placed at the dead mother's breast, the body of the mother is then drawn together in such a manner, that with a mighty squeeze from a strong man, every bone in her body is broken, and the life of the baby crushed out at the same time. This squeezing of the body is done to every deceased person, as a precaution against their coming to life after burial.

Murder by someone of a hostile tribe or hostile section of the same tribe is always considered a legitimate act of warfare. But murder committed within one's own group brings blood-guiltiness not only upon the murderer himself, but the whole family to which he belongs. A state of semi-warfare exists between that family and the family of the victim and any others who care to sympathize with the latter, until restitution is made. During this period of feud, it is dangerous for any member of the murderer's family

to leave his house. If women are met at the town wells, their pots will be smashed and they themselves may be subject to personal injury. If any of the men are met, fighting is sure to take place, with the odds against them. If the family delays too long in making restitution, the whole town may join in the feud against them. In former days, restitution could be made by one of two methods, either by allowing the bereaved family to pick its choice of the warriors of the offending family and kill him on the spot, by a mass attack, or else by giving seven of their young people to the family as slaves for life. Since the advent of the British Government, such matters are taken care of by the legal procedure of their courts.

Suicide is not uncommon, and is usually accomplished by hanging, either from a tree or from the inside framework of the house roof. Despondency is most frequently the cause, and here again, there may be a little spark of the all but lost element of love in the savage breast. The feeling that no one cares for them any longer has driven many to a self-inflicted death. In the spring of 1921, I witnessed a public execution in Kaltungo. The prisoner was one of four, a father and three sons, who had been found guilty of the murder of their sectional head-man. The father and two sons were taken to the provincial headquarters for their execution, but the one son was hanged publicly in the town, as a lesson to the people. When relatives reached home with the dead body of the prisoner, they found the wife and mother hanging lifeless from the roof inside her house. She had expressed to her neighbors her intention of being in the world beyond to greet her son, since life here to her was no longer worth living, and she had carried out her plan.

There are no paid mourners. Relatives, neighbors, and friends from far and near always gather at the home of death and share in the mourning, and their sorrow is genuine, although it may be short lived. The men and women always sit in separate groups, usually the latter in the

courtyards and the men outside. The women and male relatives join in the wailing, which is exceedingly loud until after the burial, but may continue for three days. The immediate family mourns for a period of one week, and in Tangale they shave their hair completely off and tie a cord about the neck, which is worn until it disintegrates and falls off.

On account of the heat and the lack of any method of embalming, burial must take place the same day as the death. If a person dies in the afternoon and there is moonlight, he will be buried that night. After the breaking of the bones as described above, the body is bathed and rubbed with oil, laid out on a new grass mat, and covered with a cloth. A friend, outside the family, is sought to dig the grave, and as soon as that is ready, the funeral procession begins. This consists of all the mourners following the bier, which is carried on the shoulders of four or six men. The wailing reaches its height at this stage, and the women further manifest their grief by throwing themselves and rolling upon the ground, sometimes in front of the corpse. All work in a town is stopped the day a funeral occurs in it. Often has work on our mission buildings, and even public work, such as road making, been halted for a full day at a time while the whole town shared in some mourning. Sometimes, several deaths occur on successive days, in which case no work is done again until after the last funeral day. During an epidemic, it is impossible to have large jobs of work done at all.

I was returning on a certain Sunday afternoon with one of our Christian young men from a village three miles away, where I had had a preaching service. In the course of our conversation along the way, I asked him whether he had been home to pay his respect to some relatives who I knew had lost one of their number by death—"saluting the dead" they call it. He replied that he had not. I expressed my surprise, for such neglect is an almost unpardonable sin to the natives. "Well," he said, "I remem-

bered that Jesus said, 'Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God,' and I wanted to come with you this afternoon." He knew, that to have gone home would have required the shaving of his head, the putting on of the neck cord, and staying there for seven days.

No casket or box is used for burying the dead, neither is the earth thrown directly upon the body. In digging the grave, a hole just large enough for a man to stand in is made, and then the earth below that is hollowed out into a chamber about six feet square and three feet deep. Here the corpse is laid on its mat bier, and the mouth of the chamber sealed with sticks and mud. A woman is laid with her face towards the west, as it is the setting sun, for which women watch, that they may prepare the evening meal. A man is laid with his face toward the east, since men watch for the rising sun, that they may be off to their farms. Sometimes, two chambers are made, one below the other with just a man-size hole connecting the two, and each one sealed separately. After sufficient time has elapsed for the body to thoroughly decay into dust, the grave will be re-opened and another burial made in it, the bones of the former occupant being pushed to one side. Certain plots of land are set apart for cemeteries, but are used by the owners for farming during the wet season. Each grave of a man is marked with a large oblong stone planted upright, and that of a woman by a large newpot turned upside down and cracked so as not to be a temptation to anyone to steal it.

Should a tree happen to grow out of a grave, it is believed that it is the spirit of the deceased taking this new living form, and it would never be cut down. If a child is born strongly resembling some person who has died, he is believed to be that same person reborn.

A fee of one goat is paid to the friend who was asked to dig the grave and bury the corpse. This is remuneration not only for his labor on that particular day, but for the

seven days following, during which he must remain at home because of the ceremonial defilement contracted by touching the dead.

Both fear and respect are reflected in the Tangale custom of never speaking the name of a deceased person. If someone else has the same name, he must drop it and take a new one. This ban, however, does not apply to the family names, the "small" names, which never alter. If one who has died had the name of any object, that object must be called by a new name. For instance, an acquaintance of ours by the name of Amle died. Now *am* was the word in use for water, and since it was the first and emphatic syllable of the name of the dead man, water was thereafter called *ongam*. As a consequence of this custom, most objects have two names, and some three or four. The new missionary, learning the language, may hear a new word some day and spend hours tracing its meaning, only to find, at the end of his laborious search, that it is merely an alternate name for something which he already knew.

The influence of a person may be far greater after his death than before, as is more fully illustrated in the following chapter on Religion. A common threat uttered by a man who has suffered at the hands of a stronger foe is, "Wait until I die," the idea being that, as a ghost, he will be able to wreak vengeance far better than during his life. At the intersection of many of the paths leading from a Waja town to the bush may be seen a heap of broken pottery, calabashes, pestles, baskets, and such things as a woman uses in her work. They have been the possessions of some woman who is dead, and were cast on the path leading to the bush, where, it is believed, departed souls roam, so that, when the late owner's ghost returns to her former home, seeing them she will sit down there, instead of entering the town and troubling her former relatives and neighbors.

CHAPTER XI.

RELIGION

"THE Africans have their own religion, all worshipping God in their own way. Why bother them with a foreign religion?" This remark is frequently heard in the homeland; sometimes—to their shame—even from Christian people. It is true that they have their own religion, or, to put it more accurately, each tribe has its own religion. The dictionary defines religion as, "a belief binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being." In the dictionary sense of the word, the African has his own religion, but it is not true that he worships God in his own way. He does not worship Him at all. He has a name for Him—the Tangales and Wajas call Him *Yamba,* the Teras *Maxam* (x equals the Greek *xi,* or Scotch *ch*)—but, as to the Athenians of Paul's day, He is "THE UNKNOWN GOD." *Yamba* is the Creator of the world and all that is therein, and the ultimate dispenser of all human destiny, but beyond that he is unknown. The Tangales' own expression, when they are questioned upon the subject is, "We don't know, we are sitting in the darkness." It is interesting to note that the Tangales, who have gender in their language, always refer to *Yamba* as "she." They have no neuter gender, so whether *Yamba* is looked upon as a female deity or just an unknown "It," is an open question. Here again the native professes ignorance on the subject. One day, after we had been laboring to impress upon the minds of the few boys who were working for us on the station, that God should be referred to in the masculine, not the feminine, one of them asked, "How many wives has God?" The people claim that in time long past, their forefathers knew God, worshipped Him, walked in His way, and were abundantly blessed by Him, but since then, that knowledge has been lost.

The loose way in which the name of God is used is illustrated by the case of a man who appeared suddenly at our door one day and very excitedly asked, "Has *Yamba* been here?" At first, we could not understand what he meant, but after some questioning we learned that a friend of his had been bitten by a snake, and he wanted to know whether the friend had been brought to us for treatment. What he really meant was, "Has God's victim been here?" They always look upon the bite of a venomous snake as the work of some supernatural power. Two of us were travelling one day on horseback through some Tangale farmland and came upon some men, who did not notice our approach until we were almost upon them. Suddenly one saw us and shouted to his companions the word of warning, "*Yamba, Yamba.*" Immediately there was a great scattering.

Like the Athenians again, the natives are "very religious." Religion in some form is connected with their farming, their hunting, their eating, their sicknesses, in short, with everything. But mere religion is not enough. The divine intention, as Paul declared at Athens, is "that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us." Our primary apology for foreign missions is, in the words of the Holy Spirit through the Apostle Peter, "Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" than the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, God manifest in the flesh. Religion, in itself, never saves, and an examination of the African's reveals its own inadequateness, and the need of just such a power as can be found alone in Christ.

The sole purpose of religious observances to the native is temporal prosperity. This is revealed in the prayers given below. Long life, many children, large crops, fruitful flocks, and good health are the boons sought. The moral law, the knowledge of right and wrong, is found written in their hearts, but apparently there is absolutely

no sense of guilt for sin, no hell, no punishment in the after life, for sins committed in this. Their religion does not deal with the sin question, as related to God, a matter which both Revelation and Reason tell us must be dealt with.

Their religion is an easy one—a mere matter of forms and feasts. Forms are always easy, if there is not a will behind them to worship in spirit and in truth. One of the first questions the natives ask us, when we have presented to them the Gospel, is, "What must we do?" If it were only a matter of substituting one set of forms for their own, Christianity would, in all probability, spread quickly among them, as Mohammedanism is doing in many parts of Africa. But when they find that a new kind of life is demanded, the common answer is, "Oh well, God has ordained that you white people should worship Him and that we black people should worship demons." And this is typical of the fatalism which holds them as slaves to the customs laid down by preceding generations.

The feasts, too, are easy, and a great attraction to all, especially the children. We have been told many times, "Serve some meat or some food at your church services, and we'll all come." Porridge and gravy, benniseed cakes, meat, and beer usually have a place in the native worship. The sacrifices of animals, which the people offer to the objects of their worship, they eat themselves, expecting full credit for what they have brought. Most of the feasts are characterized by drinking huge quantities of beer, so that religious celebrations are great times of carousal, and the Government warn all foreigners not to enter a native village when a feast is going on, and state that they cannot be responsible for the lives of any who do so.

Their religion, again, is one of fear. Of these people it may be said, "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." They live in constant dread and fear of demons, of ghosts, of witches, of dispensations of God, all agents of death. When we first went to the Waja

tribe, we noticed how the people were scattering their dwellings over the plain, moving away from the old towns, which at one time had been encircled by walls. Upon inquiry, we were told that the people were afraid of their neighbors bewitching them, and sought to get beyond the glance of their evil eyes. The Creator, too, is to be feared. To them He is not a God of love. The Tera name for leprosy, which means literally "God's disease," is indicative of their habit of blaming all calamities of uncertain origin upon God.

According to the philosophy of the natives, man is made up of two parts, spirit and body. The spirit is not altogether invisible, for it may be seen in one's reflection in a pool of water and in one's shadow. All three are called by the same name. And the spirit may leave the body without the owner dying. This, they believe, actually occurs when they dream, and their spirits really experience that which is seen in the dream. The same separation of spirit and body may occur as the result of the malign influence of a demon or a witch, causing sickness and decline, until they are rejoined. How the witch doctor accomplishes this is related in the chapter devoted to that interesting character. It is believed that a falling star is the spirit of some one who is about to die and is already winging its flight to the other world. If the star is falling toward the north, it is the spirit of a man, and if toward the south, the spirit of a woman.

While the body decays, the spirit is believed to live on through other stages of life in the unseen world, and finally to pass into non-existence. Reincarnation into this world may occur, but very few have that fate. The future life is conceived of as being lived much the same as this. There is no separation of good and wicked, but all continue the tribal life of this world in that other spiritual sphere. The Teras believe that one of three fates await everybody, either to be annihilated, or to go to heaven where God dwells, a fate reserved only for those who have been "born

again," that is, to whom has been given supernatural power, such as witch doctors, or to become a roving insane spirit in the bush. The last is believed to be the lot of most people. The Tangales will never kill a lizard or the harmless snakes, which are often found around the house and are called by them "house snakes," for fear the spirit of an ancestor may be dwelling in them.

There is no question that their religion is one of the supernatural. Evidence of that kind of activity and influence is abundant, and it is a great factor in their everyday lives. In regard to worship, their religion is two-fold, that of ancestors and of demons. They have no idols, even of the crudest sort, but the shrines at which they offer their worship are many. The ancestors, who were of their own flesh and blood and whom they see in their dreams, having passed out into the spirit world, must be in some kind of communication with God, the Creator and Supreme Ruler of the Universe. If, therefore, they can keep in the good graces of their ancestors, they will influence God in their favor, and, therefore, are looked upon as intermediaries between themselves and God. Ancestor worship is frequently confused with that of God, His name being frequently used in connection with it. Only the men participate in that branch of their worship. They believe that the demons are malignant spirits filling the air about them, and ever waiting to enter their bodies and so bring disease or death to them. These spirits must be placated, and their attacks warded off with certain sacrifices. The demons are also believed to have certain power to bring temporal blessings of some kind and are at times worshipped for that purpose. Both men and women participate in demon worship, but especially the women, whose lives are held somewhat more under the bondage of the fear of these spirits.

The officials of the two branches of their religion are quite distinct. For the worship of ancestors, each family group has a priest, one of their number, who officiates at

all services and is responsible for the perpetuation of the ritual of ancestral worship. The priest is always a man, since the women take no more active share in the worship than to prepare the food for feasts, and he receives no remuneration of any kind for his services. He administers his priestly office simply as a member and "father" of the family, carrying on his farm work for his own livelihood the same as any other member. He is not necessarily the oldest member of the family group for the office is hereditary.

In each town one of their number is appointed by the others as Chief Priest. His most important duty is to announce the time of the communal feasts. When we first went to Kaltungo, that town was without a Chief Priest. The last holder of the office had died and no successor had been found who was willing to serve, for fear of the responsibilities involved, which, if not discharged exactly according to the tradition and wishes of the ancestors, might cause his own death. Late in 1918 a man was appointed, but for a long while he hesitated to accept the office. In January, 1919, a heavy rain fell, right in the middle of the dry season, and this was taken to be a divine sign that he should accept the office, and he forthwith entered upon its duties.

For the worship of demons, another order of priesthood, which includes both men and women in its numbers, exists. They are commonly referred to as witch doctors. They do receive fees for all their services, but at the same time carry on a certain amount of farm work. They are supposed to be in communication with the spirit world and to bring messages both from ancestors and demons, and officiate at all forms of demon worship.

Certain groves have been set aside for the worship of ancestors. Each family group has its own. They are surrounded by a high thorny hedge with usually but one entrance. The inside often presents a most beautiful park-like appearance. The altar consists of one large stone, upon which are laid the fragments of flesh and food, or which

is sprinkled with a few drops of beer, or blood of the sacrifices which are offered. Around this altar, which is in a shallow hollow, are arranged a tier, sometimes two or three tiers, of small stones. These are the seats of the worshippers, who arrange themselves according to age. In these groves are held both stated feasts, in which all the adult male members of a group take part in unity with the whole town, and the worship of an individual, who has some personal atonement to make.

At a certain feast, which is held annually, the boys who have become of age, about twelve or thirteen years, are formally presented to the ancestors, each boy bringing a large rooster, which is offered with a prayer of induction, to them.

If a man has a bad dream in which an ancestor figures, he takes it that that ancestor is displeased with him about something, and unless he makes suitable amends, will visit him with punishment. As soon as he is up in the morning, he will look out a chicken, take it to the grove, with a friend as witness, cut its throat with a piece of cornstalk over the altar, and offer it with a prayer to the ancestor as an atonement.

I have already made reference to a marriage ceremony which I attended in one of the groves. About a month later, one of the houses belonging to the group which I had joined in the grove, caught fire. (S.C., Page 92). The answer was, that the ancestors were incensed at having a foreigner enter the sacred precinct. An atonement was consequently made, two chickens being offered to the offended ones.

The actual worship consists of the ceremonial offering of fragments of the sacrifices, eating of the sacrifices by the worshippers, prayer, and sometimes dancing. The names of the ancestors are repeated by the priest, preceding the prayer, of which the following is a sample.

"Behold, *Yamba,* I bring thee something. I have drunk and am drinking my beer, and now I bring thee

thine. I have eaten my fill, and here is thy portion of my food, fowl, bread and gravy.

"My hands are clean from acts of oppression. I have done nothing but in the strength thou hast given. My prosperity is of thee. Favor the prayer of my lips. Ah, are not all black men thine? Shepherd me and all thy people well. When I come out in the mornings, let me not hear the voice of wailing. May I hear only the laughter of men, the merry farm song, music, and play. Let me not hear of consumptions. Let not destroying winds come near my town. May the breeze carry off all our plagues from our streets and homes. Remember the things by which I live, the palm tree, the baobab, the locust tree, and the fig. Cause them all to flourish and to be exceedingly fruitful. Protect and increase my poultry. Frustrate the designs of the hawk upon them. When he swoops upon a fowl, may his bill, failing of its aim, bite the grass and dust. So, too, favor me in the matters of my goats and wives. May the children ever sleep well, free from disturbing dreams.

"Behold my outstretched hands. Give me prosperity. Increase my goods, thou Father of men. I am decreased and empty, bereft of men and things. Shepherd me well, again I pray."—(*Translated by Mr. Hall.*)

In Waja, whenever an adult dies in the dry season, brewing of beer is immediately begun, and when at the end of seven days, the beer is ready for consumption, a dance is held in honor and in worship of the departed. For those who die during the wet season, the dance is held early in the following dry season.

In Tangale, whenever a very old or very important man dies, a great celebration is immediately begun. This consists of hanging long strings of food and some goats from the roofs of his houses, and scattering quantities of

food, especially peanuts and beans, around his courtyard. All of these are offered in worship and then eaten by all who care to come. The body is buried with special rites, and a dance started immediately after the burial, which goes on for three days. While all do not have such honor at death, an announcement is made in the sacred grove, to the ancestors, of the departure from this life of all adult males. This act of worship is not only for the benefit of the ancestors, but serves as recognition and homage to the recently departed one. Failure to make such announcement would be sufficient cause for the ghost of the late relative to return and trouble the household.

The Teras have an annual ceremony which seems to point back to the great night of Israel's deliverance from Egypt. Each household in the tribe kills a sheep or a goat and some of its blood is put upon the two sides and lintel of the doorway facing the street. One is reminded of the solemn words uttered by the Lord, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

CHAPTER XII.

AFRICAN SPIRITUALISM

THE demons which the people worship are of various orders, each with its own name. There is the Dragon-fly Demon, the Butterfly Demon, "family" demons, "guardian" demons, and many other kinds, all of which are capable of inflicting disease or death. In Waja, the word for sickness and the word for demon are identical. This is explained by the fact that the Wajas conceive of all sickness as caused by the presence of a demon. A cut or a bruise is quite understandable, for its immediate cause is known. But should that cut or bruise develop into a sore, it will be called a "demon," having been kept from healing by the entrance of an evil spirit.

While the air is supposed to be full of these terrifying spirits, the water is thought to be their special place of abode, reminding one of the Scriptural account of that unclean spirit, which "walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none." Many other similarities are to be found between the records concerning demons in the New Testament and those in the life of these backward peoples. I have frequently seen natives who are covered from head to foot with scars of burning, some unseen power having taken possession of them and cast them into the fire. Such occult possession is not to be confused with mere dementia. The native recognizes the difference between insanity and demon possession, and calls each by its appropriate name. Actual conversation is held by normal people with the demons temporarily possessing another individual, and the words which come from the lips of the possessed one are, beyond doubt, the words of some other being. One evening, as I sat alone in the mission house, I heard the terrible screaming of a girl coming from the town and approaching nearer. Soon, other voices were heard, the screaming died

down, and all returned to the town. The following morning, I was told that a family had been sitting quietly around the fire, when suddenly a young girl was seized by a demon and driven out towards the bush. The rest of the family had followed and were able to catch and overpower her and take her back home. Back in the family courtyard, the father appealed to the demon in the girl to depart, asked what offering they might make to appease him, and was told to make a certain sacrifice at a particular shrine. When the father had promised to comply, the girl became her normal self.

A married woman, who lived in the same group with some of our Christian young men, was taken possession of by a demon, and thrown to the ground. The parents sent for one of these Christians. Taking a fellow-believer with him, the young man went to the woman's house, dispersed the crowd that had gathered, and together the two knelt beside the afflicted one. First, they sang a Christian hymn, then prayed simply and briefly, and in the name of Jesus Christ commanded the demon to depart. Immediately, the woman stopped her raging and lapsed into a partial faint, from which she quickly recovered and sat up, quite normal again. A few weeks later the same woman was taken possession of again. Again the young men were sent for. As they entered the house, the woman commenced a tirade of abuse, ending with words something like these, "Last time you cast us out, but to-day we have others with us from such-and-such a place(naming a certain location in the bush). There are many of us now, and you cannot cast us out." The young men did as they had done before, and again, following the command to the demons to depart in the name of Jesus Christ, the woman returned to her normal self.

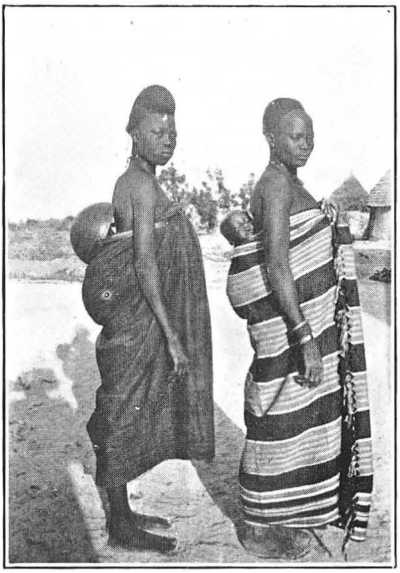
Behind each mother's hut is a shrine to a demon, which has been called upon to act throughout life as the guardian demon of her child. At the shrine worship is offered by the mother and her friends, to seek the desired blessing.

If the mother moves to a new home, the shrine will also be moved, and a white chicken waved over it, all along the way, to ensure the removal of the demon, as well as the material objects. Should the child become ill, resort is had to this shrine with an offering. No greater threat can be made to a son-in-law than that of refusal to offer suitable worship at the shrine of his wife's guardian demon.

Then there is the family demon, whose shrine is behind the father's house (a man and his wives having individual huts). This shrine is a round mud wall about one foot in height and two feet in diameter. Inside, there is a small jar for each member of the family. Every year the parents brew beer, prepare a large quantity of food, and invite their relatives and close friends to join them in worship. The shrine of the family demon is the special care of the father. He rebuilds it in preparation for the worship, gives the order for the beer and food to be prepared, and calls the witch doctor to officiate as priest.

Certain places in and around the towns are looked upon with superstition. Many of them are prohibited to the touch of non-priestly feet. The hill overlooking the Waja town of Wala, is the one out of which tradition says the first Waja people came, and no one but the priests of that town ever dare to climb it on pain of death. No grass in Waja is burned in the dry season until the Chief Priest of Wala has first set fire to that on the sacred hill.

The Tangales have their sacred hill, too. We call it Tangale Peak, for it ranks among the high hills of Nigeria, towering a couple of thousand feet above the surrounding plain. It was to Tangale Peak that the people of Kaltungo fled when the British field force first approached. It is associated with the first settlement of the tribe in that locality, when they migrated from the north, and each year two priests from a certain family in Kaltungo are supposed to ascend to the very top and offer worship to the spirits of their forefathers, bringing back, as evidence of their having reached the required place, one or two white birds



Mothers with Babies. Tera (left) Waja (right). Note the calabash which the Tera woman is using to protect her baby's head from sun and flies.

that are said to have their nests there. But only death from the spirits inhabiting the Peak awaits any other Tangale, or foreigner either. Under one of the trees, which skirt the base of Ture hill, marked by a huge mound, is the grave of a lieutenant of the West African Frontier Force. He had been stationed for a while in 1907 at Ture, and unaccompanied had attempted to scale Tangale Peak. When he did not return in the evening, search was made, and his dead body was found on the Peak's side. Just what happened nobody will ever know. Perhaps he slipped on the bare rounded rock at the very top, and falling broke his neck. At any rate, the natives will believe nothing else than that the spirits there had punished the transgressor with death, and they point to his experience as proof of their own belief and as a warning to any other white people who would risk their lives in such a foolish adventure, thinking that, because they are white people, they will be exempt from the taboo.

While I was out on my horse one morning in 1920, looking for mahogany trees, my search led me around the base of the Peak, and I decided that now was the time for me to make the climb that I had frequently planned. Two natives were with me, one a policeman. Both tried to dissuade me. I left my horse in charge of the one man, but put the policeman upon his mettle by telling him that by virtue of his office, it was his duty to protect me. He accompanied me a short distance, then wanted to sit down and wait. I persuaded him again to go on, but about a quarter of the way up, he squatted down on a boulder and announced, with a tone of finality, that I would find him there on my return. When I got almost to the top, the climbing became too dangerous and I turned back. It had taken so long for me to make the ascent and descent that my policeman was no longer waiting, and my horseman said that he had given up hope of my return and was expecting to have to take a riderless horse back to the station. We learned later of the path on the side of the

hill opposite to that which I had ascended, which the native priests follow when they go to offer their worship. On July 1, 1926, Mr. Harry J. Harling, of the Kaltungo station, and Mr. John S. Nicholson, of the Gelengu station, successfully made the climb to the very top, in company with two Tangale Christian young men, who have no longer any fear of demons.

I was passing through Kaltungo town on Sunday afternoon, following a preaching service, with three or four Christians with me in single file. One of the young men accidentally dropped his hat, and as he stooped to retrieve it, a man sitting not far away called commandingly to him to leave it alone. Despite the prohibitory order, the youth took up his hat and kept on. Later I was given the explanation. The particular spot through which we were passing was one that had a taboo attached to it, and anything dropped there must be left, under pain of terrible calamity, for the priestly family to pick up. Transgression upon one particular spot in Kaltungo will cause smallpox, and upon another will cause the head of the transgressor to swell and swell until it bursts!

Each year, sometime during the dry season, there is a special celebration in Tangale, called "Chasing Consumption." (The term consumption is used in a wide sense to cover all lung affections.) When the dry harmattan wind blows, cold and coughs are common and are greatly dreaded by the natives. So they have this ceremony, in which all the young warriors, fully decked out in dancing regalia and with spears and shields, take part. As the host advances, all the movements of real warfare are gone through, including false thrusts of the spears at the unseen enemy, which they are supposed to be driving before them, until they have chased the demons of consumption quite out of the town. Each town holds its celebration successively, beginning at the eastern end of the tribe and ending at the western, driving the consumption from town to town, until it is clear of the whole tribe.

The Wajas have a similar celebration called "Chasing Hunger." Temporary famine is not uncommon in this tribe, since the people are not so industrious as their neighbors. They do not have the large number of granaries filled with guinea corn and millet which characterize every Tangale homestead, and sometimes their supply runs out before a new one is ready. Following the harvest, when bins and stomachs are again full, this celebration is held, participated in especially by the women and children. Food is prepared, the people decorate their bodies with white clay, the children get cornstalk horses to ride, and then, with children first, followed by the women, they rush out from the town, the women dropping crumbs of porridge along the way, and all shouting to drive the demons of hunger before them. After being cleared from one town, the next one will take up the chase, until hunger has been cleared from the tribe.

One night, as we were sitting out in front of our mission house at Gelengu, we noticed several bonfires being made of the dry grass around. As we looked, we saw more and still more being lit, until we were all but encircled with fire, at a safe distance, however. We called one of the boys and asked the reason, and were given the simple explanation, "Demons." An epidemic of disease is looked upon by the Wajas as an indication of an attack of an unusual number of demons. There was such an epidemic just then, and this novel method was used to drive them away, all the people beating their houses thoroughly to chase the demons into the fire.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WITCH DOCTOR

THERE is no more influential character in the tribes under discussion than the witch doctor. Shortly after our first settlement at Kaltungo, I wrote in one of my letters home that there were no witch doctors among the Tangales. Before going to Africa, I had seen pictures of wild-looking men, dressed up in all kinds of awe-inspiring regalia, with the label "Witch Doctor." One of the first things I looked for, therefore, was one of these terrifying specimens, and when I found none, I came to the conclusion that there were no such characters in that tribe. Later, however, we found that the place was full of them. They looked to the outsider like any other member of the tribe, but were just as terrifying and awe-inspiring to the ordinary native as the more fantastically dressed ones of some other tribes. A native will, at any cost, do almost anything that a witch doctor directs him to do, for he believes implicitly that his life and welfare depends upon it. In a tribe not far beyond Yola on the Benue River, the eastern frontier of Nigeria, a witch doctor told his people, when the British forces first advanced into their territory, not to be afraid of the army, for he had medicine which would make every enemy bullet of no effect. They had already been terrified by the reports which had been received of the white man's guns and their devastating effect, and so they told their doctor that they were quite willing to trust his medicine, but he himself must lead their own force, in order to make the medicine effective, and this he did. The British had brought up the river one of their larger field guns. This was trained on the advancing pagan host, and the very first shell just happened to strike the witch doctor squarely, and the followers never even saw the pieces! All they saw was that their leader was gone, and they fled in utter rout.

Both men and women may become witch doctors, but the man is the more interesting character, because of his larger practice. The special insignia of his office in Tangale is a bag, made from the whole skin of some wild animal with a bushy tail. In this bag he carries the implements of his profession. Some of these will be mentioned in connection with the rites in which they are used. The most important, are the little "birds," small as locusts (so the owner says, although the eyes of the uninitiated never see them)—by whose chirpings messages are conveyed from the spirit world. So, literally, it may be said of these people that they "seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter." Through the aid of his familiar spirit, the witch doctor utters oracles, officiates as priest in the worship of demons, and heals the sick. The female witch doctor carries no bag, has no special implements, does not officiate in demon worship, and does not heal the sick. Her sole function is that of an oracle. She too has a familiar spirit, but no chirping "birds." When approached by an inquirer, she sits on the ground with legs straight out in front and a small calabash of grain on her head, and proceeds to go into a trance. During the process of divination, she keeps up a perpetual slapping of her thighs and a muttering with her lips, until she has received her message from the spirit world, which she delivers to the inquirer. All receive fees for whatever they do, but the act of divining, so frequently done, is performed for a nominal sum.

The ranks of the profession are usually entered following a serious illness, which has been pronounced by an oracle to be curable only by the afflicted one taking the vows of the witch doctor. These consist chiefly of agreeing to become for life the slave of the demons and to faithfully perform all duties prescribed by them. The sufferer literally sells his soul for the healing of his body. If he is willing to do this, healing is supposed to follow, and then a night is set for his induction service. The *modus operandi* of the

profession is shrouded in deep secrecy, and its knowledge imparted to the new recruit in a service, the proceedings of which are just as secret. On the appointed night—usually a moonless one—all the local witch doctors gather with the one to be initiated, in the brew-house belonging to one of them. A number of men and boys assemble under the sacred tree, and during all the time the priests are in the brew-house they keep up a chant in tones that seem to come up from the nether world itself. If the induction "takes," the recruit is proclaimed a full-fledged witch doctor at the end of the service, and if it does not "take," an announcement is made to that effect. The matter of "taking" is understood by the laity to mean ability of the recruit to receive and co-operate with the familiar spirit which is to be his. As a matter of fact, however, it really means that he has comprehended the tricks of the profession and is able to perform them with the necessary skill, and not "taking" means a lack of such comprehension and ability.

Whenever any calamity befalls an individual or household, or anything unusual happens which might be a bad omen, recourse is had to a witch doctor, with the request that he discovers by divination what purports to be the cause and the remedy. Nothing ever happens by chance. Behind everything there must be a cause, and unless that cause is readily discernible, it must be a demon, a ghost, or a witch. The means used to aid the male diviner are various, but the method is always a process of elimination. A series of questions are asked, either by the witch doctor himself or a layman acquainted with the process, and if the sign sought is not forthcoming, the answer is "No," and questions continue to be asked until the affirmative sign appears. For instance, a man becomes ill, the witch doctor is called and takes a seat in the courtyard outside the sick one's house. He asks for a calabash of clear water. This is set on the ground in front of him. Ceremoniously he puts his spear on the ground, pointing straight out in front of the

bowl of water, makes a few passes over the water with his magician's bag, rubs a streak of red ochre lengthwise on the spear, on his two arms, and then sprinkles some into the water, stirring to thoroughly color it. Red ochre seems to play an important part in all religious exercises. Then the witch doctor takes a sip of the water and spews it out in three different directions. He offers a prayer of invocation to the spirits which inspired his forefathers, asking their aid by giving the correct answer to such questions as will be asked, that they may know what has caused this sickness. Then the questioning begins, something like this, "If a demon has caused this sickness, God put to your hand a bean." The witch doctor feels around in the water but finds no bean. "If an ancestor has caused this sickness, God put to your hand a bean." And as the doctor feels in the water this time, he finds a bean, which he produces for all to see. All are assured that some person has bewitched the sufferer. Then, by the same process of elimination, the town in which this witch lives is discovered, then the section of that town, then the family and then the individual himself. Such a decree is final, and the person named dealt with. Should it be a demon or the spirit of an ancestor that is responsible, then the required sacrifice is determined and duly offered.

The question may arise, "How does the witch doctor do it? Where did the bean come from?" To the native it is a demonstration of supernatural power, a miracle. To the close observer, it is a pure trick, as are all the means which the witch doctor uses. When the doctor took that sip of water, after mixing the red ochre in it and making it turbid, he deftly let slip into it a bean which he had secreted in his mouth. The time when he should produce the bean is purely an arbitrary matter. The whole process is obviously one of deception. The witch doctor knows that he is deceiving the people, yet he does it all in the name of God, at the cost of his gullible brothers. The "birds" which he carries in his bag, are mechanical devices which

emit a squeaking sound when the bag is slyly squeezed with the arm as it hangs from the shoulder. One witch doctor told me that they were made from the hollow seeds of the fan palm.

A frequent reply of an oracle which has been sought on behalf of a sick person, is that the spirit of the afflicted one has been stolen and is being kept captive by certain demons in the bush. The witch doctor will offer to recover the captured spirit, without which the owner will certainly waste away and die. Though doctors' bills are high, one *must* have his spirit, for life is worth more than whatever the doctor may charge. The witch doctor takes with him a male relative of the patient's, who carries a gourd bottle filled with water, and together they go to the bush. Through the chirpings of the little "birds" in his bag, the doctor is directed to the place where the lost spirit is held captive, usually inside some hollow tree. Here the doctor takes the water bottle himself, holds it inside the hollow of the tree for a moment, then claps his hand over the mouth and turns and runs for dear life, the other following closely. He has retrieved the spirit, and runs lest the demons recapture it! Having gained a safe distance, the bottle is returned to the accompanying relative, and on their return home its contents poured over the head of the patient. The spirit is supposed to descend with the water and re-enter the man's body. The witch doctor assures the family of the man's speedy recovery—which frequently takes place—and departs with his fee, a large goat, two chickens, and ten hoe heads.

The witch doctor can also discover a thief by means of divination. For this purpose perhaps he will secure his reply from the spirits by means of a string which he makes to go through the blade of a knife. Having arrived, he asks for a knife—any knife will do. This he sticks end down. handle up, into the ground. Then he produces two short bamboo sticks, each having a hole bored through it about an inch from the end and through each hole a piece

of string drawn. These he holds in his left hand, on each side of the knife. In his prayer of invocation, he asks the spirits to make the ends of string travel through the blade of the knife and join themselves into one whole string, as proof that he will be given the power to discover the thief. Then with the right hand, he pulls one end of the string, and lo and behold, the other end follows it right through the knife blade. Another prayer follows, in which he appeals to the spirits to show them the thief, by causing the string to break when his name is called. Then, name after name is spoken, and with the calling of each one the string is drawn through the knife, until it breaks, allowing the two bamboo sticks to fall to the ground, and again the two ends may be seen. Again the witch doctor prays and asks that as proof that the man whose name was last called was really the thief, the string may come together again through the knife. The sticks are adjusted and one end pulled, and again the other end follows through. Even though the convicted one may deny his guilt, there is no court of appeal, and he is made to make full restitution to the one who lost the article and also pay the witch doctor's fee. The trick in this is that the bamboo sticks are hollow. The "ends" of the string are just bits of cotton stuck into the inside holes and made to look like ends, while the string itself goes down through the hollow of one bamboo, across to the other, where the doctor's hand holds them, and up through the hollow of that one and out at the side, making a detour *around* the knife instead of going through it.

Another favorite means of discovering a thief or a witch is with the help of a small animal which each witch doctor is supposed to possess. It is said to be about the size of a hare, although no eyes but those of the doctor see it. When commanded by its owner, the little fellow sets out on its search, and if it does not soon make the wanted discovery, it can give birth to a large litter, each of which sets out immediately in a different direction, until the home

of the thief or witch is found. Having found the home, the little animal will crawl under the bed and cry there, until its owner finds it.

I knew a man in Kaltungo who had called a witch doctor to find out who had stolen a certain article of his. The guilty one was ascertained by use of the bamboo sticks and string, but he persisted in denying his guilt, and would make no payment, either to the owner of the stolen property or to the witch doctor. Three or four days passed, and he still refused to pay. A friend of the loser asked him what he was going to do about it. "Keep quiet," was the reply, "I found what I thought was lost. I had only misplaced it." With such an evident mistake on the part of the diviner, one would think that the faith of the people would be shaken in them, but it is not so. If they turn away from these oracles, to whom can they turn to explain the mysteries of life?

I once announced to a group of men as we sat talking in a friendly way under the shade of a tree, that I could divine with the bamboo sticks and string, and asked who among them had lost something. A blind man spoke up and said that he had lost a chicken recently. I volunteered to discover the thief for him, but before I began I made the forecast that a certain one among them, a man who was a leper and had been friendly with me, was the culprit. He immediately declared his innocence. "Wait and see what the string says," I replied. "Good," said he, "we'll hear what the string says." "But if the string says you did steal the chicken, what will you give me?" I asked. "I'll give you a goat," he replied, and he was in earnest. A knife was produced and stuck in the ground, I went through the movements, while another one of the group called out their names in turn. When the name of the leper was called, the string "broke," much to his consternation and the amusement of the crowd. "Now," I said, "what about the goat?" "I'll get you your goat all right," he replied, and doubted not that the string must have told the truth,

though he could not understand it. I am sure that he would have kept his word, so much in earnest was he, had I not revealed the trickery of the thing to the whole group. Great was their surprise, and the blind man would not believe it until he had carefully felt every part with his fingers.

Since we missionaries have gone to the people, declaring that we have a message from God for them, and also heal the sick, conducting dispensaries in connection with our work, the natives are inclined to look upon us as super-witch doctors. The white man in general is looked upon as such a wonderful creature anyway that this priest of his must have extraordinary powers in things pertaining to the supernatural. One of the witch doctors became very friendly with me, and one day came to my house, saying he wanted to have a confidential talk. He wanted to trade a little professional information. I was a great witch doctor, and he would like me to impart some of my knowledge. I told him that I, too, would like some of his knowledge, especially how to make a string go through the blade of a knife. He said he would be glad to trade that information for some of mine, and he promised to return the next day with the bamboo sticks. He was there as promised, and gave me a complete demonstration. Not one hint did he give, though, that there was any trickery. "Just do it that way, and it will work every time," he said, and handed the sticks and string complete to me. In return, I showed him how to do that school-boy trick of cutting a doubled string and making two of the "ends" come together in the mouth. He went off quite pleased, although he reported some time later that he had not been able to make it work. It was with these sticks that I "discovered" who had stolen the blind man's chicken.

One evening, just after sundown, as we were sitting on the front porch of our mission house, a large group of men came from the town, talking rather roughly. All lined up in front of the porch and sat down. Then one of their number arose and told us a story of having lost his hatchet that

day, while he was taking part in a farming bee with all these men, and they had come to us that we might discover for them the thief. Of course, we had to decline the honor with thanks. Another day a young man came and said that he would like me to find out who had stolen a certain article of his. When I told him that I had no means of discovering a thief, he replied that I was not telling the truth, for he himself had seen it many times. When I asked him to explain, he said, that I had a mirror and by looking in it could see the face of the thief. My assurances that such a thing was impossible were all in vain, and when at length he left the house, it was with the feeling that I had out of spite, refused a favor which I could grant if I wished.

A woman of our acquaintance was taken with a severe backache. She sent for a witch doctor to remove the pain. This he proceeded to do by massaging her back and then suddenly he produced a small white stone. "Here, you see what I have taken from your back? This is what has been causing the pain," he said to her. In a moment he produced another stone, and so on until he had brought out about a dozen, all of which he threw away. During the process, however, the woman noticed that each time he produced a stone, he had first reached and taken it from inside his bended knee!

A boy about eight years old was brought to our Kaltungo dispensary for treatment. It took only a glance to see that he was troubled with stomach worms, and we prepared the proper medicine in capsules for him. Whether it was sheer stubbornness or because capsules were so new that he really could not manage to swallow them, at any rate he refused to take the medicine. A few days later the boy's father came to me, and said that the mother had insisted on having the witch doctor, who had declared that there were lizards in the boy's stomach. He had come that afternoon to remove them, and invited me to go and witness the "operation." When we reached his house the witch

doctor was just beginning. He had the lad seated on a stone a short distance away, and was mixing some green medicine—probably powdered leaves—in a large bowl of water. Lying on the ground beside him were three bunches of fresh leaves. He took one of the bunches, dipped it in the medicine, and rubbed it over the boy's abdomen, massaging with both hands. After about two minutes of massaging, he began to work his hands as though he was feeling something, then, as though gripping something tightly with both hands, he quickly removed the bunch of leaves, just shaking them apart sufficiently to let the people who had gathered round see that he had a lizard inside. Then he wrapped the whole in a bundle of old thatching. This same operation he repeated with the other two bunches of leaves, and all could see that he had removed three live lizards from the boy's stomach, although no incision had been made. And then I saw him go off with his usual fee, a large goat, two large roosters, and ten hoe heads. He was careful to take the three bundles of thatch which contained the "lizards." For if he had left those bundles, and the people had opened them, they would have discovered how they had been deceived. Before going to his patient, the witch doctor had sewn the skins of three lizards over three pieces of cornstalk and secreted one within each bunch of green leaves. When he quickly shook the leaves apart for the people to see, the dummy lizards looked quite like live ones, and the boy and his family really believed that those reptiles had actually been removed from the lad's stomach.

In discussing the work of the witch doctor, mention should be made of the charms commonly worn. Some are prepared and sold by the witch doctors themselves, and some are made by the "laity" from home recipes. The odoriferous pouch of the civet cat, enclosed in a bit of leather and worn about the person, preferably at the neck, is an insurance against contracting a cold or cough. To guard against the demon which causes the same affliction, the Wajas wear a cowrie shell similarly sewn up. The Tangale woman wears a large iron neck ring as a charm

against the attacks of a certain demon, and a small iron eyelet strung on her girdle as protection against another kind. Horns of small animals filled with "medicine," beaks of large birds, lion and leopard claws, are all worn as charms for different purposes.

The Mohammedan priests of the neighboring country provide various charms, which the pagans like to buy. And, incidentally, the pagan looks upon the Moslem *malam* (priest) as a witch doctor, and sometimes the pagan doctors take to themselves the title of "malam." They have charms for getting a wife, for protection against disease of all kinds, charms that bring luck in hunting, that will make of none effect enemy arrows or bullets, and they can make up charms for special needs. All of these consist of some kind of "medicine" or a piece of paper on which is written a selection from the Koran, wrapped in leather. One Waja lad who had been to a Moslem school and become interested in Moslem things, suddenly took an aversion to them. One of the first things he did was to open up the charm which he wore to see what was in it. When he found nothing but some paper with unintelligible writing, he exclaimed, "What a fool I was to pay three shillings (72c) for that!"

The witch doctor simply plays upon the ignorance and superstition of his people for his own enrichment. Naturally, he is the missionary's worst enemy, for he knows that once the people give heed to the missionary's message, his own influence, and therefore his revenue, will vanish. His teachings need to be shattered by the Gospel message, just as was the body of that witch doctor who led his people against the British guns.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITCHCRAFT

IT is not so very long ago that witches were burned at the stake in New England and in Europe, so it is not surprising that innocent victims are still suffering death at the hands of their fellow tribesmen in dark Africa because of their belief in witchcraft.

The terms "witch" and "witchcraft" are used here to refer to the occult influence which they believe that one person can exercise over another, causing disease or death. The customary thing for the witch to do is to "swallow the spirit" of his victim, which ultimately causes his death. Either a man or woman may possess this occult power. While the term "witch doctor" is used to refer to the magician who acts as an oracle and priest, and though he is supposed to be endued with supernatural powers, he is not usually considered to be a witch. They are ones, however, who determine by divination who the witches are.

Witchcraft has been officially outlawed by the British Government, but, like cannibalism, it is still often practised. Just recently the paramount chief of the Waja tribe has been deposed and imprisoned because he knew that it was practised in his territory and had not reported the matter to the local British official. So great a hold has the belief in witchcraft upon the people that, in all probability, it has been responsible for the death of far more people than cannibalism.

Nothing is feared more than witches. Perhaps this is because their identity is unknown, although they are living in the midst of the people. No one knows but that his next door neighbor may be one. This belief in witchcraft often persists even after they have become Christian, though the terror connected with it may be gone, for the most part.

A witch is thought to cast his malignant spell frequently

by means of his evil eye. For this reason, a native always becomes nervous when he notices that some one is gazing at him, an offense of which the interested white person may often be guilty. They believe that pictures in the white man's house are the spirits of their originals, which the white man has "swallowed." For that reason, children are frequently warned to keep away from the mission station, lest they, too, fall under an evil spell.

A witch may send his spirit to catch the spirit of another. In that case, it appears like a red flame, and one may often be seen at night on its evil mission. Needless to say, fires which appear in the distance may easily be mistaken for a witch's spirit. Before the natives became accustomed to our lantern, we would often hear a shout directed towards us as we went through a village, after dark. The people thought that they saw the spirit of a witch and were trying to scare it away. I have been told that this fire-like spirit can enter your house at night when you are sleeping, steal your spirit, carry it home and secure it in some corner (if there are any "corners" in a round house) by heaping a pile of stones over it. The next day, out from under that pile of stones will crawl a viper, which will seek you out and bite you. Snakes abound in Tangale, but no one is ever bitten by a poisonous one without it having been sent on its mission by a ghost or a witch, usually the latter.

Closely allied to witchcraft, although something quite different, is the belief that certain persons have the power of turning into animals, birds, reptiles, or other forms, animate or inanimate. The folk-lore of the people abounds in such stories. Certain ones still living among them are supposed to have this power, and some even claim it. It is not, however, confined to the professional magician, nor does every witch doctor possess it. This peculiar power is especially valuable to one who is being attacked or pursued, since he can turn himself into a snake and bite his enemy, or into a swift-footed animal, and so make good his escape. Or one may use it for evil purposes, such as turning into a

wildcat and preying upon somebody's chicken house. I was told of one man who, when out hunting, was chased by an elephant, and would certainly have been killed, had he not suddenly transformed himself into dust.

As we have already shown in the description of the methods of the witch doctor, a person is pronounced to be a witch by the process of divination. It can readily be seen, therefore, that such an accusation is made purely according to the caprice of the medium. The whole belief in witchcraft, consequently, is a figment of the native mind, perpetuated by the wiles of the witch doctor, who may use it at any time to remove a person who may not be wanted.

According to modern law, a person accused of a crime is considered innocent until actually proved to be guilty. But where witchcraft is practised, one accused of being a witch is considered to be guilty until he proves his innocence. This he is expected to do by subjecting himself to the poison ordeal. The poison used is the juice of the cactus which grows locally. The tree, from which the potions used in the ordeal are taken is guarded by a particular member of the priestly class. The accused is forced to drink the poison, and if he vomits it, he is considered innocent, but if he dies, that is conclusive proof that he was a witch, and the people are glad to be rid of one more from their midst. So implicit is their faith in the ordeal, that often they will voluntarily drink the poison to prove, as they think they will surely do, that they are innocent. But once the poison is inside, it is apt to do its deadly work, and quickly.

One would imagine that every person subjected to the ordeal must surely die, but this is not the case, and only goes to prove to the native the reliability of the test. Poisons act differently upon different people. Sometimes an overdose will cause vomiting. Or the priest in charge of the sacred cactus could so arrange the dose as to reduce the possibility of a fatal result, either of his own volition, or in collusion with the witch doctor who uttered the oracle of accusation, to further their own particular purposes. A

means of saving many has been the drinking of huge quantities of water immediately after taking the poison, until vomiting has been produced. This is the way in which Captain Lander, one of the discoverers of the Niger River and its outlets early in the nineteenth century, saved his life when he was accused by the natives of witchcraft and forced to drink the poison cup.

One of the wives of the Chief of Ture was taken ill. Recourse was had, as usual, to an oracle and the pronouncement was made that she had been bewitched by a certain young man, a policeman of the town, a strong fellow of splendid physique. When faced with the accusation, he steadfastly denied any guilt. The chief told him that the only way to prove his innocence was to submit to the ordeal, and took him to the priest at Awok, another village six miles north, where the sacred cactus was kept. A few hours later that fine young policeman, another victim of his people's superstition and the caprice of the witch doctor,was dead. When the matter was reported to the District Officer, the chief was deposed, and together with the priest who administered the ordeal, was sentenced to a considerable term in prison. That, however, did not bring back that vigorous young life.

Only recently Mr. Nicholson gave the following account in a letter from Gelengu, "On Sunday a man came in from Dong and told me that a young man was dying. On making inquiries, I found that he had been through the poison ordeal. The preceding Friday a young man died, and as far as his relatives could see, nothing had been wrong with him. The only thing that they could think of was that someone had bewitched his spirit. Suspicion fell on an old man and his son. These two were taken to the poison tree, a branch broken off, and each given a piece to chew. The old man, as soon as he had chewed his piece, ran to the nearest water hole and drank enough to make him vomit, and kept at it until he was sure that no trace of the poison remained in his stomach. The young man thought that one spell of vomiting was enough, but by Saturday evening he found that he had

made a mistake. Sunday morning he was in terrible agony, and speechless. It was Sunday afternoon that they came to me. I sent over what medicine I thought would help him, and by Monday evening he was much better."

Witchcraft may be outlawed, but it takes more than law to destroy a people's superstition. For that is needed the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XV.

TRADITIONS

WHEN the harvest moon appears in September, there is great rejoicing among the Teras, for it marks the dawn of their new year. This is the only tribe in Nigeria, of which I have known or heard, that has a New Year's Day celebration. The elders of each town gather at the entrance to the chief's home, a great drum is brought out, and the chief himself takes his place with the elders. In his hand is a ball of new cotton, and when all has become quiet and the elders are lined up in order, he presents this toward the new moon, with a prayer of thanksgiving for once again seeing a new year, of which the cotton is a symbol. Then he hands the cotton to the vice-chief, who begins with a brief prayer and then goes on to relate the traditional history of the tribe—how, many generations ago, their fathers left Mecca and Yemen (in Arabia) and travelled in company with several other tribes, to their present location in the vicinity of the Gongola River. Fifteen or twenty minutes are taken up with this narration, which is punctuated, now and then, by a pause and a beat on the great drum. At the close, the drum is beaten as a signal, and then there breaks out the tap-tap-tap of almost innumerable little drums, beaten by small boys and prepared for this special occasion, and everybody shouts, *"Sonyi wa shi, Sonyi wa shi,"* "The new year has come, The new year has come," to everybody else. The whole town reverberates with hilarity. In the evening a communal dance is held in front of the chief's home, in which nearly everybody participates. The following day, too, is a great one. The elders gather inside the walls which enclose the chief's compound and relate to each other much more of the tribal tradition, and another dance is held in the evening.

Although the other tribes do not have a New Year's celebration, all have their traditions, handed down from generation to generation. At times, some of the history is related in the evening in friendly conversation around the family fire, sometimes in an informal lecture delivered by a village elder to a group of youngsters. This chapter cannot be exhaustive, but we desire to give some of the traditions of popular interest.

The Wajas claim no such wanderings as the Teras, but, like their neighbors the Tulas, say that their progenitors came forth from the sacred hill in the territory which they now occupy. Consequently, the Chief Priest of the town, located at that hill, Wala, takes precedence in all matters pertaining to ancestor worship. They would seem, therefore, to claim an origin independent of the rest of mankind.

The Tangales cannot go back so far as the Teras, but they claim to have come from the north, having fled from their warrior brethren in Bornu to their present location, in a journey of seven stages. Both their tradition and the long deep cut through their forehead and nose point to an earlier relationship with the Beri-beri, the predominant tribe in Bornu. The Teras claim that the Beri-beri were in the same migration with them from Yemen. It is more than likely, therefore, that all these tribes migrated at one time from the Arabian peninsula across the Sudan to their present locations. The traditional histories of numerous other tribes, as recorded in Mrs. Temple's book, "Notes on the Tribes, Emirates, and Provinces of Northern Nigeria," would bear out this supposition.

When the Tangales moved from their more northerly home, they were led, according to tradition, by a priest, who rode upon a magic stone, which went before the migrating host, much as the pillar of cloud and fire guided the Israelites through the wilderness. When the stone stopped, they stopped. When the stone moved, they followed with all their belongings. It found a final resting place at the present site of Ture, and is still carefully guarded by the priests of the

ancestral worship. Consequently, these priests of Ture take precedence in the worship of the tribe, and are always the first to announce the set feasts. No foreigner, nor even a lay member of the tribe, is allowed to see this sacred stone.

Ture hill is small, and apparently all of them could not live comfortably on top of it. At any rate, a quarrel is said to have arisen, and some of the Tangales set out to conquer the small tribe living around the base of Kaltungo hill and take possession for themselves. The company kept well under cover of the tall grass as they advanced, and stopped within about a mile of the enemy's homes. Then, one of their number turned himself into a large hawk, flew into the town and seized a baby goat. The people, who heard the bleating goat being carried off, gave an alarm, and, as was and is customary, a great crowd gave chase, trying to frighten the hawk, so that it would drop the goat. On and on the hawk flew towards the waiting Tangales, and on and on followed the people, until they found themselves suddenly attacked and without any means of defense. Many were slain, and only a very few made good their escape. But there were sufficient fugitives to warn their fellow-tribesmen of the advancing host.

Believing themselves far too few in number to stand against the force which they knew would soon attack them, the townspeople resorted to an interesting subterfuge. From the one small hill to the large one, which guard the town on either side of its entrance, they quickly planted a line of posts. On each post they put a helmet, such as is worn in the dances, and tied a shield and a spear on the posts, making them look, through the grass, like an armed guard. It had its effect, for the approaching Tangales saw what they thought was a line of warriors ready to make an attack, and waited to receive it. Meanwhile, the people of the town were able to gather their possessions and escape to the south. After waiting some time, one of the Tangales ventured forward and threw his war club at one of the enemy "warriors," and down went helmet, spear, and shield with a

clatter, revealing nothing but a post. The trick was discovered, and the advancing Tangales found an empty town, of which they forthwith took possession.

At night they saw a fire high up on the hillside. No one but a human being could have made it, and the next day a search was made for him, but in vain. That night, a fire was seen again in the same place. They called to whoever might be there to come down, promising safety. There was no response. The next day another search was made, and a man and his daughter, both very much scared, were found. They were the only ones of the tribe which had been driven away who remained behind. The Tangales promised that if they would teach them their language, their arts, and their religion, they should both be spared. From these two, then, so tradition declares, the inhabitants of the eastern section of the tribe received their present mode of living.

The western section of the Tangale tribe claim a somewhat different origin, although they speak the same language, with but slight differences in vocabulary and accent. Their tradition says that the original settlers also came from Bornu, a branch of the Beri-beri family. Two brothers of this particular family had a serious quarrel over some meat, one left and with his own followers treked to what is now known as Biliri, the chief town of Western Tangale. When it was known that he had made a profitable settlement, small sections of various other tribes in the surrounding country, Jukuns from Pindiga, Teras, and so on, six in all, came and settled around Biliri. While the name "Tangale" has been officially applied to the whole tribe, because of its linguistic unity, yet that name is never claimed by the eastern section. To call an easterner a Tangale is an insult always resented. He wants to be called only by the name of his particular town.

The names "Tera" and "Waja" were given by the Moslem Hausas or Fulanis, who, as interpreters, escorted the British officials who took over their territory. The Teras call them-

selves "Nyimalli" (Welsh double *l*), and the Waja's own name for themselves is Wiya.

Each tribe thinks that it lives in the centre of the earth, which is plate-like and over which is the heaven like a huge inverted bowl. The Tangales say that this bowl is supported at the edges by a series of great iron props, which are the special care of the people who live at the edge. Shortly after a trip which I had taken to the railroad, I was visiting the Chief of Chongwom, and he said to me, "Did you get there?" "Get where?" I asked. "There," and he pointed to the west, "where the sun goes down." Since, as I had explained, it had taken me fifteen days' travel to reach my destination, the old chief thought surely I must have reached the "edge of the plate" where the sun sets!

They think that the sun travels its course during the day and then hurries back underneath the earth during the night and so is ready to start again in the east next morning. Instead of one sun, the Tangales believe there are two, one for the dry season and one for the wet. The hotter weather of the dry season, they think, is caused by a hotter sun.

Reference has already been made to the number of moons in the Tangale year. They believe that each of the seven is a different moon entirely. The sun is referred to in the feminine gender, and the moon in the masculine. The evening star is called the wife of the moon.

The rainbow is a sign of a struggle between the sun and the rain, the former trying to kill the rain. At the end of it is a pot of iron, to which anyone who reaches it may help himself. Actually, search is often made, when the rainbow seems very close at hand. Sometimes the end of it appears to be resting in a certain home, and those who see it believe that the occupants of that home have been the recipients of a gift of iron. When an eclipse of the moon occurs, the people say that the sun is trying to kill the moon. So they endeavor to aid the moon, by creating a great din with drums, horns, and shouting, until the

victory has been won—due largely to their own efforts—and the moon once again shines forth unclouded.

There was a time when fire was unknown. The only means the people had then of cooking, was to set a bowl of water in the sun until it became hot. (And it *can* become hot. We frequently resort to the same method for heating bath water, to save firewood, and more than once has a foot been burned by stepping into water too recently brought into the house from its place in the sun.) There was one woman, however, who always had much better tasting food than anyone else, but no one could discover why. One day, while she was out on her farm, her hut caught fire. Everybody in the town ran to see the marvellous sight, wondering what it could be. She alone had a coal of fire, which she used to kindle some straw and sticks each day for her evening meal, then she would carefully put one of the remaining coals in a pot, which she hung from her roof. This particular day the coal had set her roof afire and revealed her secret. From the ruins of her house everybody took a coal, from which they lighted their own fires. Later, evidently, was discovered the use of flint and iron, for each man to-day has his little pouch of tinder, the charred fibre of the fruit of the silk cotton tree, a curved piece of iron, and a small stone. The nomadic Fulani obtain fire by the friction made by swiftly twisting the end of a stick of hard wood into the side of a piece of soft wood, the heat so generated igniting the sawdust which gathers around the end of the hard wood stick.

During March each year, there is a migration of black and white storks from the north. Their appearance is a sign that the wet season is at hand, and the people believe these birds are the means of bringing the rain. For this reason, the stork is held as sacred and never killed. Should they kill a stork, they believe that rain would be withheld and famine ensue. Consequently, these large birds are quite tame and build their nests in the trees around the native homes. There they hatch and rear a new generation,

which goes off with them on their return to the north, just before the beginning of the dry season.

The bat is a thing of some mystery to them, because it seems neither bird nor beast. Only at night does he make his appearance, and he hangs from his "perch" upside down. This, they say, is because in olden times he had a quarrel with God and no longer cares to look heavenward.

No Tangale will kill a lion. If you ask him why, he will tell you that the lion is his brother. One morning, long, long ago, as the Shongwom people were going to their farms, they saw a lion crouching in the path. To avoid the dangerous animal, they made a wide detour through the grass. But one man came along, who thought that the lion must have some reason for being there, and he went up and made inquiry. The lion opened his mouth and showed a bone lodged in his throat, which the man withdrew, whereupon the lion trotted off contentedly, and the man went on his way to his farm. The following morning when the man went again to his farm, he found a large roan antelope lying dead on it, and a short distance off stood the lion, which then ran off. The lion, in gratitude for what the man had done the day before, had killed the antelope and brought it to his farm, leaving it there as a gift. Since that time no Tangale will kill a lion. Should he meet one which has killed some animal, and go forward and salute the lion very humbly, it will tear off a portion of the meat and leave it to him. And should a Tangale find a lion dead, he would bind its middle with a strip of cloth and give it a brotherly burial.

Each family group in Tangale has as a totem some wild animal. With one it is the lion, with another the baboon, another the wild cat, and so on. No one ever knowingly would kill its family totem, under pain of some affliction. Should a man whose totem is the wild cat, for instance, kill one, he would be smitten with blindness. In a large hunt he might unwittingly throw a spear or shoot an arrow that would kill his totem. In that case, he would

leave the spear or arrow for some person from another family to draw out, go home and be ceremonially unclean for seven days. At the end of the week, the spear or arrow would be returned and ceremoniously washed with beer. The Wajas as a tribe have the leopard for a totem.

The idea of one rising from the dead is not foreign. In the olden days, when men walked in the light of the knowledge of God, that golden age in the dim and distant past, men used frequently to rise again. A certain man was resurrected and returned to his former home. His brother had fallen heir to his property and did not relish the thought of having to give up his inheritance. He immediately strove with the revived one and asked him to go away. The latter acquiesced and returned to his grave. He was the last person ever to rise again from the dead.

In those early days God, they say, dwelt very close to men, like a cloud just over their heads, holding converse with the fathers and showing them His will. But one day a woman, as she was threshing grain with her primitive mortar and pestle, became vexed because each time she raised her pestle it bumped into the cloud and so hindered her. With angry words, she requested the cloud to depart, so that she could proceed with her work unhindered. And God did remove Himself, and ever since has dwelt far apart from them.

The women are said to have shared, at one time, with men in the worship of ancestors in the sacred groves. At each feast time the women would bring the food for their families, and all were supposed to share alike, picnic fashion. But they got to quarreling after a while, about the food. One did not like the gravy some other woman had made and would take none. Another did not like the mush which some other had made and would eat only her own. Finally, the quarrels became so numerous and so troublesome that the men made a rule barring the women altogether from the groves.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PIONEER MISSION STATION

"WHAT is the first thing you do when you go to a new place?" a friend once asked in a letter. The very first thing the pioneer missionary has to do, of course, is to select a site for a mission station. And that problem is a little more involved than might be thought at first. Several things call for careful consideration. A level site is desirable, but there must be good drainage. This is of paramount importance. If there are places where water can settle in the wet season, mosquitoes are bound to breed and the danger of malaria is increased. The matter of a good water supply must also be considered. Either a well must be sunk or water brought from some natural source. Then there is the question of how near it should be to the native homes. Nigerian law has prescribed that dwelling sites granted to white people must be four hundred and forty yards from the nearest native dwelling. This, however, is not always enforced with missionaries, because of the peculiar nature of their work. As one high official put it, "when sanitation and duty conflict, duty comes first."

Our Gelengu station has five acres and is divided for two families, with a section for church, school, and dispensary. The site must be properly surveyed with the aid of a prismatic compass, application filed with the government, and, if it is granted, compensation paid to the owners of the land.

While building operations are going on, the new missionaries must have some place in which to live. At Kaltungo, we had the good fortune to secure the site on which stood the Government rest house, and had the use of that. At Gelengu, we had some mat shelters which took only a few hours to put up. These consisted of a framework of poles, covered with straw mats. One served for a dining

room and another for a bedroom. To give a little more protection from the sun's rays to the bedroom, we had a roof discarded from a native hut, carried down and placed on top of the shelter over the spot where our bed was. But even so, we felt quite as though we had had a Russian bath after our rest during the middle of the day, for this was in March, the hottest month of all the year.

Since we were so far away from the railroad and the source of supplies, we naturally used native material as much as possible in our buildings. At Kaltungo we used sun-dried brick for the walls, but at Gelengu just solid mud. A native builder was secured from the neighboring Emirate of Gombe, a Jukun by birth, who had learned his trade in the city of Kano, where the larger type of square or rectangular house prevails, with mud roof as well as walls. The plan of the house was drawn on the ground, and with that start the builder went ahead and laid every lump of mud which went into the walls. Other men from Gelengu mixed the mud and carried it to the builder. Door and window frames—made from locally cut mahogany—were put in when the walls had grown to the necessary height. Ten or twelve inches of mud were laid each day, drying through the night and ready for further work on the next day. While the expert native builds a fairly straight wall, yet he needs watching, and at least once a day I would go around, stretch a line, and slash off uneven places with a long grass knife. The walls of such a building are not quite so straight as one made of brick, but what little unevenness there is, is taken for part of the African style of architecture.

For the roof there is a primary framework of timber, cut from fan palms and then one of palm fronds, covered first with grass mats and then thatch, all tied with grass or vine rope. It is important to have the roof as sun-proof as possible, and so the thatch is laid on very thickly. First of all, the thatch is woven together and rolled into bundles. This facilitates handling. Starting at the bottom of the

roof, five layers of thatch are put down, one on top of the other, all fastened to the framework of palm fronds by means of a split bamboo, which is laid lengthwise on top of the thatch, about eight inches from the bottom and tied through the thatch to the fronds. Then other five layers are put down, the bottom of them just covering well the bamboo and leaving five or six inches of the thatch below exposed. These are tied down with the split bamboo, and so on to the top. Covering the entire ridge from end to end and extending down each side about five feet is one huge mat, made to order on the ground and pulled and pushed to the ridge. A large number of men are required for the roofing job, some to hand up the thatch, others to hold it in place and push the needle which carries the rope down, and still others to stand beneath and push the needle back upward, in the process of tying the thatch to the framework.

One of our building experiences at Kaltungo is typical of the delays that occur in the course of building operations. The walls had been completed and the primary framework put on. But the palm fronds had not been brought, although they were ordered at the beginning. When the work actually ceased, the local chief, to whom we had given the contract, saw that the fronds were needed to continue and sent off about a hundred men to bring some. They had to go twenty miles south to the nearest place where that particular palm grows. A day was needed for the trip there, another day to cut the fronds, and another one for the return journey. The third day we heard the noise of drums and flutes accompanied, occasionally, by the shouts of men, and went out to witness the procession coming with the fronds, rejoicing in the thought that our waiting was at an end. But when the line reached the station, we discovered that each man was carrying but one pole, no heavier to him than a good sized fishing pole would be to us, and the whole company was bringing but a tenth of the

number required for the roof! There was nothing to do but swallow our indignation and wait patiently until several more trips had been made.

Our Gelengu home has three rooms in a row, each thirteen feet square, bedroom, living room, and dining room. Behind the bedroom is a bathroom, and behind the dining room, a store room, each six by thirteen feet, and behind the living room a rear porch. There is a porch six feet wide extending the full length of the front and down each end. The living room, which is in the middle, has but three walls, being entirely open in front, giving us plenty of air—there is usually a nice breeze blowing—and plenty of room to receive and entertain visitors.

Reliance is not put wholly in the thatch roof for protection from the sun, for the rooms have ceilings of palm planks, covered with about six inches of mud. These absorb any rays of the sun or any rain that may filter through the roof. The air space between the ceiling and the roof helps to reduce the temperature in the rooms below, as do also the low eaves—only five feet above the ground, four feet above the floor level—which keep out sunlight. The floors are of pounded clay, covered with fine mud plaster. Such floors are not very permanent and have to be replastered every six or twelve months. They also allow the white ants to come up and eat anything they can find. A floor of concrete would be permanent and an effective bar to the ants. Its only disadvantage is its cost.

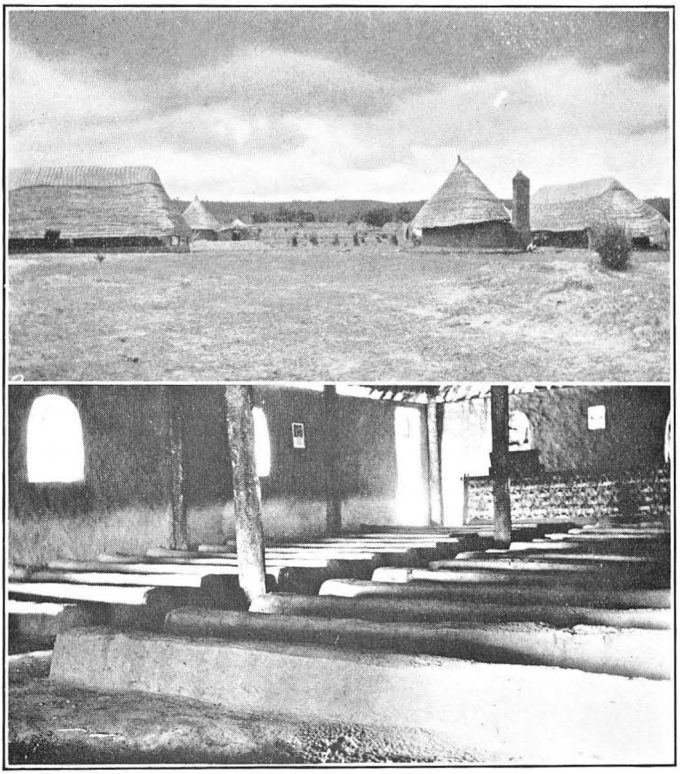
On account of the danger of fire with a thatch roof, the kitchen is usually built separate from the dwelling house. This and the other out-buildings are generally of the round native style, about fifteen feet in diameter, with the walls about seven feet high, and with conical shaped roofs. The boys who work on the mission station must have houses in which to live, and there must be a store house, a chicken house, a granary, and other such necessary buildings.

Then there is the church and school. At first a round house was built for the boys' school. The few girls who

ventured to come met on the porch of the dwelling house. When a church was built, the porch at one end of it was fitted for use as the boys' school, and the girls moved to the round house.

A mission station would not be complete without a garden. From what we have said already about the diet of the natives, it can easily be understood that the white man cannot live on native food. Many of their products, of course, can be and are used. And the longer one lives in the country, the more ways he finds of using them. On the whole, the white missionary has meals very much like those in America. And for them, he either needs to have a garden of his own or import canned foods, perhaps both. In our own district, fresh milk and butter can be obtained all the year round. And chickens and eggs are usually to be had. Chickens, in fact, are our staple meat. They are cheap, but small, and often a whole chicken must be prepared for each person. Sometimes sheep can be bought, but always "on the hoof," and they have to be killed and dressed on the station. A full grown sheep is about the size of a yearling in America. And once in a while a little beef can be obtained at the market, which has been established in recent years and is held once a week. But one must be there early, before the sun and myriads of flies have done their destructive work, for the "butcher shop" is out in the open, and the meat lies out for inspection until it is sold. The guinea corn can be ground in a hand grist mill and used for porridge or mixed with white flour for bread and biscuits. White flour, sugar, salt, and soap, and kerosene for lamps can be purchased at European stores located at the railroad.

Because of the nearness to the equator, the sun is very hard on some of the things we try to grow in a garden. The tender little shoots are quickly burnt unless shade is provided for them. Tomatoes grow like weeds, and in Gelengu, where the clay sub-soil holds the water for a long time, we can have them nine months of the year. Lima



On the Gelengu Mission Station. Above, at the left, is a dwelling house, with detached kitchen shown at right of picture. Below is an interior view of the Gelengu church.

beans, sweet corn, lettuce, radishes, and beans are grown with a little encouragement.

No really edible fruits grow in our own vicinity, with the exception of a very few pawpaw, or papaya trees. Bananas, oranges, limes, pineapples, mangoes, and similar tropical fruits can be grown, but they have to be imported and planted, and it is some time before they bear fruit. Until fruit trees are bearing and one has succeeded in finding what will grow in the garden, canned foods have to be used.

One other thing beside suitable buildings and a garden that one must have on the mission station, is "boys"—we hardly dare call them servants. On the pioneer station this is a real problem. Of course, some could be brought from the outside, either professional servants, who demand good wages, or ones who have been trained on older mission stations in other tribes. But they speak a different language from that which the missionary has to learn, and that is a handicap to be avoided. Such "boys" may not be sympathetic with the people whom you are trying to win and only keep them distant from you. Because of these disadvantages, and of the help to be gained in friendship and language study, boys or young men are sought in the new tribe.

It is as trying to the white man, to train these raw pagan youths, as it is hard for them to learn the strange ways of the foreigner. Why must water and milk *always* be boiled? And why isn't it all right if they just become hot and steam? Why must the glasses be shined? And why must the table cloth be laid on with the crease running just so? These are samples of the hundred and one questions which the black boy asks himself and sometimes the white man or white woman. And, after patiently teaching the young recruit how to boil prunes or make a custard pudding properly—patience exerted on the strength of the boy's statement that he is going to stay in your employ forever—and he has just arrived at the stage when you

dare leave him to prepare the meal by himself, he will probably announce that he is "tired" and wants to go home for a rest. His real reason for going probably is that he has worked long enough to earn the money for tobacco or taxes, which his father wanted.

One boy we had was the greatest stumbler. He could stumble over his own feet, if there was nothing else in the way. One night, as we sat at the dinner table with half a dozen guests, waiting for the meat course, we heard a great crash on the rear porch. A hurried dash had to be made to the store room, to open a couple of cans of vegetables to replace those which had been spilled from the dishes on their way to the table. This same boy had a curious habit of resting while he was waiting in the dining room, by placing one foot on the knee of the other leg and hanging on to something with one hand, making us think, as we ate, of the "missing link." One morning Mrs. Beacham told him that he should bring our breakfast on trays, instead of setting the table. When we entered the dining room, we found the table cloth on as usual, and Mrs. Beacham thought her order had been disregarded. In a few moments in came the lad with a tray in each hand, and in the centre of each tray a portion of porridge—without plates.

There are two things, it has been said, of which white people die in Africa. One is what you eat, if you don't go in the kitchen, and the other is what you see, if you do go in!

Despite the trials, we are glad to have these boys working for us, for they relieve us of some of the drudgery, which would quickly wear out a white person in the tropics, and often they become our first real friends and open the way to get in touch with their parents and neighbors. And many of them have proved to be the firstfruits of the Gospel harvest. So we are willing to go through the "night" of weeping for the joy which cometh with the "morning."

CHAPTER XVII.

"MAKE TO YOURSELF FRIENDS"

THE pioneer missionary who goes to a pagan people enters their midst greatly misunderstood and greatly maligned. The white man in general—although the natives do not call him a white man but rather a red or brown man, on account of his tanned and sunburnt face and hands —is a great mystery. Many stories concerning his origin are circulated. Some think that he just descended from the sky. Others think there is a great "mother" white man somewhere, who gives birth to an ever-increasing brood—a thought suggested as they see more and more white people. Another story current among the Tangales says that an enemy of theirs in the neighboring Tula tribe called forth the white men with their guns from a white ant hill! The idea that there are more white people than black who inhabit their little world, is preposterous and approaching.

The new missionary is looked upon simply as another of the white brood which first came and subdued them with their guns. The children are told that he walks about at night, "seeking whom he may devour." His camera is a gun, from which may dart death-dealing fire. So the missionary fools them as he looks into the "finder" of his camera by facing at a right angle to the ones being photographed. The white sugar which he eats is without doubt the ground-up bones of black people whom he has killed—for while denouncing cannibalism, do not the white government officials eat the bodies of those whom they execute for murder? It is no wonder, then, that the women and children run for dear life whenever they see a white man approaching.

The friendship and confidence of the people must be gained, therefore, before they can be given the Gospel

message. On the other hand, the missionary has to guard against undue familiarity, which may replace the extreme fear. They will be quick to give you a native name, probably a nickname, but we prefer the more really native custom of insisting upon our own. If the missionary loses the respect of the people for his person, he will also lose it for his message. If he retains that respect for himself, his message too will be taken seriously.

Our first entrance into the homes of the people in Tangale was through medical work. We had no M.D. degree, but we were willing to treat such ailments as we could with the remedies supplied by our mission doctor. We had been in Kaltungo only a few days when one elderly man came to us with a very pronounced limp. He pointed with his animal-tail fly-swatter to a place on his ankle, bound with a leaf and a piece of cord, and uttered the one word, *"Pada."* By the limp, the look of pain on his face —a look exaggerated for our benefit—and the pointing, we immediately knew that *pada* meant a sore, and that underneath that leaf was an ulcer. Pointing to the eastern horizon, we made known to him that he might come back in the morning at sunrise. This he did, received treatment, and returned on several successive mornings. After a few days, he brought a daughter, who also had an ulcer. A few days later, someone else came with them. And gradually the word got around, that the white man had good medicine and gave it freely. As yet, however, our attempts to visit the people in their homes had been met with a wave of the hand to indicate that we were not wanted and could pass on. After three or four weeks, we received a request to treat a man who could not walk to the station, and this was our first chance of getting into one of the homes. Thereafter, other requests came, and for some weeks we spent part of each morning making calls on our patients, after which we insisted on all patients being brought to the station, unless it was absolutely impossible, the "middle wall of partition" having been broken down.

At the dispensary, we do such things as wash and dress ulcers, pull teeth, lance boils, give pills for indigestion, constipation, and worms, apply liniment, and care for similar simple ailments. A great many snake bites are treated, and each one treated promptly means a life saved, since the people have no remedy for them.

The labor needed on the new station proved to be a help in gaining the friendship and confidence of the people. The young men soon found that money could be made close at home, instead of having to go two hundred miles to the mines or the railroad, and they were eager for work, since tax collecting time was not far off. Not only did we need men to help in the building work and for the general labor necessary in getting a new station in order, but we needed some boys to work in the house and kitchen. It was not difficult to get young men to come and work by the day, receiving their wage and returning to their homes, but it was a different proposition when we asked for some to come and stay with us on the station. Who would want their children to stay with the fearsome white man at his own house all through the long, dark night? There would be no telling what might happen to them.

Finally, through the persuasion of the chief policeman, two young men were brought, who said they would work for us in the house. Our first thought, as we looked at them in their nakedness, was that they must have some clothes. But we had not prepared ourselves for that emergency. So we delved into our own meagre stock of clothing, and Mr. Hall and I each selected a pair of white trousers and a shirt, which we thought we could spare under the circumstances. Soon our young pagans looked like two dandies, and quite pleased with themselves, they sat at our feet to give us some initial help in language study. Following that, they tried to carry out our instructions about cleaning the rest house and preparing our evening meal. When night came on they both announced that they were ready to go home. We tried to impress upon them

that as "boy-boys" (they had caught our English word and made it do for "servant"), they must sleep on the station. This they said they would do, but they must go home to get their evening meal, and then they would return immediately. We did not yet have sufficient faith in them to allow ourselves to see those nice white clothes walking off into the town, so we insisted on their divesting themselves first. And it was well for us that we did, for that was the last we saw of them for many days!

Visiting the people in their homes and being visited by them is an effective means of winning their friendship. In visiting we also gain much invaluable information relating to their tribal life, as well as help in language study. And the people come to us as to a marvellous curiosity shop. The white man's house, with several rooms, his clothes, dishes, pictures, phonograph, his odd manners, are all objects of new and bewildering wonderment. The native has an abundance of leisure, too, and he likes to spend some of it at the missionary's house. And he comes to beg. In his eyes, the white man, with his big house and many clothes, is wonderfully rich, and therefore a good source of benevolence. To one who is experienced, the usual indication that his visitor has come to beg is that he is being greeted with the title of "Friend." To acknowledge the friendship is looked upon also as an acknowledgement of the duties of friendship, chiefly that of being the "friend in need." We have discovered that a good way to lose a friend is to loan him money, for ever afterward he will avoid the house and presence of his creditor to evade both payment and possible dunning.

A mirror is a seven days' wonder, especially a large one such as they see on our wall. The reflection is thought of as being the spirit of the one looking into the mirror. But when I produced a triple mirror and had a man look first on one side, where he saw three "spirits," then on the other side, where he saw three more, and a seventh one directly in front, he jumped away with a shout of horror,

and gave such a fright to the bystanders that no one else could be induced at that time to look into it. One afternoon a woman came asking to see the white baby. The baby's bed happened to be near the door of our bedroom, which was open and through which she saw a mirror hanging on the opposite wall. After looking intently at it for a few moments, she stepped softly away, went off the porch and started for the end of the house. A small girl saw and followed her, but the woman turned and waved her back, and crept curiously on, only to be disappointed, when she peered around the end of the house. She thought that the mirror was a hole in the wall, and she had wanted to see who that woman was whom she had seen in the distance!

Then there are the magazines, with wonderful pictures of horses and fish, all in the natural colors, sufficiently realistic to almost make one stretch out the hand to take a fish for one's self. Great are the exclamations as the leaves are turned one by one. And it seems that no matter how many times the children have looked at them, their exclamations are just as loud and just as genuine as the first time.

The phonograph, a portable Victrola, is a deep mystery, but one always enjoyed. Scarcely a day passes that some do not come asking to hear the "drum," as they call it. And no concert can end without the laughing record. The natives cannot understand the English that is spoken or sung, but they all can understand the laughter, and are most sensitive to its contagion. Many literally roll on the floor as the record gives out peal after peal, echoed by their own uncontrollable mirth. The first time one of our "boys" saw a phonograph, he looked at it curiously, wondering if it was a gun. (Anything of the white man's that is mysterious may be a gun.) When he saw the disc begin to revolve, he drew back and looked to see that his way to the door was clear and near. And when there came forth the first sound, he bolted through the open door with a look

of fear, at the same time trying to laugh—fear because of the strange movement and sound, and trying to laugh because, as he fled, he saw us laughing at him, and he did not want to be the butt of a joke. Another "boy" moved the Victrola from its stand to a chair one day, in the process of cleaning. After putting it down, he uttered a word of surprise. Another boy standing near asked him what the matter was. "Why," he replied, "I thought that when I moved it I would hear the people rattle around inside." And that was a lad who had been with us several months, but evidently had not been convinced—like many others —that the sounds which issued forth were not produced from real people within the phonograph.

And there is the Mirroscope. This is the latest wonder. It shows actual photographs of them and their friends, besides pictures of animals, and the same kind of gorgeous pictures that they see on Sunday mornings, in some of which is Jesus. But oh, so large! And the funny part is that the white man puts the pictures in an iron box *back* of them, and lo and behold they appear on a white cloth in *front* of them! Wonders of the white man never cease! He tells the people there is no such thing as magic. But who ever saw a greater magician than the white man himself?

On June the 13th—and it was a Friday—1924, there came to us our first child, Gordon junior. His advent won a place for all of us in the hearts of the people in a way that nothing else could. The white baby made them realize that we were really human beings like themselves. Some, however, insisted that he must have come out of the Victrola, and furthermore, that there were many more like him inside of it! From his birth, Gordon junior became the attraction par excellence at the mission station, and almost every day some came and asked to see the baby, "*Bala Gelingi*" (Chief of Gelengu) they called him. In a very real sense "a little child shall lead them."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LANGUAGE STUDY

THE first thing one does in America, when beginning the study of a foreign language, is buy a grammar. But that we could not do when we first went to Tangale, and later to Tera and to Waja, for they have no grammars. One might almost say that the people are one hundred and one per cent. illiterate, the extra one per cent. added because they do not even have words for "reading" and "writing" in their language. When they saw us writing, they said we were making marks, so "to mark," the word used for marking designs on pots, came to be the word for "to write" also. And when they heard us reading, they said we were counting, and so "to count" also came to mean "to read."

When we first settled at Kaltungo no one of the people knew a word, scarcely, of English. Consequently, we not only had no grammar but also no interpreter and really no teacher. While we engaged different ones to teach us their language, the real work of teaching was done more on our part than theirs. They submitted to being questioned and making explanations, but we had to take the initiative. We simply had to sit down among them like babies and pick up the language word by word.

Our methods of study were various. Resourcefulness in devising means is a gift at such a time. About the first words we learned were the names for various parts of the anatomy, discovered by pointing them out and listening to what the "teacher" called them. And so with a great list of nouns. Through the help of one who knew a little Hausa, the common medium of linguistic exchange in the Central Sudan, we had found how to ask, "What is this?" Armed with this valuable bit of knowledge, we would walk about, pointing to different objects and asking the question,

"What is this?" Our note books and pencils were always in our hands, and as we were given the names, we would write them down as best we could, phonetically.

We also needed verbs, and to discover these, we would actually go through the motions which they represented, asking each time the indispensable question, "What is this?" We would walk, and get the word for that. We would jump, sit down, lie down, pretend to go to sleep, carry something, hit somebody a blow, cut something, do almost everything, in fact, that we could think of.

With some nouns and some verbs we began to make simple sentences, "The woman carries water," "The boy cut the chicken's throat," and so on. All the time we kept our ears open for new words and expressions. With the making of simple sentences, other parts of speech were gradually discovered. We paid special attention to the people as they talked to discover their pronouns. One great difficulty was the habit the people had of trying to accommodate their speech to our limit of knowledge—much as fond parents, in speaking to their children, talk "baby talk." You can easily imagine how confusing this would be to intelligent adults, who were seriously trying to learn their language and learn it properly.

While the chattering of the African pagan sounds to the foreigner like incoherent jargon, yet their languages have a perfect system. As one studies it, one marvels at its comparative simplicity and adherence to rules, unwritten, yet just as real as those of English. In the languages spoken by these three tribes there are far fewer exceptions to rules than in English. Instead of being able to buy a grammar book, we had to make it ourselves, discovering the principles operative in the language. We must discover the entire pronoun system, not only personal pronouns, but possessive, emphatic, reflexive, reciprocal, relative, interrogative, and indefinite pronouns. We must find out how plurals, if there are any, of nouns and verbs, are formed. We must know how to distinguish the various tenses of verbs and

just what each tense means. In the Waja, for instance, there are four tenses, the perfect, referring to completed action, whether past or future; the continuous, referring to continued action whether past or present or future; the future, referring to action not yet begun, and the indefinite tense, referring to action apart from time consideration altogether. The following sentences illustrate the four tenses. "I *wove* the mat yesterday." (perfect). "I *am weaving* the mat *now*." (continuous). "I *will weave* the mat to-morrow." (future). "I *weave* mats for a living (indefinite).

All three tribes count by a decimal system. After one has learned the first ten numerals, the whole system, practically, is mastered. Four in Tera is *vat*, fourteen is ten plus four, *gwang gum vat*, forty is four with a prefix, *dyinvat*, and forty-four is forty plus four, *dyinvat gum vat*.

Language study, while laborious and tedious, is nevertheless intensely interesting. It might be likened to a jig-saw puzzle, the pieces gathered here and there and then put together into an orderly whole. Or it might be compared to a great ball of yarn that has been unwound and been badly snarled. As one works at it, a piece is straightened out here and another piece there, and after exercising extreme care and a great deal of patience, the whole is finally untangled and wound up properly. Many of the words themselves have individual interest. For instance, it is found that *Pa* and *Na* are perfectly good Tangale for "Father" and "Mother." And the Tangale word "hurriedly" is *pepp*. To tell some one to hurry the peremptory form, "*Pepp! Pepp!*" is used. Many of the words are onomatopoeic, such as *meh*, the name for goat, *bai* for dog, *nagak* for the crown bird whose call sounds very similar, *kaka* for crow, *nir-r-r-r*, an adjective and adverb indicating a delicious taste, and *dir-r-r-r*, an adverb indicating straightness, as of a road.

The literal meaning of some words help to expound their meaning. "To trust" is literally, "to leave the mind with."

"To be alive" (or "awake," the one word being used for both) is "to have eyes." The region of the stomach, rather than the head, is thought of as the home of the thinking apparatus. "Thy word have I hid in my heart" would be "Thy word have I hid in my stomach." The chest and stomach is the two-fold seat of the affections and emotions. When it is "cold" one is happy, when "hot," vexed. If you love me, "my mind is in your stomach." "To hope" for something is "to drop the liver" on that object. When one goes to market, he "eats the market." Time is reckoned according to "sleeps" and "moons." The railroad is fourteen "sleeps" from Gelengu, for one must spend that many nights on a journey there, arriving the fifteenth day. A "moon," of course, is a lunar month.

The salutations are of interest, being typically Oriental and therefore novel to the westerner. An act of obeisance, sometimes as much as falling outstretched to the ground, usually accompanies the salutation of a common person to one of authority in Tera or Waja. You may be saluted not only for your health, but for your work, your dreams, the rain, the mosquitoes, the wind that is blowing, in short, anything that affects your person or your property. The customary afternoon salutation in Tangale is "Have you bathed?" reflecting one of their daily habits. Or they may say, "Have you poured the water?" reflecting the mode by which one usually bathes, standing in the pool of water and either scooping up the water in the hands or in a calabash and pouring it over the body, following it with vigorous rubbing. No soap is used, for they have none.

After one has learned the language sufficiently, it must then be put in permanent form, both for the people themselves and for other missionaries who may follow in the work. The first book we prepared was a primer. At first, this was just in the form of typewritten sheets. After the first lessons were learned and we grew more proficient in the language, others were added, until the primer was complete with elementary and reading lessons ready for the printer.

Then our attention was turned to the task of translating some portion of the Scriptures. If our work is to be of a permanent nature, the people must not only be taught to read and write, but as much of the Scriptures as is practical must be given them in their own language. Because of the great number of linguistic divisions, the missionary societies at work in Nigeria have agreed that the entire Bible should not be translated into the language of a people numbering less than fifty thousand. We do aim, however, to give the smaller tribes in which we are working the entire New Testament and some portions of the Old.

When we come to the work of translation, we realize the poverty of the native language. The ability to carry on an ordinary everyday conversation is not so difficult to acquire. But when one comes to put into the new tongue spiritual truths of which the people for generations have been ignorant, the task is entirely different. When after long and earnest search, one finds that there are no words in the language for light, witness, power, hour, law, angels, miracle, teacher, glory, kingdom, temptation, hallowed, serve, image, persecute, honor, council, prophesy, commandment, overcome, perfect, and many others, how are verses in which such words occur to be translated? Then there are such foreign objects as sponge, vinegar, snow, and weights and measures. One is usually anxious to have that great Gospel verse, John 3: 16, in the new language. But that one verse has many difficulties. "Love" is an almost lost word, as has already been mentioned. "So loved . . . that" is a grammatical expression not easily learned. The knowledge of the "world" is limited to their little sphere in the centre of which they live, and their word for it is simply the word "ground." "Only begotten" is not easy. "Whosoever" is one of those all inclusive, indefinite pronouns, that requires long searching to discover. "Believe" is another hard word to find, and so is "everlasting." What is "life?" When you are seeking for the word, how are you going to tell your "teacher" what you are

after? These are just samples of the difficulties confronting the pioneer missionary and translator.

To fill in the gaps, several methods must be used. Some words already in the language are taken and given a fuller content, their meaning extended. Some words are borrowed from a neighboring language, as English has borrowed from the languages of the world. Sometimes descriptive phrases are used to express the meaning. And sometimes words are transliterated either from the Greek, Hebrew, or English text.

Just here, I would like to render a tribute to the work of the Bible Societies. Behind us, who have been entrusted with the sacred task of putting into the languages of the earth God's Holy Word, there stands these societies ready to publish them. The British and Foreign Bible Society, through their secretary for Western Equatorial Africa, Rev. A. W. Banfield, who, by the way, was one of the early pioneers of the Sudan Interior Mission, has generously accepted for publication the books of Scripture which we have prepared. They bear all the expense and permit us to put our own selling price on the books, which is usually far, far below the actual cost, but placed low to meet the ability of the people to pay. Theirs is a work of faith, apart from which our labor of love might be in vain.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SCHOOL AMONG THE CANNIBALS

THE three R's so well known to all American children are total strangers to those of "Frontier Land." And the offer to teach them is not readily accepted. Learning to read and write at the white man's house is looked upon by the natives as hard work, for which they have no desire, unless they should be paid for it. They have not yet reached the stage where they appreciate the value of an education. Our experience thus far has been that only those who respond to the Gospel appeal are willing to come to school. As some respond to that appeal, we press upon them the duty, as well as the privilege, of learning to read, in order that they may be able to use for themselves God's written message to man, the Scriptures.

Our experience has also been that the boys heed the call to school quicker than the girls. The tribal tie of custom, which forbids the acquiring of the white man's ways and religion, binds the women and girls much more tightly than the men and boys. It is bad enough for the boys to go to school, but for the girls to do so is tantamount to immodesty.

We have as yet no great educational program. Our primary object is to lift our followers at least out of the ranks of illiteracy, so that they may each be able to read for themselves the literature which may be prepared in their own tongue, chief among which is to be the Scriptures. Higher studies and industrial work will follow in due course. Just now, while the work is of a pioneer nature, the primary steps are being laid.

Our first school was merely a round house of native style fifteen feet in diameter. There were no benches or desks. The teacher took his own chair—a deck chair—from the house to the school. The pupils squatted on the floor, in native fashion. No, not really on the floor, for

each one would hunt out a stone or block of wood for a "stool." On the wall there hung a large card on which the alphabet was printed. Each pupil had his own note book and pencil, and a piece of box wood or stiff cardboard held on the knee provided a hard surface, in lieu of a desk, on which to rest the note book when writing. At first, each one had a typewritten sheet with the lesson which he was studying. As he learned one lesson, his sheet was given to another not so far advanced and he was given one with a new lesson. Later, when the primer had been printed, each one was required to buy one for himself, and the more industrious could pursue their lessons at home as well as in the class room.

The first young woman of the Tera tribe whom Mrs. Beecham taught was rather dilatory, at the beginning with her lessons. But after the Waja primer had been printed, and she saw the Waja girls with them (she and her husband were living with us at Gelengu), her interest was suddenly aroused, and sometimes she would awake her husband at night and have him light a fire so that she could read her new lesson for a few minutes.

With a farming community and one which has no law of compulsory education, rather an unwritten one prohibiting it, it is impossible for all the students to come at stated times every day. We are glad that any are willing to come at all, and we have to take them on whatever days they can attend. So our school is much like the country school in America. where all grades are taught by one teacher, in one room, the instruction being of necessity almost individual. All primary instruction is given in the native language. And the pupils must be able to read and write proficiently in their own tongue before they are taught a foreign one, either Hausa or English.

Since the people were entirely illiterate, we were able to adopt whatever system of writing we deemed advisable. We used, therefore, Roman letters and such characters as were needed to represent the various sounds of the native language. All words are written as they sound. A student

of average intelligence, attending school fairly regularly, will be able to read in three months' time and to write in another three months. Further advanced pupils are used in turn to teach the beginners and thus relieve the missionary.

The most important result of the school work is that it makes that department a feeder for the church. Practically all of our converts so far have come through the school. And most of those who have faithfully and successfully pursued the course in school have become Christians.

Ture is one of the towns in Tangale to which frequent evangelistic visits were made. The new young chief evinced some interest in the Gospel message and always gathered his people together at such times. Later he asked that a school be established in his town, and paid for the erection of a small building out of his own pocket. A volunteer pupil teacher made the trip of six miles from Kaltungo each morning to instruct any of the Ture youth who would come. Due to the urging of the chief, several did come. And the chief, too, came to watch, but not—so he said—to learn. After listening to the teacher's instruction and seeing his boys try to form the letters of the alphabet for several days, he asked the teacher to show him how to make the letter *a*. "Don't think," said he, "that I am going to learn the whole alphabet. I just want to know how it feels to write one letter." So he was shown how to write *a*, and made splendid copies of it for a beginner. "Now show me how to write *b*," he said. "But don't think I am going to learn the whole alphabet. When I have learned to write *b*, I am going to stop." But when he had quickly learned to write that more difficult letter, he asked to be shown *c*, and then *d*, and kept on until he was able to write, and incidentally recite the whole alphabet. Then he bought a primer and continued his studies and was soon far head of the other and younger pupils. From the primer and reader, he went to the Gospel of Luke and The Acts of the Apostles, portions of the New Testament then in print, and as he became

familiar with the Gospel story, he came to accept for himself the Christ of that story and in turn to urge others in his town to become Christians. He had a pouch made fashioned after those in which the Moslem teachers carry their Koran, and in this he carried his books. Thereafter, he became known on his frequent trips to neighboring towns, by the pouch of books which he hung from his shoulders, and by his refusing to drink the native beer, something most unusual for a Tangale.

CHAPTER XX.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL

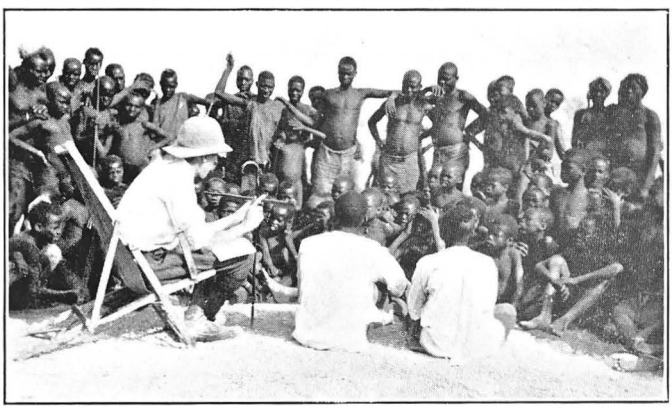
SOMETHING of the sacredness of the task of the pioneer missionary may be realized by remembering that all that the people to whom he goes will know of God, of Jesus Christ, of the Bible for a long time to come, is what they will get through him. It is a responsibility that must be discharged faithfully, prayerfully, and wisely. For that reason, we did not try to make a time record of preaching in the new language. Mistakes can so easily and unwittingly be made and may have grave consequences. In one of my early attempts at public preaching, I was telling the story of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. When I made the statement that his body was put into a tomb, a young man in the audience snickered. An older man instantly rebuked him. "But," said the young fellow, "he said they put him in a beer pot." Then I realized that I had given the final vowel of the word for tomb the wrong value and had said beer pot instead. On another occasion, I was telling a group of men that Jesus Christ wanted to save them. "No," said they, and they shook their heads gravely in emphasis, "He has not saved us." "No," I replied, "but He *wants* to save you." Again the shaking of the heads and, "No, He has not saved us." I repeated my statement, only to be met once again with the shaking of the heads and the denial that He had saved them. Despite several efforts, I could make no headway. Later, I discovered that I had used the wrong tense of the verb, and had been saying, "Jesus is pleased that He has saved you." These references but illustrate the necessity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the new tongue before attempting to give out the Gospel in it, especially as a pioneer worker.

For the purpose of gathering the people, in order to indoctrinate them in the new faith, a church building was

erected on the station. Our aim is that subsequent buildings for worship be built and maintained by the converts on their own property, in accordance with the three-fold policy of self-support, self-government, and self-propagation, which we hope to see carried out in the church which shall be established. But for a beginning, a building is needed on the mission station, an evangelistic hall, if you like. The one at Gelengu is forty feet long and twenty feet wide inside. The walls are of clay and the roof of thatch. Two doors at one end serve for entrances. The platform—also of mud and raised a foot above the floor—is at the opposite end. The "pews" are of the same material as the floor and walls, about nine inches high and the same in width, built right on the floor, native style. About two hundred can be seated comfortably. One aisle leads down the centre. Windows along each side and at the back, entirely open, but under the shelter of the eaves, admit ample light in the daytime. Lanterns must be used at night. The roof extends far enough to make porches at each end, the one behind the platform being used for a day-school room for the boys.

Not only on Sunday do we call the people to church, but every day after school is out, about five o'clock, we hold a service. And the people come, sometimes more, sometimes less. On Sunday two services are held in the morning, as well as the afternoon one; the first one of an evangelistic nature, the second for Christians. At first we had only a piece of iron rail from the railroad for a bell. This we would bang with an old-pick-head to call the people to church. More recently, some friends in America provided a real bell, which has been mounted on a palm-post-and-mud tower close to the church.

Our largest congregation is on Sunday mornings. The people soon learn that Sunday is the "big" day of the Christians, as Friday is that of the Moslems. And on Sunday mornings there is always a great big "paper" on the front wall of the church, with people on it all gorgeously dressed, and sometimes a horse or a dog, and from this



The author preaching to a group of Tangale children, two Christian young men of the tribe sitting in front. A walking cane and stick are being used to illustrate the cross.

"paper" (a Sunday School picture roll) we preach our sermon. This is an attraction in itself. The crowd that gathers is as interesting to the white man as the white man is to them. The men and women usually sit on separate sides of the aisle—just as they eat separately in their homes. Some, ignorant of proper church manners, may come in and sit astride of the pew, and someone else will call to them to sit around, asking if they think the pew is a horse! The mothers, or older sisters, will bring the babies, and these have to be entertained during the service. Some are left to entertain themselves and go creeping up and down the aisle, or in between the vacant pews. One of our own "boys" amused us one Sunday morning. He noticed that the plate had not been brought for the offering, so he hastily went for one. Evidently he could not find the usual doily to go on top of it, but being resourceful, he got a new "Magic Mit" (a steel wool dishcloth) and put it on, thinking it most decorative!

The prophet Isaiah said, "For precept must be upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little. For with stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people." And this is the principle which we employ in our daily afternoon services, not only because of "stammering lips and another tongue," but in order to indoctrinate thoroughly those who come to be taught and to ground them upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. Our usual method is to take a few verses consecutively each day from the portions translated, explain and apply them in simple fashion. Expository preaching, it might be called.

But we do not depend entirely upon the people coming to church in order to give them the Gospel. We also go to them. In their home courtyards, their "street-corners" (if we may use that term where there are no streets), and wherever they may have common gathering places, we collect as many as are willing to listen and give them brief, simple messages, with the purpose of arousing within them

a desire for further knowledge, to be gained at the mission station. We arrange our dispensary hour convenient to that of the service in church, and require all patients to attend, in order that they may be exposed to the healing influence of the Gospel for their souls.

Sometimes we resort to the use of our illustrated primer when we are visiting. A few children close at hand are interested in seeing the pictures of a horse and a cow, then of a donkey and boy, and a crocodile, a cat, some ducks and frogs in a pond, some black boys chasing birds from a field of millet, a mother and baby camel. As the pages are turned, new and loud exclamations of surprise and joy are called forth from the youngsters. Others hearing, come running to see what it is all about, and finally the older people, too, are forced to come out of curiosity, to see if there really are the animals whose names the children are shouting. And then comes the picture of a serpent on a pole, with a crowd of people looking at it. It illustrates the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of John, which is one of the reading lessons. And lastly, there is a picture of a cross, illustrating the story of the death of Christ. By this time a considerable crowd has gathered and their attention arrested, and from that last picture we can easily begin to tell the story of Jesus, the Son of God, Who came and died to save them.

A Moslem lad came to the house one day and announced, as he seat down, "I want to see *Isa*" (Jesus). At first, we wondered what strange tale he had been told to make him think that *Isa* lived at our house. Then it dawned on us that he had heard of the picture roll, and it was brought out, and, with its aid, the Gospel story told again.

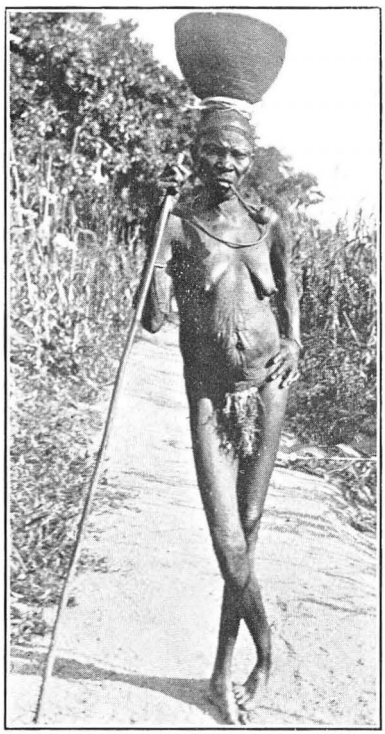
"How do the people receive the Gospel?" is a question often asked at home. Our experience has been that they are quite willing to listen to it, as to "some new thing." They will gather in large crowds, give excellent attention, and express a deep interest. Should the question be put to a company of listeners, after hearing the Gospel explained, "How many will accept Jesus Christ as their

Saviour?" practically every hand would go up. But when they discover that Christianity is not merely a set of rules and an order of service, but demands an entire change of life, a complete break with sinful and idolatrous practices, the common reply is, "Oh well, that is all right for the white man. God has ordained that you white people should worship Him, but He has ordained that we black people should worship demons."

The women, being naturally more timid and reserved than the men, are harder to reach with the Gospel. For fully a year after we started to hold public services at Kaltungo, no woman or girl attended. Then one afternoon in August, during the busy farming season, when we least expected it, a small group of girls came to church. The next day more were there. Then it seemed as though someone had opened a gate and the women and girls of all ages literally flocked to the services. That was the "breaking of the ice," and they have come ever since. But, though they attended the services, none dared to openly embrace Christianity. Not until five years later did the first three or four make a public confession of Christ.

And here is the really dark side of the missionary's life. It is not the leaving of homeland, loved ones and friends for a strange and far-off country. Neither is it the discomforts and privations of a land like the interior of Africa. Nor is it the danger from wild animals, snakes, and an unhealthy climate. Men are willing and eager to endure all of these for the glory of government and for gold, and why should not we, for the glory of our Christ? I am sure no calling or career could give greater joy and satisfaction than that of being a foreign missionary, especially a pioneer one, the first messenger of Jesus Christ to a people who know Him not. "For me to live is Christ." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With His presence and His life, any place may be a heaven on earth. But the really dark side of the missionary's life is to have to witness the lack of response to the Gospel message, after

taking it at tremendous personal cost to a people who are dying without it. One feels like the men who, at great peril and with much difficulty, have launched their lifeboat in the storm and rowed to the wreck, only to have the victims of that wreck refuse to take the life-buoy or climb into the boat which alone can take them to safety. But here and there are the ones and twos who do give heed and yield to the drawing power of the Cross. And these, though few, make one feel that it is altogether worth while. They become the nucleus of a work which our faith assures us will grow as the days go on.



A Tangale Pagan Woman.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRIMITIVE MORALS

ARE the heathen lost who have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ? The answer to that question, in our own minds, will have a great deal to do with our personal attitude toward and interest in foreign missions. I should like, therefore, to give an answer, based upon revealed truth and our own experience among these primitive people of the Central Sudan.

In the first place, we need to recognize the fact of universal creation by God. Here is our one basis for speaking of the "brotherhood of man." There can be no denial of our common physical brotherhood with the black and yellow races of the earth. I have heard the statement made that the black man has no soul. If the black man has no soul, then neither has his white brother. But if the white man has a soul, then his black brother must have one also. And right here is where we have our first approach to the pagan African. While we look so strange and foreign to him, yet we can claim to have one common Creator and God, one common Father. One of our Christian Tangales illustrated this in homely fashion as he was preaching to some of his people in my presence. He endeavored to overcome their prejudice against the white man and "the white man's religion" by referring to a litter of pups. "Are all the puppies the same color?" he asked. "Why no. One is black, another red, another white, and another mottled. Yet they all have the same mother. So it is with people. Some are black, some red, some white, but we all have been made by the same Father."

With the universal fall of man there came universal provision for his redemption. "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon *all* men, for that all have sinned" (Romans 5:12). But Christ, on the Cross, made a way of escape for all. "He is

the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (I. John 2: 2). As we look upon the little African babies, cuddling in the arms of their mothers, just as dear and lovable as any in America, still innocent of the sins, the fears, the superstitions, and the depravity of their progenitors, we like to think of Calvary and Christ's provision for them there, knowing that should they pass out of this life before they come to years of accountability—as so many of them do—they shall inherit their places in the kingdom which is composed "of such." "For thou wast slain, and has redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Revelation 5:9).

There has been given a universal witness to God. He, "who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." With this written and advanced revelation, we who have lived in lands of enlightenment have been blessed. But even for those outside the pale of learning there has been "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1: 9). "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse" (Romans 1: 19, 20). The knowledge of the existence of the Creator, whom the Tangales and Wajas call *Yamba,* and their recognition of the creation of the world, including human beings, by Him, testifies to the truth of the Scriptural statement. Since there has been this universal witness, there will be, of necessity, universal judgment for unbelievers,—unbelievers, that is, of ***revealed*** truth. God will not hold any responsible for what they have never known, but He will hold them responsible for what they have known. With the revelation which comes from the Divine side, there must be coupled faith on the human side, for "the just shall live by faith."

The present condition of the heathen is, therefore, due simply to the violation of their consciences generation after generation. The natural sequence of a violated conscience is a seared conscience. That these people have had the witness of conscience, the knowledge of good and evil, we found as we lived among them. While learning their language, before ever we were able to preach a word to them, we came upon a word, which we found meant to steal. "Is it right to steal?" we asked. "Oh no, it's bad to steal," would be the ready reply. "Does God like people to steal?" we asked further. "Oh no, God doesn't like people to steal. It's bad to steal." Then we came across a word which we found meant to tell a lie. "Is it right to lie? Does God like people to lie?" we asked. Just as ready and as firm was their denial of both. And we made the same discovery with many other words, to murder, commit adultery, curse, envy, fight, quarrel, be jealous, proud, hypocritical, and so on, until we had a long list of things which the people told us were wrong.

Though they have this knowledge of right and wrong, it does not seem to influence their conduct a bit. The Psalmist writes, "I said in my haste, All men are liars." But after living with the people for eight years, we can say calmly and deliberately of them, "All men are liars." They say it is wrong to tell a lie, and yet prevaricating seems to be almost a second nature. I happened to ask a visitor one day where he lived. He told me a certain section of the town, but I knew that he lived in an entirely different section. I questioned him further, but he stoutly maintained his first statement. Then I asked him why he had lied to me, and named the place where he lived. "Oh, but I didn't lie," he replied, "I thought you did not know where I lived."

While they know it is wrong to do these things, nevertheless they are doing them all the time, and seem to think nothing of it. There is no sense of guilt for sin, and no thought of punishment in the next world for sins committed in this. "So that they are without excuse: because

that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened . . . Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts." Since they "changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, . . . God gave them up unto vile affections . . . And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient" (Romans 1: 21, 24, 25, 26, 28).

Of our first parents, before their fall from the perfect state in Eden, it is written, "And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed." But after that fateful yielding to temptation, their eyes were opened and they hid themselves, indicative of their shame. Perhaps no greater evidence of their total depravity could be adduced than that the Tangales live in literal nakedness and yet have no shame. They have not always lived so, for they themselves and their neighboring Moslems, who fought them unsuccessfully in days gone by, testify that when they migrated from the north to their present location, they wore clothing, but when they began their warfare, they discarded their clothes as hindrances in flight through the bush.

While there undoubtedly are isolated instances of heathen having intelligently exercised that saving element of faith in God, trusting Him and His grace alone for eternal security, and refusing to participate in the sinful and idolatrous practices of those around, yet our own search for such in these three tribes has not revealed one. Light they have, the light of conscience and creation, but they have not lived up to that light, and are, therefore, lost and in need of a Saviour. Ours is the glorious duty of taking to them a fuller revelation, not only of Christ, who has died for their sins, but of the Holy Spirit, "which they that believe on him should receive," the Good News of deliverance from the power, as well as the penalty, of sin. We

go as apostles of righteousness, crying, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand."

Judgment will be according to light. "That servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Let us beware, then, lest we with the greater light hear the indictment of our Lord, "It shall be more tolerable for the Africans in the day of judgment than for you."

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME APOLOGETICS FOR MISSIONS

"THE wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Those who make a profession of Christianity are not baptized and received into the church immediately. While there are those who come seeking the Truth in earnest, there are also some who come seeking the loaves and fishes. Then, too, there is need of instruction for those who have been totally ignorant of even the first principles of the Gospel, that they may be intelligent concerning the step which they are taking, a step which means far more to these pagan Africans than to the average convert in America. The cleavage from the life of sin—and "sin" has come to have a new and larger meaning since the coming of new light—the break with age-old customs in the face of united tribal opposition, is no mean thing to do. It takes the courage of a hero to make it. And so, for at least one year, we keep the candidates under observation to see that their conduct measures up to their profession, at the same time giving them systematic instruction in fundamental doctrines.

The first young man to attach himself to us at Kaltungo was Karga. Back in 1915, when Mr. Bingham and Dr. Stirrett made their prospecting tour as far as Kaltungo, Karga challenged a companion to go with him to salute the white men, the only two natives who voluntarily went near the rest camp. And shortly after our settlement in their town, these same two came one evening, gave us their greetings, and Karga expressed a desire for further fellowship. His father died when he was a small lad, and he lived under the tutelage of his grandfather, a respected elder of the

town who had served in official capacity in days gone by. Karga could easily have followed in the path of his grandfather to high local office, and the Chief of Kaltungo has earnestly urged him to do so. But soon after he came to the knowledge of Christ, through acting as Mr. Hall's language teacher and aiding in the work of the translation of the Scriptures, he accepted Him as Lord of his life, choosing to serve a higher Ruler.

Like all of the others who have become Christians, and more than the others because he was the first Christian, the pioneer of his tribe, Karga has had tribulation because of his stand. Soon after his association with the mission, his wife was taken from him and given to another, solely because of that new association which he refused to give up. Later he married again, and all the power of persuasion and family influence was brought to bear to take her away from him, too, but his wife remained steadfast, although not professing to be a Christian herself. A child was born, and Karga rejoiced that here was to be the first to grow up in Tangale in the fear and admonition of the Lord. But due to ignorant and superstitious care on the part of the mother and grandmother, who even refused to allow the baby to be given medicine, the little life departed. Then came perhaps the greatest testing of Karga's faith he ever had or ever will have. And that faith almost failed—almost but not entirely. As the heathen parents look to demons to protect their children, so Karga had trusted in his newfound Lord to protect his child, and now it seemed his trust had been misplaced. I remember Karga sitting at my feet reading one of his school lessons, when the word came that his little one had died. He arose and went off very solemnly. And we did not see him again for several days. When he returned, he told me something of the struggle that had gone on within. He had come to feel that the price which he was paying for his new faith was too great. It happened to be a pagan feast time just then, and after a couple of days of brooding in silence, he yielded to the urgings of some of his friends and accompanied them to a

house where beer was being drunk. For the first time in over a year a calabash of beer went to his lips. But it had scarcely touched the lips, when the awfulness of his backsliding almost overwhelmed him. "No," he said to himself, "this is wrong. God is a living God, and Jesus is a living Saviour. I will continue to trust Him." Putting the beer down undrunk, he returned to his home, and that afternoon came to church again, and afterward to me with his confession. And from that time forward, Karga was a stronger Christian than before. This was only one of his many sore trials. He saw a second child go the same way, poisoned, this time, through the influence of the grandmother, after Karga had refused to obey the dictates of the witch doctor.

To-day, Karga is the staunchest Christian in the Kaltungo church, looked up to by all its members as their leader, for they know what he has suffered for his faith, and how boldly he has borne witness for his Lord. For a year the church was virtually without a missionary, and Karga faithfully and wisely led the little company. Temptations to fame and fortune have been steadfastly refused. Every day he walks five miles and back again. Consistently he lives and preaches to his people. "Do not sit back with hanging arms," he said to a crowd of his fellows assembled to hear him preach, "don't just simply wait on, saying, 'Let Jesus come and cast out our demons!' He has come, and in that coming, provided for the victory and cleansing. And He is here to help you. His voice is this Word which I preach. You cannot give Him anything. Just let the authority of His Word move you to acceptance and action NOW, for at that other coming, He may have to cast YOU out TOGETHER WITH YOUR DEMONS!"

Kwamjom was one of the first lads to be attracted to the new mission station. His father had been captured and eaten by the people of Western Tangale when he was a small boy, and he was growing up with the chief ambition to avenge his father's death, by killing and eating someone from the same section of the tribe. Meanwhile the mis-

Karga (left) and Kwamjom (right) with their Christian wives; all Tangales and formerly native pagans.

sionaries came, and Kwamjom was drawn to us. First he worked at intervals at different jobs. Then school was begun by the late Mrs. Hall with Karga and Kwamjom as the only two pupils. As the Truth was unveiled to him, his heart was opened to receive it. When the time came for us to extend our evangelistic efforts beyond Kaltungo, Kwamjom accompanied us on preaching tours, adding his own testimony. When we first visited Western Tangale, he was with us and, under the providence of God, without our particular planning of it, was the first preacher of the Gospel to those very people who had eaten his own father. Through the power of that Gospel, Kwamjom had become the messenger of Peace, instead of the avenger of blood.

Nabit was a small lad when he came and sat at my door one afternoon as I was teaching school. When all others had gone, he looked up and said, "I want the words of God." That was taken to be a request to come to school, and Nabit was told, that he was too young yet. The next day he came and sat at the door, watching the pupils at their lessons. When they had gone, he repeated his request, and was given the same answer. For several days he kept coming and presented his request, undaunted by refusals. Seeing that the young lad was not to be put off, I told him he could come at the beginning of the next month. The following day, he not only came and watched the school boys, but later followed me silently to the garden. When ready to go home, he said, "It will be twenty-seven days, until the new moon comes out, won't it?" When I expressed my ignorance of the exact number of days, he assured me it was twenty-seven, as he had inquired of an old man in the town who keeps track of the time. The next day he followed me to the garden again, and said, "It will be twenty-six days until the new moon comes out, won't it?" I assented. The next day he informed me it would be twenty-five days, and so on down to the end of that "Moon." Nabit was not to be downed. He started in school, and in three months time was reading. As he went

through the Gospel of Luke and attended the daily church service, his heart, too, was opened to receive Jesus Christ.

When we went to open work in the Waja tribe, Nabit went with us and has proved a faithful helper. With us, he learned the language and was soon witnessing to the Wajas for his Lord. One evening about dusk, one of our Waja young men, Dala, came running into the station. "What is the matter? Who is chasing you?" asked Nabit. "Nobody is chasing me," replied Dala. "What is the matter, then?" asked Nabit again. "There is a tree over there I wanted to get by," explained Dala. "What is the matter with the tree?" "There is a spirit under the tree which will strike anyone who passes," Dala explained further—and that "striking" would mean death. Nabit laughed at him for running away from the spirit. "It's no laughing matter," expostulated Dala, "I'll dare you to go and sit under the tree." Nabit immediately took up the dare. That was more than Dala expected, and he insisted he would not go under the tree himself. He did agree to go far enough to point out the particular spot and then stood there, while Nabit went on in the darkness to sit under the tree. After sitting down, Nabit called out, "I'm here, do you hear me?" "Yes," said Dala, "but just stay there a few moments." A little later Nabit called out again to let his Waja friend know he was still there. After about five minutes, he asked if he should stay longer. "No," said Dala, "come on home." And he returned with Nabit to the station a very solemn young man. It was the first time in his life that he had seen the invisible spirits challenged by one of his own race, and he began to think there must be something in this religion of Jesus Christ, in Whom Nabit was trusting. It was not long before Dala also took his stand for Christ, the fear of demons taken from him as well as the power of sin broken.

When we left Gelengu for furlough, one man was expressing his regret. "Never mind," I said, "Nabit is going to stay here with you. "Oh," he replied, "if Nabit stays with us it will be all right"—an indication of the way the

lad, now a young man, had won his way into the affection of the Wajas.

These are but a few examples of the power of the Gospel to transform heathen lives and of the worthwhileness of missions.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN OPEN DOOR

WHEN the pioneer party of Messrs. Kent, Gowans, and Bingham in 1893 tried to reach the hitherto untouched Sudan by way of the Niger River, their passage was blocked by the decree of the Royal Niger Co. To-day one may travel right to the heart of the Sudan by comfortably equipped steamers up the Niger and Benue Rivers. Kano, the largest city of the Central Sudan, was the objective of that party, and Messrs. Kent and Gowans started overland from Lagos, where Mr. Bingham stayed to forward supplies. Both of them laid down their lives in the attempt. Even under favorable circumstances, forty days would be needed to make the overland trip from Lagos to Kano. To-day one may travel that same distance in thirty-six hours on the boat train of the Nigerian Railroad, with comfortable sleeping and dining cars.

Not only are there modern palatial ocean greyhounds, in the place of old-time sailing vessels, and railroads ready to speed the present day missionary on his way, but the vast interior of the Central Sudan is being opened up. The Nigerian Government has recently appropriated £1,500,000 ($7,200,000.00) for building motor roads.

In the old days inter-tribal warfare and cannibalism would probably have made the reaching of such people as the Tangale impossible. Many, many years ago a man in the Tera tribe made the prophecy that the day was coming when a child would be able to walk from one town to another with a cornstalk in his hand. The people laughed at him. "Where," they asked, "is the man mighty enough to subdue the whole country, so that even an adult would dare leave his town without being fully armed with spear and bow and poisoned arrows, much less a child?" But that day has come, thanks to the intervention of

European governments. A missionary's life is probably much safer to-day in the Central Sudan, than in many of the large cities of the United States.

The mosquito, the water, and the sun have found an adequate foe in modern medical science, so that we may go even to West Africa, not fearing the "White Man's Grave."

As in the days of Christ and the Apostles, human governments and financiers are unconsciously building highways for the Gospel. As the feet of Paul and other apostolic missionaries trod those Roman roads with the Good News of Jesus the Son of God, so the increased facilities of our modern day should be taken advantage of by the Church of Christ, in sending that same Good News to the millions in the Sudan, and other places of the earth, who know Him not, who still are bound by sin, superstition, and ignorance. These very facilities are an open door to the church, a challenge, and an opportunity.

And to-day is the "psychological moment" for taking the Gospel to the people of the Sudan. New conditions of peace and commerce are causing them to think, to examine themselves and their tribal institutions. Many are recognizing the futility of their old faiths. Many of the young people are ashamed of some of their tribal customs in the new and larger social world into which they have been brought by changed conditions. Let the Church at home take advantage of these opportunities, enter the open door with the lives of its choice young men and young women, its material support, and its prayers, and so push still further inland these spiritual frontiers in the Central Sudan.

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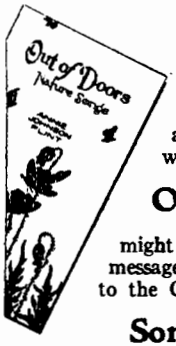

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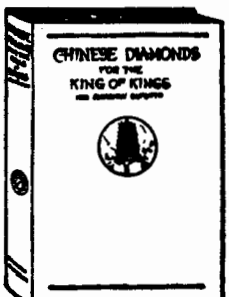

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