Newspaper
Clippings, of my life.

Handle carefully.

1880
to
1919. 1920
1921
R. H. Nassau.

Robert Hamill ✓ Nassau

Newspaper clippings
of my life, 1880
to 1921

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shaping every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each others' eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days.,
And die unsatisfied: and this is fate.

Poem Supplied.

To the Editor of "The Press."

Sir:—In to-day's "Forum" under poems wanted, "M. P." asks for poem beginning "Two shall be born the whole wide world apart." In reply to request I inclose copy of poem as I remember it. The second verse may not be exactly correct in the last four lines for I simply wrote from memory.

I thoroughly enjoy "The Forum"—never miss it.

MISS JESSIE M. BREHMAN.

Altoona, Pa., June 29, 1909.

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being: and no heed;
Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
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Escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step
To this end, That one day out of darkness
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And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

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So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate.

"H. H. A"—State College, Pa., has sent in the first verse of this poem, and William H. Abel, Philadelphia, the entire poem.

5. *Rev. H. R. Nassau, M.D., of the Gaboon and Corisco Mission.*—In his twofold capacity as minister and medical missionary, Dr. Nassau has given less time to the practice of medicine than he would otherwise have done, and has always made that a means to his spiritual work. His long career in Africa upon the coast, and latterly in opening and establishing an interior station at Kangwĕ on the Ogovĕ, is well known in the churches. To the latter enterprise, perhaps, none could have been found better adapted than he. The stolid heathen tribes were to be won to confidence and favor by one who bore the messages of the Gospel in one hand and the arts of healing in the other.

—There will be a farewell meeting in the Northwestern Presbyterian Church, Nineteenth and Master, on Sabbath evening next, the 9th inst., to bid God-speed to Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., who starts for Africa on the 12th. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. Drs. William O. Johnstone and R. M. Patterson, and also by Dr. Nassau.

MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

The Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., of Corisco Mission, West Africa, was on Monday evening (October 10th) married to Miss Mary B. Foster, daughter of the late Rev. Julius Foster, of Towanda, Pa.

The Lakewood (N. J.) Presbyterian Church, in which the ceremony took place, was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and crowded with friends and interested spectators. At eight o'clock the organ struck up the "Wedding March" and the bridal party entered the church. First came the ushers, then the groomsmen and bridesmaids, Mr. Floyd Bartlett, of Yale College, Miss Hettie Scott, daughter of Mrs. Jane Scott, of Woodstock School, India; Mr. S. Hamill, of Lawrence, N. J., and Miss L. Bartlett, of Warsaw, N. Y. In the rear came the bride leaning on the arm of her brother, Julius Foster. The bridegroom, who had previously entered with his aged mother, met the bride as she reached the head of the aisle, when the groomsmen and bridesmaids separated on either side, leaving the contracting parties together in the centre and directly in front of the officiating clergymen. The Rev. Isaac Todd, the venerable uncle of the bride, pronounced the solemn but brief marriage service of the Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. Allen H. Brown and the Rev. A. H. Dashiell, pastor of the church. After the ceremony brief addresses of a congratulatory and missionary character were made by the pastor, Rev Dr. Gosman, of Lawrence, Rev B. S. Everetts, of Jamesburg, and Rev. Frank Chandler, of Freehold. Mr. Chandler's address was exceedingly bright in sunny thoughts calculated to disperse any gloom and scatter any forebodings that the long journey and distant home of the bride might bring, to the hearts of her friends. He quoted Dr. Nassau's having written of his lonely life, "that he once went a hundred miles to see a white face," and congratulated him on now taking with him such a beautiful face to adorn and bless his African home. Hon. E. Wells, of Peekskill, N. Y., who made the last address and who is a brother-in-law of Dr. Nassau, said he started in life with one sister and now had eleven, and he wished that instead of there being only two all the eleven were missionaries.

The wedding party and guests then went from the church to the parsonage, where a reception was given and an elegant table set by the ladies of the congregation. Among the many rich wedding presents were a parlor organ from some of the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Presbytery, a sewing machine, a purse containing hundred dollars in gold from a cousin unable to be present. After the happy couple had been heartily congratulated an original poem was read and then the parting address and closing prayer were made by Rev. F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Va. In his address Mr. Todd brought up touching reminiscences of the childhood of the bride and her early love of missions, especially the interest with which she followed the work of her cousin, Mrs. Scott, in India, and gave a quotation from a missionary sermon preached by her at the early age of eight from behind a chair and a pile of books as a pulpit, with him for audience, "in which the girl was prophetic of the woman." Dr. Nassau's reply in behalf of himself and wife was most happily expressed. He congratulated his bride at the success of her early missionary labors on the previous speaker, and assured her friends that in Africa she would have an ample field to go on with the work so early and well begun here—the training up of preachers.

Besides relatives of the bride and groom from a distance, who were present, we noticed Mrs. Parker, wife of Ex-Gov. Parker, of Freehold, the young ladies of the Barnegat Seminary, of which Miss Foster was principal, and others from Trenton, Freehold and Jamesburg.

On Tuesday morning Dr. and Mrs. Nassau with a number of their friends attended a missionary meeting in Jersey City, from whence they came to Philadelphia, to leave by the steamer Ohio on Wednesday noon, accompanied to their distant field by Rev. and Mrs. Gault and Rev. W. H. Robinson, and followed by many fond wishes and prayers. M. C. T.

ON THE SEA.

S. S. Corisco, Friday, Nov. 4th, 1881, 100 miles north of Madeira.

The miserable apathy that the sea produces in me prevented me from writing while on the *Ohio*. And, after arrival in Liverpool, there were so many errands to be attended to during the four days that intervened before the sailing of this African steamer, that I found no niche in time for following the dictates of my heart and writing to you. Even now I am protesting with stomach and head and hand against the sea; but I must arouse myself, for by to-morrow daylight we will be at anchor in the Bay of Funchal, and I shall leave this there for a homeward-bound steamer.

I look back on the transatlantic voyage with a variety of feelings, now that I am a little distant from it in time. While on the *Ohio* I was conscious only of the ever present nausea. The review reminds me that the captain was skilful in his business, and impressed us all with confidence in him in the midst of danger. Beyond this, I do not feel that I am acquainted with him, for he spent his time that was not required for the duties of his captaincy in the smoking-room with that portion of his passengers who indulged in cards and wine. On the morning of the first Sabbath, the purser politely asked me to arrange with the other two brethren for religious services. As they were seasick, and I had not yet succumbed, I preached. But on the second Sabbath no offer or opportunity was given.

It was a long stormy passage, during which three sails were blown away and two boats somewhat damaged. We grew weary of the length of the journey, and there was some murmuring against Providence. But when we touched at Queenstown, and heard of the fearful hurricanes that had been sweeping the British coasts, we saw with gratitude why God had delayed us, and had, by keeping us on the outer edge of that storm, prevented us from plunging into the midst of it.

Mr. Robertson, of the firm of Alexander & Christie, 64 South Castle st., Liverpool, our Board's agent, met us on the steamer's tender, and taking us in charge, did everything for our comfort.

We landed on the morning of the 25th of October (Tuesday), and had only a few days to refresh ourselves on shore; to make necessary purchases; to recreate ourselves with a day's visit to the old English city of Chester, and a sight of its walls, its ruins, and its cathedral. And on Saturday morn, the 29th, we embarked on this African coast steamer.

The little island of Corisco that has been prominent in the history of our African mission work, and whose adjacent region is fruitful in the products of African export, has given its name to this handsomely built commodious steamer of 1,800 tons. Captain Hamilton is fatherly, and very kind and thoughtful. There are twenty-eight saloon passengers.

Ten of our company are missionaries. We five for the Gaboon and Corisco mission; two Scotch Presbyterian clergymen, who are going to Calabar, not exactly as missionaries, but kindly sent by their Board to inspect and encourage their mission located there. Would that our mission might have the blessing from our Assembly of such a visit! Then there are five English Wesleyans going to the Gambia river, to Sierra Leone, and to Lagos. We sat on the deck late last evening singing hymns familiar to American and British Christian ears.

With so many clergymen on board, there are enough and more for a new speaker every Sabbath of the six weeks that shall meet us before we arrive at our destination. We keep well, as sea-sickness does not generally impair health. R. H. NASSAU.

Mrs. Nassau adds as a P. S.:

Madeira, Saturday morn, Nov. 5, 1881.

No modern steel or gold pen can truthfully speak of this odd and old, old nook, so I pick up the *quill* to tell you of our arrival at Madeira. I never saw such exquisite changes of light and shade as this island presented to us from shipboard, as we watched the sunlight drive clouds and darkness from hilltop and mountain side into the deep gorges, where it lay in sombre beauty, unchanged, save when the overhanging passing cloud of ever-varying shade added to the dark but beautiful shadows, making retreats where imagination could revel in extravagant excesses. But the lighted and varied green; the terraces; the half-hidden convent; the oddly built houses; the gloomy forts; the isolated fort—crowned, high, rock-walled fort; the active divers; the eager and many fashioned boats, were some of the objects which added to the perfectness of the fairy-like vision.

The excitement of landing at the beach; the Babel of voices; the closely-pebbled streets; the darkly-shaded, *sleepy* streets; the persistent guide; the head-dresses of heavy burdens of produce and all varieties of saleable articles; the gardens; the hotel, and now the writing of postscripts—and you have an outline of the last half hour.

FROM AFRICA.

240 miles up the Ogowe River, January 16th, 1882.

The miserable apathy that so accompanies and follows my sea-sicknesses prevented me from complying with my intention to write you during the ocean steamer journey hither.

From home-like Philadelphia on Oct 12th, 1881, to Liverpool on Oct. 25th, and thence to the Gaboon estuary on Dec. 5th, several times I got so far as to "take my pen in hand;" but more than that I had not the energy for, and I would not inflict on the readers of the JOURNAL anything that was labored.

Our Corisco Presbytery meetings were held during the week, Dec. 14 h—20 h; and then, a few days later, a sudden opportunity, offered by one of the two small steamers trading up the Ogowe, had to be accepted rather than subject Mrs. Nassau, in the very first experience of her foreign missionary life, to the exposure of a boat journey of over 150 miles to Kangwe. These open-boat journeys will have to be made in the carrying on the work at Kangwe, and in opening new stations farther up this river, until farther sad experience, like that of Miss Dewsnap's death, shall make the church willing to provide us with a little steamer, as several of the European missions on this coast are provided.

Mrs. Nassau and I were anxious to get to our work. But the trading-steamer opportunity mentioned above came with rather startling suddenness. We wished to pass the 25th of December with the members of the Mission who had been gathered together at our Presbytery and mission meetings, and who would not see each other's faces again until the next annual meeting. *That*, in the Ogowe, means seeing only four or five other white faces during the year; and we wished to wait till January 1st, on which day the monthly mail was expected at Gaboon. You in the land of daily mails, and in a city of thrice daily deliveries, cannot appreciate the utter heart-hunger that comes over us, and especially to new missionaries, for some word from the loved ones far away in the western land across the Atlantic's waste.

My fear that the necessities of the Mission might require me to be again located at my Kangwe house was not realized. Rev. W H. Robinson, one of the reinforcements from Allegheny, was appointed to the place made vacant by the retirement of Dr. Bacheler; and, with the efficient aid of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reading, the Kangwe household is large enough for reciprocal comfort and relief. This arrangement gave me great satisfaction, for, rather than see so important and successful a station as Kangwe neglected, I would have been willing again to take up the work there myself. I love the place and the church it was my privilege to gather there. But when I bade good bye to it in February, 1880, to take a rest in America, I openly and repeatedly told all, natives and traders and fellow-missionaries and pupils, that on my return I hoped to be sent to open a new station farther up the river, in the regions beyond. And this hope I am now taking an initial step to fulfil.

The arrival of Mrs. Nassau and myself in this river had been expected by my friend Mrs. Reading, who had made arrangements for a demonstrative reception by the school children and my native friends in the villages. As we arrived on Sabbath afternoon of Christmas day, the only public demonstration that could be made was the joyful ringing of the church bell. A significant welcome! And it touched me. The trading steamer landed us two miles away from Kangwe at its own depot, and the German agent there kindly sent his boat and crew to convey us and Mrs. Bacheler (who with her little babe had come to remove her household effects) on to Kangwe. My little skiff, the "Swan" (a gift of the churches in Batavia, Leroy, Bergen, N. Y., and Lawrenceville, N. J.), was towed by the boat, and, as we turned a point where Kangwe hill came into view, I transferred Mrs. Nassau to the "Swan," and casting off the tow-line, I took the oars myself, and followed the other boat to the landing place at Mr. Reading's house. As the approach of the two boats was observed from my old house on the hillside, the sweet, touching notes of the afternoon Sabbath school church bell rung out over the Galwa hills and up the river, carried sometimes by a favorable wind to a distance of three miles. The bell was a gift from my dear friend, Mr. J. H. Pratt, of Albany. N. Y. It had arrived just before I left Africa, in 1880. I saw it; but it was not erected, and I did not hear its notes. And here was my welcome!

A bright Christmas Sabbath; the Ogowe church bell sounding its call; I seated in the little boat—a special gift that was receiving its first touch of water and its first use at my own hands, and with the wife for whose special use it was intended! She has bravely accepted the loneliness of the Kangwe house (Mr. and Mrs. Reading are living a half of a mile distant on the Andende side of the hill, and Mrs. Robinson will not arrive from Gaboon for two weeks yet), and I have taken an early chance to come farther up this river on a survey, so as to select a desirable site for our new station. Twice a year native traders go up in companies at a proper stage of the water for passing the rapids of the upper course of the river. The navigation is dangerous at times, and is accomplished not in boats, but in canoes, in which one's goods are so tied and lashed with ropes that, if they overturn while being dragged over the rocky rapids, their contents are only wetted, not lost. I left Kangwe on Tuesday, 10th inst., and to day am resting at noon in the forest, taking the noon meal. I am in the company of a native Galwa chief, who is pleased to have the escort of me on his own journey for trade to the Okanda tribe. He has twenty-seven people in his two canoes, all of them heathen. I have nine in mine; of these, three are Kangwe pupils; two of them Ogowe church members, and one of these two a special pet of my own in my first Kangwe days. They both volunteered to assist me on this journey, particularly to look after my primitive modes of cooking and washing. I am carrying very little food with me. I eat, with the crew, of the boiled plantanis (a coarse kind of banana) which is the staple food of the country. My outfit is very simple: a little tea pot, a kettle, a brass kettle, a mug, three plates, knife and fork and two spoons, and five little tins containing the luxuries of butter, tea, coffee, sugar and condensed milk. I sit in the bottom of the canoe (thirty-five feet long, three feet wide, one foot deep, pointed at both ends, flat bottomed, and perpendicular sides); and at night I lie on my blanket in the forest camp under a thick mosquito net. We have journeyed Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, making about twenty miles a day. One more day's pull will bring us to the foot of the rapids. Yesterday we rested at an Akele village. It happened to suit my Galwa escort to do so; but I had warned him at the beginning of the journey that, if I accepted his escort, I must control two things, viz: no Sabbath travel, and no liquor in my canoe. Beyond this I cannot control. But he and his company deferred so far to my feelings yesterday that they refrained from noisy revels, and sat down quietly, engaging only in such quiet works as sewing, mending nets, washing and drying clothing wet with rains on the way.

The Sabbath in this wilderness I passed not without some comforting communion with God. The two native Christians were quietly reading in the Mpongwe gospels; the crews sitting smoking, or occupied in little works. I spoke to the Akele of the adjacent village, who for the first time heard the name of Jesus. Then I sat on the steep river bank, and sang hymns that had never before wakened the echoes of these forest aisles. I have sung to a few of your American Sabbath schools, as a specimen of this native language, a translation of

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,"

and here, almost alone with God, the comfort of that Name was inexpressibly sweet. For my heart was glad to be here. In 1874–76, while I was living at Belambila, I had often and often looked up this magnificent river to the far away east toward the interior, and saw distant blue hills which I prayed I might some day be permitted to dwell among; and when Belambila was robbed in 1876, and I had to remove thirty-five miles *down* river and commence anew at Kangwe, the hope seemed very far away. On last Tuesday I looked again on these blue hills; and each day since, under the firm strokes of my crew of paddlers on the steady *ene* course of this part of the Ogowe, the hills have come nearer. And yesterday I sat among them—the river, deep and swift and reduced to 400 yards in width, coursing among these gracefully-covered green hillsides. But there is much to be done in survey, and satisfying tribal jealousy, and long travel, and slow building before it will be quite safe to bring a lady up here.

As we missionaries carefully refrain from purchasing any articles of foreign export and trade, *e. g.*, ivory and rubber-gum, our passage to the interior is less likely to excite the opposition of the coast tribal monopolists. So I told one of my crew (a heathen) to tell all the villages that we should pass who I was and how I differed from traders. It was amusing to listen to his reply to the constant question, "What white man is that?" I had not told him *what* to say, but he repeated a formula of his own, which, literally translated, means (I am sorry to know) in American slang something very different from what my boatsman meant. Above the shout of the boat song rang out his answer, "The white missionary, Nassau, who prays to God and puts on people a head." To American ears the apparent pugilism of the last clause is somewhat inconsistent with the peaceful spirit of the first clause. But to native ears it explicitly told a mission on lessons of wisdom.

I cast bread on the waters years ago, at Belambila, in compacting with all the wise just policy I could summon a friendship with the Akele chief Kasa, who held eminent position in that region. And when he brought his visitors from the interior I gave them special attention. He traded far up this river. He is dead now. But, as I stop at villages up here, where I have never before been, when my crew say, "This is Kasa's friend," at once men, women and children gather around me and say they know me, for that Kasa had told them of me. I thought I had accomplished but little in those two Belambila years. Perhaps God was preparing my way to more distant places.

R. H. NASSAU.

A REVERIE IN THE FORESTS OF WEST AFRICA.

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.

I am singing in the shadows;
They have lengthened into night;
Through the high, locked, forest leaf-arms,
From the moon so round and bright,
Fall the wind-chased rays, that flicker
Like my own life's vista view.
So I'm singing in the shadows,
While I'm thinking, wife, of you.

I am singing in the shadows.
There's no life, however bright
With the Love that God has given,
But it has its Day and Night.
Even lips that love, can only
Bid to Higher Rock to flee.
So I sing while in the shadows;
For I'm praying Christ, to Thee.

We'll go singing in the shadows,
Thanks for dark and thanks for light,
Till our path shall reach the city
Where no day e'er turns to night.
There the Light, that Blessed Lamb is,
Whose pure glory naught may dim.
In the valley of the shadows
We can sing, dear wife, of Him. R. H. N.

Talaguga, 240 miles up the Ogove River, W. A., April 1, 1882.

[illegible] pupils [illegible] Ivy Hall, [illegible] Nassau, [illegible] her pupils a promising child [illegible] her "Ivy Hall," and will from time to time report her progress to headquarters, the institution whose boarding scholars have undertaken the expense of her education. Twenty five dollars will educate the child in her first course of study, and the concert given at Ivy Hall on Thursday evening was intended to aid in this object. If the missionary spirit which pervades Ivy Hall were possessed by more of the civilized world, the prayer of the good old saint, "hasten the glad time when all shall know Thee," would, perhaps, sooner be realized.

FROM AFRICA.

Italaguga, Ogove river, West Africa, March 13th, 1882.

"You have probably learned of the delay with the Fanwe, and my final getting off"

Thus writes your correspondent, Rev. R. H. Nassau, from his new station, seventy-five miles above the present station at Kangwe, and 240 miles from the mouth of the river.

That the absent home friends may better understand what that delay meant, let me explain:

The story of the first visit to the new field, and the selection of the missionaries' future home, you have read. The next step was to find men to carry to that point needed materials for building, and men, also, to build. A canoe was sent down the river to gather such a crew, and to secure provisions—farina—for them After two weeks' absence the canoe returned with the food, but no men. Providentially, it seemed, one of his former crew came bringing with him the desired number. This occasioned great relief. But a second boat, or canoe, to carry sufficient materials, must be taken up, and a set of men provided for it. His associate missionary, Mr. Reading, proposed to send a party of Fanwe which had been working for him. This offer was accepted, though great uncertainty is always felt as to the performance of any promise made by these treacherous people. The night preceding the departure arrives—all is in readiness for starting next morning. The last evening meal was broken in upon by a call from the head man of the Galwa crew. He came to say that the entire crew had struck for higher wages. The missionary would not yield to them. Thus ended that engagement.

Dr. Nassau then took the prepared canoe the next morning, and himself went down the river to seek for men. After an absence of nearly four days he returned, bringing with him a feeble crew, both in numbers and ability. One was a deaf mute, and such strange actions are seldom seen. Again all things are ready, but those Fanwe. This tribe is thought to be the "coming man," other tribes disappearing before them; but they are perfectly untaught—the pure heathen of the deepest dye—cannibals. Fighting constantly among themselves, bloodshed is frequent. Kindly upon the morning of the departure, Tuesday, March 7th, Mr. Reading went to the Fanwe town and "called them." Most hesitatingly they came, and at first refused to go. They said they did not dare to, as their tribe had quarrels with towns up the river, and, if they should be discovered, they migh be taken captive or shot. Happily Mr. Reading had not paid them for some timber they had brought to him. After threatening to cut loose from them entirely, and telling them to take back their lumber — he would not buy it—they slowly took the paddles and came to the mission station. They never carry *any bag gage*, so did not have the trouble of preparing it.

But by this time it was tropical noon, with all its heat. The annoyances of new and strange hands at the putting of the goods into the boats, the inefficient help, the grotesque and hampering mute, the anxiety lest the Fanwe should fail entirely, the hurrying to and fro of final errands, the wearisome delays, the vertical sun—all these were more than the body could endure. But just as the call for dinner was given, the Fanwe came. There must be no delay, not even to eat the ready meal; but the canoes must be pushed off lest a moment's delay will give time to the Fanwe to change their minds, and they return to their homes.

It was with weariness and almost distress that your correspondent took his seat in the canoe and started upon his toilsome and dangerous journey.

"My headache increased, and it grew during the afternoon. A canoe carrying goods for one of the traders overtook us I was not helped in my thoughts by seeing among the crew Nambo and Zintango, both of whom were strong men, and had promised to go with me."

May I interrupt again? Two others of that crew were boys from this school, who have been persuaded to leave because of the higher wages offered by the trader, thus exposing themselves to the innumerable and constant evils that accompany trade in this land, the selling of *rum* being a principal feature. These boys are church members, and we thought they were of great promise to the work here. This is one of the missionaries trials and the natives' temptation. Another fact: the cause of the camping in the forest was the fear of the Fanwe to stop at any town.

"The crew ate in the forest. I ate nothing. We pulled until 8 P. M. to the head of 'Walker's Island,' opposite the mouth of the Ngunye. Feared rain, but none came, for which I felt grateful But the headache continued, and I suffered from it all Wednesday, March 8th. We had started early, at 6.30 A. M.; and I was anxious for, and made anxious and troubled by the Fanwe. They seemed dazed with fear. Some of them said they had no 'palaver' with Mr. Ermy, and wanted to go to that side All were afraid of Akele on *this* side, and all objected to pulling in the stiff current of midstream. Their canoe was misguided all sorts of ways, till I told the faithful captain, Remondo, to take the paddle-rudder. They lagged behind, and I had to stop my own canoe, again and again, to wait for them. After a weary day I reached Belambila at 8.30 P. M.

"I felt the heat very much, and as a last pill of trouble one of Kasa's people, at a village near Belambila, hailed me, and wanted to know why I was going up river to live without having consulted him, and that he would come in the morning to see about it. There could be no danger to life or goods; but this might occasion a very annoying delay. The people of the village welcomed me kindly; but I am weary of Bakele, and I sat near the Fanwe until they had cooked and eaten their food, and then I housed them in the inner room of the house, while I slept in the kongongo (canoe) at the water side. Grateful for no rain. At 5 A. M. of Thursday I was up, roused the Fanwe, had them in their canoe, and was off by 6 A. M. We saw nothing of Kasa or his men. To my surprise the Fanwe were still afraid of the Fanwe side; so we kept the middle of the stream until food time, when we ate in the forest. My deaf mute was most vexatious with his gibberish, his perfect inefficiency, and his officiousness. A small thunder-gust met us there, but not enough rain fell to injure goods. It was a cool, pleasant day.

"At about 6 30 P M., some 300 yards distant, and beyond the mouth of a creek at our right, on a little open point on the river side, we saw an elephant fanning himself with his ears. He did not see us, and we quickly shot into the creek out of sight of the lordly beast. We hastily landed at the upper side of the creek, but all my powder was in the other canoe behind us. My captain had only enough in his pouch to load two of my guns He and I with three others started across the point of land to the river side, where was our prize. They ran faster than I, especially as I stopped to inspect convenient trees in case of need for retreat. I missed my way, and following the sound of an elephant's trunk came out on the creek side of the point, where were several hippos and two elephants just across the stream. The audacious hippos stood, and looked, and snorted at me. I fired at about 100 yards distance, and hit one of the elephants in the back. They turned to cross the creek in the direction of the first elephant, and towards my own position At the same time I heard a shot from the captain. I had supposed one of my two was the one we all had seen, and it had crossed over. I fled, and met one of my boys hunting for me The captain had sent him to hurry me, as they were lying in wait for, and only fifty feet from, the elephant we had seen. My shot had compelled him to fire, and he hit his animal in the head, but it ran away We all returned to the boat, recrossed the mouth of the creek to a deserted town, where was a clear open space, and camped for the night. But it was a night of alarm. Hippos were above and near at our left, and they all wanted to get at the grass growing on our camp, their feeding ground, and they would not go away. They stood and snorted at our camp-fires. I fired eight times at them in the darkness, but it did not seem to alarm them. Our kongongo and canoe lay quite across their approach to the grass.

"One of the boys imitated an alligator's call, and a veritable reptile instantly replied to him from a near point. But neither rain nor beasts came to us to molest us.

"Started early again on Friday morning A dead, floating alligator, some seven feet long, was taken on board the Fanwe canoe. At 5.30 P. M. stopped at the town, where were being made for my house 'empavo' and 'iti.' The alligator was cut up Its odor was fearful, but they cooked and ate it. On Saturday, at 6.30 A M., we pulled slowly on; but my best paddler had taken a heavy cold, and I had to allow him to take my place while I held the rudder. It was a warm day We stopped at my Fanwe chief's, Mamyaka. The people said: 'Our hearts are at rest,' as they doubted whether I would return. The chief's toe that I had doctored in January was nearly well, by the use of the medicine I left. He again tried to have me go *down* to build with him a mile below, but soon gave it up, though unwillingly.

"I told him to visit me next day, but not to bring things to sell until Monday. We were greeted by one of the villages near my place as we passed, and at 10 A. M. the kongongo and canoe simultaneously landed.

"My first act before I brought ashore a single article, was to call the three Christian boys around me, and in the presence of the other crews and the Fanwe who had followed us from a lower town, I stood and prayed aloud in English and closed with the Lord's prayer in Mpongwe, in which the other three boys joined. I earnestly hope this hill may be consecrated.

"I feel that the difficulties are exceptionally numerous and hard. I am at the hardest task I have ever undertaken in Africa, and I feel my need of divine help.

"Mr. Robinson's tent was brought ashore, set up, a bed frame built on which to set the boxes up from the ground. Then food was eaten and the two crews discharged each of their crafts. The Galwa set to work to clear a spot to build a shed with the materials I had gotten ready by forethought in February. Fanwe came and went, bringing sweet potatoes, red pepper, kuda nuts, wild fruits and a bush rat. Their prices were high, but I bought the potatoes, which were new and fresh. Last night came a furious rain. The boys' house or shed was not complete and they got wet. The tent leaks, but it is still quite a blessing to me. Sabbath, March 14th, I had morning service in the open air. In three days Mamyake is to come to have me make out my boundary. These people are utterly ignorant. I cannot yet tell how the food question will be I only know it will be expensive, and upon its being able to be gotten at all the fate of this station almost hangs. I have no doubt the future will have plenty of food, but the first year will be exceedingly trying."

MARY B. NASSAU.

FROM AFRICA.

BY REV. R. H. NASSAU, M. D.

Talaguga, Ogove River, West Africa, Friday, March 24, 1882.

I have just had, in the morning, a scene which was necessary, but which I had been somewhat dreading. And as it has passed by successfully, I will sit down and detail it to you while it is yet fresh in my mind. And I have time for it; for most of my people I have sent in a canoe, five miles down the river, for building materials; so there is but little work going on requiring oversight. And this is a clear, delightful afternoon—the sun has fallen now, at 3.30 P. M., behind the tree tops of this side of the river, throwing the opposite side into bright light, varied with the many shades of green. I sit here on the river bank in pleasant shade, as you might sit on the Wissahickon.

These natives are glad enough to have any white man settle among them, for the sake of the goods he brings. And they will *give* him land on which to build. But they will be forever afterward trespassing on the premises, building close to the white man's house, or in other ways vitiating their gift; so we prefer to *buy*. But, in buying, their cupidity is aroused, and for land that was wild forest, useless to them, they will demand exorbitant pay, simply because they see that the white man wants that particular spot.

I surveyed here in January, and an Mpongwe trader, Animba, at a Fangwe village two or three miles below here, told me that the owner of that village, Mamyaga, was the dominant chief in this region. I told the people I was inspecting sites, expecting to come and live among them.

Mamyaga immediately claimed me as his guest (*i. e.*, that my gifts should go to him), and that I should build only near to his town. We had a long, tiresome "talk," which ended by his unwillingly agreeing to my ultimatum—that if I was his guest and he my friend, he must let me build where I pleased.

In February I came again. Mamyaga's people objected to my coming on to this place, and we had another hard "talk," which Mamyaga settled by allowing me, still unwillingly, to go on. Finally, I came here on Saturday, March 11th, Mamyaga regretting that I would not accept one of the undesirable sites he offered me.

I told him to follow me in two days, and mark out the outlines of the ground I wished to take. A week later he came; said I could have the ground, but asked, to my surprise, for no pay. He satisfied his curiosity in looking at my goods, and wished for one of the trade muskets. I told him that I would give him a gun on the day on which he should call together the adjacent villagers, declare publicly that the land was mine, and make a mark to his name on a paper I would write, to be kept for all future use. He said he would come. On the lower side of this hill another Fangwe, Nyare, had already built, and his clearing for gardens, and even part of his already planted garden, overran the natural boundary (a ravine) which I wanted to include in these premises. And that ground Nyare himself had received from Mamyaga. But Nyare was glad to have me for his nearest neighbor, and made no objection to my wish that he should abandon the part of his garden that I wanted. (But I knew that his women, who had spent their labor on that ground, would not willingly give it up.) I did not say "pay" to either Mamyaga or Nyare. I knew I should have finally to pay; but if I named pay so soon in advance, their cupidity would grow before pay-day came. And I wanted the day to come soon, so as to have it over, for I dreaded it somewhat. Mamyaga called on me two or three times, but always on his way on a journey. A few days ago he asked me again about the musket, and I told him I was waiting for his public declaration and signature. He said he would come in two days with an Mpongwe interpreter, Ndongo, living with Animba. Yesterday I went to Nyare, and again told him of the outline I wished to mark on his garden, and he was entirely complacent. I told him to come to-day and listen to Mamyaga.

To-day they came, a company of representative men and women, about forty. They talked a good deal in very loud voices. I sat quiet and dignified on my camp-chair in front of my tent, with an umbrella with which I could shade my own face, but closely observe theirs. Animba and Ndongo and my two Christians, all interested for my side, were near me. After the Fangwe had quieted somewhat, I told Ndongo I was ready to speak only when they were ready to listen. I spoke in Mmpongwe. Ndongo put it into Fangwe. Mamyaga said that he was ready to sign my paper, and have me fulfil my promise. Then I rose and spoke. I addressed him and Nyare. My speech was: That white people differed from each other; that they (the Fangwe) saw white men come to explore; that others came to trade; that I came to teach them about God, and give them sense like the civilized negroes of the coast That Nyare had come to Chief Mamyaga, and had been given the ground that he liked; that I came to-day and asked for the ground also that I liked. Then I sat down. Mamyaga replied that he had nothing to say; that he had already given me the land.

Again I rose, and, addressing Nyare, I said that I wanted a narrow strip of his ground; that his women should not be anxious about their corn that they had already planted; that when it was grown they should gather and eat it, but then abandon it and plant no plantains or other permanent growths And I sat down. He and his chief wife said that was satisfactory, and the owner of the new clearing said he would not advance toward my premises. Again I rose and said that the object of their signing my paper was to be a proof for all time, and after I was dead or when another missionary should take my place, that the land actually was given and that Mamyaga and Nyare were the donors The idea of getting fame on a piece of paper seemed to please them. And Mamyaga said that the ground was mine and no one should trespass on it. (For all that, there will be trespass: land tenure they have but faint idea of.) So I went to the tent and brought a sheet prepared, describing the outlines of the property and deeding it to myself and successors in trust to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, etc., etc. Mamyaga made his mark, and also Nyare opposite their names. And then my two Christians signed as witnesses, and Animba and Ndongo and Ogula made their marks also as witnesses.

The making of marks—the idea of their writing like a white man—quite diverted the crowd, though I thought Mamyaga looked very serious, as if he was a little afraid of some witchcraft.

Then I went into the tent and consulted with Ndongo and Animba. They thought my intentions ($15 to Mamyaga and $5 to Nyare) were too liberal. I handed out, on their selection, and laid in one pile in front of the tent: one musket, $5; four yards print, $1.00; one brass pan, $1.00; one plate, 20 cents; two red caps, 40 cents; five flints, 20 cents; trinkets, $1.00; these for Mamyaga. And for Nyare in another pile: one brass pan, $1.00; three plates, 60 cents; one red cap, 20 cents; four yards print, $1.00; five flints, 20 cents.

Before going into the tent, I had turned and said that, as they had settled the matter well and had given me the land, I would pay them for it. (They knew perfectly well there was to be "pay," though they had not named it. The talk reminded me of Abraham and the sons of Heth.)

I sat down on my chair and resumed my dignity, and one of my people laid Mamyaga's pile at his feet and Nyare's at his. The former said nothing, but presently began to hand them around to his people, and then he rolled them up and smiled and looked satisfied, and, to my satisfaction, did not ask for more, as he would have done had he not been satisfied. Nyare's countenance fell, and he pushed his pile from him toward my servant with a sign that he was dissatisfied because there was no gun with it. (Really, I intended to give him more, but did not wish to do so in the presence of Mamyaga, who might then ask for more for himself.) Ndongo tried to quiet Nyare, but I do not know what he said, for I tried to be deaf as well as dumb. Mamyaga said to Ndongo that he had nothing to say about Nyare's part, except that Nyare ought not make trouble about the little things, and that, as for his gun that Mr. Nassau has given him in fulfilment of a previous promise.

Animba came and whispered to Nyare to refuse my gifts to-day, be quiet, go to his village, and come another day and get what he wanted. That was very satisfactory to me. And Nyare rose and said that he had come that day only to listen to Mamyaga, that he was not selling land to me, but that if I did give anything, it should be sufficient to satisfy the women on whose gardens I trenched. (A gun given to him to-morrow will smooth all the difficulties about the women's gardens.) Then I gave away about a dollar's worth in small trinkets to every man and woman in the crowd, and everybody was in good humor. Nyare and his people left. Mamyaga sat down by me and had Ndongo tell me that I was seeing only the beginning of his friendship; that I was yet to see goats and greater things; that he would not sell to me —others might—but that all his de'' igs should be gifts; that himself would not often come the two or three miles to see me, but that his women should come with gifts and plantains, and that he would marry me a wife, pointing to one of three comely-looking young women sitting on a log just before me. The damsel looked smiling and expectant. I am sure she had visions of abundant yards of cloth and beads and mirrors and what not that I should load her with. It was no use to be angry at the man, as I was when years ago a similar offer was made. It has been repeated many times since, but never by the same man nor after I had been long at a place.

I reminded him gently that I had told him white people differed, and that I was, in regard to women, different from the traders; that I did not hate women; that I would be friends with this one (laying my hand on her shoulder), but that I had my own wife whom I loved; he should see her when I got my house built; that other men's wives were forbidden to God's people; that we lived with but one—our own.

And we all parted pleasantly. And I was relieved that the purchase of the land was so amicably accomplished.

AFRICAN BARBARITIES.

An American's Life Among the Cannibals of the West Coast.

The Dead Buried in Thickets or Under the Floors of the Houses—Roasting Murderers over a Slow Fire—How Criminals are Treated.

Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

OGOVE RIVER, WEST AFRICA, April 4.—Leaving out of view the immense difference, caused by the absence of Christianity, in the moral life of Native Africa, as compared with America- there is no one thing that more painfully strikes me in the low civilization of the former than the treatment of the dead. I would occupy too much of your space if I should recount at length the reasons these nations give for their apparently heartless customs. The explanation lies in their beliefs in witchcraft and their fear of spirits. The part of Africa of whose burial customs I write is on the West Coast under the line of the Equator, a region lying along the course of the Ogove river, with which many of your readers have acquaintance through the writings of Paul Du Chaillu, and, more recently, by the explorations of Count Pierre S. De Brazza. There are social distinctions here of rich and poor, higher and lower classes, just as there are and always will be all over the world, communism to the contrary notwithstanding. And these distinctions follow the subjects to their grave; just as in our own civilization one is laid in the sculptured cemetery, and another in the potter's field.

The burial grounds are mostly in the forest, in the low-lying grounds and tangled thickets along the banks of rivers. Hills and eligible building sites are reserved for villages and plantations. If a traveler, in journeying along the main river of the country, observes long reaches of uncleared thickets he will probably be correct in suspecting these are burial grounds. His native crew will be slow to inform him of the fact, or to converse on the subject unless to object to going ashore. Some of the interior tribes bury all their dead under the clay floors of their houses. The living are thus daily actually treading on and cooking their food over the graves of their relations. This distinction is reserved, in the case of coast tribes, for only a very few of their honored chiefs. Most generally the location for burial, as before mentioned, is in the forest. Over or near the graves of the rich are built little houses where are laid the common articles used by them in their life, pieces of crockery, knives, sometimes a table, mirrors, and other goods obtained in foreign trade. Only recently, in ascending this Ogove river, I observed tied on the branches of a large tree extending over the stream from the top of the bank, a wooden trade-chest, five pitchers and mugs, and several fathoms of calico prints. I was informed that the grave of a lately deceased chief was near, and that those articles were signs of his wealth, and were intended as contributions to spirits to induce them to draw trade to the villages of his people. A noticeable fact about these gifts to the spirits is that, however great a thief a man may be, he will not steal from a grave. The coveted mirror will lie there and waste in the rain, and the valuable garment will flap itself to rags in the wind, but human hands will not touch them.

CURIOUS COFFINS.

Actual interment is therefore given to all who in life were regarded as at all worthy of respect. The implements for excavating being few and small, the making of a grave is quite a task, and it is made no deeper than is actually sufficient for covering the corpse. This, according to the greatness of the dead, or the wealth of the family, is variously encased. Sometimes it is actually placed in a coffin made of the ends of a canoe, or from boards cut out of an old canoe, or even so expensively as to use two trade boxes, making one long one by knocking out an end from each and telescoping them.

Several years ago I was ascending the river, and had unwisely refused the wish of my crew to stop for our morning meal at a desirable *ulako*, or camping ground, as the hour was rather early, and I determined to go on and stop at some other place. But I regretted presently, for, instead of finding forest and high camping ground, I had come to a long stretch of papyrus swamp. We pulled on mile after mile, the sun growing hotter along the unsheltered bank, and we growing faint with hunger as the hour verged to noon. Becoming desperate, I directed the crew to stop at the very first spot that was solid enough for foothold, intending to eat our dry rice without fire. Presently we came to a clump of palms, and I ran the boat ashore. The crew objected—hungry though they were—that "it was not a good place;" but they did not mention why. I jumped ashore, however, and ordered them to follow and gather sticks for fire. As they were rather slow in so doing, and I overheard murmuring that "firewood was not gotten from palm trees" (which is true), I set them an example by starting off on a search myself.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

I had not gone far before I observed a pile of brushwood, and, rejoicing at my success, called out to my crew to come and carry it. While they were coming, I stooped down and laid hold of an eligible stick. But its odor startled me; and the other sticks that I had dislocated falling apart, there were revealed a human foot and shin, which, from the ornaments still remaining about the ancle, I suppose was a woman's. My attendants fled, and I reembarked in my boat, sufficiently unconscious of hunger to await a late breakfast, that was not cooked until we reached a comfortable town.

A less respectful mode of burial (if indeed the term be not a misnomer) is applied to the poor, to the friendless aged who have wearied out the patience of relations by a long sickness, and to those whose bodies are in a leprous or otherwise ulcerous condition. Immediately that life seems extinct (and sometimes even before) the wasted frame is tied up in the mat on which it was lying, and, slung from a pole on the shoulders of two men, it is flung out on the surface of the ground in the forest, to become the prey of wild beasts and the scavenger "driver" ants.

Of one tribe, in the upper course of this Ogove River, I am told who, in their intense fear of ghosts, dread the possible evil influence of the spirits of their own relations. With a very material idea of a spirit, they seek to disable it by beating the corpse until every bone is broken. The mangled mass is hung in a bag at the foot of a tree in the forest. Thus mutilated, the spirit is supposed to be unable to return to the village to entice to its fellowship in death any of the survivors.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE EXECUTED.

Some dead bodies are burned, particularly of criminals. Persons convicted on a charge of witchcraft are almost invariably killed. Sometimes they are simply beheaded. I have in my possession some of the carved knives with which this operation is performed. Sometimes torture is used; a common mode is to roast the condemned over a slow fire, which is made under a stout bedstead built for the purpose. In such a case the entire body is reduced to ashes. When I was clearing a piece of ground in 1875, for the house that I afterward occupied, my workmen came on a pile of ashes, charcoal and charred bones, where, they assured me, a criminal had been put to death. The last method mentionable of disposal of the bodies of the dead is to eat them. You must remember, when I say this that I am living with a cannibal tribe, the Fangwe.

R. H. N.

THE GORILLA OF AFRICA.

A FULL-GROWN SPECIMEN IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

The Interesting Story of a Missionary who has Spent Nearly a Score of Years in the Gorilla Country—Several Errors Corrected.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—The gorilla sent by the Rev. Dr. Nassau to Dr. Morton of Philadelphia will be dissected early in January, in the presence of a number of men of science from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities.

This gorilla is a female, about 10 years old, is four feet four inches in height, and weighs about 180 pounds; the legs are 21½ inches long, and are in striking contrast with its arms, which are 38½ inches in length; the head is large and perfectly flat on top, and is much broader than it is long; it has brown eyes receding into cavern-like sockets, a nose like an English bulldog, and an immense mouth parted in a hideous grin, disclosing a set of sharp, powerful, and well-preserved teeth, with four immense canines; the breasts are nearly flat, but the nipples, a full inch in length, indicate that the animal has suckled a large family of youngsters with vigorous appetites.

Dr. Nassau has been a missionary in Africa since 1861. He is under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He is now in Philadelphia. Dr. Nassau said to-day that his post is on the Ogove River—pronounced as though spelled Oh-go-way—about 165 miles from its mouth. The river flows into the Pacific Ocean about one degree south of the equator; and as the gorilla region extends about 200 miles north of the equator, and more than that distance south of it, the Doctor is in its very heart.

From Dr. Nassau I learned that the accounts of the gorilla given by Du Chaillu are in the main correct. He errs, however, in saying that the gorilla is not gregarious, that it makes a noise as loud as thunder by beating its breast with its hands or paws, and that it is much dreaded by the natives. Dr. Nassau says the gorilla mates early in the spring, and one male usually mates with from two to six females, generally about four. These he keeps guard over, and no other wild beast makes any approach to him in watchfulness as a sentinel. Dr. Nassau's experience of nineteen years among barbarous, half civilized and Christianized Africans, cannibals, and gorillas is such that he ought to know much of the habits of each. He says there is no animal that inhabits the dense forests of Africa that exhibits anything like the fear of man that the gorilla does; his haunts are usually in the densest part of almost impenetrable forests, but not far from streams of water, and when approached by man he invariably flees; the young ones hang upon their mothers' backs when escaping, and if they are thrown off in any way, the fear of the mother is so great that she does not stop to protect or recover her young. If wounded, or unable to escape, the gorilla, male or female, will fight as long as life is left; but as for attacking man, as averred by Du Chaillu, Dr. Nassau can hardly conceive such a thing to be possible. In his opinion, there is but one condition under which this could take place, which is that, in mating, occasionally a male gorilla is left without a mate. In every such case the mated males and females unite in driving this unmated fellow from their presence, and for several months he becomes a morose bachelor, to whom life is a vexation. If Du Chaillu ran across such a customer as this, it is not improbable that, having no Mrs. Gorilla and babies to care for, he made no effort to escape, and upon being approached gave battle to the explorer.

When a gorilla gets into a fight Dr. Nassau says his opponent is pretty sure to get hurt. With the gorilla it is war to the death. The skeletons of a leopard and a gorilla locked in each other's embrace have been found. In these fights the gorilla clasps his powerful arms around the leopard, and, holding him with a vice-like grip, chokes him to death with his powerful jaws, which the gorilla fastens upon the throat of the leopard. In the meantime the latter, with its sharp claws and muscular hind legs, literally disembowels the gorilla.

Dr. Nassau gives some interesting accounts of the efforts to obtain live gorillas for zoological societies in Europe. For a number of years the Zoological Society of London kept a standing offer of £1,000 for the delivery of a live gorilla at their gardens. This tempting offer of $5,000 led a Mr. Woodward, a clerk at a trading station near the Gaboon French Government building, to secure a young female gorilla about two years old. He kept it at the station for several months in order to domesticate it, and succeeded in having it eat rice and other farinaceous food. After this Woodward started for London with his prize. When the island of Madeira was reached the gorilla was in good health, and he telegraphed the fact to London. When within three days of London the gorilla smeared her paws with paint, which she licked off, and in doing so poisoned herself and died.

A similar result attended the efforts of Hamburg men. They sent out a naturalist to the Gaboon and Corisco missions, with instructions to bring back a live gorilla at any cost. Five young gorillas were secured, the youngest about four months old, and the oldest about two years. These were placed in a cage, on one side of which were several full-grown chimpanzees, and on the other side of the gorillas were some rare specimens of monkeys. During the few days that the Hamburg naturalist remained at Dr. Nassau's mission it was amusing to watch the movements of the chimpanzees. One of them was an elderly female, whose sympathies were aroused for the motherless gorilla, whose change of diet from breast milk to other food griped the youngster, and kept it continually mourning and whining. The chimpanzee would reach through and pat the little thing on the head, expressing in her looks and actions real sympathy. But sympathy did not restore him to his mother nor remove his colic, and, continuing to moan incessantly, the patience of the old chimpanzee became exhausted, and reaching through she caught the little fellow, held him down with one paw, and spanked him with the other precisely as a human mother does her naughty boy.

Dr. Nassau says along the west coast of Africa, above and below the equator, is a solid and practically an impenetrable forest 300 miles in extent, the only highways being the rivers. The Ogove River was explored to its source in 1876 by Lieut. Brazza, an Italian in the French naval service. This explorer, after reaching the head waters of the Ogove River, walked across a water shed, and two days' journey to the east he found what he claims to be the true source of the Congo River. If this plausible theory of Lieut. Brazza is correct, Mr. Henry M. Stanley is just as near the truth in his statement that the Lualaba River and Lake Bangweolo are the head waters of the Congo, as he would be were he to assert that the Tennessee River was the source of the Mississippi.

Dr. Nassau says the system under which business is carried on in the Gaboon and Corisco districts is about as follows: A native visits a trading station and obtains the loan of $50 in cash, for which he agrees to furnish a certain quantity of ivory, ebony, dyewood, gum copal, and other commercial products. Of this sum the borrower puts $20 away in his trunk if he has one. With the rest he goes off to a hunting district station. There he engages a trader to procure him the ivory required to liquidate his indebtedness. The first thing the trader does is to put $15 away as an investment. With the rest he purchases rum, &c., goes off on a two or three days' journey to the managing negroes and engages them to produce a certain quantity of ivory, paying them for it in advance in rum, beads, powder, balls, knives, &c. After the rum is all drank the natives go off on their hunting expedition, and, if successful, they return after a time with elephants' tusks, and in about six months the man who first obtained the loan of $50 returns to the trading station with about $400 worth of ivory. As the risk in advancing money to these speculators is great, the profits upon the transactions are simply enormous. Dr. Nassau says they are usually 600 per cent.

Dr. Nassau says it is his intention, immediately upon his return to his mission, to go up the Ogove River, taking with him a barrel of rum, secure a full-grown gorilla, place him in the rum without disemboweling, and before decomposition sets in, as was the case with the one now at the Pennsylvania Hospital, forward it at the earliest moment to Dr. Morton.

Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Nassau has been in the gorilla country for nineteen years, he knows absolutely nothing about how old a gorilla is when he reaches maturity, how old when he first mates, or how long the mother carries her young. He believes the connecting link is a very short one between the reasoning powers of the lowest type of the barbarous tribes of Africans and the instinct of the gorilla. In physical appearance the Doctor thinks the chimpanzees rather have the call on some of the wild tribes of natives of Africa.

FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Teneo et Teneor.

BY THE REV. R. H. NASSAU, M. D.

I sit beside Ogove's stream;
The night is dark. The crescent moon
Gives but a phantom ray to gleam
On shadows here so densely strewn.

Beyond these shades, the farther bank
Uprises a majestic hill,
That, forest crowned, with verdure rank
Stands solemn, sombre, weirdly still.

Above, in azure fields of space,
The lonely southern sky outspreads.
There rests my eye. With strength and grace
The starry cross its radiance sheds.

That cross meant toil, meant shame, meant death.
In following it I follow those.
Ah! heart, sink not with bated breath,
At thought of care, of pain, of foes.

Hail! Cross of Jesus, thence I draw,
By faith, the strength that must be mine;
And see, as once a warrior saw,
The promise, "Conquer, in this sign."

O joyful cross! O mystery dear!
Up in my soul fresh hope has welled.
The toil grows light—clouds disappear.
Saviour, I hold Thee and am held.

April 22d, 1882.

Communications.

FROM AFRICA.

{ *Talaguga, Ogove River, Western Africa, Sept.* 1, 1882.

Mrs. Nassau and I are living among the hills, on my first journey to which I wrote you a rambling letter six months ago. I erected a hasty bamboo hut on the clay floor, with only two rooms 10x10 feet, last March. When the rains ceased, I brought Mrs. Nassau up in July, and we are living in a canvas tent 10x10 feet, using the hut as kitchen and storeroom, while I build a house on posts on the hillside, with five small rooms in an area of 24x22 feet.

With the exception of the French explorers, we were the most "advanced" white people in this river, this point being, by actual survey, fully 200 miles of the course of this river from its mouth. But, so rapidly is white influence, in the form of trade, pushing interiorward, that now we are distanced by a German, who, less than a month ago, passed up to locate in the Okanda country, 100 miles beyond me. The natives of this part of the river would probably have objected to his carrying goods beyond them; but he was in the escort of the French, and the title "Commandant" carries with it a power that at present is feared.

The French government has operating in this river, directly in their interest, Dr. Ballay, the associate of Lieutenant the Count Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza, the explorer of the sources of the Ogove, who found a practicable route from the Ogove to the Kongo. Lieut. Brazza is at present in his Italian home on sick leave. Dr. Ballay succeeds him here in command of his exploring party. Over part of this same Ogove route the International African Association (the same society for which Stanley is operating on the Kongo) have an agent, Lieut. Louis Mizon. Being a Frenchman, his influence is at least indirectly for French power. As the claim of France to the Ogove is not disputed by other nations, all its explorations here are peaceful. Our Protestant mission is cordially endowed by the representative at Gaboon. As France is no longer governed by clerical power, the Roman Catholic missionaries have quite changed their attitude toward us, and have put themselves on the humane visiting terms that we have always been willing to occupy.

Dr. Ballay came from France a year ago with a steam-launch for use on the Kongo. It proved, like Dr. Livingstone's straw-stuffed life-preserver, of faulty construction, and he returned to France for repairs. Lieut. Mizon, who has been building three relief stations of the International on the Ogove, and thence overland to the Kongo, came down the river with a fleet of canoes. Meeting with Dr. Ballay at the French depot near our Kangwe mission house, they united their forces, and, on the 10th of August, passed here on their way up river. They stopped at my tent a little while, having kindly brought me a mail.

Mrs. Nassau and I have indeed variety of incident in this our wilderness camp-life. But the scene of that day was unusual. We hear boat songs around the Point down river before canoes can be seen. And the nationality of the tribe composing the crew can be known by their song. We heard loud, long, ringing strains of refrains that were not Fanwe. Nor did they sound exactly like coast tribes. Soon a long canoe, propelled by a dozen strong pairs of arms, shot around the Point, and then another, and another, until I was bewildered with the count. It was like a regatta. Each canoe bore the French flag. They were all headed for the clearing where my tent was located. The paddles were all standing (as is the mode in this part of the river), having for paddles a lithe strong pole some seven feet in length, with a wooden disc five or six inches in diameter, fastened into a slit in the lower end. No canoe had less than ten paddles. They bent their bodies in perfect time to their quick, deep stroke, and their songs (the words improvised and without rhyme) kept perfect rhythm. We watched their rapid approach. Lieut. Mizon's canoe stopped at my beach, and he stepped ashore to courteously salute Mrs. Nassau, whom he had met at Kangwe. Dr. Ballay followed presently, and handed me a package of twenty-five letters. Some of them had been four and even six months on their way from America.

I had to admire the perfect order in which M. Mizon held the 400 men of the thirty-six canoes. They all sang, but their singing was not wild, vociferous. And when his canoe stopped, almost as if at a signal, they stopped in their tracks, or quickly headed their canoes ashore. Though curious to see the white woman, none dared come ashore but the two white leaders and their colored valets. And during the half-hour of our civilized converse, in which we put aside our missionary work to enjoy the civilization which these two gentlemen represented, none of those 400 boatmen were noisy, quarrelsome, or restive. Lieut. Mizon said it was easier to keep them in discipline than any European soldiers he had ever commanded. Dr. Ballay had in the canoes the entire iron plates, machinery and outfit of a steam-launch, which he will carry on the overland path between the north-east-flowing source of the Ogove and the southeastward flowing sources of the Alima. For that portage he has several hundred yards of a portable railway (which I saw in operation at their Kangwe depot) that can be readily taden up and relaid on a road that De Brazza has already cut between the Ogove and the Alima. The Alima has no rapids. On it the Dr. will put together his launch, and steam down into the Kongo. You will not see the Alima on any map as yet. But if you will look at Stanley's map of his route, the Alima should be marked as entering the Kongo on the right bank, a five days' journey east of Stanley Pool. Of course Stanley in his flight down the Kongo did not observe the mouths of all its affluents. Above the confluence of the Alima with the Mongo, commerce and missions can have an uninterrupted water-way of 1,000 miles.

I am compelled to go slowly in my work among these Fanwe people, for, although they treat me with sufficient kindness, they show no interest in my story. Indeed, they understand very little of what that story means, and even misunderstand some. In speaking much about the soul, they have become superstitiously afraid of me, as if I would abstract their souls! That they believe actually possible, as their witchcraft professes to kill people by stealing away their spirits. This is at once ridiculous and painful. To think of how utterly my mission should be misunderstood, and that, where I have forgone so much to come here, I should actually be shunned as if I carried a deadly influence! I left my friend, the chief of the adjoining village, well when I went down the river to the quarterly communion in July at Kangwe, and, telling him to take care of the two young men whom I left in charge of the hut and its goods, I promised him a gift that he had been coveting of four yards of white muslin if I found my premises safe on my return. When I came back my house was all right, but he was sick in his village, and, for several nights in succession, in the late still hours of the night, I heard a peculiar stroke of a native drum—a stroke not used in the hilarity of a native dance. I observed also that very few visitors came to see me. On the Saturday afternoon following I made my usual visit to his village for a preaching service. I saw a recently erected gateway with fetish charms, which I knew were set up to ward off evil. At its foot lay the drum. That gateway is a common sight, and I thought nothing of it. After prayers one of the townspeople (the chief himself was not present, being sick in his house) voluntarily began a speech to me, saying that natives down river, between Kangwe and this place, had sent word to beware of me—that I "ate people's souls;" that their chief was sick, and they had put up that gateway against my possible evil influence; that that evil influence might perhaps not be mine, for I had left their chief well, and he had sickened in my absence; that I had been kind and generous to them, and they had seen no evil in me, so that they doubted the report of the down-river people; that possibly that report had been gotten up by the jealousy of those people because of my having passed them by; and that they would watch my course to see whether evil was with me. On what thin ice I had been treading! And how more than ever it had been true that I was preaching more by my life than by my lips! That chief has gotten well, and visits frequently here. Another man with some woman came recently. They were highly amused with some torpedoes and fire-crackers which I put in their hands. But when I showed them my Elgin watch, and, opening its back, let them see the quickly-moving spring, they started away in horror. They had listened awestruck to the ticking of the closed watch. But of that strange moving thing they said: "Close it up! close it up! that will kill people." I remembered Stanley's precious note-book on the Kongo, and put the watch back in my pocket.

The Fanwe are such persistent trappers and hunters that there were not many birds on these premises when I bought them. I do not allow guns to be fired near my house. So the birds have learned that they are safe here, and I am enjoying their twittering and chirping and strange-voiced calls. May I take this as a pleasant omen of the beginning of a changed condition in the mental, moral and spiritual life of my degraded fellow-beings about me, and wait hopefully for the day when the Christian church bell shall take the place of the fetish drum?

Cordially, R. H. NASSAU.

The Foreign Secretary had many interesting letters to read; but so much time having been given to the consideration of the plan for unification, she was obliged to omit them. Reports have been received from Beirut and Sidon Seminaries, Syria. Letters have been received from Miss Alexander, Yokohama, Japan; Miss Thomson, of Beirut, Syria; Mrs. Caldwell, of Bogota, U. S. C.; Mrs. Dr. Nassau, of Kangwe, Africa: Miss Diament, of Wewoka, I. T.; Rev. A. Rudolph, of the Lodiana Mission, India; Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Mainpurie (now removed to Allahabad), India. Miss Alexan-

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Fourth Presbyterian church of Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. Norman Seaver, D.D., pastor. The morning prayer-meeting of Wednesday, April 25, was conducted by Mrs. William Swan, of Batavia, N. Y.

Died.

JOHNSON.—Suddenly, at her late residence, Germantown, Pa., on Sabbath evening, April 16th, Mrs. Hetty B., widow of Jacob Johnson, late of Morristown, N. J., in the 81st year of her age.

For more than sixty years her life was as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. From its beginning her Christian course was marked by more than usual activity. Her thirst for the truths of God's word, her love for souls, her prayerful interest and tireless efforts for the advance of Christ's kingdom throughout the world were continued to the latest hour of her life. There was no weariness, no fainting by the way. Her youth seemed indeed to have been renewed like the eagles'. She had been permitted to engage all day with delight in the service of God's house, and just at its close was summoned to her heavenly rest.

received into the church, but also many of the relatives of the pupils—in some instances whole families.

EDUCATION.

The Lawrenceville (N. J.) School.

It is well known to the public that the residuary legatees of the late John C. Green took title, four years ago, to the property known as the High School property, with its beautiful grounds, with a view to place on a permanent basis a classical school of a high order with a liberal endowment. At their request, Dr. Samuel M. Hamill, so long connected with the school, consented to continue at the head of the institution until a charter could be obtained, plans matured and a successor appointed.

In May, 1882, James C McKenzie, A.M., Principal of the Wilkesbarre Academy, was appointed, and has been for the past year a member of the Faculty of the school. On the retirement of Dr. Hamill he will take his place as Principal, with the title of "Head Master."

Lawrenceville has been long known for its schools. Here, in 1810, the late Dr. Brown took into his family a few pupils who, with those attending from the village, formed the nucleus of a school which has continued for seventy-three years, and has for the whole period been under the control of Presbyterian clergymen. It is believed that no *private* boarding-school in the State, and perhaps outside of it, has prepared more boys for college than this school. In its infancy the father and uncle of Mr. John C Green were two of its most liberal patrons. Its excellent patronage has been drawn from every part of the country and from abroad. Among its instructors have been such men as Dr. John Maclean, ex-President of Princeton College; Dr. James Wood, late President of Hanover College; Dr. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton; Theophilus Parvin, LL.D., of Indianapolis, and many others of distinction.

Among its pupils have been such men as the late Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Governors Olden, Price and Parker, of New Jersey; Chancellor Green and Judges Brown, Scudder, Parker, Reed and Green, of the highest courts of New Jersey; Professor S. D. Gross, the eminent surgeon of Philadelphia, and members of Congress and Judges and Governors of other States, and many in the ministry.

Lawrenceville is located in a beautiful section of country, remarkable for its good health and pure water. It is midway between Trenton and Princeton, and while not directly on the railroad, it is within a short drive of several railroad stations on both roads running through this part of the State.

The chartered title of the school under its new organization will be the "Lawrenceville Academy." It is the Lawrenceville school on the John C. Green foundation. Its Board of Trustees consists of Hon. John T. Nixon, of the United States Circuit Court; Hon. Caleb S. Green, Charles E. Green, Esq., Barker Gummere, of Trenton; Dr. Samuel M. Hamill, of Lawrenceville; Professor Charles Aiken, of the Theological Seminary, and Professor Sloan, of the College of New Jersey.

On a plot of ground of about fifty acres, admirably adapted to the purpose, there will be erected in the course of the current year several new buildings as homes for boys, to be occupied by the Masters, or Professors, each to accommodate about twenty; also a large and complete building for school purposes. The arrangements for the school are on the most ample plan, and no pains will be spared to make the school complete in all its parts, and equal to any thing of the kind in the country. Professor McKenzie will be aided by Rev. J hn Cross, of Baltimore, and other competent and experienced Masters. M.

welcome at Room 25. The foreign secretaries report that letters have been received during the month from Mr. Wilson, Miss Snow and Miss Latimer, of Mexico; Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. C. B. Newton, Miss Blunt, Miss Craig, Mr. Scilen, of India; Miss Noyes, Mrs. Leaman, of China; Mrs. Nassau, of Africa; Mrs. Truc and Miss

In the long and interesting letter from Mrs. Nassau, dated Tulaguga, August 9th, she speaks of the menacing attitude of the French commandant, probably incited by the Romish priests, who bear sway in Gaboon. There is an evident desire to harass and circumscribe American missions on the Gaboon and Ogowe, and a general suspicion of American influence consequent, it is likely, on Stanley's operations on the Congo. Rev. Mr. Campbell, the American consul, has been notified that the stations must not exceed eight reported last year. Two schools have been closed, all teaching of the natives is to be done in the French language, and the solemnization of marriage ceremony by the missionaries declared illegal and punishable by heavy fines.

"In June we learned that no boat was permitted to pass Njoli save those of the Fangwe. The traders have all been called down the river, and none allowed to trade above us. Dr. Nassau has been very anxious to take me to the regions beyond, a journey of four days from Talaguga. He asked permission to do this, saying that he would return in two weeks. He was refused, though afterward, when de Brazza himself came, he professed to be very sorry that his orders were misunderstood. He gave Dr. Nassau permission to go up; but by that time the water was so low that the rapids could not be passed, and I cannot have this pleasure until next December. We both have a desire to establish a station at this advanced point because the people there seemed more anxious for us to come among them than the Fangwe ever have been. But rapids, French red tape, men to care for the station, all are obstructions difficult to pass. Mr. Menkel is now at work helping Dr. Nassau in the building of the permanent house here.

"June 26th, we went to Kangwe; returned July 13th. This was our summer vacation. Our return journey came near a fatal termination, for we struck a hippopotamus. We all supposed it to have been a rock at first. The two tusks entered the boat near the stern, causing very bad leaks. Had he continued his nibbling the keepers of Talaguga station would never have reached it again. In deep water, in a frail boat, just recovered from a shock which we all feared would rend it to pieces, with water fast bubbling around our feet, hippopotami all around us only too able to toss us up as a ball or crush us in their enormous jaws—such circumstances were not conducive to comfort; but Providence did not allow them to combine to our injury, and we reached home in safety, as Mr. Menkel was able to repair the boat sufficiently to enable us to pursue our journey.

"Since our return the natives have come in larger numbers to our Sabbath morning services on our porch. Last Sabbath we numbered fifty. You may be sure we feel grateful for this manifestation of interest. My organ is a great attraction.

"Pray for us, that God's Spirit may purify us, strengthen us, show to us all the work we ought to do, and make us willing and successful in its performance; give to us patience, wisdom, humility and love for these souls."

Work of Our Church.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Elmwood Experiment.—No. IV.

BY EMMA L. BURNETT.

The missionary meetings having been successfully inaugurated flourished well. The leaders of the enterprise studied variety in the exercises, and at the same time strove to make the instruction as thorough as possible. Sometimes questions on a missionary topic would be given to individuals or to classes, at one meeting, to be answered at the next. This made some reading and study necessary. One month they had China, another Africa, another missions among the North American Indians. The topic, "Missionary Ships," brought out a great deal of useful and interesting information; so did "Children in Japan." "Missionary Heroes" being short accounts of Moffat, Livingstone, Judson, and others, proved so taking that the committee were obliged to promise they would prepare, as soon as possible, an exercise about "Missionary Heroines." These exercises were so arranged that, though all members of the school were occupied from time to time, the children had the principal part of the performance. The facts were put into the form of dialogues, stories, short recitations, items. Parts in the exercises were assigned to as many persons as possible. Teachers were expected to help their scholars in their preparation. The Scripture-reading or recitation was varied. Sometimes it would be given by one class, sometimes by another; again by the whole class, and different persons were employed to arrange these readings. The decoration committee, ushers, &c., were changed each month, and other committees were appointed from time to time—one to distribute missionary leaflets, another to obtain subscriptions for missionary magazines, another to have an oversight of the mite-boxes. Thus all were given some interest in the matter.

Twice during the year were Sunday meetings held. Upon one of these occasions a young man born in China, the son of a missionary and now studying in this country, told the school about his home in China. The other meeting was held by the few who remained at home during the summer vacation, and consisted mainly of singing missionary hymns and of appropriate Scripture recitations. Once they had a picture evening. A gentleman belonging to the school, a photographer, and quite an inventive genius, kindly offered to give a magic lantern exhibition illustrating any subject that might be selected. Syria was selected, and from a fine edition of "The Land and the Book," and other standard works, he copied suitable cuts and transferred them to the glass slides, doing all the work himself, and going to a great deal of trouble and considerable expense.* This effort was highly appreciated, and the evening when these pictures were shown and explained the audience was large and exceedingly attentive.

Another evening, with the exception of the devotional exercises and some singing, was wholly given up to the "Busy Bees." These "Bees" being small children, and well drilled by Miss Watson in various pleasing little exercises, excited great interest and drew a large crowd.

Such meetings as these gave variety, and also lightened the labors of the programme committee. This committee, cultivating to the utmost extent the wisdom of serpents and the harmlessness of doves, pressed everybody into service, not, however, for their own relief, but for the purpose before mentioned, of interesting all in the work. The Young Ladies' Band had been living at a poor, dying rate for some time, but the committee, by making frequent calls on the members for assistance, infused new life into it. The classes of those teachers who were "not interested in missions" were the very ones to which exercises were often given, and for the honor of the classes the teachers would bestir themselves, and in this way gradually lose their indifference. Even persons outside the school were given opportunities to help in the work. Mrs. Farley, calling upon an invalid who was always confined to her room in winter-time, had an inspiration as she

* This was actually done by a member of such a Mission Band.

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looked at the invalid's luxuriant and carefully tended plants.

"O! I do wish," she said, "we could get some such beautiful plants to decorate the room for the next meeting of the Mission Band. Flowers or greenery add so much to the effect, you know, and so few of our people have fine plants that the young folks are hard put to for decorations."

"What Mission Band is that?"

"Why, don't you know about it?" and forthwith Mrs. Farley told her all about it. She seemed pleased with the account, and offered to send some plants to the next meeting.

"How kind you are!" said Mrs. Farley; "the decoration committee will be delighted, I know."

Soon a delegation from the committee called to thank her for the offer, and assured her every care would be taken of whatever she sent. After the meeting several persons called to tell her how kind she was, and how much the plants had been admired; so she, flattered by the attention, and hearing from her visitors something about what was done at the meeting, began to take a great interest in the Band, and devoted herself assiduously to cultivating flowers for its benefit.

"I think when spring comes I must see this wonderful Band," she said, and in May she really went to the first missionary meeting of her life.

The Congo Mission.

The Livingstone Inland Mission has lately sent to the Congo a small steamer for the use of their missionaries there. It is built of steel, is seventy feet long and ten feet wide, drawing only one foot of water. After its trial in the Thames it was taken apart and packed for shipment. No single piece is to weigh over sixty pounds, as it must be carried past the cataracts to Stanley Pool, where it will be put together. Mr. Insell, a practical machinist, under whose superintendence it was built, has gone out to put it in order, and will take charge of it for the first three years. He calculates it will take a year to get it to Stanley Pool, and another year to get it in running order. If the enterprise should prove successful it will enable the missionaries to preach the gospel over a vast extent of country, provided they can learn the languages of the numerous tribes upon the Congo and its tributaries.

churches, Philadelphia.

The Foreign Secretaries report letters received this month from Miss Ramsey, of Wewoka, Indian Territory; Mrs. Diffenbaugh, Idaho; Miss Jennie Dickson, Montana; Mrs. Nassau, Africa; Miss Kuhl, of Brazil; Dona A. Molina, of Bogota, thanking the ladies of the Board for all they have done for the women of that city.

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SBYTE

PHILADELPHIA

April 30th and May 1st; Miss M. Grayson elected alternate.—*Banner.*

—The fifth annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Genesee, says the *Evangelist*, was held in Warsaw, on Tuesday of last week. It was largely attended, no less than 145 delegates being present from the several auxiliaries, beside many others from the village and neighborhood. Mrs. Augustus Frank gave an address of cordial welcome, to which Mrs. Carrier, of Corfu, replied. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were encouraging, indicating that the total enrolment of auxiliaries had reached 800, and that during the past year the contributions had considerably exceeded $1,000. Mrs. William W. Totheroh, of Le Roy, read a paper "On What Grounds May We Encourage Greater Activity in Foreign Missionary Work?" The Warsaw ladies served an excellent dinner in the church parlors to between 200 and 300. In the afternoon Mrs. True, of Japan, was the chief speaker, though the young ladies and little girls of the place contributed not a little to the interest of the day. The officers elected for the coming year are: President, Mrs. William Swan, of Batavia; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John Wickes, of Attica; Mrs. Samuel Fisher, of Warsaw; Mrs. W. W. Totheroh, of LeRoy; Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Abell, of North Bergen; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Long, of Castile. Batavia was chosen as the place for the next annual meeting.

Times and Journal.

LAKEWOOD, N. J.:

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

—It was our pleasure one day this week, in company with a friend, to pay a visit to Bayhead, and to observe the improvements that have been made under the supervision of the present management. Neat and handsome cottages have taken the place of the sand hills, and the grounds around them have been sodded. Four hundred shade trees have been set out along broad avenues, and the place has put on an appearance altogether different from what it was two years ago. In short they have made "The wilderness to blossom as the rose. Some of the houses are already occupied and those that are owned by the company are all let for the season. A lake of moderate size, not deep enough to be at all dangerous, and just the place for children to boat and fish, is in the midst of the company's property and close to the depot; while beyond and a little to the south is the broad and beautiful expanse of water, Barnegat Bay, where fishing and yachting can be indulged in to the extent of one's own pleasure. We were met and entertained by the genial managers and conducted through their handsone office by Capt, Errickson, who delights to make strangers feel at ease, and to whose facile pen we are indebted for a number of valuable contributions. When the hour for dinner arrived we were kindly invited to dine with Julius Foster, who is also connected with the company, and his aged mother. Mrs. Foster exhibited some curiosities in the shape of bracelets, knives, swords and whips sent to her by her daughter, Mrs. Nassau, who is engaged in missionary work on the Gaboon river, in Africa. In the afternoon we visited the pier and yacht landing and but for want of time we could have visited other points of interest and given our readers much more information; but remembering that the day was almost gone and that we had a long sandy road to travel, (which should be a hard gravel road), we were obliged to bid our pleasant entertainers farewell and turn our horses homeward glad to have spent a day under such cheerful circumstances.

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MISSIONARIES WANTED.

WHERE ARE THEY?

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church has rarely sought its missionary candidates through the public press, or, indeed, through any medium. We have waited till the call came to those who should go, and the application to be sent was made. In the providence of God, however, there are just now so many new laborers wanted in different fields that we feel impelled to seek them by this means.

There may be hidden here and there among God's people those to whom *this* will be the voice of his call, leading them to take, at least, the one step of offering themselves for this work. After this is done other steps will follow, whereby his will concerning them can be more surely ascertained.

A few qualifications are absolutely requisite in order to success in foreign mission labor, and it will save time and avoid disappointment if any who think of undertaking it will try themselves by these tests: Earnest, single-eyed devotion of heart and life to the service of the Redeemer, wherever called to render it, is one of those requisites. Another very important one is a *thorough education*, and the ability to impart to others what has been learned. More than this is to be desired, viz.: A trained mind, which can grasp and assimilate new ideas and methods of thought, and yet hold fast by the truth always. A graduate of a college or seminary of high grade is to be preferred, other things being equal. Good sound health is essential on foreign mission ground. Many a one works on when health has failed on the field; but to *begin* work with a feeble or diseased body would be more than unwise. Such love to God as will fill the heart also with love to man, no matter how degraded or unlovely, and will give grace to work well with associates, whether congenial or otherwise, is another thing to be greatly desired.

There are those possessing these qualifications, with no family duties or ties binding them tightly to the home land, who will answer this call, saying: "Here am I; send me to any field where you need workers, and where I can do good service."

We want, also, some medical missionaries, or students preparing to be such. To any wishing this special work we will give full information as to ways and means, etc.

Responses to this appeal for laborers may be sent to Mrs. H. N. Paul, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The above is the article referred to by Mrs M. B. Nassau in the last words she ever penned — written to Rev. Dr. L. Gaston

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY—DIRECTORS' MEETING.

1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, October 7th, 1884.

A new year of service opens for our society to-day, with an outlook as bright as this October weather. Some changes have come during the months of separation, but they are clouds which can only dim the horizon of earth. Beyond and above all the broken hopes, the desolated homes, such harvest promises as these shine out like some unsetting sun. "Let all the people praise thee, then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." This prophetic Psalm (the 67th) was the lesson read by the President, Mrs. W. E. Schenck, in opening the meeting.

Mrs. Dr. Nassau, of Talaguga, Western Africa, writes July 21st: "The week of June 23d–30th I was very busy preparing for a boat journey to Kangwe. We started July 1st, and reached Kangwe the next afternoon. After the communion service, to be held July 8th, we had planned a ride to a beautiful lake several days' journey from Kangwe. This little trip was to have been one of relaxation; we would see many people, and be able to speak to many of the "good news," see many strange birds, enjoy the exceptionally fine scenery around the lake, and return refreshed in mind, at least. This lake, or rather lakes, for there are three of them, have been visited by our fellow-missionaries, who came back with pleasing reports of the people's desire to be taught, and of the delightful scenery of lake and hills and picturesque islets.

"Thus we proposed. God disposed differently. The first Sabbath of July I was brought down by sickness, and we were unable to proceed on our expected jaunt. A captain of one of our little river steamers kindly offered to bring us in his vessel back to Talaguga. This offer we gladly accepted, and arrived here July 17th, after a very comfortable journey of three days.

"I was deeply touched by your words concerning prayer for individual Christians, and more gratefully acknowledge that during the month of June we realized the sustaining power of your prayers. The peace and happiness invoked for us were felt in unusual measure; we acknowledge with thankfulness the good supply of workmen which has been given for the building of our new house; also their quiet contentment and respectful obedience have been unusual. Just now we are a little crippled as to workmen. Mr. Menkel has returned to Gaboon. Our native carpenter, a good Christian man and a Benga, by the way, and a faithful servant, has also left; so my husband must attend personally to the work. The new house will not be finished before January, if then. We are very happy, indeed, in our little bamboo cottage, and if we never had a friend to visit us I would wish for nothing more than this same little house, though crowded as we are, indeed—

"As to the French and their proceedings, it has been decided that Talaguga belongs to the Gaboon government. Happily for us, the present commandant is more lenient than the former one. He cannot undo the evil which his predecessor caused when he influened the home government to enact laws interfering with our schools and work. He is friendly in his intercourse with American missionaries, and told Mr. Good if he would secure a French teacher for the Gaboon school, the out-stations might carry on their schools in the vernacular.

"We have no special interest among the Fangwe to record. At the last communion several young men were suspended from church membership, and none were received into the church. Several of those thus reproved have confessed their sins and promised new obedience. Pray that their professed choice of Christ may be the sincere choice of their hearts. The white traders, with their easy, pleasure-loving, licentious lives, with the great offers of wealth which they hold out (wealth gained by deceit, lies, theft and laziness), are most powerful in their influence over these same young men."

The death at Wei Hien, China, of Mrs. J. H. Laughlin formed the theme of a most interesting letter from the bereaved husband, too sacred in its details for the public eye.

Allusion was made to the recent death of Mrs. W. H. Lester, wife of one of our missionaries in Santiago, Chili, after a short but useful missionary life in this difficult field.

Died.

NASSAU.—At the Presbyterian Mission station, Talaguga, West Africa, August 8th, 1884, Mrs. Mary B. Nassau, wife of Rev. R. H. Nassau, in the 35th year of her age. Mrs. Nassau was noted, even among her missionary associates, for her sweet disposition and lovely Christian character. She is the second missionary lady to die in the Ogowe and the first to be buried there. She was buried near the river close by the mission house at Talaguga.

DEATH OF MRS. NASSAU.

Our readers will be surprised by the announcement in another column of the death of this missionary. It is not a great many months since an account of her marriage and departure to Africa was given in our columns. And last week's JOURNAL had a letter from her. She was a highly educated woman and a devoted missionary. We sympathize deeply with Dr. Nassau in this sore bereavement.

DIRECTORS' MEETING OF WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, November 4th, 1884.

A dark November day. The clouds are as heavy with rain as the air is of that doubt and anxiety which marks the closely contested Presidential election now pending. But the surrounding storms could not bring all the shadows that overhang the quiet group in the Assembly Room this noon. From one of the most distant corners of a world-wide field comes a voice of mourning which finds an echo in every heart. For the fifth time within a year the ranks of our missionary sisterhood have been broken by death, and the fourth time that little children have been left in this bleak world motherless. Mrs. Deffenbaugh, of Idaho; Mrs. Lester, of Chili, S. A.; Mrs. Annie Laughlin, of Wei Hein, China; and now Mrs. Mary B. Nassau, of Western Africa. Her voice has scarcely died out of our ears, so recently did we listen to her messages of love and faith! It is not three years since she went to be the light and joy of that home at Talaguga.

Mrs. Nassau had suffered but little from the dreaded climate of Africa, and was peculiarly fitted for the pioneer missionary work to which she was called. Years of usefulness seemed to be before her, when, like lightning from a clear sky, the news of her death came to her associates. Beside her devoted husband and Handin—a faithful native Christian woman—she had no friend with her in her last hours. Miss Nassau writes from Kangwe of the difficulties before those who were about to attempt to reach the desolate home:—"Even now, when two days have elapsed since we received the news, we have not been able to find natives of this tribe who are willing to pass over the fighting ground at one point on the journey, where about ten days ago the fierce Fangwes fired on the steamer Okota, seriously wounding the captain and several others. I must wait at least two days longer to find some Galwas who will be willing to take me to Talaguga in my little boat Evangeline."

Standing beside this newly-made grave on the Ogove, how sweet the words read by our President in our hearing to-day: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," with much that follows in that comforting chapter—the 14th of John. Mrs. Layyah Barakat led in prayer.

Died.

NASSAU.—On the 8th of August last, Mrs. Mary B. Nassau was called to leave this world.

Though she was called suddenly away, she was fully prepared for leaving. Her departure was a triumphant one. She made it manifest that she was favored with the special presence of the Lord. Mrs. Nassau was the daughter of the late Rev. Julius Foster, of Towanda, Pa. She lost her mother when a child only six years of age. It was the request of her mother, which she expressed when on her death-bed, that her two children should be placed in the care of a sister of hers. In consequence of this, little Mary became one of the members of the family of the writer. She remained in his family not less than four years. At that time her father married again. She then came under the care of one of the very best of stepmothers. Very early in life Mary became a follower of the blessed Saviour. Deeming it her duty to do, she then not only made a profession of religion, but she really adorned that profession. Having become well qualified for such work, she became a teacher. It is thought that no school of which she had the charge ever had a more efficient and better teacher. Impressions which proved to be salutary were made on the minds of some whom she taught. She had an intense desire that those who never have heard of a Saviour should be made acquainted with the way of salvation. It was her design to go to Persia single, and teach there if the Foreign Board saw fit to send her; but Mr. Nassau, having become acquainted with her, prevailed on her to accompany him to Africa. About three years ago she left her native land in company with her husband, the Rev. Mr. Nassau, to engage in such a work as might be assigned her in benighted Africa. But short was the time allotted her to labor in that field ere her lifeless form was carried to its last resting place. Shall we therefore come to the conclusion that the sacrifice which she laid upon the altar of the Lord was not accepted by him? Was her visiting a distant heathen land of no use? Is the labor which she performed to be viewed of no account? Are the prayers which she offered up for a benighted people not to be answered? Is her faith and is her unshaken confidence proved to have been exercised in vain? This cannot be. Having espoused the cause of Foreign Missions, her whole heart was in the work, and continued to be till she closed her eyes in death. Knowing her peculiar fitness for engaging in missionary work, we mourn the loss the church has sustained in her death. I. T.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Sabbath last, Nov. 9, memorial services were held in Holmanville, at the Presbyterian Church, in memory of Mrs. Mary B. Foster Nassau, the wife of Dr. R. Hammill Nassau, of the West African Mission.

The three ministers who officiated at her marriage three years since, in the Presbyterian Church in Lakewood, took part in the service. Her venerable uncle, Rev. Isaac Todd, communicated some reminiscences of his beloved nicce, who after the death of her mother was for many years an inmate in his family, which were read by Rev. Allen H. Brown, who made a very tender address, recalling incidents in his acquaintance with Mrs. Nassau, which showed the loveliness of her Christian character and fitness for usefulness in her chosen field.

Rev. A. H. Dashiell preached the sermon from Heb. xi. 13: "These all died in faith," etc.

After showing the characteristics of faith in Christ, the preacher who had known her for many years gave a sketch of her life and character.

Mrs. Nassau was the daughter of Rev. Mr. Foster, a Presbyterian minister, who died ere his daughter attained unto womanhood. Her education was completed at the Female Institution at Freehold, where she developed excellent ability and a fondness for study. Very early in life she gave her heart to Christ, and ever after exhibited an earnest spirit of consecration to his service. She began her active life as a teacher in a rural neighborhood within the limits of her uncle's congregation, where the fruits of her labors and influence abide to this day. She afterwards taught in Lakewood, where she displayed the same attractive piety, winning all hearts by the loveliness of her character. But it was as the principal of the Female Seminary at Barnegat that she exerted the largest influence as an instructor of the young, and there as elsewhere her memory will always be fragrant.

The cause of Foreign Missions seized upon her thoughts and affections at the very dawn of her Christian life, and when the women of the church began their enterprise she threw all her enegies into the work, and her ringing appeals as the Secretary of the Woman's Board of the Presbytery of Monmouth drew many hearts to her by bonds of love.

In the fervor of her zeal she offered to go as a teacher, and it was during the pendency of a proposition to go to Persia that she providentially met Dr. Nassau, who sought and won her as his wife to accompany him to his field in West Africa. Her career as a missionary is in its fruits only known in heaven. But her patient, uncomplaining labors among a savage and cannibal race, the cheerful courage amid all the perils of her situation, and her joy in her work, are precious mementoes, for which "we glorify God in her."

She died on the 6th of August. A few days before her death she expressed in a letter her gratitude to God for calling her to her work in Africa, little thinking then that she would be so soon summoned to the presence and joy of her Lord.

Her death was remarkably peaceful and happy. She retained her consciousness to the last, and when her husband prayed that Jesus might be with her, she said, "*He is.*"

When her eye grew dim and her ear heavy, she continued to converse with her husband, not in English, but in the 'Mpongwe tongue, this testifying not only her serene faith, but her undying love for the people for whom she gave her life.

Hers was a short course and a costly offering. Some may say it was a waste: she did not so regard it. Her Lord accepted it, doubtless as he did that of another Mary.

The seed sown and watered by her tears will not perish, but there on the banks of the Agove a precious harvest will wave over her sleeping dust, and her example shall stir the hearts of others "to be baptized for the dead." D.

DIRECTORS' MEETING OF WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1884.

Twenty-nine Directors present and a number of visiting friends. Among the latter were Mrs. Z. M. Humphrey, of our sister Society of the Northwest; Mrs. Backus, of the Society in Northern New York, and Mrs. Briggs, President of Carlisle Presbyterial Society.

Another letter from Miss Nassau's faithful pen brings us still closer to that new grave among the rocks at Tala[illegible] after many d[illegible] four days ar[illegible] eaching th[illegible] from whence[illegible] her heaven[illegible] at so consec[illegible] l not be live[illegible] ne of servic[illegible] nism aroun[illegible] dark as eve[illegible] till a light i[illegible], and aroun[illegible] erless child [illegible] ouch- ed wit[illegible] f the great [illegible] there in Cl[illegible] assau speaks[illegible] anks of the[illegible] still raging[illegible] very boat p[illegible] erce- ly cha[illegible] only escapi[illegible] l er-

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BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

RECENT INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF MRS. NASSAU.—We feel great sorrow in having to report for the third time the death of a young married missionary lady, the wife of the Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D. She departed this life at Talaguga, on the Ogove, West Africa, August 8, 1884. Her death is a great loss, not only to her relatives and many friends, but to the interests of the mission. An account of her life and work will be looked for with much interest.

DECEMBER 25, 1884.

THE WEST JERSEY CONVENTION.

According to the appointment of the Presbytery of West Jersey, the Missionary Convention was held in Bridgeton on the 3d.

The morning session, the *Evangelist* reports, was occupied with four excellent papers, twenty minutes each: "Half a Century in India," by A. Brodhead, D. D.; "Formal Religions." by Rev. Henry Reeves, Principal of Ivy Hall Seminary, Bridgeton; "Paganism," by Rev. L. C. Baker, Philadelphia; "Africa," by Rev. R. Hamill Davis, Ph. D., Beverly. In the discussions the Rev. Allen H. Brown gave a clear, succinct account of the Congo Conference; the Rev. F. D. Harris followed up Dr. Davis' address on Africa (in which affectionate mention of the Nassaus of the Ogone was made), by the suggestion that African women ought to be educated among us for a special work upon the Dark Continent; Dr. Brodhead gave some further mention of the Woodstock (India) School, where are three ladies from the Presbytery, Mrs. and Miss Scott, and Miss Williamson; and the chairman of the convention, Dr. William Aikman, gave a rapid and interesting review of the decay and removal of ancient evils in the Indian empire. In the afternoon there was an illustrated address on "Missionary Methods in Churches," by Rev. W. H. Belden, and a capital survey of the missionary opportunity—"The Great Door and Effectual"—by the Rev. Clearfield Park, of Millville. The ladies were addressed in the chapel by Mrs. S. E. Newton, now of Princeton, N. J., for seventeen years in our missionary work in India. The evening session was wholly given to Secretary Ellinwood, who spoke upon India as a field for American missionary endeavor.

Died.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mary Brunette Foster, only daughter of Rev. Julius Foster, was born in Towanda, Pa., June 19th, 1849. Married in Lakewood, N.J., to Rev. R. H. Nassau, M. D., October 10th, 1881. Died at Talaguga, Ogowe River, West Africa, August 8th, 1884.

A scene in April, 1879, probably, marks the time when the subject of this sketch finally decided on her life work. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church was holding its annual meeting in Philadelphia, and she with other friends from New Jersey was present. As missionary addresses were the order of that session, an invitation was given to all who were, who had been, or who ever expected to be missionaries, to come to the front that morning, and take seats together.

Miss Foster, sitting at the furthest end of a seat full of ladies, heard the call in silence, but some minutes afterward, when all who had been named had taken their seats on or near the platform, she arose, and with heightened color and trembling voice asked to be allowed to pass out into the aisle. In response to an inquiring look, she bent low and whispered, "I must go! I don't belong here." Then, making her way out, she joined the little group to which, as we now know, she truly belonged.

That same year Miss Foster became the Secretary of the Monmouth Presbyterial Society, a position she filled with great acceptance until her departure for the foreign field.

Previous to 1881, it was as a teacher in several village schools in New Jersey that she was most widely known. After graduation from the Young Ladies' Seminary in Freehold in that State, she taught in Holmansville (her home during the fifteen years preceding her marriage), at Burrsville, Lakewood and Barnegat. In the second year of her experience as a teacher a revival of religion began in her school and extended throughout the community. "There were many hopeful conversions, and her memory is still fresh in the hearts of that people, though fifteen years have passed since she taught among them." One of those whom she was then instrumental in leading to Christ was a young man who has since entered the gospel ministry.

The last three years of Miss Foster's life in this country were passed in Barnegat, N. J., where she taught a select school. Her genial, winning manners, singleness of purpose, intelligence and energy, ensured success in whatever she undertook. Underneath all these qualities lay the materials out of which true missionaries are made. Those who knew her best felt that her first care was for souls, and all her work was done unto the Lord, and not unto men. At this time she declined several invitations to go West as a missionary teacher.

In the spring of 1881, after much prayerful consideration, she offered herself to the Board of Foreign Missions, and received an appointment as a missionary to Persia.

Scarcely was her way open to this distant post when a call was presented to her from another part of the field. To decide between Persia and Africa cost a struggle; but its outcome—that happy missionary home and loved companionship in Talaguga—was ever to her a theme for thanksgiving. Her letters from this point recall the early history of 19th century missions, when savage hearts were like the cities of old Canaan, "walled up to heaven," and savage natures were free to work their own will on the unfriended missionary. Few were so well fitted to cope with the dangers and privations of pioneer life as this devoted woman. The wilderness pressed as close as the shadows of night on the little bamboo cabin that Dr. Nassau had reared for his bride. Not far away were villages inhabited by Fanwes, a fierce tribe of cannibals, from which no soul has yet been won for Christ. Says the Board's report of Talaguga: "Hardly any of the stations among the heathen have been maintained in the face of more discouraging outward circumstances. Twice Dr. Nassau's life was in much peril in his intercourse with his neighbors." No religious instruction has yet impressed these people, though many were attracted to the Sabbath services on the verandah by the sweet tones of Mrs. Nassau's organ.

The political horizon was also dark. French interference with schools, their objection to marriages solemnized by our missionaries, the pestilent atmosphere of trading stations on the coast, the rum traffic with Europeans, the dangers of travel and transportation on the river, were all hindrances to a work which is mountainous at best.

No missionary letters to the home land were more burdened with requests for intercessary prayer than those penned by Mrs. Nassau. Her last plea for poor Africa was yet ringing in the ears of her co-laborers here when news of her death gave to the appeal the semblance of a message from the skies. Many of the particulars of this sad event are too sacred for the public eye; but we may picture the scene as it appeared to the dusky friends who alone stood near, for of white faces there were but three, the husband, wife, and a little babe but five hours' old, called Mary by its dying mother.

Much that Mrs. Nassau said in her last hours was in an African tongue; but when her mind came back from its wanderings sweet English words of faith told who was with her in the dark valley.

Dr. Nassau's only helpers in this time of sorrow were Africans, two native Christian women and eleven young men belonging to his mission family. The large and comfortable house he was building near his cottage was nearly ready for occupancy when she who was to have been its sunshine was called to her mansion in the skies. Out of the boards prepared for this dwelling a coffin was made, and on Saturday, August 9th, all that was mortal of Mrs. Nassau was laid to rest among the rocks near by on the river bank.

Days passed after the news of this sad event had reached Miss Nassau and other friends at Kangwe before communication could be opened with Talaguga, only fifty miles distant. War was raging among the tribes on both sides of the Ogove, and every boat passing up stream was fired upon. This separation from friends had been foreshadowed to Mrs. Nassau by her brother's experience not long before. She wrote to a friend in New Jersey of this trial: "Think of the long months he had been suffering, and I knew nothing of it! Two more will elapse before he can receive a word of sympathy from me. This startles me when I think what might happen in Africa and home friends so far away and unable to give aid or sympathy. But our Master is sovereign, and will ordain only that which we ought and can endure. If these afflictions only prove our purification and sanctification, we ought to rejoice in them."

Mrs. Nassau's health had been exceptionally good, and years of happy service seemed to be opening before her. They open still beyond the lonely grave which now marks our frontier at Talaguga. For the rude savages who gathered reverently about it, death for the first time seemed beautiful and holy, while love shining out of her life yet speaks to them from its depths, and proves the truth of the Master's words: "Except a corn of wheat fall to the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

H. M. J.

We have heard with sorrow, in this year, of the death of Mrs. Mary Nassau. To us it seems a mystery, that one so loved, so evidently well fitted for the work upon which she had so lately entered, should have been so suddenly called away. We sympathize with the bereaved friends, and will ever think, with a tender interest, of the little girl so soon left motherless.

REPORTER-JOURNAL—TOWANDA, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the article on Mary Foster Nassau, page 2, to the complete list of township officers on page 6, and to some beautiful poetic selections on same page. The agricultural and house departments will be found specially interesting also.

A Tribute to a Towanda Missionary.

A MEMORIAL OF MARY FOSTER NASSAU.

The other day I received a letter bearing a strange stamp, and a postmark showing that it had been over two months on its way to me, coming via Liverpool from a mission station in West Africa, near the equator.

As I passed it around at the dinner table that my family all might have a guess in deciphering the point from which the letter started, it proved an over-draft on our reserved fund of geographical information. The offer of a big apple to the one who should come within five hundred miles of the correct place was a failure! So the letter had to be opened. It was from a playmate of my youth, who, over a score of years since, exchanged the coasting and skates and snow-forts of our boyhood, for a residence under a zenith sun in the land of palms and tropical verdure.

The same year that this friend, the Rev. R. Hamill Nassau, M. D., went out to Corsica, I began my pleasant work in Towanda, as a teacher in the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute. To what extent any were profited by my instruction is not for me to say; but one thing I can confidently declare, that I look back to that experience as one of the most pleasant events in my life, and I cherish the memory of every scholar, whose name or whose face I can recall, with respect and affection.

Occasionally—perhaps as often as once a month—the class-room round was suspended for an hour or two, and the latter part of an afternoon was devoted to special literary exercises. Declamations, a vigorous original oration, with some creditable instrumental and vocal music, essays that cost their fair writers a modest blush of pride, and an olio of sharp and witty gossip, abounding in hits that were not marred by trace of malice, were listened to by all the assembled students and a sprinkling of visitors who came to enjoy a cheerful hour.

It was on one of these occasions, in September, 1860, that I saw for the first time the sprightly form and fair face of the good pastor's daughter, Mary Brunette Foster. Her youthful face was the impersonation of sincerity and purity, combined with the joy of innocent childhood. I do not recall the piece she rehearsed, but it was one entirely consonant with her nature, and it fell with grace from the lips of a little girl some eleven or twelve years of age. She was known for her sweet disposition and lovely character, and the impress was not transient. As a child she was the pattern of propriety; and it was a common saying that she was as nearly perfect as any one could be.

Not being in any of my classes I had no opportunity to become acquainted with her mental characteristics. Leaving Towanda when the war began, I knew little of her after-life until the news came, three years ago, of her departure for the Presbyterian mission field on the Ogove River, in the Gaboon district, as the wife of my early associate, Dr. Nassau, who had been on a second brief visit to his native land.

Dr. Nassau is a man fond of music and song, proficient on the flute and the guitar—to the delight of his sable attendants; fond of meditation, contemplative in his nature; delighted with the changing panorama of forest scenery; ready for long tours by boat, the rivers of Africa furnishing the only avenues for travel that are not forthwith closed by the quick and dense growth of the trees. Here and there are scattered villages, at the mouth of some tributary to the great river. To one whose mind was not attuned to Nature's harmonies how solitary must be the vast intervening spaces; and how great the sense of loneliness to one who, having found a companion of kindred tastes, discovers this sweet accord of thought and taste and disposition, only to lose it after the briefest period of its enjoyment! But such has been the sorrowful experience of my friend, Nassau.

On August 8th, 1884, at Talagaga, Mrs. Nassau departed this life, leaving an infant daughter whose choicest inheritance will be to possess some of the traits that made her mother so much beloved. The *Presbyterian Record* for December, noting her death, says truly, "An account of her life and work will be looked for with much interest."

Her husband touchingly writes, "I wish to preserve, for the sake of my little daughter's heart-life, as well as for my own tender memory, everything that I can gather of those parts of my wife's life with which I am least acquainted. She told me a great deal, so that I have all the outline, but not the proper order of the incidents she narrated. I do not need the opinion of others—though Tupper says, 'Love gathereth much from Opinion'—to make me think more highly of one whom, cherished as my affectionate wife, I knew as strictly truthful to a hair's line, almost painfully conscientious in the performance of duty, inflexible in the pursuit of what she believed right, unswervable from that purpose by any pleadings of love or seductions of ease, and spiritually minded. But I want to see whether there were the developments of anything seen in her as a schoolgirl, or whether Grace, and the perfect work of trial had wrought them in her."

My classmate in Lafayette College, the Rev. Oliver Stone Dean, who will be remembered by the readers of this article as the popular principal of the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute, in 1858-61, now pastor of the Winthrop Congregational Church, writes from his pleasant home at Holbrook, near Boston, "Most gladly would I lay a spray of flowers on dear Mary's all too early grave. My recollections of her are very vivid, but only as of a child of twelve years. She comes before me as a lithe and slender figure, favoring her father in her build; with light brown hair flowing down her back, her countenance fresh and slightly tinged with pink. She had a curl to her lips that gave her great sweetness of expression; and no gazelle ever looked out of softer, dreamier eyes than those which served as windows to her pure soul. There was in them a mellow light and a meditative expression that made them seem like deep wells of affection. There was that about her that one look did not satisfy, but you turned to look again. If she was gentle in her manner above most girls of her age—as she was,—it was not because of any lack of that basal element of character, a vigorous will, which was sometimes very strong and determined.

"She was quick in her intellectual perception, easy to learn, faithful and honest in fulfilling her tasks. Her lessons were always well learned. She inherited a tender conscience, which I have sometimes thought was developed to an extreme sensitiveness, but to which she gave heed with the greatest fidelity.

"Taken all in all, her form, as I recall her across the long interval of a quarter of a century, is one of the fairest among the many lovely ones associated with memories of College Hill, in Towanda, and the Institute which crowns it. Her sweet, pure, faithful childhood was a prophecy of what I am sure her womanhood was, and since she fell asleep on the banks of the Ogove, I have not the least doubt her unbound spirit walks by the banks of the river of life; and when she was released from her earthly mission, an angel of mercy to dark Africa was transformed into an angel of light in the city of God. But, alas for poor Nassau! What a loss is his! God bless him and his work."

SELDEN J. COFFIN.
Lafayette College, Easton,
February 4th, 1884.

MONMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

FREEHOLD, N. J.,
THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1885.

PRESBYTERY OF MONMOUTH.

ANNIVERSARY OF

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Reported for the Monmouth Democrat.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Monmouth Presbytery was held in the lecture room of the Freehold Presbyterian church, during the Spring session of the Presbytery, on the 14th inst. The President, Mrs. Judge PARKER, presided. The session was opened at 10 o'clock, A. M., with devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. FRANK CHANDLER, pastor of the church. After roll-call Mrs. PARKER read her annual address, at the close of which she offered prayer. The minutes of the last meeting were then read by the Secretary, Mrs. B. S. EVERITT, and the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. B. DAVIS, read the annual report of the Society. Miss MARY C. TAYLOR, Treasurer, then read her annual report showing the receipts for the year as $1,821.47, being about $200 in excess of last year's contributions, which was distributed as usual to various departments of the work abroad. In addition, a spontaneous offering of $100, mainly taken up at the time, was made in memory of Mrs. NASSAU to the general cause of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

A letter from Miss NASSAU, of Africa, addressed to the Society, was read.

The following committees were then appointed:

On Nominations—Mrs. Andrew Perrine, Mrs. Kent, and Mrs. Lippincott.

On Resolutions—Mrs. Dr. Henry Symmes, Mrs. John Silvers, Mrs. Churchman.

On Memorial Resolutions—Miss Mary C. Taylor. Mrs. Frank Chandler.

Mrs. Dr. VanDyke and Mrs. John Silvers were appointed delegates to the annual meeting of the General Society, at Baltimore.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society re-assembled in the lecture room. The reports of the several committees appointed at the morning session were read and adopted, after which they adjourned to the church and addresses were made by Revs. Frank Chandler, A. H. Dashiell, Allen H. Brown and Edward B. Hodge.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Mrs. Joel Parker, Freehold; Vice Presidents—Mrs. Thaddeus Wilson, Shrewsbury; Mrs. Frank Chandler, Freehold; Mrs. Pratt, Allentown. Recording Secretary—Mrs. B. S. Everitt, Jamesburg. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. B. Davis, Hightstown. Treasurer—Miss Mary C. Taylor, Burlington.

The following are copies of the address of the President and report of the Corresponding Secretary, as read at the morning session.

MRS. PARKER'S ADDRESS.

Friends of Monmouth Presbyterial Society: Thirteen years have passed since first we assembled to work for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, as it shall be influenced by the conversion of heathen women, brought through our instrumentality out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel. It has ever been a joy to meet our sisters in Christ and hold spiritual communion with them. We salute you in His name and welcome you to this our religious home. May the Spirit's power be manifested in this assembly, uniting us more closely to one another and to our Lord!

We are assembled to-day under the shadow of a great sorrow. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts." We may not know why the lovely, the gifted, the consecrated are taken from useful labors in the church militant, but in submission to His unerring wisdom, we *must* say "Thy will be done." She who gave us, at our Annual Meetings, the narrative of the work of the year, conveyed in the glowing utterances of a consecrated heart, who at the call of the Master left home and country to represent us in benighted Africa, having finished the work which He gave her to do has gone to the bright home on high, there to join her predecessor in this Presbyterial office, in the "General Assembly and church of the first born." They are among the cloud of witnesses who compass us about, watching us as we run the Christian race. This thought is inspiring: Even while I speak, an indefinable sense of nearness to the glorified and of spiritual communion with them comes over the soul. We cannot lift the veil that hides them from our view, but faith beholds them, "Not unclothed but clothed upon" in spiritual loveliness and a beauty not of earth, still serving the Master whom on earth they delighted to honor. They have seen the Heavenly City.

> "The palace of the Everlasting King,
> Its gates of pearl, its edifice of gold;
> Its very streets of pure crystalline gold."

Walls of jasper and all manner of precious stones surround their blest abode. Thus did the New Jerusalem appear in Apocalyptic vision. Would we call them from that state of purity and bliss?

> "The dear delight,
> Seems so to be desired, perhaps we might."

No, let us rather so live, that through infinite mercy we shall be permitted to rejoin them. Laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, be it ours, to run with patience the heavenly race, that we also may obtain an unfading crown. Voices that have often been heard in our Assemblies are calling to us—sweet voices that shall never again speak to us on earth. Twice has the hand that held the pen for us been paralyzed by death; thus God speaks to us in language that cannot be misunderstood. Be vigilant, be earnest, for service here will be ended ere long.

These our friends were daughters and wives of clergymen. They were attractive, intellectual, cultured, enthusiastic in the Master's work, wholly consecrated to His service. Each left a babe to be cared for by other hands than hers. Yet in that time when the heart yearns over the helpless little one, when thoughts of the desolation that must come upon the husband and father must have been painful indeed, they were enabled through grace to pass peacefully to the World of Light, confiding all their cares in Him who careth for us. One left a happy home in christian America, the other soared on high from the habitation of a pioneer missionary in African wilds. The Lord appoints the spheres of duty for his servants; it is required of them that they be found faithful. From the organization of our Presbyterial Society they were among our most active members; always present in our annual assemblies, always earnestly desirous for its increased usefulness. For it they labored and prayed, and like watchmen on the walls of Zion, they surveyed our Presbyterial territory, desiring to see the women and children of the churches joining the ranks of our missionary army.

MARY FOSTER NASSAU was no ordinary woman. In early life she gave promise of fitness for the sphere of usefulness to which God had assigned her. Of her character and appearance during childhood at Towanda, we have an account from some who remember her in the dawning of intellectual and moral life. A record of the impression which she then made has been thus given:

> "Her youthful face was the impersonation of sincerity and purity, combined with the joy of innocent childhood. The piece she rehearsed was entirely consonant with her nature and it fell with grace from the lips of a little girl some eleven or twelve years of age. She was known for her sweet disposition and lovely character and the impress was not transient. As a child she was the pattern of propriety; and it was a common saying that she was as nearly perfect as any one could be."

Another, after picturing her personal appearance says:

> "She was quick in her intellectual perception, easy to learn, faithful and honest in fulfilling her tasks. She inherited a tender conscience, which I have sometimes thought was developed to an extreme sensitiveness, but to which she gave heed with the greatest fidelity. Taken all in all her form, as I recall her across the long interval of a quarter of a century, is the fairest among the many lovely ones associated with memories of College Hill, in Towanda, and the Institute which crowns it."

We are glad to have these records of her childhood from others. Of the lovely disposition and character which developed among us we can speak from our own appreciative memory. When a student in Freehold Young Ladies Seminary she was the "bright particular star" in a large class of intelligent young ladies. She was a conscientious scholar, studious, earnest, commanding the entire respect of the Principal of that institution. Whether in the class-room or the literary society, she always gave strength to the exercises and contributed largely to their interest. From childhood she had given evidence of reverence for Christ, and during her school-life she entered into covenant with Him, thus fulfilling the promises made by parents at her baptism. Bright and joyous in her nature, she yet had that seriousness of character which is common to all intellectual women, whose aim is to glorify God and to extend the triumphs of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Prof. RICHARDSON'S generosity afforded peculiar facilities to the daughters of clergymen, and it may be well to say that in the culture of this young mind he felt that he was doing work not merely for her advancement in this life, but reaching into eternity. He has said that he believed he was preparing one who would be a light in the Church of Christ, perhaps a missionary to the heathen. His kindness to her received a return in the entire respect and gratitude which she ever cherished for him. The friendships which are based upon congeniality of tastes and pursuits and strengthened by the more enduring tie of union with our common Lord, are not confined to the narrow boundaries of human life, but find their highest joy in the intercourse of eternity. Upon the foundation laid in school-life, she built the earnest deeds and solid attainments which will stand the test in the day which shall decide the quality of our works. May we not hope that the companionship which was interrupted here has now been renewed, and that teacher and pupil, having passed the trials and difficulties which beset their path, have met in the realm of perfect peace?

Childhood and youth had passed away; she had received in our own Seminary the culture which would fit her for usefulness in life. We remember her earnest face when she had finished her course of study and received the testimonial of completeness; the thoughtful look of high resolve, as with lingering step she crossed the threshold of her Alma Mater. She had passed the years of preparation and now, with womanly dignity and courage, she would enter upon her life's work. I think at this most interesting period she had a consciousness of power and a determination to use her gifts in His service, who had thus endowed her. It was not for her to tread the flowery path of elegant leisure, neither did she desire it. Whatever of brightness and of beauty were in her pathway she thankfully enjoyed, but she did not linger amid the fascinations of mere pleasure. Life was too earnest; she could not be a loiterer.

Cares awaited her; the knowledge she had received she must impart to others. She therefore devoted herself to the responsible calling of a Teacher. For this she was eminently qualified by natural endowments, culture, and facility in imparting knowledge, and she was successful in her work. But knowing that human knowledge will avail little unless accompanied by heavenly Wisdom, she prayerfully sought to lead her pupils to the Great Teacher, who only could make them wise unto salvation, and many souls, we believe, were saved through her instrumentality.

At the Annual Meeting of our Presbyterial Society, held in this room in April, 1879, she was elected its Corresponding Secretary to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Edward B. Hodge, and entered upon the duties of the office with much zeal. The impression of duty which she had long felt, to go forth as a missionary to the heathen, was greatly deepened by being officially connected with the work, and it was at the Annual Meeting held in Philadelphia a month later that she made her desire known to the officers of the Parent Society. She filled the office of Secretary with great fidelity, for three years, carefully watching over the interests of our organization and presenting us each Spring with accurate reports of the work, written with much power. In the Spring of 1881 she received an appointment to go out as a missionary to Persia, but God had work for her in another land and it was as the wife of Dr. R. Hamill Nassau that she went, in the Autumn of that year, to the most self denying of all fields—dark Africa. Her last Annual meeting with us, which assembled in Jamesburg, was a time of very tender feeling. The knowledge that we must soon part with this dear friend gave a saddened interest to the occasion. A spirit of prayer pervaded the Assembly. Our smiles resembled tears, so full were we of desire to strengthen her heart even while we felt how great would be our loss. Now were our principles put to the test—the duty of women to go forth at the call of the Lord for the salvation of their own sex in heathen lands, which we had so emphasized, was accepted by one whom we greatly valued, and it was hard to say farewell. But the Lord had made known his will to her; He had called her by His Spirit to this service; she knew his voice and followed in the path by which he led her.

Now a succession of pictures pass before us like a panorama. At the large meeting of the W. F. M. Society, held in Asbury Park on the 9th of August, 1881, she was present by my request and led the afternoon prayer meeting in the church. That audience will ever remember her as she then appeared; her look of firm resolve and holy submission to the leadings of Divine Providence. Truly it was good to be there; the Master's presence was felt illuminating the place, and earnest supplications were offered that she might be strengthened for the performance of this distinguished service. Then followed the reception at our Seminary, from whose portals she had gone forth in 1867. It was fitting that she should return, and that her venerated teacher should be the one to say "Hail and farewell." No eye was unmoistened by the tear of sympathy when she received his welcome, and when with choking utterance she attempted to give thanks for the organ there presented, which was to be a solace and help in her work, and failing in the effort turned to the chosen partner of her future life for aid. If

> "Some feelings are to mortals given
> With less of earth in them than heaven,"

they are experienced at times like these, when love and sadness are thus mingled.

The scene in the chapel at Lakewood, where she plighted faith to her husband, the interesting exercises, the absence of mere show, the beautiful purity and simplicity of her appearance, and the large reception at the pastor's house, are all pictured in memory. Once more she appeared in a Woman's Missionary Assembly. On the day after her marriage she visited the Synodical Society at Jersey City, and there bade farewell to many who had been fellow-laborers in the foreign work, and on the following day, Oct. ~~11~~ 12, 1881, we saw her on the deck of the steamer as, standing by the side of her husband, she waved adieu to the friends assembled on the shore of her native land. If the painful thought intruded that we might see her face no more, it was banished from the mind and we looked forward, after some years of earnest work, to a glad reunion.

A long voyage across the trackless ocean brought her to the shores of Africa, and after some months she found a little home at Talaguga, far up the Ogowe river, where the face of a white woman had never before been seen. Here she applied herself conscientiously to the work of leading souls to Christ, and from this isolated abode she sent us each year letters breathing love to Christ and desires for his glory in the salvation of the benighted souls around her, ever closing with the apostolic words: "Pray for us." Whether with tender tones and face illumined by Christ's righteousness she spoke to them in that unfamiliar language, or with the harmony of the organ touched by her skillful hands and accompanied by her voice singing of Jesus, she still pursued the work he had given her to do, and followed closely in his steps. She was happy in her service and in the companionship of a husband, who shielded her as far as possible from sickness and danger.

At length the hour of her departure was at hand, and being made perfect in holiness the Lord called her from the scene of labor into His presence, where there is fullness of joy. Our imagination follows her to the land of light; but it is vain to stand gazing into heaven. There are moral wastes to be reclaimed, the "Desert must rejoice and blossom as the rose," and we must have our share in this work for Jesus. On whom shall her mantle descend? Will there be any woman in this Presbytery ready to go to the heathen in such spirit of consecration? Christian soldiers drop from the ranks, we look with tearful eyes to the vacant places, but the army must move on. As our warfare is not carnal but spiritual, women are among the most heroic combatants. Physical courage, love of country and of earthly glory have enabled men to march to the cannon's mouth. But to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, to labor and pray without apparent success, to be separated from the refinements of civilized life and hindered by circumstances beyond our control, to be in danger from those whom we would lead to Christ, yet with strong faith to sow the seed, *this* is the *moral* sublime. Let us magnify the grace of God as exemplified in her life, and to him give all the glory! Her example speaks powerfully to us, her co-laborers for many years, and we have felt that this meeting should be fragrant with her memory. Our sympathies are extended to the stricken hearts in that Talaguga home, accompanied with tender interest in the motherless babe.

We have a part in this work widely different from the trials and self-denial incident to heathen countries; yet it is important, for how shall those poor women hear the Word of God except it be sent to them. Our work involves no heroic endeavour but it does demand perseverence and enthusiasm. Let the death of our beloved friend arouse us to greater earnestness, deeper spirituality, and a desire to emulate her holy zeal. Two standard-bearers from our society now wear the crown that fadeth not away and their saintly lives are mute appeals to us for greater consecration. Every christian woman in Monmouth Presbytery should be enlisted in this most importan work of the church, bringing the nations of the earth to the feet of Immanuel, and should accompany the prayer which He has taught us—"Thy Kingdom come"—with gifts proportionate to the mercies received. We must not shirk responsibility nor fold our hands in inglorious ease, while millions of women are calling for the Bread of Life. Christian consecration is the crown of womanhood; it is the debt of gratitude due to that glorious Gospel to which we owe the position that we hold in the church and in the world. Christ accepts and commends our services and they shall in no wise lose their reward.

> "And the inward voice is saying,
> Whatsoever thing thou doest,
> To the least of Mine and lowest,
> That thou doest unto Me."

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

While, during the year now closing, some of our fellow laborers have finished their course with joy and been called from work to reward, we a little longer wait—our work for the Master is not quite done. As we come together to our thirteenth annual meeting, we look into each other's faces with thankfulness that we have been brought to know each other as christian workers and co-workers together with Him who laid down His life for our lost race.

The past year has been one never to be forgotten on account of the bereavement to which we, as a society, have been subjected. When we were planning and praying for our dear fellow-laborers in the far away field of their toil, and our expectations were high and our hopes were sanguine, how little did we realize what was passing in that distant land. What suffering, what disappointment, what sad changes, what crushing sorrow! But our dear Lord makes no mistakes—"He doeth all things well." "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." In the midst of sorrow and sadness the lonely missionary with the care of his motherless babe, did not forget our Presbyterial society; and all who have read that sad letter written on the 13th of August, well know with what tender interest our society was remembered in that desolate home on the rocky hillside. And shall we not listen to the precious lessons given by the afflicted missionary to that little assemblage gathered around the lifeless form of his beloved wife, and feel that we too are expected to imitate her, as she imitated Christ—to imitate her careful daily study (not simply reading) of the Bible, her constant prayerfulness, and her perfect consecration in thought, word and action? Let us be admonished by the going out of this beautiful life, not to delay our work, but to consecrate ourselves more entirely to the Master's service. No cloud is so dark but there is a light beyond; so, out of this bereavement, God's voice will be heard from those last sad scenes, and from that lonely grave by the Ogowe, with power touching many hearts in that dark land as years of teaching probably could not have done. Out of our trials and sorrows we come laying our offerings and the record of another year's work at the Master's feet. A Presbyterial society is one of constant activity, and as branches of the same living vine may we give increasing evidence of life in our work, in our gifts, and in our prayers, seeing well to it that no branch be cut off in this day of privileges because of unfruitfulness. We are greatly encouraged by the testimony of one of our missionaries, Mrs. Hopper, who after visiting some of our Presbyterial societies, said: "I was much stirred up at these meetings, and feel assured they are the best way to keep up the interest. I attended ten of them, and at all found the ladies—young girls and Sabbath school children—working earnestly for the Master. I came away feeling as if they were forming into line to work for the conversion of the heathen, and my heart was greatly strengthened and encouraged to return to my field and show the same devotion and earnest consecration to the Master's work in Canton as I saw among the churches at home. Many of the women who came to these meetings had to rise early, do up their house work, then ride over twelve miles and return in the evening to attend to their home duties. I found that not all the self-denial is among the missionaries."

As we look into the home work of our societies, we are cheered and encouraged. As the little rivulets ruuning into the rivers widen and strengthen them, so each encouraging report from auxiliary or band is an arm of streugth to our Presbyterial. And to any discouraged ones we would say, be inspired to renewed efforts by our privilege of helping to send the gospel to our sisters in heathen darkness, for this is the work to which our Divine Master calls us.

Monmouth Presbytery embraces 45 churches. We, as a society, represent 25 of these churches, 22 auxiliaries and 21 bands and Sunday school organizations. We are happy to announce that 4 new organizations have been reported during the year. Oct. 3d, 1884, an auxiliary society was organized in the church at Toms River, and has on its roll the names of 49 members. The influence of that organization and the interest and energy of its members in mission work has no doubt been a blessing to that community.

A Young Ladies Band was organized in October, 1884, in the 1st church at Cranbury. The members of this band manifest a decided interest in mission work, and have sent in a good contribution. The Glenwood Band of Matawan church was organized in April, 1884, with 12 members. They now report 20 members, and 8 meetings held during the year. This band of young workers has not only grown in numbers, but shows an earnest love for the mission cause which has increased at each meeting, and with their first report send an offering to the "general fund." The members of the Sunday school of Plattsburg church have contributed to our society for several years. They have now become an organized band. Willing Workers, organized November, 1884, with a membership of 34, and the usual amount sent to our treasurer has this year been doubled, showing an increased interest in the work and the advantage of organized societies. To all these we give a hearty greeting and cordially welcome them as members of our society. And to the new organizations of last year we give thanks for their favorable reports; some of these have come in for the first time. The Van Rensselaer Hodge Band, of boys of Burlington church, have sent its first, and a liberal contribution to educate a boy in China. We trust with their interest and liberality they will stimulate others to follow their example. And the Busy Bees, of the same church, have not been idle, but show their industry and interest by a generous gift to the African schooner. The first year's offering from the band of Little Workers, 1st church, Cranbury, is a beautiful gift for a scholarship at Chenanfoo, China. And our young friends at Ocean Beach have brought in their first year's offerings. These pearls from the sea side will receive a precious reward if they continue in well doing. Our sister society at Bordentown gives a good report of its first year's work. May it not be that from this church some one will respond to the call "Go ye and preach my gospel," as has been the case in former years?

Our societies and bands have with but few exceptions given encouraging reports of their year's work. Monthly meetings are held with increased attendance, and a growing desire is manifested for an increase of missionary information by the increasing demand for missionary periodicals; especially are our young people awake to this. 272 magazines are now taken by the members of our societies and bands, an increase of 125 over the number taken two years ago. The cry comes over the ocean "pray for us." To do this intelligently we must make ourselves acquainted with the nature of the work. All of our bands have done nobly bringing in the dimes and the mites, thus helping to gather in their part of the large sum needed to carry on the work. Some have made a decided advance over last year, and we rejoice to say the same of our auxiliaries. Many have increased their gifts, as our treasurer's report to day will show, and this is a good test of our love and interest in the mission work. A recent convert from Buddhism said, "I worship God, but I take a few sticks of incense when I pray. It seems so mean to come before Him with just nothing." If our sisters coming out of heathen darkness feel this, can we who have so many precious privileges do less?

Our friends of Cranbury 2d church continue their good work in making life members: Mrs. John S. Davison makes Mrs. Lizzie Polhemus a life member, and Mrs. John S. Silvers makes Miss Julia Silvers a life member by contributions of $25 each.

Several of our auxiliaries have been favored with addresses from Mrs. Jackson, of India. Mrs. Barakat, of Syria, and our President, has given encouragement and inspired many to greater effort by her presence among them during the year. Our societies and bands have now a membership of 961.

Our work is extended to the following mission stations: Tao Paulo, Brazil; Mejdel, Beirut and Sidon, Syria; Dehra, Lodiana, Futtehgurh and Mynpmie, India; Bangkok, Siam; Gaboon and Talaguga, Africa; Chenanfoo and Suchow, Chiua. While some devote their funds to Zenana work in India, others contribute to the general fund. Thus we may know how we are represented in the foreign field; and do we realize how much our prayers and sympathies, with a few written words, are needed with our gifts to encourage and comfort the heart of the lonely missionary? Can we neglect to remember them with our prayers and tears of sympathy, when in the midst of their deep sorrow and loneliness they ask us as sisters to pray "that the Lord's work may be revived, His glory among the heathen advanced, whether by our life or by our death, all for His glory." Thus they express their love for the Master, and willingness to be used in His service. To-day we are again remembered with a letter written from the Ogowe, not from the hand of our sainted missionary whose memory will ever be precious to each one of us, nor from the lonely father of the motherless babe, but from Miss Nassau, who writes to us as a sister, knowing our desire to hear more of that lonely home. She also speaks of her mission work and the difficulties she had to encounter in reaching her afflicted brother, when war was raging among the tribes on both sides of the river, she in her frail little boat (which soon went to pieces after the last sad journey) was permitted to reach him in safety. Some bands and Sunday schools from other Presbyteries are sending funds to procure her another boat, and I am glad to report that one of our bands has raised an extra $20 to help replace the little *Evangeline*, which has done its work.

Oh, dear sisters, is not this our day of work? The demand is great and the opportunities are opening up to us on every side; shall we not heed the urgent call? Life was as precious to our dear missionary as to us, but she hesitated not to go to that dark land where her life was laid down for the love of souls. Is not the same voice calling us which called her, and shall we not obey, whether it be to the work at home or in the far off land of Africa or India. Let our earnest prayer be that the time may be very short ere another is called to go from Monmouth Presbytery and represent our society in the foreign mission field.

Now as we stand upon the threshold of another year let us consecrate ourselves anew to this work, "giving unto the Lord the glory due to his name." "Bring an offering and sing a new song unto the Lord, for he hath done marvelous things."

"The Lord has made known His salvation, His righteousness has He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen."

C. M. Davis, Cor. Sec.

April 14th, 1885.

From the Presbyterian Journal April 23 1885

TODD.—At Willow Grange, April 12th, Rev. Isaac Todd, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Holmanville, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Mr. Todd was born in Morristown, N. J., Dec. 2d, 1797. He united with the First Presbyterian Church in Morristown when about twenty years of age. He prepared for college under the tuition of James Johnson, A. M., and Rev. Asa Lyman. He graduated at Hamilton College, in the class of 1827. He pursued his theological studies at Princeton, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Elizabethtown, April 22d, 1830, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Susquehanna at Athens, Pa., Sept. 19th, 1833.

His first charge was Gibson, Pa., where he labored two years. In 1833 he became the stated supply at Tunkhannoe, and a church was organized and a church building erected during his ministy there.

In 1836 he removed to Orwell, Pa., where he served that church for three years, when he was called to Troy, Bradford Co., Pa., and was installed pastor of that church by the Presbytery of Susquehanna; there he labored thirteen years, during which time the new church was erected and many added to the communion. In 1853 he was employed as stated supply of the church at Milford, Pike Co., Pa., where he continued to labor until 1861, when he removed to Holmanville, supplying the church there and at Goshen until the time of his death.

This meagre outline of fifty years' labor in the gospel ministry is a feeble representation of the perseverance and fidelity of a good minister of Jesus Christ. It tells nothing of actual results in the manifestation of the truth. Fruits there were in souls redeemed and churches quickened and strengthened, but "the record" on high will alone disclose the full measure of good wrought.

Father Todd was a remarkable man. Wherever he was, his life and his speech gave "no uncertain sound." He knew what he believed and he did not shun to declare it. Loyal to truth and duty, his at the same time was a tender and loving heart. With a strong constitution, there have been few men in the church who have abounded more in labors. Up to a very recent time he was accustomed to fill three appointments on the sabbath, and to meet which he would ride several miles at every service. He faithfully prepared his sermons, and three weeks since, on the last Sabbath of March, he had a new sermon in his pocket which he had set out to preach, and as he was getting into his carriage, he was smitten with paralysis and carried to his bed, from which he never arose. He retained his consciousness till the last day, and his love for the church, his faith in the Saviour, his joyful hope accorded with the whole tenor of his life. "He was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

His funeral services were held in the Presbyterian Church, Lakewood, and the remains were carried to the family burial ground in Morristown.

A. H. D.

THE
PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL

Philadelphia, April 30, 1885.

On the roll of *Monmouth* Presbytery have been forty-eight ministers, thirty-five of whom have been actively manning this field, but one is not. These thirty-five captains of the Lord's host have kept up a continuous fire on the enemy for the year with good success, and "ever brightening encouragements" of victory. The reports from the front indicate increased attendance and attention and a revived loyalty to the great interests of Christ's kingdom. From the Sabbath schools come such words as these: "flourishing," "very encouraging," "increased," "never better," "good," "fair," while one is "low," and another "quiet." Notwithstanding the temptations of the world, the struggle and difficulties "to get good and faithful teachers," this corps of the Lord's army is receiving great care, and is being thoroughly drilled in the use of "the sword of the Spirit," and the Gatling gun of our theology *i. e.*, the Shorter Catechism. The places appointed for prayer have many and great things to contend against, while the club and lodge and party usurp the attention and energy of the people to the detriment of spiritual growth in Christian life in the church, yet prayer is made. Where the mission fire is in the pulpit, the spirit is generated in the pew to support missions. Most of the churches have done "well" and some "very well," while many people there are "whose consciences are never found when the Lord calls for money." But still this line of our work advances and the courage born of self-denial will prevail. The sword has not been drawn in vain when we can report that 278 souls have been won to Jesus; 103 of whom were baptized. This is 105 more than the preceding year, and 158 have entered the fellowship by letter. The 178 removals for various causes are not all loss, but most are change of location, while the seventy-one who rest from their labors remind us of the words of Jesus, "Be ye also ready." The 124 children consecrated to God in baptism tell us that parents have not forgotten the covenant. The successful warfare of the past inspires the faithful soldiers with renewed courage, and every heart beats with gratitude and joy for what the Lord hath wrought for us. The outlook within our bounds was never brighter. The enemy's ground is being possessed and the work pressed with vigor. With all the fields manned and the outposts well guarded we expect great things from the Head of the church. During the sessions, a memorial service was held in remembrance of Mrs. Nassau. Touching and eloquent tributes were paid to that heroic and self-sacrificing and courageous servant of the Lord Jesus. Messrs. Sims and Harsha, of the Middle class of Princeton Seminary, after a very fine examination, were duly licensed to preach the gospel. The usual routine business was attended to well by the brethren and they said No to the reduction overture. I should have mentioned that a memorial offering of $100 was raised at their meeting by the W. F. M. Society. Father Todd entered his eternal rest on the Sabbath evening preceding the meeting of Presbytery. "This cedar of the Lord was full of sap" to the very end of the eighty and eight years of his pilgrimage on earth. Others will tell of his labors in the Lord. This meeting in Freehold will be long remembered by the Lord's servants, and may his blessing abide on that kind people and their labors of love for his cause.

CLERUS.

THE
PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL
R. M. PATTERSON, D. D., EDITOR.

Philadelphia, May 14, 1885.

W. F. M. S.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut St., Phila.
May 5th, 1885.

To those who are watching the kaleidoscopic movements of the work, foreign missions presented to-day but little else than their home aspect. Two hours were devoted to Society business and reminiscences of the annual assembly. Mrs. Massey presided the first hour, when Mrs. Linnard took the chair. Twenty-six Directors present.

The Executive Committee recommend that auxiliaries and bands who for two successive years fail to report to the Treasurer of the parent society shall be dropped from the roll.

From the Presbyterial Society of Monmouth we hear of a delightful meeting at Freehold, N. J., on the 14th of April. A large delegation were present, representing twenty-two auxiliaries and twenty-one bands. Four new organizations were reported during the year. An increasing desire for missionary information is very manifest, especially among the young people. The Treasurer's report was good, showing an increase over last year's contributions of over $200. At our annual meeting a memorial offering of over $100 was given to the General Fund in memory of our beloved missionary, Mrs. R. H. Nassau, now rejoicing in the presence of her Saviour.

Of the Zanesville Presbyterial Society the Secretary writes: "We feel that the work done this year falls short of our desires, yet we are thankful that we have not lost ground. Three auxiliaries have been organized within the year, showing that our cords have been lengthened, and in some parts of our field stakes have been strengthened, but we want to do more."

The Redstone Presbyterial Society reports a most encouraging spirit of prayer in the auxiliary meetings. The Secretary speaking of the beginnings of work, says: "All that time there was not a lady who was willing to lead in prayer; now there are scores of them who are not only willing, but deem it a privilege as well as duty."

Of new auxiliaries there are four, viz., in the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, at Madison, N. J. (a transfer from the New York Society), Pomeroy and Syracuse in the Presbytery of Athens, Ohio, and at Wilmington, in the Presbytery of Chillicothe, Ohio.

There is something spring-like in the anniversary season which shows itself in an increasing number of organizations among children and young people. Sixteen have sprung up since our April meeting, the growth, perhaps, in most cases of the seed sowing of other years. Nine of these are in Pennsylvania, two in Ohio, and one each in Maryland and New Jersey.

Apropos to young people's work, Mrs. Posey mentioned a request from Miss Dickson, of Yankton Agency, Dakota, in behalf of a boarding school for Sioux children she expects to open next autumn in connection with Miss McCreight. They will need an abundance of thick, warm clothing for both boys and girls for every-day wear, and something a little better for Sundays. Sunday shirts for boys, for instance, and hoods, tippets and mittens for the girls in soft, bright-colored wools.

The gift by Dr. Richard Newton of his lectures to children to the schools in Bancho and Yokohama, were gratefully acknowleged in behalf of Japanese boys and girls.

Miss Schenck, of Teheran, Persia, is coming home for long deferred rest.

The Foreign Secretaries have received letters from Miss Snow, of Mexico; Mrs. Potter, of Teheran, Persia; Miss Thomas, Mrs. Howell, and Miss Dascomb, of Brazil; Miss Dickson, of Poplar Creek Agency; Miss McBeth, of Kamiah, Idaho; Mrs. True, en route to Japan; Mrs. Check, of Siam; Mrs. Butler, of Ningpo, China, and Mrs. Ogden, of Gaboon, West Africa. The latter writing after a long silence gives an explanatory account of her work since her return to Africa. She speaks of her fellow-laborers as well and happy, and with a side-long glance at our stormy March, "With wind and cloud and changing skies," she draws a delightful picture of her equatorial home with its flowers and singing birds and balmy air.

Her life is very full and in telling of its many and varied duties she mourns over the lack of time to study the language. The mission had recent news from each end of the West African field. In Benita, sower and reaper are rejoicing together over a blessed ingathering of souls. Miss M. A. Nassau is with her lonely brother at Talaguga.

This missionary in Africa looks across the sea at her sisters here laboring to sustain the cause of foreign missions in this Christian land, and recognizes the fact that they need the sympathies and prayers of their co-workers abroad.

When we last heard from Mrs. Butler, of Ningpo, China, she was packed up to flee at a moment's notice. The little boat was ready at any time to take them for safety to a man-of-war then in the harbor.

She writes again cheerfully as one bouyed up with the thought that many Christian friends at home were praying for the suffering Christians of China.

The next monthly prayer meeting of this Society will be held in the assembly room, 1334 Chestnut St., on Tuesday, May 19th, at 12 M. Subject, "Siam and Laos." Theme for Scripture reading, "Yield Yourselves unto God."

The Committee on Publications report that the Question Book on the North American Indians, and the leaflet entitled, "Preparation for the Master's Work," promised last month, are now issued.

Our series of Question Books is now complete, with the single exception of that in Persia, which will not be ready till fall. We have a new leaflet added to our list called "Systematic Giving," a conclusive argument on the subject, written by Mrs. W. J. Wilson, of N. Y., for the Society there.

Under the head of new business, the Standing Committees for the coming year were announced. These names, with much other valuable and interesting information, will be found in the Fifteenth Annual Report of this Society, soon to be published.

H. M. J.

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"That little Half-barrel"

X

THE
PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL
R. M. PATTERSON, D. D., EDITOR.

Philadelphia, June 18, 1885.

FROM AFRICA.

Talaguga, Gaboon and Corisco Mission, Ogove River, West Africa, Saturday, Mar. 7, 1885.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I date this at Talaguga, but, really, I am sitting twelve miles down river from my station, in a bamboo hut of a Fangwe village, whither I have come to get bamboo fronds for the building of my kitchen. I spent yesterday in the swamp with eight young men cutting the fronds. To-day I am on my way home, and have stopped for the crew's dinner in this village. I do not yet feel hungry myself; so I write while they are eating.

Last night was only the second in the seven months since my baby's birth that I have been away from her; and both absences have been in only this last month, since my sister Bella's presence enables me to leave the premises occasionally.

Two or three times a year there come to this mission house, ordered through the Board, from distant England or America, boxes and barrels and bales, containing supplies of food, or goods wherewith to buy food and pay natives wages. And at long intervals there come packages of home mementos from our own personal friends and relatives. The arrival of these supplies, and especially of the mementos, is fraught with interest and often with anxiety. For we never are sure that the contents have not been ruined by wet, or even stolen on the way. Generally there is loss. With all the changes and transfers, few boxes escape a wetting —from the wharf at New York—the docks of Liverpool—reshipped there —landed in leaky canoes at Gaboon (possibly left standing on the beach there by one gang of porters for the rising tide to wet before the next gang comes along)—again in those same canoes back to some chance small trading steamer going up the Ogove—landed in canoes at Kangwe —and again loaded onto a still rarer chance steamer coming to Talaguga —landed in canoes here—and perhaps under my own eye, and at my very beach, let fall into the water by some heedless native as he lifts it over the gunwale to hand it ashore. If the wetting has occurred at Liverpool or Gaboon, the long soaking of weeks has loosened book-bindings or molded the lovingly-made article of clothing.

So it was with careful hands that I bade a native lift a little half-barrel on Thursday, March 5th. A small steam launch had passed my house—slowed, and called for a canoe. I pushed off with four young men, and found on board three boxes and a half barrel that had been forwarded from Gaboon and Kangwe. "That must be the barrel that we have been notified by mail from Mrs. Reading, of Woodbury, N. J., was coming to my baby with clothing from York, Pa.!"

It was near noon—dinner time. When the station employees were, at the afternoon work-bell, returned to their several tasks, we said we would open that barrel.

Who were "we?" Sister Bella, who was busy answering the letters that had come by that same launch, nurse Handi, with baby Mary in her arms, and myself. We were on the verandah that runs the length of the front of the house. (All our houses are built with verandahs and long projecting roofs to ward off driving rains and too hot sun from the thin walls.

Baby was satisfied to look and crow, for she had just had her bottle of milk; and Handi was interested, for Mary's woolen stockings had "fulled up" in washing, and were a daily task to her and a pain to baby to force on to the growing feet—so much so that we had laid them aside, and deft fingers had cut and sewed more comfortable (if not as handsome) ones, for the emergeney, out of the dead mother's merino vests. And we had read in the letter and list to Mrs. Reading, signed by "Sallie B. Small," that there were nineteen pairs of stockings on their way to Baby Mary, sent by the York Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and especially from "the young mothers" in that society.

I opened the barrel, and handed article by article to sister Bella, who laid them in their appropriate piles, and cheeked off on that list, so that we might report. What could have been done in ten minutes as a matter of business took more than an hour as a matter of love and gratitude.

It was a tender time! Each article was unfolded—shown to the two or three natives of the household servants whom curiosity had attracted —looked on by baby—admired by her nurse—its immediate or prospective use decided by Aunt Bella. And the father's heart went from baby to the distant kindly givers, back to the mother's eypress-vine embowered grave not one hundred yards distant, and back again to each new little article as we neared the bottom of the barrel. What were these? Everything that a reasonable baby's trousseau could ask for. Slips, and cloths, and dresses, and stockings, and shoes, and bibs, and shawls, and wraps, and puff-powder, and playthings, and dolls, and even books. The work we had begun in excited interest "to see whether things were dry" grew slower as hands trembled with tender interest, and became finally heavy as the heart said, "Oh, that the mother could have known of all this!" She had with womanly forethought written to America to a dear mother-sister of mine "for baby things." I had sent a smaller order to Liverpool. Both sets had come (mine just before her death); and the mothers in the mission had each sent a few dresses, and sister Bella had promptly visited Talaguga, and made some. But in all these lists there happened to be a lack of stockings; and the supply of most of the other things would have had to be duplicated; and some would soon have had to be sent for. But here was all and more for two years to come. A pair of the shapely new stockings was at once put on the now willing feet. And the pretty blue kid shoes were held up. "Lay those aside; though they are not covenanter blue, they shall be worn when our Presbyterian missionary baby is baptized." A rosy-cheeked doll is revealed and extended to baby. But, though she knows her own face in the mirror under the name of "Molly Foster," she did not know what to make of the pretty manikin. (Roses in the cheek are not for Africa. White mothers lose them here, and their children do not gather them). Indeed, she was so happily occupied, with widely opened eyes, and pursed up mouth, and extended tongue, in a minute examination of the number and size of her toes, that she had no time to look at things that were to obstruct her view of the ten pink playthings nature had given her.

The entire list was perfectly new, and made or obtained for the occasion of my baby's wants, except a few of the stockings and one or two other pieces of clothing, which, though perfect and entire, had evidently once been used by some other babe. I looked on them with particular interest. Was it another little girl-baby that had worn them? And had her feet early wearied in life's path, and Jesus had taken her to walk, shod with eternal peace, in the golden street? And had a pitying mother, looking up from her own tears, made my motherless babe heiress of the treasured relics?

And there were some names there! A book:—Presented to Mollie Nassau, by Freddie Small, Nov. 7th, 1884.

And another:—For "Baby Nassau," from Mrs. H. M. Crider, York, Nov. 3d, 1884.

Everything had come perfectly dry, through all the risks of a journey. Or, if there were drops on them, those drops were crystal distilled from over-charged hearts and misty eyes.

You say: That was very nice indeed for your relatives to send you all those things! They are not my relatives. My natives were surprised when I told them that. They know nothing among themselves of the communion of saints which in its embrace reckons no mean selfish limit of family, clan, tribe, or nationality. But I have realized in my own life the Saviour's promise: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time." And in the usual evening prayers, I made the opening of the barrel and the first verse of the forty-first Psalm texts on which to speak of the blessing, direct and reflex, of sympathy for the afflicted.

Those givers of the barrel did not know me personally, nor I them. Except that, in common with philanthropic, missionary and Presbyterian circles, I had knowledge of the name "Small, of York, Pa." True, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. MacDougall, of York, were my college acquaintances; and missionary-sister Reading's name is claimed by the York W. F. M. S. Perhaps they dropped a seed-thought in the ears and hearts of those "young mothers" of the W. F. M. Society, that so very promptly and opportunely bore such fitting fruit.

I do not know, I only am sure that in the doing of what was done the society has done it as unto one of the least of these little ones, that they have touched a sad heart with a tender joy, and have made me gratefully and prayerfully their friend.

R. H. NASSAU.

W. F. M. S.

Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut St., Phila., June 2d, 1885.

Mrs. Schenck in the chair. After reading the Scriptures selected for the day (Rev. v. and Dan. vii. 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 18th and 27th verses), Mrs. Fullerton led in prayer.

There was nothing to-day either in thinned ranks or prospective cessation of business to show that this was the last meeting of the season. For instance, this recommendation of the Executive Committee, that inasmuch as the Board of Foreign Missions has the offer of valuable property in Zacatecas, Mexico, eligible for all mission purposes, which, though worth $100,000, can be purchased for $24,000, it has been suggested that this society help the Board in this purchase to the amount of $8,000. So ordered.

Receipts for May, $1,957.32. In reply to a question, the treasurer stated that the running expenses of this society were one and one-fifth per cent. of the amount raised.

From the Presbyterial societies an interesting letter was read from a newly elected president. She says: "Our meetings are considered rare treats. Not a member absents herself unless providentially hindered from coming." She seems to be equally happy in auxiliary meetings. These are held at the homes of the members, the hostess being responsible for the programme. Four ladies study up the subject, and so far no one has declined the duty.

Three new auxiliaries reported, viz.: in Darnestown, Md., Eastern Church, Washington, D. C., and Shermansdale, Pa.

Six of the seven bands reported are in Pennsylvania, viz: Anna West Band, Dry Run; Lowrie Band (boys), Scranton First Church; King's Messengers (Boys' Band), Mantua; Y. L. B., Sunbury Island; Empire Band, of Fox Chase; Bethel Band, East Pittston, and the Harvesters, of Merchantville, N. J. Mrs. Posey read an appeal from Miss Craig, of Rawal Pindi, India, for help for her girls' school in the way of rewards. Nothing seems to please the little ones there so much as a doll from America. Small, cheap dressed dolls will be very acceptable. It was suggested that these should not have heavy china heads, as the weight of a package is carefully noted in the expense of sending. Patent, unbreakable heads are better. Boxes of Christmas gifts for the children in Asia and other distant parts of the field will be packed in Room 25, 1334 Chestnut street, before the 20th of June.

Miss Mary Eddy, of Syria, sends thanks for a quantity of Christmas cards sent to her. She would like another instalment, not only as rewards, but as a help in entertaining guests during the long visits of ceremony to which a Syrian missionary is liable. Books to lend are useful also. English? Yes. Syrian girls are taught English in some of the schools, and the demand exceeds the supply.

Letters have been received by the Foreign Secretaries this month from Mrs. F. D. Newton, Mrs. Ewing, Miss Thiede, Mrs. Wyckoff, Mrs. Kelso and Miss Pendleton, of India, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Butler and Miss Berry, of China, Mrs. Ford and Miss Eddy, of Sidon, Syria, Miss Prevost, Miss Cochrane, of Mexico, Miss Dickson and Miss Ramsay, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Trippe, of North American Indians, Miss Dascomb, of Brazil, Dr. Berry, Mrs. True and Miss Milliken, of Japan, Dr. Cheek, of Laos Mission, and Miss Nassau, of Africa.

Mrs. Beall, wife of Rev. M. E. Beall, died in April in Sattillo, Mexico, leaving a little babe a few days old and other motherless children in that strange land. Mrs. Ford, of Sidon, has returned to this country on a visit with her daughter, Miss Sarah Ford. Mrs. Ford expects to return. Miss Nelson has recently been married to Rev. Wm. Eddy. Both are missionaries of the Board in Sidon.

An interesting letter was read from Miss Berry, of Chefoo, Northern China. Although quite an invalid for some months, Miss Berry has found many opportunities with the children who gather about her in her own room. She is teaching them geography by lessons in map-drawing. Bible lands receive special attention, and incidents connected with places marked on these maps are related, forming history lessons on which these young girls can pass a close examination. Of colored maps they have already a book, every page of which is an object lesson on which they can speak intelligently. She is teaching them also to embroider and to sketch from nature, with a view to their self-help in time to come. Foreigners send to Japan for such work as these children can be taught to do, and as most of them are very poor, means of support in future is a most important consideration. Meanwhile she has a little missionary society among them, and finds many a story to relate which not only entertains her young listeners, but illustrates to them those principles of the gospel by which China is to be reached and saved.

Miss Nassau writes of her sojourn in the desolated home in Talaguga, describing most touchingly the grave among its white rocks, and the little one whose mother is sleeping there. She says dear baby is not a bit afraid of the natives; often grasps a dark finger in her tiny hands, and laughs and coos as they speak to her. The tribes in the far interior are much more accessible than formerly, as they are now like a human tide pressing down the rivers to the sea coast.

Mrs. Trippe, of the Seneca Mission, praises God for a band of twelve young Indians who gave themselves to God last winter. They have the very spirit of the gospel, and go about telling the old story to their people with an earnestness which is delightful to witness.

The Committee on Candidates proposed for adoption as one of the society's missionaries Miss Rebecca Brown, daughter of Rev. F. D. Brown, of Manasquan, N. J. Miss Brown and her sister, who is under the care of the Society of the Northwest, are preparing to go together to Sidon as missionary teachers. Report accepted.

The Committee on Publications referred to the new leaflet on Systematic Giving just issued, and read the report of *Children's Work for Children* prepared by its editor, Miss M. I. Lombard, for the meeting of its supporting societies recently held in Cincinnati. Taking the number of Sunday school children (Presbyterian) within their respective fields as a basis of calention, the five societies have apportioned the number of subscribers which each should furnish in order to bring the circulation of the magazine up to 20,000, the number required to become self-supporting. According to this calculation, the smaller societies have far outdone their larger sisters last year. Had the societies centreing in Philadelphia and Chicago come up to the point reached by those of Northern New York and St. Louis, the circulation would to-day be nearer 50,000 than 20,000. Suffice it to say here that there was among all its supporters an increase of 5,000 subscribers in 1884, and that *Children's Work* is now a self-supporting periodical, with an outlook toward still better things.

The report of the Central Committee not having come from Cincinnati, the ladies who represented this society there gave an interesting account of the enthusiastic all-day meetings there. The woman's meetings were addressed by Miss Cundall, of Tripoli, Syria, Miss Clark, of Persia, Miss Cort, of Siam, and Mrs. Shaw, of China.

The meeting adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in September. H. M. J.

I long for household voices gone.
For vanished smiles I long.
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise.
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain.
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

The blessing of the [illegible]

From the Presbyterian Journal

W. F. M. S.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, March 2, 1886.

One of the admonitions in the chapter read in our hearing to-day was so pleasantly illustrated before the meeting was over that we begin our story with it. The prophet Joel is proclaiming a solemn national fast. The elders are called upon to assemble; the priests and ministers are to weep and pray between the porch and the altar. In the great congregation who were to present themselves before God were the bridegroom and the bride and all the children down to the babe in arms. With one heart and one voice Zion was to call upon the Lord to remember and bless his desolated heritage.

Such a command has been issued to the church to-day. The children are invited and the children are coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We heard to-day a very pleasant correspondence between one of the secretaries and a mission band of little girls. It seems that the debt of the Board has been a burden on the hearts of these children all winter. They had a pledge to fulfil to the mother society which was not to be forgotten. Now and then they wrote to tell of the progress they were making in this, always seeing in the distance that debt, mountain-like, overtopping all other work in a most threatening manner. To-day they sent the money for their special object and as much more, all weighted with love, to help the fathers in New York to lessen those tremendous thousands.

Twenty-two ladies were present and a number of visitors. Mrs. Massey presided, and Miss L. E. Campbell led in prayer.

The Executive Committee recommend Mrs. Thorpe as additional Foreign Secretary, and that Mrs. Morris be chairman of the Committee on Candidates. So ordered.

The treasurer reports receipts for February of $6,478 32. This is over $2,700 behind the receipts at this time last year.

Letters have been received during the month from the Presbyteries of Washington, Zanesville, New Brunswick, Shenango, Carlisle, West Jersey, Monmouth, Huntingdon, New Castle, Northumberland, Lehigh, Westminster, Washington City, Pittsburg, Allegheny, Erie, Cincinnati, Lackawanna, Jersey City, St. Clairsville.

Letters have also been received from Miss Bartlett, of Teheran, Persia, and Miss West, of Tokio, both acknowledging gifts of boxes from auxiliaries. The latter wrote in Japanese style an epistle, which was a curiosity, the narrow sheet measuring about two yards in length.

Thank offering meetings have been held during the winter in various places, and with marked success. From Washington Presbytery we hear of one of these gatherings where the gifts amounted to over $340, more than the usual contributions of the society.

Of new auxiliaries there are three in Zanesville Presbytery, Warsaw and West Carlisle, and in Westminster Church, Jersey City, N. J.

A pleasant letter from Mrs. Schenck, our absent president, was read giving a glimpse of her life in Santa Barbara. The fragrance and beauty of the flowers in that lovely valley by the sea, with its long weeks of unclouded sunshine and soft and balmy air, was a strange contrast to our surroundings here—

"Where blasts of March are roaring high,
And clouds run races in the sky,
While weather-cocks seem vexed to know
Which way to point for winds that blow."

Eight new bands are reported, three of them composed of boys exclusively. One of these, the Seneca Mission Band, in Cattaraugus Reservation, is made up of Indian boys.

Letters received by the foreign secretaries this month are from Mrs. Leaman, of Nanking, and Mrs. Fitch, of Ningpo, China, Miss Pendleton, of Dehra, with report of school, and Miss Wherry, also of Dehra, Mrs. Goheen, of Kolhapur, and Mrs. Ferris, of Pauhala, and Miss E. J. Seely, of Mainpuri, India. Miss H. Eddy, of Sidon, with report of Sidon Seminary, Mrs. McGilvary, of Chieng-mai, Siam, sends the annual report of the Laos Mission, Miss Nancy Hunter, of the Dakota Indians, Miss Phebe Thomas, with report of Kindergarten, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Miss Dean, Oroomiah, Persia.

Miss Mary Eddy writes acknowledging the receipt of the long-delayed package of English books sent by some of the ladies here in response to her appeal some time ago. A private circulating library was needed for English-reading girls. Each of these volumes came to her stamped by the Ottoman Government, in token that its contents had been duly examined, and found to be suitable for circulation among Ottoman subjects. A large number of pictures and cards were sent with these books, and when carefully mounted were distributed as rewards to the pupils. Miss Hattie Eddy writes enthusiastically of her new co-workers, the Misses Brown, of Manalapan, N. J., who have already proved themselves efficient helpers in Sidon school. Mrs. McGilvary, of Chieng-mai, describes her busy life as a missionary's companion in toil, and speaks of finding time to help in translating.

Mr. Pond, of the Suk el Ghurb Training School, Mt. Lebanon, Syria, sends a letter overflowing with gratitude for the substantial aid he has received from this society in the shape of a valuable philosophical apparatus, accompanied by books and charts. He has never had such a Christmas since he was a boy. The microscope opened a new world to his wondering boys, and with the physical geographies, etc., will furnish a mental stimulus unknown to them before.

This school will soon enter on its fourth year. It has now fifty students, and could have seventy if accommodations for sleeping were sufficient.

Of *Woman's Work for Woman* the Committee on Publications report more favorably. The circulation has increased so that an edition of 14,000 is called for. The bound copies of *Children's Work* have met with a ready sale, every one having been disposed of.

A full attendance of the Directors of the Society was urged at the Annual Assembly to be held in Pittsburg the last of April.

After some discussion of questions to be proposed to the central committee, the decisions of which will be published in due time, the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Ogden, of Baraka, Gaboon Mission, West Africa. She gave an animated description of the doings at a general meeting lately held at Benita. Dr. Nassau was there looking quite well. His sister, Miss Bella Nassau, was at the Taleguga Home with little motherless Mary, who thrives under her care. The discomforts and dangers of coast travel in trading vessels was mentioned in connection with the journey of these missionaries to and from Benita in a Germau steamer, the "M'pongwe." Societies needing missionary speeches would do well to invite Mrs. Ogden to visit them.

H. M. J.

Gallen's card

Correspondence.

PRESBYTERY IN AFRICA.

Ogove River, W. Africa, Mar 12,1888.

Our Church's work is carried on in this part of Africa in a way that, to a stranger, would seem complicated. A certain body of men—foreign missionaries and native ministers and elders—meet together as a Presbytery, and make certain arrangements and decisions about churches, candidates, and other purely ecclesiastical interests. But it has no money for carrying out any of those arrangements. Its only monies are the monthly concert or daily Sabbath collections, part of which is spent in home work on this foreign ground, and part,—to educate and interest our native members in their unity with the great Presbyterian Church,—is divided over all the Boards. The Presbytery of Corisco has the enviable distinction of being the *only* foreign Presbytery whose churches contribute to all the Boards. Then, this ecclesiastical body adjourns; and immediately convenes, but *without* the native brethren,and *with* the addition of the foreign ladies, as a Mission: a religious body that is really a sub-committee of the Foreign Board. This Mission Meeting then provides funds for carrying out the arrangements just before agreed upon in Presbytery, arrangements which would not have been agreed upon, if the brethren in "Presbytery" had not thus tacitly bound themselves to carry them out in "Mission."

The reason for this plan of work is that the native brethren are not yet competent to share in the control of the Board's appropriations; and yet they have a right, and their opinions are needed, in the decision of purely ecclesiastical matters.

Our ladies do not often use their right to speak in Mission Meeting, perhaps, because they have no vote. But some are present, and occasionally they have spoken, with more effect, I think, from their womanly vantage ground, than if, with a vote, they could claim nothing from the deference of the brethren.

While our field was limited, meetings were quarterly: as we extended, they became semi-annual; and now, that the extremes, Batanga and Talaguga, are so far apart, we meet but once a year. Our longest distances would be easily covered, if this was a land of railroads, or daily steamer communication. But here, "going to Presbytery," involves a great deal of work. Our houses often are to be closed behind us. Not that the lady of the house might not stay alone; she could, with entire safety, even at this Talaguga station, with its Fan barely out of cannibalism. But their going also is almost a duty,—duty for the aid they give by their private counsels, and duty to themselves, to obtain, at least once a year, the refreshment that our gathering together gives to one's entire nature, after eleven months of such deprivation of social privileges, as you in your crowded streets and parlors could not appreciate even if I had the space of your columns to attempt to describe it.

The closing of a house means a great deal here: Trusty employees to be placed on the premises;everything stowed away to leave no invitations to theft; provisions and goods to be left for purchasing on an emergency, during an absence of uncertain length; stoppage of work of all kind; risk of white ants entering and ravaging unchecked a closed house; arrangements for contingencies; and the numerous impedimenta to be gathered together for a journey where there are no restaurants, hotels, drug or dry goods stores on the way.

From Talaguga we go by boat the seventy miles down river to Kâ̂ngwe, in one long, or two comfortable days' journey. There, joined by Mr. and Mrs. Good, we can generally find, at the end of December (because the trading houses' year's accounts are being made up for their Gaboon chief agents) steamers to carry us down the 165 miles of river to the sea, and then up the coast 75 miles to Gaboon,—three hundred miles. From the north, Benita, 90, and beyond, Bata, Evune, and Batanga, 160 miles from Gaboon, our members come by our schooner-rigged yacht, the "Nassau." Mr. Ibia from Corisco, 40 miles, comes in his own boat over the sea. And from up the Nkâ̂mâ̂, an affluent of the Gaboon estuary, 70 miles, Mr. Marling can come by the "Nassau" availing itself of the tides,which run up that far.

It is a matter of regret that the little craft can be of no use against the constant down-current of the Ogove, where only was lived all the short missionary life of her for whose memory it was named by the donors. And it is also a matter of regret that, among those givers, there was misunderstanding. Many thought they were giving to help the Ogove; some gave for "a boat;" others for "the steamer." (Only steamers can enter the Ogove.) But it is a pretty vessel, swift, compared with our former "Hudson;" and does constant and excellent service over the sea in our Benita field. And she whose name it bears would not grudge its use for a region other than the one for which her life was laid down.

Gathered safely at the Baraka Mission house, Gaboon, Presbytery met on Wednesday evening, January 4th, 1888. The retiring Moderator, Rev. A. C. Good, preached a sermon from 2 Cor. 2:15, "For we are a sweet savor of Christ unto God." Though written, it did not impede oratorical effect in its delivery; and its thought and diction would have satisfied your most critical Philadelphia audience. Bro. Good is only a few years fresh from the seminary, and has not forgotten how to write sermons. It was a treat to listen to him. Our African Mission work is unique among all the missions: the utter absence of civilization, and the dense ignorance here, while they call for much wisdom and a great deal of common sense, do not call for, nor even allow, a finished written sermon. So, some of us have ceased to write. And thus is revealed, among the other trials of our life, one which touches an honorable natural pride. We remember that in the seminary we were no less ambitious than our classmates, and, in our "Melancthon" preaching clubs, were not afraid to cross intellectual swords with them. In the years since, they have been enchaining their listeners with their profound discourses. And we have humbly to acknowledge that we could not to-day write sermons such as those.

We were expecting the arrival of a new missionary, a Mr. F., and the return of our lay brother Reading. For the sake of arrangements personal to them, meetings were adjourned from time to time, so that they actually covered a month. Mr. Reading came; but, to our intense disappointment, Mr. F. did not. There were present on roll call, Rev. Messrs. Nassau, Ibia, Marling, Gault and Good, and subsequently Messrs. Truman and Myongo; and elders from six of our seven churches.

Bro. De Heer's written excuse for absence was valid and elicited our sympathy; but would appear strange in your home Presbyteries, where you have dentists at your call. And Bro. Campbell, while his letter took away the last hope that he could ever rejoin us, gladdened us with the thought, that in dismissing him to the Freedmen's work, he was still with us in spirit.

The native brother, Rev. Ibia J. Ikĕngĕ, was elected Moderator, and was also put on the Standing Examining Committee, in place of Rev. W. H. Robinson, whose health prevented his returning to Africa, but whose zeal was unable to abandon the foreign work; he is now at a new post in Chili.

It would not, of course, be right to leave our work here for the honor or pleasure of claiming representation in an Assembly, even the great Centennial. But it happens that, if a brother's health compels a furlough to America, he is the one who receives a commission. Five years are enough for a test of this climate on a new missionary. Rev. W. C. Gault had already been here six. He and his efficient wife are the bearers of our messages to the churches.

A young man, member of the Ogove church, was examined on his motives, and enrolled as candidate for the ministry.

A man, Igui, a member of the Gaboon church, who has been under trial for many years as a candidate, was finally licensed. He was a waif who long ago found refuge with the old Gaboon Mission,and was brought into candidacy by the late Rev. Dr. Bushnell, and by him given the name of a New England friend, George William Bain. If the eye of any of Mr. Bain's friends shall see these lines, they will be gratified that their protege is thus far on his way to the ministry.

Our brother, Mr. J. H. Reading, also, after many years of service in the Mission, during which he has literally given up home and land, and wife and children for the kingdom's sake, applied for licensure. An entire day was spent in his examination, and in the evening, after the preaching of his three trial pieces, he was solemnly licensed, and was appointed supply of the Gaboon church.

Another very interesting licensure was that of Etiyani, an elder in the Bata church, Benita. He was already grown to man's estate, and with two young wives, when he came to Rev. W. H. Clark's Alongo school on Corisco Island, twenty years ago. His course, from his baptism at that time till the present day, has been without rebuke, or the slightest church discipline, a very rare thing for us to be able to say in this country. He was found *faithful* in every position—ordinary hewer of wood and drawer of water, boatman, captain of the boat, foreman of laborers, Bible reader, exhorter, elder. Whether supported by his labor for the Mission, or supporting himself as a hunter, he was always busy about the Master's interests. And under successive missionaries, he was always the same, respectful and faithful and without blame. Our young men have no harder test than just that, to be employed by a missionary, be trusted, become accustomed to his ways and how to please him; and then, by changes in the Mission, be suddenly placed under the direction of some new man, whose ways are different, who is not pleased with what pleased others, who can not immediately either give or receive the confidence and respect that the predecessor had won by years of acquaintance, who can not even make himself understood, in the native tongue. And there grows discontent, and, unless there be great wisdom in the new missionary, and patient endurance in the native, there is rupture, dismissal, and loss. Etiyani in his eldership served several churches, taking his letter from one place to another, in order to help make a session where material for the eldership was yet too weak. He has seven children, well-trained. His excellent wife I tenderly claim as my friend, for her gentle ministrations to my little George Paull in my Benita life. English being to our natives a foreign language, our Presbytery requires of its candidates a knowledge of it instead of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. But Etiyani had never been able to acquire English. He was a careful student of the Benga Bible, and a hungry listener to all sermons. He was taught of the Spirit. What were *we* then, to bar where God had evidently called? So the rule was relaxed, and Etiyani's long-ago desire was gratified; and he is supply of the Bata Church.

The next day, a frightful accident occurred, which came near costing him his life. For several years there has been growing on his neck, near the base of the skull, a fibrous tumor. Only at times did it give him any pain, but it was inconvenient; and I strongly seconded his desire to have it extirpated. The French physician, having been called to the Mission House to prescribe for one of the ladies, I introduced Etiyani to him. He examined the tumor and said he could easily remove it any day, but advised leaving it alone. Still, Etiyani wanted it removed, and as the days passed, and no one of us took the matter up enough to call him to go with us to the hospital, he went off one morning; and, to our astonishment, came walking back alone under the hot noon sun, his head bandaged. The natives who had seen him under the operation, said he sat unmoved and silent, without any anæsthetic. They had never seen so brave a patient. And the doctor had a longer job than he thought for, as the tumor had several ramifications towards the ear, and at the very base of the brain. That three mile walk was an almost fatal mistake. Two hours later, Messrs. Gault, Good and myself were frantically summoned to the elder's house on the Baraka premises, where Etiyani was lying over the edge of a bed bleeding profusely. While one instantly ran to the beach to get out the boat, and another hastily cut a hammock-pole, the third poured on styptics. He was carried in the hammock to the boat, laid on the bottom still lying in the hammock, and the crew urged. The amount of blood lost was frightful, before he reached the surgeon's table, who tore off the bandages, explored the wound and twisted the bleeding artery. Excepting his young son I was the only one present to whom Etiyani could speak in Benga, and, calling me to his side, he said, "I can endure it no longer," and fainted. But the flow of blood was checked. And he was left in the hospital five days, when the boat was again sent for him. He was very weak and thin. Though so serious a matter, he convulsed us with laughter at his gravely-comical account of the limited diet to which he had been subjected. A native here thinks himself very far gone, when in sickness he is not able or is not allowed to eat.

While thus rejoicing in increasing the number of licentiates, we were compelled to revoke the license of one, Kongolo. This will be a grief to the ladies in America whose protege he had been, and who had given him the name of "John Maxwell." It was a great grief to me personally. He was a little boy with me at Benita twenty years ago, had been in my employ long and in various service. I knew his faults, and had need often to intercede for, or speak charitably of, him to others; had aided him in his effort to obtain his good wife; had permitted my name to be given to one of his children. But I could no longer defend him. His untruth, dishonesty, and other sins, repented of, may not prevent his still being a hopeful Christian, but I scarcely hope for the restoration of his license.

The Narrative of the State of Religion in our bounds was most encouraging. The Benita, Batanga and Ogove Churches are all rejoicing. Our native brother Myongo of Batanga, had been very sick for half the year, and his work was very much broken. But his people, themselves, "had a mind" to the work, and his elders had kept up the meetings. The remarkable interest in the Ogove continues and even grows now, after more than a year's trial. This is especially encouraging in the face of the opposition, slander, and annoying obstructions to which Mr. Good has been subjected by the Romish priests. The echoes of your manly defence of American Centennial Protestantism were heard and read here. For us, who sit with the claws of the Beast on us, it is amazing beyond patience that any Protestant can be found to admire a red hat, even if its wearer does mask himself with a smile.

R. H. Nassau.

From Phila Press of May 1890

AFTER A GORILLA BRAIN.

A Reverend Missionary's Efforts to Oblige a Philadelphia Scientist.

NINE YEARS ENDEAVOR IN VAIN.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau's Narrative of His Own Expedition for the Anthropoid Organ—His Trials in an Unaccustomed Pursuit.

Hunting nine years for a gorilla brain. Camping for weeks in dense African forests, chasing gorillas through thick underbrush and losing them, meeting the ugly animals face to face and battling with them, and still not able to secure the brain of one of them. That has been the experience of Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, a missionary at Gaboon, Africa, who, in 1878, sent an adult and a baby gorilla to Dr. Thomas G. Morton, who was then connected with the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Those were the first gorillas that were ever seen in this country and they were the subjects of great attention from medical men. After the gorillas' bodies had been dissected by Dr. Leidy, and Dr. Chapman and Dr. Morton, the latter told Rev. Dr. Nassau that he wanted a gorilla's brain. The missionary said he thought he could get one. Dr. Morton sent a carboy of chloride of zinc to him, with which to preserve the brain when he should get it. This was back in 1881.

Since that time Dr. Nassau has been prosecuting his quest. After nine years he has written to Dr. Morton telling him that he has abandoned all hope of having his diligent hunt rewarded. In his letter he gives an interesting account of his chase. He writes from Ogoue River, Gaboon and Corisco Mission, West Africa. He says:

NO TASK FOR A BUSY MISSIONARY.

"The getting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun," says Longfellow in the opening page of his Hyperion. I quote his sentiment apropos of my giving up of the hope of obtaining you a gorilla brain. I have clung to the hope and had the decided belief that I could obtain it, but I now believe it impossible, except for one like a traveler or explorer or some one who would make a business of it, hampered by nothing else, who could sit down in a native village for a few weeks, hiring the hunters to go out daily. That is the way Du Chaillu obtained his. I do not believe that he or any other white man, unaided, can obtain a gorilla."

After hunting vainly for a brain in August, 1889, he determined to go into the gorilla region: "I made all my plans with great forethought as to detail," he continues. "The season would be the cool dry when I could hunt with less discomfort. There are scarcely any gorillas in this Talaguga region. I know of but two being killed in the eight years I have been here, so I closed my house and went down the river seventy miles to Kangwe. There I chose a good crew of eight young men. Your carboy of chloride of zinc had been carefully kept all these years. I took a jugful of it. Not to waste my alcohol, which was to immerse the brain as it should finally go to you, I took along several gallons of whisky. I took my Winchester and double-barreled gun and united with me M. Gacon, a Swiss sharpshooter. The native hunters were also armed.

"We took a six-oared gig at Andjude and went twenty miles down the river to the village of a man named Aveya. There we ate dinner and took a man to guide us among the innumerable islands of Lake-O-Nange and Ogemwe. The islands are all covered with heavy forests growing out of volcanic rocks. The lake is very deep in places and most of the approaches to the islands very rocky and unsafe. We found an island protected with a cove and smooth sandy beach. There we pitched our tents and took our supper. The island was small and uninhabited. No wild animals—perhaps snakes. Startled at our campfires, the hippopotami snorted in the lake shallows. They attack in the water only when wounded or while in charge of their young. They never leave the water to attack ashore. We arose early and moved on to another island where we were given lodging by a native Okendo.

A COUNCIL OF THE CHASE.

"M. Gacon and Ogula went on a hunting expedition and returned with the report that they had seen signs of gorillas, but not the animals themselves. A council was held in the evening with the villagers as to time, route and the art of hunting gorillas. Some two or three old men and a half dozen young men, whom I did not know, voluntarily attached themselves to our party, evidently for gain, and eventually I forbade them following us, for they hampered us. Everybody was sure I would not be in the village four days without succeeding. They told wonderful stories of the numbers and audacity of the gorillas. Not two days passed but someone saw them in the gardens. As the garden work is done principally by women, it was they who most frequently saw them, sometimes actually meeting them in the paths and being pursued by males. From all their accounts, the gorilla is full of arts and tricks of the monkey tribes—quick to read faces. The women being unarmed and afraid, the animals were more daring to them than to men.

"But they all said we white people would have no chance of getting so near; that the animals would detect our strange odor and fear our white faces. They hoped we would kill many, for their gardens were devastated by the gorillas, pigs, oxen and elephants. Most of the men said, though they often saw these animals, they were afraid to shoot with their flint locks, that often uncertainly flashed in the pan, or whose slug shots were not immediately fatal, for then they were at the mercy of the wounded beasts. They warned us that if we met with a male, who dared to face us, not to fire till only a few yards distant, and, even then, not to aim at the head, for the animal had the art—being acquainted with guns and all having informed each other (as the sailors believe)—of ducking its head down at the click of the trigger. We were to aim at the abdomen, which from its size could not fail to be injured, and the head or chest would probably be pierced by the animal having ducked his head down to dodge a shot aimed, as it supposed, at its head.

"The next day we all, some fourteen men and eight dogs, went in the boat to a large island shortly after sunrise. My own crew of six were afraid, and I left them in the boat, and Ogula described the lay of the land, so they were to follow around to another part where we would probably emerge. The rest of us entered the thicket, very dense. It grows up on wherever there are abandoned plantations. The original forest is easily threaded, for the dense foliage of the tall trees kills out by its shade the underbrush. But the gorillas are looked for mostly in the plantations, old and new. But after four hours of search nothing was heard or even seen except the tracks of wild pigs.

OGULA SEES A GORILLA.

"We returned to dinner. In the afternoon Okendo, whose plantation is on another part of the island we had been at, came in frantic haste, saying a gorilla was just then seen by his wife. We went. Sure enough, there were the pieces of sugar corn the beast had chewed and spat from his mouth still wet with spittle, and the broken branches of cassara marked his exit from the garden. We divided into three companies, to the right, to the left and center. I was in the center. M. Gacon went to the right with Ogula. Ogula saw the gorilla, a female, but it disappeared before he could draw on it.

"On the following morning M. Gacon and three men started at 5 A. M. in a canoe, and I followed an hour later in my boat with four men. We went in the general region of the previous afternoon and found plenty of signs. The thicket was impossible to be passed by a human being in any other than the too noisy way of cutting, or by crawling on our bellies under the mass. The masses of vines, bushes and, worst of all, a grass growing many yards in length, whose long, narrow leaves were on their edges as sharp as knives. The density of the growth alone killed out the leaves lower down, and the thicket was tunneled with many passages, intersecting and opening out into spaces of a square rod or two, where might be a clump of trees and where the animals had their sleeping places on the lower branches. You perceive, even if a gorilla was heard or sighted in such a thicket, while we were crawling on our bellies, it would get away before we could snatch our gun into position; and if the animal should only be wounded, we would be in a very ugly place for defending ourselves.

THEY WERE PRETTY NEAR IT.

"The trail became so hot we were sure the animal was near. We divided, M. Gacon going with Ogula to one side, I and another hunter to the other. Suddenly we heard the dog Hector barking sharply and, shortly after, the screams of a young gorilla. The voice did not seem to be forty or fifty feet from us. We could see nothing. The barking became more savage, the screams more agonized, and as we tore our way through the thicket there was added the angry howl of a parent gorilla. Everybody took his own way, losing sight of each other, following the sounds along the several radii to that fierce center. But the bark ceased with a yelp, the screams and howls rapidly receded—faster than we could follow.

"I emerged into a small open glade, where stood Ogula, M. Gacon and Hector. The dog had come upon a mother and child at the foot of a tree in a hollow, which was still warm. The mother had fled, but had returned at the screams of the child which the dog had seized. It was just at that moment that M. Gacon and Ogula saw them. The mother slapped the dog with her hand and the dog had dropped the child with a yelp of pain. Ogula had allowed the precious moment to pass learing to kill the dog with the slugs of his musket. M. Gacon

Head of 35-year Old Gorilla.

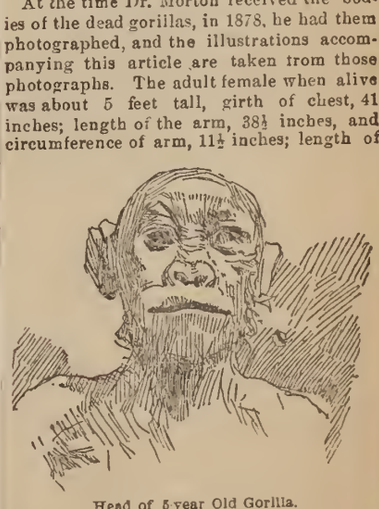
was in his rear, and emerged on the scene just as the mother, who had picked up the child, disappeared. He had not a moment to get his rifle into position.

"On our way back to the boat we came into a large glade, where evidently there must have slept that night not less than twenty animals. It was very exasperating. All our hands and faces were cut and bleeding by that fearful grass in the frantic rush, and I had hurt my knee by a fall over a log. We returned and rested. The next morning at 3 A. M. we started out again—this time to a new place, where a gorilla had been reported the previous afternoon. We had an exhausting day, but did not accomplish anything. After several days of fruitless search I gave up the hunt and returned home.

"In all these years, however, I have had a hunter employed. He brought two carcasses to me, but the brain was spoiled. His last effort was eight months ago. It was a very large old male. He had made a desperate effort to reach here with it safe. He arrived on a Sabbath morn. I did not go to the water side to see it. My principles would not allow me to work on it on the Sabbath. I went early Monday morning and got the brain out, but it was too soft. I was very sorry, and told the man to give up the hunt."

THE TWO DEAD ONES SENT HERE.

At the time Dr. Morton received the bodies of the dead gorillas, in 1878, he had them photographed, and the illustrations accompanying this article are taken from those photographs. The adult female when alive was about 5 feet tall, girth of chest, 41 inches; length of the arm, 38½ inches, and circumference of arm, 11½ inches; length of



Head of 5-year Old Gorilla.

leg, 21½ inches, and weight estimated at 180 pounds. The age was supposed to have been about 35 years. The appearance of the body indicated great strength. They are very dangerous when enraged and fight savagely. As a rule they flee from hunters, and they can pass easily through underbrush where human beings do not dare go. They are also said to be very fleet of foot.

The infant gorilla was about 5 years old. Both bodies are on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Dr. Morton has not abandoned all hopes of getting a brain, although he regards the chance of obtaining it now a very slight one.

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GORED BY AN ELEPHANT.

THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL EXPLORER JAMES IN AFRICA — HIS JOURNEYS AMONG THE SOMALIS.

Frank L. James, a well-known African traveller and author, and a half-brother of D. Willis James, of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York, was killed near the Gaboon River in Africa on April 21 by a wounded elephant. The first news of the accident reached this country on April 23, which was published in THE EVENING TELEGRAPH at the time. The full details were not received until yesterday, when a despatch was received from Arthur James, who was in this country to attend his nephew's wedding, but had hurried back to England to receive his brother's body.

The dispatch says that Mr. James' body was pierced in front by the tusk of the enraged elephant. The wounded man knew that he was dying, but the shock to his system prevented him from feeling any pain and almost dulled his senses. He lived only forty minutes after receiving the fatal wound, and the last words upon his lips were for his youngest brother, William, to whom he was devotedly attached. Only one member of his party was with him at the time of the accident, which happened about five miles from his yacht at 4.30 P. M., and, by a strange fatality, on his birthday. The body was placed on his yacht, which reached Southampton, England, on Saturday night.

Mr. James started from a town in Portugal about the end of January in his own yacht, the Lancashire Witch, which is an exact counterpart of Lord Brassey's Sunbeam, for a trip to Africa and South America, intending to get back to London about the 1st of July. He had with him several old companions of his African expeditions, who looked forward to their trip with the greatest pleasure. The party included Lord Scarborough, G. Percy, V. Aylmer, E. Lort-Phillips, and Dr. J. Godfrey Thrupp. They entered the Gaboon River, which is on the west coast of Africa and almost directly under the equator, intending to spend some time in that region in hunting before continuing their voyage to South America. The river is navigable for about sixty miles from its mouth, and they had gone only a short distance up the stream when the death of Mr. James compelled his sorrowing companions to return to England. Mr. Lort-Phillips was the only one with him at the fatal moment.

Liverpool was the birthplace of Mr. James, his father, Daniel James, having lived there for many years to look after the interests in England of Phelps, James & Co., of New York. Frank L. James was his son by a second wife, a Miss Hutchinson, of New York, and was born April 21, 1851. He was educated in England, and received the degree of Master of Arts from Cambridge. His later achievements also earned for him an election to the Royal Geographical Society. He was an intimate friend of Sir Samuel Baker and other famous travellers, and was a member of the Royal Yacht Club.

The ill-health of his brother William caused him to go as his companion to southern climates soon after his graduation at Cambridge. They travelled up the Nile and in other parts of the country, and in this way Mr. James acquired a taste for travel and exploration, which his independent fortune permitted him to gratify. He had a keen sense of observation, an unusual tact and diplomacy in dealing with the natives whom he met, a quick and sound judgment in time of danger, and a marked executive ability, so requisite to travellers in managing those attached to their expeditions, especially among the treacherous natives of Africa.

In the winter of 1877-78, he made the journey up the Nile from Cairo to Korosko, and thence across the desert to Abou Hamed, following the banks of the Nile to Berber. But the first expedition, which brought him fame as an explorer, was that through the country of the Base. On December 1, 1881, Mr. James and a party consisting, besides servants, of his two brothers, Arthur and William, G. Percy, V. Aylmer, R. B. Colvin, E. Lort-Phillips, Dr. J. Geoffrey Thrupp, left Cairo for Suez, on their way to the Egyptian Soudan, with the intention of exploring the Base country, a small tract lying between Takar, an Egyptian province, and Abyssinia. The details of that expedition have been set forth in a clear, entertaining, and instructive manner in the book which Mr. James wrote on the subject, entitled *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan*. Their object in entering the Base country was chiefly sport.

A considerable part of the ground traversed was an unknown land, and had not been explored. The Base, or Kunama, tribe, who inhabited the district, were far more uncivilized than any other people who lived in that part of Africa. To penetrate into the heart of that country had been for some time with Mr. James, as he said in the preface to his book, a cherished object. He had discussed its feasibility with Egyptian officers and others in the Soudan, who had invariably told him that it was next to impossible to accomplish his desire. The Base were most treacherous, and would not hesitate to attack the party, especially under cover of darkness.

The start was made from Suakim, where the expedition was made ready for the long journey. The trip lasted until April 18 of the following year, when the party safely returned to Suakim. Mr. James' book, which also contains many other personal adventures in the Soudan, is chiefly concerned with this trip through the territory of the Base. It graphically describes the experiences which the travellers had, the customs and traditions of the tribes they met, the character of the country, and the remarkable manner in which they succeeded in becoming friendly with the natives and securing themselves from attack.

After the success of this expedition Mr. James determined to penetrate the country of the Somali. The half-civilized Somali, as seen at Aden, were familiar to European travellers who passed through the Red Sea; but their native land, with the exception of a part of the coast region, had remained unknown to Europe until the accomplishment of the journey undertaken by Mr. James and his friends. The country of the Somali lies in the northeast angle of Africa. With the same men who had accompanied him on his previous explorations among the Base, Mr. James made his journey through the territory of the Somali. They left Berbera on December 22, 1884, and returned there April 16 of the following year.

It was considered remarkable from the fact that after reaching the extremity of their proposed route, Mogadoxa, near the Leopard River, they returned to Berber by an entirely different course from the one which they had pursued in the first part of the journey. The results of this expedition had been presented in a book by Mr. James called *The Unknown Horn of Africa*. Lord Abardare, President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1884 and 1885, in his annual address spoke of this exploit of Mr. James as "one of the most interesting and difficult feats of all recent African travel. The hostile disposition and uncertain temper of the Somali tribes, who inhabit this wide region, have hitherto offered invincible obstacles to its exploration by Europeans."

Mr. James was a charming conversationalist, a quality which was greatly enhanced by the extremely interesting way in which he could tell his extensive travels and remarkable achievements in Africa. His home has always been in Liverpool. He visited this country a few years ago. He never married. Three brothers survive him, Arthur and William, who live in England, and D. Willis James, of New York. His body will be buried at Kensel Green Cemetery, about nine miles from London.

Tuesday, May 27, 1890.

TELEGRAPH—PHILADELP

Sept. 1891

180 CHILDREN'S WORL

Mag B.F. Nassau

A LITTLE African bird thinks that our dear wise old owl is rather an unfortunate bird to have perched here in our Corner. I think that this is partly because she has heard, in her African home, a good many stories of the owl being a bird of evil omen. She thinks it would be nice to have a *parrot* to answer our questions.

Well, we will make no change until we see how well the owl answers our questions during the remaining months of 1891.

COLLECTING GORILLA BRAINS.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Dr. Henry C. Chapman described three gorilla brains collected by the Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D., in 1890, upon the Ogove River, West Africa. The brains have been presented by him, through Dr. Thos. G. Morton, to the academy. Dr. Chapman's observations upon these brains are embodied in a paper now in the course of publication in the Academy's Proceedings. At the close of Dr. Chapman's communication, Dr. Nassau related his experiences when obtaining the brains. The appended extracts are from two letters written by him to Dr. Morton in 1890, in which he tells the story of the two expeditions he made to obtain them. The extracts have been made by the kind permission of these gentlemen. Jas. E. Ives.

Talaguga, Ogove River,
Gaboon and Corisco Mission,
West Africa, March 7, 1890.

I made all plans with great forethought as to details; the season would be cool and dry, when I could hunt with less discomfort; no flooded low grounds; a large proportion of the leaves fall in the dry season, leaving the thickets less dense and giving better chance for spying animals. There are scarcely any gorillas in this Talaguga region; I have known of but two being killed during the eight years I have been here. So I closed my house and went down the seventy miles to Kângwe. There I chose a good crew of eight young men. Four carboys of chloride of zinc had been carefully kept all these years; I took a jugful of it. Not to waste my alcohol (in which was to be immersed the brain as it should finally go to you), I took along several gallons of rum. . . . Proper receptacles were taken for receiving the brains. I took my Winchester and double-barrelled gun (suitable for either shot or bullet), and invited with me one of our French associates, M. Gacon, a Swiss sharpshooter, who had the latest Swiss army breach-loading rifle. For the native hunters I took two of the best (very poor at best) flint-lock muskets from the Trading House, good for two weeks, etc

From this point I will copy from my diary written at the time.

"Wednesday, July 17, 1889. Rose early and by 9 A.M. were at our destination. M. Gacon, after our noon meal, impatiently went out to hunt with Ogula. They returned having seen signs of gorillas, but not having seen the animals themselves. A council was held in the evening with the villagers as to time, routes and the art of hunting a gorilla. Everybody was sure I should not be in the village four days without succeeding; they told wonderful stories of the numbers and audacity of the gorillas, that not two days passed but that somebody saw them in the gardens. As the garden work is done principally by women, it was they who most frequently saw them, sometimes actually meeting them in the path and being pursued by males. From all their accounts the gorilla is full of the arts and tricks of the monkey tribe, quick to read faces. The women being unarmed and afraid, the animals were more daring to them than to men. But they all said that we white people would have no chance of getting so near, that the animals would detect our strange odor and fear our white faces. They hoped we would kill many, for their gardens were devastated by gorillas, pigs, oxen and elephants. Most of the men said that though they often saw these animals, they were afraid to shoot with their flint-locks that often uncertainly flashed in the pan or whose slug-shots were not immediately fatal; that then they were at the mercy of the wounded beasts. They warned us, if we met with a male gorilla who dared to face us, not to fire till only a few yards distant, and, even then, not to aim at the head, for the animal had the art, being acquainted with guns, and all have informed each other (so the natives believe), of ducking down its head at the click of the trigger. We were to aim at the abdomen, which from its size could not fail to be injured, and the head or chest would probably be pierced by the animal's having ducked its head down to dodge a shot aimed, as it supposed, at its head.

"Thursday, July 18. We all went, some fourteen men and eight dogs, in the boat to a large island shortly after sunrise. My own crew of six were afraid and I left them in the boat, and Ogula described the lie of the land so that they were to follow around to another part where we should probably emerge. The rest of us entered the thicket, very dense; it grows up so wherever there are abandoned plantations. The original forest is easily threaded, for the dense foliage of the tall trees kills out by its shade the underbrush. But the gorillas are looked for mostly in the plantations, old and new. But after four hours of search nothing was heard or even seen except the tracks of the wild pigs. In the afternoon Okendo, whose plantation was on another part of the island we had been at, came in frantic haste saying a gorilla was just seen by his wife. We went. Sure enough, there were the pieces of sugar-cane the beast had chewed and spat from his mouth, still wet with spittle, and the broken branches of cassava marked his exit from the garden. We divided into three companies, to the right and left and centre. I was in the centre with Osamwamani. M. Gacon went with Ogula to the right. Ogula was the only one who saw the gorilla, a female; but it disappeared before he could draw on it. This stimulated our plans that night for the next day's work.

"Friday, July 19. M. Gacon started in a canoe with three men at 5 A.M., and I followed an hour later in the boat with my crew and four men, the crew as usual awaiting us in the boat. We went in the general region of the previous afternoon; there were frequent and fresh signs, dung still warm. The thicket was impossible to be passed by a human being in any other than the too noisy way of cutting with the long knives we carried, or by crawling on our bellies under the mass. The mass of vines, bushes and, worst of all, a grass growing many yards in length whose long, narrow leaves were, on their edges, as sharp as knives. The density of this growth above killed out the leaves lower down, and the thicket was tunnelled with many passages, intersecting and opening out into spaces of a square rod or two where might be a clump of trees, and where the animals had their sleeping places on the lower branches. You perceive that even if a gorilla was heard or sighted in such a thicket while we were crawling on our bellies, it could get away before we could snatch our guns into position, and, if the animal should only be wounded, we should be in a very ugly place for defending ourselves. The trail became so hot we were sure the animal was near. We divided, M. Gacon going with Ogula to one side and I and Osamwamani to the other. Suddenly we heard the dog Hector barking sharply, and shortly after the screams of a baby gorilla. The noises did not seem to be more than forty or fifty feet from us; we could *see* nothing. The barking became more savage, the screams more agonized, and, as we tore our way through the thicket, there was added the angry howl of a

parent gorilla. Everybody took his own way, losing sight of each other, following the sounds, along our several radii, to the fierce centre. But the bark ceased with a yelp; the screams and howl rapidly receded, faster than we could follow. I emerged into a small open glade, where stood Ogula, M. Gacon and Hector. The dog had come upon a mother and child at the foot of a tree in a hollow, which was still warm. The mother had fled at first sight, but had returned at the screams of the child, which the dog had seized. It was just at this moment that M. Gacon and Ogula saw them. The mother slapped the dog with her hand and the dog dropped the child with a yelp of pain. Ogula allowed the precious moment to pass, fearing to kill the dog with the slugs of his musket. M. Gacon was in his rear and emerged on the scene just as the mother, who had picked up her child, disappeared. He had not a moment's time to get his rifle into position. On our way back to the boat we came to a large glade, where evidently there must have slept that very night not less than twenty gorillas. It was exasperating that we had been only a few hundred yards from that spot the afternoon before and that very morning. All our hands and faces were cut and bleeding by the fearful grass in that frantic rush, and I had hurt my knee by a fall over a log. So we rested and mended ourselves during the afternoon in the village.

"Saturday, July 20. We all rose at three A.M., and, volunteers and all, went to a new place, where on the previous day a large male gorilla had been reported. I did not like the plan, I wanted to go to yesterday morning's region; but Ogula was overpersuaded by the volunteers. Their plan was to form a line across the long point on which the animal had been heard on the previous afternoon. We entered the forest in the dark of the morning. I am not accustomed to such exhausting work before breakfast, and when, after a fruitless search, we emerged again. I was provoked to find that three old volunteers had changed their minds, had not followed us, and were resting comfortably on the sandy beach munching peanuts.

"Monday, July 22. M. Gacon went out with the hunters to a new place, where a gorilla had been heard on Sabbath, but they returned fruitless; M. Gacon had shot a flying squirrel. He went out again in the afternoon alone, but saw nothing.

"Tuesday, July 23. Ogula and Osamwamani, ashamed over our ill-success, declared I should have a gorilla that very day, and went without us before daylight to a distant place. They returned in the evening having seen many gorillas, some of which had taken refuge in high tree-tops beyond the range of their muskets. They regretted not having taken us along. We gave up the search for a gorilla. My knee was still inflamed and M. Gacon's enthusiasm waned. We could not deny that there were gorillas in abundance, but the difficulties in obtaining them were just as obvious"

During all these years from 1882 to 1889, while I was prevented from hunting myself, I had employed a hunter, Azâze, living at Orânga, about 35 or 40 miles down the river from Kângwe, promising him a good reward if he brought me a dead gorilla in good condition. To get it to me in good condition at Kângwe he would have to start immediately and pull day and night. He brought two carcasses here while I was away at Talaguga some years ago, and they were lost, there being no one here to open a skull carefully. He sent a third, a small one, just a year ago. It reached me here just as I was starting up to Talaguga. I had actually stepped into the boat and in five minutes should have started. The messenger had arrived during the night, but had taken his leisure to deliver it. I would have stopped the journey, but the carcass was then spoiled, and what I would have given a large sum for twenty-four hours earlier I threw into the river as worth nothing. His last effort was eight months ago, the week before I went on the hunt to the lake. It was a very large old male. Azâze had made a desperate effort to reach here with it safe. He arrived on a Sabbath noon. I did not go to the water-side to see it, my principles would not allow me to work on it on the Sabbath; but early Monday A.M. I got the brain out, but it was then too soft.

Kangwe Mission Station, Ogove River,
West Africa, October, 2, 1890.

This year in July I went again to another part of the same lake, Kângwe, and hired two native Bakele hunters. They saw in two days' hunting both elephants and gorillas, but failed to kill any. But some Galwa young men, knowing my errand, went out on their own account and found five gorillas, an old male, three females, and a stout grown lad. The place was in sight and gun-sound of the village where I was waiting across one of the beautiful bays of the lake. The females fled; the old male showed some fight, but fled when the lad was shot. The carcass was brought to me still warm. I had a carpenter's back-saw and a chisel, I worked with care; but in my anxiety at the last I gave an unfortunate blow or two and wounded the brain, and much of it exuded under the astringing influence of the chloride of zinc; also, I had no alcohol and had to use trade rum, and I fear that the brain has not been kept by it from decay. A few days later, I by a very, very rare chance bought two gorilla male children; they were in good condition and tamed. The servant in whose care I left them at this place, Kângwe, during a few days' absence neglected them and they were attacked by "driver" ants the night of the day before my return. One survived twelve and the other forty-eight hours. Their cries for help had been disregarded, and when I discovered them they could only moan. I combed thousands of ants off of them. That servant of mine had also neglected to feed them, and they were partly starved before the ants attacked them. The second of these I finally killed, seeing it was dying; and, working very carefully with the chisel, using no mallet, loosened the brain without injuring the membranes. I was afraid to work down toward the base of the brain, so I left it adhering and sawed away the face so as to make the mass small enough to enter the jar. I enveloped it and also the first brain in separate muslin bags so that they should not abrade each other.

That attack by driver ants was made at this house, Kângwe; and one of the little fellows, the one that I finally killed, was still living next day when I started up river by my boat to my Talaguga home, 70 miles, a four days' journey. It died at night at my first camp on a sand-bar in the river, and I did the work at midnight by torch-light. I put the brain in the chloride, and on arrival at my house three days later, put it into rum. R. H. Nassau.

NOTES AND NEWS.

In connection with the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Italian Botanical Society, says *Nature*, invites the attendance of botanists of all countries at a Botanical International Congress, to be held at Genoa, from the 4th to the 11th of September. In addition to the meeting for scientific purposes, there will be excursions on the shores of the Mediterranean and in the Maritime Alps; and during the same time will also take place the inauguration of the

THE PHILADELI

SIXTEEN PAGES. PHILADELPHIA. SUNDAY M

HELD A PRISONER BY GORILLAS

How a Frenchman Lived Among Them and Learned Their Ways.

Translated from the French by Elfried de B. Gude.

It was early nightfall in the little negro village, Ouan-Matslei, on the border of the vast Kyamo, one of the largest wildernesses of the Dark Continent. A pale moon shone through the light, floating clouds, and the palms, waving softly in the breeze, cast long, undulating shadows on the silvery ground. The air was heavy with the perfume of tropical flowers, and the wind, rising and falling, seemed full of a wild and mournful music. At intervals, as it died into silence, one could hear the roaring of a lion, answered often by another from a still greater distance, and the cries and growling of smaller animals, less clear, more undefined.

The natives of the village were not yet asleep. Most of them were grouped around a huge fire, where a colossal feast of roasted meats was to be prepared in honor of their guests. A few, however, loitered near the cabin of their chief, gazing with an interest, not unmingled with awe, on the white strangers.

Two of them, Hammelin and Ranstein, were explorers bent on discovery, eager to see and study all that would enable them to describe with exactitude those parts of Africa of which little is as yet known to Europeans.

Mayne, the third European, was less explorer than naturalist. Forty years

THE COUNCIL OF WILD MEN.

Would not the keen scent of the animals detect his presence, even though he succeeded in passing them unseen?

Yet he had a faint hope. In that immense crowd surely the strong odor of the animals themselves would conceal the odor of human flesh, diminished as it was by the garments he wore.

Creeping slowly forward from tree to tree, from bush to bush, crouching close to the earth, he accomplished over half the distance. Some leaves rustled beneath his touch. Instantly several pairs of gleaming eyes were turned menacingly towards him. Was he discovered? Even in this moment of intense suspense he was thrilled with admiration for these superb creatures. Their forms were colossal. Although their height did not exceed that of the average man, their weight must have been nearly three times as great. Their legs were short, but strong as iron; their chests and shoulders herculean. Their long arms looked capable of strangling a lion or rhinoceros in their grasp.

The gorillas resumed their clamor. They had held the forest too long to be easily startled or disturbed. A few moments more and Mayne reached the tree in safety. He drew a long breath of relief as he stood upright within the shelter of its hollow trunk. He found, as he had divined, plenty of fissures in the wood, through which he could make his observations. It was with a feeling of triumph and breathless interest that he doubtless by his guard in the excitement. Seizing the fruit, he devoured it with avidity. Never had nectar tasted more delicious.

Realizing that something important was transpiring among the gorillas, Mayne, finding himself unobserved, crept stealthily toward them, noting their every movement. He soon divined something of the situation.

Near the centre of the river, some 300 yards from the main land, was a long, narrow island on which could be distinguished a number of black figures, which responded to the gestures of those on the bank. They were evidently in distress. They looked emaciated and feeble, particularly the females and their little ones. And the secret of the council was explained. Mayne marveled at the almost human organization existing among the gorillas, at the oneness of purpose, the firmness of resolve, the unanimous consolidation of forces to aid their brethren in distress.

But how came a whole tribe of these beings, who detest water, on an island in midstream?

A huge bowlder standing almost perpendicularly on the island on the main land, directly opposite a freshly torn cavity in the side of the bank, a mass of loose earth and crushed vegetation, told the tale. A bridge of some sort had existed, placed there, not by the gorillas, but through some accident of nature. In the late rising of the waters it had been washed away by the current.

What would they attempt to do? Ignorant of every principle of navigation they were powerless. A great throb of hope came to Mayne. If he—the man—succeeded where they could not, surely here at last was a chance to win their friendship, perhaps their gratitude. He waited. Two long hours passed. The gorillas had labored unceasingly. The tallest tree available, a tree over 200 feet in height, had been torn bodily out of the ground and carried down to the bank. Slowly, awkwardly, with no other aid than the herculean strength of their huge arms, they raised it to a perpendicular position, then gradually lowered the top over the river. In their ignorance of distance they were trying to make it touch on the opposite side. There was a breathless pause as it reached a horizontal position. Then, simultaneously, they relaxed their hold. There was a crash and tremendous splashing of water. The tree, some fifty feet too short, had sunk to the bottom of the stream. From both banks arose a terrible cry of rage, of fury, of disappointment. It was followed by an awful silence, the silence of utter despair.

Then Mayne arose and walked towards them. He went directly to the central group and stopped before the largest gorilla among them. It was the chief of the tribe that held him prisoner. With a gesture full of confidence the naturalist pointed alternately to himself, to the place where the tree had fallen and to the island. It took time and infinite patience to make them understand. At last they seemed to comprehend vaguely that he wished to do something for them. It was curious to note the distrust and anxiety with which he was regarded. He found with little difficulty a pointed stone, and commenced hacking away energetically at the branches of the fallen tree. Soon he had a number of awkward assistants. Noontide came and passed. After four hours of hard work he had some fifty branches, which, with several young tree-trunks, would suffice to make a raft. The gorillas had become less hostile, and many had proved themselves intelligent and able apprentices. He had also been given liberal rations of

French post of New Metz, in Central Africa, was startled by a strange apparition. A man, tall and emaciated, naked save for a rough tunic of skins, was slowly approaching the camp. On his back was strapped a huge roll of bark, somewhat resembling an ancient papyrus. His skin was tanned to a dark brown, but his features were not those of an African. And his long, tangled hair and beard were of a light golden color. The sentinel gave the challenge. The answer, prompt and clear, came in his own language: "A French citizen, who demands hospitality." The call of the soldier brought an officer and two men of the guard to the spot, to whom the new-comer said briefly: "I am Raoul Mayne, explorer and naturalist. I am exhausted and nearly starving." When he had slept a little and partaken of a meal of fish, fruit and bread, he related to his hearers a wonderful story. He told of wanderings

A STRANGE APPARITION.

through unexplored countries, vast forests and desolate wildernesses, of swamps and fevers, of hair-breadth escapes from savage tribes, from the fury of wild beasts, of dark and terrible hours, of famine and suffering. His tongue had a wonderful eloquence, which charmed his hearers. But of the wild men in the forest and their life in the Kyamo he said nothing. He was silent on this one point in Paris, where he was received as a hero by his colleagues. He concealed it even from us, his closest, warmest friends. He would have withheld his knowledge to this day had not the increasing number of expeditions, many attended with such cruel incidents, convinced him that the discovery of the Kyamo was no longer a question of years but of months at most.

Then at last he revealed his secret in the interest of the gorillas themselves, hoping that his peremptory arguments of the necessity of preserving this marvelous race of beings, so nearly human, might decide a great movement among the scientists of the world, which, since haste is a quality unloved and unappreciated among these wise gentlemen, would rather retard than accelerate the invasion of the gorilla's domain. To this end he at last published the work which has thrilled and amazed the entire scientific world—"Studies of the Life and Habits of the Anthropodists of the Kyamo."

Some Valuable Letters.

Some recent prices for autograph letters in London were: Letter of Washington, dated "Headquarters, Tappan, October 4, 1780," to James Duane, principally on war matters, illustrated with portraits and maps, £16; letter of Robert Browning to W. H. Smith, February 10, 1887, in which he refers to his critics cackling and hissing like geese, "but no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel against what waddles behind it," £2 2s.; letter of Louis XIV, rare, 5 guineas; letter of Samuel Rich

of age, independent, a bachelor, a man of rare intelligence, his whole life had been devoted to those studies which seek to penetrate the secrets of the gradual evolution of nature, the enfanating source from which man has developed into what he is to-day. He was eagerly questioning one of the natives about the adjoining forest, and the old negro, delighted to have so attentive an auditor, told him of its wonders and mysteries, which were full of intense and often romantic interest. The length of the Kyamo, he said, was forty days' march and its breadth twenty days. It was old, almost beyond conception—as old as the world. The natives never ventured to enter it save singly. Even the lions had been driven beyond its borders, and never to human knowledge, not even so far back as the oldest legends, had it been owned save by the wild men of the forest, the giant African gorillas, who had held it imperiously and victoriously through all the ages.

Mayne, interested, thrilled with the rare delight of the savant, asked eagerly: "Hast thou seen him—the man of the forest?"

"I have seen him, master; I have been in the Kyamo. The man of the forest is not more tall than the white man, but he is far broader and more strong. His chest is wider and more powerful than that of the lion; his arms are invincible. A few of us have dared to penetrate into the forest, but alone and unarmed. If one goes there humble and timid one may meet with no harm, but to provoke the anger of the gorilla means death. The wrath of the man of the forest is merciless, terrible."

"Are they in great numbers?"

"They are in immense numbers, master. The Kyamo contains many hundreds of their villages."

"But they do not live in groups?"

"No; each dwells apart with his wives, but close to the others. Sometimes they join and form tribes, and then they choose a chief as we do."

Mayne, his head resting against the rough wall of the cabin, fell into profound meditation, fraught with alluring dreams.

He was on the threshold of a great discovery. Why not, he said to himself, instead of observing them from a distance, live among these strange creatures for a time—why not share their life while Hammelin and Ranstein pursued their explorations?

* * * * * * * *

A sudden clamor, a noise that seemed almost human, startled him. It was like the surging and growling of an infuriated mob in time of revolution. Fully alive to the danger, Mayne was yet impelled irresistibly onward, moving warily, crouching as much as possible behind the screen of foliage. As he

A PRISONER.

drew nearer the sound grew more distinct, less human. It was now more like the baying and growling of bloodhounds. Sometimes it ceased for an instant, only to resume again louder and more threatening than before. The danger was the more terrible because its quality was unknown.

The ardor of the scientist blinded him to all risks, deadened the voice of reason. Patiently, stealthily he crept forward. Already he could distinguish a moving mass of black forms. His keen eyes sighted the hollow trunk of a huge tree which might serve as a hiding place, could he reach it? He must pass within a dozen yards of the gorillas. looked out from the cover of his citadel on a scene which he has since described as the "Council of the Wild Men of the Forest."

In a huge open clearing, the ground carpeted with dark green moss, the leaves forming an arched roof of foliage overhead, were assembled from 400 to 500 male gorillas. There was a certain order both in their grouping and their actions. Now one, now another, would go through a series of irregular gestures, accompanied by low guttural utterances, while the rest followed his every movement with the keenest interest. As each uncouth orator finished his harangue, a perfect Babel of hoarse cries, meant evidently to express assent or disapproval, would break forth for a few moments. It was marvelous to watch the agitation, the excitement, the constant play of expression, on these grotesque physiognomies, which were quite as intelligent and human in appearance as those of many African savages.

Mayne did not doubt for a moment that he was witnessing a formal council of these strange beings. What could they be discussing so excitedly? Undoubtedly something of unusual importance. Alas! he could guess nothing. There was no indication save that of direction. An oft-repeated gesture of the huge arms, a constant turning of their heads toward one point, a little southward. How he longed to understand their language! For that it was a language the scientist felt convinced. He discerned positively the repetition of certain combinations, a sort of mathematics of the fingers and the arms. Could he but have interpreted this primitive sign language, what a discovery on the origin of speech, what a page it would contribute to the history of prehistoric ages!

* * * * * *

Morning. How beautiful and how boundless the forest looks! In the river which traverses it hippopotami are floating heavily in the water, and on the banks lazy, green crocodiles lie basking in the sunshine. The gorillas are encamped on the north bank of the stream. They number perhaps 1000; and among them, closely guarded, disheartened and suffering, a white man is held prisoner. He is naked, for they have torn his garments from him. He is weary, for his captors allow him but little rest. He is hungry, for he has eaten nothing for days save a few handfuls of nuts. For the first day following that terrible moment when he had been discovered and dragged from his hiding-place, Mayne's captors had been more curious than cruel. But later had their instinct warned them that this white creature, whose weakness they despised, was in cunning and intelligence their superior?) their attitude had changed. They viewed him with ill-concealed suspicion, guarded him more closely and menacingly. Daily he asked himself if they would not kill him in the end. Yet the trial which seemed the hardest to bear was that in their distrust they concealed from him all the most important actions of their daily life, thus depriving him even of the consolation of observing their ways and habits, an end for which he had risked so much. Heartsick and discouraged he asked himself if his sacrifice was to be wholly vain. He was fast sinking into a state of hopeless apathy, and had almost resolved to take his own life rather than await the horrible fate which might be impending, when on this, the fifth day of his captivity, a faint ray of hope came to him. During the night the gorillas, with their captive, had journeyed for many miles, arriving in the early dawn at their present encampment. The scientist, exhausted from want of food and the long transport, had for the first time fallen into a deep slumber.

It was broad daylight when a great clamor awoke him. To his amazement he found himself alone. The gorillas had been joined by several hundred of another tribe. In the excitement of the meeting even the prisoner was forgotten. The latter was refreshed and invigorated by his long sleep. A large cocoanut was lying near him, dropped there food. The animals aided him zealously in looking for thongs with which to bind the logs together. Nearly two-thirds of the day passed ere the raft was completed. To launch it required infinite precaution. The gorillas pressed around him as he began once more to point eagerly and intellectually towards the island.

Now the greatest difficulty presented itself. How should he induce one of their number to accompany him? For to make the trip alone would be worse than useless. Those on the island would surely not do what their brothers on this side did not dare to venture. At last he pushed the raft into the water, not without the risk of being misunderstood and attacked. He moved it gently to and fro, using a young sapling for a pole, pointing continually from one bank to the other.

At last the chief, he to whom Mayne

ON THE RAFT.

had at first addressed himself, decided to go with him. It was a resolve full of heroism on the part of the animal, whose natural terror of water was hard to overcome. Slowly, trembling and shivering like a frightened child, he crept on to the raft. There was a hoarse murmur from the others as it moved gently from the shore. Mayne's companion gradually became calmer. His quick, intelligent eyes, closely observing the man's movements, soon comprehended their relation to the motion of the craft. And between the man of the civilized world and the primitive man the lord of the forest, there was formed from that moment a bond of trust and sympathy. Henceforth Mayne would have a friend, perhaps a pupil, in his companion.

Their arrival at the island was hailed with delight and astonishment by a crowd of feverishly excited beings.

"Let him explain," thought the naturalist; "he will do the rest." And in effect the gorilla began a series of animated gesticulations, which the others followed with the utmost attention. It seemed as though the agony and suffering they had endured had quickened their intelligence. Soon about a dozen mustered sufficient courage to venture on the return voyage. Mayne placed them carefully on the centre of the raft and pushed off cautiously. The water was calm. The raft moved smoothly. In less than quarter of an hour his timid passengers were landed in safety. Then there arose a wild and mighty tumult, awakening all the echoes of the forest. A chorus of mad and savage joy. Mayne was surrounded, caressed by huge hairy hands, almost smothered under demonstrations of affection. All distrust, all hostility had vanished. As strong in their gratitude as in their dislike, they would offer henceforth only blind devotion to the mysterious white stranger, this pale-faced son of an unknown race, who had rescued their fellow-creatures from the very jaws of death.

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In December, of 1890, a sentinel at the

ardson to Isaac Watts. September 1754, £6; autograph poem by Anna Seward, entitled "Doctor Johnson's Ghost, by a Lady," £10; letter of Franklin, dated from Philadelphia, to W. Strahan, the publisher, £5; letter of Byron to "Dear Beecher," £6; another to Hodgson, from Athens, and signed in Greek, £5 5s.; autograph manuscript of Byron, headed "Copy of Message to Brougham, to be Sent on Arriving in England," £10; album of autographs, portraits, etc., 8 guineas; letter of Washington to his Aide-de-Camp, Tilghman, £7 15s.; a critical letter of Anna Seward to William Havley, £10; a letter from Dickens to McReady mentioning his intention of giving a dinner to celebrate the conclusion of "Pickwick," at which he wishes Macready to be present, £5 12s. 6d.; letter referring to Dickens' appearance as an amateur in a farce, but saying he pines for Broadstairs—"Ah, you country gentlemen, who live at home at ease. How little do you think of us among the London fleas!" £7; letter announcing that he had just finished "Great Expectations," £7 17s. 6d.; another mentioning his return from Paris, £6 15s.; a long letter of Thackeray to Dr. Bell at Teheran, and dated from Rome, December 23, 1845, £40; a series of letters of Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson. to the Rev. Mr. Whalley, 8 guineas. —*The Collector.*

The Baltimore's Experience.

The cruiser Baltimore has, in the comparatively short time she has been in commission, seen service on every naval station in the world with one exception. She started out on the North Atlantic, but was soon sent to Europe with the body of John Eriesson. She was in the Mediterranean when it was determined to send ships to Chile. She was one of the first ordered there, and she went to the South Pacific by way of the South Atlantic. She is now at San Francisco, in the North Pacific, and from there will probably go to the China station, the only one she has not yet visited. Captain Schley, who has asked to be continued in command of her, has also asked Secretary Tracy to send her to that station, and it is quite likely his request will be complied with, as there is need for an increase of the naval force in Chinese waters. If the Baltimore is sent she will be quite an important addition to Admiral Harmony's squadron.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Ships and Lightning.

Ships are less often struck by lightning now than in former times because they have more iron about them in the form of wire rigging and iron hulls. The metal acts as a conductor and carries the lightning into the water before it can do any damage to the ship.

Street Cars on Runners.

The street cars in London, Ont., run on runners in the winter.

Gorillas

1st. Their limited Range. Of all the continents, only in Africa: & in Africa, only in Western Equatorial part; region about 700 miles square; 350 miles on each side of Equator, & skirts along Kongo, & on N, only about 5° N. Lat, & inland 600. Noticeable that in this region are no lions. The forks of Gaboon not a gorilla.

2d. Gregarious in its Habits. I heard a native at Benito shoot 3 of 30 in a company (probably excited). I saw signs of at least 20: the Gaboon young man saw 5: Ogilby 3: Reigly, a mother & child, or a male along. Male brutal & selfish, & the females, when mothers, devout them. [Story of a male flinging in a child to a bee's nest.]

3d. Their Food. Wild berries & fruits: Physmein. Amoma. Wild oily nuts numerous. In wild state solely granivorous; & even in domestication, do not readily eat even cooked meat. Monkeys & chimpanzees long for cooked meat. Other wild animals, such as elephant, hippo, & antilope, find food on leaves of trees & twigs & grass & reeds & roots. But gorillas want fruits, & come to plantations, more than other animals do. All my observation.

4th. Their Resting Places at night at foot of Hollow trees, or (preferably) up in crotches and forks of branches. Have seen both.

5th. Their Strength enormous. The habit of new-comers to Africa to underrate the gorilla. But its fearful reach of limb, size of chest, strength of muscle of arm and hand, make me readily believe it can crush a gun-barrel. [Story of Mr. Jamieson who thought a man attacked by gorilla should seize it as would an athlete.]

6th. Mode of Attack. Possibly it may stand on hind legs, but usually it advances in half-stooping posture,

From our far-away Presbytery of Corisco came the saddest news of the year, the death of Mrs. Dr. Nassau. Those of us who saw her four years ago at the Missionary Meeting in Asbury Park, as she rose in the early twilight of that afternoon in the Church, will remember how her beautiful face shone as it had been the face of an angel. Every heart beat in sympathy with hers as she spoke of going forth into the new and untried life before her. Involuntarily she closed her eyes as seeing Him who is invisible. She had consecrated herself to His service, and, as she afterwards wrote from her distant home in Talaguga, she desired nothing else than to glorify God, whether by her life or by her death. The costly sacrifice was accepted, and the saintly life on earth closed August 8th, 1884.

Annual Report of the W. F. M. S. of the Synod of New Jersey. Elizabeth N. J. Oct. 15th 1885

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY,
1893

FIERCE AND WARLIKE.

A Remarkable Exhibit from the Country of the Cannibal Fans to Be Made in Chicago by the University of Pennsylvania—The Unique Character of the Collection.

Among the collections to be sent to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago by the Museum of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania, there are none more interesting than the objects from Equatorial Africa, presented to the Museum by the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nassau. Dr. Nassau was for many years among the Fans, and the collection which he made for the Museum comprises an admirable exhibit of the tools, arms, ceremonial objects, musical instruments, and household appliances of these remarkable people.

The Fans have been very well described by Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu in his well-known work *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*, and most of their implements and utensils which he illustrates in his book are contained in the University's collection. Fierce and warlike cannibals, the Fans excel in their manufactures, especially those of iron, and are the most skilful blacksmiths of any of the tribes of Central Africa. According to Dr. Nassau, their iron is forged by the native blacksmiths of each village and either smelted by themselves from native ore, or (more probably) from iron bars imported from England. They understand the art of hardening iron and object to our foreign axes, as they regard the steel edges as too brittle.

The iron hammers in the University's collection, Dr. Nassau is almost positive, were made from masses of native smelted iron. The bellows resemble those pictured on the ancient Egyptian monuments. The nozzles of those here are made of old gun-barrels, but the original style were of native-made detachable earthenware cylinders. "Time is no value to a Fan," says Du Chaillu, "and a careful blacksmith spends days and often weeks over a small knife.

The graceful and intricate lines with which the surfaces of all their best weapons are beautifully ornamented, are all made by the hand and a chisel-like instrument, struck with a hammer." Admirable specimens of this work are to be found in the fine series of daggers in the Museum. Their scabbards are made of snake-skin, and their handles are bound with foreign-made brass wire.

The most curious manufacture of iron are the small pieces resembling nails tied in bundles of ten, used as representatives of values. The principal use of this currency, according to Dr. Nassau, is in paying the dowry of a wife. These nails are to be redeemed in due time by actual goods, guns, cloth, hardware, crockery, etc. They are not used much now, having been supplanted through foreign influences, just as they long ago were supplanted among the coast tribes.

Among the weapons used by the Fans in the chase, the harpoon is the most remarkable. The specimen in the University's collection is several feet long. Its principle is identical with that of the ingenious harpoon used by the Eskimos. When the animal is struck, the barbed iron point is unloosed from the handle, and as the animal, in pain, dives under water, the long rope unwinds, and the wooden float marks where the animal has gone.

The cross-bows used by the Faus are also exhibited. These bows require great force to bend them, and are used to shoot iron-pointed arrows as well as the slender, harmless-looking poisoned arrows, of which there are two quivers full. Dr. Nassau states that they are tipped with the poison called "ondi" (strophanthus), and that they are used against animals, even the elephant. The poison does not prevent the flesh being eaten.

The musical instruments are even more curious than the arms. Of harps, the Museum possesses three kinds. One with a skin-covered resonant body and curved head, with strings made from the air-rootlets of a parasitic orchid. This form resembles the ancient Egyptian harp. Others are made of a piece of a bamboo-palm frond, with strings of its own silica-covered rind or bark, and with a gourd for resonance. A third form is that of a boat-shaped block of light wood, across which are fastened slips of bamboo which are twanged by the thumbs.

The slips are graduated in length for harmonic sounds, like a xylophone. The nose-flute, that curious instrument whose origin has been traced to India, is also found among the Fans. These also are represented, together with drums, bells, and, in fact, almost every object used in the ordinary life of these primitive people.

It is intended to display the works relating to the Fans, like Du Chaillu's book, in connection with the exhibit at Chicago, and by labels and maps make the collection as instructive as possible.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1893.

THE GOSPEL AMONG CANNIBALS.

Rev. Dr. Nassau's Thirty Years' Pioneer Missionary Work on the Ogowe River, in French-Congo, Africa—The Savage Bengas and Galwas—The "Gorilla-Land" of Du Chaillu—Many Native Churches the Result of a Consecrated Life-work.

SOME thirty years ago, the Gospel of Jesus Christ was only known at wide intervals by the tribes of the West Coast of Africa. In those days, missionary work meant much more than it now does; it meant pioneering in the most literal sense, and an abundance of hard work, danger and discomfort. The missionary who then went to the African field did so at much greater risk; for not only were the majority of the tribes still in a savage state, but there was not then any extended European influence in those territories, such as exists at the present time when almost all the civilized governments are working together in the interest of progress and enlightenment. We give below the record of one of those devoted Gospel pioneers who by years of effort and unselfish devotion, have opened up the savage wilderness of the West Coast. This servant of the Master did his share in blazing a path for civilization and Christianity. After nearly thirty years spent in Africa, he has now the gratification of seeing the fruit of his labors in thriving churches and steadily growing congregations, where idolatry, superstition and witchcraft once predominated, with the dark train of vice and wretchedness peculiar to heathen life.

Robert Hamill Nassau was born in Montgomery Co., Pa., in 1835. He entered Princeton, graduating in 1854, and five years later was graduated from the Theological Seminary, and in 1861 from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. While still a very young man he took up missionary work, and during his seminary vacations, was a Bible colporteur in Western Missouri and Kansas. Afterward, when he become a missionary in the foreign field, he had many trying experiences, but was probably never nearer to a violent death than on one occasion while colporteuring in Missouri. In the summer of 1857, while the "Border Ruffian" troubles were still fresh, he with a fellow-student happened to be near St. Joe, when a force of armed citizens, hunting for horsethieves, ran across him, and he and his companion were marched to an improvised court. The charge was made that their animal was stolen. It was true that three horses had been missing, and his bore a strong resemblance to one of them. All in vain did he protest his innocence. The situation became serious, with visions of being dragged in the direction of a convenient tree, with a rope held menacingly near.

Finally, the leader of the crowd listened to reason, and decided to afford the young colporteur a chance to prove his innocence. After two weeks' gathering of legal proof of the horse's history for the previous two-and-a-half years, making a story of most remarkable mistaken identity, an alibi, satisfactory even to his captors, was established.

In 1861 Dr. Nassau went out as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board, to a station on the island of Corisco, a Spanish colonial possession off the West Coast of Africa, inhabited by a tribe called the Benga. This island station was chosen for the reason that it was supposed to be less unhealthy than the mainland (where the climate is insalubrious owing to poisonous exhalations from the morasses), and that the missionaries could work among the natives to better advantage. They found, however, that Corisco was no healthier than the mainland, and the hope of training the Benga to go out among the other tribes as Gospel workers was doomed to failure.

Dr. Nassau's longest missionary experience was in French-Congo territory, and here, in a most beautiful but savage country, among tribes who had never before heard of the Gospel of Jesus, and many of whom had never even met a white man, he lived and labored successfully for many years, performing noble pioneer missionary work and opening up to others what has since proved a rich spiritual field. In those wilds he had constantly to encounter and overcome not only tremendous natural obstacles, but the suspicion and hostility of savage tribes, some of them cannibals. He found the Bakele, who dwell between the upper and lower courses of the Ogowe River, and the Fans, who occupy most of the region east of the Gaboon, and north of the Ogowe, to be among the most warlike, and frequently at variance with their neighbors and each other. They are light-complexioned, muscular, and vigorous, and very intelligent, energetic and industrious. Both these tribes practise cannibalism in the inland districts. We give his further experience in his own words:

"My next field after Corisco was at Benita, in the upper part of the French

ROYAL AFRICAN COURTESIES—DE BRAZZA'S AUDIENCE WITH KING RENOKE.

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Congo. The worst obstacle to Christian work that I had to encounter was a strong secret society, called the Ukuku, to which men only belonged. It assumed to settle difficulties between individuals that could not be otherwise adjusted and this gave it dignity. The members claimed that the decisions or judgments of the Ukuku were uttered by a spirit or oracle. Some man would change his voice and speak the decision that had been prearranged, and everybody would concede and declare it was the voice of the spirit. If any woman's curiosity should lead her to see the proceedings of the Ukuku, she would be put to death.

"There were no missions there when we went among the Benitas; now there are five prosperous churches. These people believe in a Supreme Being, but, practically, they hold that God, having made man, does not care for him, and we are then left to the operation and control of evil spirits. They believe in a future life. I have known of natives, with their last breath, threatening vengeance upon those who had injured them during life, and saying they would come back and exact retribution. They believe that the future life will be very much like this life; they do not think that there is any marriage, in the future life, but the people eat and drink there as here. Their religious ideas are, of course, very crude.

"We stayed with the Benita people from 1865 till 1871. Then, my first wife having died, I took a furlough and came to this country in 1872 for two years, returning in 1874. I then started a new mission one degree south of the Equator—still pioneering. Indeed the greater part of my missionary work has been that of a pioneer. I started up the Ogowe River in September, 1874, proceeding a distance of 130 miles to a place called Kangwe. My new field was among the Galwa tribe. I had to repeat the same experience of starting in the forest, cutting a way the trees and building a little hut, while we gathered material for a larger house. I have built five houses at different times in mission work. The natives, as a usual thing, have a little mechanical taste and are readily taught simple carpentering.

"I stayed at Kangwe until 1880 and left the station well established, with boys' and girls' schools, and a growing church. The first church on that river, which I organized in 1879, in November, has grown so large that it

(*Continued on page 341.*)

The Gospel Among Cannibals.

(*Continued from first page.*)

is now sub-divided into four branches, with an aggregate membership of four hundred. It has a white pastor, but the church officers are natives.

"I came back on a second furlough in 1880, returning to the field, married in 1881. I then went seventy miles further up the Ogowe river and established a new station, called Talaguga, right among the cannibal Fang tribe. At different times, my life has been in peril at the hands of the tribesmen, but under Divine protection, I have always escaped unharmed. One occasion I particularly recall. A native—a refugee who had been guilty of some offence—came to my place for shelter, and shortly afterward a native chief arrived with a party of thirteen armed followers, and demanded that I deliver him up. I refused, and on the chief attempting to force ~~an entrance to my house,~~ I opposed force with force, believing the man's life to be in immediate peril. We wrestled ~~in the doorway~~, the chief striving ~~to get in and trying~~ to use his gun, the barrel of which I had grasped, and I exerting all my muscular power to keep him ~~out~~. I was for the moment the stronger, and besides, I was defending a principle, and that principle was that the mission premises should be a sacred refuge and open to all travelers and visitors, and that any man who landed on those premises must be safe. If I had allowed the chief to force his way in I would have had no influence thereafter with the tribes. I always carried a gun as protection against the wild animals one meets in those forests, but I had never raised it against my fellow-man nor did I then; but the natives did not know whether I might not shoot. At this juncture, and when a tragedy seemed not improbable, my wife, who was standing calmly and prayerfully watching the struggle from a little eminence nearby, sent me a little pencilled note, suggesting that I should inform the chief and his people that unless they withdrew, I would summon the French troops at the military station not very many miles distant. This would probably have brought matters to a crisis at once, as the natives stand in dread of the troops; but fortunately it was not needed. The chief's own people dragged him away and took his gun from him, and when I saw this I put mine aside, and they then said to me: "You are right, and he (the chief) is in the wrong." This conclusion was not surprising, as their own laws require that a guest should be protected by his host at any risk, and I was simply following the native custom.

"From that time my premises were safe from intrusion; people would come there and know they were safe. After the trouble I have related, one of the chief's own people said, "We made a mistake to-day coming on the missionary's ground." Two days later, I was greatly pleased to receive a visit from the chief himself. He came in peace and brought me chickens, goats, and other things and laid these at my feet, begging me to restore my friendship to him. We were stanch friends afterward. I stayed there nine years; my wife died there and left me with a little daughter, whom I kept there and to whom I was both father and mother. I trained and reared her in that country, solely with the aid of a good native Christian woman, until she was seven years old, and then I ught her to the United States where she now is.

"Cannibalism still exists among the tribes of the Ogowe," continued Dr. Nassau. "The old people practice it, but the young men are beginning to be ashamed of it and deny it. It is difficult of detection in the towns. In my own experience, however, there were two instances that may be accepted as evidence of the fact of its existence. It must be remembered that the events I am about to relate occurred after the people had begun to be somewhat civilized.

MISSIONARY R. H. NASSAU, M.D., D.D., AND HIS DAUGHTER MAY.

"A member of a neighboring tribe came to the village to sell ivory, and was sitting quietly in the village street. A certain man in the village, who was violently enraged at some other villager from a distance, rushed out with his gun and fired wildly, and the bullet struck the stranger and killed him. Now, the question came up: What shall be done with the body of this stranger? and right here is where the cannibalistic propensity cropped out. There were three parties in the town council. One party—the least civilized of the three—said: 'It is meat; let us eat it.' The second and half civilized party said, 'He was of a lower tribe; we do not care to bury him; let us throw the body into the river.' Those who were beginning to be Christianized said: 'He is a stranger and our guest; let us give him an honorable burial.' This third party, constituting the Christians, gave him a proper burial.

"My little daughter was with me when the next instance occurred and we both saw it. We were traveling in my boat (a craft thirty feet long and rowed by a crew of six natives), to a point twenty miles down the Ogowe river. As we floated along quietly past a village, I heard a voice at the landing-place, calling out: 'Come, buy meat!' and, I saw a man holding up some object to the gaze of my boatmen. My daughter and I, being under the canopy, could not be identified as white persons at that distance, otherwise the man on shore would have doubtless kept quiet. 'We have been down river and killed two men,' he cried. 'Come, buy meat!' And then, with a shudder, I recognized the thing he held as a human arm! I turned away from it, and a word to the rowers soon drew us past the sickening sight.

"With these people, cannibalism is not a question of hunting human game for the purpose of eating it; I don't think they ever do that. Having killed an enemy, they conclude the best way to dispose of the body is to treat it as 'meat' and eat it. That is really what cannibalism to-day amounts to, on the West Coast at least. It is only a question of time when the last traces of it shall have disappeared."

Dr. Nassau's experience in Africa, like that of Dr. Kerr in China (recently related in these columns), is a powerful argument in behalf of medical training as an important part of missionary equipment.

"I regard medical knowledge as almost indispensable," he said, "for the sake of the missionaries themselves, if for no other reason. In all the thirty-two years of my African experience, I have never had the African fever. My

first wife died of it; but my second wife, who had been three years in that country, never had even a touch of it. Medical knowledge enables one to take the necessary precautions to avoid it. I formed a precautionary habit of fortifying myself by proper treatment before going into danger, in order to prevent myself taking the fever, instead of waiting until I contracted it and then beginning treatment, after it had already invaded the system. And I may say truthfully that I have been more exposed in camping out in sun, rain and in generally insalubrious conditions than any of my associates in the mission field.

"The native priest is also the native doctor in Africa. I think that probably they do have some drugs of medicinal value; but their theory is that the drug is efficient only because of the spirit they associate with it, and which, entering into the body of the sick person, drives out the evil spirit that has caused the disease. I suppose in cases where the sick man gets well, that the drug was really good. There are barks and leaves that they use that have unquestionable medicinal value; but they will not tell a stranger from what tree the leaf or bark comes. The special branch of medicine that would be most useful there would be surgery, because the native doctors know nothing about surgery. They would not attempt to amputate and do not know how to set a bone. The natives have frightful abscesses which ought to be opened, but the doctors do not know where to cut them. One of the most startling cases of native surgery I ever witnessed occurred near my own station. Two men who were friends were out hunting and accidentally became separated in the thicket. One of them mistook the other for a wild beast and shot him, the bullet penetrating his breast. He was taken to his home in the town, and the natives very properly concluded that the bullet should be extracted. Then the native doctor, in order to extract it, made a perpendicular incision in the man's chest, extending down to the last rib, and then he cut diagonally across and actually lifted the wall of the chest and groped among the vitals for the ball. He got it. But here his surgery failed, for he sent the man to me to be sewed up. But the patient was dead!

"In Africa," added Dr. Nassau, "one needs quinine, although it can easily be overdone. Lemon juice in a cup of good strong tea will frequently remove biliousness and avert more serious complications. I do not believe in stimulants. They can never be used with safety in Africa as a beverage."

Little May Nassau, whose portrait, along with that of her father, is given on the first page of this issue, is a native of Africa and the first white girl born in the French Ogowe. Her first syllables were lisped in the African tongue and it is the language to which she is most habituated, although she talks English fluently, having learned rapidly since she came to this country. Dr. Nassau's mission stations on the Ogowe River were popular not only with the natives, but with missionaries and other white men who frequently came from points far distant to enjoy his hospitality. As a hunter and savant, no less than as missionary and physician, he was distinguished by the valuable pioneer work he accomplished during these more than thirty years' residence on the West coast. De Brazza, the Governor of the French Congo Colony, famous as an explorer, was his occasional guest. Few men have had so many exciting experiences in Africa as De Brazza, who has hobnobbed with many kings and potentates. An illustration on the first page shows De Brazza conducting a "palaver" with Renoke, one of the West Coast monarchs. The latter sits surrounded by his admiring wives and courtiers, blowing wreaths of smoke from an immense pipe, the bowl of which is kept supplied by a naked gamin. The territory of French Congo is the same of which Paul Du Chaillu wrote in his earlier books on African explorations. It is the "Gorilla Land" of his travels, and lies in the very centre of what may be designated as the gorilla belt; for, strangely enough, that animal is found within a few degrees north and south of the Equator and nowhere else. Dr. Nassau, in his hunting expeditions, has had frequent encounters with the giant ape, and bears testimony to the absolute accuracy of Du Chaillu's description of the gorilla, which, when first published, excited general wonder and incredulity. It is harder to hunt then any other animal, and the adults will not bear to be captured alive. Indeed, this can only be accomplished by taking them in pits, for it would require the strength of many men to capture them. Dr. Nassau, sometime ago, sent the brains of three gorillas to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, for purpose of comparative analysis. He had two live gorillas in Africa, and hoped to bring them on, but was disappointed.

THE FIRST OGOWE CHURCH, KANGWE STATION, WEST AFRICA.
(Founded by Rev. Dr. Nassau, Gaboon and Corisco Mission.)

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

A CURIOUS-LOOKING old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest, writes "Pansy." A group of three little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob.

"I am sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child, "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, recently said that judges are "weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime," and declared that he "can keep no terms with a vice that fills our goals, destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalizes the people of the islands."

From the "Presbyterian Journal" Phila. July 13th 1893.

DR. R. H. NASSAU.

Our old friend and Seminary class-mate, Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, who has been in this country for two years, putting through the press of the American Bible Society, a translation of the Bible for use in Africa, and who was a member of the Portland and Washington Assemblies, and Moderator of the Synod of New Jersey, gave us a good-bye call last week. Returning to his mission in Equatorial West Africa, he left Philadelphia for Liverpool on the American Line Steamer Ohio yesterday the 12th. This ends the third visit which Dr. Nassau has made to his native land within his third of a century missionary life abroad. While a vacation, it has been a working vacation. He has been kept very busy in making missionary addresses and in doing other work to increase the interest here in the missionary enterprise. We are glad to say that he returns to his chosen field with health greatly improved and in every way benefited by his visit. He has been one of the most faithful of missionaries. He brought his daughter with him and leaves her here for education in the care of her mother's cousin, the Rev. A. M. Todd, pastor of the church of Monroetown, Bradford county, Pa. Our readers may hope to hear from him frequently.

From the "Presbyterian Journal" Phila. July 20th, 1893

—We should have added to our notice of Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau last week that his official address is 53 Fifth avenue, New York. His address in Africa is Protestant Mission, Gaboon, Southwest Coast, Africa.

PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL.

(2) July 27, 1893

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Correspondence.

NGUVA'S CHAIN.

BY REV. ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU M. D.

In October, 1876, when I was clearing away the forest on the Kangwe Hillside, Ogowe River, West Africa, for the building of the First Ogowe Station, there came to me for employment a heathen young man, named Nguva. I do not know how old he was. Natives there do not know their own age. They have no records of time. I suppose he was at least seventeen. He was rather tall, large-boned, brusque of speech, coarse featured, and of ungainly manner. I was not pleased with him, but I engaged him; partly to please his Christian cousin Aveya, the stroke of my boat's crew, and partly because I was needing more laborers, in pushing the job on hand. Nor was I any better pleased, a few days later, when I bade him climb a certain tree and cut off some of its branches, at his telling me he could not and would not climb that tree. As to the "could," I believed he was lying; as to the "would," I regarded it as simple disobedience. I ask no employe to do what I am not able or willing to do myself. So, I climbed the tree, and then ordered him to follow me. He unwillingly obeyed and bunglingly did the task. I saw he had no skill. Indeed, I regarded him deficient in common sense.

I learned, by acquaintance with him subsequently, that I had been unjust. Not all natives can climb trees in our style (i. e. "shinning up" a bare trunk;) and only some can climb in a peculiar style of their own. And his apparent stupidity was only ignorance and lack of culture.

He remained in my service, his strong arms useful as one of my boatmen. I taught him the use of tools, and he became my carpenter. He learned to read, not in regular school hours, but in the irregular instruction I could give him at the two hours' noon rest, and at night, after the day's work on the new building was done. Under the light of Christianity and the breadth of education, his face grew bright, the ungainliness and unskilfulness disappeared.

He was one of the first six converts, who were organized three years later, in November 1879, into the First Ogowe Church, at Kangwe. That small ingathering had been after five years of patient toil, diligent itineration, faithful preaching, and painful trial. As long as the heathen saw no apparent fruits to my labor, they did not oppose it. But when they saw that first Communion Table, they were angry that their sons renounced heathen rites. They raged. Satan imagined a vain thing. They threatened to kill the Christians.

There was a heathen Secret Society called Yasi, composed only of men. Women and lads were bound to believe and say that the voice they heard announcing laws for them from time to time in the Lodge on the edge of the village, near the forest, was a Spirit's voice. To deny that, or to disobey any order made by that voice was, in heathen days, punishable with death. Even a parent of an offender might not plead for his life. Himself was expected to be the first to ask Yasi to "eat" his son or daughter i. e. to kill him. And they always were killed by some appointed member of the Lodge.

Those six church members, and the thirty other young men and lads in my school, had discovered that what their father had asserted about that voice was a lie, for, those young men had themselves been initiated into the Society. And though they had then found they had been deceived, they had united as heathen in continuing the deception on others. Now, as Christians, they felt they should not propagate a lie.

I had never preached against Yasi. I preached only the Gospel. But now, the native chiefs, old men in the Society, friendly to me on other matters, began to upbraid me. They said: "You are a man, and know all about this voice, but you are revealing it to the women, and teaching our children disobedience." I replied that I had never publicly talked about Yasi; that it was their own custom, not mine; that the Gospel, not I, could change their customs; that their sons were free to do as they pleased; that I never compelled them to renounce Yasi, that themselves voluntarily did so, because they thought it right so to do.

Later, one day, those young men and the school-children asked my permission to have a mock Yasi procession as a play, on the mission premises. I replied: "Will you dare to play it in your villages?" "No, our fathers would kill us." "Then be cautious, you are too few. Wait till the number of Christians increases. At present, your act is not necessary for the Truth, and will only exasperate our enemies." But they felt bold and safe on the Mission premises, and unwisely had their play.

Instantly, the whole surrounding region was aroused in indignation. The Mission premises were boycotted. No native would sell us food, except a few special friends of mine, and female relatives of the pupils, who secretly at night brought food. The few school-girls were taken away by their fathers and beaten for having been spectators of the play. Threats were made that the white man's house would be burned. Reports came daily that each night the premises would be assaulted by the Yasi Society, and my young men killed. Some of the frightened school-boys excused themselves to their parents that they had only been spectators, and the heathen rage limited itself to naming as its objects the six church members and some half-dozen inquirers. It centered itself on Nguva, as a leader in the play.

He trusted that his family loved him well enough to save him against Yasi's wrath, and, with a generous desire to distract the animosity of the neighborhood from me and the school, proposed going temporarily to his own town. I urged him to remain; not believing he would be safe even in his own town. But he thought that the smaller premises there could be more readily defended than the very extensive outlines of Kangwe Hill.

So, by night, he slipped down river, fifteen miles, to the large town of Ovimbiano, accompanied by a school boy, Ntyuwa. My judgment was better than theirs. In a few days came word, that whatever sympathy or defense some of his relatives may have been disposed to give him, it had been overbalanced by the sentiment of the other families of the town, and that his own father had formally "invited" Yasi "to eat" him.

His cousin, Aveya, and the other Christians looked anxiously for me to say something. I too was anxious, desirous to do rightly, but uncertain what was right. My silence disappointed them. It disappointed also my fellow missionaries, who wished me immediately to rush to arms and fight for Nguva. My painful silence was misjudged.

In that little bamboo-palm house, the only dwelling at that time constituting the Station, besides my sister, Miss I. A. Nassau, living with me, there were visitors, two new missionaries, (who expected a month later to take my place there, when I should go on furlough to America, for my health) H. M. Bacheler, M. D., and Mrs. Bacheler, and two older missionaries visiting for change from their sea-side Gaboon, Mrs. J. M. Smith, and Mr. P. Menkel, captain of our Mission sailing vessel. They all were restive at my delay of a single day, the more restive, because I alone had charge of the Station, its funds, and the boat "Nelly Howard."

I reasoned with them thus: "We missionaries, are sent to preach, not to govern politically. If persecuted, the natives must accept it, and stand or fall with their own people. The Mission has not the force to act on more than the defensive, nor the authority to undertake any thing on the offensive. If Nguva is to be defended, it must be on the voluntary motion of his fellow-natives. Lame and scarcely able to walk with numerous boils and chigoe-sores, I am too weak in health to fight, even if it was right. In two months, I leave for America. If I begin a fight, I must stay and carry it out. If I begin and fail, I will not be here, and must, from the unpleasant position of defeat, leave the responsibility of the defense of the church, and the Station, on Dr. Bacheler's hands, for which, however willing he may be to assume it, others may blame me for leaving him in a contest which I had precipitated."

That afternoon, I took my visitors an excursion of a mile away up river, stopping at an English Trading house, whose agent, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, was a Scotch Presbyterian, and a generous friend of the Mission. He too had heard of Nguva's capture and danger. He had seen him at the Lord's Table only three weeks before, and had (a rare thing with white traders there) welcomed him as a Christian. He too, friendly as he was to me, flushed in anger at my hesitation as to what he thought was duty, and joined in Dr. Bacheler's outspoken words, as he stood by my boat at the water's side, "If this boat were mine, it would already have been on its way to rescue Nguva!"

I quietly replied: "Dr. Bacheler the boat is at your service. I do not see it my duty to go. But I will not bar your conscience. And as to the Mission funds, they too are at your service." And, immediately, I bought ten flint-lock muskets from Mr. Sinclair's store. And Dr. Bacheler engaged with Mr. Sinclair to be joined by him at the Mission House, early next morning, I in the meanwhile, to seek a crew for him.

That evening was the usual weekly Prayer Meeting. We talked about and prayed for Nguva. My position was a painful one. Not that I *opposed* my associates, but that I could not see duty as they felt. I stood alone. I repeated to the natives, the reasons I had given to my associates, and added: "I advised against your Yasi play. What I expected has happened. Your people will probably not kill us white people, except in sudden anger. They will kill you in cold blood. If Dr. Bacheler wishes to assume the risks of this matter, I will not object. You are my employes, but I will not *order* you to go with him. If you volunteer, I will furnish you with guns and powder."

To my gratified surprise, the young men, to the number of fifteen, jumped to their feet. Among them were three Christians, coast-tribe attendants on my white visitors. I selected ten of the strongest and most reliable.

I superintended the preparation of the boat, food for the journey, tools, weapons, medicines, bandages for possible wounds, and all the minute details of forethought for emergencies. Mr. Menkel had not been enthusiastic, but he was now drawn into the expedition under the wave of excitement.

The next morning early, they started, Dr. Bacheler, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Menkel, and ten natives.

Thirty hours later, at noon of the next day, they returned, a tired, exhausted party, accompanied by Ntyuwa and Nguva, the latter carrying a heavy chain. They told me their story.

Pulling rapidly down river the fourteen miles to Aveya's village on the left bank, they had stopped there to eat at noon. Could get very little satisfactory information (the heathen suspecting their errand) other than that Nguva was still living. After eating, the company went one mile further down to Ovimbiano, on the right bank. The boat's coming was seen, and it was recognized, for, it was the only white painted ship's-boat on the river (the white traders, up to that time, had traveled in native made canoes or dug-outs.)

As the "Nelly Howard" touched the Ovimbiano landing, several armed men jumped out from the bushes, with their guns, but allowed the stronger force of eight guns (five remaining in the boat) especially protected by the prestige of white men, to pass up the street to the public Council House. There, there was a short discussion of diplomatic inquiries by the white men, and equally diplomatic replies by the natives, who barely suppressed their anger at the evident intention for Nguva's rescue. They denied any knowledge of his whereabouts, and broke out into savage threats to kill him and all sympathizers native and foreign. Ntyuwa was there, as yet free, and ignorant where Nguva was, only aware (as he secretly informed Dr. Bacheler) that he had been taken away, so that the place of his intended execution might not be known to Christian friends.

The party returned to the beach in close order, guns in hand; for an excited crowd followed them. Across the river was Atangino, a village of Aveya's brother-in-law. Perhaps they could get information there. On nearing the boat, a little boy whispered to one of the party that Nguva was in chains at a certain village three miles farther down on the left bank. As they pushed off, Ntyuwa, who had taken advantage of the temporary emptiness of the street, had gathered his few treasures of books and clothing in a little box, and suddenly emerging from the bushes, sprang for safety into the boat. He judged, from the fierce words in the "Palaver" House, that he was no longer safe there. As a blind to its destination, the boat sped across the river as if to Atangino, but carried gradually down stream by the current, and disappeared behind an intervening point, the Ovimbiano people unaware of its knowledge of Nguva's locality.

Coming to that lower village about 3:00 p. m., the hour was favorable, the able bodied men and women not having yet returned from their labors in forest and plantation (after their noon rest), and therefore few but the aged, or children, or sick would be at home. And even they would probably be lying down, as the day was still hot. The landing was steep; a perpendicular clay bank; river, deep; current, strong. The bank was ascended by rude steps cut in its face, to the level of the street, eight feet above.

Dr. Bacheler, who had formerly been a soldier in the U. S. Army, planned the details of the attack. Mr. Menkel with Ntyuwa (who was unarmed) and one other native, were to remain in the boat, and be ready for emergencies; Dr. B., with three natives to picket themselves among the banana trees at the rear of the houses on one side of the single street, on which all native villages are built; Mr. S., with three natives, to picket at the rear of the other side; and Aveya with the two remaining bravest ones, depending on their knowledge of the interiors of native houses in general, and of that village in particular, were to rush with shouts up the street, in order to terrify what people might be there, and also that Nguva might recognize his voice, and by responding reveal his own exact locality.

The plan succeeded. At that hot hour no one happened to be at the open water-side, and the steep bank hid the boat's presence. The three attacking parties rushed shouting to their assigned places. Aveya's shout of Nguva's name was instantly responded to by Nguva himself. The village, as expected, was empty, except of a few women and old men, who surprised, and confused by the shouts from all sides, dared at first no other than vocal resistance.

Nguva was found chained to a post in a certain house, and one foot in the wooden stocks. A few blows of an axe split the stock; a few more blows cut the iron staple that held the chain. Gathering up the slack of the chain that was yet padlocked to one ankle and to one arm, and brandishing a sword that was quickly placed in his one free hand, with a shout for freedom, he brushed aside the old man who was acting guard, and surrounded by the now concentrated force of the two white men and nine natives, he hurried into the boat. Yells of rage followed them from the few old men in the village, who now hasted to load their guns, and called across the wide stream a warning to other villages to intercept the boat. (Natives can send their voices amazing distances.) That warning was carried from village to village on both sides of the river, as the boat swept up mid-stream. Shots were fired at it, as angry crowds ranged the banks, but the river was wide, and the boat was kept in the middle, speeding, even against the current, like a little steamer, under the strong strokes of her crew, flying for their lives. Those strokes were excited, but were kept in control by the white leaders, who forbade the loss of time that would have followed had they yielded to their crew's wish to return fire to the slugs that fell but a little short of them. That return fire was to be reserved to the possible necessity of an attack at close quarters. Canoes did put off from the shore but the pursuers could not overtake the boat, and those who awaited its advance up-stream hesitated to come too near to the guns that (four on each side of the boat) protected its six oarsmen. With Nguva there were now twelve natives. When the six at the oars began to tire, the six gunners sprang to their relief, exchanging guns for oars. So, with unslacked speed, the graceful "Nelly Howard" ran the gauntlet for miles, until the sun set as they passed the limit of the Galwa villages, and came to a Fang town. There they were safe to stay all night. Not that the Fang have not a superstition as great as Yasi, but they did not hold themselves bound to take up the quarrel of another tribe against a white man. The next morning, the boat was safely and comfortably rowed home. But Mr. S., frightened at the possible consequences to his trade, if the natives should extend to him their boycott of me, hastened to excuse himself to them. Mr. M., who had borne himself bravely in the affray, now began to doubt its wisdom. But Dr. B. still was enthusiastic, and was willing to bear all the responsibility. The natives, however, settled the question by a message to me, that they had nothing to say to my passenger Mr. S., nor to my visitors, Dr. B. and Mr. M., but that they held me responsible for my boat and for my guns; that they would seize me on my next journey down river, and that they would not see me at their town.

The responsibility which I had, in doubt of duty, was thus forced on me. I hasted to accept it. That native phrase, "not see you at my town," is a threat and a defiance. Of course, to refrain from going to that very village and thus facing the threat, would be construed as cowardice. It was impossible to go at once, as we were all making final arrangements for going to the annual Mission meeting at the sea-side Station Gaboon. I winced under the possible imputation of fear, as, passengers on a river steamer, with our boat in tow, we sped by that village a week later in the close of December. But I arranged with Dr. B. that, on our return, a month later, in January, 1880, when I should come back to pass the Station over to his care, I should make a demonstration.

We did so. We returned from Gaboon to the Ogowe mouth, not by steamer, but by the Mission sailing vessel. And then, with a second boat, began the week's ascent of the river. At the close of the sixth day, we were only a few miles below town, hidden from it by a point of land on the other side. We camped, enjoyed the evening prayers with forest canopy, slept well, woke refreshed, and early started across and up river, still keeping that point of land between us and the town. I claimed the advance, with Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. B. following in the other boat. Flags decorated both boats. My Winchester repeating rifle stood under the thatch-covered canopy end of the "Nelly Howard," where sat Mrs. S., and my hand was near it, as I stood up at the canopy's open end, to face whatever might occur, and to act as occasion might indicate. The crews, some of them members of the rescue expedition, broke into a brilliant boat song, as we neared the point. (Crews like to pass any towns with shouts and display.) The display certainly was impressive, as, in the bright morning light we swept around that point and into close sight of the town, whose inhabitants, hearing the songs, knew boats were coming, but did not know who, for they had not seen our approach. According to custom, they gathered to see the display, and to seek sail for their food supplies.

Even against the swift current the boats came grandly racing forward under enthusiastic sweeps of the oars, to the very landing of the town, then swerved and passed. There were shouts of admiration at the manœuvre. Though many were armed, those arms were not necessarily for us, for almost all those natives go armed. None of our guns were in sight. Perhaps my audacious taking up of their gauntlet, defiance, startled them. They held up fowls, yams, and other articles for sale. (I felt sure these were not a decoy. Had I not come unsolicited within a few yards of them?) They called to me to stop and buy. (The boat, crowded with goods, aroused their cupidity. This white man, who brings thus these things is too valuable to be killed!) I waived a laughing welcome, promising to come again, as the ladies were tired of their long journey, and we were trying to reach home that day. There was pleasant badinage between our crew and their male and female acquaintances ashore; praise at the boat's handsome appearance, welcomes at Dr. B.'s coming, regrets for my expected going, and only kind invitations, as we sped out of view.

I did fulfill my promise and took occasion to visit that town shortly afterward, before I sailed for America, and met no unkindness. The sudden excitement of December had died out. The young men, not Christians, but partly civilized, had sided against their fathers, in defense of their Christian companions. The heathen found they had too strong a minority whom to threaten with death, and desisted sullenly from their threats.

Yasi lost its power and a few years later came to be despised.

A year later, Nguva was elected the first native elder of the First Ogowe Church. And, when he died a few years later, the chief of that very town, himself having become a Christian in the great ingathering of 1887, was elected to the vacant eldership. And Nguva's chain, kept as a souvenir by Dr. B., now lies in the museum of the Mission House, presented by Mrs. B., her husband having died in 1890, in India, whither he had transferred his missionary work in 1883.

SYNOD OF NEW JERSEY.

The Synod of New Jersey met in the First Church, Bridgeton, October 17th. The Moderator, Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D. D., having returned to his post in Africa, the opening sermon was preached by the Vice-Moderator, Rev. Henry F. Hickok, D. D. Rev. Samuel M. Studdiford, D. D., was chosen Moderator.

Correspondence.

FROM AFRICA.

[Dr. Nassau's many friends will be glad to hear of the incidents connected with his arrival in Africa; and the little domestic incidents are suggestive revelations of the missionary life.]

On Monday, September 11th, we had anchored in old Calabar river at Duketown; there a lay missionary, Mr. Alexander and Mrs. Rev. Beedie and Miss Dunlap come on board to welcome my cabin mates, Rev. Mr. Dean and Mr. Weir, and took them ashore. I accepted Miss Dunlap's invitation to go to Creektown, another mission station seven miles around an island, in another part of the Calabar Delta. In the afternoon the station-boat came with Miss Dunlap and took me to a handsome steam launch belonging to the Consulate. The Consul had politely offered us passage, as he was sending two policemen to make an arrest at Creektown. It was well that we went in that closed launch, and not in the open boat, for there was a heavy downpour of rain. How rapidly the powerful launch flew! It made the seven or eight miles in less than half an hour. It made me feel almost envious. How much of my life and strength and health had been worn away in slow, exposed open boats! All the other missions on this African coast use steam, except poor we. But I do not feel jealous of that Scotch U. P. Mission for possessing their own steamer and having the occasional use of the Consul's launch. They need all aid, for they live in an unhealthy river, and their list of deaths is sad. Their church gives them far finer, and larger, and more comfortable houses and furniture than we have; at Creektown are three pretty houses, one of them the best mission house I have seen anywhere. One is occupied only by Rev. H. Goldie and his sister-in-law, Miss Johnston; another by Miss Dunlap and another young lady, and the third is occupied by the missionary carpenter, Mr. Manson—its missionary worker, Mr. John Bishop, having just died before the house was completed. He was the mission printer. He was a fellow passenger on the Benguela that took us to England more than two years ago. I stayed two days in Mr. Goldie's house at Creektown. He is an old man, eighty years of age, still working for the natives who love him, but it made me sad to listen to his memories of those whom he and I had known, and who were gone. I am much younger than he, but he seems to lay hold of me as a connecting link with his past, for it was painfully obvious that his memory was failing. He is a devoted missionary, hourly prayerful, spiritual and heavenly minded.

A white lady from Great Britain was lying sick in a dark, low, mud house in the town, the guest of the white teacher there, too sick to be removed to the almost empty mission houses. It pained me much to see her. I know that in all mission work there must be suffering and privation. It will come notwithstanding care, forethought and reasonable proparation. But, in the splendid zeal that is now moving the churches of America and Europe to evangelize Africa, I am sorry to have to confess that there is a painful lack of judgment that has entailed needless loss of life and uncalled for sacrifice. Recognized agencies of experience that have accumulated wisdom by past experiment, like our Presbyterian Board, the Congregational and other denominational Boards, reduce the loss and sacrifice to the necessary minimum. But various enthusiastic, overzealous, undenominational, independent and inexperienced agencies have sprung up, such as Guinness, Plymouth Brethren, International Alliance, Y. M. C. A. Missions, Bishop Taylor's (so called) Self-supporting Mission, Faith Cure, etc., that have sent out large numbers of good men and women, zealous and pious, but most of them with little education, and the majority with but slight preparation, and many with an inexcusable ignorance of the conditions of African life. The results have been very sad and disappointing; and have brought censure on all foreign mission work here and in a few cases outrageous scandal. This gentleman and lady came not among the ignorant, but they certainly were among the unprepared. And on the steamer I heard a frightful story about an independent holiness man and his family from Iowa. There was enough wickedness in it on which to base a novel. The doings, unwise, unskillful and even improper doings, of these irresponsible movements bring disgrace on the well-established and wisely administered mission work, and give occasion for unjust opposition to all foreign mission work.

One of the native elders of Mr. Goldie's Creektown Church offered to send me back to the steamer on Wednesday, Sept. 13th. He owns a steam launch; but I would not have him get up steam just for me, so he sent me on his six-oared gig, Mr. Goldie's boat being out of repair. Our steamer left Calabar Sept. 14th. We entered the Rio del Rey, the boundary line between British and German territory. It was a very muddy river, and the ship's officers, anxious to get on their journey, did not wait for high tide, but, knowing their were no rocks, steamed ahead, the steamer's keel actually ploughing to the depth of two feet, in the river's soft bottom. That for an iron steamer of over 1800 tons! I have not seen in Africa so desolate, lonely and utterly forsaken a white man's location as was the Swedish trading house here in the Rio del Rey. Low, filthy, muddy and everywhere a monotonous scraggly growth of mangroves. Nevertheless the Swede was there for money. And the Rev. Mr. Fairly, of the British Primitive Methodist Mission, at Fernando Po, had brought with him a native teacher whom he intended locating at a village among those mangroves, farther up the river. And in one of these villages was living, from choice, a wretched white man, who no longer desired to return to civilization, but who adopting native dress and food, and living native life, drunken and almost heathen, made a scant support by the charity of fellow white men and by occasional work for the Swedish house. It was amazing that he did not die.

On Saturday, the 16th, we were off again down the Rio, and in the afternoon, skirting the base of Cameroon Mountain, had a splendid view of its peak, 14,000 feet high. The day had been rainy, but just as we were skirting the base the clouds lifted, leaving the peak perfectly clear. It is generally covered at the top, even when its lower portion is clear. It was magnificent, under the changing colors of the setting sun, as we steamed into Ambas Bay to the town of Victoria. There is Basel Mission House and Church. But there was was no opportunity to get ashore on the very rainy Sabbath, September 17th. More than twenty years ago a Scotch philanthropist, Mr. George Thomson, of a missionary family (himself unmarried at this time), used his own wealth to induce the three adjacent missions (ours, the Methodist and the Scotch U. P.) to join with him in building a sanitarium on the mountain. There were difficulties and objections. How were the invalids of these three missions to

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reach Victoria? for steamers did not go there then; there was no commerce to induce them to go there. Ambas Bay also is rocky. And how were invalids to ascend that mountain? There was no road. While the difficulties were real, it was amazing to me at that time that these missions were not willing to aid Mr. Thomson in removing these difficulties. It is pitiful that they withheld even sympathy from their disinterested benefactor, denouncing his plan as visionary. He bravely kept at work, disinterestedly spending his wealth, and finally his life, in developing at Victoria a commerce that should attract steamers. As I looked ashore, I thought of his unselfish life, that had ended without the sight of what he labored for. Steamers *do* now go to Victoria; invalids *can* now get there; the rocks in the bay are buoyed; Mr. Thomson cut a road up the Mountain and the German Missions and Government purpose creating a Sanitarium just about the site that Mr. Thomson had selected. But, just at present, the German Government, by its barbarous severity in its dealings with the natives on the Mountains, has made the road impassable.

Another magnificent view of the Peak was had on the evening of the 17th, as the steamer went on its way toward the Cameroon River. Rain had ceased, though all around the horizon were heavy dark masses of clouds, through the rifts in which, toward the West, gorgeous bursts of setting sunlight were flaming. The steamers do not attempt to travel on these African Oil Rivers at night. They need the daylight to see the buoys. The German Government has put a great deal of expense on the survey of the Cameroon. Formerly that river could be ascended only with native pilots and of the natives there was only one family—whose knowledge descended from father to son—who could take a vessel through the tortuous channel. Now no pilot is needed. You simply follow the buoys. And, at the town itself, the Government is doing a great work, building an iron pier for a water line, including the formerly muddy, foul-smelling beach at low tide, and filling in behind with earth—from the adjacent bluffs. Of course, at present that excavating of fresh earth is unhealthy, but eventually there will be a fine broad wharfage. And the galvanized iron houses of the Government, Basel Mission and British and German traders looked handsomely.

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have by this factor alone a showing of nearly an increase of 11 per cent. over what might be expected, aside from other causes in cases in which the peritoneum is not interfered with. The cases of hemorrhage amount to eight, being a mortality of about 5 per cent. again from causes avoidable in the extraperitoneal operation. The same logic is applicable to the cases of shock and exhaustion, which alone amount to sixteen, nearly 10 per cent. of all the mortality.

I have not cited cases in the body of the paper, reserving these for illustration and discussion.

WEST AFRICAN NATIVE FOODS.

BY ROBERT HAMILL NASSAN, M.D., D.D.
GABOON, AFRICA.

The vegetable foods of the natives of western equatorial Africa are various, but their principal carbohydrates, their two staves of life, so to speak, are the tuber of the cassava or manioc, (*Jatropha manihot*) and the fruit of the plantain (*Musa sapientum*).

They grow also maize, yams, sweet potato, arum, gourds, squash, pumpkin, okra, beans, tomato, ground-nuts, eschalots, cayenne pepper.

Their agriculture in that part of Africa requires no general upturning of the soil. A spot having been selected in the forest adjacent to the village, the women first go through with long knives or matchets, and cut down all the underbrush and saplings. Then the men follow, felling the trees. These with their branches and dense foliage interlocked by a super-abundance of vines and lianos, impenetrably cover the acres of the chosen space and lie dying for some two weeks. This is done during that season that is without rain; so that, when on a chosen day, the dying mass is fired the billow of flame from twigs and smaller branches sweeping over the fallen trees, burns up all except the tree trunks and larger branches. The wood-ash is recognized as an aid to fertility, though its action is not at all understood.

Women then, with a small tool somewhat like a small trowel, hollow out holes at distances irregularly, of some six feet apart, about ten inches in depth and eight in diameter, and drop into each cavity a variety of the above mentioned plants and seeds, so that there shall be *succession* in growth. (This planting is made just before the rainy season begins.)

In that succession there is the plantain sprout. Its growth is slow. It will produce in from twelve to eighteen months; while young it needs the shade. This is afforded by the manioc shrub cutting which will produce in from four, six to eight months. But the manioc also needs shade at first. This is promptly provided by the maize and other broad-leaved vegetables, like the pumpkin, which grow rapidly and give to the ground, denuded of forest, the shade necessary to prevent its fertility being "burned out" by the sun's direct rays. The maize and other vegetables give the villagers something to live on during the interval of six months before the manioc is ripe; or, of six months more until the plantains have produced their fruit. These smaller vegetables having been eaten off, the garden finally contains little else than plantains and the second growth of cassava.

The manioc is the poisonous variety. As the

woman, in gathering pulls up the shrub and plucks off the tubers, she immediately thrusts into the loosened earth a cutting of the stalk for another growth. The basket containing the tubers is set in a stream of water for three days that their poisonous quality may be washed out. On the third day the basket is carried to the village, the thick rind of the tubers is peeled off, and they thrown into a large wooden mortar. They smell quite offensively sour, having partly fermented. They are beaten with a wooden pestle into a white homogeneous dough-like mass, consisting of the starch grains, and the broken woody parts of the root. This dough is fashioned into rolls some sixteen inches long and two inches in diameter, which are then carefully tied up in plantain leaves. A large iron or brass kettle is set over a fire, a small quantity of water in the kettle, and the rolls are then arranged closely in it and covered over tightly with a package of plantain leaves to prevent the escape of steam. The effect of the steam permeating all parts of the rolls is to burst the starch grains. The manioc is now ready to be eaten. It is of the consistency of cheese; smells very sour; is practically the same as a thick, dark, coarse mass of tapioca pudding mixed with finely broken pieces of woody fiber. It is eaten by the natives with salt, native cayenne pepper ("chillies"), and a gravy of oily nuts. It will keep good for a week in a dry place; or on the drying-rack over their fires for a much longer time, becoming too hard to be cut. When spoiled by mold, it can be made again fit for use by re-boiling.

When these same rolls are sliced and roasted in ashes they taste somewhat like bread, and can be eaten as such with butter; or they can be fried in any oil, as toast. The soaked tubers, when first peeled of their rinds, instead of being cooked at all may be placed in the sun to dry, and then are preserved for many days over the drying shelves, and are then boiled for use as occasion may require, without beating them into dough. Or the tubers, without being first placed in running water, having been peeled, may be boiled, sliced into "chips" (called *ngwese*), soaked for one night in water and eaten without further cooking with salt and pepper. Another method is to have the tuber, just as it is taken from the earth, without any other preparation than peeling, grated, the pulp washed and dried in the sun, making a coarse "farina," which is used for convenience on journeys. This meal needs no other preparation than to have scalding hot water poured over it, and it then swells into a thick pudding-like mass. These several ways of preparing the manioc tuber make an agreeable variety for taste and convenience.

The plantain stalk produces but one bunch of fruit. There is therefore no need to carefully cut off the hanging bunch, which contains from twenty to forty "fingers." (A banana bunch—the *musa paradisaica*—has from 50 to 200.) The mother-stalk is then cut down. But around its base are springing up several shoots, like "suckers" of corn, varying from one foot to four feet in height. The tallest of these "children" immediately takes its mother's place, and in six months will bear its one bunch, to in turn have its place taken by the next larger of the suckers. This process goes on indefinitely, and if proper care were taken of the garden no new plantation would need to be cut; the same garden would last forever. The fruit of the plantain is rarely allowed by natives to ripen. It is cut unripe, and is boiled. It contains much starch, though less than the manioc, but is more healthful than the latter. It may also be eaten roasted.

If allowed to become over-ripe, the plantain is rarely eaten by natives. But by foreigners it is liked, being sliced and fried.

With these two articles of food to depend on, and varied by modes of preparation, the natives obtain a still more comfortable variety by boiling or roasting maize ears, eating the grains from the cob, boiling or roasting tubers of the yam and of the calladium (*Arum esculentum*), our so-called "elephant" ear, called by the natives "koko," and "eddo," the common vegetable of the South Sea islands.

Almost the only two modes of our native cookery are boiling and roasting in ashes.

Greens of various leaves are used, especially the leaves of manioc and the unexpanded leaf of the calladium; care, however, being taken to pour off the first water in which this arum is boiled, as, like our Indian turnip, it is acridly poisonous; as also is the case with the tuber of the eddo (*calladium*). A rich pudding is made from the kernel of the seeds of a gourd. The hard rind of the ripened gourd itself is also used, being carved into cups and bowls and spoons. The kernels of the seeds, free from the shells, are beaten into a paste. This paste, seasoned with red pepper and laid in strata with slices of dried fish, is broiled in a bag of plantain leaves. It is quite oleaginous; foreigners can digest but little of it, though its taste is agreeable.

The palm nut (*Elæis guiniensis*) yields a rich, oily pulp that yields the palm oil of commerce, enormous quantities being exported for the making of soap and lubricating oil. The pulp is eaten by all the natives. When prepared in a cleanly manner it is relished by most foreigners, eaten with rice and an abundance of currie or of "chillies" (cayenne pepper), a fowl or some other meat, fresh or dried, being stewed with it. It is quite fattening, the natives promptly becoming plump under its use. The fresh nuts are also eaten, roasted in hot ashes.

A hard cake made from the oily kernels of a fruit called *odika* (the wild mango) is universally used by the natives for making a rich gravy. I like it but most foreigners do not.

In their meat diet the natives are variable. They are capable of eating a very great deal of meat, but are satisfied with even a little. But that little *must* be had, or they often will refuse to eat a meal of only vegetables. For inhabitants of a warm country, their longing for meat is remarkable. Their language has synonyms for our words for "famine" and "hunger;" it has also a third word, meaning *meat hunger*.

They have domestic animals—fowls, sheep and goats, dogs and a few cats. The sheep have no wool; only short straight hair. All these animals are kept for only special occasions—feasts, payment of fines, marriage dowrys, sacrifices to evil spirits in times of great danger (when only the blood is offered, the flesh being eaten by the village). For daily meat, the hunt is depended on. But when the hunt has been successively fruitless, a cat or dog must be utilized to supply the "meat hunger." There is therefore no over-production of these domestic animals.

Leaving Cameroon on Tuesday, 19th, we anchored late in the afternoon at Batanga. There, is the river, Lobi, that tumbles into the sea, with a cataract of about forty feet. That is the place which in our mission letters you will see spoken of as Waterfall. It is a very strange sight, the river tumbling from the rocky cliff straight into the ocean. The rains had been heavy and the river was full, making a fine sight. From Waterfall South to a native town called Bongahill are three miles. Our Missionaries are at present at four spots along these three miles, thus: Waterfall—Mrs. Good in a rented house—Bongahill and Miss Massar in a small mission house—The Mission House—Messrs Gault and Goddish—A Native house—and rented by Dr. Laffiu. As the steamer was sighted, Mr. Gault and Dr. Laffin came off in the Mission-boat to welcome me. The steamer anchored opposite Dr. Laffin's house. An English trader living at Bongahill kindly offered to take me ashore and send me back, as the steamer purposed leaving that night. It was dark when we went through the warring surf of the Bongahill rocks. He gave me a guide to show me the way to my sister's house. These people speak Benga; and it made my heart beat faster to chat with the guide in the native tongue which I most prefer, but which for years there has been no chance for me to use in the Ogoue or at Gaboon. The evening 7:00 o'clock prayer-bell was just ringing as I came to sister's open door, from which light of lamp was streaming, and whence was issuing the prattle of children. I sent no one to announce me, but, standiug on the thresh-hold, took off my hat, and, to surprise my sister (who was sitting by a table with several little girls and boys about her and Miss Bale standing on the other side of the table), bowed, and gravely said, "Umba nd ekane" (This is I) She knew I was expected on that steamer, but had not thought I could come ashore in the dark. I received a glad welcome, the wondering natives standing by. Some of them had seen me on their journeys to Benita or Gaboon. All knew of me, hearing their father speak about me from old Benita days, twenty-five years ago; or from the messages that

had passed between us while my native friends, Rev. Maxongo and Licentiate Itongalo, had been laboring there under my superintendance years ago, before any white missionaries had settled there. So they gazed with silent respect on the "Father" of whom they had heard. I felt so glad and happy, that sister agreed in my wish to enter the prayer room, and give thanks for God's merciful guiding hand, deferring our home chat till a half an hour later. The evening sea-breeze is very strong, is too much for sister, through the sieve-like sides of the bamboo-palm school-room where prayers were held. That room is on a clay floor, utterly plain and unadorned, except by the A. B. C. cards and spelling lessons hanging on the walls. But those walls that evening were illumined for me by the forty men, women and children who sat on the low seats (a chair was given me) and sang "Ho tumb wakide Jasu" (Come let us sing of Jesus) and who listened to candidate for the ministry Duma read and comment on the hope of resurrection (a comparison of Paul before the Sanhedrim and Christ's discussion with the Sadducees). He had asked me to take the service; but my heart was very full, and I preferred to make only remarks and lead in prayer. Afterward, I sat and chatted in sister's house till it was time to go back to the steamer. But the white trader told me the steamer had decided to stay all night. So, as Miss Bale was visiting for the night in sister's little house, I accepted an invitation to his house.

On Wednesday, Sept. 20th, we left Batanga, passed the Campo river, the dividing line between German and French territory, and anchored for a short time at Bata. There we have a native minister, Rev. Mr. Etigani, in charge of the church. Besides my respect for himself, I have always retained my grateful affection for his wife; for when she was a young woman she was the nurse and attendant of my little Paul, who died at Benita (see "Crowned in Palm land.") Her name is Aka; I shall always remember her. There was no time to go ashore at Bata. From Bata the steamers, in passing Benita river, keep so far to seaward that they are generally out of sight of the land. At least, our Bolondo House is never visible from the Liverpool steamers and none of them could go to the shallow anchorage there; small coasting steamers do. I thought many thoughts, as the vessel passed that coast in the one night. How scores and scores of times I had toiled with oar or against wind up and down these fifty miles from Benita to Corisco! With the morniug of Thursday, September 21st, the steamer was rounding Cape St. John, on its way to Elobi Island. Again I went back in memory twenty-three years to that very month, and almost to the week when, in an open boat, my wife had died. (See "Crowned in Palm land.") Now, in a comfortable steamer, I was being carried over the very spot! And after the steamer's day's work at Elobi, it came out to sea again, on its way to Gaboon, at night, with a moonlight, just as had shone the moon on me and Charley, and his lifeless mother on the 11th of September, 1870.

By the morning of Friday, September 22nd, the steamer was entering Gaboon Bay. The new buildings of the French Government in this town of Libreville looked well from the veesel's deck. Boats were alongside, as soon as the quarantine and Custom House officers had examined the vessel. In one of those boats were two white gentlemen and a little white child. I did not know them, indeed, I said in my heart, "Certainly those are not coming for me, there is no white child at Baraka." But they were for me. One was Mr. E. A. Ford, the lay missionary here in charge of the mission finances, and the other was the Rev. W. S. Bannerman, my successor at our loved Talaguga, but who I supposed was still on the Ogoue River. Talaguga and Kangue stations having been transferred to the French Protestant Mission, we have no more work on the Ogoue, and Mr. Bannerman had come here to occupy our vacant station Angom, up the Gaboon estuary. He looked thin and worn, in these two years of work, so I had failed to recognize him at a distance, and Mr. Ford I had never seen, as he arrived here in 1891, after I had left. I was very glad to see little Harold Bannerman. My daughter was the first white child born at Talaguga, he was the second. We went to the Custom House with my baggage. I was then two miles from the mission; so glad was I to get to land that I declined entering the boat and

walked alone to the Mission boat-landing. reaching there as soon as the two boats, You may be sure there were many "Mbolo!" and a big "Samba!" in their welcome of me. At the Mission house was Mrs. Ogden and Mrs. Bannerman and Mr. Presset, the teacher of French, and many natives to welcome me.

R. HAMILL NASSAU.

WELCOMED BACK TO GABOON.

Missionary Nassau Begins the Third Decade of his Gospel Work in Africa—An Earnest Native Inquirer.

SEVERAL months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a sketch of the remarkable Gospel work of Rev. Robt. Hamill Nassau, an American missionary and physician, who has spent over twenty years of his life among the native tribes of the West Coast of Africa. Dr. Nassau was then in this country on his vacation. Since his return to Africa, he has written to Rev. I. H. Polhemus and the fellow-workers of the church in Orange, N. J., which supports his missionary work in Africa, a letter from which we are privileged to make the following extracts:

We parted on July 2nd I sailed from Philadelphia July 12th, reached Liverpool July 24th, visited relatives in England during three weeks, sailed from Liverpool August 16th, stopping at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, at Freetown, Sierra Leone, at four points on the Liberian coast, at Accra, at Lagas, at Old Calabar, at Rio Del Rey, at Fernando Po., at Victoria, at Cameroon, at Batanga at Bata, Elobi, and finally here on September 22nd.

I was welcomed by two fellow-missionaries, Mr. E. A. Ford and Rev. W. S. Bannerman, and his two-year boy, Harold. The approach of steamers up the Gaboon Bay (or estuary) is observed an hour before they actually reach their anchorage. I was expected on that steamer "Cameroon," so the mission boat was rowed along-side promptly on the dropping of the anchor, it having left shore as soon as the steamer had been sighted. I did not know Mr. Ford; he had joined the mission while I was in America. He is a lay missionary, having charge of the mission finances. Mr. Bannerman was my successor at Talaguga two and one-half years ago. But the two Ogove Stations, Kangwe and Talaguga, having since been transferred to the care of the French Protestant Society, he had just come from the Ogove, on his way to take charge of the vacant station, Angom, on the Nkâmâ River (an affluent of the Gaboon, generally misspelled "Como.") His little Harold had been born after I went to America. I looked with tender interest on the child, as I now look eagerly on any white child, for the sake of my little daughter Mary, and especially because Harold was the second white child to be born at Talaguga. Like my own little girl, who spoke the native language freely as her native tongue before she learned English, Harold was talking a mixture of Bantu, French and English.

The name of our mission house in this Gaboon settlement is Baraka. Besides Mr. Ford and myself, there are here a widow lady, the senior member of our mission, Mrs. Ogden, and a Swiss gentleman, Mr. Presset, teacher of the school. He speaks French, as that language is required to be taught; but he speaks also English and the native Mpongwe. We three board with Mrs. Ogden.

On the Monday after my arrival (September 25), Mr. and Mrs. B. were going to their new station Angom, seventy miles up the river, An English trading firm, Hatton & Cookson, have a small steamer, the "Move," (a German name), on which we were given passage. This vessel does not ply regularly; it goes only as the trading firm requires for the collection of native trade-produce from its up-river sub-station. Hereafter in my letters I will use the word we commonly use here, "Factory," meaning trading-house. It is the word used all along this coast. It means the same as "Agency" in the Hudson Bay fur trade. But, because an "agent" is a "factor," his dwelling or shop is called a "factory." Do not misunderstand me then in the future when I speak of a "factory." There are no manufacturers here.

We left about 10 A.M. On the way passed Parrot Island, where in the breeding months of February and March, there are hundreds of the African grey, red-tailed and red-winged parrots. You rarely see them in America. All the parrots you see in America come from Brazil. There are none of these grey and red parrots in Brazil, I think. On my visits to America, I have always brought some of these parrots as gifts to my friends; but I try first to find out whether they like parrots. For my own part, I do not like them; they are so noisy. Same way, monkeys can easily be obtained here; but I would not, for my own part, own one.

Another island on the way was Konig Island, a name remaining from the Dutch occupation of this region almost one hundred years ago, when slaves were exported. On that island are the remains of an old earth-work and cannon used in the slave-trading days. Further up the river, we passed an extension of the French Roman Catholic Mission, at a place called Dongila. The Roman Catholics have two large schools for boys and girls here at this Gaboon settlement (which the French call "Libreville," so, if in future, I speak of Libreville, you will know that I mean Gaboon). Dongila is their extension, some fifteen miles up the river. We have a licentiate teacher, Iguwi, at Ovendo Point, some five miles up the river. And, formerly, there was a mission station, Nengenenge, some sixty miles up; but the little island on which it was built was low, muddy and surrounded by the unhealthy mangrove tree swamps. It was removed more than a dozen years ago, ten miles farther up, by Rev. A. W. Marling, to a Fang town called Fula, and he named his house Angom, which means in the Fang dialect, "Peace" or "Friendship," because those cannibal Fangs, like mine at Talaguga, on the Ogowe River, were always quarreling and fighting.

The Gaboon Estuary ends at Negenenge; it is the head of the bay, like Bay-Head on your East Jersey coast. Into it flow several small streams. The largest two are the Bâkwe and the Nkâmâ (or Como). It is ten miles up the latter that we were to go to Angom. But the Nkâmâ being narrow, the steamer lay at Negenenge all night, waiting for daylight. When, next morning, I had aided Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman and little Harold ashore to their new home, the steamer bore me away, down the river to the mouth of another affluent, the Rembwe, and up it to a town Agonjo, where formerly we had a native Bible-reader. As the steamer was to lie there all night, and as the sleeping accommodations on it were very poor, (as the vessel does not profess to carry passengers, and consequently cannot be blamed for having no place for them), I went ashore to pass the night in a comfortable native house, belonging to a native trader. The trade is in ivory, india rubber, gum and bamboo-palm fibre (for making brooms in England.) My long residence in Africa has made my name known, even where I have not myself been. The man showed me to his best room, with civilized bed and bedding, kerosene light, etc. One of his assistants, who could read, having been taught here at Gaboon. He was a young man, not a professing Christian, and his wife was an inquirer, enrolled on the list of catechumens of this church—of course, at once, she was one of the "lambs" after whom I was to look.

I conversed with her and gave her pastoral advice. I do not know why I did not offer to pray with her; but, for not doing so, I felt justly rebuked by her (not that she at all intended it), in the following incident: It seemed a very unlikely place for a prayer-meeting. Indeed, there were only those four persons in the house. So, being tired, I proposed going to bed, and did not, as is my usual custom, call together the household for family prayer. This young inquirer, Ogandaga by name, took up the lamp to lead me to my room. She set it on the table. I bade her good night, after she had hospitably examined the pillows and covers, to see that there were no centipedes or scorpions there. I supposed she was leaving the room and sat down, beginning to take off my shoes and stockings. She remained, fussing about the table. Presently I observed that her fussing was only a getting up of courage to say, "Shan't we have prayer together?" Verily, I was rebuked! Slipping into my shoes and coat, I stepped with her out again into the sitting-room, and she passed out-doors, returning in a few minutes with some ten persons. Of course, then, I had a fifteen minute prayer-meeting with those heathens, reading from a portion of the native Scripture which her husband possessed. She cannot read. So, again I bade them good night, and again she carried the lamp for me, and again I began to disrobe, and again the bashful face looked up, saying, "But—about—my catechism?" And she placed in my hands her copy of a little question book, which we have compiled for the instruction of inquirers. Again my heart smote me, and again I returned to the sitting-room, and I spent a solid hour asking the now happy and satisfied Ogandaga, the hundred questions of this little book. Her husband, though not a Christian, had helped her to learn them, and she answered most of them with little prompting from me. Thus, many who have been in our schools, and who have not professed conversion, are assisting in spreading the truth.

I returned with the steamer on the Thursday night, September 28. I held session meeting with the three native elders on Friday, from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. We held preparatory service at 3 P.M. of Saturday, September 30, and on Saturday afternoon I preached in Mpongwe, on John 21: 22, "Follow thou me." An excommunicated woman was restored, one suspended woman was restored, the wife of one of the elders was baptized and received to the table, her baby girl Ngwanji, and another baby, infant boy of another member, were baptized, and some fifty of us sat down to the table.

I think this letter must close here. Descriptions of our Sabbath services, of our weekly meetings, and of a communion Sabbath will find a place in future letter.

ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU.

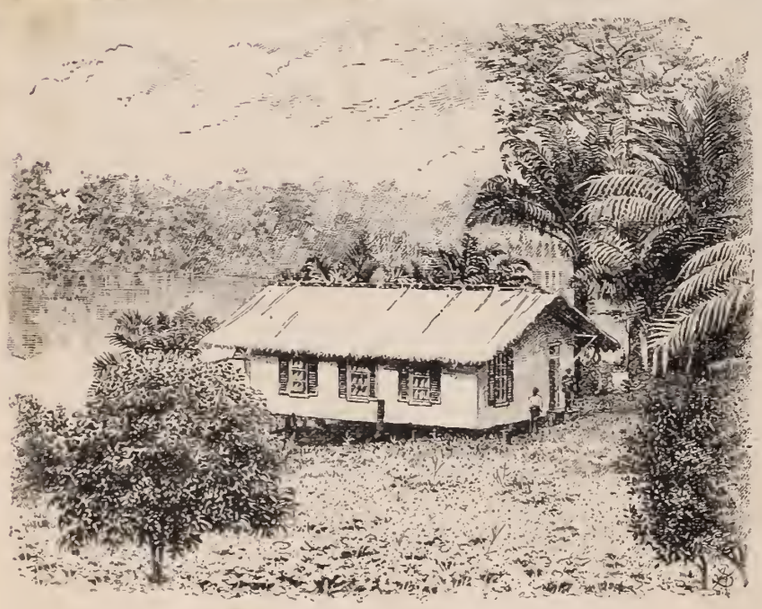
"BUT—ABOUT—MY—CATECHISM?" SAID THE WOMAN.

The Delayed Harvest of Souls.

Dr. Robert H. Nassau Visits the Station at Talaguga, Africa, Which he Planted Nineteen Years Ago, and sees the Fruits of His Pioneer Work.

OUR dear and honored friend, Dr. Nassau, whose portrait we published last year, and who is now in his new field of labor at Gaboon, on the West Coast of Africa, writes us an account of a visit he paid recently to the scene of his early labors It is now in the hands of French Protestant Missionaries, who gave him a warm welcome, and gladly showed him in their church the fruits of the seed he had planted years ago in the midst of sorrow and discouragement. Dr Nassau says :

I have been re-visiting my former home, Talaguga, on the Ogove River, two hundred miles from its Cape Lopez mouth. Our mission no longer has any property or duty on that river, we having withdrawn because of the unfriendly and harassing acts of the French Government, on educational and other subjects. But, in so withdrawing, there was no abandonment of our Ogove churches. That portion of our field was, evangelistically, the jewel of our mission. We transferred it to the care of our Protestant brethren of the Paris Evangelical Society, who assumed it only at our urgency; our hope in this transfer being that they as Frenchmen would be able, better than



DR. R. H. NASSAU'S FIRST STATION AT KANGWE, WEST AFRICA.

we, to satisfy the exactions and peculiarities of French law. Nor did our withdrawal from the Ogove imply doing any less for Africa. The present advance into the Interior from our northern base at Batanga is only the utilizing of the force which had been employed at the Ogove Interior from our southern base. Before beginning my share of the work in a new sphere at this Gaboon Sea-side Station,—the oldest in our mission,—I wished to look again on the loved Talaguga home, the scene of years of toil and difficulty (unusual even in a pioneer's lot) where, after almost nine years' continuous labor, I had but little to show to the church at home of what are commonly demanded as evidences of success,—demands which, in their partial view of labor and its results, are often unjust. But, just because of those very years of labor; because of the sanctity that Talaguga had for me as the grave of my wife, and because of its brightness as the birth-place and home of my little daughter, my heart turned again to the Ogove. In re-visiting it, traveling over its two hundred miles, recognizing places and even individual trees, each associated with some incident, my thoughts went back over varied and eventful eighteen years. After careful survey begun in 1874, I had located the Kangwe Station at Lembarene, 130 miles from the river's month, as a base for further advance. In 1880, I left at Kangwe a flourishing School and church which were still more largely developed during the ten subsequent years by the three efficient brethren who successively followed me. And it fell to my lot in 1882, to resume the role of a pioneer, and survey for a new station at Talaguga, seventy miles farther up river, on the way to (always our objective point) the far Interior.

It must be acknowledged that the path did not then look very hopeful. But it was the only open path in our entire mission-field. Entrances that had been attempted at other points had failed through native monopolist opposition and other causes.

Some of my visitors, who had not taken the wide survey I had, wondered that I located a mission-station at a place where there were no materials for a school or a church! True, there were in the beginning, March 1882, within a mile on each side of the new station, five villages aggregating not more than about five hundred people. Truly, a poor outlook for much direct missionary work! But subsequent events have more than justified me It was with no sense of disheartenment that, on taking a needed furlough in the beginning of 1891, I handed over the station to my successors, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Bannerman. My only regret was that the church back of me had been unable to give me the new men and the means for advancing fifty or even twenty miles farther into the region of the Rapids.

Roman Catholic missionaries had passed me during those years, and had located hundreds of miles up the rapids. The care of my little motherless babe would not have been a bar to my own going to start a new station, had any one else been provided for that new station, or to take my place at Talaguga. To my successor, Mr. Bannerman, all that I claimed or prophesied for Talaguga, became true. Population crowded around him The Gospel was welcomed. A school became an organized reality. Under his efficient zeal, distant clans were visited. The seed he and I had sown sprang up. Two years later, the transfer removed Mr. Bannerman from Talaguga, and passed it over to the Rev. E. and Madame Allegret, of the Paris Evangelical Society; under whose wise hands the work is blossoming into success.

It was at this stage of affairs that I made my recent visit. What I saw was this: a school of thirty boys and girls (with applications from more than 100, had there been means, room, and sufficient teaching aid.) I stood in the chapel, now used as school-room (my former little school and prayer-room being now entirely too small) and saw the sons of wild Fang, orderly, reading, writing in their copy books, and doing small sums in arithmetic on the blackboard. That chapel, with capacity for only 100 people, which I had built in faith, when as yet sometimes not more than ten Fang were willing to come there, I saw filled at the Sabbath service.

On the one Sabbath which I spent under Brother Allegret's hospitable roof, it was my very great privilege to assist him in the organization of a fifth Ogove church. A church for Fang! With most delicate consideration for me, he recognized my share in the labor preceding these results, and, aware that I intended to make him a visit, he had delayed this ceremony until I could come and take part in it. In the truest of missionary spirit, he felt no jealousy of the welcome his people gave me, nor of the expression of honor they offered me as their first "Father." A large Inquiry Class under his care was being prepared for baptism. The contracted chapel was to be given up entirely to school purposes, and a larger building was to be erected for the use of the new Fifth Ogove Church. The site selected for it was one particularly gratifying to me,—near Mrs Nassau's grave. She had died, having seen little of the work of her hands. Now the Lord "establishes" it! Brother Allegret awaits the coming from France of an associate lady to enlarge Madame Allegret's Fang Girls' School. The advance to the Interior along the line of the Ogove Rapids is to be made shortly, the Paris Society seeing in the location of Talaguga the very advantages I had claimed for it twelve years ago. They accepted the transfer of it and Kangwe for this very purpose of an advance, declining at the same time to accept also our two Gaboon stations, as having no connection with that advance. That week's visit at Talaguga, in its realization of some of my dreams, and the strengthening of faith for the future, was a blessed, happy time!

Gaboon, West Africa ROBERT H. NASSAU

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Correspondence.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

TALAGUGA, OGOWE RIVER, WEST AFRICA,
Oct. 20th, 1893.

I could not feel settled at Gaboon till I had simply looked again on the loved Talaguga home and my wife's grave. I had not even unpacked my trunks, nor arranged my room at the Baraka station there until I should first make this pilgrimage to my Mecca. There came, while waiting for the steamer, my friend, Mr. Gacon, one of my successors at Talaguga, and his lovely wife on their way to Switzerland for his health. They hoped to be able to return in six months. Talaguga was given up by our Mission to the French Protestant Society. When I looked at Madame Gacon, listened to her story of effort for work among the Fang women,—knew that she was living in a little odd bamboo house on the hill, in the very room where my wife died, and saw that her spirit was brave and good and devoted, I felt as if my wife's work was being carried on in and through her. And I asked her to accept our little boat as a present. Her name also is Marie. One of my fellow passengers on the steamer was a Mr. Beddoes whom I had known formerly on the Ogowe, trading for ~~S. S.~~ Holt & Co., Liverpool merchants. Two of his little steamers were lying at Cape Lopez harbor (Princes Bay), also the "Jennie ~~Laurie~~" belonging to a French trader, and two small French gun boats.

October 11th was the 58th anniversary of my birth-day. I did not have any feast. There is little at Cape Lopez on which to feast, at least where there are no ladies to help make it. The Cape is a long, low, sandy, marshy peninsula. The sandy soil will give no gardens. There are only a few natives living there. Fish are abundant, sea turtles are numerous, and on the adjacent prairie and jungly forest there are often antelopes and wild oxen and elephants. But to obtain any of all that meat means mud, and wet, and rain, and hot sun, and an early morning tramp. The savory venison would be obtained at the expense of health, to say nothing of toil, strength and danger. At the Cape were ~~Galora~~ (Ogowe tribe near Kângwe station) employees in the trading houses and on the little steamers, as cooks, table boys, household servants and pilots. Some of them I knew well; all of them knew me.

On the afternoon of Thursday, October 12th, the "Jennie ~~Laurie~~" was ready. Mr. Beddoes was a fellow passenger. But in asking for transportation, and also being given entertainment free, we knew there was no room for sleeping conveniences. We were grateful for being allowed to sleep on deck, which, though it was covered by the roof that ran the length of the vessel, was open on all sides. Fortunate there was no rain that night when we anchored at Wooding station! Early on Friday, October 13th, the little steamer was again on its way. Progress that day was slow, for a piece of the machinery broke and hope of reaching my journey's end before the Sabbath began to fail. At the place, Asyuka, where we anchored for the night, some Frenchmen have planted a very large farm of coffee and cacao. I am glad of the new industry for the natives of the Ogowe. The farm is still young, and has only just begun to produce.

On Saturday, October 14th, our progress was still slower, for another piece of machinery broke. By 10:00 a. m., the captain stopped at Igenja, to buy fire wood and to make repairs. At Igenja is located the 2nd Ogowe Church, and licentiate Yongwe is stationed in charge of it, living in a little house belonging to the Mission. He happened just then to be away preaching in other villages. The welcomes of the people who came off in canoes to sell wood, when they discovered and recognized me, were very gratifying. I was longing for one of the native foods (odika). I asked a young man, who had formerly been in my employ for a short time, whether there was udika ashore which I could buy. Saying nothing, he hasted ashore and soon returned with an odika and a bunch of ripe plantains, and presented them to me from himself and wife, refusing to accept any pay. His gifts represented in this were value $1.20. Yet foreigners here who abuse and despise Negroes, and who only see their worst side, are accustomed to say that these natives have no gratitude.

Repairs to the engine being completed, the vessel lay at Igenja all the Saturday night, and the rain fell heavily. The deck where Mr. Beddoes and I had lain was flowing with water. When evening came I took him ashore to sleep at the Mission house. It being small, one of the villagers, who was a Christian, took us to his much larger house and gave us each a room and dry bedding. It was just the time for the usual evening prayers held by licentiate Yongwe, and I enjoyed conducting the service. Not many people were present, for, according to custom, many had gone in the afternoon to guard their plantain trees and other vegetables from the depredations of wild beasts. It was a very quiet Sabbath as the little vessel moved on up the river. But for the accident to its machinery I would have been at the Church at Kângwe. As we passed the Third Ogowe Church at Ovimbiano, in the Wombatuja region, I saw people who had come from meeting reading books in the streets. I knew that those books were the Mpongwe Bible, for this is almost the only book they have. Late in the afternoon I landed at Mr. Beddoes' house at Inenya. After evening tea he kindly gave me a boat and crew to take me to Kângwe three miles distant, where I wished to attend the evening service. There I was welcomed by Messieurs Teisseres and Bonson and Madame Teisseres and her pretty little babe Yvonne. Many of the former Mission employees and church members also gave me gratifying greeting, and late in the evening I returned to Inenya, to be ready for the journey by the "Jennie Laurie" on to Talaguga next morning. In the book of African pictures I showed everywhere in America, was one of an old African Chief, dressed in fantastic costume, smoking a very long pipe and receiving some white visitors, His village is at Inenya. They were great heathen, and formerly would not listen to the Gospel. Within the last two years so many there have suddenly begun to try to be Christians that a Bible reader has been located there to daily teach them.

On Monday, October 16th, early, my journey was resumed for the seventy miles to Taluguga. My heart beat faster each mile as I passed well known spots. But there was much to sadden. The pitiable habit of the natives of breaking up their villages,—leaving old places and making new ones, gives a look of desolation to the deserted places and prevents the people from making the improvement in buildings, furniture, comforts, etc., which they would make if they felt that their locations were permanent. Night came when we were only a few miles from Talaguga, and a blinding rain made the captain careful of the way. So he anchored. Early on Wednesday, October 17th, we were on our way, and by 7:30 a. m., turning the well known Point, the loved Talaguga was close at hand. A call to the shore brought off in quick haste two canoes, sent by Mr. Allegret, who stood at the landing

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with the warmest of welcomes. There were also several of my former most trusted assistants, still faithful and most useful to their new missionary employers. And Madame Allegret had me sit down to the breakfast from which they had just risen. The Fang from the adjacent villages came every day to see me. On Saturday, October 21st, a Fifth Ogowe Church was organized at Talaguga and the next day (Sabbath) I had the great privelege of assisting at the Lord's table. And to-day, as I close this letter, I am preparing to go down river to Kângwe. I have been very, very glad to see the old home again, for whatever of sadness it must always have for me is brightened now by what I see of progress, and growth, and light, under the hands of my immediate successors, Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman, and their present successors, Mr. and Madame Allegret. For all of which I have much to thank our kind heavenly Father.

On Monday, October 23rd, in the long flat-bottomed canoe, such as are made by the Ogowe natives, and belonging to Mr. Allegret, with ten young men whom he sent to paddle me down the seventy miles to Kângwe. I started at 8:00 a. m. Canoes can go very fast if the crew choose to pull faster than boats, but I dislike them for the reason that the crews are all in the rear, behind one's back, and the temptation, when the master's face is not before them (as in a boat), to laugh and play and dawdle in their work is very strong. Mr. Allegret had sent a very good captain along. The captain had formerly been one of my people. He hesitated to exercise his authority, waiting for me to speak. But I had determined not to speak. So the crew idled slowly down stream. It was a trying day ; the sun shone warm. When 5 p. m. came we were opposite Nyunge river mouth and twelve miles from Kângwe. A storm of rain was driving down that river; to escape it, my playful crew stopped their antics and bent to their work. It was thrilling that lull time. For an entire hour that sheet of falling water was less than a mile behind us and following us and gaining on us. That canoe actually ran ten miles in this hour, and reaching the trading house we ran the canoe ashore, snatched its contents into a wood shed, and in five minutes the storm was all about us, but we were safe! I made a detour into the lake to see Ahemba, an Elder of the Second Ogowe Church, who is located as Bible reader. His wife Pâwa had died a few months ago. I wanted to say a few words of comfort to him. She was a Christian. At other villages I stopped to speak the Word, to get food for my crew and to eat our noon meal, and to buy some of that native odika that I liked so much formerly. At one village I found and bought 50lbs weight, which I shall enjoy at Gaboon. It had been a beautiful day, but as the afternoon wore on heavy rain clouds began to follow us, and I was glad to reach the village, Elovi, in safety and be welcomed by old Mâmbâ, a patriarchal Elder of the Third Ogowe Church. A pleasant prayer meeting we had that evening in that polite old gentleman's village.

The next day I kept on my way up the increasingly swollen river, passing inundated villages and barely finding at noontime a dry place where we could land and eat, and that day's journey was happily ended in the face of another heavy storm, reaching Kangwe just in time. On the way we just missed finding a gazelle for our supper. In the evening the new French Protestant Missionary, Rev. Mr. Bonzam, gave a magic lantern exhibition in the church to the pupils of the Kângwe school as a reward for good behavior. The scenes were all Scriptural and the children sang in French and in Farig and Mponwe, appropriate hymns.

On Sabbath morning, October 29th, rain fell heavily, yet there was a good assemblage, and I had the privilege of conducting Mpongwe service. After the meeting had closed the Fang portion remained and were taught by Rev. Mr. Tessiers. My stay at Kângwe during those three days was almost like a continuous levee, men, women and lads who had known me, who had been in my employ, or church members from long distances around, coming to say how glad they were to see me. Next day

I left my kind hostess and again with my trader friend, Mr. Beddoes, started on the 130 miles down river on his little launch, the "Oka," making some ninety miles that day. We slept that night on the river, but at midnight a violent storm beat in on all sides. I awoke with the warning in time to get on my clothing and cover myself with my precious rubber coat. When the storm had passed our bedding was soaking, but I lay down on the same wet mattress, enveloped in the dry overcoat and slept again, and woke only a little stiff but well. Here I have waited for the French steamer.

R. H. Nassau.

SOME CAUSES OF THE PRESENT IMPROVED HEALTH OF MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

BY REV. ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M D., D.D.,
GABOON, WEST AFRICA.

The following able paper, written by the oldest medical missionary in Africa for the *Missionary Review*, is so instructive, and therefore valuable, that it is reprinted in full.

"Undeniably there was great loss of life in the early history of missions to Africa. There is still much loss. But in the walks of commerce on the African coasts still greater loss existed and yet exists. If you knew, as I do, how the majority of African traders live, you would not wonder at their mortality on moral grounds. Of course, the percentage of missionary deaths must be explained on other grounds; and present improvement is on those same grounds.

I. *Hygienic.*—Without wishing severely to criticise the noble men and women who first went out to Africa, I think a great cause of the former large number of early deaths on the field was a failure to recognize the limitations which climatic and other surroundings in a new country impose on the newly arrived foreigner. I sympathize with the earnest zeal of those brave men and women burning to proclaim the Gospel they carried as pioneers to Africa; but

THEIR ZEAL CONSUMED THEM.

Therefore, I think it wise to recognize and act on the limitations of one's environment, even if, as in Africa, in so doing we become only half a man or half a woman. It is a painful situation for a zealous soul; but it is simply also one of the sacrifices we must make. I think that these pioneers attempted to eat, dress, live, act, work, and do just as they would have done in this country. Simply, we must *not* do so. Dress and food should be modified by the new temperature and vegetation; hours of work should not include the mid-day heat or nightly damps; the number of hours of labor per day should be shortened, for the nervous strain of the somewhat wild life; and vigor should be governed by the general inability to perform accustomed tasks under the debility that creeps over the African missionary's entire physical, mental, and even moral and spiritual nature.

II. *At present, the African missionary's surroundings are more comfortable* than in the earlier days.—1. The journey to and from the field is shorter and easier. Where formerly we traveled by slow sailing vessels of very limited accommodations, privileges, or comforts, we now travel by large steamers more than comfortably equipped. 2. Instead of the low bamboo palm hut, on the clay floor, constructed under the missionary's personal superintendence, and sometimes by his own hands, that same bamboo palm is built on a larger plan and elevated on posts above the damp earth; or, still better,

HOUSES ARE BUILT OF PLANKS

brought from Europe or America, or sawn from the adjacent forest, or of brick made by mission pupils, or of stone quarried on the premises. And in the erection of these better houses we have the aid of native artisans, whose skill in carpentering, brick-making or mason-work is the fruit of the industrial schools of those early pioneers. 3. While I deem it advisable to adopt in our food list many of the vegetables and fruits of tropic Africa, a too sudden change or an entire deprivation of previously accustomed food was severe. The churches now enable us to keep on hand most of the standard foods and even some of the delicacies to which we were accustomed before going to Africa. The necessary increased cost in living and the slightly

ENLARGED SALARY IS COMPENSATED FOR

by happier work and longer life. 4. Native

for her life, could grow and did grow in good health for seven consecutive years in Africa. Even then she did not require to come to America for her health—I brought her simply because I had to come for my own health. Satisfied that now, at nine years of age, she will

NEVER CEASE TO REMEMBER

and love me, I leave her here for her education, instead of taking her back with me, simply because I am going alone, and because, of all foreign mission countries, Africa is the only one that has not the educative element of some civilized society. This part of the family problem—*i. e.*, the raising of the child—cost money and devoted care; but it was

WORTH MORE THAN MONEY

can buy. In its accomplishment, without white aid and alone, as at her birth I was, I am debtor to the skill and devotion of a native Christian woman; for whose skill, built on a character naturally royal, I am also debtor to the labor of the pioneer ladies of the mission who trained that woman when she was a child in the mission school and subsequently a teacher in the same.

VI. *The sense of exile is less than formerly.*—1. Thirty years ago, so almost necessarily fatal was considered going to Africa, that even mission boards hesitated to direct candidates to go there. Most of those who went offered voluntarily. They went expecting to die; for public opinion told them they would die. I went expecting

NOT TO RETURN.

In that state of mind and with a combination of depressing circumstances that does not now exist, when the fever came, with its well-known apathetic effects, the missionary often had not the *morale* left to fight the battle with disease, and he sunk under the expected inevitable. It is now neither expected nor inevitable.

2. Over the whole mission life—its work, its points of daily contact, its methods, and its future—there is now a general hopefulness that tinges the still undeniably often dark cloud with bright lining, that lifts up from depression, and that puts into every sinking invalid's hand something more tangible and helpful than the traditional drowning man's straw. Every physican knows that if he can inspire his patient with *hope*, half the victory over disease is won.

3. Our mails are more frequent. This is not a small item. I have stood with men around the once-in-six weeks mail-bag. How much of joy or sorrow it represented to them! How much of intense longing for the love and comfort from hearts thousands of miles away! I have seen men turn away in tears when that mail held no missive of affection and sympathy for them. Our African coaststations now receive mails thrice a month. Even our interior stations obtain with some regularity monthly mails.

4. It is not unheard-of now in Africa that there is such a thing as a visit from a fellow Christian other than a missionary associate. In other foreign missionary countries this is not uncommon. In Africa the only white men besides the missionary were the foreign government official, the trader, and the occasional traveler in the interest of botany, zoology, or some other branch of natural science. These, with the rarest exceptions, were antagonistic in their religious views and

DESTRUCTIVE IN THEIR MORAL LIFE.

Secretaries of our mission boards, in their occasional inspection of the foreign fields, rarely visited their African missions. Perhaps Africa was out of their line of travel; perhaps its malaria was forbidding. Christian visitors on tours of pleasure inspect the work or comfort the hearts of missionaries in India, Syria, Japan, etc., but until very recently none have come to us in Africa. That loneliness operated against the health of our former missionaries. But it is becoming less extreme.

5. I must give all praise to the various Women's Foreign missionary societies for having made their home Christian sympathy *apparent*. Doubtless the sympathy existed formerly; but the draught on the missionary's faith in its existence was so very great that often either the faith died or became very tenuous.

THE NEW METHODS

of communication with missionaries, especially the taking by an individual church of a missionary's name, making itself responsible for his or her salary; corresponding monthly, and in other ways making their sympathy obvious to sight, have had a most helpful effect on the lengthening of missionary life.

Letter to daughter Mary

June 21, 1894. [387] TH

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

LIBRREVILLE, GABOON, W. AFRICA,
Tuesday, Feb. 6th, 1894.

On Monday, New Year's Day, no steamer was in sight. We made our preparations for any sudden notice, for we were going by it to attend the annual meetings of Mission and Presbytery. The day was not very different from other days, except that the white residents, English, German, French and American, sent to each other their cards with more or less form from the post-office or by hand of special messenger. And the Lieutenant-Governor's (Du Chaxannes) cards of invitation were already out for his annual reception. Only the heads of departments and foreign agents are recognized on that day; the clerks were not invited. Missionaries rank with Foreign Agents. The affair is quite formal with evening dress and late hours.

In deference to the Government, Mr. Ford, Rev. Mr. Bannerman and I decided to go about 9 p. m. I went on alone, for the night looked threatening and I wanted to pick up on the way a young man in my employ who is boarding at Angentyries, to carry my over-shoes, umbrella and rubber coat. I was to walk almost two miles to the Government building and did not want to put my stiff collar and immaculate white shirt bosom "in a stew," with the carrying of a burden. I was late in arriving. The official opening being signalized by a display of fire works. I had a good view from the grounds; and passing the negro sentinel soldier, the view was quite fairy-like, the palm trees on the premises being lighted by hundreds of various colored Chinese lanterns and a negro brass band, with its selections of music, burst forth every fifteen minutes. The band was not skillful and the instruments were imperfect; nevertheless it was *music*, and a *brass band*. And I am always ready to listen to any sort of a brass band.

The Governor graciously received at the top of the long flight of stone steps of the house. And I found some Englishmen with whom I could converse, and also Germans, for Germans in foreign lands always speak English. There were three French Roman Catholic Jesuit priests there also—I did not meet with them; preferred not to, though one of them was the "bishop." But I do not forget that I too am a bishop—a Presbyterian; the very best kind. But the next day I wished I had followed their example of leaving early. We three Americans determined to see the entire affair through, at least to wait until refreshments were served. Our temperance principles were respected. We were not offered any of the many kinds of wine and liquor that were constantly handed around. They brought us only lemonade. Most of the company went to gambling with cards. One gentleman told exultingly that he had come with nothing in his pocket, and just then had twenty dollars, and a few minutes later he had nothing. We found pleasant refuge in the little parlor; where was a piano and where sat the four ladies who were present; wives of some of the heads or agents. The corridors of the house were very windy. I could not escape draughts of air. Refreshments were not served until 12:30, midnight! Again observing our temperance, tea was made especially for us.

The agent of the German line of steamers was there, and he told us that his steamer had come in that evening and would leave the next day at noon for the north, but not directly for Batanga, as it would delay on the way. We engaged at once, and hasted home at 2 a. m., of Tuesday, Jan. 2nd. Very bad hours for missionaries! A concession to be made once a year to national courtesy. When daylight came, Jan 2nd, the English steamer was seen coming in; and we regretted we could not go by it, for it was going directly to Batanga that very day, but the "Alene" cost no more, and was a cleaner and much better fitted up vessel. We went on board at noon, Rev. and Mrs. Bannerman and their little Harold, Mr. Ford and myself and native Elder Ntango. The "Alene" has electric lights and call-bells in the cabins; and over the tables in the saloon were punkahs, as in India, that fanned us all the while we sat at the five daily meals. The sea was so smooth that I was not at all sick, and I could point out to my fellow missionaries, who knew little or nothing of Corisco, the Bay, Cape Esterias, ~~Ntanga~~ Island, little Lava, Corisco with its Alonga station, Cape St. John, and the turn into the bay toward Eloki Island. On that trip we passed over the water where, in the boat, twenty-three years ago my wife had died. The steamer lay the night and all Wednesday and Thursday at Eloki island, taking ~~out~~ an immense quantity of red dye wood and piles of Ivory.

Passing out of the bay again on the night of Thursday, by daylight, of Friday we were entering Bata Bay, twenty-three miles north of Benita. Canoes that came from shore said there was a white lady awaiting us. Soon the Benita boat "Willie" came off, bringing Mrs. Reutlinger, and the native ordained minister, Rev. Ibia, and his young son Behati, and his native elder. Very few steamers stop at Benita. None of the ocean steamers can approach the Benita river mouth, the shore shoals. Mrs. Reutlinger had come the twenty-three miles from Benita on this open boat on the ocean, hoping to meet us on the English steamer and had been waiting four days at Bata, in the home of the native pastor, Rev. Etigane, of the Bata church. Mrs. Reutlinger was going to Batanga to escort to America Mrs. Good, who was very sick. The "Willie" went back to Benita to bring to Presbytery the native minister Rev. Mr. Myongo, there had not been room for him with Mrs. Reutlinger.

That Friday afternoon we anchored at Batanga. Rev. Mr. Godduhn and Mr. Menkel ~~took~~ our Mission ~~boat~~, called "Nassau," (memorial for your mother) which was lying there, and took ashore the Bannerman's, Mr. Ford, Mrs. Reutlinger and my elder and their baggage, and returned to the new station, Ehikehike. It is two miles from the old station, where Rev. Mr. Bri— died and which is now occupied by my sister,

Miss Isabella A. Nassau. After waiting an hour, Rev. Ibia and I got passage ashore in a trader's boat to Bongahile, as I was to be sister's guest and Rev. Ibia to stay with one of the native elders. Sister was away at Ehikehike, to bid good bye to Mrs. Good who embarked that night, accompanied by her little son Bertie and Mrs. Reiltinger. And before sundown sister returned, to open her house and welcome me to one of its three little rooms. The next morning, Saturday, Jan. 6th, some of the missionaries from Ehikehike came on some errands to Bongahile and to call me for a preliminary mission meeting in the afternoon. There for the first time I met Mrs. De Laffin and baby Francis Godduhn, chubby and perfectly well. Beside her, were the other two infants, Harry Gault and Harold Bannerman; they chivalrously yielded to baby Francis, who already was beginning to exercise her female rights. On Sabbath, January 7th, the sermon that Mr. Bannerman was to preach was some what superceded by the funeral services for a Christian woman who had died Saturday night (burials have to be very prompt in this country). Rev. Messrs. Bannerman, Godduhn and Ibia conducted the services. The Church is only a few hundred feet from sister's little cottage. With my heavy cold I was unable to preach or sing Mr. Ibia preached in the evening. The Church was crowded all day. In the morning one third of the audience were outside, sitting or standing near the open windows. The house is entirely of bamboo palm and a large portion of the wall space is cut up with doors and windows ; no sash or shutters. And how these hundreds of Christians did sing! Such a volume of sound! And how their voices did wriggle about the scale in effort to hit the proper note of the tune! They got there, all the same, and came out right at the end of the lines, in their way almost drowning sister's poor little baby organ, and Miss Bache's voice, who constituted the choir. Miss Bache stayed at sister's that night as the walking was bad to Ehikehike, along the beach. Most persons follow that beach. I did not. I preferred a forest path that had been cut by the missionaries and other white residents back from, and mostly parallel, to the beach. Most of the path was shaded And the objection made to it by some, that it had little air moving, was what I preferred. I love neither the sight nor smell of the sea, and its strong afternoon breeze was too cold for me. I do not like the position of the Ehikehike station. It is on a rocky bluff, and the wind tears through the two dwelling houses in a way that pleases most people, but was too chilly for me.

For twelve successive days from Monday, January 8th to Saturday, January 20th, I took the two mile walk every day after breakfast for the 9:00 a. m. mission meeting at Ehikehike, returning at noon for dinner at Bongahile. And in the afternoon the ministers and elders gathered for the 2:00 p. m., Presbytery meeting in the Church at Bongahile. For the first time in the history of our Corisco Presbytery, the natives were in the decided majority, and as most of them cannot understand English they asked that we conduct our business in the Benga language. We did so, either speaking Benga, or having English interpreted. Mr. Bannerman made a most acceptable chairman of mission and Moderator of Presbytery, just, impartial, urbane, always exactly what he is, a Christian gentleman.

Part of the path, before it strikes into the forest, leads along the beach and crosses a little stream near sister's house. It cannot be bridged, for the alternate tides cover its mouth. Always there were men lounging on the beach who would advance to offer to lift me over, as I passed twice daily. They did not know me except that I was a white man, a missionary, had formerly lived at Benita, spoke their language, and was Miss Nassau's brother. For each and all these grounds, they gave me respect and would do the little services without expectation of reward. But I remembered my college athletics, and motioning them aside, with a running leap, I would clear the little stream and pass on, smiling at their astonishment, for the natives are not good at leaping.

R. H. Nassau.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

Libreville, Gaboon, W. Africa.
Feb. 6th, 1894.

(*Concluded.*)

The "Willie" arrived Tuesday night, Jan. 9th, with Rev. Messrs. Myongo and Etyenne and elders from the churches along the coast of eighty miles between Benita and Batanga. So we were able to begin Presbytery on Wednesday evening the 10th. The night her father arrived, Mr. Myongo's little daughter sitting on the veranda had been expecting him for two days. She said, "I hear voices of welcome; I think my father has come" I listened. I could hear nothing except the tearing of the surf on the rocks at the beach and the soughing of the sea wind. And she went to bed. But the child was right, the father had come, there were words of welcome, she had heard above the breakers' roar. He was delayed in the discharging of the boat and looking to its safe anchorage; and when he finally came to the house, our doors were closed and lights out. He made his appearance promptly next morning, Wednesday, 10th. So the days went on, with our various meetings and sometimes animated discussions about plans of mission work for the coming year. On Thursday, Jan. 11th, I presented to the Presbytery, in the name of Mrs. Nassau, wife of Rev. Dr. J. E. Nassau, of Warsaw, N. Y., a communion set, whose use that church had outgrown. It was gratefully accepted, and was immediately designated for the use of Ubenji Church that was organized less than two years ago.

The English mail steamer came in the morning of Friday, Jan. 12th. Of course it brought no mail for me, as my letters are properly addressed to *Gaboon* and not to Batanga. The arrival broke up our morning meeting but it gave me time to catch up with my minutes of Presbytery for the afternoon, I being stated clerk.

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Sabbat

On ~~Saturday~~ morning I preached at the church in Benga to a very crowded audience. And in the afternoon was celebrated the Lord's supper, with the baptism of twenty adults uniting with the church. In the evening sister and I went to Ehikehike, on Mr. Gault's invitation for a service of song with only our Missionary selves. We were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gault, Rev. and Mrs. Godduhn, Dr. and Mrs. Laffin, Rev Mr. Good, Mr. Ford, Rev. Mr. Milligan, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Menkel, Miss Babe, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman, sister and I. Rev. Mr. Milligan is a fine musician, he led on the parlor organ and we each called for our favorite hymn: Mine was, "In the secret of his presence how my soul delights to dwell." We all stayed at Ehikehike that night. On Saturday, Jan. 20th, Mr. Gault and I tramped the morning through the forest to select a site for a girls' boarding-school. When we emerged again on the beach at noon the German steamer "Gertrude Woerman" was just coming to anchor. That is the vessel for which Mr. Ford and I were waiting to take us back to Gaboon. Our meetings were to be closed that day. I sent my good-byes to the ladies and would not go to the final meeting at Ehikehike but went to sister's to get my baggage ready. I leaped that little stream for the last time and in so doing sprained my ankle. It hurt me very much. I sat with it bandaged and bathed till 4 p.m., and then limped to the house of the same German trader who had landed me two weeks before. By day light Sabbath, Jan. 21st, the steamer was at Bata, working all day. A rainy day, there were only three or four passengers besides ourselves. There was no opportunity for a public religious service. I sat and nursed my lame leg. There is a French R. C. Mission at Bata. Several of the priests were on board in the afternoon and enjoyed themselves drinking wine and beer in the saloon. Few of them remained as passengers to Gaboon. By Monday morning the steamer was again entering the harbor of Gaboon. Letters had come while we were away. Among the other good things is a "Memorandum Calendar" gathered by Mr. McComb, of Chestnut Hill. He sent the daily slips to 365 of my friends and relatives. They returned them to him and he pasted them together again. So every day, when I tear off a slip, I read the autograph of some friend. A daily letter! I restrain my curiosity and do not look ahead.

It was necessary to get Rev. Ibia back to his work on Corisco island, forty miles north. Also Mr. Ford and I had been appointed a Committee of Missions to inspect the work there. After resting a few days, on Friday, Jan. 26th, in the strong surf boat named Lafayette, we started about 8 a. m. Quite a load of goods and supplies and Mr. Ibia, with his young son and widowed daughter from Gaboon, Mr. Ford and myself, the native captain and his wife and four men for a crew. On the Saturday, Jan. 27th, many people hearing of our coming, came to see us. I had not been on Corisco for more than a dozen years. It was exceedingly gratifying to hear those affectionate Benga friends revive the memories of former days. There came the oldest female church member, a woman who was not young thirty-two years ago, who was then a member. There came women in the prime of life who were my school girls thirty-two years ago. The older of some of those girls had with them their grown up daughters; one had a grandchild!

After a short service on Sabbath we spent almost an hour in singing Benga hymns, some of which I had taught to these very women when they were my school girls in 1861.

On Monday, Jan. 29th,—the return was to be made to Gaboon. I remembered the former days and the special times and routine of journey, when made from Corisco. Start should always be made by not later than 8:00 a. m., and then not trusting to sail, the boat should be pulled seaward from the island to catch the sea breeze and thus lay along to Cape Estemias, twenty miles distant; even so, one often does not reach the Cape till after dark. When that Monday we were eating breakfast only by 8:00 a. m., and the boat was not loaded and off till 9:00 a. m., I was hopeless of reaching the Cape by day light (we intended sleeping there.) But I was very anxious to see the old Evangasimba grave yard. So I told Mr. Ford that I would walk the three miles down the beach to Evangasimba, visit the graves, and he following could stop there and pick me up. I walked rapidly ahead, stopped at the Spanish R. C. Mission that now occupies the site of my former girls' school, asked permission to pass through their premises, saw the graves in good repair, of Mr. Ogden, Mr. Clemens, Mr. McQueen and Mr. Paull and the first Mrs. De Hess. Some Corisco female church members were clearing away the grass. The Spanish priest treated me politely. I told him I had once lived on that very site and that I had had friendly relations with one of his predecessors. He invited me to partake of some refreshment, but I was anxious to meet the boat and rain was beginning to fall. The women followed me to the beach and we sat under a shed for almost an hour. Finally the boat came at 11:00 a. m. I had not the slightest hope of reaching the Cape that night. But, after pulling out sea-ward for an hour, a good wind came, that took us along splendidly, so that I suggested to Mr. Ford that we should not turn on to the Cape, then in full sight, believing we could enter the Gaboon river before sundown and reach home that night. He and the captain favored the plan. But alas! After our passing the only villages or landings safe to stop at, the wind began to fail, the sun went down, leaving us still out at sea. The wind changed and strongly opposed us. There we were, tacking in dark and cloudy night, trying to get around the rocks of Point Clara and the water just there was rough, being near the bar. Finally we entered safely into smoother water. Could slacken the sheet and made better progress before the wind. But the night grew very dark, only by flashes of lightning could we see land (the river's mouth is twelve miles wide.) The wind veered to all points of the horizon. There were actual doubts as to which way we were being blown (we had no compass.) The wind became dangerously strong, and the sail was rapidly hauled down. As we drifted, a flash of lightning showed us we were near some shore. And we put out the anchor. A lighted match showed that by the watch it was near 10:00 p. m. A very heavy storm of wind and rain came. Covered with my rubber coat and my feet tucked under a seat, I sat with Mr. Ford (he also with his coat) for six hours of almost constant heavy rain. By 4:00 a. m., of Tuesday 30th, the rain ceased and morning began to dawn.

I have learned a new native custom (one can always be learning something here.) The custom of "lifting up" a mourner from the ground. A distant relative of a nurse had died, and she and her half sister Akanda had to go through the ceremony of mourning. Much of the mourning is very formal. The mourners are all supposed to be sitting down in the dust. Few really do. But one can not be excused from further mourning till some one else cheers his or her heart by some gift, however small, and formally request them to weep no more. Akanda did not wish to displease the old people who adhere to these customs and yet she was anxious to get the ceremony done. She asked me to "lift up," her self and the nurse. I did so. I went Wednesday afternoon, January 31st, made them a short address of comfort, gave a few small gifts and they rose smiling. The ceremony was supposed to be in the dust of the kitchen. It actually was in the planked room of their uncle's cottage. Among the gifts were some pieces of soap with which their soiled clothing and marred bodies were supposed to be washed. But actually they had on only clean clothing and they are too cleanly to allow their bodies to be marred with dirt. But they escaped a burdensome ritual, and saved the feelings of their older relatives. On Saturday, February 2nd, came up a French steamer with a small mail. Also a French frigate, the "Arethuse." The Admiral had been saluting the French Governor and also the German Consul. He has also been sending his fine brass band ashore every other day to play for the public.

ROBT. H. NASSAU.

"Presbyterian Journal"

L. [450] July 19, 1894

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

GABOON, April 21st, 1894.

I have gradually been taking over the various works and responsibilities connected with this station. On March 1st I had taken charge of the house-keeping. On April 3rd I took charge of the payment of employees.

Drinking and drumming and dancing in the villages had become so noisy that, some years ago, permit was required to be obtained from the Governor. So, there is generally a Saturday night dance and one of the worst villages happens to be near our Mission. We often are kept from sleeping by the racket; usually they cease at Sabbath day-break. But on Sabbath, March 11th, they kept on all day, the noise interfering with our morning Church, noon Sabbath-school and afternoon English service. It was too outrageous. So my associate, Mr. Ford, and I went down early in the evening to complain to the police (who do not interfere except on complaint.) To our surprise we found that all that dance had been going on without any permit at all. So it was soon stopped and I had a quiet evening for the night service. It seems as if when Satan is especially rampant in the hearts of sinners, and things are in the confusion they were that day, some of the evil extends to even some good people. That same day, in Sabbath-school, two teachers were absent and my custom is to draft a member of the Bible class for the vacancy. I asked a woman who was a school girl in Corisco, and who is now a grandmother, to take the vacancy for the day. Of course it was easier for her to sit in the Bible class, and she refused, saying: "Send L."—a younger woman also a former school girl. But L. is exceedingly timid and shrinks from responsibility; so she refused disrespectfully to me. (She came on Monday to apologize.)

I have made two visits of itineration across the Bay to the people of the other side. Very little direct missionary work has been done there. One of my elders, a young man, was willing to be sent there as an Evangelist. I went with him to inspect places. One locality was village, Mina, among Mangroves, through which the boat was moved for a mile from the sea beach. On the first journey I went thither with the elder (Ntango, by name); it was his preference, for some of the people there were related to him. I was not pleased with the swampy locality, nor were there many people there. The chief of the village was absent and so I said nothing about the object of my visit. I was pleased to find there a woman who had been a school girl of mine at Corisco thirty-two years ago. A fellow missionary, in order to prevent her being married into polygamy, had paid to her mother the full usual native marriage dowry, and thus had been given entire control of her, as fully as if she had been his own child. He went to America, and transferred his right to me. I called her Matilda. I thought she was a Christian. But, poor woman, her father, who was one of this Mpongwe tribe, came and stole her away against her will and forced her into polygamy. For many years I lost sight of her. For so many years she has been away from Church and Christians that she had forgotten much that was good, but she was still praying.

I went also to another town, some six or eight miles distant, and near the sea beach. It belongs to the son of Adande, a wise native king whom I had met there some twenty-five years ago. The old king never assented to the French claim of his side of the Bay. And the son, though educated in France and trained by Roman Catholics, claimed to succeed to his father's throne and signs himself "Roi Denis." For this the French seized him and were about to exile him. But he escaped, and for very many years he has not dared to come to this side of the Bay. For many years he was in hiding. His people knew where he was, but loyally they kept a watch on all boats coming from this side and he always had time to secrete himself. Then when the French visitor landed and inquired for Adande, nobody knew where Adande was! Lately the French have promised him amnesty, but he dares not trust them. And, after their dealings with Lidia, I think him wise. But he no longer hides from Missionaries, even from French priests, and he is rebuilding on the site of his father's old town. He speaks French and English, received me with all the ceremony of a city bred gentleman, and set before me a better dinner than I would have had in my own house. I proposed sending Ntango to his care as the King of that side, but he did not promise to locate him in his (Adande's) new town. Made the conditions that if I did (1) I would buy no ground, (2) build no house, (3) nor pay any tribute. He should provide everything. I would pay for the wages and food of my employees.

On a subsequent visit I went with two boats,

one the small "Christine" (named for Miss Christine Semple, of Rochester,) with only Mr. Bannerman and myself. In the large "Lafayette" were Mr. Presset and thirty school boys. Between these visits, the chief of Mina had come over here to me with a delegation of his people, to ask for Ntango's location. I stated to them my conditions and they insultingly rejected them, very frankly showing that what they wanted was not a Christian teacher, but the money that usually follows where white people go. It is true that it has been our former custom to buy ground, build an house and spend money on repairs, etc. But in the Ogowe I began to change that. At Batanga, now, we require the people who wish the gospel, to support it, at least in part. It is a better way. Nevertheless, though Mina had rejected me, I thought I would get Mr. Bannerman's opinion of the place; perhaps also the people would change their minds. We in the "Christine" went to Mina, while the "Lafayette" went at once to the King's town and enjoyed themselves fishing, bathing, playing, etc., till we came several hours later. The town stands on the edge of a long prairie that looked very like an American grass field, Adande had entertained Mr. Presset handsomely. The Roman Catholic priests, having heard (they spy all my movements) that I had been there, had visited him and rebuked him for showing me hospitality. He is nominally a Roman Catholic. They had said; "You belong to us and should not entertain a heretic," and, according to their custom, had spoken evil of my character, etc. Adande had replied, "No, I am not of you. You and Dr. Nassau are both white men, and you differ about God. I join with neither. I will sit down till you and he are able to decide what is true. Dr. Nassau is a gentleman and I will entertain him the same that I entertain you. I do not believe the evil things you say about him. If you had the power you say you have, you would long ago have exercised your influence with the Government to give me my rights."

The sail across the bay, a distance of eight or ten miles, makes a pleasant excursion for the school children; with wind and tide flowing, one can go in the morning and make a few hours' visit and return before dark. My steamer cabin mate, Mr. Weir, of Old Calabar, came to visit me. He had recovered from small-pox and was taking a sea voyage to recover strength. This sickness was most remarkable, there had been no small-pox in Calabar. It was known that there was small-pox in a certain town in Scotland where Mr. Weir (and he only) had received a letter. That letter had carried the disease to him! He was isolated; one native and a young missionary lady were the only ones allowed near him. When he recovered, everything he had touched, even his valuable books, were burned; and the disease did not spread. I began with Mr. Ford to take an inventory of all the property and goods of this Gaboon station, as it is all to be placed in my care and I am responsible for it all. He goes to-day and Mrs. Ogden goes with him. She expects in a few months to return to America, and she wishes to see some other parts of the mission at Benita and Batanga. Since March 1st, when I took charge of the housekeeping, she has helped me by directing the cook and in the pantry. Now I will be alone here, with only Mr. Presset, the French teacher, and I will have a good many more things to attend to than I had during the past six months, the while I was only in charge of the Church.

R. H. NASSAU.

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very orphan child she could."

The collection for defraying the expenses of the meeting was taken at this time. Mrs. Turner asked for a hundred dollars for this purpose. Then followed "three-minute messages" from several missionaries. Mrs. Campbell, of Africa, who is at home on account of ill-health, was first introduced.

Mrs. Holcombe, of India, was present, and also a new missionary, who is to go out with her to India. Mrs. Ford had a "Word of Hope" to give from Africa.

"Though I have not the years of Dr. Paton," said Dr. Nassau, of Bataugi, Africa, "I have a right to stand here in this woman's meeting, for I have done a woman's work for the last few years, caring for my little girl, feeding and dressing her from the first five weeks of her life. The Christians in our Church have learned the blessedness of giving; large hats are filled at communion season. They give up ornaments, ivory hair-pins, red beads, which they like to wear on their dark necks. One woman gave her purse, ornaments and hair—even underwent self-torture, because of the 'unrest of her heart.' She took a knife and severed the fingers of her hand, and then she prayed, 'O, God, I have given thee my silver and my gold, take my life.' Will you do that for God?"

Mrs. Kerr, of Canton, then said, "A message comes to you from your sisters in the North, South, East and West of China—from each one in all that land. It is this, 'Pray for us, that the attitude of our Government may not make discord; that the work may not be curtailed; that Christians may not have added bur-

[illegible] of missionaries be in danger.' 'Prayer moves

pathy with
secular press has
judicial processes, concern
little. That portion of the religious
pursued "heresy-hunters," may see its error and mend its ways. The unfriendly criticisms of the Unitarian pulpit will not harm the truth, and few will regret the disappointment of any religious body that had expected to reap great advantage from dissensions in the Presbyterian Church. For all this we have occasion to be thankful to the "King of Zion," who holds the hearts of his people in his hands, and turns them as the streams in the South.

ITEMS.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall expects to sail for Europe this week, to be absent until September His pulpit will be supplied by Dr. John S. McIntosh, Dr. James McLeod, Dr. W. H. Roberts, and others—most of them the pastor's former countrymen, and all preachers of conspicuous ability.

The Brick and the West churches will hold united services during the summer, and extended vacations will be given the pastors, both of whom are partially incapacitated, or, for the present, wholly disabled, for pulpit and pastoral work. Dr. John R. Paxton, after a successful operation, still remains in the Presbyterian Hospital, with the hope of permanent recovery.

The Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst preached a quiet sermon on "Christian Love," last Sabbath morning, and a few days later sailed for Europe.

5 52 From the Trenton, N.J. "True American" Oct. 17' 1894

Characteristics of Corisco Presbytery.

ITS WEAKNESS AND ITS WORK.

REV. R. HAMILL NASSAU, D.D.

Corisco Presbytery is only a generation old, having been organized on May 7th, 1860, with four members, viz.: Rev. Messrs. J. L. Mackey, William Clemens, Cornelius DeHeer, and T. S. Ogden, and one of the three native Elders representing the first and only church on Corisco island. With them there was also a lay missionary, an Elder in a church in the United States, C. L. Loomis, M. D., who acted as Stated Clerk, but who never formally brought any certificate to this Presbytery. There was present also the Rev. W. H. Clark, a visitor from an adjacent Mission of the A. B. C. F. M., who subsequently united with us, but who is now a Professor in Park College, Missouri. The native Elders being considered inexperienced material, Messrs. Mackey, Clemens and DeHeer acted with them as Elders in the session, under Pastor Ogden; and, on the floor of Presbytery, voted in the double capacity of Preaching and Ruling Elders—an anomaly that was retained long after the ground for its use had passed. It subsequently was abandoned, but not until it had been abused in the line of the despotism of independency. Now, after the lapse of thirty-four years, the Presbytery has exactly trebled its size.

I.—ITS WEAKNESS.

1. An absence of esprit du corps.

(1.) Our members come from different Synods and Presbyteries, and choose to retain their home-love and home-associations. They had belonged to Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York and other Synods, in the bounds of whose churches they had grown up, where are their relatives, with whom they correspond, and to whom they expect some day to return. Their connection with Corisco Presbytery is a convenience, somewhat of a means to an end; *i. e.*, the formal control of the church existing at the station to which they may happen to be appointed by that non-ecclesiastical body, "the mission," and over which churches Presbytery appoints them as "Stated Supplies," in the exercise of the broadest episcopal supervision without the slightest inquiry whether or not such a particular church desires that particular man as pastor. This savors of Methodism, and is very convenient in the distribution of a limited force of laborers. But sometimes the round man gets into the square hole, and *vice versa*. The loyalty and submission of the church members have occasionally been severely tested.

(2.) That no permanent pastorates are made is justified by the fact that the frequent returns of missionaries on home-furlough render such pastorates impossible. The terms of service here vary from three to seven years; and it is quite possible that even those three years may not be all passed at the same station. Mission necessity may compel removal from one station to another a hundred miles away. (In my thirty-three years here, I have occupied six different stations; and the Rev. W. S. Bannerman in his four years has occupied three different stations.) The furloughs in the United States, including the months of the ocean voyage in going and coming, are never less than a year and a half. With such changes and removals, the minister whose mission designation to a given station is followed by a Presbyterial appointment over the church existing at that same station, barely becomes acquainted with even the names, much less the characters and wants of his people, before he is uprooted, if indeed he has rooted at all. Unfortunately, there is thus in our Presbyterial life much of "the rolling stone" that gathers no "moss" of affectionate ties, local interest or pride of organization.

(3.) Presbytery meets but once a year. Travel is inconvenient, irregular, expensive. So expensive that the ladies of the mission are never expected to be present at Presbytery; indeed only those of the female missionaries whose work specially requires it are allowed by the board to come to "mission meetings." And so inconvenient that going to Presbytery means, for those of us at the distant points, the almost entire stoppage of our local mission work during an enforced absence of at least a month. (Myself think this is not an evil. We never take any vacations, as such. That month's absence serves as a desirable relief from certain wearing responsibilities, even though there be other responsibilities substituted during that time. I think it might be well for us to meet twice a year.) In the long interval of eleven months, questions arise of the instruction of candidates and even of judicial points, etc., which can not be delayed. Therefore, Gordian knots are cut, on individual judgment, not always wisely, sometimes unjustly, often illegally.

(4.) Even when the yearly meeting of Presbytery is held, its importance and its work are overshadowed by the contemporaneous sessions of "the mission." Let me explain here about these two bodies. The Presbytery, of course, belongs to the Synod, under the General Assembly; has no connection with, makes no report to, nor is in any way under the control of the Church's Board of Foreign Missions. It consists of all the ministers sent out by the board, natives ordained here, and native elders of the churches in our bounds. It is the only place in which the natives have any standing, where their voice is heard, where they have a right to counsel, or where they have the power or voting. The "mission" is a religious but non-ecclesiastical body, a sort of sub-committee of the Foreign Board. It consists of all the ministers, laymen, and (on certain questions) women sent hither by the board. No native has a vote or is even present at its sessions. It locates all missionaries, foreign and native, from year to year, orders all building and employment, estimates all expenditures, and controls everything in the missionary's life and work to such an extent that some, in making their annual report, include even their church work, a work over which mission has no control, and which is the only thing they have to report to Presbytery. "Mission" meets each morning at the annual gathering, votes that M. A. shall have charge for the year of the station at Z. And Presbytery, shorn of the presence of the laymen and the women, but with the native brethren, meets each afternoon and dutifully appoints Rev. A. stated supply for the year over the church existing at Z. The native vote has for long years been only a "cuckoo," registering of what the white voices had decided in the morning; but not unmurmuringly. Those murmurs have been growing louder. This year they resented.

2. A lack of respect for Constitutional and Parliamentary Law.

(1.) This spirit (not consciously recognized) unfortunately finds congenial soil in the circumstances hereinbefore detailed.

(2.) There is a surprising ignorance of parliamentary procedure that is to me unaccountable, considering that all students have had practice of it in their College societies. I cannot refrain from adding that new missionaries come to us with a strange unacquaintance with Presbyterian Constitutional Law. Is it not taught in the Theological Seminaries?

(3.) Far removed in time and distance from Synodical review, the sense of responsibility is weakened; and illegal acts have been performed against native brethren, which have been submitted to, either because the native was ignorant of his rights or hopeless to obtain them by appeal. Let not Synod's annual Presbyterial-Record Examining Committee think their task a perfunctory one, on the assumption that, of course, the missionary will be all right!

(4.) Thus has grown a somewhat arbitrary and dictatorial spirit in dealing with questions affecting the natives. There is exercised a more than episcopal oversight that approaches the methods of paternal government, to which the native submits under a feeling of race-respect, but to the injustice of which he is nevertheless keenly alive. I have been amazed in admiration of their loyalty and even magnanimity in trying circumstances. I must add for the majority of the Presbytery that, even in their exercise of this "paternal" government, there is an honest belief in the desirability of the objects to be accomplished, which, to their minds, justified the lawlessness of the means used. The danger in Presbytery's allowing itself such latitude is the possibility of the entrance of a judgment warped by personal prejudice.

3. Unwillingness to advance Natives to positions of honor and responsibility. This is the more noticeable, considering that it has always been claimed that white men cannot live here indefinitely, and that the native must eventually take our place.

(1.) Individual missionaries, not appreciating how little should be expected of men and women emerging from centuries of ignorance and uncivilization, have expected too much—have been disappointed—and then swung with the pendulum to the other extreme of trusting too little.

(2.) An actual color line has influenced the judgment, deportment and vote of members of Presbytery, sometimes to the acknowled extent of openly saying, "the native must be taught to keep his place." What is his place?

(3). There has been no uniform or consistent effort in the instruction of native ministerial candidates. (a.) From the earliest history of our Presbytery, each missionary encouraged his favorite pupil to enrol himself as a candidate, and himself directed his studies. When the missionary had to leave, perhaps this pupil did not find favor in the eyes of the successor, and he dropped out. (b.) To avoid the admitted fault in this hap-hazard mode of instruction, three separate attempts have been made by Presbytery to gather the candidates, from all parts of the field, at a central point, under the care of an officially designated theological teacher. All three attempts failed. At present no instruction is being given.

Of the two above-named plans, the first—private instruction—has produced us all the native ministers we at present possess. Rev. Ibia was protege of Rev. W. Clemens; Rev. Ityani, of Rev. W. H. Clark; Rev. Mvango, of Miss I. A. Nassau, and Rev. Itongolo, of myself.

II.—SUCCESSFUL WORK.

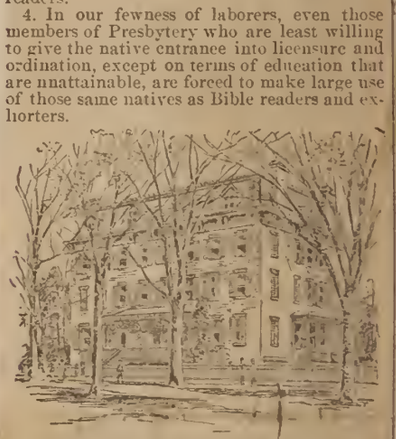
It may seem to brethren of Synod that I have been taking a strange way of praising my beloved Corisco; that I have thus so unsparingly laid bare her faults. (Fond mothers can fly into indignation at criticisms of their children's extra, which they themselves do not hesitate to make.)

1. Verily, out of just such weakness has the Lord evolved for Himself praise! "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, I will help thee." (Isaiah 41:14.) God has glorified Himself in the utilization of these our imperfect means.

2. In justly judging of any success one must look, not only at what is in sight and done, but there should be a weighing of the difficulties, a measuring of obstacles, and a testing of the materials used in the final arrival at the results.

3. Judged in this way, I am proud to point to our present status. Notwithstanding a depletion by the recent transfer to the Paris Societe Evangelique of the four Ogowe churches and their members, candidates and licentiates, we have five native ordained ministers, one native licentiate, three native candidates, nine churches, with over twelve hundred members, and several hundred inquirers, twenty-seven ruling elders and fourteen male and six female Bible readers.

4. In our fewness of laborers, even those members of Presbytery who are least willing to give the native entrance into licensure and ordination, except on terms of education that are unattainable, are forced to make large use of those same natives as Bible readers and exhorters.



GERMAN THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, BLOOMFIELD.

5. Of our nine churches, four are regularly supplied by only native pastors, one by a candidate, and one by only a Bible reader. And, of the three in charge of white missionaries, the supply of one (Batanga) is so often absent that half of the week's services are conducted by a candidate.

6. The native voice has now begun to assert itself as a power. Notably, at last January annual meeting, assisted by only one white vote, they demanded and—after a whole day's discussion—obtained the ordination of a most worthy man, who for twelve years, without reproach, had, all but in name, been doing the work of a minister. He is now the Rev. Itongolo, Stated Supply of the Ubenje Church.

The warm interest manifested by Synod every year in cordial messages to Corisco, and the consideration given our members when on furlough, while gratifying personally to the individual recipients, have an effect—more than Synod may be aware of—to counteract some of the weaknesses I have named, and to strengthen the tie of union between Synod and Presbytery.

Of our number Rev. A. C. Good, Ph. D., is missionary of the Trinity Church, Montclair, Rev. O. Reed, Pastor. (Mrs. Good is now in the United States.) Rev. G. A. Godduhn was a pupil of the Bloomfield German Theological School. (He and Mrs. Godduhn are now in the United States.) Mrs. Ogden, senior member of our mission, widow of Rev. T. S. Ogden, one of the four original members of Corsico Presbytery, and first pastor of its first church, will be in the United States at her Monmouth home when this reaches you. Rev. W. S. Bannerman was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick; and when this reaches you he and Mrs. Bannerman will probably be at their home in Canada. Myself have the privilege of being the missionary of that whole-souled working church, the Fey smith Memorial, of Newark, Rev. I. H. Polhemus, Pastor.

All, the four original members of Corisco Presbytery are dead. I am the oldest surviving member of those who were subsequently added, having been enrolled in 1862.

The Presbytery of Corisco reported to the General Assembly this year as follows: 13 ministers, 9 churches, 35 elders, 2 deacons, 272 added on examination, 70 added on certificate, 1,371 total church membership, 1,755 Sunday school membership; $23, Home Missions; $57, Foreign Missions; $13, Education; $12, Sabbath School Work; $13, Church Erection; $22, Relief Fund; $17, Freedmen; $8, Synodical Home Missions; $9, Aid for Colleges; $609, Congregational; $25, Miscellaneous.

Montgomery Square

DEMOCRAT, SATURDAY

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Hannah Nassau Wells.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. Hannah Nassau Wells, widow of the late Edward Wells, was called from the shores of sound to the realms of silence, to the eternal rest which knows no awakening, after a long and painful illness.

Mrs. Wells was born Nov. 3, 1833, at Warrior's Mark, Pa. She was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Charles W. Nassau and Hannah Hamill. At an early age, with her parents, she removed to Laurenceville, N. J. There she was married on Oct. 21st, 1856, two score years and two ago to Edward Wells. With her marriage she became at once a resident of Peekskill and has lived in our midst since that time, for the past forty years in the house where she passed away, No. 1120 Main street.

Mr. Wells died in October, 1896, and Mrs. Wells is survived by their three children, Edward Wells, Jr., Charles Nassau Wells and Miss Anna Hamhill Wells.

Probably no woman in Peekskill was better known and more prominent in social circles, in charitable work and church matters than Mrs. Wells. She was a woman of excellent traits of character and exceptional qualities and abilities. For many years she was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, and more recently of the First Presbyterian Church. She was earnest in church work and ready at all times to lend a willing hand and an open purse to a church or any other good cause. She was president of the Dorcas Society for a number of years and labored faithfully and well in the cause of charity, through that organization as its older members and many Peekskillers can testify. She was also a member of the Board of Directors of the Westchester Temporary Home.

Mrs. Wells' circle of friends was very large and her acquaintanceship still more extensive. She will be much mourned and greatly missed in the community among whose people she has gone in and out respected and beloved, for so many years.

The funeral services were held at her late home on Tuesday afternoon. They were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. Ritchie Smith. The pall-bearers were Cornelius A. Pugsley, James T. Sutton, D. S. Herrick, E. C. Wilson and S. R. Knapp.

The interment was at Hillside Cemetery.

...ING LEPROSY.

The ... *Gazette* says: "Important ex... periments are, it seems, being made as to the cure of leprosy, and the *Friend of India* reports that while Dr. Konneth Stuart, in Calcutta, and Dr. Balfour, in Madras, in applying cashew-nut oil to both the forms of leprosy, are meeting with only partial success, the Madras surgeon in medical charge of the penal settlement at Port Blair believes that he has made a more valuable discovery in the same direction. He is of opinion that leprosy can be cured by the oil of the gurjun tree. Every leper in the settlement, it is stated, being cured fast of this loathsome disease. In no case has there been the slightest ... and the disease ... at every stage. ... doubt, ... respondent, 'the matter will be fully reported when the experiments have been completed. In the meantime, the doctor has very wisely resolved not to make any stir about the matter until his experiments are so completed as to leave no doubt respecting the nature of the cure, as well as its permanence. This oil seems to be beneficial to all descriptions of sores and ulcers, and it has other properties which will be fully disclosed hereafter. The oil of the gurjun balsam or wood oil has long been used all over India by the natives for skin diseases and sores. In the event of its turning out that leprosy is curable, the discovery will not only be valuable as regards those afflicted with that disease but it will stimulate the medical profession to further exertions to discover the antidote to other diseases hitherto considered incurable.

A TABLET TO REV. DR. A. GOSMAN.

Interesting Exercises in the Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church.

DR. M'LANAHAN'S TRIBUTE.

The Church Under the Former Pastorate---Address by Dr. Walter A. Brooks.

Trenton "State Gazette" May 23 1901

There was a large attendance at the services in connection with the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the Rev. Dr. Abraham Gosman in the Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church yesterday afternoon. It included, beside residents of the neighborhood, relatives of Dr. Gosman and many friends and old parishioners from Princeton, Trenton and more distant places.

The exercises were in charge of the pastor, Rev. Samuel McLanahan, who read a historical sketch of Dr. Gosman's pastorate. After describing the state of the church and community at that time and reading the minute of the Presbytery which met there to ordain Dr. Gosman just fifty years before, he said, in substance: "Two years had not elapsed before the congregation found it necessary to enlarge the building, and that under Dr. Gosman's leadership the property had been repeatedly improved. Benevolent gifts were largely increased for many years, reaching in one phenominal year over $4,000, and for many years exceeding $1,000 annually. More than $26,000 were secured for missions during his pastorate, an average of over $600 annually, enough to secure the support of a home missionary and to go far toward supporting another on the foreign field.

EMPLOYED PRESBYTERIAN METHODS.

"Dr. Gosman was a thorough church man, faithfully employing Presbyterian methods of the local church and actively engaging in the work of Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly. There were accessions to the church every year on profession of faith, making a total of over 400. Forty-four were received in one year.

"Dr. Gosman was an editor of Lange's Commentaries, and for a long time an active trustee and director of Princeton Seminary, being an officer of both boards. The congregation had given various public testimonials of their regard and affection for him and now placed this memorial of enduring bronze on the walls of the church, where his whole ministry had been spent, that it might tell to those who come after how much he was loved and honored."

BEAUTIFUL IN RESULTS.

He said, in conclusion: "The last time Dr. Gosman appeared in this church, the last time these walls echoed his voice he stood on this platform surrounded with gathered flowers and growing plants, his hands lifted, his voice uttered in benediction. That scene may well go down in memory as a fit symbol of the spirit and result of his ministry, beautiful in gathered results, vital with influences which continue to live and grow, always a benediction as by the words of his mouth and the work of his hands he brought home to men the grace and love and fellowship of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Rev. Dr. Studdiford, of the Third Church, was prevented by his duties as a Commissioner to the General Assembly from making an address as originally expected.

FITLY NAMED.

Rev. Walter A. Brooks, D. D., of the Prospect Street Church, gave a carefully prepared and appreciative analysis of Dr. Gosman's character. He said he was fitly named "Abraham," having many of the virtues of that Old Testament saint. Like Barnabas, he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. He was a manly man in his strength of character, which was manifested in calmness and steadfastness, and in his gentleness. He was always a student. His scholarship was accurate, his thought independent. He was pre-eminently wise in counsel, both in public and private affairs, as shown in the Theological Seminary, the Presbytery, the Synod and his pastoral work. He was a man of fervent and unaffected piety, which was revealed in life, in conversation, in preaching and, especially, in prayer. He was formed for friendship. He was influential, not by manipulation, but by character. This gave power to his preaching, and left its impression apart even from the message delivered. The influence of a man's life is not measured by the wideness of his sphere, but rather by th intensity of his life in this sphere. The result of what may seem relatively small streams of influence can only be known when the rivers of life empty into the ocean of eternity.

MEMORIES OF YEARS AGO.

Rev. Amzi L. Armstrong, of Dutch Neck, who was present representing the Presbytery, spoke briefly of his personal connection with Dr. Gosman and his love for him, and also of the men who performed the ordination fifty years ago, many of whom he knew, but all of whom are now dead.

Rev. H. C. Cameron, D. D., of Princeton University, a student under Dr. Gosman, made an impromptu speech concerning his connection with him then and later.

Rev. Dr. Voorhies, of Trenton, and Rev. L. W. Mudge, D. D., of Princeton, also took part in the services. Among other ministers present were Revs. D. Ruby Warne, R. I. MacBride and C. H. Willcox.

Extracts were read from letters of regret and commendation of Dr. Gosman received from Rev. Drs. John D. Wells, Brooklyn; E. R. Craven and George D. Baker, Philadelphia; George T. Purves, New York, and others.

Excellent music was furnished by the choir.

WHAT THE TABLET SAYS.

The tablet was erected by a very general subscription from the congregation. It is cast of solid bronze. The face of the letters and ornaments show as polished brass. It is of simple and chaste design.

The inscription reads:

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* Erected by this Congregation *
* in Loving Memory of *
* Abraham Gosman, D. D., *
* 1850—Pastor—1895. *
* *
* 1895—Pastor Emeritus—1899. *
* *
* Scholar—Friend—Christian. *
* *
* "A Faithful Minister of Christ." *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was designed and cast by the Church Glass and Decorating Company, of New York.

Hospitable Cannibals.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, who left Baltimore recently, expects to return in the spring to his field of missionary work in Equatorial Africa. This is Dr. Nassau's fourth visit to the United States since, as a young man, he was sent to Africa as a missionary thirty-nine years ago. His hair and beard are white. During the last five years he has been stationed at Liberville, Gaboon Province (French), engaged in translating fourteen books of the Bible into the Fang language. These translations are being printed by the American Bible Society. The Fangs are a tribe of cannibals, numbering about 1,000,000, and inhabiting the country lying far up the Ogove River. They are large of stature, warlike and represent much the strongest tribe in that portion of the country.

Dr. Nassau said before leaving Baltimore that he could not call the natives that he meets in Africa savages; they are cruel, he said, but not bloodthirsty; their desire to kill is more for superstitious reasons. There are cannibals, he said, among them. He has seen them boiling human arms for food, and offering for sale with other meats human hands; "and one day," continued the doctor, "while floating down the river in a canoe, accompanied by my little girl and two natives to row the boat, we were called to from a group of naked men standing on the shore to know if we wished to buy any meat, and, holding up a human arm, they informed us in their language that they had just killed two men belonging to a hostile tribe not far from there. This was about thirty miles below my house."

The only means of transportation through that portion of the country, Dr. Nassau said, is by boat. Trade is carried on without money, a cake of soap or a piece of calico or beads being all that is necessary.

"The men there are polygamists, their importance in the community being estimated according to the number of wives," said the doctor; "but," he continued, "I do not have to tell them of the existence of a God—a Supreme Being. It hurts me that I cannot make them understand about the love of Jesus Christ, it is something that seems to be so beyond them.

"They are kind to their mothers, but abuse their wives. Our mission has succeeded in bringing about 1800 of them into the Presbyterian Church. If before becoming Christian they had married more than one wife we require them to set all free (all their wives are slaves, bought and sold) but one—the one they might prefer.

"The African is very hospitable. No medicine

The Christian Work

ever gave me more benefit than the Christian kindness of these heathen friends of our little mission. They have a religion—they are more religious than you or I. They feel honored to receive us as their 'official' guests, and so we can depend upon their protection."

and chicken pie and berries and everything ready. I guess I am pretty near like a famine orphan. Come quick.

"Your loving

"MAYSIE."

It did not take many minutes for Uncle Colin to bear the little prisoner triumphantly home and seat her at the table that grandma had provided with everything good. Maysie did full justice to it all, and in a short time had quite recovered from the effects of her day's fasting.

But the experience made a deep impression upon her. The next day her grandma found her standing before the mirror, with a paper containing a piteous picture of some of the poor sufferers in India. She was looking from the plump reflection in the glass to the picture in her hand, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Oh, grandma," she cried, "it must hurt dreadful before you get like that. Why, you can't see a bone in me, and I was just terribly hungry. I am going to send them all the money I can get."

She was as good as her word, and between the pennies she earned and saved herself and the sums given her by others, she had at the close of the holidays a large amount which went over to India as the gift of "a little girl who once was very hungry."—"The King's Own."

Aspiration.

BY S. MABEL COHEN.

In the wailing of the wind and the sobbing of the sea
Is the cry of all the ages moving on eternally.

In the weeping of a heart and the sighing of a
Breathes the life that struggles upward, upward unto God, its goal.

Comes the storm that sweeps the land, comes the blow that ends the life,
Comes the death of aspiration, and the end of heavenly strife.

When the wailing of the wind, and the sobbing of the sea,
Reach the good God far above us, and He looks down lovingly:

When the storm cloud passes heavenward, and the sighing ends in love;
When God speaks in sweetest accents heavenly comfort from above,

Comes divine and noble striving, comes the life that ends the death;
Comes all sweetness and all beauty, comes the fragrance of God's breath.

Philadelphia.

Rev. Ibia j'Ikenge.

BY ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, D.D.

The Rev. Ibia j'Ikĕngĕ, senior native minister of Corisco Presbytery, in our West African Mission, died February 28th, 1901, aged about 67. The ages of natives of Mr. Ibia's generation are not known. But, from well-known data, I am able to be certain that he was not less than 65 nor more than 70.

When I first arrived in this mission, September 12th, 1861, I was, to a month, just 26 years of age. I found on Corisco Island Mr. Ibia, an elder of the church, a licentiate for the ministry, married and the father of two children. I might have supposed him much older than myself. I do not think he was. People marry early in this country. Our elders were chosen, not from either extreme of age. The old converts had lived too long in heathen life. The young men should first stand some tests. Twenty-six was therefore a sufficient age for a native elder. I felt that he and I were about of an age. Adding the forty years that have since then rolled by, I am sure he has died at least 66 years old.

In 1861 he was already a man of mark. He had suffered for the kingdom's sake. As a child his first contact with white people was as steward's assistant to the captain of a sailing vessel trading on this coast. He saw the worst side of civilization in white man's rum and white man's sensual lust, though he kept himself aloof. As a lad of about 16 he was attracted, for the sake of education, to the school on Corisco Island, taught by Rev. William Clemens. Under him he united with the church, and began to study for the ministry. He was brave, outspoken, manly. As a heathen he had belonged to a secret society, into which all native men were initiated, which issued laws, professedly by the mouth of a spirit. It was held in great fear by women and children. But, it being based on a lie, Ibia thought he not only should abandon it (as all converts were required to do), but should also reveal its untruth.

For this the wrath of the heathen fell on him. His life was saved only by the active interference of the missionaries. For years afterward he was an object of hatred to his own Benga tribe. This somewhat isolated him from them. His utter emancipation from any remains of superstition widened the gap. He was in every sense a civilized man, with less superstitious beliefs than many in civilized lands. Henceforth his rôle was that of a reformer. In his methods there was no diplomacy. He was no Erasmus. He was an Elijah.

He early felt and taught that native Christians should take from missionary hands the responsibility of the work of the native church. This is undeniably our professed aim, as stated by Assembly, Board, secretary and mission itself. And yet Mr. Ibia had friction with some members of the mission, who, failing to recognize the manliness of his claims for "liberty of action," misunderstood them as demands for independence. Time has proved him right. He also early asserted to both natives and missionary the necessity for the negro of industrial education as a part of his training. He desired to free his people from reliance for support on immoral white trade. He wished them to plant cacao, coffee, cocoanuts, etc., the sale of which would be in their own hands, not subject to the oppressive caprice of foreign rum traders. He wished to inaugurate native self-support. But secretary and mission, with the exception of one or two votes, were against him. They misunderstood him as "secularizing" himself; feared he would neglect the preaching of "the Gospel," and would seek riches for their own sake. Brother Ibia never forgot he was a minister, and time has again vindicated him.

Mr. Ibia was ordained April 5th, 1870. Presbytery then consisted of only four ministerial members; one of them was on furlough in the United States, and a second was about going finally. Brother Ibia's ordination, besides giving a pastor to the Corisco Church, saved the organic life of Presbytery.

He was active in evangelistic travel to the mainland, and took part in the church extension work that led to the organization of the Benita Church, fifty miles north of Corisco, in 1865, and of Batanga Church a dozen years later, until we look now on a Presbytery of twelve churches.

He was a student always, desirous of accumulating knowledge. He did not feel that ordination was so much an attainment as that he no longer needed to read. He watched with interest the discussions of General Assembly and its boards; was disappointed when his copy of the minutes sometimes failed to come. He was a subscriber to one of the church newspapers.

He was always loyal to Presbytery (of which he was a component part), but his loyalty to mission (in which he had no vote) was sometimes tried by the assumption of dictation by newly-arrived young men, his juniors in age and Christian experience, and who had not, like himself, suffered for the Gospel, whom the accident of mission superintendency happened to place in supervision of his non-ecclesiastical work. But, as they grew older, those new missionaries learned to respect the old man.

He came in conflict with Roman Catholic aggression some ten years ago. Probably the Spanish Governor would not have taken notice of a religious quarrel. But a son of Mr. Ibia had died under most distressing circumstances, murdered, as Mr. Ibia believed, by an employee of the Governor. Indignant at his appeal for redress receiving no recognition, he used language less politic than true, for which he was exiled for a year in a Spanish prison on Fernando Po, where had died scores of Cuban political prisoners.

His bluntness was not intentional disrespect. He did not know diplomacy, nor even conventionalities. I do not think he could have been induced to write: "With profound respect, your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant." Even to me, whom he loved and respected, the signatures to his letters and reports was the curt, "Yours, Ibia," or, in Benga, "A te 'mba, Ibia." ("It is I, Ibia.")

His church of 128 members consists mostly of women. Men who still desire to be polygamists and rum drinkers avoided him.

He is survived by his ladylike wife, Hika, and two daughters and two sons. One of these sons, a handsome, manly fellow, a carpenter by trade, in writing me of his father's death, tells me that he himself had thought of the ministry, that the thought had come to him "naturally" in his childhood, and he expects now to offer himself as a candidate. His father's dying direction to him was that he should sustain the church prayer-meeting. There are two elders, but neither of them live near the church. We will watch with interest this first test of a native church sustaining its services without white aid.

Batanga, West Africa.

THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

International Medical Missionary Society.

The annual meeting of the Society, which marked the close of its twelfth year of existence and effort, was held on Thursday evening, March 23, 1893, in the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and 29th Street, New York City.

The gathering was a remarkable one in many ways, while the large number present, despite the inclement weather, gave practical evidence of increasing interest in the operations of the Society.

The platform, with its seven occupants, was a most representative one. Seated in the center was the President, Dr. Stephen Smith, one of our first physicians. On one side of him were seated three veteran Missionaries of the Cross, and on the other three of the ablest clergymen in this city, the Rev. David H. Greer, D. D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church; Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D. D., at one time Moderator of the General Assembly; and Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D. D., brother of Dr. B. C. Atterbury, of Pekin, and pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church.

The Missionaries represented the three great fields of missionary effort—India, China and Africa. China was indeed well represented in the person of Dr. John G. Kerr, of Canton, whose forty years of labor in that land as a Medical Missionary of the Presbyterian Board in translation and teaching, together with the immense number of successful surgical operations of magnitude and requisite skill performed by him, place him at the head of the Medical Missionary army, a position which we feel sure his co-workers would readily accede to him, but one which we are equally sure he would be the last to claim. During his forty years of service the records show that he has personally given *over a million* of attendances to the sick and suffering; translated thirty volumes of medical and other works; performed over thirty-five thousand operations, and trained a hundred or more of the native Chinese in surgery and medicine. Truly this is a grand record, and the Society was much honored by, and also indebted to, Dr. Kerr, not only for his kind presence and speech, but also for his hearty endorsement of its purposes and plans, for which he sincerely invoked the Divine guidance aud blessing.

Africa, too, was well represented by the Rev. Robert H. Nassau, M. D. and D. D., who has served over thirty years as a Presbyterian Medical Missionary in West Africa, the last twelve among one of the cannibal tribes in the interior. The doctor is the oldest African Medical Missionary in the world, at least as far as years of service go. He has passed through very peculiar and trying circumstances in that dark land. At one time he was left with a little girl baby only a few days old, its mother having to be prepared for burial and buried by its father, with no white person to aid or sympathize. To-day he has the joy of seeing his little girl in his native land, in good health, a living proof of the years of loving care bestowed upon her by her only parent and nurse. Dr. Nassau has been rightly honored by being elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey. India had a warm

universal language spoken the world over; and, no matter what the clime or country, this universal speech is understood. It is the cry of human suffering and need. And there is another language equally well understood, though not reduced to words. It is that of sympathy and help, which hastens to respond to the cry of human suffering.

This is the language of the Gospel, and that which the Saviour uttered in kindly act as well as word as He trod this world of sin, sorrow and suffering.

There should be no question, and there can be none, as to such a grand work as this, and there should be none as to its receiving all needed support and extension. It is on these lines that we must shape the work of the future, whether at home or abroad, if we desire to aid men in the highest and best sense; the spiritual can best or only be reached and influenced through the proper care of men's physical needs.

There is prevalent to-day a spirit which declines to work on religious lines, but is willing to do so on mere philanthropic grounds. This Society should obtain the support of all such on its philanthropic side, while it may look to those more favorable to its religious aspect for support in that direction, and the efforts of such a Society will serve to illustrate in a practical manner that true philanthropy and religion can neither succeed alone, but both should go together, even as the disciples were commanded to "Heal the sick and preach the Gospel."

Dr. John G. Kerr spoke of the wonderful effect of medical aid in opening the way for the Gospel in China. Dr. Morrison labored in China from 1807 to 1834 without seeing a single convert. In the latter year Dr. Peter Parker was sent out as a Medical Missionary, and of him it was truly said: "He opened up China to the Gospel at the point of his lancet."

In 1834 only one port in the whole of China was open to foreigners, but in 1840 four others were also opened, and as fast as entrance could be gained to them, Medical Missionaries were sent in as pioneers of the Gospel. To-day we have over one hundred Medical Missionaries in China, sixty-five hospitals, and forty-five or more dispensaries. Dr. Kerr warmly eulogized the work of the Society, and strongly urged its extension and adequate support. He earnestly desired to see it placed on a firm basis, sending forth its representatives as so many streams of blessing to the dark places of suffering, cruelty and superstition, even to the ends of the earth.

Dr. Robert H. Nassau made an impassioned appeal on behalf of the work of the Society. He said: We all believe in the tangible at home here, so do the heathen abroad. When a man goes to these people in their time of need and suffering, and brings them relief, *that* is tangible, and these people can and do appreciate that.

When a minister of the Gospel comes to such people bringing only *words*, which they cannot even understand, he is not accepted, because they fail to realize their need in this direction; but let the same man be a *doctor* also, then he is welcome, first by his acts, and then by his words.

In the one case they do not feel their need, in the other they do, and by ministering to what they do feel, they are often led to realize the greater needs of the soul.

Again, inasmuch as the African priest and doctor, so called, are one, the people look for the man who professes to tend a mind diseased to also be able to minister to the body, and they are likely to ridicule the man who cannot do so.

The African generally believes in a benevolent being, God, and a malevolent being, or devil. God is too good to fear, and too big to trouble about them, but this devil is the

propose to keep up our meetings through the winter in Dehra this season, as well as during the rest of the coming year in Landour. Only by thus continuously meeting for he whole year will it be possible for us to accomplish the revision of our entire work, which is so desirable before he final publication of the whole new translation of the Old Testament, when our Committee must break up. The completed translation, life and health being spared, we may now expect to have ready for the press by the end of 1899.

Dr. Kellogg was a man of great mental power and respected scholarship. In 1891-92 he was Stone lecturer in Princeton Theological Seminary; and besides the volume of Leviticus in the Expositor's Bible Series, a book on the Jews in History and Prophecy, and his last book on Comparative Religion, he had written a great deal, both in the way of books and articles. In his death the mission cause suffers a profound loss.

A Token of Gratitude from Siam

A Troy daily paper has recently published the following letter, written by some of his old friends in Bangkok to the venerable medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board, Dr. Samuel R. House, now residing at Waterford, N. Y. No tribute could be more richly deserved:

Dr. House left Siam in 1876. Last year he received from his old pupils 183 silver dollars as a birthday present. Among the contributors were an army surgeon, officers of the government service, the pastor of the native church, preachers, teachers, clerks, many of whom he had baptized. This is the letter which accompanied the gift:

SUMRAY, BANGKOK, June 15, 1898.

Rev. S. R. House, M.D.:

SIR: We having learn that your old age coming to eighty-one on the 16th October next. On this occasion we were glad to subscribe among your oriental scholars of Siam to offer you a small present which we obtained for your birthday.

We herewith requests you to accept this small sum for your birthday's present for the recognition of your Siamese scholars, and we beg to thanks you for the knowledgement which we obtained from you when you be with us in our lovely country, and we noted you are the foundation of our knowledgement, and we will place your name on the stones of our hearts long as we lives.

We pray God to blaess to comfort and to help you in any circumstances, and we hope to meet you again in the kingdom of Our Father.

We have the honor to remains sir yours affectionate scholars

(Signed by over thirty names.)

Sowing Beside All Waters

By Robert Hamill Nassau, D.D., M.D.

"The Spirit maketh the reading, but especially the preaching of the Word, an effectual means." "And how shall they hear without a preacher?"

Preaching in neither Christian nor heathen countries is necessarily confined to the platform of a pulpit. Indeed, if so confined, it fails in the full accomplishment of its object. The preacher is a preacher still in his pastoral visitations. There is a recognized work and place for the "street" preacher. Missionaries to such uncivilized countries as Africa do the major part of their work as preachers on the streets, in the villages, by boat, canoe, or afoot, or whenever and wherever and however they may find hearers.

I look with tender pleasure on my pulpit ministrations to the church of Corisco, of Benita, of the three Ogowe, and of Gaboon—six in all—of which I have successively had charge, for terms of from one to six years. But in three of these I had first to gather the materials for an organization. Those materials were not obtained ready-made, members of other churches already existing, but were to be found, taught, enlightened, converted, trained, and prepared for baptism. They were found in the highways and under the hedges, in forest vil-

PRESBYTERY OF LIBERIA

lages, by little lakes, on the banks of the queenly Ogowe and its score of smaller affluents. They were the outcome, under the Holy Spirit's miraculous touch, of words spoken under rain and sun, in health and weariness; standing in the noisy village street, or lying disabled on the thwart of a boat; to ears that were simply curious to hear what this white spirit had to tell, but whose hearts were not burdened with a sense of the sinfulness of sin, and whose highest thought at the moment was by what fetish-charm they might induce that same white spirit to share with them some of the yards of cloth or bars of soap or other goods lying in his traveling chest, from which he bought food for his boat's crew. And yet, my tenderest thought today, resting in my furlough, but with heart back among my African flock, is not of the comfortable pulpit, but of the uncomfortable canoe or bamboo hut. If God has given me the joy of any soul brought into the kingdom by my hand or voice, I value, as the means used by him, less the decorous church service than the apparently hopeless sowings by all other waters. *That* in the church was for the "building up in faith and holiness"; *these*, in the hut, at noon, or by night under star or moon, are for the seeking of the lost, the saving from sin, the beginning of a life of faith.

Itineration had advantages over the physically easier church pulpit ministrations. It reached many who, not feeling themselves sinners, or having none of the variety of personal reasons that gather congregations in both Christian and heathen countries, did not care to come to church, and probably never would. It reached more who, distant ten, thirty, sixty, or more miles, could not find canoe or other means of coming. It reached still more who, living perhaps a hundred miles away, in an interior tribe, scarcely could make their way through intervening tribes—often hostile to them—but whom I found as guests on rare journeys of trade in villages I happened to be visiting. How with riveted eyes they listened to the white stranger whom they had never before seen, and probably would never see again! And how that stranger threw all his soul of utterance and instruction and prayer into that his one street sermon! Hoping that the precious word uttered might be carried by the Holy Spirit to those guests' consciences, and, though perhaps forgotten in life, might, even in their dying hour, be savingly remembered.

The churches of the Ogowe, which, by presbytery's direction, I assisted in organizing with their over three hundred members, were the result of just such wayside sowing, begun by myself in 1874, and carried on during later years by my associates, Rev. W. H. Robinson, H. M. Bacheler, M.D., Mrs. J. M. Smith, Miss I. A. Nassau, and others, until the grain began to ripen in 1886, just as Rev. A. C. Good, Ph.D., joined us to help gather in the sheaves.

During my nine Talaguga years I made no

BENITA SCHOOL GIRLS, WEST AFRICA

to be visited upon mankind than this animistic fetish worship with its ally of witchcraft; and it rests like a horrid nightmare upon all Central Africa. This is what our Saviour meant when in his great commission to Paul he spoke of his work as a deliverance from the power of satan unto God. In Africa it is the power of innumerable satans, with whom the very air is teeming and by whom the whole realm of nature is cursed. What a call for missionary service! What an appeal even to common philanthropy!

Mohammedanism in Africa

One of the most obvious duties of the Christian Church at the present time is to gain a proper estimate of the difficulties to be met in its conquest of the world for Christ. The idea that mere nescience, the mere ignoring of the great systems of error in the world, is the true policy of missionary success, must be laid aside. Our Savior taught that whoever would go to war must count his hosts and rightly estimate the situation, if he would lay his plans carefully and safely. Paul taught that the enemies to be overcome were not children nor weaklings, but principalities and powers.

The following article by Rev. J. T. Dean, M.A., of the Old Calabar Mission, and published in the "Missionary Record of the U. P. Church," of Scotland, is worthy of a careful perusal. It sets forth the obstacles to be met in West Africa in the encounter which Christian missions on the West Coast are likely to experience from Mohammedanism.

"Of all the changes that have taken place in Old Calabar within the past eight years—and they have been many and great—there is probably none that will affect our work as a mission so much as the introduction of Mohammedans as part of the settled population of the country. Eight years ago there were few, if any, Mohammedans even in Duke Town. But shortly after 1891, the government introduced a body of Hausa soldiers, most of whom were Mohommedans. These soldiers brought their priests with them, and thus a religion different from Christianity was forced upon the attention of the people. Since that time the opening up of the river has drawn Mohammedan traders to the country in considerable numbers. They are numerous in Duke Town, where their distinctive dress is now a familiar sight in the streets, and where there is some talk of their building a mosque. In the pursuit of trade they are finding their way all up the river. There is probably not a steamer that enters the river that does not add to the Mohammedan population. Thus, while individual Mohammedans may come and go, it is clear that Mohammedanism has come to stay.

"This new factor can not be disregarded by our mission. The chief point for us is not that the introduction of Mohammedanism affords us a new opportunity, though that is undoubtedly true, notwithstanding the difficulties of work among Mohammedans, but that it is a rival religion, which will sooner or later enter into competition with us in missionary effort. We shall have as our rival a religion which claims to be universal, and which, while it has owed much to the sword, is not without points that will appeal even more strongly than Christianity to the heathen natives of Old Calabar.

"It can not be said that as yet attempts are being made to convert the natives to Mohammedanism. But should such attempts come to be made, and it is better to be prepared for the worst, the Mohammedans will be able to carry on this work with great advantages over our missionaries. They will have all the advantage of belonging to a closely allied race. They live among the people. Their way of living has many points of similarity to that of the natives. They are able to pick up the Efik language far more quickly than Europeans. They understand the natives' ways of thinking. And thus they are able to bring to bear upon them a much more uninterrupted influence than we can expect to do. They bring benefits which the natives keenly appreciate, namely, the benefits of trade. At the same time, while they are a closely allied race, they are also a superior race. They are shrewd traders, and this wins for them the respect of the Efik people. That they have already impressed themselves upon the natives is shown by the fact that some of the most intelligent of the Calabar people attributed the fire, or rather series of fires, that destroyed a large part of Duke Town last year, to their instrumentality. Of course, it is highly improbable that they were guilty of the crime, but it is somewhat significant that they got the credit of it.

"But another advantage that the Mohammedans will have over us is, that their priests will be backed up by those who are not priests. Every Mohammedan is a missionary, in that his life is consistent with his profession. This is unhappily not the case with all the professing native Christians from other parts of the coast. A great many of the young men who have come from Sierra Leone, Lagos, Accra, and other places, have been brought up under the influence of the Church Missionary Society, or of the Wesleyans, or of the Basel Mission, or of one of the other missions that are working along the coast. Many of these are excellent young men, who live the same Christian life in Old Calabar as they would live at home. But, on the other hand, there are many who are little credit to the Christianity they profess. Their lives are not such as to fill the natives with respect for Christianity. Many of them are unmarried, or have left their wives at home, and thus great hovac is wrought even among our native Christian families. But Mohammedanism shows an unbroken front. There is no such cleft among the professors of Mohammedanism as there is among the professors of Christianity. Whether it be the white-robed priest or the ragged beggar, all Mohammedans are sincere.

"Then again, the teaching of Mohammedanism will appeal to the natives more strongly than the teaching of Christianity. Its very externality, so alien to the religious consciousness of the West, is fitted to impress them. The distinctive dress, the stated times of prayer, the reverence shown by the people to the priests, the strict observance of fasting during the sacred seasons, the charms carried about the body, will all find points of affinity in the natives who are attracted by novelty, who lay great stress on the outward forms of religion, whether heathen or Christian, who believe in *ju-ju*, and who are in terror of witchcraft. A mosque in the town will exercise an enormous influence. It will give a center to the worship, and many of the natives will drop into it from curiosity or from weariness. Further, the creed of Mohammedanism will be more intelligible to the natives than the doctrine of Christianity. It claims to rest on a divine revelation recorded in a book. That there is one God, and that Mohammed is his prophet, is a creed to which they can readily give assent, and simple assent is all that is required to give them a place among the faithful. The materialistic teaching of the Koran regarding the happiness of Moslems in heaven, and the future misery of those who are not Moslems, will appeal for-

School on Corisco Island, West Africa

"2. Most of them have grown up seriously interested in spiritual things.

"3. They have all of them gone out into life with a thorough knowledge of the Christian religion and of the teachings and ethics of Jesus, and with a high ideal of manhood. Of all these things the average boy of our parishes is lamentably ignorant, and yet where else shall he find instruction in these things?

"My other suggestion is this: that every church that can possibly raise $600 ought to hire a young man from the Seminary to devote his time largely to this thing that I have suggested. In the smaller schools the pastor must do this work and can do it most effectually. But in the larger churches it is of course utterly impossible for him in any thorough manner to educate his children in religious things. Yet, unless this is thoroughly done, the discouraging condition of things now facing us is going speedily to grow worse. It is a perfect anomaly and a cause for shame that out of each one of these schools of from five to nine hundred only ten or fifteen children are joining the church from year to year.

"I believe with all my heart, and I have evidence also to corroborate that belief, that if the churches of Massachusetts with schools numbering five or at least four hundred pupils should each hire a teacher of religion who should organize all the children into classes meeting perhaps fortnightly, and give practically all his time to winning every child in the parish to the Christian life and to church membership, in three years the column in the year-book now so sparsely occupied by figures of two numbers, would soon be bristling with forties and fifties, to be surpassed rather than subtracted from through the years. For the children's sake, as well as the churches, we must come to some such thing. I merely throw out this suggestion as a possible way of solution. I believe we shall soon come to it. It is what the Roman Catholic Church has been doing for centuries, and it never makes any complaint of lack of supporters. When the Protestant Church comes to such a point that it cares as much for the religious life of its children, it will, by vastly superior instruction, in some such way as I have here suggested, reach vastly greater results. The new revival of religion is going to come in this way."

The Pastor and His New Members.

Writes the Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, in "The Interior":

"The paramount work of every new member is personal effort for the salvation of others. They have unsaved friends and companions, and their obligation to bring them to the acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord is a new and imperative one. It is for this, in large degree, that they have been brought to discipleship. This duty the pastor must diligently urge upon each of them, and by direction, oversight, with cheer and inspiration, he must hold them to it. It is one large section of his care of souls. An elder in a prominent church said recently: 'Our pastor is anxious about the conversion of souls and bringing them into the church, but he gives little heed to them after they are in.' This 'but' ought not to qualify any pastor's work.

"Our pastors who are now rejoicing in large additions to their churches, and there are many of them, will surely not forget that this blessing increases their work and their responsibility. They must 'cut out work' for these new workers and at once. Every day is important. Every suggestion is worth considering.

Chance.

BY CHRISTOBEL F. FISKE.

Within the wizard glass in idle thought
Cast I my careless eyes one starry night;
In vain had others watched for years; I caught
The comet's flight.

In fisher's boat athwart the sluggish wave
My daily course of drudging toil I ran;
Sudden my sordid hands did snatch and save
A drowning man.

While through the street with hurrying crowds I strove
At passing whim my fickle fancy fled
Impatient home; I turned and faced my love
Long vanished.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Letter from Africa.

BY ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU.

American Presbyterian Mission.
Batanga, January 29th, 1902.

My very dear Daughter:

My last letter to you was closed on December 28th. I had taken no notice of Christmas, except at Wednesday prayer meeting, to tell my people what it was not, and to explain its heathen and Roman Catholic origin. But the people kept it up for two weeks, neglecting their usual work, and therefore, of course, getting into fights and quarrels; boat racing, with which was inseparably connected drunkenness, shameful dancing and other evils; extravagant display of dress, parades of young men, and of adult women and of young women. These parades were harmless in themselves, but wasteful of time and dress. I gave no gifts to anybody, except to King Madala, an axe, a hatchet and a smoothing iron (charcoal); to Chief Babala, an axe and an iron; and to Ekâkisĕg, an iron. Those are useful things which will last years.

All these jollifications opened the hearts even of the church members; made them restless and excitable. In the morning service of December 29th I had to call out to one of the deacons to keep in order certain women in one of the corners (the only bad part of the house). All the men, old and young, and boys were quite orderly. These were not foolish young women. They were adults. And in the evening after church I had to disperse from in front of my house some noisy lads—some of them who had stayed away from church to play, so full had they become of Christmas (you can see why I do not love Christmas here). I began the session's meetings preparatory to the communion on Monday, December 30th, and continued them all the week, for there were many cases of discipline, and a single case took not less than one-half ~~hour~~ of discussion. The Christmas confusions continued. They were not a good preparation for the sacrament, and my household affairs were not running well.

I had had an excellent cook, Manjana, brother of Ekâkisĕg. I did not have to show him anything—simply handed him the cans of meat and vegetables, and he did the rest. He was even somewhat of a housekeeper. He looked after my pantry with a friendly interest, and warned me if anything was going wrong. So I left everything to him, and had no care or trouble about the kitchen. He was almost perfect as a cook. He did not steal, he rarely lied, always respectful and obedient. But he is a Roman Catholic. He does not pretend to be a Christian; sometimes gets drunk; believes in heathen superstitions, and really does not believe in Romanism. He reads the Bible in turn at my family prayers. But being afraid of his Roman Catholic wife he does not come to church, nor sends his children to our school. His wife (just as did Admiral Dewey's) made him have a Roman Catholic marriage, and then compelled him to be baptized (as Dewey will be baptized just before he dies, according to Roman Catholic tricks). It galled me that my good money was going into Roman Catholic hands, so with regret I dismissed Majana. It was done without ill-will. He took it well. Said if I needed him at any time he would help me. I then tried Muemba; he, too, had been entrapped into a Roman Catholic marriage, and was wearing Roman Catholic fetiches, though not baptized. I ate little that week; food was either overdone or underdone, and most of it went out of the window to the cats! I paid Muemba for six days' wages and summoned Elasi, who was delighted to come. Elasi spread himself large. He had a great deal to say—how faithful he had been to my sister, how he would be my servant forever, and how anxious he was to be near the church. But Elasi's mouth was too large and his tongue too long. He annoyed me all day by his vociferous salutations to every passer-by. He took possession of the house, and his too numerous friends invaded the kitchen, and

he used my stove for cooking his own food. But he was most respectful and apologetic. He exasperated me by his assumptions, and then was most humble. "Could a father be angry with his own child?" He was desirous to be married, and hinted that I might help him buy a wife. He did not know how to cook or to set a table. What had become of the lessons sister had given him, I do not know. He did not understand my new stove (neither did I). He did not know how to make bread (neither did I). He called in the aid of one of the traders' cooks, who kindly offered to take the loaves (not utterly fallen) to his master's stove (that I could not allow). Then Majana came kindly to the rescue, and the bread was eatable. After Elasi's first attempt at rice pudding I did not ask him for a second. I began to accuse him of pilfering from my pantry, and had daily altercations with him. After fourteen days of tribulation, I, to his apparent surprise, dismissed him. He innocently demanded to know what he had done! I simply said, "What day that you have been with me have I eaten my food without rebuke?" And the Sabbath before I had stopped in my sermon, and pointed with my finger to where he and another young man were laughing. I sent for Majana to come back. I disliked to have a Roman Catholic servant, but I disliked more to tolerate dyspepsia. And so I have swallowed this piece of Romanism. He came at once, smilingly, and I voluntarily added a half-dollar to his wages; and my Lares and Penates are resting content. The communion was held on Sabbath, January 6th. Three services. Baptisms and sermon in a.m. The Lord's Supper in the afternoon, followed immediately by a congregational meeting for the election of two new elders. In the evening a monthly concert, my annual report of church collections and expenses, and ordination and installation of two elders. On Monday Satan broke loose, and he has been on a rampage ever since. Fights between three of my most prominent (but by no means the best) female members over a plantation boundary; fights between more big women, or insinuation of witchcraft; noisy boat races; drinking, public dancing, into which some church members entered. I spent part of Wednesday, January 15th, in mending my clothes, sewing up holes and laying patches under the larger ones. You would smile at the size of my stitches. Darning of socks was my "pons asinorum." I didn't pass on that examination. Sewing on buttons, pretty creditable. All these things your nurse used to do for me. You may ask why Ekâsi or some other woman does not do it for me. Simply because they do not know how. There has never been, in all these twenty years of mission work at Batanga, any girls' boarding school. Boys and girls have been taught only books. I have plead for years that our natives should be taught something useful besides books, as that noble man and perfect gentleman, Booker Washington, does. But I could not until just now get others to assent. During the confusion growing out of the races I sent for King Madâla, as he is one of my church members. He is at heart, I think, a good man, but he is not strong in principle, and is disposed to compromise. I agreed with him that the races were a good thing to see, and I would like to attend them if he would forbid the drinking and dancing. He said he had no authority about the drinking. This, I suppose, is true. He professed to disapprove of the dancing, but that he could not stop it. I do not think that is so. The dancing is in honor of his canoe. But he promised to forbid the indecent dress which the dancers usually wore. He kept his promise, and my church members took no part with the heathen, but women from other parts of the coast did, and there was almost a quarrel between them.

The last of the races was to be held on Saturday, January 25th. King Madâla himself was going in his own canoe. The German District Commander at Kŭbi had offered a prize of 200 marks ($50.00). Madâla was not anxious to go. He said his rival chief, Bâbala, had been pushing the challenge; that whoever was beaten would fight (native custom), and he wanted peace. I told him to go, but to forbid all rioting. He came early Saturday morning to call me to see the start. I went. He kept his promise. There was no liquor, no dancing, and no shameless dress. It was a graceful sight to see the sixty-foot canoe, brilliantly painted, glide into the water; the quick instantaneous step in of its fifty paddlers, and it started to Kŭbi, ~~ten~~ miles distant, to stop on the way to pick up ~~two~~ complement of sixty paddlers. Batanga is inhabited by two tribes, Banâkâ and Bâjukâ. The former are in large majority, and Madâla belongs to that tribe, and is King, by German appointment, of this region, including both Banâka and Bâjukâ. But Chief Bâbala, who owes his position to Madâla's magnanimity, is doing all he can to supplant Madâla with the German Government. He is naturally a stronger character than Madâla, but he is a bad man, a renegade Christian, who has taken unto himself "the seven other devils." His landing place is about one-quarter of a mile up the beach from Madâla's, and he went off with tremendous flourish, having distributed a good deal of liquor among his people. And he was joined a few miles up by another Bâjukâ canoe at the village Bwambo. A fourth canoe was of the Kŭbi chief Ipĕkĕ, who is also Banâkâ. His crew had the advantage that they were fresh, not having already rowed ten miles like Madâla's and Bâbala's, and Ipĕkĕ won, Bâbala's two canoes coming in second and third, and Madâla's last. Ipĕkĕ was given (of the $50) $20; Bâbala's two, $15 and $10. The Government seemed to want to smooth the defeat for his kingship, and was ashamed to offer Madala $5. "Well, Madâla, what shall we do with this?" "Give it to the others." And he took nothing. The news came at night after I had gone to bed, but I was awakened by the shouting and firing of cannon. Though Madâla's canoe had lost, a Banâkâ had won first—Ipĕkĕ—and that was glory for the tribe. But just as in the United States, the evil of Saturday base ball or foot ball games, the returning crowd does not go to church. They are too tired! So I had a small attendance on Sabbath, January 26th. Church was only out a few minutes when Bâbala's two canoes were seen coming. Instead of stopping at his own place, he passed it, and came on here. I saw them from my study window. They dashed into our beach with a splendid spurt, with yells and shouts and drums and hand-bells, ~~two~~ guns and waving of palm branches, followed by a shamelessly excited crowd of Bâjukâ women. Of course, all of Madâla's people and my church members went down to see what was the matter, and were met by a shower of abuse and insult, and contemptuous rejoicings from Bâbala's people. No such desecration of the Sabbath has occurred here for years, not even by heathen, as was inaugurated by this renegade Bâbala. My elder succeeded in drawing off our people, who, especially the women, wanted to fight the invaders. And Bâbala's canoes pulled aroundd the point, and gave Madâla's village a gross insult by turning their naked backs to them, taking off their loin cloth for that purpose. Madâla returned quietly on foot from Kŭbi, having attended church there in the morning, and was present at church in the evening.

On Monday, the 27th, his canoe returned, escorted by Ipĕkĕ's, and the demonstration of Sabbath was repeated, only now it was by Banâkâ, and in numbers far beyond the Bâjukâ. Bad blood was up. Some one told Bâbala that Madâla intended to attack him. A procession of men and women of Banâkâ went to Bâbala's, and returned in kind his naked insult of the Sabbath. The excitement was growing worse on both sides. The Bâjukâs were getting their guns and spears ready. Only twenty years ago these two tribes were killing each other, but the Gospel had united them around one table. I went to bed, but was aroused by Madâla's coming alone to tell me that Bâbala had sent two white traders, living in his district, to remonstrate with him. Madâla assured me he had no thought of fighting, and had taken no steps that way. One of the traders, Klett, a miserable fellow, had been very insulting, and ordered Madâla to dismiss his guests under pain of being reported to the Government. I told him to do no such thing (to do so is in native eyes a great discourtesy), and that if the threat was carried out I would go with him to the Tribunal, and tell of Bâbala's being the aggressor. Madâla's guests remained. He killed an ox for them, and made a feast. He sent me a nice piece of steak, and in the afternoon his visitors went back in glory. When he made his night call on me, after sympathizing with him against Klett, I asked him candidly what benefit all the three weeks of idleness and racing had brought, and he did not hesitate to admit that it had brought only evil. There will be much to be done in the church session about it all.

An Invaluable Recipe.

BY SARA H. HENTON.

When the dear old lady (my next door neighbor when I first began housekeeping) gave me this recipe, which she termed "economical," she little dreamed what a good work she had done, for I have been extending it for years both with my pen and voice. It was too good to keep all to myself, besides I love to share everything good I have with my friends.

The recipe is as follows: First get a tin-can, and keep it for the especial purpose of dropping each and every little scrap or broken piece of soap into this can. When you get it full (or nearly so) then dissolve three ounces of pulverized borax into two quarts of warm rain water, and stir into the broken pieces of soap. When cold it will form a jelly, and a tablespoonful of this will make a strong lather in a gallon of water, and will be excellent for cleaning painted surfaces, woodwork, windows; in fact, any and everything. It is so nice for the hands and skin, and does not chap them at all. If you do not care to economize, buy two or three bars of good white soap and shave it fine, and dissolve the borax water in it. It will be the same.

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Editors: { W. P. WHITE, D. D.
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NOTICE.—Look at the 4th on your paper. If your subscription has expired, or is about to expire, please send the amount promptly. Subscriptions begin at any time. Send for specimen copies.

Editorial Items

Prejudice is sometimes accidental principle.

* * *

The creed of a church is simply the expression of its belief. The expression without the fact is misleading, but together they form its distinctive strength.

* * *

Positive sermons, and no others, are ever attended by actual results. Here is an extract from one of the other kind: "Brethren, you may repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

* * *

Philadelphia Methodists have honored themselves by the erection of a statue to the late Bishop Simpson. It stands on the grounds of the Methodist Home, near Fairmount Park, and will serve to perpetuate the name and services of a great man.

* * *

The heirs of the late Colonel McKee, the colored Presbyterian millionaire, who recently died in Philadelphia, and left his estate to the control of the Roman Catholic Church, are preparing to contest the will. It appears strange on the face of it, and we suspect that before the case is settled the value of the estate will be materially decreased.

* * *

According to an exchange the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, at a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Union in New York, said that he wanted "to see Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Whitsuntide and other feast days observed by the Presbyterian Church." The wish is said to have been received with great applause. Dr. Duffield is not the first prophet who has desired to see a great many things, but was destined to die without the sight.

Senator Quay has introduced an amendment to the Chinese Exclusion bill exempting Chinese Christians and those who assisted in the relief of the foreign legation at Pekin during the Boxer rebellion. It looks like a rational measure, but its success is very doubtful.

* * *

It seems scarcely possible that an American officer would order the extermination of all natives above ten years of age, but that is what a Major in the Philippines accuses his General of having done. The Major confesses to have acted on his instructions. If this be true, our nation stands disgraced before the world. No punishment, however swift or severe, can atone for so monstrous a crime.

* * *

The late Cecil Rhodes is yet to be accorded a place in history among the greatest men of this or any age. His dreams of a South African empire and their execution rank him with Napoleon. Like the great Frenchman, he was a fatalist. He wanted his work done by the time he had reached 50, and was utterly reckless as to his own personal safety. His time, he believed, would come when it would come, so he rushed on and thought little about it.

* * *

The Roman correspondent of the New York "Journal" says that "No fewer than seven distinguished Americans, deputed by the President and the Government of the United States, are on their way to the Eternal City to present the congratulations of the American nation to Leo XIII." on the occasion of his pontifical jubilee. He also predicts for the "embassy" a cordial welcome. The "seven distinguished Americans" are not named, however. We fear that the jubilee will be ancient history before they arrive.

* * *

There are indications from the great storm center, the Presbytery of New York, that another disturbance is brewing for the Presbyterian Church. A student from Union Seminary exposed to a rattling examination in theology, stated that he believed that the story of Adam in Genesis was allegorical, and that the prophecies of Isaiah, interpreted as Messianic, referred to Israel. Now, while these views of this young man and such teachings of Union Seminary are greatly to be regretted, we see no reason why the Church at large needs to be stirred up over them. It is a matter for the New York Presbytery alone to deal with. It looks to us as if there were those in that Presbytery who would like to use the incident to arouse a tempest in the Church, and possibly use it to create sentiment for the coming Assembly, and awaken opposition to the subject of revision. Some zealot has been sending broadcast marked copies of the New York papers containing accounts of the proceedings of the Presbytery. We have received a number of these papers. We trust that our ministers and laymen, and especially those chosen as commissioners to the Assembly, will make note of this evident attempt to arouse feeling, and decline to be influenced by it.

* * *

THE MYTHICAL ADAM.

The most popular man of to-day seems to be Adam. He has already appeared at the meetings of two Presbyteries, and effectively shaped their action in the disposition of certain candidates for the ministry. The young men appear to have been evangelical on almost every point, except the one involving the personality of Adam. As to him they confessed themselves at sea. The reports do not say whether these young men regard Adam as a myth or the record as mythical which claims to give his origin. It would scarcely be the former. Adam has always seemed to us as a most literal personality. The presence of a billion people forms a presumptive argument, that, if not Adam, at least some one occupied this planet before. Like produces like, and if Adam were a myth, so are we. As to the record, that involves an interpretation of Genesis. Some theologians have argued that the history of creation was poetic. The six days are understood with a degree of latitude not accorded years ago. But there is a vast difference between poetic and mythical history. One involves a fact, and the other does not. The mythical accounts of creation are legion. We are all familiar with Chaos, Nox and Eros. They belong to the cloud land of myth; but we never thought of associating them with inspiration.

A mythical genesis is simply the corollary of evolution. We fail to harmonize Genesis and the origin of man as taught by evolutionists. As Dr. Minton truly says in his "Cosmos and Logos": "The Adam of Genesis is a very different kind of being from the Adam of evolution." One is a man, and the other isn't. One acts from choice, and assumes responsibility; the other hangs by his tail, and chatters to his kind. Evolution is as yet a theory. That it contains much truth no one will question, but there are streams whose sources it has not determined. Among these is the origin of life. Where does life come from? Evolution does not know. The Bible speaks when evolution is silent. It says that God breathed into man of His own breath. That supplies one of the "missing links" in the chain of evolutionary logic. Evolution deifies nature. It necessarily contradicts our conception of miracles and makes Jesus the product of a process. Why one doubtful as to the origin of man, the possibility of miracles, or the supernatural conception of Jesus wishes to enter the ministry we cannot imagine. There is an uncertainty at the very foundation which will paralyze his whole future. He may do good in certain vocations, but the ministry, of all things, he should never enter. Tennyson says that uncertainty is "a throne of ice on a summer's sea." All about is melting. Such will be the ministry of any man who can write myth across a single page of revelation. The Presbytery that halts him at the threshold does him a kindness for which he will yet be grateful.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

CONTENTS.

LITERATURE

Travels in West Africa: Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons. By Mary H. Kingsley. (Macmillan & Co.)

Lady travellers and explorers are by no means rare nowadays, but few have done such good work or written so interesting and attractive an account of it, coupled with so much solid scientific matter, new to a great extent, as Miss Kingsley. She is undoubtedly the first of her sex who has dared to face the manifold dangers of the pestilential regions of the French Congo and other parts of barbarous Western Equatorial Africa; for missionary women and the wives of officials and traders seldom go far from their comfortable homes or run any unnecessary or abnormal risks, and certainly never went canoeing for pleasure or in the interests of science. Indeed, scarcely any other lady would be capable of doing what Miss Kingsley has accomplished and relates in so jaunty a style.

Yet Miss Kingsley—humorous and even comical as her method often is—must undoubtedly be taken seriously, for she displayed keen powers of observation, far keener than those of most men who visit the coast, even the special correspondents of enterprising journals, who have between them written a good deal of nonsense and made many misleading statements, even so recently as during the last Ashanti expedition; on the other hand, we rarely catch Miss Kingsley tripping. Moreover, she has the courage of her opinions, and spares neither Government officials nor missionaries when she thinks they merit censure, whilst she does not hesitate to bestow a due meed of praise on the often abused trader. In fact, she only does justice to this last class when she speaks of their hospitality, kindliness, and trustworthiness.

Miss Kingsley is practically, but not entirely right in terming the West Coast of Africa a "Belle Dame sans merci." A considerable number of Europeans have braved and weathered the really detestable climate for many years, and this proves that it is not quite so fatal as it is said to be; and much of its deadliness is attributable to negligence, imprudence, fear, indolence, or want of sufficient employment for body or mind, for, as she most truly says, "Inactivity in Africa is death." We do not include intemperance as one of the chief causes of mortality, because its prevalence is exaggerated. It is not to be denied that it was far more prevalent sixty or seventy years ago than it is now; but the stimulants then available were of very inferior quality, and many of the residents of those days who imbibed them were men of altogether a lower type than the officials or traders of the present day; as for missionaries, there were very few of them half a century ago.

The extreme unhealthiness of the Gold Coast is in a great measure due to the bad water supply; this is especially the case at Accra, where the thousands of pounds expended in the construction of a cathedral, which might have been postponed for two or three years, would have been far more usefully employed in providing a good and sufficient supply of water, by which the colony would have been an immediate gainer. On the other hand, the bad character given by Miss Kingsley to Fernando Po water can apply to some only of the brooks and streams, as water of excellent quality is obtainable from a spring on the beach at Clarence Cove below high-water mark, where ships fill their tanks and casks. The beauty of Fernando Po is indisputable, and it was justly called Ilha Hermosa by its Portuguese discoverers.

Writing of the dangers of the West Coast, Miss Kingsley correctly remarks:—

"I should like here to speak of West Coast dangers, because I fear you may think that I am careless of, or do not believe in them, neither of which is the case. The more you know of the West Coast of Africa, the more you realise its dangers. For example, on your first voyage out you hardly believe the stories of fever told by the old Coasters. That is because you do not then understand the type of man who is telling them, a man who goes to his death with a joke in his teeth. But a short experience of your own, particularly if you happen on a place having one of its periodic epidemics, soon demonstrates that the underlying horror of the thing is there, a rotting corpse which the old Coaster has dusted over with jokes to cover it, so that it hardly shows at a distance, but which, when you come yourself to live alongside, you soon become cognisant of. Many men, when they have got ashore and settled, realise this, and let the horror get a grip on them; a state briefly and locally described as funk; and a state that generally ends fatally, and you can hardly blame them."

She tells a terrible tale of a young man, new to the coast, who on landing met none but naked savages, as he deemed them, who could not understand him and whom he could not understand; and who, on walking up to the factory, found the agent under whom he came to serve dead and half eaten by rats! This is not an everyday occurrence, it is true, but it is one which might easily happen at some of the more isolated and out-of-the-way spots where trade is carried on by one house only.

When Miss Kingsley speaks of Sierra Leone we presume she means the city of Freetown as distinguished from the adjacent villages. We are quite at one with her in thinking that the Mohammedans "are the gentlemen of the Sierra Leone native population," in which latter class we do not include educated lawyers, doctors, merchants, or subordinate officials; and we do not agree with Bishop Ingham's remark, quoted at p. 18, that "he is disposed to believe that the words of the Koran are only a fetish and a charm to the rank and file" of native Mohammedans, for Miss Kingsley is right in remarking "that it is difficult to understand how the bishop can see a difference between the use of the Koran and the Bible by the negro of Sierra Leone," and that, "judged by every-day conduct, the Mohammedan is in nine cases out of ten the best man in Africa."

There is very much that is both amusing and interesting in the description of Freetown and its inhabitants, but we must pass on to other parts of the coast, merely endorsing the writer's remarks as to the prevalence of poisoning; but we must add that it is quite as frequent on the Gold Coast, especially in the larger towns, such as Accra, Cape Coast, &c. The evil practice is not so frequent further eastward, although by no means non-existent; it prevails, if not alarmingly, yet to a certain extent, in the Congo Français, especially among the Fjât tribes, and it is said to be common at San Paolo de Loanda and in Angola generally.

Miss Kingsley's strictures on missionary work, which are to be read in many parts of the book, are well founded. Until recently technical instruction was completely ignored and neglected in all but the Roman Catholic and Bâle missions, and even now the technical education at some of the mission stations is not what it should be:—

"In some of these technical schools the sort of instruction given is, to my way of thinking, ill-advised; arts of no immediate and great use in the present culture-condition of West Africa—such as printing, book-binding, and tailoring—being taught. But this is not the case under the Wesleyans, who also teach smiths' work, brick-laying, waggon-building, &c. Alas! none of the missions save the Roman Catholic teach the thing that it is most important the natives should learn, in the face of the conditions that European government of the Coast has induced, namely, improved methods of agriculture, and plantation work."

Elsewhere Miss Kingsley has expressed her opinion that to teach native girls dressmaking is "rather previous," seeing that, when married, neither they nor their husbands wear any clothes to speak of; but even the use of the needle is an advance on the system pursued until quite recently by English and American missionaries, which consisted in teaching the three R's (very imperfectly) and the singing of hymns—excellent things in themselves, but not calculated to be of much practical assistance to the pupils in the way of earning daily bread. For many years, on the other hand, the French fathers at the Gaboon and elsewhere have taught gardening, carpentering, bricklaying, &c., to which they have since added instruction in the cultivation of coffee, cocoa, &c. Twenty-five years ago Père Duprat, the treasurer at the Gaboon mission, found time to organize a very good band of some twenty performers, selected from amongst the school children.

There is much reason in what Miss Kingsley says:—

in the lower jaw it is hard to say, but having collected a large number of African skulls, we found it often very difficult to procure complete ones in this respect.

The natives of West Africa generally believe that power is acquired over others by possession of their hair, nails, &c., and there is an abominable practice in some parts of mixing certain things in the food of a person over whom it is desired to obtain influence; some of these preparations are in the nature of love philtres, others are employed to secure the favour of a white man in the way of trade, &c. Ombwiri (pl. Imbwiri) is a name given to spirits of various kinds, who are supposed to inhabit all sorts of strange places, especially abnormally formed rocks, small islands, peculiar trees, &c.; and every natural phenomenon, such as an echo, a whirlpool, a cave, &c., is supposed to be the work of an ombwiri; sometimes there are two, male and female.

The voyage down the Rembwe to Glass was not altogether an unmixed pleasure nor devoid of excitement, especially the chase of Obanji's (or Capt. Johnson's) canoe by the Ba-Fanh. Obanji is a type, and is exceedingly well portrayed by the author, whilst her encounter with the polished and polite "Prince" Makaga is entertaining; but we have a suspicion that Makaga must have given himself brevet rank, for, unless we are mistaken, some twenty-five years ago he was a cook. Princes, however, are plentiful in West Africa, and *soi-disant* creations are not altogether unknown in London and Liverpool.

Miss Kingsley's remarks on the Congo Français are well justified. She says: "My reason for going into these geographical details at all is that I think no region in Africa of equal importance is so little known in England." This is absolutely true; but she falls into some errors, which is not surprising, seeing that the records of Ogowé exploration are exceedingly incomplete, those that exist being scattered among many reports, and difficult of access; and it is astonishing that Miss Kingsley should have gleaned so much information about the district. The printers have helped to bewilder the reader, and have made a sad mess of native names in the foot-notes.

Miss Kingsley is mistaken in believing that what Du Chaillu calls a tomahawk, and others a throwing-knife, is a sacrificial knife. The sacrificial or beheading knife of the Ba-Fanh, which it is now impossible to procure, is heavy at what should be the pointed end, where it is 5 in. or 6 in. broad or even more, the entire weapon being quite 2 ft. long, broadening out from the haft; in the hands of an expert and powerful man it would easily cut through a human neck at a single blow. Specimens can probably be seen at the United Service Museum, and in the collection of General Pitt-Rivers, which was exhibited at Bethnal Green.

Death by witchcraft is almost universally believed in by Negro and Bantu tribes. Death from natural causes is not supposed to be possible. Even death in fight or by accident is considered to be caused by the malevolent influence of some personal enemy aided by a spirit or spirits. Miss Kingsley thus explains the native ideas as to death and as to procuring it by the aid of malignant spirits:—

"From this method of viewing nature I feel sure that the general idea arose, which you find in all early cultures, that death was always the consequence of the action of some malignant spirit, and that there is no accidental or natural death, as we call it; and death is, after all, the most important attribute of life. If a man were knocked on the head with a club or shot with an arrow, the cause of death is clearly the malignancy of the person using those weapons; and so it is easy to think that a man killed by a fallen tree, or by the upsetting of a canoe in the surf or in an eddy in the river, is also the victim of some being using them as weapons. A man having thus gained a belief that there are more than human actors in life's tragedy, the idea that disease is also a manifestation of some invisible being's wrath and power seems to me natural and easy; and he knows you can get another man for a consideration to kill or harm a third party, and so he thinks that, for a consideration, you can also get one of those superhuman beings, which we call gods or devils, but which the African regards in another light, to do so."

The belief in reincarnation is held in many parts; in some it is imagined that a person will return to this world in human form; in others, in the shape of some animal; while it is by no means an uncommon idea among the natives on the Ogowé that the souls of the dead enter certain large butterflies. Post-mortem examinations in cases of suspected witchcraft are not unusual, so that it frequently happens that the symptoms of some internal disease are considered satisfactory proof that the subject is possessed by a "witch," and it is often said of a person who is too clever or too prosperous, "Are nyemba," "He has a witch."

Among the Fjort (Fjât) tribes at Loango, Kabinda, &c., the corpses of relatives are kept for months before burial, being wrapped in cloth (not clothes) provided by sons, brothers, fathers, &c., as the case may be, until they attain an enormous size; the bigger the bundle, the greater the piety and affection of the survivors. If one remarks on the shabbiness of a man's attire, it is common to be told in reply, "I never bury my father yet," meaning that all the cloth he earns is devoted to the envelopment of his father's corpse.

Among the Mpongwe widows must shave their heads, and are only allowed to wear a single fathom of black or dark blue cloth. They are appropriated by the near surviving relatives, according to circumstances. The lot of widows for some weeks after their husbands' death, "taking one consideration with another, is not a happy one." They are flogged and maltreated in every way, and are always the first to be accused of causing their husbands' death by witchcraft or poison.

Whilst adultery is severely punished among many tribes, by others it is deemed quite a venial offence, and is easily condoned, especially if the injured husband makes a good profit by it. Among the Mpongwe-speaking tribes it is often used as a means of levying blackmail. The husband and wife perfectly understand each other, and the former is kept acquainted with all intrigues, and at the right moment surprises his wife and her paramour, and exacts heavy damages from the latter.

We cannot enter fully into the subject of secret societies, but must content ourselves with a few brief remarks. "Yasi" is not a society, but the oath of the Igalwa Isyoga, which has only recently been introduced at Gaboon; the sign is drawing the open right hand down the left arm from shoulder to wrist. This sign is also that of the secret society of the Apinji, Okanda, and other tribes. In the Gaboon there is a society for men called Indâ, and one for women called Njembé, which among other tribes is changed to Nyembé. There is also another association styled Mwetye, which is the most secret of all, and concerns itself with the sacrifices to the manes of dead men, and the execution of what may be called secret death-warrants, to which we nearly fell a victim in 1869. Ventriloquism is employed by some of the members of these societies.

We by no means share Miss Kingsley's opinion of the unhealthiness of the Gaboon, but a distinction must be made between Libreville and Glass, quite independent of climatic considerations. The English and German traders at Glass, as well as the American missionaries, enjoy fairly good health, the mortality amongst them never being abnormally heavy. This is because the mode of life adopted by the English and Germans is different from that of French residents, and more conducive to the preservation of health; while one of the chief causes of mortality among the French is that the extensive coal depôt is situated on the beach directly to windward of the Plateau, the residence of the officials.

Miss Kingsley has been well advised in relegating to appendices such subjects as "Trade and Labour" and "Disease in West Africa," as well as Dr. Günther's "Report on Reptiles and Fishes" and Mr. Kirby's "List of Orthoptera," as they would interfere with the narrative, and are not of interest to the general reader. Of the excellence of the first two, and of the insight gained by Miss Kingsley into the subject of both, it is impossible to speak too highly; although they are neither complete nor exhaustive, they prove that the author has devoted much time to gaining information, and is a keen and accurate observer. She believes that there is no prospect of immediate dividends from railways, and censures the apathy of the English compared with the energy displayed by our French and German rivals; and she complains of the great difficulty of obtaining trade statistics, and of the carelessness and dilatoriness of English officials in preparing them. "I confess," she remarks,

"I am not an enthusiast in civilising the African. My idea is that the French method of dealing with Africa is the best at present. Get as much of the continent as possible down in the map as yours, make your flag wherever you go a sacred thing to the native—a thing he dare not attack. Then, when you have done this, you may abandon the French plan and gradually develope the trade in an English manner, but not in the English manner *à la* Sierra Leone. But do your pioneer work first. There is a very excellent substratum for English pioneer work on our coasts in the trading community, for trade is the great key to the African's heart, and everywhere the English trader and his goods stand high in West African esteem."

The Labour question is a difficult one and so is the Drink question, and neither of

MISS KINGSLEY'S REPLY TO THE "BAPTIST MAGAZINE."

IN the July and August numbers of this magazine we published a review of considerable length of Miss Kingsley's brilliant and instructive "Travels in West Africa." While admitting the high value of the book, especially for its vivid descriptions of scenery and for minuteness of its scientific research, we took exception to the author's attitude towards the methods of missionary work and the evils of the drink traffic. We discussed these points as fully and frankly as we were able, pointing out, without reserve, what we regarded as Miss Kingsley's misapprehensions and mistakes, as we felt sure she would wish us to do. She has, as we expected, received our criticisms in a frank and honourable spirit. Early in August she sent us the following letter, which she placed unreservedly in our hands to publish or not, as we pleased. Fairness to Miss Kingsley, whose courtesy, honesty, and "seriousness" as a controversialist we cordially acknowledge demands that we should find a place for it. It may be well for the Editor to state that, while the review of the book was from his own pen, he wrote it somewhat against his inclination, because he has not that "personal acquaintance with Africa" which would have given his criticism a worth which it cannot now claim. The source of information to which Miss Kingsley alludes was, of course, open to him, and he has availed himself very fully of the advantages it offers. He did, however, endeavour to secure as his reviewer of this book first one and then another of two friends who are personally acquainted with Africa and have spent many years in it, and it was only in consequence of their inability to undertake the task within a reasonable time that he performed it himself. The letter is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I know it is not manners to answer a reviewer, and so I have never attempted to do so before, regarding a book I published called 'Travels in West Africa'; but I venture to hope I may be pardoned for saying a few words regarding your observations on this book in the July and August numbers of the

BAPTIST MAGAZINE, because it is no ordinary review—it is not written by one who is entirely a literary man, and therefore only competent to criticise from the literary point of view, but by one who probably has had personal experience of Africa, and who certainly is in touch with a source of information regarding Africa that is above question—I mean the great Baptist Mission to Congo—and, also, it is a great pleasure to me to discuss any West African subject with an authority so grave and so evidently conscious of the value of words as the BAPTIST MAGAZINE is. You will probably think this very strange in one whom you, I fear, regard as by no means serious enough, and whose use of words seems not temperate; but I beg to assure you that although I still plead guilty to crimes in grammar and iniquities in style, every word that I used I weighed carefully, according to the light that is in me, when writing on so very important a subject as the effect of missionary culture on the natives of West Africa, and I elected to use words that could not be taken one way by one party, another way by another; what I regarded as a lie, I called a lie, and not a prevarication or a misrepresentation, or anything of that sort. I beg, therefore, to first thank you for your estimation of what I have said regarding West Africa itself, although I know you give me more credit than I deserve.

"And, secondly, I beg to say a few more words about the Mission question, but, in order to prevent myself from being misunderstood, I must first state what to my mind Missions are—namely, efforts on the part of one race to elevate another race by what seems to them the true and only way whereby men can rise. I do not think that there is anyone who thinks about the matter who can fail to see the nobility of this desire to elevate a section of fellow human beings, more particularly when one knows under what conditions the work is carried on in West Africa. No doubt the salvation of souls is from your point of view noble work anywhere, and a work so well worth doing that the dangers and discomforts that may surround it count for naught; but an outsider like myself cannot help feeling more interest in, and a greater admiration for, men and women who do not simply take their lives in their hands to do it, but who throw their lives down

A critique on my "Fetichism Nov. 1904

Pittsburg

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Literature.

Fetichism in West Africa. Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D. D., forty years a missionary of the Gabbun district. With twelve illustrations. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. For sale by J. R. Weldin & Co., Pittsburgh. $2.25.

Dr. Nassau has been one of the most eminent missionaries in the service of our Board. His labors of forty years on the west coast of Africa have made him intimately acquainted, not only with the external lives and customs of the various tribes, but also with their inner life of religious faith or superstition. That pagans, even savages, have such inner religious life is now universally recognized by missionaries, and it is of the greatest importance that it be studied and understood. It is often difficult to get at it, as the heathen are disposed to conceal it from strangers, but those who become intimate with them are able to penetrate into its deepest recesses. In the dark land there is found a religion of the most cruel and degrading superstition. Dr. Nassau, after collecting material for forty years, wished to be relieved from his connection with our Board in order that he might prepare the results of his study for publication. The Board, however, on learning his desire, arranged his work for him so that he could prepare the volume which has now appeared. It contains seventeen chapters and deals with such topics as, The Idea of God, Polytheism, Spiritual Beings in African Religion, and a series of chapters giving a very thorough study of fetichism, setting forth its philosophy as a physical salvation, its worship, its witchcraft, its government, its relation to the family, and its relation to the future life. The book contains a great mass of material relating to African religion gathered through forty years. The general impression it makes upon the reader is that Africa is a land of darkness that sits waiting for the light. The book is beautifully printed and has a number of striking illustrations.

"Yes, he made us; but, having made us, he abandoned us, does not care for us; he is far from us. Why should we care for him? He does not help nor harm us. It is the spirits who can harm us whom we fear and worship, and for whom we care."

Husband of ——

A native Christian was rebuked for hanging a fetich above the bed of his wife, and replied:

"You white people don't know anything about black man's fashions. You say you trust God for everything, but in your own country you put up an iron rod over your houses to protect yourselves from death by lightning; and you trust in it the while that you still believe in God; and you call it 'electricity' and 'civilization'! And you say it's all right. I call this thing of mine—this charm—medicine; and I hang it over my wife's bed to keep away death by the arts of those who hate her; and I trust in it while still believing in God. And you think me a heathen."

Vermischtes.

* **Das Wesen des „Fetischismus".** In die Tiefen der uns so fremden Weltauffassung der afrikanischen Neger leuchtet ein kürzlich erschienenes Werk des englischen Missionars Robert Hamill Nassau, das den Titel „Fetischismus in Westafrika" führt. Es entrollt ein anschauliches Bild von dem Leben der Neger in Afrika, das frei ist von den gewöhnlichen Vorurteilen. Der Verfasser, der vierzig Jahre lang Missionar in Westafrika war, wendet sich gegen die Vorstellung, daß die „Heiden sich in ihrer Blindheit vor Holz und Stein beugen". Die Bewohner Westafrikas glauben an ein höchstes Wesen, an Unsterblichkeit und an etwas was von der christlichen Vorstellung von der Seele nicht weit entfernt ist. Allerdings ist das zukünftige Leben nur eine Wiederholung des irdischen, und diese Kenntnis von Gott ist „fast nur eine Theorie", die selten einen Einfluß auf das praktische Leben gewinnt. Das veranschaulicht lebhaft folgendes merkwürdige Gespräch zwischen dem Missionar und einem Eingeborenen: „Woher habt Ihr den Namen Gottes?" „Unsere Vorfahren sagten uns den Namen. Njambi ist der eine, der uns machte. Er ist unser Vater. Er schuf diese Bäume, jenen Berg dort, diesen Fluß, diese Ziegen und Hühner und auch uns Menschen." „Warum gehorcht Ihr denn nicht den Geboten dieses Vaters, der Euch sagt, was Ihr tun sollt? Warum betet Ihr ihn nicht an?" „Ja, er schuf uns; aber dann verließ er uns; er sorgte nicht für uns, er ist weit von uns. Warum sollten wir uns um ihn kümmern? Er hilft und schadet uns nicht. Die Geister, die uns schaden können, fürchten und verehren wir; um sie kümmern wir uns." Und in der Tat übt dieser Glaube an die Allgegenwart der Geister einen tiefgehenden Einfluß im Leben dieser Wilden aus. Man könnte die Geister als niedere Beamte in der himmlischen Hierarchie bezeichnen. Gott herrscht und überträgt seine ganze ausübende Tätigkeit an Untergebene. Wird die Tyrannei unerträglich, so wird gelegentlich die höchste Autorität angerufen; aber dieser Akt der Verzweiflung ist selten von Erfolg gekrönt. So widmen natürlich die Eingeborenen ihre ganze Energie der Aufgabe, den Zorn dieser übermächtigen Oligarchie zu mildern oder ihre Gunst zu gewinnen. Die Geister sind in die Familie eingedrungen, sie haben genaue Riten vorgeschrieben, die bei den einfachsten häuslichen Pflichten beobachtet werden müssen; wehe dem Unglücklichen, der ihre Befehle mißachtet! Wohl bestehen Ungleichheiten unter den Geistern, aber so groß sie auch sind, sie bezeichnen nur eine einfache Differenzierung des Charakters oder der Tätigkeit. Nassau gibt eine genaue Klassifikation der Geister und zeigt, wie das tägliche Leben des Volkes den Befehlen der verschiedenen Klassen von Geistern unterstellt ist. Eine seltsame, halbphilosophische Weltanschauung liegt diesen bizarren Bräuchen zu grunde. Der Mensch führt eine bestimmte Zeremonie aus; der in betracht kommende Geist, der dies sieht, schreitet ein und ruft die gewünschte Wirkung hervor. Die Erfahrungen der Vergangenheit haben gelehrt, welches Verfahren gerade im vorliegenden Fall zu beobachten ist, wenn man ein bestimmtes Ergebnis haben will. Das Amulett an sich ist wertlos, nur weil es die Hilfe des Geistes verschafft, ist es wertvoll. Dasselbe gilt von der Medizin: das bloße vegetabilische Erzeugnis fruchtet nichts, nur seine richtige Zubereitung zwingt den Geist, der stets die wirkende Ursache ist. Hier liegt also eine merkwürdige Mischung von wissenschaftlichem Verfahren und Aberglauben vor, und der Missionar hat seine schwere Mühe, zu erklären, warum die Handlung des Eingeborenen in einem Fall gerechtfertigt ist, während er im anderen Götzendienst treibt. Ein Christ wird zum Beispiel getadelt, weil er über das Bett seines Weibes einen Fetisch hängt; er rechtfertigt sich folgendermaßen: „Ihr Weißen wißt nichts von den Sitten der Schwarzen. Ihr sagt, Ihr vertraut Gott in allem, aber in Eurer Heimat bringt Ihr über Euren Häusern Eisenstangen an, die Euch vor Blitzschlag schützen sollen. Ihr vertraut darauf, während Ihr doch an Gott glaubt, und nennt das „Elektrizität" und „Zivilisation"! Ich nenne dieses Amulett Medizin, und hänge es über meines Weibes Bett, um den Tod abzuhalten, der herbeigerufen wird durch die Künste derer, die sie hassen; und ich vertraue darauf, während ich doch an Gott glaube. Und Ihr haltet mich für einen Heiden." Hier dem Neger die Unterschiede begreiflich zu machen, fällt dem Missionar schwer. Alle diese mannigfaltigen Bräuche sind in dem einen Wort „Fetischismus" zusammenzufassen, den man früher für die primitive Form der Religion ansah. Schon Max Müller wies darauf hin, daß der Fetischismus wahrscheinlich vielmehr als ein im Verfall begriffener Glaube zu bezeichnen wäre, als daß er den ersten Versuch der Gottesverehrung darstellte. Nassaus Buch bestätigt diese Ansicht. Die westafrikanischen Stämme scheinen sich in einer Art Übergangsstadium zu befinden, in dem die alten Gebräuche allmählich ihre Bedeutung verlieren. Die Eingeborenen beten nicht die tatsächlichen materiellen Gegenstände an, in denen die Geister eingeschlossen sein sollen. So niedrig der Fetischismus ist, so hat er doch seine Philosophie, die in ihrer Art der Philosophie der höheren Religionsformen entspricht. Wie der Christ in Zeiten der Not vor Gott kniet, so betet der Fetischanbeter sein Opfer an und betet um Hilfe, wenn er sein geweihtes Antilopenhorn faßt oder mit festem Vertrauen darauf blickt, während es fest an seinen Körper gebunden ist. Die Not treibt ihn, Hilfe zu suchen. Der Eingeborene fühlt das hinter der Natur liegende Geheimnis, und das Sehnen, es zu ergründen und einen sicheren Weg durch die Fährlichkeiten des Lebens zu finden, erklärt seinen Glauben und seine religiösen Bräuche. Später schwindet diese Bedeutung, dann folgt die Zeit des Verfalls mit grotesseren und schrecklicheren Religionsformen, es beginnt die Zeit der Hexen und Hexenverfolgungen. Das Buch schildert den verderblichen Einfluß dieser späteren Entwicklung; aber es enthüllt auch den Untergrund eines reineren Glaubens, der darunter verborgen liegt.

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German critique on my book "Fetichism in West Africa"

all cultures, but the culture as apart from these. Our weak point is, of course, the conduct of the bush savage—his human sacrifices and so on—and as attempts on my part to explain how these customs became prevalent, and that the bush savage is not a flighty-minded fiend, only make matters worse, I will not attempt to vindicate our position; but will turn to the easier task of criticising other people's, and say that, as distinguished travellers, like Livingstone, Thompson, and Sir George Taubman Goldie, have demonstrated by their success in dealing with great masses of Africans almost single-handed, that the African under proper guidance is a kindly, easily-managed soul, therefore, that people who fail to succeed with him must have something wrong in their method. My own opinion is that this something wrong is the same in all cases—Mission, Government, and trader, and that it is ignorance of the true nature of the African. I know this is a fearful thing for me to say, all the more so because I make no claim to possess this knowledge; but I am trying very hard and patiently to get it by studying minute details in the dot-and-carry-one way of science, at the time feeling a sense of irritation that it has not been done for me, for there has been time enough—the African is not a new discovery. I should feel more content if I saw symptoms even now of an attempt being made for a systematic study of this important subject, but no! it's all 'Oh, it must be good to abolish sacrifice or slavery, or make the land law so that Europeans can understand it,' and so on. Still I freely own that the missionaries do understand *one* side of the African as no one else does, and the traders *another*, but there are parts of the nature of the African that they both, taken as a whole, fail to trouble themselves about, and so it troubles them, and they say it is something else—each other's fault, and so on.

"But I will leave this matter and turn to your specific charges against what I have already published. You quote a passage from 'Travels in West Africa' in your July number, and say you dissent from it. I hope you don't dissent from my statement in it regarding the nobility of missionaries, or their superb courage, or the beauty of a true African Christian, or I shall lose faith in you as an authority; but I feel sure you only mean you dissent from that part of the statement that says the methods of working

both Governmental and Company." (The results of the analysis were satisfactory to Miss Kingsley. We need not give the details). . . . "Of course, if you consider any sort of alcohol 'poison,' this is also poison, but if you do not do so, it is not.

"Regarding the most important point, namely, the effect of the imported liquor whether it be poison or no, I notice you follow the example of Niger and Yoruba Notes for January, 1897, and quote the opinions of other people. Well, this is a way of carrying on the argument I cannot deal with satisfactorily. I naturally do not think those other people know more than I know on the point, for those you quote are all strictly local, or obsolete, and, moreover, I think so just and fair an authority as yourself will, if you will take the trouble to read what several of these authorities you cite say in full, you will discontinue the practice of quoting from them. Take Sir Gilbert Carter. If you will get the *Times* for June 6th, 1895, you will see a letter of his in answer to one from Bishop Tugwell, which you will find in the *Times* for June 4th, 1895. I don't pretend to know Lagos myself, and I don't think I am likely to get a clear opinion regarding its state from reading those two letters. If you confine yourself to one of them it's easy enough, though doubtless in points unfair on the other. Then take Sir Claud MacDonald, and read the whole of what he said. You will find him at loggerheads with Sir George Goldie on the liquor question in the reports of the Colonial Institute. I have the greatest esteem for both Sir George Goldie and Sir Claud MacDonald, but on this point they tend to the darkening of counsel by disagreeing. Sir George Goldie is indeed the one authority you cite of whom I stand in awe, and I know there is no more ardent admirer than he of the effect of mission teaching, and I have been long conscious that his conclusions and my own differ fundamentally. Nevertheless, he speaks for the Niger districts, not the Coast from Sierra Leone to Loanda, and he speaks as one in authority, not as one who has lived and wandered alone among West African natives, and in the fact of my having done this really lies the reason of my taking an interest in this affair at all. I do not like, after all the kindness, all the chivalry, all the help and hospitality given me so fully, and with no hope of reward, by the West African

Secretary Rev. Dr. A. J. Brown's praise of my book
dec. 1904
in the "New York Observer"

Copy.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA.

By

The Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D.,S.T.D.

Probably few realize the extent of the world's indebtedness to foreign missionaries in the realm of knowledge. They have explored new lands, they have investigated and collated facts in geology and ethnology, in botany and entomology. While we do not forget the inestimable services of a small number of distinguished travellers, yet speaking generally our fullest and most reliable information regarding Asia and Africa has come to us from foreign missionaries. Other men make more or less hurried visits through uncivilized lands and being usually without a knowledge of the languages of the peoples or the peculiarities of the native mind, they are to a large extent dependent upon interpreters who may or may not be trustworthy. Their impressions, therefore, are often superficial. The missionary, on the other hand, goes to an uncivilized land to reside permanently. He painstakingly acquires a knowledge of the vernacular of the people among whom he is to labor, he carefully studies their manners and customs and their religious beliefs, and he is thus able to form opinions which are sound and of permanent value. We do not mean that all missionaries interest themselves in such subjects, but many do, and the files of a great Board of Foreign Missions like our Presbyterian Board are probably the richest mine of information regarding other lands that can be found any where in the world, for our foreign Secretaries are in constant correspondence with these missionaries in all parts of Asia, Africa, Mexico, Central and South America. Unfortunately, however, comparatively few of the missionaries publish in permanent form the results of their inquiry. They realize that their primary purpose in going to a heather land is not

scientific but spiritual, and they give so much of their strength to their specifically missionary work that they do not leave themselves time or strength to write on related subjects. In a few cases, however, the Foreign Board has felt justified in not only encouraging but urging specially selected missionaries to write.

Among the foreign missionaries who have long been distinguished for special knowledge in these related branches of missionary work is the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., of our Presbyterian Board. July 2nd, 1861, he sailed from New York City for the West Coast of Africa, and with the exception of occasional furloughs in the United States, he has spent forty-three years amid the jungles and savage tribes of equatorial West Africa. A man of unusual mental attainments and of a scientific as well as of a religious turn of mind, he made a special study of the manners and customs and religious beliefs of the people among whom he lived. He saw at once that the whole life of the West African tribes was influenced by their religious beliefs. Instead of regarding their heathen practices with supercilious contempt, he, with characteristic good sense and breadth of sympathy writes:

"I did not think it reasonable to dismiss curtly as absurd the cherished sentiments of so large a portion of the human race. I asked myself: Is there no logical ground for the existence of these sentiments, no philosophy behind all these beliefs? I began to search; and thenceforward for thirty years, wherever I travelled, wherever I was guest to native chief, wherever I lived, I was always leading the conversation, in hut or camp, back to a study of the native thought."

When Miss Mary H. Kingsley visited West Africa in pursuit of scientific knowledge, she found in Dr. Nassau a wealth of information,

and in her book on "Travels in West Africa" she declared that he had "an immense mass of thoroughly reliable information about the manners and religions of the tribes of the West Coast," and that if he were to publish them "his fame would be among the greatest of the few African explorers." She added, "I beg to state that I am not grumbling at him, however, as I know he would say I was, because of his disparaging remarks on my pronunciation of M'pongwe names, but entirely from the justifiable irritation a student of fetish feels at knowing there is but one copy of this collection of materials, and that that copy is in the form of a human being, and will disappear with him before it is half learnt by us, who cannot do the things he has done."

It soon developed that for some years Dr. Nassau himself had desired to write on this subject, but hesitated to take the time from his distinctly missionary work. In 1899, however, the Board of Foreign Missions removed that difficulty by specifically asking him to prepare a volume, and by making such readjustments of his missionary work as to leave him time for that purpose. The result is a volume entitled "Fetichism in West Africa," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The book is the most profound, discriminating and authoritative study of that subject that has ever appeared. It embodies the result of forty years of observation of native customs and superstitions by a man who had the qualities of intellect and of heart that enabled him to do it intelligently. It is a contribution of real value to the sum of the world's knowledge. Fetichism is here presented in all its ramifications through heathen society and in the pages of the book the reader gets not only a clear idea of fetichism in itself but of its inter-relations with every phase of life and thought among the Africans. While the last hundred pages are devoted to tales of fetich based on fact and to Folk-Lore stories, told with a vividness and charm of style

which make them fascinating reading for the young as well as for the old. We only regret that so valuable a book has no index; but the table of contents is so full and so carefully classified that the reader can readily find in it what he wants. This is one of the important books of the season and whoever wishes to understand his fellow-man as he is found in Africa and to get the view-point of the native mind, should carefully study this book.

"New York Times", Jan'y 14' 1905

Jan'y 14' 1905 "NEW YORK, SATURD[AY] "Times"

77

FETICHISM.

A Missionary's Book About the Native Customs and Superstitions of West Africa.*

WHEN Miss Kingsley was in West Africa she became acquainted with the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau's studies on fetichism, and expressed the belief that the publication of his observations would be worth while. Hence this work on "Fetichism in West Africa." One incident of the superstitions of the Africans must have made an impression on Miss Kingsley. She had been given shelter in a house in a Fang village. Going into her room she was annoyed by a peculiar odor. There were some bags suspended from the wall. Pulling down one, she found inside "a human hand, three big toes, four ears, two eyes, and other portions of the human body." It was what the natives called a Yaka or a numbatti. This ugly charm was considered a certain preventive against ill fortune. The fetich is a material thing, and its use is so universal as to dominate much of negro native life and to form a large part of his religion, which we call fetichism. Fetich is an English word, an abbrevation from the Portuguese "feitico," meaning "mad" or "artificial," and it was applied to the charms and amulets worn in the Roman Catholic religion. It was applied by the Portuguese sailors of the eighteenth century to the deities they saw worshipped by the negroes of the West Coast of Africa.

Man's superstitions are the most difficult of mental processes to eliminate. It is an axiom that "civilization and religion do not necessarily move with equal pace." Only look backward to Egypt, or Greece, or Rome, and note their fine mental qualities, their wonderful art instincts, and their religious beliefs. We all ought to know that sacrifice and worship were in the past identical terms.

Hundred of acts and practices in the life of Christian households in civilized lands pass muster before the bar of aesthetic propriety and society, and even of the Church; are not only harmless and allowable, but commendable and conducive to kindness, good will, and healthful social entertainment; but in the doing of these acts few are aware of the fact that some of them in their origin were heathenish and in their meaning idolatrous, and that long ago they would have brought on the doer church censure.

The Christmas festivities originated in a heathenish feast, and the mistletoe and holly used of old by the Druids served their special purpose when there were human sacrifices. For the holly bush the African negro substitutes the pepper bush. That bush keeps off the bad spirits. To the Christian neither tree nor holly has any definable religious significance, but to many an African they form part of his religion. The author's reflections on the lasting effects of fetichism and witchcraft on the native explain how difficult is the work of the missionary. He writes that, being a thief, a native may become an honest man; from a liar, truthful; from being indolent, industrious. He may be no longer brutal or a polygamist, "and yet in his secret thought, while he would not wear a fetich, he believes in its power, and dreads its influence, if possibly it should be directed against himself. The number of objects which may be converted into fetiches are countless. The author saw once an old coffee pot which was supposed to possess magical powers. The witches, male and female, are countless, and their power too terrible to be described. They will bring about death whenever it pleases them. Belief in lucky and unlucky days the natives do not monopolize. The cultured white man is often equally silly. It is not in Germany only that the werewolf exists. Once Mr. Nassau saw some children and their mothers playing with them. He tried to count the little ones, when the mothers seemed frightened and hid their babies, telling him that it would bring the children bad luck and maybe make them die to count them. The spirits were around watching how they could do harm, and would have their attention called to the infants.

Mr. Nassau declares that one of the effects of witchcraft beliefs in Africa is the gradual depopulation of that continent. Taking the entire population of Africa, of all nationalities, to be 200,000,000, the negroes do not amount to more than 100,000,000. The slave trade certainly may be counted as one of the causes of depopulation, but that nefarious business has fallen off of late. The author says that the loss of human life in the so-called "Free States" is enormous to-day.

But aside from all these and other civil and political causes, the fetich religion of Africa has been a large part of its destruction. It has been the Moloch whose hunger for victims was never satisfied, as illustrated in the annual sacrifice of hundreds and thousands by the priests of the Kings of Dahomey and Ashanti and the burial victims at the funerals of great Kings, as in Uganda and all over the continent. If the destruction of such human victims is not so great to-day as it was twenty years ago, due to the enlightenment by Christian missions and forceful prohibition by civilized Governments, the spirit and disposition is not eradicated; it is only suppressed. * * * Inbred beliefs, deepened by millenniums of years of practice, are not eliminated by even a century of foreign teaching. Costume of body and fashion of dress are easily and voluntarily changed; not so the essence of one's being.

The reason for this depopulation may be thus more particularly explained. The African has no idea of a natural death. He thinks that he ought to live on forever. If a man dies a natural death, it is supposed that his demise is due to witchcraft. Then one or more persons are accused of the crime and are made to suffer death. It can be understood how the circle of deaths is always increasing.

*FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau. With Twelve Illustrations. Cloth. Decorated Cover. Pp. 389. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

"THE WESTMINSTER"

Dec, 31' 1904

WORLD IN BO[OKS]

Co., New York.)

Fetichism.

Owing to the enlightened policy and liberal arrangement of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions a valuable addition to the literature of comparative religion has been made. The opportunities enjoyed by missionaries in heathen lands to observe the customs and to investigate the beliefs of savage or primitive peoples is exceptional, and the man who makes use of such opportunities is one to bestow a benefit upon students of religion everywhere. The particular book in question is *Fetichism in West Africa*, and is the work of the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., a missionary in the Gaboon district of the French Congo. Here he has gathered together the results of forty years of observation of native customs and superstitions. The book is also illustrated with a number of interesting pictures of persons and things.

The author begins with a general statement as to the government of the tribes among whom he lived in Africa, dealing with the people and their external ways. This is followed by remarks upon religion in general, polytheism and idolatry, and the doctrine of spiritual beings as it exists in the religions of Africa: their classes, functions, and special manifestations. The fetich is to the African a means of escape from the evils which may be inflicted by such spirits. It is the representative of the religion of the native. To him it has all the reality of supernatural power which it possesses in an objective sense. Dr. Nassau then proceeds to detail the various relations of the fetich to the phases of native life and relation. These phases cover the worship of the people, their practice of witchcraft and of sorcery, the relations of the fetich to the government and to the family, to the daily life and occupations, to customs, death, funerals, and even in the future life. The discussion ends with a statement of some of the practical effects of the system on the future of the race, as well as upon the present depopulation of parts of the country and the practice of cannibalism. The volume closes with some tales of fetich based on fact and some exemplifications of its effects in folk-lore. The entire text of the volume is of great interest, being filled with detail as to obscure and unknown religious practices. Students of comparative religion will find here much of value in their inductive studies, and the apologist will find material that may be used with effect in supporting the proposition that progress and Christianity have ever gone hand-in-hand. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, pp. xvii, 389.)

Phila Press. Jan. 8, 05

ABLE WORK ON FETICHISM

IN WEST AFRICA, BY DR. ROBERT H. NASSAU

DOCTOR ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, a medical graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has been for forty years a missionary in the Gabun district of the French Congo. A physician, a man with an extraordinary aptitude for language, long known to every one familiar with mission work in Africa as one of the most useful and best equipped of missionaries, he has become the one man in the mission field who has mastered the actual condition of the savage negro. His first published work was an essay read before the American Society of Comparative Religions on Bantu Theologies. He has succeeded this by the present volume, "Fetichism in West Africa" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), which stands alone in its field, is destined to be the familiar handbook and manual of every student of savage life, and contains more condensed information than is to be found in a library full of ordinary books of travel.

One may unhesitatingly say that it is impossible fully to understand our own negro problem in all its bearings and relations without a careful reading of this extraordinary record of the negro life from which 8,000,000 of Americans are removed through their ancestors, some by less than a century and none by over three. The weakness, the sympathy, the strength, and the possible development of the colored race as existing in West Africa—for the differences between the negro in Africa are considerably greater than those between the different parts of Europe—become clear after a reading of this volume, which has its discouragement, but has also its perpetual and valuable reminder that all races began with this same substratum of savagery. The advance which has come to one is possible to all. The only difference is that in the millions of years in which the human race has been slowly developing the two branches of the white race, Semitic and Aryan, have some 2000 to 3000 years the start, or taking the 200,000 years man has probably been on earth, a start of 1 per cent.

Dr Nassau opens with a sketch of the constitution of native African society, which, as he shows, has reached a rude family tie, but has not passed on to the more complicated phratry or the exact tribal relationship which at a more advanced stage has appeared in all nations, reaching its most ceremonial development in our North American Indians. The rude animism of the negro, its correlative in polytheism and idolatry, and the diffusion of a belief in spiritual beings inhabiting all of space, Dr. Nassau describes with the accuracy of a physician and the intimacy of a man with a special gift for obtaining facts from the native point of view.

Here, again, there are all the signs of an arrested development, animism and spiritism both remaining vague and diffused, instead of taking clear personal definitions. Fetichism in this nebulous condition has reached a fuller development among the West African negroes than elsewhere, though a precisely similar faith seems to have underlain the early religious development of China, and its signs appear in Semitic religious history, though not always recognized by those who approach it from the standpoint of organized religion without a knowledge of the cruder faiths of anthropology.

This strange ascription of occult influence and power to brute objects, to animal life, and to individuals gifted with a special capacity to control a fetich, fills the central half of this volume, and is by odds the best description which has ever appeared on a subject on which much is said and a little clearly defined. Thanks to the patience with which Dr. Nassau has collected his information, his familiarity with the environment, a note-book kept for forty years, and a gift of exposition, the student will obtain from these pages a surprisingly clear idea both of the stage of development and of character of those subject to this superstition.

There is besides a series of typical stories, which have throughout that singular bundle of mere imagination, of psychiatry and that strange indefinable power, of which those who live in the East come to be conscious, which in their cooler moments they deride, but which powerfully influences all those who have been subject to it and from which no one ever wholly frees himself who has once felt its strange charms.

Among many important records, one of the fullest and most interesting made by Dr. Nassau, is the Njembe. This is a society diffused through African villages to which only women belong. Its initiation is closely similar to the steps by which in many tribes, particularly those in Australia, the males of a tribe are initiated to the new rites of the warrior. The initiation involves seclusion, starvation, exercises like gazing at the sun fixedly, which leads to hypnotism, and personal humiliation in the presence of friend and stranger through the village. The college secret society in its initiation often reverts to precisely similar practices. The closing scene is a dance, nude, full of phallic worship, and replete with songs of a similar character. From it men are excluded on pain of death.

This society precisely correlates to the Bacchantes of Greek myth, the Roman Bona Dea, the witches' Sabbath of Teuton tribes, and those strange myths of the Arab, in which tho women of a tribe both nude and wearing garments made of the hide of beast, of the feathers of bird pass into new natures, power over them being obtained by any one who succeeds in seizing the clothes which they have abandoned. At a certain stage in the development of society, two things always appear; one, the initiation ceremony by which the male youth of a tribe are inducted into its warrior class and become its rulers, gradually absorbing, as the development of society goes on, a more and more complete political, social and family control over women and children; and the other, the correlative secret society jealously concealed which women organize, which is, as Dr. Nassau justly says, a government, which redresses the growing male power, and which has about it bizarre sexual exposure.

In early adolescence in our own rural common schools from time to time there crops up a singular reversion to some strange features of this character. Dr. Nassau's volume has therefore a triple value. It is the best account which has yet appeared of the negro race in the original home from which it came to this country. It is invaluable as a contribution to comparative religion. It furnishes the material by which a large number of phenomena in more highly civilized communities can be classified, correlated and understood.

TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

Fetichism in West Africa

Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions

By the Rev. ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M.D., S.T.D.

NEW YORK SUN

It would be difficult to find a more interesting book.

Charles Scr

The Outlook
Oct 9 1904

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yearly cost to the United States is not in excess of $5,000,000.

Fetichism in West Africa. By Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 389 pages. $2.50, net.

The contributions of missionaries to science have been neither small nor unappreciated by scientific men. The present volume is a fresh installment of them. The scientific as well as humane interest with which Dr. Nassau, forty years ago, began to labor among savage negroes in West Africa appears in his modest statement that he "did not think it reasonable to dismiss curtly as absurd the cherished sentiments of so large a portion of the human race." He made it his habit to study the native thought as expressed in fetichism, a form of spiritism which discloses, as Professor Tiele says, "a longing of the religious soul which deserves our respect." The social customs, the government, the entire life of the West African natives, as dominated by this sort of religion, form the subject of Dr. Nassau's volume. He finds it also in "the American Negro Voodoo." The reduction of all his protracted observations to this well-arranged volume, which concludes with a most interesting chapter on "Fetich in Folk-Lore," has been performed in the intervals of ordinary missionary labor, producing a work of permanent value.

From "The Literary Digest" for Nov. 18/05.
Funk & Wagnalls Co - Publishers - 44-60 East 23rd St. N.Y. city

A MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. By Robert Hamill Nassau. Cloth, 389 pp. Price, $2.50 net. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE services of missionaries to science, and particularly to the advancement of ethnological knowledge, have long been gratefully recognized. From the scientific standpoint, no man is so happily situated among savage peoples as the tactful and observant missionary. In his position of spiritual and temporal adviser he comes, in the passage of time, to enjoy the confidence of those to whom he ministers, and out of this confidence should be able, where others would fail, to fathom the mysterious workings of the barbaric mind and heart. When he is quick to appreciate the value of these revelations and enjoys leisure to formulate the fruits of his study, a contribution of no small importance to science is the result. Such a contribution is Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau's "Fetichism in West Africa."

For upward of forty years Dr. Nassau has labored as a missionary in French Congoland; has made an intimate study of the religion, traditions, customs, and characteristics of the tribesmen; has, for comparative purposes, read widely concerning the peoples of other parts of Africa, and now, from a rich storehouse of memory and memoranda, links his observations together in the form of a well-written monograph. Scientists may take issue with some of his conclusions, as with certain of his theories, especially that in regard to the religion of primitive man, but there can be no question of the intrinsic value to science of the facts presented by him.

The spirit in which he has prosecuted his task is well expressed by his statement: "I did not think it reasonable to dismiss curtly as absurd the cherished sentiments of so large a portion of the human race. I asked myself: Is there no logical ground for the existence of these sentiments, no philosophy behind all these beliefs?" At the outset of his inquest he was impressed by the essentially religious aspect of all phases of African life—"the particular exponent of religious worship, the fetich," governing the arrangement of all social relations. He found, as he informs us with a wealth of detail, fetiches for everything—for hunting, fishing, planting, making war, trading, traveling, loving, marrying, and dying. But in all this he perceived more than mere superstition and folly; he descried a strange admixture of the true and the false, and it is largely for the purpose of assisting the missionary to attain the best results through appreciating that in the native African

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which may wisely be cultivated and that which should tactfully be extirpated that this book has been written.

With Dr. Nassau it is a basic contention that the African, however degraded, has some idea of the existence of God, and that religion is a universal feature of savage life. Wherever he went he found that the most unenlightened had a name for the Supreme Being, the "One-Who-Made-Us"; but in the conception of the quality of his supremacy the natives greatly differed. As Dr. J. L. Wilson has said: "The prevailing notion seems to be that God, after having made the world and filled it with inhabitants, retired to some remote corner of the universe, and has allowed the affairs of the world to come under the control of evil spirits; and hence the only religious worship that is ever performed is directed to these spirits, the object of which is to court their favor or ward off the evil effects of their displeasure." Here we see the germs of the animism and fetichism that Dr. Nassau encountered on every hand. To those among whom he worked, the air, caves, rocks, and forests were peopled with spirits, among which the souls of the dead largely predominated. This, as Dr. Nassau points out, implies a belief in a future life. In regard to the nature of the soul itself, however, he found a conflict of testimony, one, two, three, and even four souls being accredited to the individual according to the "school" of native thought. On the other hand, all "schools" agree as to the tremendous influence that may be exerted on body and soul alike by "witchcraft." And thus it comes about that magic is as the breath of life to the untutored African.

A large portion of the book is devoted to an exposition of the lengths to which this belief in magic impels the natives. Throughout the territory traversed by Dr. Nassau he found "Witchcraft Companies" and other secret fetichistic societies, terrorizing entire communities and productive of great social and economic ills. One of the longest chapters is given over to a summing up of the practical effects of fetichism as a whole, and the work is brought to a close with a most entertaining and suggestive collection of folk-lore tales, of high value to the student. Indeed, the scientific interest is so obvious that it is surprising the publishers have not seen fit to provide an index.

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especially as to [illegible] that in some p[illegible] mittee itself is far from agreement."

—It is necessary at this season for the vindication of the practice of our Church to keep in the foreground these facts: (1) It is not a historical truth that Jesus was born on the 25th of December. There is not a scintilla of proof in favor of it; there is much against it. (2) The Bible seems carefully and for a purpose to avoid mentioning the birth date. It is astonishing that in four inspired lives of the Redeemer, and in the Epistles following them which refer to facts in the life, the great birthday is not mentioned. How careful biographers generally are to ascertain and mention the exact date, day and year, of the nativity of their heroes! Why not these? The dates of the death, resurrection, ascension of Jesus, can be fixed. Why not the birth? The writers knew it—eight of them, under inspiration, they did not tell it nor give any hints from which it can be ascertained. Why? The answer connects itself with. (3) There is no authority for the observance of the birth-day as a church festival. Two other events in the blessed divine life are commemorated—His death, by His own command in the Supper; His resurrection, by apostolic example on the Sabbath day. Those two only have a place in the calendar of the New Testament Church. We fall in with this Christmas—New Year week as a season of joy, of gifts, of family and social happiness; but we do not venture to establish in the church what the Lord did not himself ordain.

Christmas

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

N.Y. Tribune

Religious Beliefs and Practices of the Native African.

Date Feb 25 1915

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA: FORTY YEARS' OBSERVATION OF NATIVE CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. With map and twelve illustrations from photographs. 8vo, pp. xx, 289. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The entire existence of the African negro is bound up in his fetich. It is not only a worship, it is a government. It is a witchcraft as well, dealing with both white and black magics. It regulates the social, the spiritual and the physical life of the native. To understand the negro, therefore, it is necessary to understand his superstitions; to go a step further even and to understand the religious principle or principles on which these superstitions are founded and from which they have developed. The well intentioned efforts of many missionaries and explorers have been greatly hampered, Dr. Nassau believes, by a lack of appreciation of this necessity, and by a consequent impatience with methods and customs which to the European mind appear on the surface to be too foolish to merit consideration. Such a point of view is even more foolish, obviously, than that of the negro himself.

To gain a comprehensive knowledge of the negro point of view, however, is no easy task. He is, with reason, suspicious of the white man and fearful of his ridicule. It is only by gaining the black man's confidence, and even then rather by suggestion and by avoiding direct interrogation, that one can arrive at the information desired concerning his real motives and beliefs. This was the method pursued by Dr. Nassau in his forty years of ministry among the natives of the West Coast of Africa. While his own field of observation was necessarily limited to those tribes with which he came in contact, he is convinced that, however fetichism may differ in details of practice in different seotions, its fundamental principles are the same in all parts of the African continent. Abundant quotations from other writers are given to substantiate this opinion. The book is valuable, accordingly, not only for its exposition of the strange customs of the West Coast negroes, but for the intimate insight it gives of negro character, wherever found, since every thought and conscious act of the black man in his native state is influenced by his religious belief to an extent that is with difficulty comprehended by his more enlightened white brother.

Contrary to the experience of some other observers, the author nowhere found, even among the most ignorant and degraded tribes, one that was without some notion of a supreme being. His own conviction that this idea was originally implanted in man by divine revelation naturally colors the deductions he makes from the results of his investigations and deprives his work of a truly scientific character. Fortunately, his opinions are readily separable from his statements of fact, which are given with great clarity and circumstantiality, rendering them equally available to the student or the casual reader who approaches the subject in a more openminded fashion.

Briefly stated, the religion of the negro is simply a form of animism. He believes, indeed, in God, Njambi, the maker of all things, but takes no account of his deity otherwise, since he believes also that his God takes no account of him. "He neither helps us nor harms us," explained a native African to Dr. Nassau. "It is the spirits, who can harm us, whom we fear and worship, and for whom we care." These spirits are everywhere, in countless numbers and of various sorts. Some, indeed, are held to be coterminous with divinity, although distinctly inferior to it. Others were created by Njambi for special purposes; but by far the most of the spirits taken actively into acoount by the negro are those of dead human beings. Without any belief in the ultimate "resurrection of the body," the African is firmly convinced of the oontinued existence of the soul after death, that is of the "spirit soul." The "body soul" dies with the material part of man. Some even make a distinction between the spirit soul and the "dream soul," which is able to leave the body in sleep and to wander about at will. Others add a fourth soul, or "life spirit," at times regarded as separate from and extraneous to the body, a sort of guardian angel, to which worship is due.

)RK DAILY TRIBUNE. S.

African theology takes no account of future reward or punishment; it knows no heaven or hell. Spirit souls, good and bad, when released from the body by death, go to Njambi's town and live very much as before. Fortunately the native mind has not conceived of the possibility of the procreation of spirits by spirits, or their number would be inconceivably more limitless than it is now. If the spirits of the dead went to Njambi's town and stayed there, the African could live without care or fear; but that is not their comfortable habit. Instead, they delight to return to the scene of their human experiences and to interfere with and to influence the affairs of the living. For that reason, though the natives through natural affection will mourn for a dead relative or friend, they desire to insure the continued absence of his spirit, and have recourse to various devices to drive it away. For there is always the possibility that in its disembodied state, secure from reprisals, it may seek to revenge itself for some previous slight or injury. Lingering or returning, the spirit of a dead person usually seeks some special abiding place. It may, through a ghostly whim, temporarily seek refuge in the body of an animal, or inhabit a cavo, a tree, or any other object. Spirits having the same characteristics as the living, their anger may be placated, their benevolence enlisted. It is here that the witch doctor gets in his work and the fetich comes into play. A fetich is any material object consecrated by an Oganga, or magio doctor, by virtue of which some spirit becomes localized to that objeot and subject to the will of the possessor. Thus an idol is only reverenced as the local residence of a spirit, and while it is so occupied. The same holds true with an amulet, and there is no object so frivolous, ridiculous or disgusting that it cannot through the Oganga's influence be made the home of a wandering soul. Every native, according to his needs and means, is the possessor of a number of these amulets, which he generally wears about his person. Should any one of them prove ineffectual, the explanation is readily forthcoming. The witch doctor either claims that some observance imposed by him on the possessor has not been correctly followed, or that there is some one who owns a still more powerful fetich, which has neutralized its beneficent efforts. The Oganga will furnish him with another more effective fetich—for a price.

The witch doctor's functions are not limited to supplying material charms. By means of incantations, either simply vocal or associated with ritual, he drives away malevolent spirits or invokes the assistance of friendly ones on all possible occasions. One curious custom is to put on every child at birth an orunda, or prohibition, something that he is forbidden to do or to eat through life. One man may not eat chicken, another must not sleep in a boat, or whatever the imagination of the Oganga arbitrarily suggests.

The African recognizes no such thing as a natural cause. Everything that happens, good or ill, is through the influence of some spirit, and as the people are constantly invoking the aid of the spirits, it is their impulse in the case of any misfortune or accident to seek the instigating human cause behind the active spiritual influence. Every death is attributed to witchcraft, and if the offending person can be detected, justice demands that he must die, too. It is customary, accordingly, to accuse any one who may be known or be suspected of harboring ill will against the dead. The usual method of trial is by drinking poison. The result of the trial in death—and conviction, or in recovery—and acquittal, is doubtless regulated by the dose prepared by the witch doctor, who is probably in most cases susceptible to material influences. Another outcome of the belief in witchcraft is the formation of secret societies, both of men and women, and formerly having great power and influence. These, in their governmental function, were the only authority, before the intrusion of foreign powers, that could settle a fierce personal dispute or enforce intertribal peace. But "their possibilities for good" the author considers to have been "overbalanced by their actualities for evil."

While the negro recognizes certain things as "good" and others as "bad," he appears to have no consciousness of sin as something reprehensible in itself or in its consequences. The "salvation" he seeks by his superstitious (or religious) practices is a purely physical one. He desires to be saved not so much from the consequences of his own acts as from the ill will of his enemies working through evilly disposed spirits.

From a Kentucky Paper.

editor. [illegible] "Richmond Morning Post" [illegible] 1905

WEST AFRICAN FETICHISM.*

Few men have enjoyed such opportunities as Dr. Nassau for studying the customs and superstitions of the natives of West Africa. For forty years, with rare intervals of furlough, he has resided as a missionary in different parts of the West African Coast, between the Kameroons and the Congo, and for fully thirty of those years he has been a diligent and patient student of the native character and habits of thought. The late Miss Mary Kingsley, who availed herself of Dr. Nassau's accumulated stores of knowledge in the preparation of her own delightful books on West Africa, openly deplored the fact that Dr. Nassau had not placed on record for the information of mankind the unique knowledge he had acquired, and declared that, had he but shared Dr. Livingstone's conscientious devotion to taking notes and publishing them, "Dr. Nassau's fame would be among the greatest of the few great African explorers," adding, however, very characteristically "not that he would care a row of pins for that!" Thanks to the action of the Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. Nassau was subsequently given leisure and opportunity for collecting and arranging the notes which he had made during his long residence in Africa, and the present volume is the result. It is a book for which the student will be profoundly thankful, and should be not only read but carefully studied by every white man whom duty or pleasure leads among the Bantu peoples of the Southern half of the African continent. The earlier chapters are devoted to a study of the constitution of African society, in the form of a series of notes which serve as an introduction to the further study of the spiritual and mental life of the Negro. Dr. Nassau analyses at considerable length the various aspects of fetich worship, and seeks by tracing its development and studying its actual manifestations to explain the immense hold it has obtained on the minds of its adherents. He has, of course, the contempt of the man who knows for the European who is content to denounce the beliefs of the African as "foolishness," and frankly admits the logical character of many of the superstitions and practices as deduced from the premises known to the Negroes. He gives an extremely interesting account of the arts of white and black magic, and fully explains the distinction which the native draws between these two forms of fetichism. Nothing is more difficult than for the African native to lay aside entirely his superstitious practices. Black magic he may both renounce and denounce, but even the professed Christian convert finds it almost impossible to cast off altogether his belief in the preventive power of the fetich. Even when he will not wear a fetich "in his secret thought he believes in its power, and dreads its influence if possibly it should be directed against himself." Dr. Nassau is convinced that one reason why the "medicine man" retains his hold on the people is that many of the African medicines are of value—though all the virtue they possess is, of course, ascribed by the medicine man and his patient to the weird incantations and ceremonies that accompany their administration. The prevailing impression on reading Dr. Nassau's book is that only by close and sympathetic study of his life and character can Europeans ever hope to understand the African Negro—the first step, as Miss Kingsley was never tired of declaring, towards governing him well. Dr. Nassau's book is one of the most valuable aids to that study which has been contributed to the literature of Africa for a very long time.

* Fetichism in West Africa. By the Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D. With Illustrations. London: Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d.

Fetichism In West Africa.

Both by predilection and education the Rev. Robert H. Nassau is well equipped to undertake the inquiry into the mysteries of the curious religion governing the negro on his native heath. For four years during his first trip to Africa he lived on the Island of Corisco, which is inhabited by the Benga tribe. Here he perfected himself in the Benga language and from the very first was received as a friend by the blacks.

Approaching them in the proper spirit Dr. Nassau had exceptional opportunities. He soon realized that the tribal customs were a part of their religion, and in opposition to other missionaries who deemed the customs folly and the religion superstition, he sought the logical ground and the underlying philosophy of the curious form of worship. During travels lasting thirty years he pursued his investigations, by his tact and his knowledge of the African languages, making discoveries concerning the very hearts of the strange people.

As a result of his long travel and careful study he offers this valuable book. In it may be found the constitution of native African society, the African's idea of God, his practice of polytheism, idolatry; of the spiritual beings in African religion, their class and function; of fetichism and its philosophy, charms, amulets, worship and witchcraft; of fetich government, its relation to the family, to daily occupations and needs, its superstition in customs, its relation to the future life, its ceremonies on special occasions. As some of the practical results of fetichism he enumerates depopulation, cannibalism, secret societies, poisoning for revenge, distrust, jugglery, hoodoo, folklore and so forth.

In a chapter on "Tales of Fetich Based on Fact" there is much that is interesting and strange. His examples of fetich folklore are by themselves a most curious contribution to biological study.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. With twelve illustrations. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

My Rejuvenation.

BY REV. R. H. NASSAU, D.D., OF AFRICA.

[The following was prepared for a few friends. It is too good to keep in seclusion, and we are permitted to print it. It almost makes us wish we were a man of "old Nassau."]

Unwilling as I had been to return in August, 1903, for a furlough to the United States, yet I found among other compensations one great one in the fact that it made possible my participation in a reunion of my Princeton University class of 1854, in June, 1904, on the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation. Both offices of Class President and Class Secretary had fallen to the Rev. Lewis C. Baker, an Episcopalian clergyman residing in Princeton, N. J. I wrote to him urging him to bring all his influence to bear in inciting the surviving members of our class to come to Princeton for the commencement exercises of June 10 to 15, 1904.

Our class had graduated eighty men of whom it was supposed twenty-seven were still living, but only twenty of their addresses were certainly known. Before the Civil War Princeton drew a large patronage from the South. The war scattered our members, and in the animosities of the contest some of those who survived in the South lost their interest in the college. Moreover the class spirit was not as strong in the classes of that period as it has been in those of the last twenty-five years.

Our secretary went to labor and expense, giving much sympathy and energy to his correspondence, but was not sanguine of results. Of the class of 1853 there had been present at their fiftieth anniversary the year before only three members. Baker and I went over our class roll and counted a dozen names of men residing in adjacent States that we thought might be induced to come, and correspondence brought conditional promises from all, but we were certain of only three besides ourselves.

The later-graduated classes are accustomed to come up in force, thirty to fifty in number, and to go to large expense in hiring brass bands, rooms, and spreading great banquets, but Baker and I knew that none of our members had the time or strength, and few the means to remain in Princeton all the five days of Commencement, and that there would be no disposition on the part of those expected, since most of them were seventy years of age, and at least half of them clergymen, to go into any riotous banquet. While those who should come would have to bear their own expenses of travel and board and lodging, Baker kindly offered to entertain us at his own house and table for the one feast of our reunion. The day selected for our meeting was Tuesday, June 14, in the morning, and the entertainment at Baker's was to be in the evening.

Our secretary had provided silk badges in Princeton colors with "'54" printed on them, to be pinned on our coat lapels, and a little pennon in orange and black with the legend "P. '54" sewed on. I found friends who were interested in these plans for '54, who told me of the variety of exercises, entertainments, games, and processions which University traditions had built up since I was a student. They encouraged the growing zeal I manifested under increasing health and strength, and seconded my intention to enter into all these functions and sports. I bought sets of tickets for almost everything that was to be exhibited during the five Commencement days, and among them tickets to the baseball game that was to be played on Saturday afternoon between Princeton and Yale, with its grand "March Around" the University Athletic Field, both before and after the game.

Baker thought we would not take part in that function, assigning as reason our age, and I imagine he also thought it would be undignified for our clerical profession. But I urged that it was usual, that men of all professions took part in it, and that the University authorities would quite appreciate such a demonstration of loyalty by the oldest class present. So he yielded to my plea that we could walk with dignity, leaving youthful antics for the younger classes behind us.

Academic gowns are required for the procession into Alexander Hall on Commencement Day, and the gown of my honored professor in Hebrew when I was a student in Princeton Theological Seminary, the late Rev. William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., was placed at my disposal. I bought a Doctorate of Divinity Cap and Hood, the latter, in its lining, by its colors, showing the source of the title, the University of Pennsylvania. This expense might seem extravagant for use on probably only this one occasion, but it was a great one to me, and the sight of these things will waken bright memories on my return to Africa, will gratify my relatives and friends,

REV. R. H. NASSAU, D.D.

and they themselves are a token of an honor that has come into my life. Moreover there is a possibility that I may live to return from Africa and wear them on some other Academic occasion.

On Saturday afternoon I went to the campus where the classes were to form in procession in order of their age to march to the University Field. Oh that campus. One's blood was stirred by the shouts and songs and bands and bright colors and various badges and flags, and amused by the humorous dress of some of the younger classes. The Marshal was arranging the classes in the order of their age, mostly decennial. There was only one other "'54" man besides Baker and myself, and he was a Presbyterian clergyman from Oneida, N. Y., the Rev. Samuel Jessup, D.D. Our greetings were earnest, but the blood of my comrades was not stirred as was mine. They spoke of our advancing years, but seeing my enthusiasm, they appointed me to carry the pennon that Baker had brought.

We three of "'54" were placed at the head of the parade. Next to us was "'74" with a brass band. Its stirring notes only a few yards behind me fired my already

excited spirit, and the step of my two companions seemed slow and unsympathetic.

It was a splendid scene as we arrived on the field. The tiers of seats on the stands were filled with probably fifteen thousand spectators: the under classes were out in force vociferating the University yell: the baseball teams were in preliminary practice: the merry bands were martial: the day was clear, a beautiful day in June. A few members of "'64" and "'69" had by this time straggled in between "'54" and "'74." The parade marched once around, when the Marshal cried "a second time." Baker and Jessup objected to that second time, but they finally yielded and we went around again. The figures on my pennon, "P. '54," were observed and applauded by many in the crowd. Then we took our seats and the baseball game was played. I do not understand the game, and was not specially interested. I was not very much enthused even by the fact that Princeton won. But the crowd that did understand and that loved baseball, and the Princetonians who shouted at the victory, broke loose. All the more recent classes, who were dressed in fantastic costumes, whirled across the field, dancing and singing college songs. The Marshal called for a parade around, pronounced pe-rade, to celebrate the victory. I was carried away with the current of enthusiasm, and said to my comrades, "Come on! fellows!" "No," they said, "we are too tired." "Have you any objection to my taking the flag, and going alone?" "No; take it, and represent us."

The classes of '64, '69 and '74 had disappeared from the field; those of '84 and later dates were forming in line. I said to the leader of '84, "I have a son in your crowd." He replied, "We see your flag. Join us and precede our band." I did so. My feet responded to the martial air. I forgot all thought of fatigue. I exulted in the soldierly surroundings. On the march before the ball-game, a few hundreds had cheered '54; now thousands saw its only representative; they observed my youthful step that contrasted with my white beard and hair. They rose in their seats. I saw many hands pointing me out to others. I waved the pennon toward them. Then they cheered again. I responded with hat in one hand and pennon in the other, waving them rhythmically, and bowing low as I looked up to their friendly faces. At the same time I kept step to the band's music. And, not wishing to lose sight of their hands of salutation, or seem to turn my back on the spectators, I wheeled about, my face toward them and the band; but still keeping step as I walked backward, as if I was colonel of a regiment. With head erect or bowing, my arms curved from side to side, waving with hat and flag, as if beating time to music. Every motion of my head, arms, body and feet was synchronous with the music. Afterwards friends joked me for having "danced." I was enjoying myself as if in the full tide of youth. The plaudits of the crowd were an ovation. Leading the "pe-rade," I smiled and bowed, as tier after tier of the crowded seats rose to cheer me. I was told afterwards that, had all that crowd known my name, the yell for "Nassau!" would have been deafening.

The class of '84, after one circuit, filed out of the field. I would have left them at this point, but their leader invited me to continue with them, as they went with their band to salute Mrs. McCosh and others of the professors, and thence on to the campus. There I finally left them, but I could have marched to that music for miles.

As I wore every day my '54 badge, strangers on the street, wearing their own class numbers, would salute me, e. g., "Such-a-year to '54!"

On Monday morning, the 13th, I was on the street, and happened to meet four gentlemen wearing the badge of '79. This is a very important class. President Wilson is a member of it. It has many rich men on its roll. They had just built and presented to the University a large handsome dormitory; reserving only two conditions, viz.: that at Commencement it should be open for the lodging of any of their members; and that the students occupying it should be their sons or other relatives or nominees. These four men stopped me and said: "We saw you enjoying yourself last Saturday!" "Yes, I certainly was!" "Are there many of your class here?" "Only three at present; but more will come for our meeting to-morrow." "When do you have your banquet?" "We shall have none; only a quiet supper at our secretary's private table." "We had ours last Friday. We're having a smoker to-night. Come, be our guest." "Thank you; but I am going to the concert; and that will not be over before 10 p. m." "O! that's early! We'll be making a night of it. Come at any hour." "Thank you; I will." After the concert in Alexander Hall that night, I went to '79 dormitory. As I pushed open the door I saw several dozen gentlemen, each with his silver mug of Apollinaris, some of them with something stronger, sitting in easy attitudes under a canopy of smoke. Among them I recognized a secretary of our Foreign Board, and a professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. I was about to drop into a vacant seat near the door. But some one must have given the presiding officer a sign that I was the expected guest. I did not know him or he me; I was afterwards told that he was Colonel Wright, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. He called out in a loud voice, "Come here! to this seat!" motioning to a large chair by his side, as a seat of honor. The entire company rose and cheered me as I walked forward and took the seat. During the cheering Colonel Wright leaned over to me and whispered, "What is the name?" "Nassau." He jumped up and said, "Here! fellows! here's the man who made us all!" And a toast was drunk to the name; and the company standing sang "He's a jolly good fellow." When they had resumed their seats, I rose and said, "Chairman! I am proud to be the father of so fine a looking company of men!" I was about to sit down again, when there were cries of "Speech! speech!" and with the occasion and its surroundings spurring me, I remained upon my feet and said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of '79: I thank you for the honor of being your guest (Voices: 'The honor's ours!') and for the privilege of making a few remarks. I know what '79 means, and what it stands for. I appreciate the invitation that brought me here; and will mention an incident in connection with it. As I was walking inoffensively this morning on a street of this good town, I was waylaid by four men. Had it been out West, and had their garb been different, I might have expected, 'Your money or your life!' But the courteous words and cordial manner of these gentle highwaymen relieved all fear. (The chairman, 'Can you point them out? Isn't that fellow one of them?' 'Yes; he's one.') And I found that their only design on me was to invite me to your smoker. But, really, Sir, it seems to me somewhat preposterous to invite to a smoker a man who doesn't know how to smoke! (A voice: 'How's that?') Well, Sir, if I may trespass on your patience, I'll tell you that story why. When I was a lad I was a good boy. (A voice: 'Bet you were!') It was sufficient that my mother said, 'My son, I do not wish you to smoke.' Henceforward, at school and University, I sat among my smoking companions, and never touched a cigar. Later, when of age, in the theological seminary, expecting to be a foreign missionary, reading of different countries and their customs, and arguing to which country I should go, thinking of Turkey and its national habit of smoking, and the

discourtesy of refusal of a pipe by a visitor, I, in good conscience, thought I would try to learn. One day, after a hearty dinner, I bought a good cigar, and began. But, presently, I was conscious that I had two heads and four eyes and several stomachs. The results were so disastrous that I failed to attend Dr. Hodge's lecture on theology that afternoon. I did not try again to learn. I concluded not to go to Turkey; and I went to Africa. I have spent the majority of the years of my life in that far-off strange land. The life there is a trying one; not simply on its physical side, in its exposure to dangerous malarial fever, but in the deprivation of most of what civilized and educated men hold dear. When, on my occasional furloughs, I resume again my place among Christians, gentlemen, and littérateurs, I derive from them for my upbuilding as much benefit as my body derives from the physician's tonics. It fitted happily into this present furlough that I could attend the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation; and I assure you I have been enjoying Commencement to the top of my bent. (Voices: 'Yes, you seemed to be, last Saturday!') Yes, Sir, I was! I think that no one of those thousands entered into the spirit of the occasion more than I. (A voice: 'No one had a better right.')

"Sir, on the street this afternoon, a lady archly said to me, 'I heard you danced on the baseball field on Saturday!' Well, gentlemen, I thought I was conducting myself with eminent propriety on that occasion. (A voice: 'You were.') But if I 'danced' I'll explain to you why. Once, there was a great king of the Hebrews. The Ark of his Jehovah had been lost in battle. Years afterward, it was recovered, and was brought home with rejoicing and bands of music. So glad was this king in the recovery of a great treasure that, in his exultation, he seized a harp and sang to its music, moving his body with its music, and under the applause of the female singers. His jealous wife chided him for a lack of dignity. But he justified himself by saying that he had 'danced before the Lord.' And so, gentlemen, when, last Saturday, I, who ten months ago had come from Africa sick and broken, felt the bounding life of restored strength tingling in my veins, and the music of the bands of '74 and '84 surging through my muscles, perhaps my feet moved synchronously with their rhythm. If so, I tell you, I 'danced before the Lord' in the joy of new life and restored health. I could honestly, gratefully and solemnly have kneeled in the dust of that athletic track, and have thanked God for the joy of living. Such scenes as this Commencement gives, and such kind receptions as you have accorded me, make me glad that I am a Princetonian, make me grateful for friends old and new. Again I thank you for your courtesy."

There were many speeches by others on various topics. And we did not disperse till 2 a. m. of Tuesday.

The excitement of the evening was still in my brain on Tuesday morning, the 14th, as I came to breakfast. I was a little late and the other members of the family were already at the table. To amuse them, I entered the room singing, "We won't go home till morning;" and skipping around the table I accidentally knocked the coffee-pot off the table to the floor. I think that for a moment they all doubted the source of my exuberance; and there was a hearty laugh at my expense.

About 10 a. m. of that day class of '54 met in one of the University recitation rooms. To our great delight there were twelve men present, and the majority of them were over 70 years of age. None of them were keyed up to my quick tone. Their look on life was depressing. Even the youngest man was less vigorous than I.

About noon we came together on the campus, to form in procession to the alumni banquet in the new gymnasium. The faculty, alumni and others marched in order of age, but without academic dress. A member of the faculty, Rev. C. W. Shields, D.D., LL.D., of the class of '44, walked just in front of us, as an alumnus, and as the only representative of his class. Our class was placed at the head of one of the four long tables, near the cross table at which sat President Wilson, the chairman, Mr. J. W. Alexander, and the speakers chosen to represent their classes. I was invited to sit at the short table and pronounce the grace before eating, but I preferred to remain with my class, all of whom were sitting together, except Poe who was at the short table as our representative. Over 1000 men were standing at the tables waiting for the signal to be seated. The chairman spoke, saying that Princeton was accustomed to provide some new feature at each Commencement, and on this occasion he was glad to have the use of an "old Nassau," on whom he would call to say grace. When the cheering at this reference to the name of the chief Princeton song ("Old Nassau") had subsided, I asked a short blessing. And we were seated.

When the time for speeches came, Rev. Dr. Shields, of '44, made a beautifully literary address, closing with "morituri salutamus." He has since died. Judge Poe followed for '54 with a spread-eagle speech; others followed for '64, '74, '84, and '94, each one markedly different in topic and style. And a special one, a poem was read, commemorative of the building of their dormitory by the class of '79.

At our class dinner, there was general conversation, but no speeches. Toward the close, some asked me about the religions of Africa. I replied in a quiet description that soon attracted the attention of all; and it resulted in a fifteen-minute story of African superstition. Wakeman was specially interested. I told the others I wanted to take to Africa the class pennon I had carried; and it was voted that I retain personal possession of it.

The story of Commencement Day has been very often told. There was nothing in it unusual or new. I marched with the procession, wearing my academic robes, and was assigned by the Marshal a place immediately after the faculty and before all the other classes. Notwithstanding all the fatigues, I felt, and still feel, the wine of manhood in my veins. But the time has come for my return to my work in the land that is far away. But I go with renewed health and strength, with gratitude to Almighty God for the happiness of the furlough at home, and with the little pennon of orange and black with its legend, Princeton '54, as a souvenir of a very happy day in a missionary's life.

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The Choice of the Ministry as a Career.*

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON, D.D.

EIGHT BRIEF PAPERS—No. 2.

It may be that a few have selfish motives in entering the church, but the man who would go into the ministry for personal comfort would not know what he was doing; the average clergyman would have far more comfort in other work. I know a young physician, the son of a minister, who the other day received for one surgical operation half as much money as his father's yearly salary. The man without exceptional gifts who would go into the ministry for ambition would not know what he was doing, for the Church affords neither large salaries nor fame for mediocre men. The ministers with exceptional powers would be still more famous in other spheres; there are men in the ministry to-day who could have been Governors, Senators, noted financiers, if we may judge by the abilities manifested in their present profession.

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Robert Hamill Nassau. M.D., D.D.

We are glad to quote from the *Interior* the following appreciative notice of a friend of THE WESTMINSTER:

"The long and noble roster of the workers who represent abroad our Board of Foreign Missions, carries the names of an exceptional number of 'grand old men'—veterans and heroes of the Gospel warfare—whom the Church ought to recognize with peculiar pride and praise. Conspicuous among that honorable number is the vigorous dean of our African mission, who is just past seventy and therefore safely to be called old, though very, very far from being superannuated. Dr. Nassau is stationed now at Batanga, but has served at all the older stations of that mission during his forty-four years on the field. He was born near Norristown, Pa., and was so carefully educated in boyhood that at the age of fourteen he was ready for college. After a year at Lafayette, he entered sophomore at Princeton and graduated in 1854. After two years' intermission of study, he began again in theology at Princeton Seminary and finished the course in 1859. To make his preparation for the missionary service more efficacious, he obtained a medical diploma from the University of Pennsylvania in 1861. Immediately he sailed for Africa, and there, except for the ordinary furloughs home, he has remained at the post of duty ever since. He married first on the field—his bride a fellow-worker in the mission. She died in 1870. After eleven years he remarried, but was a second time bereaved within three years; so that for the most of his long term he has stood to his self-sacrificing task alone. Along with unremitting missionary duties,—indeed, as a part of those duties,—Dr. Nassau has pursued such patient investigations in the fetichism of the African tribes that he has come to be regarded as the first authority in the world on that peculiar medley of superstition and folklore. Scholars interested in the comparative study of such subjects from various primitive peoples, had been much concerned lest Dr. Nassau might let his busy life slip away without putting in permanent form the result of his researches. But fortunately he has at last been able to write his book on the subject of 'African Fetichism,' and with its recent publication another remarkable monument to missionary scholarship has been bequeathed to the libraries of the world. It should be observed in this connection that Dr. Nassau's career is no more truly illustrative of the finest qualities of missionary steadfastness than the service of his sister, Miss Isabella Nassau, who has been in Africa for an equal period. She, too, has arrived at an age when most toilers at home begin to crave for themselves an easier life, but like her brother, she scorns any thought of taking respite from the labor to which her life is so perfectly consecrated."

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL OF THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

In everything that I have been able to read about the religious life of the Negro, it has seemed to me that writers have been too much disposed to treat of it as something fixed and unchanging. They have not sufficiently emphasized the fact that the Negro people, in respect to their religious life, have been, almost since they landed in America, in a process of change and growth.

The Negro came to America with the pagan idea of his African ancestors; he acquired under slavery a number of Christian ideas, and at the present time he is slowly learning what those ideas mean in practical life. He is learning, not merely what Christians believe, but what they must do to be Christians.

The religious ideas which the Negroes brought with them to America from Africa were the fragments of a system of thought and custom, which, in its general features, is common to most barbarous people. What we call "fetichism" is, I suppose, merely the childish way of looking at and explaining the world, which did not, in the case of the people of West Africa, preclude a belief in the one true God, although He was regarded by them as far away and not interested in the little affairs of men.

But the peculiarity of their primitive religion, as I have learned from a very interesting book written by one who has been many years a missionary in Africa, consists in this, that it sought for its adherents a purely "physical salvation."

In the religion of the native African there was, generally speaking, no place of future reward or punishment, no heaven and no hell, as we are accustomed to conceive them. For this reason, the Negro had little sense of sin. He was not tortured by doubts and fears, which are so common and, we sometimes feel,

R. H. Nassau

sauf que l'organisation grossière de la société des hommes, et celle, parallèle, des femmes, ne sembleut pas y exister, si du moins M. Tate a bieu vu (voy. p. 256).

Il est précisément intéressant de noter, pour le débat qui vient de s'élever entre M. Merker et M. Hollis, qu' ils connaissent Ngai, que ce n'est pas leur seul dieu mais bieu le nom générique de leurs dieux; qu'ils ont le même système sacrificiel, la même magie, la même mythologie que les Masai dont parle M. Hollis. Sur le grand prêtre, sur les purifications (à interdictions), sur la circoncision, qui n'a pas la valeur d'un rite, sur les cérémouies du mariage, ou trouvera des indications brèves mais précises. M. M.

NASSAU (R.-H.). — **Fetichism in West Africa**. London, Duckworth, 1904, xvii-389 p. in-8°.

Ce livre était impatiemment attendu. L'auteur nous était surtout connu par les éloges chaleureux de miss Kingsley dont il fut l'un des principaux informateurs. Eu sa qualité de missiouuaire, il a été peudant plus de quarante ans en contact constant avec les divers peuples Bantu de la région équatoriale (Benga de la baie de Corisco, Mpongwe du Gabon, Fan de l'intérieur, etc.); connaissant à fond les laugues de ces tribus, M. N. a pu recueillir uue collection de faits dont on devine l'importauce.

Nous devons cependant faire deux réserves. D'abord l'auteur est loin d'aborder les faits avec un esprit libre et impartial; il se propose expressément pour but d'établir, d'une part, que l'homme couserve le souvenir de la révélatiou divine, et d'autre part qu'en s'éloiguaut de Dieu il s'eufonce dans des superstitions misérables (p. 27-47). Eu second lieu, les notious qui servent à l'auteur à classer ses observations sont souvent mal détermiuées : en particulier, celle même qui domine tout l'ouvrage, la notion de fétichisme. Sans doute, M. N. ne fait ici que suivre l'usage constant des ethnographes qui out parlé des religions africaines, mais c'est justemeut ce qu'il faut regretter. Le mot « fétiche », s'il a un sens distinct, signifie : charme, amulette; et c'est bien aiusi que le définit l'auteur (p. 81). Pourquoi alors donner à ce mot uue extensiou illimitée ? Pourquoi faire reutrer sous cette notion des choses aussi hétérogènes que les cultes religieux des sociétés secrètes et de la famille, les pratiques magiques, les rites

WO-YEAR OLD GORILLA.

al of the First Carcass of a Go-lla Ever Sent to America—Description of the Animal—Where Caught, etc.

Thos. G. Morton, of this city, last week ed from the Rev. R. H. Nassau, a mis-y on the Ogove river, West Africa, the s of a young, two-year old gorilla, is said to be the first carcass of the kind rought to this country. The carcass was rsed in a twenty-gallon cask of rum, and ugh subjected to a hot climate and a long ey was found on arrival to be in an ex-t state of preservation. Heretofore only specimens of the animal have been seen country, with now and then an imperfect on, but as this gorilla is entire it will a good opportunity for studying the ure and organs of the animal and com-g them with those of man.

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present the gorilla carcass is in the mu-of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Eighth Sprnce streets, where, last Saturday, it was ted by W. Nash, of the Univers-preparatory to being placed npon the cting table. It is the intention to have carcass thoroughly and minutely exam-, and to do this several months will be re-ed, and Dr. H. C. Chapman has kindly ented to undertake the main part of work, the results of which will be iously looked for by medical men and rs. The specimen thus secured is that young male, but as the relations of the al to society remain nndefined, the de-ed is alluded to as "it," instead of "he," c young children, the gorilla, before its th, enjoyed being petted, but when it was ed or in a dyspeptic mood, it followed the mple of older people, of butting its head inst a wall. A wasting disease reduced the cass of the youthful gorilla considerably, fortunately the organs, etc., are in a good dition for examination, as the carcass was ced in the rum a few hours after death.

The head of the animal is quite large in pro-rtion to the body and looks as if it might ve been the abode of mnch sagacity. A le tuft of hair remains above the left ear, e rest having been eaten off by the liquor. e eyes are large and were evidently bright d spirited during life, but one is closed now, d the whole countenance has a melancholy pearance. The nose is very flat; the mouth rge and prominent, while the ears are small. e body, as stated, is considerably emaciated, d the right arm is fractured above the bow, caused by the violence of the natives capturing the gorilla.

The arms, like those of the monkey family enerally, are much larger in proportion to e size of the body than the limbs, but the ands and feet have much of a human look bout them, and indicate that the possessor ad greater nse for them than the monkey ribe. The arms as well as the legs are tufted ith long black hair, while upon the breast here is also an amount of black hair. What ight have been an incipient beard appears pon the receding chin, while a short stnbby rowth appears upon the npper lip. The imbs are quite thin, and the carcass generally as the same appearance.

Altogether, however, the specimen is an interesting one, and Dr. Morton considers himself fortunate in having secured it. The post-mortem will donbtless reveal many interesting particnlars in regard to the animal, and the microscopic stndies will especially be looked forward to with much interest.

In addition to the carcass the skeleton of a full-grown gorilla was received at the same time, and the history of both are given in the following interesting letter, which arrived in the same sailing vessel. The letter is as follows:

"KANGWE HILL, Ogove River, West Africa, April 19, 1878.—*My Dear Doctor:* I am glad to inform you that I have at last obtained a gorilla carcass for you. It is not what I would have preferred, or perhaps what you wanted, *i. e.*, an adult. But adults are not very often killed and apparently never caught, so I consider myself fortunate that I have even this. Had this been killed by natives living even a few hours distant, I could have obtained, probably, only the skin and a portion of the larger bones—the small bones would have been lost in the cooking of the flesh. (Not all the tribes eat the gorilla, the Fangwe and Bakele do).

"The natives have learned that we white people want skins, and they will now skin a carcass with some care; but they have not appreciated that we want all the bones of the skeleton.

"This specimen died at the adjacent English trading-house, much to the disappointment of its owner, who had expected to make a fortnne out of it, if he had succeeded in carrying it to England. When it died he gave it to me, because while it was living I had, rather than quarrel about it, yielded it to him, our right of possession being in dispute. He had it for a few weeks and it was quite tame. It is a male, probably fifteen or eighteen months old. I do not know the exact cause of its death; probably inflammation of the bowels. When it was first brought to the trading-house by the natives it was half starved, they having scarcely given it any food for a week, and its arm was broken by their violence in its capture.

"I immersed it in a twenty-gallon cask of rnm within six honrs after its death, and that the liquor might permeate and bathe all the organs, both below and above the diaphragm, I had made two small incisions. The skin is not therefore spoiled, should you want to stuff it. The constant diarrhœa had reduced the poor thing to half its proper bulk of flesh. * * * * * I send the barrel to Gaboon now by a trading steamer going there, where it will have to await the first opportunity by Yates & Porterfield's sailing vessels to New York.

"I send also an almost perfect skeleton of the largest adult male gorilla ever seen here. It must have been very old, as yon see that some of the teeth are decaying. The man who shot it told me he surprised it one morning in his plantation, eating sugar-cane. As gorillas are gregarious, this may have been an outcast "rogne," for he was alone. The man shot it in the loins, and although it fell fatally wounded, it attempted to rise and fight, when a second shot killed it. I had hired this man two years ago to bring me any gorilla he should kill, and he had been on the lookout. It was at the same town from which I obtained the imperfect skeleton I sent you more than a year ago. That town is down the river, and ~~twenty~~-two days would be required to paddle up stream to me, so the hunter had made no effort to bring me the entire thing. The carcase he had allowed to rot where it lay, and when it had rotted clear of the bones he bronght them to me. As it is I find that there are missing 1 tibia, 1 fibula, 1 clavicle, and at least five bones of the hands and feet.

"It is very rare to get so perfect an entire skeleton of an adult. Heads alone, are more frequent. We pay cash valne, according to their perfection, from thirty to sixty cents. * *

"Sincerely yours, R. H. NASSAU.

"P. S.—The subject of gorillas has received quite a stimulus by the presence here of a German zoologist, who has been out for the express purpose of getting a live gorilla. Notwithstanding his having aronsed native cupidity (and consequently advanced the price of gorillas both dead and living), he has not, after many months' effort, obtained more than three living young gorillas, and they all died. Yet it is undeniable that gorillas are numerous in this part of Africa, bnt the big ones are too shy to be caught and the little ones are too delicate to live. I do not know why they should be more delicate than monkeys, for the four young gorillas I have seen during the last year in the hands of others and the one I owned myself two years ago, were easily tamed and liked to he petted, but when vexed they would attempt to bite and would violently dash their heads against the wall. They did not play as much as my monkeys and I think they pined for the forest. N."

from the
Phila. Evening
Bulletin"
of July 30, 1878

(This should
have been placed
on page 25"

A TWO-YEAR OLD GORILLA.

Arrival of the First Carcass of a Gorilla Ever Sent to America—Description of the Animal—Where Caught, etc.

Dr. Thos. G. Morton, of this city, last week received from the Rev. R. H. Nassau, a missionary on the Ogove river, West Africa, the carcass of a young, two-year old gorilla, [illegible] said to be the first carcass of the kind ever brought to this country. The carcass was immersed in a twenty-gallon cask of rum, and although subjected to a hot climate and a long journey was found on arrival to be in an excellent state of preservation. Herctofore only stuffed specimens of the animal have been seen in this country, with now and then an imperfect [illegible] this gorilla is entire it will afford a good opportunity for studying the structure and organs of the animal and comparing them with those of man.

Soon after its arrival the gorilla was photographed by Mr. Gutekunst, who obtained a full length picture together with an excellent profile of the head and a full-face view. The pictnres are of a large size and show all the featnres of his African majesty with good effect; but a personal examination, of course, gives a better idea of the animal than can be obtained from any written description.

At present the gorilla carcass is in the museum of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Eighth and Spruce streets, where, last Saturday, it was injected by W. Nash, of the University, preparatory to being placed upon the dissecting table. It is the intention to have the carcass thoroughly and minutely examined, and to do this several months will be required, and Dr. H. C. Chapman has kindly consented to undertake the main part of this work, the results of which will be anxiously looked for by medical men and others. The specimen thus secured is that of a young male, but as the relations of the animal to society remain nndefined, the [illegible] ceased is allnded to as "it," instead of "he." Like young children, the gorilla, before its death, enjoyed being petted, but when it was vexed or in a dyspeptic mood, it followed the example of older people, of butting its head against a wall. A wasting disease reduced the carcass of the youthful gorilla considerably, but fortunately the organs, etc., are in a good condition for examination, as the carcass was placed in the rum a few hours after death.

The head of the animal is quite large in proportion to the body and looks as if it might have been the abode of mnch sagacity. A little tuft of hair remains above the left ear, the rest having been eaten off by the liquor. The eyes are large and were evidently bright and spirited during life, but one is closed now, and the whole countenance has a melancholy appearance. The nose is very flat; the mouth large and prominent, while the ears are small. The body, as stated, is considerably emaciated, and the right arm is fractured above the elbow, caused by the violence of the natives in capturing the gorilla.

The arms, like those of the monkey family generally, are much larger in proportion to the size of the body than the limbs, but the hands and feet have much of a human look about them, and indicate that the possessor had greater use for them than the monkey tribe. The arms as well as the legs are tufted with long black hair, while upon the breast there is also an amount of black hair. What might have been an incipient beard appears upon the receding chin, while a short stubby growth appears upon the npper lip. The limbs are quite thin, and the carcass generally has the same appearance.

Altogether, however, the specimen is an interesting one, and Dr. Morton considers himself fortunate in having secured it. The post-mortem will doubtless reveal many interesting particulars in regard to the animal, and the microscopic studies will especially be looked forward to with much interest.

In addition to the carcass the skeleton of a full-grown gorilla was received at the same time, and the history of both are given in the following interesting letter, which arrived in the same sailing vessel. The letter is as follows:

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"This specimen died at the adjacent English trading-house, much to the disappointment of its owner, who had expected to make a fortune out of it, if he had succeeded in carrying it to England. When it died he gave it to me, because while it was living I had, rather than quarrel about it, yielded it to him, our right of possession being in dispute. He had it for a few weeks and it was quite tame. It is a male, probably fifteen or eighteen months old. I do not know the exact cause of its death; probably inflammation of the bowels. When it was first brought to the trading-house by the natives it was half starved, they having scarcely given it any food for a week, and its arm was broken by their violence in its capture.

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"It is very rare to get so perfect an entire skeleton of an adult. Heads alone, are more frequent. We pay cash value, according to their perfection, from thirty to sixty cents. * *

"Sincerely yours, R. H. NASSAU.

"P. S.—The subject of gorillas has received quite a stimulus by the presence here of a German zoologist, who has been out for the express purpose of getting a live gorilla. Not withstanding his having aroused native cupidity (and consequently advanced the price of gorillas both dead and living), he has not, after many months' effort, obtained more than three living young gorillas, and they all died. Yet it is undeniable that gorillas are numerous in this part of Africa, but the big ones are too shy to be caught and the little ones are too delicate to live. I do not know why they should be more delicate than monkeys, for the four young gorillas I have seen during the last year in the hands of others and the one I owned myself two years ago, were easily tamed and liked to be petted, but when vexed they would attempt to bite and would violently dash their heads against the wall. They did not play as much as my monkeys and I think they pined for the forest. N."

"Evening
Bulletin"
July 30, 1878.

(See page 25)

CABLE ADDRESS:
"INCULCATE," NEW YORK
FOREIGN MISSIONS CODE
A. B. C. CODE, 4TH EDITION

OFFICE OF SECRETARY

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MADISON SQUARE BRANCH
P. O. BOX NO. 2

M.

August 2nd, 1907.

The Rev. Robert H. Nassau, D.D.,
Warrior's Mark, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

I thank you for your explanation of the 1st instant regarding the manuscript of Miss Nassau. Neither I nor my two clerks have any recollection of any further manuscript having been given us by any of the missionaries returning on furlough and a search of our office does not discover any.

I hope you are enjoying good health. I often think of you and I hope that you are preparing another book on Africa. The one you published some time ago has taken its place as a standard authority on the subject which it treats.

Cordially yours,

A. J. Brown

At Silver Bay, Lake George, a Baptist clergyman said to Mrs W. L. Nassau, of my book on "Fetishism": "Dr Nassau is the greatest blessing and aid, through that book, that the African Mission has ever known".

The Country Day by Day

About Notable Americans

An Exception Showing That the Lightning of Genius Does Occasionally Strike Twice in the Same Family—The Career of Promoter Muldrow.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Someone has said that the lightning of genius never strikes twice in the same family tree, but a notable exception is the case of Mrs. Fannie Caldwell Macauley, who became, by accident, the author of a popular novel. Mrs. Macauley is an aunt of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mrs. Macauley was Miss Frances Caldwell, a wealthy girl of good social position in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. She married a young Englishman whose purse was shorter than his pedigree and who had no faculty for saving money. After a few years of married life, during which her fortune dwindled to nothingness, Mrs. Macauley secured a divorce. Being a young woman of spirit she took a course in kindergarten work and secured a position to teach the heathen in Japan. She left America about the time her niece published the first of her books.

Mrs Macauley is a young woman and she and Miss Hegan had been chums from childhood. When she found herself among strangers in a remote part of a foreign country, where there were few persons who spoke English, Mrs. Macauley poured out her homesick soul in a series of intimate personal letters to her niece. Although they were not written for publication, or for any purpose other than to tell of her loneliness and her strange experiences, the letters were spiced with a brightness and humor that no amount of homesickness served to blight. They were good literature.

A member of the firm that published "Mrs. Wiggs" in London visited the author in Louisville, and Japan having been introduced as a topic of discussion, Mrs. Rice spoke of her aunt's experience there and showed the publisher some of the letters she had received. He was so much interested that he immediately offered to publish the letters. Mrs. Rice decided to make a book of them. Of course anything with the name of the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" was assured of a good sale, but Mrs. Rice believed that her aunt's letters were good enough to sell upon their own merit. By editing out the parts of the letters too personal for publication, and by running a conventional love story through them, the author soon had a book ready for the publishers. No liberties were taken with the letters other than to strike out that which was too personal in its character. When the book was ready for print it was almost wholly the work of the kindergarten teacher in Japan. Mrs. Rice arranged that it should be published anonymously in London, and under the pen name "Frances Little," in New York, the royalties to go to Mrs. Macauley.

Then came the trip to Japan to convince the writer of the letters that it was her duty to become an author, and that no effort was required of her except to give her consent. As a result "The Lady of the Decoration" came from the presses and found a ready welcome. After five years of hard work in Japan Mrs. Macauley returned to America for a holiday to find that from her "home letters" had accrued an income which made it unnecessary for her to return into exile. The capital arising from the royalties has made "Frances Little" financially independent, the proceeds at present amounting to more than the amount of her fortune when she was a belle in the Bluegrass region.

OCTOBER 31, 1878.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

E LAST MEETING OF THE ACADEMY.

e Gorilla—Its Anatomy and Position—Financial Condition of the Academy—Proceedings of the Sections.

he last meeting of the Academy was unally well attended, the attraction being a mmunication from Dr. H. C. Chapman on the atomy and zoological position of the gorilla. he speaker stated that he took great pleasure n acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. homas G. Morton, of this city, for the very are chance of dissecting a young specimen of his animal, it having been seldom done abroad nd never before in this country, as far as he knew. For a number of years past Dr. Morton has made numerous efforts to obtain a gorilla, and finally, through the kind offices of Mr. R. H. Nassau, of the Missionary Station of Gaboon, one hundred miles below the equator in Africa, succeeded in the early part of the summer in getting to Philadelphia the subject of the present communication. The specimen was sent from the Gaboon preserved in rum, and through the excellent precaution of Mr. Nassau was received here, considering all the circumstances, in an excellent state of preservation. Owing to his numerous professional engagements, Dr. Morton was unable to dissect any part of the animal himself, except the right leg. Before proceeding further with his remarks, Dr. Chapman took occasion to call attention to a superb skeleton of an adult gorilla presented to the Academy this evening by Dr. Morton. Mr. Nassau, from whom this also was received, states that it is the largest specimen seen by himself or the other Europeans at the Gaboon. It stands about five feet six inches in height, and will form an exceedingly valuable addition to the museum. Dr. Chapman believed that the cause of death of the young gorilla dissected by him was phthisis, as the lungs were found upon examination to be very much decomposed. All monkeys in a state of captivity are more or less subject to this disease, although Mr. Nassau, who kept the animal in question alive for several months, believed that it died of inflamation of the bowels. When received, the specimen measured twenty one inches from the heel to the crown of the head; the upper extremities were seventeen and a-half inches, and the lower thirteen and a-half inches long, the tips of the fingers reaching three and a-half inches below the knee when the animal stood erect. The length of the upper extremities is consequent upon the peculiar gait of the animal, which shuffles along semi-erect on all fours, using the extended hand as a fulcrum, and not flexing the fingers like the chimpanzee. A very noticeable difference in this young male as compared with an old one is the entire absence from the head of the crest or ridge of bone running along the top of the skull which is so characteristic a feature of the adult male. The young gorilla, however, exhibits that width and elongation of the face and massiveness of the jaws which give the animal such a brutal expression, and an approach to which we see in the Papuans, Hottentots, Caffres, and others of the lower tribes of mankind. The part of the head containing the brain, however, is far from being misshapen. On the contrary, it presents a very fair contour; and this is as might be expected, as the brain of the adult gorilla, whose skull is very animal like, amounts to 34½ cubic inches, while in some of the lower races of mankind, according to the high authority of the late Dr. Morton, there is as little as 63 cubic inches, the higher races sometimes attaining as much as 114 cubic inches. As the muscles of the extremities are the most interesting, being regarded by Professor Huxley as among the tests of the bimanous or quadrumanous nature of the gorilla and other monkeys, the speaker confined his remarks more particularly to the description of the muscles that he found while dissecting the specimen under consideration. The disposition and arrangement of the muscles of the upper extremities of the gorilla differ from those of man in the presence of the latissimus condyloideus and the absence of the palmaris longus and flexor longus pollicis, while the pronator arises by only one head. In comparing the lower extremities of the gorilla with those of man, the principal differences in the muscular system are the absence in the case of the gorilla of the plantaris, and flexor accessorius. The solius arises by the fibular head only, the flexor longus digitorum only in part from the calcaneum. The defined share which the flexor longus hallucis takes in forming the deep tendons of the third and fourth toes is also noticeable in the gorilla. Surely these differences cannot be strained into proving that the termination of the lower extremity of the gorilla is a hand, especially when it is remembered that two of the muscles which are absent in the gorilla are present in the lower monkeys. He could not, therefore, endorse the teaching of Professor Bischoff, that the monkeys are structurally four-handed. After describing the disposition of the nerves and blood-vessels, and indicating certain peculiarities of the viscera, the speaker remarked that the result of his examination was to convince him that Professor Huxley was not strictly correct when that the gap between the gorilla lower monkeys is greater than that the gorilla and man, since there ar muscles present in man and the lower which are absent in the gorilla, while t and the lower monkeys possess the l condyloideus muscle which is absent except as an anomaly. He made thi not so much to criticise Professor Hux correct the general error so comm among non-professionals, that evo hold that man has descended from th He did not think any monkey now kno be regarded as the progenitor of man. contrary, he believed that all the fa show that the different kinds of mo the modified descendants of one anc that the different races of men have descended from a commou ancestor; an that the ancestors of man and the mo remotely a common ancestry. If thi correct, it is in vain to look for the link."

Dr. Leidy took occasion to expres Morton the thanks of the Academy for nificent gift of an adult gorilla skel also endorsed the remarks and vie Chapman, but he took occasion to s he believed that functionally what the foot of the gorilla was more a hand termination of the upper extremity quence of the absence of the flexor of and its presence in the case of the grea Dr. Chapman agreed with Dr. Lei garded the physiological function of th all the foot. He merely wished to der the fact that anatomically the hand f the gorilla were entirely distinct, defined.

Mr. Potts exhibited a specimen of t he European hornet, taken from an ear Beverly, N. J.

The Recording Secretary announce he next meeting Mr. Meehan woul ommunication on the introduction ountry of European plants.

The President reported that J. S. He who was elected a member June 1876 eptember 18; also, that J. Gillingh who was elected May 1853, died Octob ged sixty years. Mr. Fell had aided various ways and generously co 3000 to the building fund. He also s its last meeting the Council had the ndition of the Academy under cons he current expenditures, which are ily made, are likely to exceed th ceipts for the year, and for this re sted to members that the prompt p es is very desirable to enable the meet demands as they may be prese At the last meeting Mr. Theodore lied attention to a series of speci ited by him to the Academy, illust position of the rocks south from Ra n, Pennsylvania Railroad. The ro well exposed in this region, were described, d their relative position and course indicated. t the last meeting of the microscopical and logical section, Prof. J. Gibbons Hunt delered an interesting discourse on "How to pose a Microscope," with remarks upon the nner of using the most important accessories he best advantage.

t the next meeting of the section, Mr. John Ryder will read a paper entitled "The Gemle vs. the Plastidule as the Ultimate Physi-Unit of Living Matter."

From Phila paper Oct. 31 1878.

(See page 27)

The Old Hodge House.
Princeton, N.J.

Nov. 5 1904.

My dear Hamill:

I am ever so much obliged to you for sending me a copy of Dr. Macalister's splendid book. I have had it down on my list to read this autumn, & it will be a convenient pleasure to have a copy of my own to read at leisure, with all on the margins of-

DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM F. JUNKIN.

Montclair, April 9 (Special).—The Rev. William F. Junkin, for twelve years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in this place, died at his home, in Church-st., at 6:15 a. m. to-day from pneumonia, after an illness of one week. Dr. Junkin was born in Philadelphia, May 1, 1831. He was a grandson of Colonel Joseph Junkin, a Revolutionary soldier. Dr. Junkin served in the Confederate Army under General Robert E. Lee, and was a brother-in-law of "Stonewall" Jackson. Dr. Junkin was graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1851 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1854.

The 75th Anniversary of Lafayette College
JUNE 16TH TO 19TH, 1907
Ultima talis erit quae mea prima fides

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Dec. 2, 1907

Dr. Robert Cahill Nassau,
Starke, Fla.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

I beg to acknowledge your letter and I wish to assure you that I am in sympathy with all that you say and am only too glad to use my influence to make everything at the Seminary commend itself to the most spiritual minded of its sons. There are some things that I would like to say to you which, I am sorry to say, I deem it somewhat injudicious to put on paper.

A new form of exercises for commencement week was suggested by me two years ago, and, after hanging in committee for a long time, was finally adopted at the October meeting of the Board. I think the effect of this change will be to give added solemnity to the whole commencement season.

With regard to the alumni luncheon, the Directors have nothing to do with it. Indirectly perhaps I can do something though not being an alumnus prevents my speaking as I otherwise might do. We have a special meeting of the Board on the 17th of December and I shall see what I can do at that time.

We have the most delightful recollections of your visit at commencement and we hope that you will give us the benediction of your presence whenever it may be possible for you to do so.

With highest regard,

Very truly yours

E. D. Warfield.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

March 20, 1907.

Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau,
care of H. H. Hamill,
26 State St., Trenton, N.J.

My dear Sir:--

Lafayette College is preparing to celebrate its 75th anniversary in June, and I am very anxious that the representatives of the former Presidents should be present. I therefore send this personal invitation to you asking that you be present and speak at the alumni dinner following the Commencement exercises on June 19th, as the representative of the period of your father's administration.

I am also very anxious that there should be some suitable personal memorial to your father. We are trying to secure memorial windows in the college chapel. I would be very grateful for your co-operation in this matter.

Very truly yours,

E. D. Warfield

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

June 29, 1907.

Rev. Robert H. Nassau, D.D.

My dear Dr. Nassau:--The art of correspondence is one of the lost arts. One who is obliged to do his letter writing vicariously cannot aspire to it. I therefore appreciated and envied you your beautiful letter which was duly received, and greatly appreciated, ~~it~~. I said to some while you were speaking at the dinner that your presence was a benediction. It was more than that; it was an inspiration, and brought to many of us a breath of that fine time when men, and women also, had time enough for the culture of manners as well as of character. I certainly voice my own and the local feeling when I say that we were greatly obliged to you for so delightfully bringing to us a breath of the days when your father was President. Please present my compliments to your daughter, and some time when it is convenient give us the opportunity of enjoying you a little more at your leisure.

Very truly yours,

Ethelbert D. Warfield

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS IMPORTERS AND BOOKSELLERS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE
BETWEEN 21ST AND 22ND STREETS

NEW-YORK, March 17th, 1904.

Mr. Charles W. Hand,

156 Fifth Ave., City.

My dear Mr. Hand;-

In response to your inquiry, I am very glad to tell you that we have kept the MS. by Dr. R. H. Nassau, so that his anxiety is over by this time. The book seems to be a strong one, and I have no doubt that it will meet with a strong demand.

Very truly yours,

Henry L. Smith
for C&H

Dr. N.
I Congratulate
Yours C. C. & H.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE,
BETWEEN 21ST AND 22ND STREETS.

New-York March 11, 1904

Dear Sir:

We owe you first of all an apology for the long time which has elapsed since the receipt by us, through the kind offices of Professor Libbey, of your book, "Fetish: A Study in West African Superstition". The unusual character of the work has made it difficult for us to reach a decision with regard to it. We are pleased to say, however, that at last we are prepared to make you an offer of publication. The heavy expense of manufacture, which we should of course assume, and the uncertainty with regard to the market for a book on so special a theme are practical considerations which we are obliged to take into account, and the force of which we are confident you will appreciate, in making a financial proposition for the book. Our idea then would be to publish the book with eight or twelve of the illustrations which you submitted with the manuscript, in order to emphasize as much as possible its value to the general public interested in missionary work in Africa. We should wish, however, to exempt the first 1000 copies sold in the United States from royalty, and would propose to pay you 15 per cent royalty on all sales in

concentrate the energies of life in the parts touched as to hasten and perfect the great processes of Nature.

One more fact about Vine tendrils is worthy of notice. At p. 138 Mr. Darwin remarks that Vine tendrils bend from the light towards the dark. He also quotes Mohl to the effect that with a Vine planted against a wall the tendrils will point towards it. I quite believe this, and more, I have found Vine tendrils at the top of a vinery, not only pointing towards the wall, but pressing so firmly against it that their sides and extremities were enlarged into something akin to the adhesive discs that distinguish the tendrils of the Ampelopsis hederacea, and they have in a few instances actually seemed to adhere. In structure they might have passed very well for those of the Virginian Creeper, fig. 6. Can it be that Vine tendrils were once of this character, and that their pointing towards a wall, and from the light, is a hereditary legacy handed down in their constitution from the remote times when they climbed by adhesive discs, and probably manufactured their own cement to make them cling the easier to the primitive rocks as the Virginian Creeper and Ficus repens still continue to do? It is at least certain that Vine tendrils are considerably altered in structure, and perhaps in function, by being violently compressed against walls, or when they run into crevices in search of holdfasts and perhaps other things. *D. T. Fish.*

Foreign Correspondence.

AKELE COUNTRY, WEST AFRICA.—I have just received a letter from a correspondent and friend of mine, the Rev. M. Nassau, of the American Gaboon Mission, who occupies the extreme outlying picket of that society's station far in the interior in the Akele country (200 miles up the Ogove, and 150 miles from the sea), to the north and east of the Gaboon River. As this is new ground to the naturalist, I have thought that perhaps your readers might like to see a few extracts from his letter where he incidentally touches on the products of the country, and accordingly enclose them. *Andrew Murray.*

"I went down to the sea in the last of June walking across country north-west, until I struck the Rembue, an affluent of the Gaboon, about 70 or 80 miles from Baraka, our mission station at Gaboon. I returned here in August, and have built a small Bamboo house on ground which I purchased from the natives last June, and just as the natives, and of the same materials—thatch made of leaves of the Bamboo Palm, ingeniously fastened together side by side until each piece of thatch is about 5 feet long and 2 feet wide. These are tied over saplings some 2 or 3 inches in diameter stuck into the ground about 1 foot apart, on the outline of the house; and over them are tied horizontally, 2 to 6 inches apart, split fronds of the same Palm. These pieces of thatch are laid on the roof, just as shingles are with us. My house is, as you may suppose, a small one; but the natives consider it very large, because its walls are 7 feet high, and the ridge pole 10 feet from the ground. The roof extends 3 feet over the side walls, so as to protect the walls from the dashing rains. Bamboo soon decays when exposed to wet. I am sitting in my bed-room, by the gable window. I have a chair, but no table; there is no room for a table, even if I had one. My boxes of clothing, provisions, and goods, such as cloth, knives, crockery, &c., for buying food and for paying *employés*, crowd the sides of the room, and serve as seats and table. I have fowls and goats and fresh fish for meat, and for vegetables Plantains, Yams, and Sweet Potatos. When there happen to be none of these I fall back on my little supply of canned meats and vegetables (beef and mutton, beans and peas). I have flour, but my cook does not know how to make bread, but he makes something like pancakes of flour, sugar, eggs, and water.

There are a great many Ferns and Orchids here; there is one vine here which I suppose to be an Orchid, I think it one of the most attractive Orchids I have seen. Its root is in the earth, very thin, not as thick as a Wheat-stalk; it climbs the tree by which it grows, and throws out roots into the bark; the vine increases in thickness, 4 yards from its root it is three times as thick, very fleshy, leaves obovate and very fleshy. It is now in profuse bloom, flowers creamy white, of a singular shape, somewhat papilionaceous, and the vine has long—a yard or two—air rootlets with a fleshy skin covering a woody core, from which core are made the strings of the native harps of which Du Chaillu speaks.

"You must be becoming disheartened about the prospects of receiving any bugs from me, and I confess I am a little so in the effort to collect. Collection is not difficult, or even if it were so it can readily be done for a friend; but I have been very unfortunate in my movings about, and narrow places for keeping things, in saving either bugs or bottles, so I asked a fellow missionary last month to forward you from Gaboon one bottle only partly filled, and not to wait lest the few specimens in it should by some accident be spilled. It contained what I suppose to be a Mygale spider. It was caught on these premises while I was cleaning here last June. One of the boys in pursuing it struck it and smashed its body. I was exceedingly disappointed at its mutilation; but the head is complete. I was amazed at the amount of blood that flowed from it. The dragon-flies and other few bugs are also from these premises. *R. H. Nassau.*"

Note.—Dr. Nassau's information as to blood flowing from a Mygale is of interest, as proving that the Mygale does feed on small vertebrate animals. We know that the story of its spinning webs strong enough to catch birds in is a fable. It does not spin webs as snares, if it spins at all, and the correction of that error has driven opinion into the opposite belief, that it does not catch vertebrate animals, but lives upon locusts, beetles, and other large insects. Here there can be no doubt, for the blood spoken of by Dr. Nassau could not be that of the spider (whose blood is colourless), and must have been that of a vertebrate animal—more probably a mouse than a bird—but still a red-blooded animal. *A. M.*

Reports of Societies.

Royal Horticultural: *Jan.* 19.—The 3 o'c
meeting was very thinly attended. The Pre
Lord Aberdare, opened the proceedings, an
afterwards resigned the chair to Mr. Dav
Dr. Masters announced the awards
and Floral Committees, and
objects exhibited, in the
the Rev. M. J. Berke
until February 16

SCIENT
Pres.

The Deadly "Sleeping Sickness."

In the early part of 1901, the disease known as "sleeping sickness," or "negro lethargy," first made its appearance in Uganda, and was identified by some of the medical missionaries attached to the Church Missionary Society at Mengo. The ravages of the disease were most marked along the northern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza and Busoga, especially in the localities bordering on the Victoria Nile. The native chiefs, who have kept a record of the cases, as far as possible, state that up of the present time about 50,000 persons have died of the disease. In May or June of the present year the Royal Society, aided by the Government, appointed a Medical Commission, consisting of Dr. Low, Dr. Christy, and Dr. Castellani, to investigate the disease, and these gentlemen are at present conducting their inquiries in Uganda. Dr. Christy has already made a tour through Busoga, one of the most infected districts. He describes it as a once magnificent country, well wooded and well watered, and, evidently, once thickly populated, but now it is, over a considerable area, merely a jungle and tangled waste, almost without inhabitants. For several days' marches the banana plantations had reverted to silent primaeval forest; roads and pathways were overgrown, and signs of recent human life were nil. Three times Dr. Christy passed corpses on the roadway. In each case it required close inspection to be sure whether it was a person asleep or dead, so indicative of sleep were the attitudes. In one case the body lay with the eyes closed, the knees drawn up, while one hand held an open umbrella. There was a mark on the knee where many passersby must have caught hold of the corpse and tried to wake him, under the impression that he was merely asleep. In another case, a woman sat by the side of a grass shelter apparently fast asleep, but dead. A little distance from the road were occasionally to be seen the remains of bodies dragged thither by the hyaenas. Many empty and unkempt huts told their own silent tale, and at one place a whole village was found deserted. When a member of a family is attacked with the disease he is usually turned out by the rest, or put into a hut by himself. If several of a family are affected, the healthy ones leave the district. It is a slow disease, often taking many months before reaching a fatal termination.

Peronospora

M. DE BRAZZA'S WORK.

M. de Brazza was sent first to the Congo some time about the year 1875, and has since that time been engaged there in exploring and seeking a trade route from the coast up to Stanley Pool, the point where navigable water extending 900 miles into the interior begins. His first journey was along the Ogowe, following that river to the mountain, and then striking the Congo at Stanley Pool. This route, he said, would be the best one for tapping the Congo in the interest of French commerce. Subsequently he advocated another route, starting from the west coast at Banga and reaching the Congo at the same point. His second route, from Banga, is also of much greater length than along the banks of the Congo. The Minister of Foreign Affairs placed a sum of 10,000f. at his disposal, and later the Minister of Public Instruction urged him to continue with Dr. Ballay the work he had commenced in 1875. After his first campaign of three years he left Europe again on the 27th of December, 1879. The Minister of Marine then placed M. de Brazza at the disposition of the French Committee of the African International Association, and with its assent he established two stations for scientific and humanitarian purposes, leaving two Europeans in charge. One of these stations was established on the Upper Ogowe and served as a point of departure for opening the road to the Congo; the other on the Congo itself, at Stanley Pool. His first station on the Upper Ogowe is called Franceville, near to Nghimi, in the country of the Ondonmbos and the Aoumbos. Then it was, according to M. de Brazza, that King Makoko, whose kingdom lies on the Congo, around Stanley Pool, sought his friendship, assisted by his influence the negotiations with the Onbandjis, and on the 10th of September, 1880, asked the protection of the French flag against hostilities which were likely anew to break out on the Congo of the interior between the natives and the Europeans, whose approach he announced. He then gave assent to the signing of the now celebrated treaty which led to so much curious speculation as to France's scheme of conquering and annexing Central Africa.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

This treaty was ratified by the French government. M. de Brazza returned to Paris, was fêted and lionized. He was presented with a gold medal moreover, and the French papers glorified him with all the homage of their largest type. He returned to Africa, and, sailing boldly up the Congo, hauled down one of Stanley's flags. The French government supplied him liberally with arms, and for some time there were wild rumors abroad that he would wage war against Stanley and drive him from the country the resources of which he has done so much to make known. In Stanley, however, he found an adversary at once courageous and diplomatic, and also on the best of terms with the dusky potentates of the Dark Continent. De Brazza was not so successful as he hoped he should be, and according to latest advices Stanley's star was in the ascendant and De Brazza's prospects were enveloped in gloom. His stations on the Upper Congo are surrounded by those of Stanley in such a manner that extension is very difficult. The occupation of Quillon, on the coast, by Stanley did De Brazza a great deal of harm, as it prevented him from carrying out his intention of occupying the whole coast from Cape Lopez to Punta Negra as far as the boundaries, of which Portugal reserves the right to herself. In the present state of affairs on the Congo, nothing but a fight between the forces of Stanley and De Brazza can fix the limits of the stations; but this is not likely to occur.

SPANISH MINISTRY.

Tyack Journal
Sept. 30 1907

GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA.

Brilliant Address by Dr. Nassau, a Returned Missionary.

If any disbeliever in foreign missions had been at the Presbyterian Church, last evening, he would have come away a convert to their support. Unexpectedly the congregation was favored with an address by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, upon his work as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board for forty-six years on the west coast of Africa. To say that it was of intense interest is faint praise. In the first place, Dr. Nassau's personality is very attractive, his clear blue eyes, as bright as a youth's, his abundant snowy hair and his fresh complexion adding to the charm of his manner and speech.

If it were possible to reproduce the picture of his long life in the Dark Continent as presented by him! but only fragmentary suggestions can be given. Speaking of the beginning of his mission there Dr. Nassau mentioned the strangeness of everything; not a familiar leaf, tree or plant; hardly an animal, save the cat, a kind of dog, goat, a woolless sheep, chickens and ducks; but in the forests the elephant, and other large game; while in the streams, the highways of travel, abounded the hippopotamii, the only wild beasts he feared. Those dreadful open jaws are a terror to him, even to-day. The native African never enslaved is entirely different from the negroes of this country. As found by the speaker the people were wonderfully acute, quick to read character from the expression of the eye, the mouth, and general appearance, and when once convinced of sincerity they gave a noble confidence, respect and affection.

The territory occupied by the Presbyterian mission covers some three hundred miles on the west coast, and is under the political control of three different nations. The southern third—the Gaboon region—is held by France, the northern—the Cameroon—by Germany, and the middle section by Spain. In conformity with governmental control, the missionaries are compelled to teach, in addition to the vernacular, the French, German and Spanish languages in their respective holdings; a task that makes doubly difficult the work. Until three years ago, there was not a Christian visitor to the mission, and only at rare intervals any one from civilization. Yet the speaker had come to love deeply his work, even its deprivations, and the people themselves.

Dr. Nassau said that the chief obstacle to be overcome is the extreme superstition of the natives and their belief in witchcraft. In closing, he referred to an incident when his own life was in danger from two natives, one of whom afterwards came under his influence, was educated and finally became an effective pastor among his people. In a continuance of that work his hope and confidence are placed.

Edward B. Reinsen, at Nyack.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, who spoke at the Presbyterian Church last evening, was the guest over Sunday of his former classmate at Princeton University, the Rev. H. A. Harlow, of LaVeta Place. Dr. Nassau is to give an address at Columbia University, New York, this evening. He is an accomplished and inspiring speaker.

ss of Journal.....

WEST AFRICAN WOMEN.

By Miss MARY KINGSLEY.

I do not desire to say anything uncivil about any lady, but I sincerely wish that the African woman had not imposed upon the mind of the African explorer the idea she was a downtrodden worm, because, by so doing, she has made it almost impossible for anyone to write about her calmly without coming to be regarded as unfeeling. Now, if I tell you that the African lady is a very cheerful personage, that she has a temper of her own, and so on, what would you think? Most likely that I am unfeeling, or, being a woman, spiteful—and you would be wrong, and I should unintentionally have led you astray; for, truth to tell, I do not think anyone is fonder of African women than I am, and I am sure no one esteems more highly their kindliness, shrewdness, and sound judgment. But I cannot weep over them as worms. If I had a tear for their affairs, I would drop it for the man who roused the anger of the African woman.

I remember two minor tragedies that I think justify me. Once upon a time down in Ka Kongo there was anxiety in the hearts of some friends of mine, white men—traders, I need not say—who had acquired from the Government a large tract of land, and left it as it was, unused. The Government, intent either on progress or acquiring money—the things are so mixed in West Africa that it is difficult to decide which—determined to levy a tax upon all land that was not cultivated. My friends, on receiving their tax-papers, were smitten with an ardour for Agriculture impossible adequately to describe in brief, but your trader never recklessly plunges into wild expenditure. "Sufficient is enough," and the Head Agent decided that manioc just dotted about the property, sufficiently far apart to allow of each plant having a chance of developing unhindered by the shade of its neighbour, would be the best form of Agriculture to meet the case.

Now when the Head Agent of a factory thinks a thing it is like a sea captain thinking. The thing in question is done, and, unless Fate interferes—there are no ifs or huts about it. So a gang of professional agriculturists were hired to plant that manioc. Ladies are agriculturists in West Africa. The under-junior assistant was told off to superintend the undertaking. The under-junior assistant in a well-conducted factory has to do everything he is told, whether he likes it or not.

Well, if I remember rightly, it was on a Monday morning, about eleven, when the powers that be were calmly attending to their duty to the Firm in beach and counting-house and shop. Strange sounds came from the agricultural district, sounds of strife and discord, and the English word "Help!" That word never fell on deaf ears with my friends, so Head Agent, sub-agent, storekeeper, and bookkeeper flew as one man in the direction of that appeal, and saw a sort of black haycock of considerable size in the middle of the field. From the heart of that haycock came English words—great, strong words. The awesome presence of the powers scattered the haycock, and the employer of the English language in question got up and continued his remarks, to the accompaniments of "Get along, White Man," "Suppose you Dandy-Boy," "Head big too much," "Yah! Chei Hei!" "You dirty water-price bundle," "I 'spectable married woman," "Boom Dios," and much more in African. The Head Agent commanded calm, and all ended happily. It seems that the under-junior assistant, desiring to carry cut orders, found great difficulty in doing so, owing to the ladies who were planting manioc gathering into groups, and placing the slips too close together while they carried on conversation. Of course this would not end in a sufficient area being brought under cultivation, so he had striven, all through a long hot morning, to break up the groups. The ladies obeyed, up to a point; but when it came to the use of swear-words to the effect that they must plant "one, one," namely, far apart and out of convenient conversational range with each other, they would not stand it, and they "went for" him. Those women who tilled the soil were not worms.

Tragedy number two took place under our own Government. There was a beautiful young black Government official, in uniform complete, and Fate ordained one day that he should be told off to superintend the coaling of a little gun-boat. The coaling was being done by ladies. He, full of zeal and desirous of demonstrating it, shouted, talked, and gave directions to those ladies, as he stood, uniform and all, under the Government flag, on the Government quay. They went on with their work merrily, and paid no attention to him. Presently other Government officials being about, he, still desirous of demonstrating zeal, cuffed one of the ladies and said something disagreeable. They turned upon him, threw him into the thin black batter that goes for water in that part of her Majesty's dominions, and went on with their work. A sicker chicken than that man when he [illegible] form you could not see for mud, and the other Government officials behaved in an unfeeling way. They roared with laughter.

"So much," as old Peter Heylin would say, for the working-class African woman. The African aristocrat woman I will tell you about some day if you desire it. In conclusion, I must draw your attention to the fact that there was one African explorer who understood African women, he no less than the man who first discovered the outfalls of the Niger River, Richard Lander. I beg to give you his own words: "I take this opportunity of expressing my high admiration of the amiable conduct of the African females towards me. In sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, their kindness and affection were ever the same. They have danced and sung with me in health, grieved with me in sorrow, and shed tears of compassion at the recital of my misfortunes. When quite a boy, and suffering from fever in the West Indies, women of the same race used to take me in their arms, or on their knees, sing and weep over me and tell me not to die, for that my mother would break her heart to hear the news; and pointing to the ocean, they cheered my spirits by saying that it laved the shores of England, and would shortly bear me on its bosom to my distant home. In fine, through whatever region I have wandered, whether slave or free, I have invariably found a chord of tenderness and trembling pity to vibrate in the breast of an African woman; a spirit ever alive to soothe my sorrows and compassionate my afflictions, and I never in my life knew one of them to bestow on me a single unpleasant look or angry word." I, infinitely inferior to Lander, and only a woman of his race at best, yet with a wide knowledge of African women, say, with all my heart, his appreciation of them has been justified in my experience; and never a single unpleasant look or angry word have I had from an African woman. Many a time have I had angry words from African men, and have just said, "Stuff; don't make a fool of yourself. Where is your mother?" "I'll tell your mother" is no idle threat to a West African, who is a man, and not a mere bye-product, as chemists would say, of what is called civilisation, for the African man loves his mother with a love he gives no other living being. Elsewhere I have tried to tell you how in West Africa women have their private property legally on an equality with man; how they have great tribal societies; how they can only be kept in order by the men playing some variety of Mumbo Jumbo upon them. They never completely believe that the men's secret society is really a great spirit. They have a great secret society of their own, you see; but, nevertheless, they fear the secret society of the men because it can take their children and their chickens, and hit them with whips, nay, even kill them, and, similarly, their secret society is feared by the men, for the women do the cooking, and can put bush in their chop, and the West African man knows what that means—sickness and trouble. But to give you a good, true picture of the African woman I cannot. I can only say—well, who has done it of the better known English woman, though there have been scores of great writers trying to do it for years? And to my mind, among living writers, only two have got near success, namely, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, of "Many Cargoes," whose ladies are a constant source of joy to me, as I recognise that, given the conditions Mr. Jacobs gives them, reasonable women would naturally behave like that, and Julius Stinde, who wrote down Frau Buchholtz and the Buchholtz Family at large.

FAREWELL SERVICES

"The Presbyterian church of Merryall signalized the departure of Miss Arminda W. Elliott to the missionary field in China by appropriate services on Tuesday, January ~~M~~. 22 1901

"In the afternoon a missionary service was held in the church and an address made by Rev. John S. Stewart, D. D., of Towanda. The special farewell service was held in the evening. Missionary hymns were sung by the choir and short addresses were made by Rev. T. Thomas, Rev. T. S. Armentrout, Rev. Edward Kennedy and Dr. J. S. Stewart. These addresses were followed by a beautiful farewell address by Miss Elliott, based upon the Twenty-third Psalm; simple, fervent and touching in the extreme. Every heart melted as she spoke so calmly and sweetly of her trust in the Lord and her joy in the prospect of laboring for him among the heathen. Her pastor, Rev. M. L. Cook, followed with a short farewell that came from the heart and went to the heart; a talk as from a father to a dear child. He received her into the church a few years ago and has been her sympathising counselor in all her preparations and training for missionary work at Northfield and Chicago. It is no wonder that his loving, tender words brought tears to all eyes Then came the closing prayer, when the consecrated girl knelt upon the platform and the clergymen present were grouped about her as her pastor led in prayer. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and closed with deep solemnity a memorable servi e.

"The church was well filled at both services. Visitors were present from Herrick, Camptown, Stevensville, Wyalusing and other adjacent places. None of them will ever forget the brave girl who has gone alone, save for the presence of her Lord, into a dark 'and, full of the habitations of cruelty. and where last summer 200 missionaries and 40,000 native christians were slain for their testimony to the blood of Jesus. But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and so it is proving already in China. The cry is ' Forward!" A thousand blessings upon this Bradford county girl who has answered the cry and started with joy and confidence for her distant home. Another Merryall girl, a member of the Presbyterian church in that place, is already in the field in China. Happy church and happy women! When the Lord maketh up his jewels they will shine in his crown of rejoicing forever."

29 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
NEW YORK. (Cable Aytcholt.)

February 27, 1907

Dear Sir:

We much regret that after careful consideration we are not encouraged to believe the public would support us should we undertake your

"Where Animals Talk,"

tho from our readers' opinions we think it possible that if you would select a smaller number of the best of these tales, some other publisher might reach a different conclusion. We publishers, as you know, like doctors, disagree.

What shall we do with the manuscript?

With thanks for the honor you have done us, and renewed regret at the conclusion circumstances force upon us

Very truly yours,
Henry Holt and Company,
H. Holt Vice-President.

Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. S. L. AGNEW, D. D., LL. D.,
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
Rev. W. W. HEBERTON, D. D.,
TREASURER.

"The Presbyterian Board of Relief
FOR
Disabled Ministers and the
Widows and Orphans of Deceased Ministers,"
WITHERSPOON BUILDING, 1319 WALNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA

A. CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT.
Rev. S. T. LOWRIE, D. D.,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

Oct. 26th, 1907.

Rev. R. Hamill Nassau, D.D.,

424 W. Chelten Avenue,

Germantown, Philada.

Dear Dr. Nassau,

Your letter of the 25th inst. has been received, and I am glad to hear that you have been placed upon the Roll of Honor by action of New Brunswick Presbytery, in view of your long, and faithful, and successful service in the Presbyterian Church.

From the depth of my heart I wish the Honorarium we are authorized to pay our Honorably Retired ministers was very much larger than it is. Such, however, as it is, you certainly deserve it, and I hope that in some way "God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Yours Sincerely,

S. L. Agnew

Corresponding Secretary.

Rev. R. H. Nassau, who for the past six months has been pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city, has been called to Philadelphia and left for that city Wednesday. Dr. Nassau, during his stay with us, has endeared himself to our people and they regret his departure.

From "Freehold Trans Transcript" Nov 6 1908

NUMBER 10.

TABLET TO DR. CHANDLER

UNVEILED AT FREEHOLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SUNDAY.

Addresses by Representatives of Synod and Presbytery.—Addresses Also Made by Messrs. Cowart and McDermott.

Services commemorative of the late Rev. Frank Chandler, D.D., for nearly 29 years pastor of the Freehold Presbyterian church, were held last Sunday morning, November 1st, 1908, when a bronze memorial tablet was unveiled to his memory. A large audience was present, including a number of the former members of the church and congregation now making their homes in other places but present to witness the ceremonies. The Synod of New Jersey and the Presbytery of Monmouth were represented by delegates, and there was also present a delegation from the First Presbyterian church of Asbury Park, to which church Dr. Chandler went after leaving Freehold. Another visitor whom all the people delighted to greet was Mrs. Chandler, whose sweet and tactful disposition endeared her to all, and whose labors and influence during the pastorate of Dr. Chandler were a considerable factor in the successful work that Dr. Chandler was able to accomplish in the Freehold church. Another interesting feature of the occasion was the appearance in the choir of Misses McClure and Perrine, whose long service will be remembered. They had a special part in the program as will be seen below.

After a few introductory words by the pastor, Rev. A. W. Remington, Elder Samuel Craig Cowart made the presentation of the tablet, which was unveiled at the proper moment by Eleanor Conover and John McMurtrie. In opening Mr. Cowart said the influence of former lives is still active today. The calendar shows the years have passed but the influences of these years are still present. This is the 23rd anniversary of the close of the pastorate of Dr. Chandler, and the 70th anniversary of the installation of the first pastor. Rev. Daniel V. McLean, D.D. Memorable days to the Presbyterian church of Freehold have passed since that time. Of all those members of the church who gathered at the installation only four remain. The oldest member of the church now living is Mrs. Mary A. McClees, who became a member in 1840. The others are Mrs. Mary A. Patterson, who joined in 1848, Mrs. Jane E. Craig who joined in 1854, and Miss Elizabeth W. Barkalow, who became a member in 1855, a year before Dr. Chandler became pastor of the church. Mr. Cowart also noted the interesting fact that during all the time of her membership in the church Miss Barkalow has been a member of the Sunday-school, either as teacher or scholar. Today we commemorate the pastorate of Dr. Chandler, of 29 years, from 1857 to 1885. We meet to honor his memory. Referring to the members of long ago he said he remembered the familiar click of the cane of Elder Amos Richardson (who was totally blind), as he made his way along the church to the prayer-meeting room in the rear. He also recalled Elder Andrew Perrine, who was a regular attendant upon the services in all seasons and all weathers. Elder Gilbert W. Solomon, Joel Parker, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Alice Forman, Mrs. Margaret Forman, J. F. T. Forman, and many others, long since gone, were also called to mind, all of whom were co-laborers with Dr. Chandler in the work that he was able to accomplish in Freehold, and helped to make that work successful. In recalling these names we think of the glorious history of this church in Freehold.

At this point the tablet, which is located on the north side of the church about midway, was unveiled. The tablet was cast by the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company, Art Founders, at Mount Vernon, New York. It is three feet wide and two feet high. The entire tablet is of bronze. The background is matted so that the raised letters of the inscription which are of polished bronze stand out plainly and brilliantly as the sunlight strikes them. The border is also of polished bronze with ornamental corners. The inscription reads:

"In Loving Memory of
Frank Chandler, D.D.,
Pastor of this Church
1857—1885
Faithful and Beloved."

The whole effect is rich and tasteful.

Continuing Elder Cowart said: "This tablet bears two words which describe the character of Dr. Chandler—"Faithful and Beloved." He was a powerful preacher, and powerful in prayer. He was an inspiration to his people; sympathetic and kind, and brought to the service of the church all the zeal and enthusiasm of his nature. While these words—"Faithful and beloved"—but feebly express our sentiment of love and veneration for his memory, yet I feel that I could not say more were my sentences miles long.

In accepting the tablet for the Trustees of the church Mr. Frank P. McDermott of Jersey City, said Dr. Chandler was pre-eminently a pastor, an ardent educator, foremost in every work of civic and moral reform. In all these branches of activity he was a leader, but it was to his church that he gave all that was best in his life and effort. He came to this church fresh from the Seminary and gathered about him here a distinguished body of men, eminent in piety and in civil and political life. He also gathered about him a body of educated, eloquent young men ever ready to join him in the work of the church. Also a great body of pious and honorable women, a great and united congregation who joined heartily with him in building this magnificent church. His pre-eminent quality was earnest fidelity to purpose. This church was his life during his waking hours, and if he dreamed I have no doubt that his dreams were of her. Mr. McDermott expressed the thought that the need of the church today is for men of broader sympathy and greater fidelity, rather than of greater learning. He spoke of Dr. Chandler's genius for organization in every branch of church work, of his strength as a preacher—of his power in prayer. He said Dr. Chandler's prayers were transcendent in their eloquence and beauty, and that in them he led the worshipper in a spirit of devotion. He was a power for good in the community, but especially a power in the church. It is proper that this church should have a tangible representation of the love and respect which the people felt for him which shall remain as long as these walls stand. So may it remain as a memorial to the departed and as an incentive to those present to the best endeavor to reach the heights of spiritual accomplishment.

Dr. Nassau, representing the Synod of New Jersey, said it was no small dignity to represent this venerable body, to bear to you their greetings and join with you on this memorable occasion. This is one of the most important churches in the ten presbyteries

(Concluded on page 2)

ABLET TO DR. CHANLER.

[Continued from page 1.]

making up the Synod. It is outranked in membership by only two. Synod does not forget the strategic importance of the Freehold church. It looks back to colonial and revolutionary times. It has furnished men eminent in educational lines. It has furnished representatives in the executive, the judicial and the legislative offices of the state; also honorable women, not a few. In speaking of his personal relations with Dr. Chandler, Dr. Nassau said he wished to be permitted to lay aside his dignity of being a messenger from Synod and address those present as friends, speaking to them of Dr. Chandler as he knew him. He said that when he first made the acquaintance of "Chandler," as he spoke to him and of him in college days and after, he was but a sophomore and his friend was a man grown. I might have been afraid of this grown man, but when he took my hand in his strong grasp I knew I had found a friend. His conversation was always cheerful and no matter what may have been his perplexities and troubles he always looked upon the bright side of things, the sunshine of his nature always being a prominent characteristic. And though they were afterward rivals for class honors it was an honorable rivalry and in no way interferred with their friendship. It was a large class of 80 that graduated. Of the first twelve of the class only two are today living. We were separated during our theological course, as I did not enter the Seminary until two years later, but when I was ordained by Presbytery "Chandler" joined in laying on ordaining hands. Oceans and continents have since separated us, as I have been in Mission work in Africa, but we kept up occasional correspondence. I did not know him as a pastor, but I knew him in college as a man of brains, and always considered it a privilege to call him my friend. He was naturally a man of great activity. He was one of the founders of Monmouth Presbytery, which was formerly a part of the great Presbytery of New Brunswick. Dr. Chandler said to some of the members who failed to attend Presbytery when held in rather out-of-the-way places, "If you will not come and help us by your counsel, let us alone, let us go by ourselves and build up a presbytery of our own." The speaker in concluding mentioned the fact that Dr. Chandler was a man of almost ceaseless activity, so anxious that things should go forward that he often took the work which others should do in his own hands and performed it himself. He also referred to some occasions when Dr. Chandler had been of great aid to him in his personal and private affairs.

Rev. B. S. Everitt, D.D., of Jamesburg, Moderator of the Presbytery of Monmouth, was the last speaker. His address follows:

Rev. Frank Chandler was ordained May 19, 1857, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and installed pastor at Freehold. He was one of the original 12 ministers that constituted the Presbytery of Monmouth in October, 1859. At the reunion in 1870 he became a member of the enlarged Presbytery and remained in its connection till the day of his death, May 12th, 1894. His whole ministry except the first and second years was spent ecclesiastically as a member of that body. He always held an influential place, and occupied several times the office of Moderator; was its treasurer from its organization till the reunion in 1870. He three times represented the Presbytery in the General Assembly: At Peoria, Ill., in 1863; Philadelphia, Pa., in 1870; Madison, Wis., 1880. When in 1887 by the rule of rotation in the Synod of New Jersey, it was the turn of the Presbytery of Monmouth to have preference for the Moderator's chair, his co-presbyters unanimously recommended Dr. Chandler for the place, and the Synod conferred on him the honor, making him Moderator, and as such he presided at the meeting of Synod in Asbury Park in October, 1887, and preached the opening sermon the following year.

The meeting of the Presbytery at Keyport in October, 1894, made the remarkable record of the deaths of three of its prominent ministers during the previous six months: Rev. Frank Chandler, D.D., May 12; Rev. Joseph F. Symmes, D.D., June 23, and Rev. Rufus Taylor, D.D., August 18.

Of Dr. Chandler, his death and his work it made record thus: "Presbytery has been greatly shocked and grieved by the news of the sudden death of our Co-Presbyter, Rev. Frank Chandler, D.D. The event has filled all hearts with profound sorrow and comes to his fellow members of this body with a deep sense of loss. From the organization of the Presbytery; by his constant attendance, intelligent attention and earnest participation in all its affairs, he occupied an influential position. We also express our sense of the great loss sustained by the Church (Asbury Park) thus bereaved of their pastor. In the good work in which they are engaged they will miss his counsel and encouragement. But we feel relieved to know that this work has reached a point whence it cannot go back. The workers die, but the work goes on."

Dr. Chandler as a Presbyter filled many important chairmanships in the Presbytery, notably that of candidates for the ministry, and his deep interest in them, his tender care, encouragement and counsel helped many a young man through the trials of his student life. He was also an active member of its Home Mission Committee and made many a tedious trip through the then sandy roads to the mission fields along the whole coast, and not a few of the newer churches owe their organization and continued life to his efforts and nurturing care.

The Co-Presbyters who so long and happily labored with him are nearly all gone, either to other earthly fields or to their heavenly reward. As a fellow student with him in the Seminary, and like him always as a minister a member of the same Synod, and for 25 years of the same Presbytery, I am glad on this interesting occasion to add my word of high appreciation of his character, his friendship and his work. Also my commendation of this appropriate memorial placed by the loving friends and Christian saints with whom he labored so long and who, by God's blessing, he was able to help so often and so greatly.

The changes in the Presbytery are in these days very rapid, and but seven are pastors of our churches now who were pastors when Dr. Chandler died in 1894, 14 years ago, and one of these, dear Dr. Swain, laid aside from full work. Of the members of the original Presbytery, 1 alone remain, and yet the few of us who knew and worked with Dr. Chandler in those past years cherish for him fond memories and join our hearts today with his beloved friends here in giving permanence to those hallowed memories in this enduring tablet, and may God bless us all.

A letter was read from Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, D.D., of Ontario, Canada, who succeeded Dr. Chandler in the Freehold church. Other letters and telegrams were also received from those invited to be present but unable to come.

The following historical memorandum appeared on the last page of the program:

Rev. Frank Chandler, D.D., was born in Newark, N. J., May 26, 1831. He graduated from Princeton College in 1854 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1857. From May 19, 1857 to November 1, 1885, a period of twenty-nine years, he was the devoted pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Freehold, N. J., and largely through his untiring efforts the present handsome edifice of this church was erected and dedicated to the service of God, in 1873. He resigned this pastorate in order to devote himself to the Presidency of the Freehold Young Ladies' Seminary, in whose welfare he was deeply interested, with other citizens of Freehold. In the year 1888 he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church of Asbury Park, N. J., of which he was pastor until his death on May 12, 1894.

The program follows:

Organ Voluntary.....Mrs. John B. Conover
Invocation.....Rev Arthur W. Remington
Anthem—"Love Divine".....Mendelssohn
Mrs. Redfield and Mrs. Remington.
Messrs. Hall and Redfield.
Reading of Scriptures—Psalm CXLV,
Rev. Arthur W. Remington
Hymn No. 304—"The Church's One Foundation."
Prayer.....Rev. Arthur W. Remington
Offering and Offertory Prayer.
Hymn No. 489—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."
Presentation of Tablet to Board of Trustees,
Samuel Craig Cowart
Unveiling of Tablet
Eleanor Conover and John McMurtrie
Address of Acceptance on behalf of the Trustees.....Frank P. McDermott
Duet—"Hark, Hark My Soul".....Shelly
Miss Belle H. McClure
Miss Jennie A. Perrine
Synodical Greetings and Personal Reminiscences of Dr. Chandler,
Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, D.D., Delegate from the Synod of New Jersey.
Greetings from Presbytery of Monmouth,
Rev. B. S. Everitt, D.D., Moderator.
Hymn No. 139—Coronation
Choir and Congregation (Standing)
Benediction.

The Freehold Transcript, 8 to 12 pages—$1

From Easton, Pa. "Free Press"
Sat'y, Jan'y 23' 1909

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HOW THE FIRST GORILLA WAS SENT TO AMERICA.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau who visited Easton a short time ago is a missionary of high scientific attainments. While in Africa he prepared three volumes and made much research into the habits of the people and the productions of the country. In 1878 he had the distinction of sending to the United States the first complete specimen of a gorilla ever brought into this country, and with it a gorilla baby. The height of the gorilla was four feet, four inches and weighed about 180 pounds. The legs were 21½ inches long and were in striking contrast with its arms which were 38½ inches in length. Dr. Nassau sent these animals in a cask of spirits and presented them to Thomas G. Morton, M.D., ~~a professor~~ in the ~~Medical department~~ of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Morton presented these specimens to the Academy of Natural Science. No man in America has been more eminent in the study of the human cranium than Dr. Morton, his collection of skulls amounting to more than 700 if the writer remembers correctly.

This gorilla was dissected in the presence of a large company of physicians gathered from Chicago, Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Great interest was aroused especially in reference to the brain. Later Dr. Nassau sent additional specimens of the gorilla brain. These have been carefully examined and noted in Science, Vol. 19, page 240. In later years Dr. Nassau resided on the west coast of equatorial Africa. He gave special attention to the superstitions of the people which he has described in a volume on Fetichism, which has been published with copious illustrations and describes many of the vile doings of this degraded race who have great faith in many mysterious arts.

Dr. Nassau is residing with one of his sons at 424 W. Chelten avenue, Germantown, Pa. Dr. Nassau's home was in Easton until he was 18 years of age. He is filling many engagements to speak concerning the Dark Continent.

ARE YOU ENJOYING THE ECONO-

Phila Inq 29
Jan 1909

SLAVERY IN CONGO SAID ROOT

Insists Belgium Shall Grant Freedom to Natives

That the natives of a large portion of the independent State of Congo have been reduced to a condition closely approximating actual slavery by the rule of Belgium, is the remarkable statement made by Secretary of State Root.

This appears in the course of correspondence between Secretary Root and Baron Moncheur, the Belgian minister to the United States, which was made public last night.

Permission to publish the letters was received from Washington yesterday by John Daniels, corresponding secretary of the Congo Reform Association, Boston.

ROOT'S FIVE DEMANDS

Baron Moncheur, on Nov. 4 last, sent Secretary Root a note informing him of the acquisition of the Congo Free State by Belgium and stating that the Belgian government would "promptly issue exequaturs to consular officers of the governments which request it." Secretary Root sent a lengthy reply on Jan. 11, in which he voiced five principal demands as follows:

1. A specific assurance from Belgium that she will respect the Brussels act of 1890, of which the United States is a full signatory, and especially Article 2, as quoted, providing for the humane treatment of the natives.
2. The abolition of the labor tax.
3. The restoration to the natives of land formerly held by them according to native communal customs.
4. The institution of the freedom of trade guaranteed by the treaty of 1891 between the United States and the Congo.
5. An agreement to submit to arbitration economic and commercial questions which shall prove especially difficult of settlement otherwise.

Easton "Free Press"

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Nov. 13 1908

EASTO

TWO INTERESTING HISTORICAL PAPERS

Presented Before County Historical Society By Dr. McIntire and Charles Stewart.

EASTON AWAY BACK IN 1843

This and Some Reminiscences of Dr. Vanderveer's Famous School, Which Many of Our Older Citizens Attended, Held the Close Attention of Their Hearers—New Members Elected, Others Proposed.

The Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society held a very interesting session last eveniug, in the auditorium of the Easton Public Library. The society now has a membership of nearly 100. At last evening's meeting, nineteen new members were elected and thirteen applications for membership received.

The society also inaugurated its new policy of having monograpns on subjects of local interest, and the meeting proved to be exceptionably enjoyable for that reason. President Rev. J. C. Clyde, D.D., was in the chair and introduced the speakers.

Dr. McIntire's Paper.

Based on a packet of letters of the period, authorship withheld for the sake of modesty, Dr. Charles McIntire, read an interesting paper giving "A Peep In Easton in 1843." Besides pointing the way for successful effort to the amateur historian the reader drew the moral of the method at the outstart, namely that there is a wealth of local history to be gleaned by many members of the society from material in their possession.

Much was found in the letters as to the religious life of the community. A January letter mentioned protracted services held by Mr. Gray and the following month recorded the erection of eight new pews. In March the "ladies were working all their might for Mr. Wilson's family," a colored man who was ordained and sailed to Africa as a missionary. Dr. McIntire included in his paper the minutes of Newton Presbytery giving the account of the ordination of this Mr. Wilson and one of the subsequent letters quoted revealed that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson on the way to Africa and the child was named "Atlantica." In March a "Millerite" preached the end of the world in the court house to big crowds. The letters also spoke of the churches being crowded to hear John Beno, the converted Seminole Indian, preach.

From church the epistle turned to a theatre located at the foot of school house hill. Different ones of the correspondents quoted were for having the theatre suppressed as a work of iniquity and one letter-writer, whom it is fair to suspect is feminine, said in one epistle that she was going to see Burton, but the next epistle told that conscience forbade and she did not go, those matters were afoot and stirring the community in July and August. Several references told that July 4 was observed with much noise.

The ministers preached against the theatre and against a military ball which was held in the Weston Hotel by the National Guards. A lecturer on Animal Magnetism, who put a "boy to sleep who answered questions tolerably well" was on hand in July as was also a rumor that the then Secretary of War James

(Continued on page 4, column 6.)

TWO INTERESTING HISTORICAL PAPERS

Easton "Free Press" Nov. 12 1908

(Concluded from page 1.)

Madison Porter was going to send to Easton United States troops and the money was nearly all raised. But the troops did not come and the opposite party newspaper ridiculed, the failure. Temperance and moral lectures were given and a Sunday School Christmas entertainment held in the forenoon of Christmas Day at the First Church. Thursday December 21, was the Thanksgiving day set apart that year by Gov. Porter, as the reader said, "an evidence of the little regard given to Christmas as a holiday at that time."

In July of 1843 occurred the "boatmen's strike" and a letter writer on August 5 reported four weeks of turmoil and at least one fight with clubs, stones, etc. The strike lasted two months. Hundreds of boats were tied up, several hundred being in the Lehigh and the first level between Easton and Chain Dam.

"Thus we have a peep at the life in our community three score and five years ago," said Dr. McIntire summing up his able paper. "You will agree with me that the same spirit animated mankind as now. The manifestation of that spirit varies, and the environment differs, thereby making the study of interest. We, the successors may be weaker and wiser; and the present age is both for better or for worse."

Charles Stewart's Paper.

Charles Stewart gave a monograph on the famous "Vanderveer School," reading a fifty-minute paper. He spoke in part as follows:

John Vanderveer was born in Hunterdon county, N. J., in 1800, and was graduated at Princeton at the age of 17. He was an ordained minister, but gave up the ministry on account of failing health. He came permanently to Easton in 1826, having married in 1825 Miss Charlotte Cooper, daughter of Dr. John Cooper. In 1828 he opened an English and Classical school at the parsonage of the Brainerd Union school and his first pupil was E. F. Stewart, a brother of the author of the monograph. The school grew and occupied the basement of the First Presbyterian Church before he built the school and dwelling at Second and Bushkill streets. His dwelling is now occupied as a boarding house, and the school room building was converted into three dwellings on the close of his school in 1854, which are still occupied as such. Dr. Vanderveer was noted for inordinate use of chewing tobacco. He was first nicknamed "Little Johnny," and when he grew stout was called simply "Johnnie" by the boys, out of hearing, of course, and later "Old Johnnie."

His teaching was known far and wide before the public school system was established. He believed in the rod and flogged a whole class because he could not find the real ring leader from the boys. He declined the presidency of Lafayette College in 1850, closed his school in 1854 and died in 1878.

The following were the nineteen new members elected: Easton, Dr. J. F. Hunt, Dr. Louis T. J. Raschen, Nazareth, John R. Laubach, Frank Kunkel, George T. Bahnson, Bethlehem, Milton J. Shimer, Herman A. Doster, Eugene A. Rau, Abraham S. Schropp, William V. Knauss, F. C. Stout, Joseph A. Rice, Harry J. Meyers, Joseph M. Leibert, Rev. Arthur D. Thaeler, Harrison C. Desh, C. O. Brunner, George A. Chandler and Robert S. Siegel.

Easton
Semi-weekly
"Argus"

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1903.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL PAPER

Dr Vanderveer's School As Presented By Mr. Charles Stewart

AT ANNUAL MEETING

Reminiscences Of Famous Old School Attended By Eastonians

In the middle of the last century there flourished in Easton the "Vanderveer" school, the name of which is familiar to every native Eastonian of adult age. To the newcomers and the present school generation the name of the institution conveys a vague and traditional impression, if, in fact, the latest generation has ever heard of it at all. Both for the reminiscence-loving elders and for fact-gathering youth, the paper on "Dr. Vanderveer's School," read by Mr. Charles Stewart at the recent meeting of the Northampton Historical and Genealogical society possesses more than passing interest. Many of Easton's most learned men were taught their Greek there, and the fame of the school for Greek instruction was widespread. Mr. Stewart's pen picture of the school is the painting of one who was taught himself by this one of Easton's famous pedagogues. The paper will be published in instalments within the next few days, of which this is the first:

At the request of the society under whose auspices we have met to-night, I am here to pay my humble tribute to the memory of Dr. Vanderveer, my revered preceptor.

I will speak first of the man himself and then of his method of instruction, interspersing what I have to say with some anecdotes illustrative of the many-sided character of the man and throwing light upon his actions in and out of school that in the course of time have, I fear, been grossly distorted.

John Vanderveer was born May 5, 1800, in Hunterdon county, New Jersey. In 1817 he came to Easton to be an assistant to Rev. David Bishop, who was the principal of a private English and classical school, Mr. Bishop being, in addition to his vocation as teacher, the stated supply of the First Presbyterian church of Easton. Mr. Vanderveer had a short time before graduated at Princeton College of seventeen. That he came well prepared for his position so far as talents, scholarship and character are concerned, is logically inferable from his subsequent career. He remained in Easton as assistant teacher till 1819, when he left to prepare for his chosen profession, the preaching of the Gospel. To this end he pursued his studies in theology in the New Brunswick Seminary of the Dutch Reformed church, and was licensed to preach in 1823. Called to a Presbyterian church at Phillipsburg, Pa., he was ordained as a minister of the word, but on account of failing health was reluctantly obliged to give up his charge in 1826, and came to Easton, where in 1825 he had married Miss Charlotte Cooper, daughter of Dr. John Cooper, whom I well remember as one of the principal physicians of this borough, a fine specimen of the courtly gentlemen of the olden time, whose cheery smile brought light and gladness into the home of the sick. Dr. Cooper was the owner of the farm upon which South Easton is built and which was purchased of him by the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company, for the purpose primarily of securing land on which to construct their canal, the balance of the farm being laid out in building lots and streets.

In 1828, Mr. Vanderveer, after carefully scanning the ground, left practically unoccupied by any well qualified educator since the death of Rev. Bishop, in 1822, opened an English and classical school at the northeast corner of Fourth and Spring Garden streets, in the building now owned by the Brainerd Union church and occupied as their parsonage. During the first year he had but twelve scholars, the first name of the list being that of my brother, the late Edward F. Stewart. In the same year, or early in the following year, came Traill Green and William Henry Green. The popularity of the school increasing rapidly as the improved conditions of educational matters became a subject of public comment, the room for the school became straitened and Mr. Vanderveer was permitted to occupy, for school purposes, the basement beneath the north end of the First Presbyterian church, where he continued to teach, while his dwelling and school room were being built at the northeast corner of Second and Bushkill streets. His dwelling is now occupied as a boarding-house under the name of "The Vanderveer," the school room, shortly after he closed his school in 1854, being converted into three dwelling houses, occupied as such to-day.

When Mr. Vanderveer came to Easton he was in ill health, his run down condition, as he himself told me when I became his assistant in 1847, being referable to his hard work in his pastorate, but more particularly, to his inordinate use of chewing tobacco. His father-in-law persuaded him to stop chewing at once, and he then began chewing small hickory chips, a plentiful supply of which he continued to carry in the pockets of his vest. On this supply of chips he made rapid draught the moment he became excited in his work; in fact, we boys grew to regard his recourse to his pockets as a harbinger of danger ahead—a prophecy of ill omen. 'Twas then those mild gray eyes flashed fire and that serene brow became clothed as with a thunder cloud. In those early days he was nicknamed "Little Johnnie." Soon after abandoning the use of tobacco and his adoption of a systematic method of out-door exercise, particularly in his garden, supplemented by his daily walks through the streets of our town, he took on adipose and a strong, healthful, muscular development gave him a very dignified appearance, in fact, he became a handsome man, and was then known to the boys simply as "Johnnie."

When subsequently years of toil and a sense of the great responsibility he was bearing in the moulding of the character and shaping the destiny of the one hundred and twenty-five pupils in his school, had crowned his head with gray, he was spoken of as "Old Johnnie."

Mr. Vanderveer was a Christian gentleman, who, while always approachable and ready to engage in profitable conversation, never forgot or laid aside the dignity of his profession, his countenance while on the street revealing the serious view he took of life and saying as plainly as words could utter it, "It is a serious matter to live, for life in this world is but the vestibule to an eternal life in the great beyond." Speaking of his daily walks for health after the close of the day's work, his swinging stride could be seen on every street, as with eyes and ears alert he walked with dignified step, yet with sufficient speed to ensure healthful, vigorous exercise. He was eyes and ears for his scholars, for he strove to utilize each moment in appropriating from incidents observed, pabulum to be imparted in his daily lectures to the young immortals committed to his charge. Did he notice an intoxicated person, or his ears catch the senseless mutterings of such an one, he would be sure to refer to the dangerous practice of toying with such indulgences, quoting those familiar lines, "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, that to be hated, needs but to be seen, but seen too oft, alas! familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Did he hear a millwright make use of the term "back lash," he would interrogate him as to its exact significance till he thoroughly understood its vigorous terseness, and would then talk to his school about the after claps of sinful practices of any and every kind that affected the mind, body and spirit and dexterously made the application that though genuine repentance might work restoration to Divine favor, the mischief done could not be repaired any more than time once past can be redeemed. You can easily see the importance of such talks.

When in walking on Front street he saw boys swimming during forbidden hours he would be sure to lecture on immodesty and insist upon it that the pupils of Minerva Seminary be pure in heart and life, avoiding sedulously the very beginning of evil through careless indifference as to improprieties, for it was as the letting out of a flood of waters through a small neglected orifice. Did he stop at the door of a foundry and observe a small tool on a lathe by slow degrees working its way into a massive casting of iron, how soon did he catch the hint and apply the lesson as to the erosive and corroding influence of what are termed small sins in undermining and destroying character.

The barrel of apples that always in seasonable times stood where his boarders had ready and welcome access to it, when he observed any decayed one in it, furnished him a text to warn us against contaminating companionship, for just as through the operation of eremacausis, the tainted fruit affected its neighbor till little by little the whole contents of the barrel became a mass of corruption, so a bad boy became a center of evil that should not be permitted to remain. Then he would quote from the Latin, "Una mala ovis omne pecus inficit." I don't think the importance of such lectures to the young and impressionable minds can be overestimated. "As the twig is bent the tree inclines," was a favorite quotation of his, and expresses a truth of much value. To us living in an age of enlightenment and progression in knowledge, those homely truths may appear trite and of little worth, but if we would rightly appreciate their value we must project ourselves backward into the long ago, when daily newspapers were unknown, when books were rare save strictly rellgious books that lacked attraction for the young, when means of communication with centers of light and information were utterly lacking, and it was only the industriously thoughtful and introspective that grew into much prominence. How different it is now, when science is taught in children's toys and all our household appointments and conveniences are provocative of thoughtful inspection, certifying that he who runs may read. When Mr. Vanderveer began to teach in 1828, seven years before the establishment of our public school system, he was a Saul among his brethren in natural and acquired qualifications as a teacher of youth. Not only was the vast majority of teachers of private schools composed of men unfitted by education for their vocation, but the public's appreciation of an education was so pitiably low as to offer no adequate compensation to the teacher as an inducement to make teaching a life work. The superannuated, or the maimed physically, or the sickly who were too feeble to work, availed themselves of the chance afforded to eke out a living for themselves and families. The normal result of this condition of matters educatlonal was a natural subsidence in knowledge and a disposition to foster ignorance. The coming of Mr. Vanderveer into our midst was a happy day not alone for Easton, but for all this section of Pennsylvania, reaching up into New York state and over into the Jerseys.

I well remember being at Mauch Chunk with Rev. Miller, my pastor, in attendance on a meeting of Presbytery. Before retiring for the night I asked him to accompany me in the morning to the top of a high hill, the road to which ran by the front of our hotel. I said, my object in ascending the hill was to obtain a view that had been described to me as well worthy of the labor of climbing. He declined at the time, but changed his mind, and in the early morning we trudged up the steep ascent, and when we reached the level ground at the top and walked to a spot from which to look down on the town, much to our chagrin the whole valley beneath us was hidden from view by a dense fog or mist. I'll never forget the expression of disgust on Mr. Miller's face, as he looked in the direction of the town; but while we were standing there, we saw the eastern horizon brightening, and as the sun appeared above the hills and his warming rays shot down into that mass of fog, we observed a slight motion in its profound depths. In a few moments the motion grew more pronounced, then a strong surging motion from side to side prevailed and grew in intensity, till, by a sudden uplift of one edge of the boiling mass, the mighty curtain was rolled

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

INTERESTING HISTORICAL PAPER

(Continued from Third Page.)

up and we looked down on a sight that was as truly enrapturing as the antecedent conditions had been awe-inspiring. Mr. Miller exclaimed, "I am more than repaid for the climb! I'll use that sight as an illustration. It reminds me of Jacob's exclamation, 'Surely this is a dreadful place; it is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven.'"

This occurrence has come to me as I have thought of the mist that eighty years ago hung heavy and very densely over this community till dispelled by the coming of John Vanderveer as a pioneer educator. My purpose is not to belittle the then conditions of matters educational and to exalt unduly Mr. Vanderveer, but I feel that fidelity to the truth not only justifies, but requires a faithful disclosure of conditions then existing, that honor may be accorded to whom honor is due. I hesitate not to assert that the praiseworthy status of our excellent public schools of to-day is directly traceable to the impetus given to education in this community by Mr. Vanderveer. His arousing the popular mind to an appreciation of an education worked wonders in inert minds by apportioning appropriate aliment to growing desires and stimulating desire for more light through a healthful assimilation of educational material offered as a mental pabulum little by little. Mr. Vanderveer was in the habit of saying that "education was a drawing out, not a cramming in." He was correct in so defining it, for just as the living germ in a grain of corn or wheat under the necessary conditions of light, heat and moisture, feeds upon the organizable material by which it is enveloped, and which is made possible of appropriation by the moisture and heat, sends down the radicle into the earth and the plumule into the light and air, on which it feeds as truly as the root does on the earth and water, so does the germ of intelligence quickened into life by penetrative interrogation follow the law of vegetable life and grow in strength and ability to appropriate the more it is stimulated by proper interrogation or drawing out of the natural powers. Mr. Vanderveer's system of persistent, penetrative working into the very heart and core of a subject was the Platonic improvement on his preceptor, Socrates' method of teaching.

It must ever be remembered in the education of children, that, as to their bodies, all are born bare-footed, and as to their minds, all are obliged to learn their letters and the multiplication table. Not a child, prince or peasant, is born with innate knowledge. All knowledge is acquired. But all children have inborn powers susceptible of indefinite development. Education is some times said to mean to feed, and just as all the members of the infant body feed upon the pabulum of life in healthy blood, so all the powers of the mind are developed by appropriate mental food administered, little by little, by a judicious instructor.

One of his old pupils, a classmate of mine, writes me "I will say this: He was the best teacher I ever heard of in his one requirement that the boy must thoroughly understand all the facts in the lesson, and be able to tell them in his own language and not in the words of the book, before he can proceed one step farther.'" Mr. Vanderveer was utterly opposed to all veneer work or superficial show; nothing but substantial thoroughness sufficed with him. A complete incorporation of the subject matter of the study in the mind of the scholar so that it became a part of his very self, as much so as if it had been conceived and thought out and fabricated by himself, then only could he be said to have mastered it.

I can easily see how another of my classmates can write me that he thinks perhaps Mr Vanderveer lacked in thoroughness in his preparation of his boys for college, for he found that some from other schools were more thoroughly equipped than was he. I know that as a scholar at Mr. Vanderveer's he was faithful and studious. My explanation is this. Mr. Vanderveer was well aware that at that time there was great diversity of opinion as to the correct pronunciation of, particularly, the Greek language. He told us that he would insist on correct translation into English, but as we would never care to converse in Greek or Latin, he would not insist so strenuously on the pornunciation. Now one of his scholars applying for admission in an institution, whose professor of Greek imagined himself an authority in pronunciation, might severely criticise the applicant even though his rendering of the text into English was perfect. I well recall how when my class in college had finished the usual mathematical curriculum, Professor Matthews, a very able man, father of Stanley Matthews, one of the justices of the supreme court of the United States, said to us that if we voted to take up French for the balance of the scholastic year, he would teach us to read it, but he knew he could not speak it correctly. We so voted, and he taught us to read it as well as could be expected in so limited a time. When we came to be examined in the presence of a committee of the board of trustees one of whom was known to be a good French scholar, we feared he would go into convulsions over our pronunciation of the French.

Mr. Vanderveer was thorough in the essentials. As to fanciful adornments he was indifferent. A vigorous thinker, a conscientious teacher, who seemingly never considered the emoluments of his occupation, his one aim was, in addition to fitting his pupils for college, or for life's practical work, to raise up and thoroughly equip a corps of teachers, whom he might send out into regions near and remote to repeat and emphasize his methods of instruction by incisive interrogation, following in this respect our Saviour's method of training the twelve for the extension of His Kingdom after His departure from earth. In fact, he often spoke of the child Jesus in the temple, listening to the discussions by the doctors of the law and asking and answering questions. And this was our Saviour's method of instruction as well as of rebuke and encouragement. Witness when the disciples with Jesus were near Caesarea Philippi, Christ puts the question to His chosen twelve, "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" and when the answer comes, "Some say thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, others Jeremias or one of the prophets," He puts the question pointedly to them, "But

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whom say ye that I am?" and Peter replies for the twelve, "Thou are the Christ, the Son of the living God," and instantly our Saviour used that declaration of his Divine Sonship as an opportunity to proclaim His Divinity as the Cornerstone in the Apostolic and Prophetic foundation of His church, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Witness Christ's conversation with the woman at the well in Samaria, how His cornering interrogation wrought conviction and confession not alone to that single soul but to the many who came and said to the woman, "Now do we believe, not because of Thy saying for we have heard ourselves and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

In his methods of school administration Mr. Vanderveer was peculiar. He did not insist on perfect quiet, but tolerated, not to say encouraged, a decidedly noisy iteration of what the pupil wished to commit to memory. When a number of boys got to memorizing amo — amas — amat — amamas — amatis — amant — amabam — amabas — amabat — amabamas — amabatis — amabant, and so on, it became to the new scholar almost unendurable, but the annoyance from the noise soon ceased, and, I doubt not, the ability to work under such conditions proved advantageous in after life. We cannot always conduct business under conditions of perfect quietude.

Mr. Vanderveer frequently called on some of his pupils to hear classes recite that were composed of boys and even men much older than the one assigned to teach them. I recall being delegated to hear a class recite in Latin regularly each afternoon, and once or twice a week after such recitation to me, Mr. Vanderveer would hear them, and if a single mistake was made in the rendering, I would be summoned to his desk and made to translate the passage in question; if correct, commended; if in error, rebuked, or shamed by the saying, "If the blind lead the blind, etc., etc."

The school sessions were from nine to twelve in the morning and from two to five in the afternoon in summer, in winter from half past one to half past four. He had two vacations a year, one in March and one in September of three weeks each; no holidays save Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. He would say it was a sin not to spend New Year's day at hard work in school.

Mr. Vanderveer had great faith in the virtue of strap oil and vigorous application of the rod or strap as a corrective, but not as a prophylactic to frighten into submission. He was generally spoken of as unduly severe, and yet, strange to say, of the three or four of his pupils who have replied to my letters requesting their opinion of his system of punishment, the reply was in each cast, I guess I deserved all I got, and more would not have done me harm. He was quick-tempered, but soon subsided. It must be remembered that in those days the rod was used in the family with but few exceptions, and I cannot but think its abandoment there is regrettable. How he would have smiled to himself to read in the papers that it was mooted in the school board of Easton to positively forbid all flogging by the teacher. As was his wont, he would have drawn down his parted fingers over his nose, and say decisively, "My! My!"

Recurring to his teaching methods, supposing he had before him for the first time a class of young men from the country who had been teaching for from one to ten years, as I have known them to come simply to learn his methods of instruction in, say, arithmetic, he would ply them with questions provocative of thought, such as "What is arithmetic? What the two preliminary rules? What is addition?" And most likely the answer would be, "Addition teaches us to add," followed by the retort that such reply conveys no information as it is an attempt to explain a thing by itself, not to be allowed. Then would follow a drill as how to set down numbers to be collected into one number; why units under units and not under tens and tens under hundreds and hundreds under thousands? And just so in his teaching of multiplication. "What is it? Show me by a practical example how it is the shorter method of attaining the same result as addition." In teaching vulgar fractions he would make use of a wooden sphere that was divisible into equal parts, say sixteenths, eighths, quarters and halves. The denominator expresses into how many equal parts the unit or whole thing is supposed to have been divided. The numerator defines the number of those equal parts expressed by the fraction. If they are to be added or subtracted or divided the work is to be done with the numerator of like denomination of parts. If the addition or subtraction is to be done of fractions of different value, the first step necessarily is to bring them to the same name. After such a drill I have heard, time and time again, from former teachers, "I never really understood it at all. Now it is as clear as day." And Mr. Vanderveer was apt to say if he had had unusual difficulty in getting the class to see clearly the how and the why of his method, "Now you have had your quarter's worth of instruction, and if you stop now, your mind has been awakened, the eyes of your understanding are open and you can see for yourself how to advance step by step."

Dr. Vanderveer had the faculty of lifting every subject right out of the text-book, and, by examining it critically with the scholar from every view-point, made it a real, tangible and understandable subject, that could and would be as truly enjoyed and relished by him as by the teacher himself.

Therein lay the stimulus.

I was impressed by a little poem by Longfellow, recently republished in a religious paper. As it expresses precisely the sentiments so often uttered by Mr. Vanderveer, I will repeat it.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vice we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;
The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;

Easton

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But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

More fact and truth than poetic sentiment in the lines; but no more solid truth than given us time and again in his talks. These lectures were given every afternoon at two o'clock after he had called out, "South Face," whereupon we all turned in our seats and faced him as he sat on a rostrum raised about fifteen inches above the floor at the south end of the room, which was about sixty-five feet long by thirty feet wide, with desks and benches running lengthwise of the room and facing the east and west windows and across each end with a second row running parallel to the western row and removed from it, say, six feet to admit of comfortable passage between. His talks were always on practical subjects that would benefit, if heeded, in after life, such as Truthfulness, Honesty, Diligence in Business, Importance of Little Things, on a Clean Life, Neatness in Apparel, as we have said before, thoughts suggested by his observations on the street in his daily walks. Noticeable among his talks, and I think of equal, if not of greater, value, were the principles enunciated by classical writers from whose works we had recited in the morning, such as Improbus labor vincit omnia. Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem quamqua sunt subjecta oculis fidelibus. Qui transeunt mare, coelum mutant, non animos mutant. Oh! Fortunati Agricolae, si suum bonum cognoverint. Ira amantium prodest amori. Amphora coepit institui, currente rota, cur urceus exit? And from the Greek "Nothi seauton," and from the Greek aphorism, "Leave off before you begin."

As to the practical value of his daily afternoon talks my recollection is fully confirmed by the testimony of others. Says a well known jurist, "There is one thing which is indelibly impressed on my memory, I refer to the short talks and fatherly advice he gave us every afternoon. I have always believed that those talks had much influence on the character of his pupils." I quote from another letter: "My cousins, Dr. John Cooper (now dead) and Mr. Theodore Cooper (the bridge engineer), have often spoken of those talks of Dr. Vanderveer. Dr. John used to say that all his life he recalled those earnest lessons in manliness and truth. He put them above all his teaching at college and in the University at Paris, and spoke of them the last time I ever saw him. Could it be possible that upon impressible minds such able talks could prove of no value? I think not, and remember well a letter read by Dr. Vanderveer to the school from a governor of a western state, a former pupil, thanking the doctor in grateful terms for what those talks of previous years had done for him."

The letter from which I quoted above says, "Among Dr. Vanderveer's papers I found three old letters pinned together. A scholar whose name I do not now recall had misbehave and was dismissed. The first letter, from an older brother urging Dr. Vanderveer's tender reconsideration; the second letter was from the bad boy a dozen years later, and just after his ordination as a minister of the Gospel, reciting what he owed to Dr. Vanderveer's tender reconsideration and for years of kindness; the last from the older brother again, years later, recounting the younger brother's happy death after a long and faithful ministry, and sending as his last words a most loving farewell to Doctor and Mrs. Vanderveer."

Among his pupils were Dr. Traill Green and Rev. Dr. William Henry Green, of Princeton. I have heard him say that the latter as a little boy insisted, with his father's permission, on not studying Greek, which he could not learn. Dr. Vanderveer persuaded him that he had never really tried, and agreed to relieve him if he would really try for three months and then ask him again to be excused. He promised to do it, and did so, but he never asked again, and his great attainments as a Greek scholar far surpassed his early preceptor's. He used to say he owed his Greek to Dr. Vanderveer. Rev. Dr. and Prof. Cornelius R. Lane, of Chambersburg, and Judge Bennett Vansyckel, of Trenton, and Dr. Theodore Apple were pupils of Dr. Vanderveer's.

(To Be Continued.)

Easton Express 1906

DAILY

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1

DR. VANDERVEER'S SCHOOL BY MR. CHARLES STEWART

Herewith is given the final instalment of the paper on "Dr. Vanderveer's school," read by Mr. Charles Stewart, of this city, at the recent annual meeting of the Northampton County Historical and Genealogical society.

(Continued from Thursday, Nov. 19.)

In 1850, or thereabout, he was offered, but declined the presidency of Lafayette College. He received his D. D. from Rutgers College.

The twenty-four years between 1854, when he closed his school, and 1878, when he died, he spent in a serene quietude, serving the public in various spheres of usefulness, being a member of the school board for eight years, four months—four years as president—and imparting to that body the experience he had acquired in his twenty-six years of active life as a teacher.

The only assistant teachers in Mr. Vanderveer's school whom I can recall are Newton Kirkpatrick, Theodore Apple, Cornelius R. Lane, J. M. Rittenhouse, Charles Black, Reuben Knecht, and myself.

And now that we may from different view-points get a more complete and satisfactory knowledge of the Doctor's make-up, I will tell some stories of school life, premising what all who knew him, well understood. He was very quick tempered, but his anger cooled almost as quickly as it rose. He certainly lacked self-control, though he well knew and often quoted, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Nothing I can recall ruffled his temper quicker than for a boy to persist in saying superfluous instead of superfluous. On one occasion a little fellow, whose stubborn will had been wrought up to a terrible pitch by the doctor's insistence, yelled out, "I can't say it." "What can't you say?" asks the doctor, and the answer was bawled out, "superfluous." That was the doctor's opportunity to let the little fellow subside, and for himself to cool off.

A pupil, the son of a commodore in the navy, temporarily living in Easton, one day brought a note, the contents of which no one knew but its tenor evidently trenched on the doctor's prerogative, for, after reading it and evidently chafing over it, he said, "Some people can exercise a little brief authority on a man-of-war, but I command on this deck and will continue to do so so long as I teach. If any one rebels, I'll not hang him from the yard-arm, but I'll command him to withdraw."

The school was known as the Minerva Seminary, and in connection with it was a Lyceum, whose sessions were held on Saturday morning, and whose officers were elected by the members, but over all sat Dr. Vanderveer with imperial dignity and his law was law without appeal. On a Saturday morning, a boy whose descendants are still living and whom therefore I will not name was called on to make a declamation, a speech by another, memorized. He asked to be excused for what he considered good and valid reasons, but the doctor thought otherwise and ordered him to take the rostrum and make a speech. The boy, a lad of, say, thirteen or fourteen years, took the stand, and sedately began "New England's Dead! New England's dead! on every hill they lie! I wish I were with them. The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled. I'd fly too if I could." Then a few sentences from Patrick Henry's oration, "They tell us we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary, but when will we be stronger? Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but I cry for a piece of bread and butter, for that is what I want." The doctor called him down, and saying, "I'll give you what you really want," strapped him severely. That was certainly wrong, out of order entirely.

J. a boy of ten or eleven years, was in due course called on for an original essay. This I prepared, as I thought, with care and introduced a quotation from the Bible. When in reading my essay I came to the quotation, I was stopped peremptorily by the doctor and told there was no such passage in the Bible. I, of course, felt greatly humiliated, and said, "Why, Mr. Vanderveer, I copied that sentence from our family Bible last night in my mother's presence, and read the paper to her." "Sit down, sir! I'll flog you if you tell me that sentence is in the Bible." I, of course, sat down to avoid punishment. That same morning the Lyceum voted unanimously that the daily sessions of the school should be opened with reading of the Scriptures and prayer. After adjournment a companion several years my senior said to me, "I have a concordance at home, and if you are right, I will find the passage, and then we will have one on old Johnnie." On Monday morning Dr. Vanderveer opened school with reading the Scriptures and prayer, and left the Bible lying on his desk. When our large grammar class stood around the desk in a semi-circle and the doctor's earnest attention was given to the east end of the class, my friend reached out his hand and, securing the Bible, found the passage in dispute, and shoving it towards the doctor so that as he worked his way around toward our end, his attention was called to it by my friend's finger pointing to the passage. Quick as thought, when the doctor had read it, the hickory ruler always in his hand was brought down to strike my friend's fingers, but fortunately there was an equally quick withdrawal of the hand, and the ruler striking the desk bounced upward to the ceiling. The doctor, catching it in its descent, rapped for order and under great excitement announced that though in accord with the resolution of Minerva Seminary Lyceum, he had read the Scriptures in opening the school that morning, he wanted it understood, first, last, and always, he was not paid to teach the Bible, but arithmetic and algebra and mensuration and Latin and Greek, but he forgot to apologize to me for his mistake.

Evidently he had no thought of mingling the waters of the Pierian Spring with those that flowed from Siloa's fount fast by the oracle of God.

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

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EASTON DAILY ARGUS

DR. VANDERVEER'S SCHOOL BY MR. CHARLES STEWART

(Continued From First Page.)

I omitted to say in proper place that his charge for tuition in English studies was five dollars per quarter, and six and twenty-five-one hundredth dollars for tuition in the classics. I never knew his charge for board, which was always of prime quality and great abundance, as I know from the dinners I always enjoyed with them. His boarding capacity, if I remember aright, was limited to about twenty-five or thirty.

Encouraging sport and healthful exercise for the boys who boarded with him, he made for them a large sled, say, five by seven feet, on which the boys would crowd and be drawn by a stout rope down the street. The sled happened to be at hand one day as standing at the corner of Second and Bushkill streets he called out, "Fall in," the usual signal to go into school. At the boys' invitation to get on the sled and be drawn down to the door of the school, he got on and the boys, with the speed of wild horses, ran down past the door and threw him the rope. Had he not thrown himself off, he had gone into Bushkill creek, which, being spring water, was frozen but partially over. Mr. Vanderveer took it all in the best of humor as a good joke. About the same time the boys made a snow fort against the fence of the graveyard opposite the school. It was a strong fortification of good capacity for defense when the assailants and the assailed were well matched. The doctor styled it a coward's refuge, and said he believed he could stand half the school behind such walls. "Get in, get in, Mr. Vanderveer," they cried. He went in after asking for a supply of ammunition, which was given in shape of frozen snowballs. At the signal given by the leader, with a yell as of a band of savages, they mounted the walls and poured a volley of balls on to his defenceless body as he quickly crouched down to shield his face. The white pocket handkerchief was quickly displayed and hostilities ceased amid loud rejoicing and good humor all around. "Tubbie," as he called his wife, witnessed his defeat from a window, and chided him for his reckless exposure.

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New York paper.

That same winter he took the whole school on a sleigh ride to Allentown, and treated us to a good turkey dinner.

One day, a young man, who was struck by another just before the cry of "fall in," stretched himself on a bench and simulated death, much to the fright of the aggressor. When Mr. Vanderveer entered the school and examined the boy, he saw at once through the sham, and said. "I guess I can waken him to life," which he did by a vigorous application of the strap.

Being in an unusually happy mood the day the school term closed for vacation, he announced in the morning that he would not use the strap that day, but would put the school on its honor, to maintain order. Some four or five boys, taking a mean advantage of the indiscreet promise, he made them stand out in a row before the school and hold up their hands with their arms upstretched for quite a while, and when they were told to lower their arms and hands, there was considerable dancing around on account of the painful sensation of the blood resuming its wonted course.

On a time a man of apparent strength, but evidently laboring under incipient delirium tremens, entered the school room and taking a seat near Mr. Vanderveer, said to him, "You are a hell of a teacher. I wouldn't send a dog to you if I didn't want him killed." At one bound Mr. Vanderveer had him by the collar at the throat and pushing him backward to the door, by a dexterous use of his left foot tripped him and thus loosed his hold on the edge of the door and hurled him into the street.

One serious mistake Dr. Vanderveer was guilty of, which I could never account for, was that of giving nicknames to some of his scholars. Innocent though they were, they clung to the boy through life if he continued to live in the vicinity of Easton. It revealed the humorous side of his character, and was disliked by the parents more than by the pupil.

Their old and favorite cook, Peggy, one day came in hurriedly and whispered something into the doctor's ear that instantly brought him to his feet, when, rapping for order, he said that important business demanded his attention at once, and so he would put Minerva Seminary on its honor for keeping order in his brief absence. In a few moments we heard from the garden the discordant notes from a large tin pan vigorously beaten by Peggy, and Mr. Vanderveer, with gloved hands and heavy veil over his face, proceeded cautiously to hive a valuable swarm of bees he had recently purchased. All at once a spirit of insubordination seemed to be awakened by the discord from the garden. Dozens of boys leaped on the desks and shouting and stamping, as only boys can, made a noise that drowned old Peggy's completely and could be heard a square away. When Mr. Vanderveer appeared, he was livid with rage, as he might well be, and demanded, if there was one "Honor Bright" present, to be told who initiated so disgraceful a proceeding. No one answering, he took out his watch and gave us two minutes to tell, and if no one told by the lapse of the two minutes, he would flog every mother's son. Two minutes passed, during which time he had selected his larger and more effective strap, had coiled it up and slipped his hand through a slit near the end, when seizing the first boy on the bench to his left and jerking him up by the seat of his breeches, he administered a whack with the strap, and so on hurriedly to the north end of the line, where out of breath and thoroughly exhausted he managed to squeak out that his condition necessitated a stop there, but he would resume the operation at an early day. He never resumed.

My personal attendance as a pupil embraced the exact middle period of his administration, 1840-1844, so that

4,tues&frid,2mo Office, 68 Centre Square.

I feel I have presented a fairly impartial story of his school life, a life of pleasurable toil to him and wondrous advance in the cause of education in Easton.

I cannot see how the inscription on his monument in our beautiful cemetery could be less laudatory—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord"—the well known words of the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Romans—used doubtless at the suggestion of Mrs. Vanderveer, who survived him about ten years.

The visitor at St. Paul's in London reads this inscription on a black marble slab marking the grave of the illustrious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, "Si monumentum requiris circumspect."

Our noble preceptor of thousands directly and indirectly, is securely and gratefully enshrined in the hearts of his pupils. He was the architect of the character of many of them—the moulder of their destiny for time and eternity.

No wonder they have ever revered his memory. Years cannot efface his instructions from the tablet of memory nor the recollection of his fine personal appearance, his commanding figure, his dome-like head, his intellectual face surmounted by a high forehead and broad, noble brow. Well may we style him, "Princeps principium."

A RED, RED ROSE.

"Choose the flower that you love best of all,
A stately blossom or a violet small,
And wear it for its own dear sake—and mine,
Its sweet heart to my heart will speak from thine."

I stood alone, when he had gone away,
Within the garden on that summer day,

Which should I choose of all the blossoms fair
His love forevermore with me to share?
A flower of earth, and yet of truest love
That would uplift the soul to heights above?

I passed the lilies, they would not suffice,
They were for dear ones now in Paradise;
Nor yet the pansies that the heart might ease,
Or bright carnations, though they always please;
But when I reached the spot where roses grew,
My choice was there, at once I felt, and knew.

But which of all should be the chosen shade?
White is for those who from us early fade;
Pink is for love that sweetly comes and goes;
But I would have for mine the red, red rose.
Red is for courage that will conquer fear,
And steadfast love through every coming year.

I gathered one—I heard his coming feet,
And pressed it to my heart to still its beat.

1905

London, Ohio.

MARGARET DOORIS.

LAWRENCEVILLE'S OLD BOYS.

Two Hundred of Them From 1851 to 1908 Dine at Delmonico's.

About two hundred graduates of Lawrenceville School, ranging all the way from Robert Hamill Nassau of the class of '51 down to a group of youngsters who finished last June, got together last night at Delmonico's and had a party. Every other year the alumni dine in New York and the other years are celebrated by reunions at the school. There was a scattering representation from the classes between '51 and '86 and every class after that had from one to ten men on hand.

Seated on the right and left of the toastmaster, Roland B. Morris, were Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Commerce and Labor; Gen. Charles O. Davis, '54; W. H. Sloan, '58; Dr. S. S. Stryker, '60, of Philadelphia; Col. Hugh L. Scott, '69, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point; T. Chester Walbridge, '69, of Philadelphia; W. S. Hulick, '69; Dr. J. R. Duryee, '70; Henry W. Green, '87, president of the school's board of trustees; Dr. Henry P. Warren, principal of Albany Academy; Dr. J. L. Patterson, who represented the Chestnut Hill Academy of Philadelphia; Owen Johnson, '95, who has written a lot of school boy fiction about Lawrenceville lately, and a half dozen or so of the school's masters, among them C. H. Raymond, who took the place of the head master, Dr. Simon J. McPherson, whose ill health prevented his attending.

Mr. Smith began by saying that he had been asked to speak about questions of the day and then he startled his hearers by remarking "I am a question of the day, just the same as tuberculosis bacilli and the rest of the current topics." Then he explained that he meant his connection with the Corporation Commission. He said that that commission's reports had accomplished much in themselves by suggestion. At least one railroad whose methods had been condemned had changed its policy with the issuance of the report about it. What the commission is trying to accomplish, Mr. Smith said, is "to apply to the machinery of industry the common ten commandments of every day life and to incorporate into business the great American principle of equality to all."

Big Bill Edwards, who left Lawrenceville in '96, sat over in a corner trying to conceal himself behind a champagne cork. But in this he was not successful and he had to make a speech. Everybody hoped he would talk about snow, and there were cries of "Give us a snow ticket, Bill!" when he got to his feet. But Mr. Edwards only said what a pleasure it was for him to be there.

The other speakers were Col. Scott, who told what the school was like when it was the Hamill School before the change of 1887, and Dr. Warren, who gave a few of his ideas regarding the decline of scholarship in this country.

BRILLIANT THEATRE PARTY

MRS. HUGH H. HAMILL ENTERTAINS AT TRENT AND HER HOME.

IN HONOR OF SENOR OJEDA

The largest and most brilliant theatre party of the season was given last evening by Mrs. Hugh H. Hamill to Senor Ojeda. Mrs. Hamill's guests occupied the four corner boxes at the Trent.

Senor Ojeda, with Mrs. Hamill, Mrs. Lewis Perrine, Consul General S. R. Gummere, Richard Stockton and Robert Montgomery, occupied the right-hand stage box, which was decorated with Spanish and American colors.

The other boxes were occupied as follows:

Box 2, right—Miss Hamill, Miss Isabel Gummere, William S. Hancock, Joseph L. Bartine, Hugo Hamill.

Box A, left—H. H. Hamill, Mrs. William S. Stryker, Miss Mary Gummere, Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Charles E. Gummere, Levi Hannum.

Box B, left—Barker Gummere, Mrs. Richard Stockton, Mrs. Charles Gummere, Barker Hamill and William Rogers.

The unusually good bill offered by the management this week seemed to delight Senor Ojeda and the other members of Mrs. Hamill's party, for the applause from the boxes was frequent and spontaneous. Even the actors seemed inbued with the importance of the occasion and with the presence of the distinguished visitor, for they gave even a better performance than ou Christmas day.

The handsomest gowns worn by the ladies gave the theatre a metropolitan appearance, and was a real delight to the eye.

After the theatre a supper was served in the dining room of Mrs. Hamill's home, on West State street. Mrs. Hamill possesses the distinction of having the handsomest dining room in the city.

The overture and entre act music was Spanish in honor of Senor Ojeda.

The gowns worn by the ladies were as follows:

Mrs. Hugh H. Hamill looked handsome in a gown of violet chiffon with medallions of point lace, muff and stole of Ermine. Her jewels were diamonds.

Mrs. Lewis Perriue was charming in a gown of white chiffon cloth with panels of Irish point lace and bands of black velvet; Ermiue muff; jewels, diamonds.

Miss Hamill wore a simple girlish gown of pink chiffou with a muff to match.

Miss Isabel Gummere wore a gray crepe de chine trimmed with duchess lace; black picture hat.

Mrs. Richard Stockton wore an empire gown of white satin trimmed with Spanish lace.

Mrs. William S. Stryker looked distinctive in a cream brocade.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery wore white crepe de chine.

Miss Mary Gummere wore a gown of black lace with ostrich boa.

Mrs. Charles E. Gummere wore a pale blue silk with lace yoke, Chinchilla furs.

In the morning Senor de Ojeda was shown through the Treuton Potteries company and the Ceramic Art works by Consul General Gummere, Barker Gummere and William S. Hancock.

At noon Senor Ojeda was the guest of honor at a breakfast given by Richard Stockton. There were elaborate floral decorations, a Hungarian orchestra and solos by Fred Rose.

The guests at the breakfast were Governor-elect E. C. Stokes, Justice Alfred Reed, former Judge R. S. Woodruff, Barker Gummere, William S. Hancock, Hugh H. Hamill, Mayor Frank S. Katzenbach and Samuel R. Gum-

In *the* Public Eye.

HUGH H. HAMILL, Banker and Litterateur.

In the accompanying picture the artist suggests Hugh H. Hamill in the dual capacity of financier and booklover. There is no finer judge of good literature in Trenton than he, while the splendid strides ahead which the Trenton Trust and Safe Deposit Company has made since he assumed its presidency testify eloquently to his place in the local banking world. Although Mr. Hamill's extensive business interests have long demanded a great proportion of his time, he has gracefully avoided the narrowing effects that close devotion in that direction sometimes produces. In a remarkable way he holds himself alert to the demands of all departments of life and his pleasing personality stands out clearly in all that he does. The Chesterfieldian bearing that gives him a happy presence in the social circle is maintained by him under all conditions. Even when business pressure reaches its height, his elegance of manner never relaxes. He is always correct in dress and makes a striking appearance as he promenades on West State street. In conversation he is polished and forceful. His rare ability as a speaker has been evidenced on dinner occasions, in addresses before schools and in other directions, although he prefers not to be prominent in this respect and is really not heard so often as his friends would desire.

Mr. Hamill is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Hamill of Lawrenceville, and was born at that place in 1851. After graduating at Princeton in 1871 he was vice principal of the Lawrenceville High School for six years, and filled various professorships there, his father being the head of the faculty at the time. He studied law under the late Judge Caleb S. Green and was admitted to the bar in 1877. He conducted a very active law and equlty practice for several years, but his practice is now confined to equity cases, his time having become so generally occupied by financial interests.

Although a very public spirited citizen and possessing much executive ability, Mr. Hamill has never held public offices other than those of solicitor for Lawrence township and member of the Trenton school board, and now avoids even the semblance of political inclination. He has been president of the Trenton Trust and Safe Deposit and the Real Estate Title Companies since 1890 and is a director of the New Jersey Public Service Corporation, Inter-State Telephone Company, Mercer Trust Company, New Jersey Building and Loan Association, American Light and Traction Company, National Carbon Company and other business corporations, and of Princeton Theological Seminary. Mrs. Hamill is a daughter of the late Hon. Barker Gummere, and there are three children.

26

Sunday

10th Sunday after Trinity.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Moriturl Salutamus.

27

Monday

The voices of the present say, Come,
But the voices of the past say, Wait.

The Stationery Trades Journal.

THE ALPHABET. No. 2.

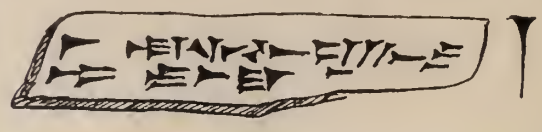
The hieroglyphics of which we spoke in the last chapter as in use in the early ages of Egyptian civilization were inscribed upon various substances. "The Book of the Dead," perhaps the oldest book in existence, was written in hieroglyphic characters on rolls of papyrus. For the writing a reed pen was used, with holes at the top end to admit the ink, which was made of several colours, the chief being black, red and green. The black was made from vegetable substances, while the others were extracted from mineral products. The characters were also cut into wood, granite and sandstone, and even these hard substances were frequently coloured. On the papyrus the outlines were mostly made in black, and the colours put on as nearly resembling the object represented as possible—as many as thirteen colours are known to have been used.

As time went on and knowledge increased and the power of writing went into the hands of a larger number of people, the priests developed another system, which was kept exclusively for their secret information and private use. On the Rosetta stone, now in the British Museum, both secret and public systems are to be seen, and to these were added an inscription in Greek. All three inscriptions on the one stone gave the same information and the same details. It was by means of this stone that the whole of the Egyptian writing became revealed to the modern world. The Greek could easily be read; and from it the other two inscriptions were deciphered. This stone thus becoming the key which unlocked for us the whole of the Egyptian literature of the past.

Now it will be seen that as the thoughts to be expressed became more intricate, the actual pictorial representations would not be sufficient. Ambiguity would result. The whole of the early system required good memory, and the symbols had to be learned by those who would read. The reader also needed a good grasp of association, or the confusion which would arise as to the meaning of the symbol would make the system worse than useless. Consequently there came an important change in the figures used; for not only were the visual aspects represented, but the principle of sound was introduced. Similar sounds had similar figures to represent them. When this method became common it was not long before some unknown person saw that all the words which men used were made up of but a very few sounds. It then dawned on him that the whole method of communication between men could be simplified by finding from all the vast accumulation of hieroglyphics, ideographs, phonograms and the rest, a few of the most commonly used sounds and signs, then by linking these sounds and signs into one figure, and using them in conjunction with others, such elemental signs could be used unvaryingly.

Surely such a discovery was the greatest ever made by man! We do not know who this great benefactor of the race was, nor where he lived; but somewhere in Egypt in very early times—before the days of Joseph, before the great pyramids were erected, this great triumph of the human mind was effected. The principle was that all words consisted of varying forms of a few sounds—if these few sounds could be represented by signs, language would be made simple. The idea was seen to be a practical one, and was adopted; and thus was born to mankind his most wonderful means of intercourse, which in modified forms became adopted universally.

It is interesting also to note that side by side with the great ancient civilization of Egypt, the other mighty power of the ancient world was developing in Mesopotamia, and with it an entirely different form of writing was in vogue. The Babylonians were making all their literature from practically one simple sign placed in various ways and positions. The evidence is almost clear that one simple tool was employed to produce all the inscriptions.



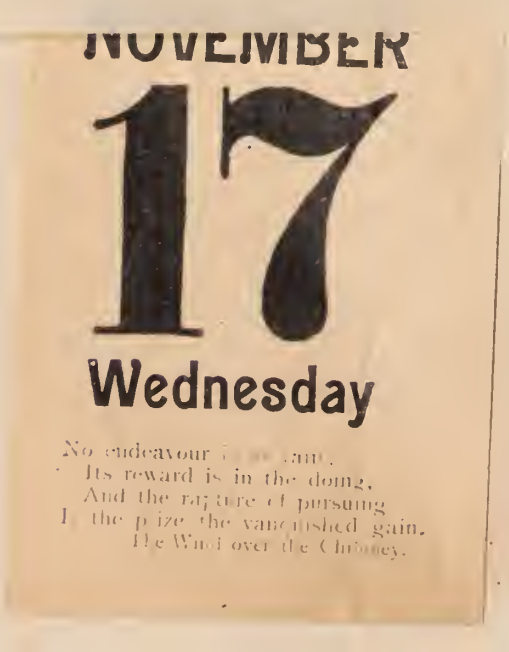
The diagram printed is part of an inscription which I have copied from the Creation Tablet in the British Museum. If the reader will look at it he will notice that all the marks could have been made by a tool which, if fully used, would produce the sign I have placed by its side. Let it be remembered that these tablets were inscribed when the clay was wet, and then it will be seen that by holding the tool upright or slanting at various angles, differing marks will be produced. This is the kind of writing which we find in all the remains from Nineveh, Babylon, and, in fact, all the Chaldean cities of the past. It seems very strange to us to think of whole libraries consisting of small bricks of baked clay, and small cylinders made of the same material; but such undoubtedly was the case. Many cylinders have been found buried in the corners of houses and palaces recording the history of the family for whom the house was built. These cylinders were placed in position in much the same way that we now place a current newspaper and some coins beneath the foundation stones of our buildings.

It is not, however, through this Chaldean series that our alphabet has been derived. But it is interesting to note these early characters. The great difference between the Egyptian and the Chaldean is, that whereas the Egyptian development was from the many and complicated to the few and simple, the Chaldean began with the one simple mark. The illustration is sufficient, I think, to show what a variety of forms may be secured from this one figure resembling a dart or an arrow.

These Chaldean inscriptions remained for a very long time completely undecipherable. They were found on the vacant parts of the great Ninevitish figures of the winged, human-headed bull, the winged lion, and most of the bas-reliefs from the palaces of Nineveh.

When Sir Henry Rawlinson found the key in an inscription of three languages, Babylonian, Persian and Scythian, there was opened up to us another literature. By its means we secured legends of the Creation, Eden, the Flood, and many other events which agree in a remarkable manner with the similar accounts in the first books of the Bible.

L. T.



CONGO WOMEN TORTURED TO SATISFY BELGIAN KING'S GREED

Returned Missionary Tells of Frightful Conditions Existing in the Free State.

A WHOLE VILLAGE SLAIN

Death the Penalty When Tribute in Rubber Is Not Met by the Natives.

Recitals of almost incredible atrocities, cruelty and brutality are related by the Rev. R. H. Nassau, for forty-five years a Presbyterian missionary on the west coast of Africa, who reached New York yesterday on the Majestic. His information concerns the Congo Free State, the personal property of King Leopold and not of Belgium, as is generally supposed. The missionary tells of hands and ears cut off and of barbarities practised by Leopold's native soldiery and their white officers.

"Certain sections of the Congo State have been depopulated fully 75 per cent in the last twenty years," said Dr. Nassau, "and in spite of Leopold's efforts to renew the population at the expense of other sections the black race in interior Congo will have disappeared, practically, in twenty years, if civilization, and particularly the Belgian Government, doesn't stop the barbarities for which white men are directly responsible." Chicotting is common, but these whippings are mild punishment compared with other penalties.

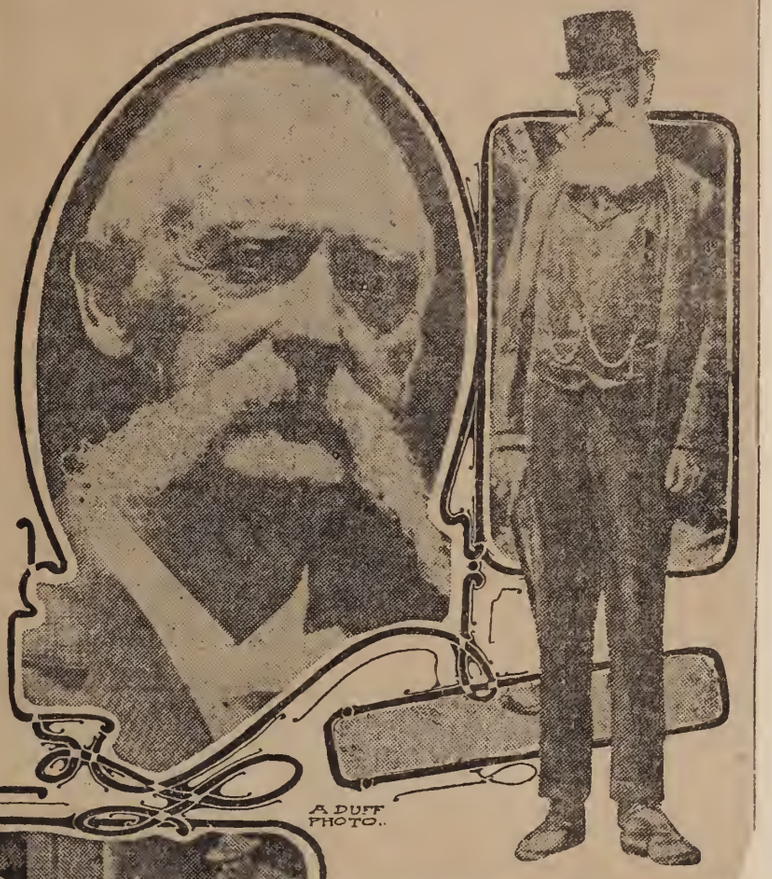
"Leopold's 17,000 black soldiers were selected because of their powerful stature," said Dr. Nassau. "They are bushmen from the hills and hate the river tribes, over which they are set to exact tribute, chiefly rubber.

"If the prescribed amount is not forthcoming one or more persons has an arm, or an ear cut off as a penalty. Frequently these persons are killed if the alleged offense is 'flagrant,' while there are hundreds of instances where scores have been killed in a single village.

"Worse than these wrongs is the debauchery practised by both white officers and their black soldiers. The soldiers have their wives in the stations, but on their collecting trips they pick from the helpless villages many women, the protests of fathers and mothers being answered by death or worse fortune. The unfortunate women thereafter drudge or choose death or a life of shame among their own people, which is the African code.

Portrait of the Rev. R. H. Nassau, Congo missionary, who tells of atrocities.

King Leopold of Belgium, who ordered the hands and ears of natives to be cut off.



A. DUFF PHOTO.

A Congo native being "chicotted" before a white man.

Young Wives Terribly Tortured.

"A German officer caused one of his wives, a mere girl, to be lashed to a post, where he whipped her with hippopotamus hide. All night she was kept tied. On the following day boney was put upon the girl's wounds and she was left in the sun, covered with bees, ants and other insects. At night the German officer beat her to death.

"In one village, which failed to give the full tribute in rubber, every inhabitant was murdered excepting about a dozen women, who might better have died."

BELGIAN CONGO CRUELTIES.

Missionary Tells How Women Are Tortured to Death by Soldiers.

The Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau, who for forty-five years has been doing missionary work on the south coast of Africa, returned yesterday on the steamship Majestic. The greater part of his time he spent in the French Congo and German Cameroon districts. He declares that nothing told of the brutality of King Leopold's rubber gatherers has been exaggerated, and he brought along with him samples of the hippopotamus hide whips used on the negroes on the rubber plantations.

"All these whips have caused death," said he. "Most of their victims were women. King Leopold's soldiers go through the villages and order so much rubber to be delivered. If the quantities demanded are not forthcoming the soldiers seize the wives and daughters of the villagers and torture them with these twelve foot lashes. One of their methods of torture is to whip the women until the flesh is torn. Then honey is rubbed into their cuts and the victims are tied to stakes near beehives and ant hills, where they are stung to death."

Dr. Nassau, who is 70 years old, was graduated from Princeton in 1854. He went to Africa in 1861 for the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Dr. Nassau said that he believed King Leopold was aware of the brutality of his soldiers and cared nothing for their methods of collecting his revenues so long as they were collected.

Dr. Nassau brought a large collection of ivories that were admitted duty free, as they are to be presented to Princeton University.

Mrs. Adelia Cook.

Adelia Cook, mother of Rev. M. L. Cook of Merryall, after a short illness fell asleep and entered into rest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. D. Dodge at Hazleton, Pa., on Wednesday, February 9th, 1910.

A long and useful life, a life full of blessing and joy to all with whom she has been brought in contact has ended. Her life has been so full and so perfectly rounded out, that to her loved ones, her departure seems like a glorious sunset.

She was born July 2nd, 1823, at the old Lewis homestead at Merryall, the second daughter and the fifth of the nine children of Justus and Polly (Keeler) Lewis. Only two of the large family survive her: Clinton Lewis of Wichita, Kansas, and a sister, Mrs. Edward Kennedy.

Adelia was married, September 4th, 1849, to Rev. Darwin Cook, and to them were born four children, Rev. Milton Lewis Cook, pastor of the old church to which his father gave the best years of his life; Mary A., widow of the late Elisha L. Hillis; Sarah E. wife of D. D. Dodge of Hazleton, and Justus D., who died July 12th, 1889.

For the almost forty years of her husband's work in the ministry she was his loyal and faithful helper. As wife, mother and sharer in the arduous duties demanded of the pastor's wife, she was never found wanting. Hers was a home where old time hospitality was dispensed with a glad and joyous hand. A welcome that was real, was always ready for the guest who entered the parsonage. The records of the old Merryall church show that she, together with her father and mother, was received into church membership, March 28, 1844. The Session of the church at that time consisted of Rev. Samuel F. Colt, Moderator, and Elders John Taylor, Aden Stevens, Hiram Stevens and Chester Wells. She was for almost sixty-six years a member of the Presbyterian church, loyal and true to her church and to the great Head of the Church as well.

Her life was pure, sweet and unselfish and full of service. At the close of such a life we stand with uncovered head and tear-dimmed eyes, yet thanking the Great Giver for the long benediction of that tender, strong and beautiful life.

Newark Evening News Jan. 15. 1910.

"The Path She Trod"

Under the title, "The Path She Trod," the memoirs of Mary Brunette Foster Nassau, wife of Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, a foreign missionary of the Synod of New Jersey, have just been published. The book, which is largely a compilation of the journal of Mrs. Nassau, has been prepared by Dr. Nassau, who is at present in America on furlough from his charge in Corisco Presbytery, West Africa.

The memoirs are related to New Jersey through the fact that previous to her marriage and departure for Africa in 1881, the writer of the journal was a resident of this State. Her journal contains many allusions to various New Jersey localities and the names of many New Jersey people are mentioned. As a girl, she lived at Towanda, Pa., where her father, Rev. Julius Foster, was pastor of a church. She was sent to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Freehold, where she finished her education in 1867, soon taking a position as teacher at Holmanville. She taught in the Lakewood district for some years, and in 1878 went to Barnegat. There she founded the Barnegat Young Ladies' Seminary, and remained there until her marriage to Dr. Nassau. She died at Talaguga, August 8, 1884, leaving one child, Mary. Dr. Nassau states that the memoirs have been compiled, in part, "to bring to the view of her daughter the inner character of the mother."

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"IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL," by Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. Author of "Fetishism in West Africa," "Where Animals Talk," etc. The Neale Publishing Co., New York, publishers. $1.00 net.

This is a series of articles on the way native Africans kill marauding elephants, of the difficulties of capturing gorillas alive, of the hippopotamus as a fighter, of the superstitions of the natives, and their ideas of soul-life.

The closing essay-sketch, "Voices of an African Tropic Night," is a weird composition which has its thrills.

For 45 years Dr. Nassau has lived on the coast of West Africa, in intimate touch with native life, as a missionary. Naturally he knows these people minutely and in his book he tells things as he has seen them in a very interesting manner. He has a keen sympathy for both man and beast that appeals to the reader.

An extremely interesting miscellany from his West African exepriences has been collected by the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau under the title "In an Elephant Corral" (the Neale Publishing Company, New York). He tells of folk tales and superstitions, he relates strange adventures with the natives, he gives observations of animal life and descriptions of nature. As in his other books, the author has the knack of showing things just as they are. His story of hunting for gorillas is notable.

Est 884

PAGE FIVE.

STATE HISTORIAN LUNCHEON SPEAKER

Schenectady N.Y.

Gives Strong Reasons For Restricting Immigration in a Scholarly Address.

"The City Beyond the Pines; Its Debt to Its Historic Past," was the title of the address delivered by State Historian James A. Holden at the luncheon of the Schenectady Board of Trade at Glenn's restaurant yesterday noon.

Mr. Holden read from diaries of notables who had visited this city in the olden times and told of events which happened in days gone by that had to do with the history of Schenectady and advised those present as to what should be done to keep that history clear and free from taint.

He alluded to the present agitation in favor of restricted immigration, speaking in favor of such and giving his strong reasons for taking this view.

The address was a scholarly one and was fully appreciated by all present.

At the speakers' table Judge Austin A. Yates and Gen. Charles L Davis were seated. In his introduction, Secretary Walter H. Reed mentioned the fact that yesterday was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of the general, which announcement was greeted with cheers and congratulations for him.

The attractive menu cards were the compliments of the proprietors of the Sterling Garage of Yates street.

X

IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL AND OTHER TALES OF WEST AFRICAN EXPERIENCES. By Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. $1 net.

In a little book lately published by the Neale Publishing company, entitled "In An Elephant Corral," and with a palette drenched with vivid African colors, Dr. Robert H. Nassau, forty-five years missionary in Africa, has painted glowing pictures of his experiences in that region. With the wild life of semi-civilized tribes, their folk lore, the wonderful intuition of the animals on their native soil, the ardor of the hunter and his hair-breadth escapes, are blended with great versatility of touch, the brilliant plumaged birds, a lesson in itself, and their cheery day songs as distinguished from their saddened night tones. Verily there seems to be "a time to dance and a time to mourn," with these songsters. Six o'clock p. m. in our climate is not more punctiliously recognized in man by a change of demeanor, than by the feathered tribes of the tropics, as is noticed by the swift scurrying to homo nests when their hour approaches. Later comes the tragic voices of the equatorial night most vividly portrayed, and later still the midnight rest of all creation, a silence awful, broken only by the occasional blood thrilling hoot of an owl, regarded by the natives with superstitious awe.

These spirited pictures, teeming with a tropical atmosphere, are threaded with the true missionary spirit, "a trust in the everlasting arms and loving wisdom, that guides and directs the last of his creatures."

This fascinating little book will appeal to both old and young and should find a place in everybody's library.

Easton's Free Press"

WEATHER:
Rain or Snow Tonight or Thursday.

February 1' 191

PRICE, 5 CENTS PER WEEK.

A CENTURY OF PRESBYTERIANISM

Subject of a Paper Read By Dr. Charles McIntire Before Historical Society.

REMEMBER FIRST DEFENDERS

Northampton County Society Holds Its Annual Meeting, Elects Officers, Receives New Members, Asks For Observance of April 18, and Listens To Interesting Data Concerning Presbyterians in Easton.

Dr. Charles McIntire read a most interesting paper upon "A Century of Presbyterianism in Easton," at the annual meeting of the Northampton County Historical Society in the Public Library on Tuesday evening. Dr. McIntire presided and there was a good attendance of the members of the society.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Charles McIntire; Vice Presidents, Dr. B. Rush Field and Dr. G. T. Fox, of Bath; Secretary, David M. Bachman; Treasurer, V. H. Everhart; Librarian, H. F. Marx; Executive Committee, Charles Stewart, J. V. Bull, F. S. Bixler, Prof. J. F. L. Raschen, W. J. Heller and Dr. J. C. Clyde.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Lawall, of Easton, were elected members of the society. H. H. Hacker, an instructor at Nazareth Hall, applied for admission as a member of the society.

Recognition of First Defenders' Day.

W. J. Heller made the following statement:

"On Thursday, April 18, 1861, there was gathered on South Third street, from the Square to the Lehigh bridge, the largest concourse of people ever assembled on that thoroughfare before or since. This vast multitude here congregated, consisted not only of our own enthusiastic citizens, but of those of the regions 'round-about and many thousands also lined the hillsides to witness the departure, southward, under the noon-day sun of that memorable day, Northampton County's First Defenders.

"President Lincoln's call for volunteers was received and read at a public meeting in the court house on Monday evening, April 15. Recruiting began on Tuesday, the 16th; two companies went forward Thursday, the 18th, two more Saturday, the 20th, and one departed the following Monday, the 22nd. It is particularly gratifying to note that the quick response of these five companies enabled them to reach Harrisburg in time to be incorporated in the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. They are recorded in history as companies B, C, D, H and G, a total of 390 men, out of which there is living today less than 50.

[illegible] will mark the lapse of a half century since that famous exodus began. It is entirely proper for us, as an historical society, to emphasize the importance of a public recognition of that event. I would therefore make a motion that our secretary communicate with the Easton Board of Trade requesting a fitting observance of this fiftieth anniversary."

This suggestion was adopted.

Dr. McIntire's Paper.

Dr. McIntire's paper was as follows:

A year ago, by your favor, the honor of serving you as President was bestowed upon me and the time has at last arrived when I should render an account of my office.

Many thoughts for plans to increase the interest of every member in the society, were formulated at the beginning of the year, most of them taking very little form beyond their thinking. This was one, in part, to other duties which prevented your President devoting as much time to the society as he would have liked, but also, in part, to a too great humility on the part of the members of the association. "The plan is a very nice one" would be said, "but let someone else."

Notwithstanding the failure to reach what was hoped, we have much to be encouraged over in the year's history. The outing meeting was a successful social event, in which we learned many facts of local history on the way to Bangor and enjoyed a rich crop of chestnuts on the return trip. The other meetings were held and the papers presented concerned local history and were read by our members.

The Executive Committee, also, has been faithful and you are to be congratulated for its efforts and especially, in applying for and securing a charter of incorporation, which is the chief item of progress during the year.

A suggestion made at one of the committee meetings (not by myself, however) is presented to you with my hearty approval and the recommendation that you adopt the suggestion. It is to hold meetings in various places throughout the county, have papers read and at the same time invite all who may be interested in historical matters in the vicinity to attend the meeting; hoping, thereby, to increase our membership and the interest in the society. I might add to this the thought that the outing meeting, also, might be made use of for a similar purpose.

As a result of the year's duties, several recommendations occur to me, which, if followed out, will improve the society and increase the interest in it. Too much praise cannot be given to the essayists of the year and none of them were a whit too long but where we can find one person who is able to present a paper of forty minutes without tiring the audience, you ought to be able to find a dozen able to present short papers upon less comprehensive subjects and whose interest would be secured in the society. Effort has been made to do this on the part of the committees but the difficulty has been in securing the promise of such papers. Every member of the society, nearly, is capable of preparing a paper upon some subject of historical interest in the county better than anyone else, and it should be the pride of every person connected with the society to add to its value by contributing his share. My recommendation is

(Continued on page 10, column 1.)

Having thus had my little scold, I wish to express my feeling of gratitude to you for bestowing upon me this honor and to thank you, one and all, for the very kind support and cordial treatment you have given me during the year, and now, for the remainder of the hour, I want to call your attention to a century of Presbyterianism in Easton.

I am aware that apologies for confessedly imperfect performances are usually weak attempts to excuse slovenly effort, nevertheless, some phases of my subject receive such indifferent treatment that I am compelled to crave your indulgence since for the last two months I have been unable to conduct any research except as the material could be brought to my room.

On Tuesday, April 23d, in 1811, the Presbytery of New Brunswick received a petition from the English-speaking people of Easton to have "supplies" (preachers) sent to them and this, probably, is the first point of contact of Easton with official Presbyterianism. Not that Presbyterianism was previously unknown, for, more than one Eastonian was connected with the Settlement Church in Allen township of which the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, of Bath, is the lineal successor and which only recently abandoned its name with a history for a more local designation. Thus, Easton's first physician, Dr. Andrew Ledley, was an attendant at the Settlement Church, if not a member thereof, and the records of the First Church of Easton, show that in 1819 Mr. Thomas McKeen was elected treasurer of the congregation, but he did not become a member of the church until 1822, when he brought his letter from the Settlement Church. While this is so and it is also probable that the leaders among the signers of the petition were Presbyterians, it is safe, I think, to date the beginning of Presbyterianism in an organized capacity with the receipt of this petition.

The request was granted and among others who were assigned at Easton was Stephen Boyer, a licentiate, whose services were evidently pleasing to the people for in the following August a petition was circulated and presented to the Presbytery of New Brunswick on Tuesday, October 1st, asking for his services. In response to this petition the Presbytery of New Brunswick met in Easton on Wednesday, November 6th, 1811, to ordain Mr. Boyer, which was done the following day but he was not installed. He was technically not a pastor but a "stated supply."

We are told frequently that each generation grows weaker and wiser. In proof of the latter part of this assertion we can say that in this latter day records are kept with more care for the most part. Thus, while the Presbytery of New Brunswick presumably organized a church in Easton in November 6-7, 1811, they did not so record it on the minutes but circumstantial evidence makes this date as probable. We have the names of those who signed the petition and it may be interesting to know who they were so I will give you the list:

Henry Brown, Joseph Burke, J. M. Burnside, John Cooper, Moses Davis, Robert Depew, Samuel Depew, John Erb, John A. Everitt, John Ewing, Daniel Fields, Samuel R. Finley, Lewis Gano, Davis Gosner, Enoch Green, Benjamin Green, John Green, James Hackett, Adam Hawk, Peter Hawk, James Hays, John Heartley, Benjamin Hinds, J. Horn, Ezek Howell, Elijah P. Hunt, Hill Hutchinson, William Innis, Charles Lambert, Benjamin Mettler, Samuel McCarthy, Daniel Quigley, Absalom Reeder, Nathan Roberts, Thomas J. Rodgers, Henry Segreaves, Ira B. Shaw, John Slator, James Thompson, Ralph Tindall, Amos Titus, George Vogel, Joseph Wallace.

It would be interesting to pause awhile and study the connection of these people with the development of Easton. Some of the names have entirely passed away from us but most of them are still present and their impress upon the town has been uniformly for its benefit. But to do this would take too much time in an address of this kind. We must pass them by with enumeration.

10

A CENTURY OF PRESBYTERIANISM

(Continued from page 1.)

that the members be urged to prepare and offer brief papers of from five to fifteen minutes in length upon the little things in the history of the county, which, when gathered together, will make a contribution of big things.

The question of membership should receive the more hearty assistance of the members of the society. No one should think that he had done his duty until he has presented one new name each year. I recommend that you adopt some resolution making this suggestion the sense of the society for the coming year.

Then again, some active measures should be taken for printing some of the contributions already presented to the society. I commend to you the desirability of getting out a volume of transactions.

The new congregation worshipped, for the most part, in the old Court House, where the soldiers monument now stands although there were some records of their at times occupying the session house of the Third Street Reformed Church. But they did not build a meeting house for some six or seven years.

Mr. Boyer did not remain in Easton very long, for we find that on Friday, November 3d, 1816, David Bishop was ordained, likewise as "stated supply," not as pastor. Thus, we have record of another meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick in Easton. The records of the session of the church begin with the administration of Mr. Bishop, with the note that the records under the administration of Mr. Boyer had been lost before Mr. Bishop assumed charge. Mr. Bishop continued in charge of the church during the erection of the first meeting house until the 19th of May 1822, when he died.

In the meantime, in 1817, the Presbytery of Newton had been organized and the church became a member of that Presbytery. On the first of October following Mr. Bishop's death, the Presbytery met at Lamington and I find this minute, it "was organized by Mr. John Gray (who being present, was asked to preach) a licentiate under the care of the Reformed Presbytery of New York, from Joshua 24-13, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." At this meeting the congregation of Easton asked that Mr. Gray be ordained, that he might serve as "stated supply" for one year. As Mr. Gray was not yet a member of the Presbytery of Newton the church at Easton was given the privilege of inviting him to preach until such time as he could be transferred to the Presbytery. This was not accomplished until December 31, 1822, when a special meeting of the Presbytery of Newton was held in Easton and the Reverend John Gray was examined for ordination and

each year until October 7th, 1823, when at a meeting of the Presbytery of Newton held in Easton, a call from the church was found to be in order and accepted and on the next day, Wednesday, October 8, he was installed, thus becoming the first pastor of the church.

Dr. Gray continued in the pastorate until 1867 and died on the 12th of January, 1868, and during his pastorate Presbyterianism became firmly established in the community.

At first the congregation was not incorporated. On March 10th, 1812, a temporary Board of Trustees was elected which was succeeded by a Board of Trustees the following November, which was to look after the temporalities of the church. This board consisted of John Green, Absalom Reeder, Benjamin Green, Benjamin Hinds, Samuel R. Finley, Ezek Howell and Moses Davis. These gentlemen seemed to have served in this capacity until the church became regularly incorporated.

In December, 1817, there was a meeting of the congregation to consider the erection of a meeting house. For this purpose, it was thought wise to seek incorporation. A meeting of the congregation was held in January, 1818, and trustees were elected and the act of incorporation was signed by the Governor on the 22d of March in the same year. The first building (meeting house, the records call it) was erected where the present church is standing and is part of that edifice. It was so far completed that on Saturday, August 28, 1819, the pews were sold. The original building was enlarged twice during Dr. Gray's pastorate, was entirely changed in its appearance during the pastorate of the Rev. Frank E. Miller, was enlarged for the third time in the pastorate of Rev. A. D. Carlile, and had its present front erected in the pastorate of the Rev. Francis Stoddard Haines. In 1846, a one storied Sunday School building or session room was erected, (they were not called chapels in those days) which was greatly enlarged and the second story added about 1876 and entirely remodeled during the present pastorate.

It might be interesting to note some of the conditions and changes that have taken place during these years. "In January, 1850, the trustees resolved to substitute whale oil for spermacetti for lighting the church but in July of the following year gas was substituted. This must have been shortly after the completion of the gas works. Electricity was introduced in 1881.

Thursday, May 19th, 1824, a Sunday School association was formed which organized the first Sunday School in Easton as a union effort. This association changed its name to the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church in 1832. In those days the Sunday School room was the basement of the church, with the doors opening on Second street, and the trustees decided on the 9th of April, 1832, to provide that room with seats with backs.

We find that Daniel Quigley was the first sexton, the note being November 9th, 1820, and that his salary was twenty dollars a year. Another note as to this important officer of the church is to the effect that on September 27th, 1830, John Miller purchased pew No. 32, paying, therefore, three years' services as sexton. We might multiply these little items of curious interest but a larger field is awaiting us.

During the pastorate of Dr. Gray the forces were at work which has caused the old First Church to be known as the Mother Church in this section of the country and before we examine into the church extension it will be necessary for us to get some idea of the character and methods of the pastor of the First Church.

Dr. Gray came from the north of Ireland and as we have already seen joined himself to the Presbytery of the Associate Reformed Church before coming to Easton, which would indicate that he was a hyper-calvinist, even in those days of much less liberal thought than today. Indeed, this is evidenced by the position he took in the discussions during that time of ecclesiastic excitement in the Presbyterian Church which led to the division known as the old and new school branches. Taking into consideration the racial characteristics and the training which leads to pronounced opinions in dogmatic theology we would be led to expect a narrow mind—however profound—whose decisions were reached by logical processes. With such men, mental conclusions become convictions, which posses the soul as absolute truth. As a consequence, to differ was to be in error and error must be combated. Such men are usually tenacious, consequently persevering. Dr. Gray was, I take it, a superlatively perservering man. Let us make the comparison; positive, perservering; comparitive, pertinacious; superlative, pugnacious. He maintains his conclusions with bulldog grip. Such men are apt to be either violent radicals or ultra-conservative. Dr. Gray was the latter; he wanted no help in the conduct of the week-day religious service and uniformly petitioned on Sunday morning for everything to be done "in decency and in order." I am explaining this side of the man's character because, otherwise, we will not be able to understand some of the most important events in the history of Presbyterianism in Easton. He had other and more attractive traits. That he was a man of ability can be seen in the fact that the church was twice enlarged and was filled and that notwithstanding the organization of other churches at the end of his pastorate his church was the largest Presbyterian Church in the community. That he was friendly and capable of making friends is shown by his name being still held in loving remembrance by those, who in their youthful days, were his parishioners. It is with no thought of belittling the worth of the man that I have brought the harsher side of his character into prominence.

I have dwelt this long upon the First Church exclusively because for nearly two score years it was almost the only Presbyterian force at work in the community, for the organization of a church at Durham in 1833 did not affect Easton except that it removed certain names from the roll of the First Church.

I have just said almost the only force, there was another—the college, or probably, more accurately, the Rev. George Junkin, its first president. Dr. Junkin was also a man who reached conclusions and clung to them.

EASTON DAILY

He united with the Presbytery of Newton and was a champion of the "Old School" theology, not only in the Presbytery but in the higher ecclesiastic courts of the church, and in this he received the hearty concurrence of Dr. Gray, and there are many indications that they were the best of friends. These details are necessary even in so brief a sketch as this in order to study properly the extension of Presbyterianism by the organization of other churches.

Dr. Gray believed in growth but not in expansion. Did his meeting house fill up? Knock the end out and make it bigger, nor should another church be erected until to increase the size of his own edifice still further would make it a larger building than his voice could fill.

In the early '30's the Rev. Richard Webster labored in South Easton, in what he thought was a favorable field, but not receiving any sympathy from this side, abandoned it and went farther up the valley where he did excellent service.

The activities which resulted in the organization of other Presbyterian churches began in 1847. It is a complicated question manifesting the passions of man, consequently showing the weaker sides of their character. Let us strive to discuss it with the spirit of charity.

We have seen that Dr. Gray and Dr. Junkin had been good friends but they had become estranged. Let us remember in this connection that Dr. Junkin resigned his presidency of the college in 1848, because, in part at least, of disagreement with some of his trustees; that Dr. Gray was a trustee of the college, and ten or twelve of the members of his church were trustees, and that the trustees were rapidly dividing into two factions, partisans for and opponents to the president, and we can find a reason for this estrangement. We can see also that however how sincere the motive of either party it might be viewed with suspicion by the other.

Prior to December 7th, 1847, there must have been some informal discussion as to the organization of another church because the session of the First Church took up the matter of church extension in Phillipsburg and South Easton, while on the 15th of December, the week following, it was voted to have the Rev. George C. Heckman labor in South Easton.

Whether the reason for this lay in the refusal of one church to issue the letter or of the other church to accept it, the records do not show.

On December 7th Dr. Junkin delivered a letter to Dr. Gray, addressed to the Session, which begins: "For fifteen years I believed that it was the duty of the Presbyterians of Easton to take measures for the organization of a Second Church in this place," asking permission to make an effort to organize a new church. The Session replied to this communication on the 22d of December, which in brief, stated that the Session, as was their duty, had endeavored to keep oversight of the field and provide for increased accommodations by enlarging the church, that there was an "abundance still unoccupied for those who may desire or be induced to occupy it," it had discussed the necessity of church extensions, that it had found that ministers connected with the college could not give the necessary time to such work but while, however, the Session have laid their plan with a large and liberal view toward church extension and which plan will be essentially but necessarily deranged and hindered by any uncalled for interposition yet they forbid none from doing all in their power, by preaching and lecturing, towards promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of the community."

Previous to the receipt of this reply, Dr. Junkin was making arrangements for the preaching service, securing the use of the Guards' Armory on North Second street, on the property now owned by the school district, for that purpose. The first service was held on the 7th of January, 1848, in the Baptist Church.

On the 25th of April of the same year, the Presbytery of Newton was petitioned by fifty-three people, a number of them members of the First Church, asking that a committee be sent to organize a church, if the way be clear. Dr. Gray was not present at this meeting and the request being granted, Mr. Enoch Green, the Elder representing the First Presbyterian Church, gave notice that he would complain to Synod upon this action of Presbytery. The committee of the Presbytery visited Easton on the 18th of May and organized the Second Presbyterian Church, meeting in Christ Lutheran Church for that purpose.

As above mentioned, Dr. Junkin left Easton in 1848 and it was necessary for the church to secure a pastor. It united with the Presbyterian Church of Harmony, New Jersey, and the Rev. John Skinner, D. D., was elected the pastor of the two churches on the first of January, 1849. This church, organized under the conditions suggested in this paper and not having the hearty co-operation of the officers and members of the First Church, had a stormy life. Without attempting to solve the purpose, the action of the pastor of the First Church was inimical to all the interests of the Second Church. In justice to him, it should be said that he thought the movement was a personal one purposing to injure him. For he afterwards wrote: "I have indeed been grossly and grievously persecuted and that principally, if not wholly because I have been in the way of those who desire to build up another and antagonistic interest on the ruins of Presbyterianism. In all these attempts God has signally discomfited my adversaries and they are proportionally maddened. The original war-cry was 'let us get a new organization and break up Gray's church and drive him out of Easton.'" He never invited the new minister to occupy his pulpit and in many ways showed his opposition, so on March 21st, 1851, Dr. Skinner addressed a letter to his congregation, wishing to retire from the pastorate, in which he says, among other things, "I had indulged, in some measure, the hope that * * * * * the original objections on the part of the brethren of the First Church to the extension of Presbyterianism within the bounds of this borough by the organization of the Second would have greatly faded away * * * * * this hope has not been realized."

In a communication of some years after, this addressed to some of the same people who were interested in the Second Church movement and signed by some of the members of the Session of the First Church at the time of that movement, the following sentence appears: "You may fear that the return to the Presbyterian Church will subject you to the same diverse and hostile influences which you formerly experienced in this connection when the Second Presbyterian Church was before attempted." These quotations are sufficient for our purpose and explain why the congregation forming the Second Presbyterian Church sent a

FREE PRESS, WEDNESDAY, F

commissioner to the Presbytery of Newton and on the 24th of April, 1851, the church was dissolved.

It will be noted that in the reply of the Session to the communication of Dr. Junkin, it was said that there was an abundance of room for those who may desire to attend the church. This answer was rather ingenious. It was in the days when people rented pews and liked to have pews of their own. About this time the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, in reply to an inquiry, said there were but five unrented pews in the church, four of these in the extreme end and undesirable, with vacant sittings in other pews "but the great majority of seats in the entire church are occupied." It is quite evident from these two statements that the holders of the pews did not entirely fill the same which gave the ample room for others to occupy the church.

The conditions regarding the church home for those of the Second Church were no better after the dissolution than before its organization and as growth in grace is a canon in the Presbyterian doctrine, perfection being a thing to be reached for and never fully attained in this life, it was natural that the memory of the first attempt remaining in the hearts of those who had gone out, many of them felt that they could not return to the ministrations of Dr. Gray. Hence it was that they turned to the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of America, commonly known as the Dutch Reformed Church and the Classis of New Brunswick organized a church in 1851.

This church had for its first pastor the Rev. J. H. M. Knox, who was afterwards President of Lafayette College, immediately succeeding Dr. Cattell, and the history of this church is properly included in a review of Presbyterianism in Easton. Its second pastor was the Rev. Cornelius M. Edgar, D. D. The first building of the church was erected on North Fifth street, now the property of Zion's Lutheran Church and in the early seventies the present Brainerd Union Church was erected by this congregation. Dr. Edgar was succeeded by the Rev. G. M. S. Blauvelt and he, in turn, by the Rev. Timothy J. Lee, under whose pastorate the church sought to be dismissed from the Reformed body to unite with the Presbyterian, taking the name of the Second Presbyterian Church. After Mr. Lee's resignation there was a union between the Second Church and the Brainerd Church, forming the present Brainerd Union Church.

You may have noticed that the ecclesiastic connection of the First and Second Churches was with the Presbytery of Newton, whose boundaries were largely in New Jersey. The growth of the College, under the guidance of President Junkin, made it desirable that it should be located in territory which was covered by a Pennsylvania Presbytery and as a consequence the churches in Pennsylvania belonging to the Presbytery of Newton, from Easton south, were transferred in 1851 to the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia. This left Phillipsburg open territory for the Presbytery of Newton and they appointed a committee to investigate and organize a church if the way be clear. As a result of the labors of this committee the Phillipsburg First was organized in December, 1853, and later, in 1886, the Westminster Church was formed as a daughter of the First Phillipsburg, thus becoming a granddaughter of the Easton First.

We have seen that in 1851 the Dutch Reformed Church was organized; the ecclesiastic relation of the First Church changed from the Presbytery of Newton, Synod of New Jersey, to the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, Synod of Philadelphia; and that the Presbytery of Newton appointed a committee to organize a church in Phillipsburg which was done two years later. The organization of these two churches (the Dutch Reformed and the Phillipsburg First) must have relieved the congested condition in the auditorium of the First Church and, had there not been some element at work, one should not look for further expansion at this time. This is not so, however, for soon a movement was inaugurated which led to the organization of the Brainerd Church. At this point your historian halts, he has not the documentary evidence at hand and while writing this was not in a condition to seek information. The narration of this part of our history is subject to revision when additional information is at hand. This much can be said when it was found that there was a likelihood of organizing some of the Presbyterians into a congregation of another demonination, steps were taken to prevent it. The petition to the Classis of New Brunswick was dated June 17th, 1851; the Session of the First Church, in a communication dated June 26, 1851, unanimously proposed to the petitioners to assist in procuring a Presbyterian organization, in building a church and in supporting a pastor. This proposition was rejected because it would be breaking faith with the Classis of New Brunswick.

Another, and unofficial communication, not dated but addressed to the "Consistory and Members of the First Reformed Dutch Church of Easton" (while so addressed I have no evidence that it ever was delivered) contains these words: "The undersigned, members of the First Presbyterian Church and congregation of Easton, have, for a length of time, felt that there ought to be a Second Presbyterian Church in Easton and that their own comfort and spiritual edification required them to seek connection with this or some other church." The purport of this communication was a suggestion for the Dutch Church to become Presbyterian again, to do what it did years after, when the Brainerd Union Church was formed.) Thus we see that there was some dissatisfaction or disaffection, leading to the organization of the Brainerd Church in March, 1853, by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia.

This movement received the tacit approval, at least, of the First Church, for Dr. Gray was one of the Presbytery's committee to organize. The organization was effected in the First Church and the congregation made use of the First Church for its services until its own building, now Heptasoph Hall, was ready for occupancy, the first pastor was the Rev. G. Wilson McPhail. The Brainerd Church, from the very first, occupied a prominent position among the churches of Easton and its members and adherents were among the foremost and most influential of our citizens. As already stated, it united to form the Brainerd Union Church in 1893.

The organization to form the Brainerd Church ended the first period of expansion in the century. All of the churches were growing; Dr. Gray's power or popularity manifesting itself in the fact that the First Church increased as rapidly as any of the others.

The second period of expansion began at the instigation of the Rev. Frank E. Miller, who served the First Church from 1871 to 1887. Dr. Miller, likewise,

(Continued on page 11, column 4.)

(Concluded from page 10.)

was one of the type possessing superlative perseverance. He, too, was a good fighter, but he struggled for expansion rather than centralization. It was through his efforts that the Sessions of the two churches organized a mission on the South Side, out of which the South Presbyterian Church grew. When that church was established, like Abraham's offer to Lot, he gave the choice of a new field for mission work to the pastor of the Brainerd Church. Mr. Weidman selected the western part of the town and Mr. Miller had Seitzville, where the present Seitzville chapel is doing excellent work as a mission of the First Church. After the effort in West Ward had been abandoned, Mr. Miller in 1881 organized a Sunday School in the engine house at the corner of Twelfth and Spruce streets, then unoccupied because of the recent establishment of a paid fire department, and from this Sunday School grew the Olivet Church in 1899.

The Church on College Hill was the result of independent effort. Mr. Miller had left Easton for Paterson and there was no organizer among the churches so that it met with opposition rather than with aid. The result shows the wisdom of the men, who, in spite of the lack of ecclesiastic oversight, continued in their endeavors, resulting in the organization of a church in 1896.

This completes the enumeration of churches at present in this vicinity. The First Church maintains a Sunday School and chapel (Riverside) near the Sanitarium on North Delaware street, and the organization of what is now the large and flourishing undenominational North End Mission in Phillipsburg, was largely due to the untiring efforts of some of the members of Second Church.

The Second Church established a mission on East Canal street, South Side, for which the Kate Drake Chapel was built. The mission was abandoned subsequently because of the movement of the population whereby most of the residents became "foreign speaking." For the past two years the building has been used for a flourishing mission for foreign speaking peoples, more particularly the Italians. It is under the joint care of the Sessions of the two down-town churches.

The Brainerd Union also conducts a mission in West Easton—the Sarah J. Young Memorial Chapel—which has an interesting history. From 1877 to 1898 an undenominational association of ladies, known as the Easton Coffee House Association, conducted a lunch room free from the temptations of a "bar," the only one of its kind for a long time in Easton. With the profits from the enterprise they employed a Bible reader to visit among the retrogressives of our city—a city missionary (incidentally serving a few in the same way as our Charity Organization Society does so efficiently for the city). The last reader and the one longest in the service was Miss Sarah J. Young. Among her many good works was the organization and maintaining of a Sunday School on Dock street. The Coffee House Association erected her a chapel on ground leased from the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company. When the city was supplied with lunch rooms the ladies gave up their effort, and the Brainerd Union Church assumed the care of the mission, transferring it to the present chapel.

In the county at large, the great undenominational organizations, the American Bible Society, the Y. M. C. A., homes, hospitals, etc., find the Presbyterians among their most ardent supporters and most generous contributors, and the same has proven true in Easton. But there is a rule in the arithmetic of the higher life which is recorded in the Book of Proverbs, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Notwithstanding the treasure and labor expended outside of itself has Presbyterianism been prospered in Easton? Let us see.

I do not have at hand the Census Report for 1810—but in 1840 Easton, with South Easton, numbered 5526 people. The report of the church for that year was, membership 333, or one to seventeen of the population while the amount of benevolence contributed amounted to $252.50.

In 1910 the population of Easton numbered 28,523, while the membership in the five Presbyterian churches was 1926, or one to fifteen of the population, while the united benevolent contributions amounted to $7393 in addition to which $19,626 was contributed for congregational expenses. So you see the churches have not suffered for their general benevolence.

And now my story is told. It would be interesting to trace the changes that have taken place in the form of worship, in the increased comity between the denominations. For example, what would be thought now if the First Church, upon receiving an application to unite with the church from a member, in full standing, of the Methodist Episcopal Church would receive him upon profession of faith, instead of accepting the letter of transfer of the sister church and yet, if I read the minutes of the Session correctly, this was the transaction in the years gone by. This increased comity has been brought about and indeed, could only be brought about by placing less emphasis upon the dogmas of the church and more upon the essential principles of Christianity. Indeed, it is a change which has kept pace with advancing civilization, the wonderful discoveries in natural science with the resulting inventions that has placed the world in touch, has displaced provincialism, has demonstrated that the other man may be right even though he may not think as we do. And it is an evidence that Christianity is a living force which keeps pace and adapts itself to the material and intellectual development of the race and while we may sigh that the old days were better—and they were in many things—yet when we go to strike an average we are much nearer the time which will fulfill the ideal hinted at in the New Testament, not the equality of man but the brotherhood of mankind.

LITERARY

"Where Animals Talk." by R. H. Nassau. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

West African stories, many of them told by natives to the author. It would be a desirable and interesting acquisition to a library for children or for grown people, for it contains fascinating information with regard to the customs of the West Africans, which is pleasantly sifted through the stories, especially in the notes that head each tale, which offer much wisdom bearing on life, imagination of an Oriental richness from time to time, a marked trace of Arabic enchantment, which is consistent, as the author says, with the fact that there is Arabic blood in the Banter Negro. This must be the explanation, for the Oriental imagination is impossible to imitate—it must be in the blood. These stories are unique, yet one discovers an interesting similarity between them and other fables dealing with animals. Tale 15—Leopard of a Fine Skin—is noticeable for the kind of imagination that marks the great and inimitable "Arabian Nights." C. M.

The following review from the

N.Y. Missionary Review

under date of June 1, 1914.

is sent with the compliments of

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press, Boston

BOOKS—TWO

WHERE ANIMALS TALK. West African Folk-Lore Tales. By Robert H. Nassau. 12mo., 250 pp. $1.50, *net*. Richard G. Badger. Boston, 1912.

These stories by the honored veteran West African missionary throw much light on African beliefs, customs, and mental capacity. They will be especially interesting to students of folk-lore tales but are too much devoted to lying, theft, murder, and other African vices to be adapted to children.

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MY AGOWE.

My Agowe. By Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York.

For 55 years a resident of Africa, pioneer and explorer, Dr. Nassau has contributed largely to both science and literature. While in Africa he sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and to Princeton, and was the first to send a carcass of a gorilla to the United States, and he supplied the only perfect gorilla brains to be examined by anatomists up to 1891. He is a member of various scientific bodies, and author of many published works, one of his more important being the translation of the Bible into the Benga language of West Equatorial Africa. But by far his greatest achievement in literature and the culmination of his varied literary activities is this volume, considered by the publishers to hold the most important place as a work of this sort yet published.

The Preble County

DOWN CAME BIG STICK

Camden, Ohio.

On Heads Of Euchrists Of The Presbyterian Flock

PASTOR FLAYS CARDS

June, ~~1907~~ 1907

Says Euchre And Religion Won't Mix And That Craze Is A Blight On Community

The Reverend Smith G. Dunning, pastor of the Presbyterian church, got out his big stick Sunday evening and brought it down with a whack on the members of his congregation who play the moth to the euchre candle.

Mr. Dunning said oil and water would not mix and just so with euchre and religion.

He said playing cards for prizes was varnished gambling and that whoever played was a gambler. Euchre playing, he stated, left a bad impress upon the community.

If cards were a good thing in life why not in death? The patsor scored his point by saying it was history that Union troops in the Civil war consigned hundreds of decks of cards to the flames on the eve of a great battle.

The pastor said Camden's fondness for wooing the Goddess of Chance over the euchre tables had gone out from the town, and that some ministers shied at the charge as a proverbial "White Elephant".

He said he could do no good in Camden unless the complexion of things were changed. The intimation between the lines was that unless matters changed the brainy Presbyterian pastor would seek another field of labor.

The sermon was strong though tactful and was heard by a congregation that taxed the capacity of the edifice.

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Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

Date MAY 24 1914

"MY OGOWE' is a valuable contribution to scientific literature written by Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., who was for forty-five years a resident of Africa, pioneer and explorer. Dr. Nassau has given largely of his rich experiences in scientific research to literature, and while in Africa sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and to Princeton, and was the first to send the carcass of a gorilla to the United States, and also supplied the only perfect gorilla brains to be examined by anatomists up to 1891.

He is a member of various scientific bodies, including the Archeological Society of the University of Pennsylvania, the National Georgraphical Society, the Pennsylvania Society of Scientific Research.

One of his most important works is the translation of the Bible into the Benga language of West Equatorial Africa. The culmination of his literary labors is reached in this new work which the publishers hold to be of great importance. Penetrating into the very heart of an uncivilized country, the graphic account is one of absorbing interest and thrilling adventures. His intimate relation with the natives, among whom he dwelt for so long, his constant effort to lift them out of their almost hopeless conditions and the realistic pen-pictures of the country itself make as entertaining a book as any romance. Through it all runs the golden thread of sincerity, and the reader feels that this is not a work doctored up with spectacular color effects in order to make it attractive. A scholarly presentation of facts presented in a literary style that is the acme of elegance and simplicity of style at once commend it to those who enjoy reading of exploration in unfamiliar countries. Numerous illustrations and maps enhance the value of the text. The work is handsomely bound and printed on heavy cream paper in bold, clear type. A portrait of the author appears as the frontispiece. The Neale Publishing company, New York.

From

Address NORFOLK, VA.

Date MAY 16 1

My Ogowe—By Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D.

For forty-five years a resident of Africa, pioneer and explorer, Dr. Nassau has contributed largely to both science and literature. While in Africa he sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and to Princeton, and was the first to send a carcass of a gorilla to the United States, and he supplied the only perfect gorilla brains to be examined by anatomists up to 1891. He is a member of various scientific bodies, including the Archeological Society of the University of Pennsylvania, the National Geographical Society, the Pennsylvania Society of Scientific Research. Among his published works are "Crowned in Palmland," "Mawedo," "Fetishism in West Africa," "The Path She Trod," "Where Animals Talk," "In an Elephant Corral, and Other Tales of West African Experiences," and "My Ogowe." One of his more important works is the translation of the Bible into the Benga language of West Equatorial Africa.

TELEPHONE, 929 CHELSEA

Intended for

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc.

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From EXPRESS

Address: Buffalo, N. Y. MAY 31 1914

Date

A Missionary's Story.

Dr. Robert Hamilton Nassau was for 45 years a resident of Africa, a pioneer, an explorer and a missionary. In My Ogowe he has written an account of his work and experiences covering the period between 1874 and 1892 in the French Congo. This is a transcription of his diaries, fully made at the time, and relating all the big things and all the little things that entered into his life—trials, annoyances, perils, failures, successes; estimates of both white and black people with whom he came into contact or with whom he had dealings. It is a very frankly told story.

Dr. Nassau has contributed largely to both science and literature. While in Africa he sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and to Princeton, and was the first to send a carcass of a gorilla to the United States, and he supplied the only perfect gorilla brains to be examined by anatomists up to 1891. He is a member of various scientific bodies, including the one of his more important works is the translation of the Bible into the Benga language of West Equatorial Africa. (Neale Publishing Co.)

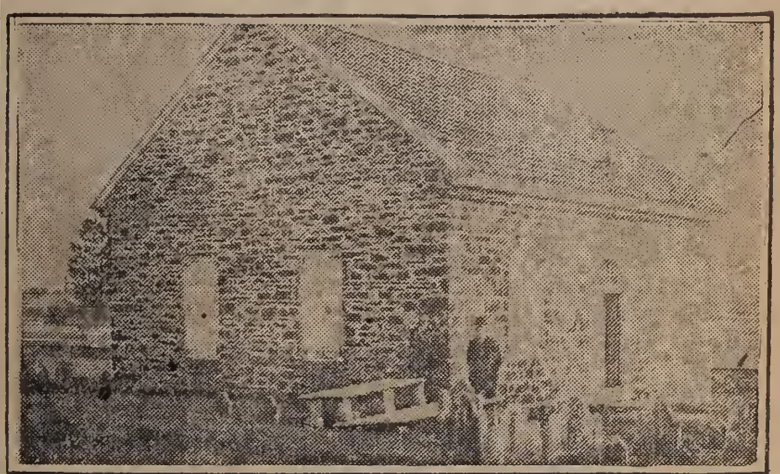
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.

First United Presbyterian church, adjoining postoffice. The pastor, Rev. Charles H. Robinson, D. D., will preach tomorrow at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school and adult Bible classes at 9:30 a. m. The regular mid-week prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:45 p. m.

Second United Presbyterian church, Rev. J. H. Littell, D. D., pastor. Services in the lecture room of the new building at the corner of Chapline and Fourteenth streets at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. Dr. Hamill Nassau will occupy the pulpit in the morning. The pastor will preach in the evening. Sabbath school and Bible classes at 9:30 a. m.; the dedication service of the Martha A. Taylor memorial window will be held on June 14th; Christian Union at 7 p. m.; mid-week prayer service on Wednesday evening at 7:45.

ESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1913.

ICK'S CHURCHES BUILT BEFORE THE REVOLUTION



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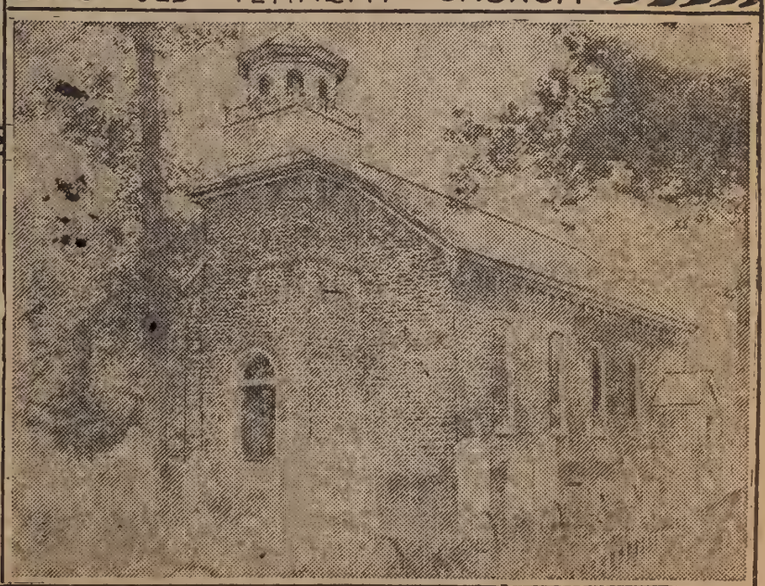

DEERFIELD CHURCH

IRCES NAMED FOR | POLICE AFTER ROWDIES | shal by the State Camp Monument Com-

from The

Trenton, N. J., Tuesday, S

ANNIVERSARY OF PRESBYTERY IS BEING OBSERVED

Celebration of the One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Year Under Way at New Brunswick

HAD SOME CHURCHES BUILT BEFORE WAR

Persons from All Parts of New Jersey and from Other States Attending Today's Meetings and Interesting Program Has Been Prepared for Afternoon and Evening Rites. Rev. L. L. Strock Released

In connection with the stated meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, being held today in New Brunswick, the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the body is also being celebrated in an appropriate manner. In attendance are many persons from practically every section of New Jersey and from adjoining states who are interested in this famed organization. With the Rev. Francis Palmer, pastor of the Prospect Street Presbyterian Church, of this city, as moderator, the business session opened this morning, and immediately following devotions, the business of the organization was taken up. The anniversary celebration is being held this afternoon and will be continued in the evening and its program will be participated in by many prominent pastors and laymen.

The Rev. L. L. Strock, for many years pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church of this city, severed his connections with the Presbytery. He has accepted a call to Marion, Ohio, where he will take up his pastoral duties at once.

A number of matters came from the General Assembly, one of them being a request for a vote by the Presbytery as to its attitude in the matter of union with the Reformed Church, and it was referred to a committee to be reported on later. There was also a strong recommendation from the Moderator of the General Assembly with reference to the Every Member Canvass which is being proposed throughout the country. The Presbytery has already appointed a special committee upon the matter, the Rev. Cordie J. Culp being chairman.

The executive commission reported, presenting the routine business for the action of the Presbytery.

Reports were presented on unemployed ministers by the Rev. Charles E. Erdman, chairman; minutes of the general assembly, the Rev. Francis Palmer; home missions and church extension, the Rev. Sylvester W. Beach; foreign missions, the Rev. Cordie J. Culp.

It was learned during the

PRESBYTERY HAVING 175TH ANNIVERSARY

(Continued From Page One.)

subject of an address by Prof. Fredcrick W. Loetscher, Ph. D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, and "Greetings from the Reformed Church in America," by the Rev. W. H. S. Demarest, D. D., president of Rutgers College, on the program for this evening.

In connection with the anniversary celebration, greetings will be given by many delegations, as follows:

From the New Jersey Historical Society, Hon. William J. Magie, LL. D., Prof. Austin Scott and the Rev. Joseph F. Folsom; from the Presbytery of New York, the Rev. Edward Johnston, pastor of Calvary Church, West Brigton, Staten Island; Louis L. Tribus, Commissioner of Public Works, West New Brighton; Presbytery of Philadelphia, the Rev. Robert Hunter, stated clerk; Presbytery of Lehigh; President Ethelbert D. Warfield, D. D., the Rev. James Robinson, Elder Edward J. Fox and Elder W. K. Woodbury; Newton Presbytery, the Rev. Dr. John C. Clyde; Presbytery of Newark, the Rev. Dr. William Y. Chapman; Presbytery of Monmouth, the Rev. Dr. James W. Rogan, the Rev. Arthur Phillips, the Rev. Dwight L. Parsons, the Rev. Frank W. Symmes, the Rev. Joseph E. Curry and the Rev. George Swain; Presbytery of Westchester, the Rev. Thomas C. Straus, the Rev. William J. Cumming; West Jersey Presbytery, the Rev. William V. Louderbough, the Rev. H. H. Beadlem, the Rev. Joseph W. Bischoff; Presbytery of Morris and Orange, the Rev. Joseph G. Symmes; Springfield Church, the Rev. William Hoppaugh; Shrewsbury Church, Elder John C. Breese; First Church of Elizabeth, the Rev. Dr. William Worth Whitaker, the pastor.

The anniversary which the Presbytery is today celebrating took place August 8, the organization having been constituted at New Brunswick on that date, 1738. While the Times has been telling the story of the early years of the Presbytery in a series of articles, entitled "The History of the Presbytery of New Brunswick," there is an interesting fact concerning the church buildings, still standing, that were erected prior to the Revolution. Within the bounds of the larger Presbytery there are seven such church buildings. Possibly this list is not complete. The seven buildings are as follows:

ANTE-BELLUM CHURCHES.

Norriton Church, Montgomery County, Pa., erected (probably) 1714. William Tennent is said to have preached in this building while he was at Bensalem, and possibly when he was at Neshaminy. John Rowland, the first candidate ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, came to this and Providence Church upon leaving Maidenhead and Hopewell in 1742 or 1743. While here there was a gracious revival and among the converts were the grandparents of Dr. Archibald Alexander, the first professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. The Hamill family also came from these parishes. The Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Hamill was long in connection with the Lawrenceville School, and his son, the late Hugh H. Hamill, elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Trenton; the Rev. Charles W. Nassau, father of the Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, served this church upon leaving the theological seminary. The Norriton Church asked the Presbytery for supplies in 1741.

The second of these pre-revolutionary churches is Old Tennent, Monmouth County, erected in 1733 and re-erected in 1753. The Rev. William Tennent, Jr., was pastor from 1733-1777. The Presbytery met here for the first time September 7, 1738. It also met May 28, 1754.

Old Tennent is the best example of pre-Revolutionary church buildings in this vicinity. This church was first located at Wicatunk and was then known as Old Scots or Freehold. This building is still in use.

Neshaminy Presbyterian Church (Warwick), erected in 1743, after the old and new side schism. The latter party occupied this building. This old side building was torn down and part of the material went into the cemetery wall. William Tennent preached in this church until his death, in 1746. The Log College was not far from this building. During the Revolution the Neshaminy church building was used as a hospital. Washington's headquarters at Hartsville, less than half a mile distant, is still standing. The Presbytery met at Neshaminy December 14, 1743, and also on May 22, 1754.

The fourth buliding, Nassau Hall, is not a church, but was used as such by the First Church of Princeton. It was erected 1754-1756. This was the first of the college buildings. President Burr took possession in 1756, and a chapel was arranged, where the faculty room now is, and First Church congregation worshipped there for a time. The Presbytery met in Nassau Hall March 11, 1760. Presbytery met in Princeton September 29, 1757, and also December 10, 1751.

Lawrenceville Church was erected in 1764, and enlarged in 1833. The Presbytery met in the first building October 15, 1746, and again September 11, 1744, but there is no record of the Presbytery meeting in the present structure between 1764 and 1770.

The sixth of the pre-revolutionary Presbyterian Church buildings is the Newtown (Bucks County, Pa.) Presbyterian Church, erected in 1769. Newtown church came into the Presbytery of New Brunswick in 1740, and thereafter was furnished supplies of preaching until a pastor was settled.

Deerfield Church, Cumberland County, was erected in 1771. John Brainerd is buried beneath this church, he having been pastor at time of his death.

MANY PAY HONOR TO PRESBYTERY

New Brunswick Meeting Largely Attended—Much Business Transacted

The feature of the meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at New Brunswick yesterday, was the celebration of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, which occupied a large part of the afternoon and evening. The centennial had been held in the same church 75 years before. There was a large attendance of the members of the Presbytery yesterday and there were representations from a dozen Presbyteries beside. Several classes of the Reformed Church, also the New Jersey Historical and the Presbyterian Historical Societies were represented.

The moderator of the Presbytery, the Rev. Francis Palmer, presided. The opening address was given by the Rev. I. Mench Chambers, moderator of the synod of New Jersey. He was followed by the Rev. George H. Ingram, the stated clerk, who rehearsed the work of the Presbytery during its first three years, and the conditions which obtained prior to the erection of the Presbytery. Then came the greetings of the Presbyteries, the first being from the mother Presbytery of all, Philadelphia, which was given by the Rev. Robert Hunter, stated clerk; then the Presbytery of New York was heard, through the Rev. Edward Johnston Russell, pastor of Calvary Church, West New Brighton, Staten Island. The Presbytery of Westchester spoke through the moderator of that Presbytery, the Rev. Thomas C. Straus. The Presbytery of Lehigh voiced its congratulations through the Rev. James Robinson; Philadelphia North, the Rev. Richard Montgomery, stated clerk. The New Jersey Historical Society was represented by Prof. Austin Scott, D. D., and the Rev. Joseph Brown Turner, D. D., performed a similar office for the Presbyterian Historical Society. The Presbytery of Monmouth was represented by a large delegation, but they had to go before their turn, as also did the Presbytery of Newark.

In the evening the opening address was given by Prof. Frederick W. Seminary, whose subject was "The Place of the Presbytery of New Brunswick in the History of the Presbyterian Church. He was followed by President W. H. S. Demarest, Rutgers College, who brought the greeting of the Reformed Church. Greetings from the Presbytery of West Jersey were presented by the Rev. W. V. Louderbough, D. D.; from Elizabeth, by the Rev. Samuel Parry. Springfield Presbyterian Church, of Revolutionary fame, was represented by the retiring pastor, the Rev. William Hoppaugh. The First Church of Elizabeth, the oldest English speaking church in New Jersey, was represented by the pastor, the Rev. William Worth Whitaker, D. D. This church is to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary next year.

Letters were received from the moderator of the General Assembly, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, the First Church of NewYork City, the First and Second Churches of Philadelphia, Deerfield Church, and the Presbytery of Newton.

A movement was initiated looking to the publication of the addresses of the celebration.

PRAISE STROCK AND MacCAULEY.

The Presbytery dissolved the pastoral relation of the Rev. Linius L. Strock and Bethany Church, as announced in the Times yesterday. The church was represented by Symmes Bergen, Benjamin D. Potter, Frederick Petry and George E. Snedeker. Resolutions passed by the congregation were read, expressing high appreciation of Mr. Strock's services. A minute was ordered adopted by the Presbytery to be sent with his dismissal. The Rev. Drs. Minton and Taylor were placed upon this committee. Mr. Strock was given a letter to the Presbytery of Marion

The Rev. Dr. Hugh B. MacCauley requested a letter of dismissal to the Presbytery of Jersey City, and the same was granted. A minute expressive of the appreciation of Dr. MacCauley's services in this Presbytery was adopted and ordered to be sent with his certificate of dismissal.

The Rev. J. Q. A. Fullerton, pastor of Amwell United First Church, came asking the dissolution of his pastoral relation, on the ground of ill health, and the request was granted. The church was represented by William Bellis and Andrew Bellis. Mr. Fullerton was appointed moderator of session and the Rev. A. B. Jamison was appointed to declare the pulpit vacant. The Rev. John Dixon, D. D., was made was appointed to declare the pulpit vacant.

The Rev. Andrew Todd Taylor, D. D., reported on men's societies, recommending the holding in November of an elders' convention, and he was given leave to enlarge his committee in order to carry out his plans.

Joseph H. Wright, President of the Board of Trustees, presented a report upon the Magyar litigation. The arguments before Chancellor Howell are to be made October 1.

Prof. Charles R. Erdman, of the Committee on Vacancy and Supply, requested leave to withdraw from that committee and asked for the appointment of his predecessor, the Rev. Paul Martin, and called for his election by Presbytery immediately, but the moderator ruled that such action could not be taken. The matter must go to the Committee on Nominations. This committee did not report.

CONGRATULATE PASTOR KNOX

The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach reported for the Committee on Synodical Home Missions and Church Extension. The Rev. Dr. William W. Knox reported for Church Erection and the Rev. Cordie J. Culp for Foreign Missions. The Rev. Samuel Polk reported for the Committee on Freedmen.

During the noon recess congratulations to the Rev. Dr. W. W. Knox and the First Church of New Brunswick, upon the completion of the twentieth year of the present pastorate were given. The Rev. Daniel Requa Foster made the address of the Presbytery. The Rev. Dr. O. J. Hogan, pastor of the First Reformed Church of New Brunswick, also brought felicitations. Dr. David C. English represented the session of the First Church. It was a happy day for Dr. Knox.

The First Church of Trenton was chosen as the place of the January meeting, and the Third Church of Trenton was chosen as the place of the April meeting.

The Presbytery will hold an adjourned meeting in the interims of Synod at Atlantic City, October 21.

The Rev. C. J. Culp, chairman of the Committee on the Simultaneous Every Member Canvass, announced the itinerary of New Jersey as far as it came within the province of the Presbytery: Lambertville, October 7-8; Princeton, October 9-10; Trenton, October 11-13; New Brunswick, October 26-27; Bound Brook, October 27-28. Conferences are to be held at the above places on the dates given.

THIRD CHURCH SERVICES

Mid-week services of the Third Presbyterian Church will be held in the church building instead of the Sunday School Auditorium this evening. The music, of special interest, will be in charge of Miss Elizabeth Nevius, church organist. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Todd Taylor, will make a special address.

SELL RESTAURANT TODAY

The business of the Hildebrecht Catering & Restaurant Company, Inc., will be sold as a going business this afternoon by Donald T. Magowan, receiver. The sale will be held under direction of Vice Chancellor Backes. The firm went into the hands of a receiver several months ago and has since been conducted by Mr. Magowan.

FAMOUS "MUT" AND "JEFF" SCARF PINS FREE

In connection with the sale of Sovereign Cigarettes in this city, local dealers are giving free, for a few days, to each purchaser of a single package of Sovereign a gold-plated "Mut" or "Jeff" scarf pin. These pins are an absolute novelty. Everyone is familiar with Bud Fisher's famous characters, "Mutt" and "Jeff," which are at the same time amusing and an attractive ornament.

The gift of these scarf pins through local dealers is made to induce more men to try Sovereign Cigarettes, because of the belief on the part of the manufacturers that smokers generally will like and continue using this brand. In sections of the country where smokers are widely acquainted with their high quality, Sovereign Cigarettes are known to the tobacco trade to be immensely popular.

"Kikuyu" Fifty Years Ago.

To the Editor of THE PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR MADAM,—*The Guardian* recently had a short article by Bishop Stileman on "Kikuyu" in Persia, which leads me to give you an incident in the same beautiful spirit which came under my notice in Old Calabar River, West Africa, as far back as 1859.

It was my privilege in that year to travel for a week or more on board the ss. *Retriever* with one of the noblest men I have ever met in a long life—Bishop Bowen, of Sierra Leone. The Bishop was then on a tour in his diocese, which at that time embraced the entire West Coast of Africa, and in the course of the voyage we arrived, as stated above, at Old Calabar. Here, though there were many Englishmen, the Church of England had no place of worship, while the then United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, on the other hand (established since 1846), was doing excellent work, and had a number of stations, ~~At at least one of these~~ one, at Duke Town. Divine service in the English tongue was held every Sunday afternoon, with, if I remember rightly, a Wednesday evening meeting as well.

Dr. Bowen was a man of very wide Christian sympathies, and during his brief stay consorted with the Presbyterians without a single reference to the distinctive tenets of either Church, and I need hardly say that he was met by an equal spirit of Christian brotherhood. The English traders, who very rarely went to the Presbyterian services—many of them never at all—waited upon the Bishop to express their regret that they had no place of worship, and begged that a chaplain might be sent to them. The Bishop replied, courteously but firmly: "Gentlemen, you do not attend the Presbyterian church here; neither would you attend the church services if I did send you a chaplain."

The other side of the shield is also good.

There was at that time a young Scotsman engaged in business at this station who always tried to induce his white crews to attend on Sunday. They went on shore but not to church, and in the end they had to be deprived of that liberty. However, feeling the responsibility on his conscience, this young fellow sent home for a supply of Prayer-books, and for several years read the Church of England service to a number of English sailors, and a short sermon by Dr. Guthrie from a volume then just published, called *The Way of Life*. The recollection of those Sunday mornings when, surrounded by the entire ship's crew, all quiet and respectful, he read that beautiful service and heard their deep responses, has never faded from his memory, and in the exigent rush of to-day brings a never-failing calm.—I am, etc.,

JAMES IRVINE.

Claughton, March 4.

A Woman on the Lynching

By Caroline Pemberton

WHEN in the course of human events a nation or a community steeps its hands in barbarous cruelty, it becomes necessary for innocent bystanders to express publicly their abhorrence of such deeds, or remain forever branded as hypocrites and cowards.

When that grimy little town of Coatesville rose from its squalid obscurity and on a peaceful Sunday morning called attention to its own miserable existence by burning alive a wounded and helpless negro, it revealed the fact that a whole generation of savages has grown to maturity among us, whose number it is impossible to reckon.

The burning alive of a human being is the most frightful spectacle that the mind can conceive of. Even the attempt to picture it curdles the blood and paralyzes the understanding. The flames that consumed Girdono Bruno and Joan of Arc lighted a pathway of pity and horror down the centuries, and religious fury and fanaticism died in the ashes of its own victims.

What then is to be said of a community that has no excuse of religious fanaticism, no memories of a devastating war, no inherited traditional claim of ancient wrong to inspire it to commit such a deed? It can offer no other plea than that of race hatred—of all human passions the most bestial and degrading.

A negro had shot and killed a policeman who was placing him under arrest. This was the whole provocation—an unpremeditated effort to escape arrest, a lawless act, a hasty murder, such as has occurred frequently before without exciting riots or mob rule. A policeman takes a soldier's risk of life when he makes an arrest. It is part of his vocation to incur such risks, for which he is paid and for which he is armed by the state.

The law deals out swift and sure punishment for the offence of attacking one of its officers. The situation is not one that calls for especial sympathy, but the passion that inspired this Coatesville mob was not sympathy for the policeman, but hatred of the negro—hatred of any negro, of all negroes, innocent or guilty, worthy or criminal.

The crime of this mob so far exceeds the crime of the negro that the sin of the black man is blotted out and completely washed away in the blood-guiltiness of his white murderers.

A mob is composed of many individuals. The male population of Coatesville did this deed acting as one man—nay, as one monster, one fiend in human shape. A whole population turned itself into a malignant, dancing devil of savagery—think of it! Within forty miles of Philadelphia, this scene was enacted in cold blood.

These people of Coatesville doubtless aspire to be considered respectable; they are classified as citizens of a civilized, prosperous state; they are husbands, fathers, sons and brothers of weak women; they are guardians and caretakers of young children. Their bloody hands will deposit the ballots that will help to elect our next president. Heaven help the state that must depend on such as these for its safety and morality!

For our own protection; for the love we bear our state and country, we need to exert ourselves to impress this wretched community with a sense of its own shame. Not missionaries to the heathen of foreign lands; not missionaries to the Pacific islands, where wild tribes live in innocent ignorance of the guilt of Christian people—but missionaries to Coatesville, to teach its inhabitants the first instincts of humanity.

I am glad to know that I am descended from a group of unworldly Quakers, who never bore arms in an unjust war; who never persecuted their fellow-men for disbelief or difference of creed or complexion. But I do not hesitate to say that I would rather claim descent from the yellowest Asiatic or the blackest African that ever landed on these inhospitable shores than acknowledge kinship with any member of that community that lapsed into worse than barbarism last Sunday morning.

Where Animals Talk. West African Folk-Lore Tales. By ROBERT H. NASSAU. The Gorham Press: Boston, 1912. Pp. 250.

The Youngest King. A Story of the Magi. By ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU. Westminster Press: Philadelphia, 1911.

This volume on West African folk-lore is a very welcome contribution from the pen that gave us *Fetichism in West Africa.* Like the *Fetichism,* this volume of stories will rank among the classics of West

African ethnography, and like it, too, will appeal to a much wider audience than that of professional ethnologists.

The collection consists of sixty-one stories, sixteen from the Mpongwe, thirty-four from the Bengo, and eleven from the Fang. The author's long residence in the country and his thorough knowledge of the language and customs have enabled him to understand and translate as few field-workers or missionaries are qualified to do. In nearly every instance an almost literal translation preserving the native figures and idioms has been made, while, at the same time, the whole is couched in a simple and beautiful style that cannot but be the envy of every folk-lorist: in no case has ethnological tinge been sacrificed to the exigencies of style, nor has there been wanting the fitting phrase in which to express the thought. Another element in the method of presentation particularly commends itself to us: the giving of the *dramatis personæ* and of a note at the very beginning of each story containing the necessary explanations. This seems to us much more satisfactory than interruptions every few paragraphs for a short excursion to the bottom of the page, and it enables one to enjoy and understand the point of the story all the more easily for knowing something of the setting in advance.

We cannot agree with the author that "from internal evidences . . . the local sources of these Tales were Arabian, or at least under Arabic, and perhaps even Egyptian, influences." Some of them—certainly the magic drum and the magic spear—suggest Arabic origin, but most of them are the animal tales that are characteristic of this area.

The rôle of the Leopard reminds us of the Coyote of the Plains Indians. He is always tricky, and, frequently, in the end, gets the worst of it. Tortoise is the wily one—the Br'er Rabbit—apparently worsted and outwitted but usually, though not always, wriggling out of the difficulty and escaping with his life.

To the reviewer the book has been a caution against too rapidly inferring contact from a study of correspondence in folk-tales. No one who has familiarized himself with the Hopi tales can fail to detect the likeness between the role of Leopard in the Mpongwe tales and of Coyote in Indian mythology. Even in such details as Coyote grasping the tail of Rabbit and letting go on being told that he has not Rabbit's tail but some other object, we find parallels.

> Rat called out, "Friend Njĕgâ! what do you think you have caught hold of?" "Your tail!" said Leopard. Said Rat, "That is not my tail! this other thing near you is my tail!" So Leopard let go of the tail, and seized the root (p. 45).

The blowing of the pepper by Rat into Frog's eyes is similar to the

and chicken pie and berries and everything ready. I guess I am pretty near like a famine orphan. Come quick.

"Your loving

"MAYSIE."

It did not take many minutes for Uncle Colin to bear the little prisoner triumphantly home and seat her at the table that grandma had provided with everything good. Maysie did full justice to it all, and in a short time had quite recovered from the effects of her day's fasting.

But the experience made a deep impression upon her. The next day her grandma found her standing before the mirror, with a paper containing a piteous picture of some of the poor sufferers in India. She was looking from the plump reflection in the glass to the picture in her hand, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Oh, grandma," she cried, "it must hurt dreadful before you get like that. Why, you can't see a bone in me, and I was just terribly hungry. I am going to send them all the money I can get."

She was as good as her word, and between the pennies she earned and saved herself and the sums given her by others, she had at the close of the holidays a large amount which went over to India as the gift of "a little girl who once was very hungry."—"The King's Own."

Aspiration.

BY S. MABEL COHEN.

In the wailing of the wind and the sobbing of the sea
Is the cry of all the ages moving on eternally.

In the weeping of a heart and the sighing of a soul
Breathes the life that struggles upward, upward unto God, its goal.

Comes the storm that sweeps the land, comes the blow that ends the life,
Comes the death of aspiration, and the end of heavenly strife.

When the wailing of the wind, and the sobbing of the sea,
Reach the good God far above us, and He looks down lovingly:

When the storm cloud passes heavenward, and the sighing ends in love;
When God speaks in sweetest accents heavenly comfort from above,

Comes divine and noble striving, comes the life that ends the death;
Comes all sweetness and all beauty, comes the fragrance of God's breath.

Philadelphia.

Rev. Ibia j'Ikenge.

BY ROBERT HAMMILL NASSAU, D.D.

The Rev. Ibia j'Ikenge, senior native minister of Corisco Presbytery, in our West African Mission, died February 28th, 1901, aged about 67. The ages of natives of Mr. Ibia's generation are not known. But, from well-known data, I am able to be certain that he was not less than 65 nor more than 70.

When I first arrived in this mission, September 12th, 1861, I was, to a month, just 26 years of age. I found on Corisco Island Mr. Ibia, an elder of the church, a licentiate for the ministry, married and the father of two children. I might have supposed him much older than myself. I do not think he was. People marry early in this country. Our elders were chosen, not from either extreme of age. The old converts had lived too long in heathen life. The young men should first stand some tests. Twenty-six was therefore a sufficient age for a native elder. I felt that he and I were about of an age. Adding the forty years that have since then rolled by, I am sure he has died at least 66 years old.

In 1861 he was already a man of mark. He had suffered for the kingdom's sake. As a child his first contact with white people was as steward's assistant to the captain of a sailing vessel trading on this coast. He saw the worst side of civilization in white man's rum and white man's sensual lust, though he kept himself aloof. As a lad of about 16 he was attracted, for the sake of education, to the school on Corisco Island, taught by Rev. William Clemens. Under him he united with the church, and began to study for the ministry. He was brave, outspoken, manly. As a heathen he had belonged to a secret society, into which all native men were initiated, which issued laws, professedly by the mouth of a spirit. It was held in great fear by women and children. But, it being based on a lie, Ibia thought he not only should abandon it (as all converts were required to do), but should also reveal its untruth.

For this the wrath of the heathen fell on him. His life was saved only by the active interference of the missionaries. For years afterward he was an object of hatred to his own Benga tribe. This somewhat isolated him from them. His utter emancipation from any remains of superstition widened the gap. He was in every sense a civilized man, with less superstitious beliefs than many in civilized lands. Henceforth his rôle was that of a reformer. In his methods there was no diplomacy. He was no Erasmus. He was an Elijah.

He early felt and taught that native Christians should take from missionary hands the responsibility of the work of the native church. This is undeniably our professed aim, as stated by Assembly, Board, secretary and mission itself. And yet Mr. Ibia had friction with some members of the mission, who, failing to recognize the manliness of his claims for "liberty of action," misunderstood them as demands for independence. Time has proved him right. He also early asserted to both natives and missionary the necessity for the negro of industrial education as a part of his training. He desired to free his people from reliance for support on immoral white trade. He wished them to plant cacao, coffee, cocoanuts, etc., the sale of which would be in their own hands, not subject to the oppressive caprice of foreign rum traders. He wished to inaugurate native self-support. But secretary and mission, with the exception of one or two votes, were against him. They misunderstood him as "secularizing" himself; feared he would neglect the preaching of "the Gospel," and would seek riches for their own sake. Brother Ibia never forgot he was a minister, and time has again vindicated him.

Mr. Ibia was ordained April 5th, 1870. Presbytery then consisted of only four ministerial members; one of them was on furlough in the United States, and a second was about going finally. Brother Ibia's ordination, besides giving a pastor to the Corisco Church, saved the organic life of Presbytery.

He was active in evangelistic travel to the mainland, and took part in the church extension work that led to the organization of the Benita Church, fifty miles north of Corisco, in 1865, and of Batanga Church a dozen years later, until we look now on a Presbytery of twelve churches.

He was a student always, desirous of accumulating knowledge. He did not feel that ordination was so much an attainment as that he no longer needed to read. He watched with interest the discussions of General Assembly and its boards; was disappointed when his copy of the minutes sometimes failed to come. He was a subscriber to one of the church newspapers.

He was always loyal to Presbytery (of which he was a ponent part), but his loyalty to mission (in which he had vote) was sometimes tried by the assumption of dictation by newly-arrived young men, his juniors in age and Christian experience, and who had not, like himself, suffered for the Gospel, whom the accident of mission superintendency happened to place in supervision of his non-ecclesiastical work. But, as they grew older, those new missionaries learned to respect the old man.

He came in conflict with Roman Catholic aggression some ten years ago. Probably the Spanish Governor would not have taken notice of a religious quarrel. But a son of Mr. Ibia had died under most distressing circumstances, murdered, as Mr. Ibia believed, by an employee of the Governor. Indignant at his appeal for redress receiving no recognition, he used language less politic than true, for which he was exiled for a year in a Spanish prison on Fernando Po, where had died scores of Cuban political prisoners.

His bluntness was not intentional disrespect. He did not know diplomacy, nor even conventionalities. I do not think he could have been induced to write: "With profound respect, your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant." Even to me, whom he loved and respected, the signatures to his letters and reports was the curt, "Yours, Ibia," or, in Benga, "A te 'mba, Ibia." ("It is I, Ibia.")

His church of 128 members consists mostly of women. Men who still desire to be polygamists and rum drinkers avoided him.

He is survived by his ladylike wife, Hika, and two daughters and two sons. One of these sons, a handsome, manly fellow, a carpenter by trade, in writing me of his father's death, tells me that he himself had thought of the ministry, that the thought had come to him "naturally" in his childhood, and he expects now to offer himself as a candidate. His father's dying direction to him was that he should sustain the church prayer-meeting. There are two elders, but neither of them live near the church. We will watch with interest this first test of a native church sustaining its services without white aid.

Batanga, West Africa.

NEW BOOKS

"My Ogowe."

"My Ogowe," by Robert Hamill Nassau, who has lived in Africa as scientist, explorer and missionary for 45 years, is a daily account of his life on the Ogowe river in equatorial Africa, and covers a period of 16 years. Dr. Nassau has written many books on Africa, but this is considered the most important and complete.

It gives us an intimate knowledge of the Congo, the French government there, the various tribes, the trail of Livingstone, which he sometimes follows, the animals in their native haunts, and his home life on the Ogowe river, the chapel built and his successes and failures with the people.

Dr. Nassau made a scientific study of the gorilla, capturing a number and sending a perfect gorilla brain to be examined by anatomists. His ethnological contributions to Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania are invaluable. He translated the Bible into the Benga language and learned the language of each tribe with which he became associated. With all this immense amount of labor he found time for the care of his motherless infant, doing for it everything a woman could have done with only the rude help of a native nurse. This baby, Mary, was born on the Ogowe, her mother dying at her birth, and lived there for six years a healthy, happy little girl. These intimate glimpses into the life of Dr. Nassau endear him to his readers and make his book more interesting than any sort of fiction. It would be a good arrangement in any library to devote a shelf to African books from Livingstone and Stanley down and note the evolution in the peoples, the changes in the boundary lines made by European countries and the improvement or deterioration along the way. No other continent is so truly in the making. Neale Publishing Co., New York. Price $3.

Twenty years of life as a missionary in West Africa, twenty years of toil and adventure along an equatorial river, fill the 700 pages of Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau's big book, "My Ogowe." The Ogowe is the large river that flows into the Atlantic at latitude 1 south. Through the country that it drains Dr. Nassau made his influence felt after his determination had forced a way for him through the opposition of the coast tribes, who preferred to be middlemen between the white missionaries and traders and the tribes of the interior. The story of the twenty years' experience of this American among the black people, carrying medical skill in the same pack with his religion, is of travel through savagery, hunting strange beasts, fighting insects, a full life of service in a land far away. ("My Ogowe," by Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. Neale Publishing company, New York; $3 net.)

"...ew in Sacramento Bee"

...sue of July 18-1914

BOOK REVI...

My Ogowe. By Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Price $3.

For forty-five years the author of this volume was a resident of Africa, pioneer, explorer and missionary. He collected large and valuable ethnological displays and was the first man to send the carcass of a gorilla to the United States. He is a member of various scientific bodies, and has written many interesting volumes on Africa, her flora and fauna and peoples; and probably no living white man has as complete a knowledge of the Dark Continent and conditions there.

The present work is a large volume covering the details of his long experience in Africa and contains that touch of intimacy which denotes the careful compilation from journal and diary. The author has an easy style which makes his descriptions, exposition of conditions and analysis of the humans, brutes and flora take on an attractiveness that relieves the somewhat prolific returns to these subjects. The book is an encyclopedia of information on the least known parts of Africa.

MY OGOWE. By Robert Hamill Nassau. Neale Publishing Company, New York.

Embodying the experience of Dr. Nassau, who for forty-five years has been a resident, pioneer and explorer in Africa. ..., New York, 1884

"My Ogowe."

By Robert Hamil Nassau, M. D., S. T. D.; Neale.

Dr. Nassau was a missionary to Africa for forty-five years and has written a good many books. He is a member of various scientific societies and has sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton. He was the first to send the carcass of a gorilla to the United States.

"My Ogowe" is very long—too long. It is a kind of journal and needs much condensation. His close detail of African life makes it more and more wonderful that any man dare go there. The noise, ignorance, superstition, faithlessness of the Africans is appalling. Their belief in witchcraft, their fear of what they call the white man's "hard eye," their dirt and cruelty surely make every missionary a martyr. Dr. Nassau says the only thing that came near forcing him to give up and go home was the insects. He leaves out no horror, and at times could have been a little more refined with profit. The illustrations are numerous and good, and much is to be learned. It is slightly comic where the doctor, 46 and a widower, goes back home to hunt a wife. Out of health and telling all the details, he frankly admits he had a long chase for a wife. The first he fancied proved to be married. Friends advised and helped him. And the smile dies out of the reader's eyes as she reads of the fine woman who goes a bride to Africa, has one child and dies there. It is a tragic book—all through sickness, dangers, wild animals and a man's undaunted will. Something must be excused in face of such courage. No doubt forty-five years' struggle with savage men, savage nature, savage animals makes society's conventions seem flimsy stuff, indeed.

The explanation he gives of why Africa is difficult to penetrate is what he calls the "obstructions" of the natives. Now it is commonly supposed these "obstructions" come from hatred of white men and their religion. On the contrary, it is "business" behind it all. The coast tribes want to sell their elephant tusks and foodstuffs to traders and missionaries and do not intend that the interior and more barbarous tribes shall have a chance at them, so by every means they prevent the white men from leaving their region.

5th March 1914.

"RISKING IT."

To the Editor of THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

DEAR SIR,—Your article in the current number of THE BRITISH WEEKLY has received the hearty endorsement and approval of Liberal readers throughout the country. Especially do your remarks on the bye-elections commend themselves to the writer.

It has been a source of much regret that the Government have seen fit at this critical stage to force bye-elections on constituencies where there was little hope of retaining the seat owing to the intervention of third candidates. So much depends just now on the Government presenting and maintaining an undiminished majority in favour of the great measures now on the verge of becoming law. The fruits of the toil and self-sacrifice of Liberals through many years are about to be gathered, and the Government action with regard to the bye-elections has been very disconcerting and discouraging to its loyal supporters. With a General Election certain to come within the next two years, we cannot see that it was necessary to court defeat in this way.

Your words have come at the right time, and fully express the feelings of Liberals throughout the country. We trust they will have the desired effect of restraining the Government from precipitating any further conflicts in constituencies where the cause of progress is swamped by the invasion of various societies whose only interest is to, at all costs, "keep the Liberal out."

I may mention that when I have finished with my copy of THE BRITISH WEEKLY I send it each week across to Canada, where the great struggle of the Liberal democracy is being watched by sympathetic eyes.—I remain, yours sincerely,

C. HOWARD PEAY.
35, Levendale-road, Forest Hill, S.E.
February 28, 1914.

A. K. H. B.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

DEAR SIR,—The happiest hour of the week is the hour after dinner on Thursday, when I can draw my armchair close to the fire and begin to open THE BRITISH WEEKLY. That pleasure was mine again to-night.

It is all worth reading, but to-night the correspondence of "Claudius Clear" "fetched" me most, and set me thinking back to the arrival of a certain monthly mail in the early part of 1862, into what was then a country of heathenism and wild life, but which now, thanks to the then United Presbyterian missionaries, is one of the most progressive colonies of the British Empire.

The book post had then just become an institution, and I had written home to my bookseller in Jedburgh giving instructions to send me out every month two of the most recently issued works of any sort and any price. The two on that particular occasion were "The Recreations of a Country Parson" and "The Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life," by William Arnot. Bookseller and reader knew each other. That was my introduction to A. K. H. B., and to this day he is my friend, for he being dead yet speaketh. I possess all his works, and, led by "Claudius Clear," I forgot Claughton, and, dreaming over the pleasure of the first perusal and the interest of living in a country waking out of the sleep of ages into new life, I went to my shelves, took down my copy, and instantly found the essay on "Two Blisters of Humanity," which opens with the incident recorded by "Claudius Clear" (may he long live), when A. K. H. B. began writing the essay, his horse's forehead being his writing desk.

Having commenced, it had to be read to the finish, but thoughts would go off at a tangent, and an incident in the daily life of that place and period came vividly before me and would not be suppressed. On page 61 of my copy (Popular Edition, Strahan, 1862) the author is speaking of petty trickery as one of the blisters of humanity, and he says:—

"It is annoying to find your haymakers working desperately hard and fast when you appear in the field, not aware that from amid a little clump of wood you had discerned them a minute before reposing quietly upon the fragrant heaps, and possibly that you had overheard them saying that they need not work very hard, as they were working for a gentleman."

With the extract before me and the spirit of the distant past compelling my thoughts, a passage of my life, one among many, came vividly back. The necessities of a commercial career made it needful that I should have a large store built in a hurry on the banks of the Calabar River, as I had just received advice of a ship on the way out with a cargo of Cheshire salt, and which would require to be discharged in seven days after arrival. I had chosen the spot, and set all the "boys" I had to clear the foundations, under their own headman, and visited them as often in the day as I could by boat, the only way at the commencement of doing so, but it was a long way round, and I determined to have a road cut through the jungle. One incident of a touching nature which has often struck me as pathetic occurred during this clearance. When nearing the river one day the matchette of one of the Krooboys rang on something hard, and I found it to be the iron railings round the forgotten grave of an Englishman, a Captain Calvert.

That new road enabled me to walk from my bungalow quietly over the hill; the previous way by boat was visible long before I could see my workers, and then I found them hard at work, like the haymakers of A. K. H. B. One day, coming suddenly, I found them completely idle—not one at work—and, jumping straight in among them, I called up their headman and gave him a very sound rating, which roused his savage nature to white heat, and with the ferocity and intent of a tiger he came towards me, his fellows closing up behind him. It was a determined mutiny, and anything might have happened, except another quiet, nailed grave on land. I felt there was no time to hesitate, and when he came near enough got in the first blow. A second or two of awful suspense followed, then the eye of the young Scotch borderer quailed that of the savage, and all was over.

Before I left I had them all splendidly at work. They did more work in the next few days than they had done in as many weeks, and I had my store up before the ship arrived.

I have never known an African bear revenge, and there was none here. We remained good friends to the end of the engagement, when I sent them all back to their own land in free Liberia.

I am afraid, dear Mr. Editor, that this is too long a letter, and probably not "good" enough for the pages of my dear friend THE BRITISH WEEKLY; but that's the way Colonies are made, and the fault and length of the story itself is that of "Claudius Clear," who would make me dream of my old friend A. K. H. B.—Yours faithfully,

J. I.

February 25. James Irvine

Answers to Correspondents.

Contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned.

H. H., Dorchester: Read "The Renascence of Wonder" in Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature," by Theodore Watts-Dunton.—A. B. C.: We do not know why your friend should not accept the situation.—S. S.: There is a poem on the death of Abel by Gessner.

The following correspondents are thanked for their communications:—N. C. W., Isleworth; J. A. S., Sheffield; A. H., St. Albans; W. G. A., Edinburgh; E. A. D., Bitton; H. A. H., London; J. W. H., Fleetwood; H. B., California; H. R. C.; J. G., Blundellsands; J. D., Birmingham; G. H. B.; etc., etc.

IMPRESSIVE SPEECH

AT LIVERPOOL MEETING.

There was an impressive tribute to the late Captain Scott and his brave companions at the meeting of the Liverpool Geographical Society at St. George's Hall last evening.

While the great gathering stood with bowed heads, Mr. James Irvine, F.R.G.S. (vice-chairman of the council), paid the following eloquent tribute to the heroic explorers:—

"We meet to-night under the sense not only of a personal, but of a great national loss, and the Council of the Liverpool Geographical Society feel that they cannot allow the proceedings of to-night to commence without a deeply sympathetic reference to what is in the heart of every one in this room. It seems but yesterday that we had the pleasure of meeting Captain Scott in the Town Hall and hearing from his own lips the forecast of his journey—the difficulties and the dangers of which he made light, though he realised them to the full—but it was not yesterday: it is some two and a half years since we saw that manly form and heard that cheerful, daring voice, during which time Captain Scott fulfilled all his intentions against odds beyond our conception, and conquered, but the earthly reward he has not reaped.

'He dared begin.
He lost.
And, losing, won.'

Has there been anything so tragic in the history of the world? Perhaps a few, but they are the few who have left an undying name, which has been an inspiration, and will continue to be an inspiration until the end of the age.

"The scientists will reap and the world will reap the fruits of Captain Scott's two and a half years' work, for Captain Scott was a naval officer of high standing, a geographer of the first rank resourceful in emergency, and full of scientific enthusiasm. But these are not the points which appeal to us to-night. Is it not that modest, unselfish, unrepining, human—more than human—letter which he leaves, a glorious legacy to all time, that appeals to us. 'We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake'—you may be sure that when he wrote that there lay deep in his heart the forms of wife and child too sacred to mention—'for my own sake I do not regret that journey: we took risks—we knew them.'

"So died Captain Scott and his few brave companions, less than one day's march from earthly triumph.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is not defeat, this is victory. It is not a life cut short at 45, for life is not in years, but in concentration, and the call comes, ringing out a duty to us to-night: to see that the loved ones, the tender wife and the little boy, for whom our hearts are bleeding and whom he trustingly left to his country's care, receive the recognition and the reward which are theirs by Divine right."

Mr. James Irvine also announced that at a special meeting of the Society a resolution was passed expressing to the Royal Geographical Society profound regret and sorrow at the terrible news of the Antarctic disaster.

...passed, almost day by day—simply by ...ssionary's reading "My Ogowe," by Robert Hamill Nassau (Neale; $3 net). The account of discouragingly slow progress in the arts of civilization among the natives along the Ogowé or Ogoway River in equatorial West Africa is veracious, but hardly engrossing. Verily, the leopard cannot change his spots. The author gives interesting, but scattering, details of the customs and superstitions of various tribes, without clearly limning their characteristics. He includes a good deal of sporadic information about the use of the aborigines in the ivory and rubber trades, without giving anywhere the full account which, from an eye-witness so familiar with conditions, would have been valuable. He mentions frequently the fauna and flora without describing their distinctive features. In short, the topics of most interest to his readers he treats in a persistently allusive manner. The volume is a portentous example of the necessity of vigorous sifting and sorting of material.

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My Ogowe, by Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D. Illustrated. $3. Neale Publishing Company, New York City.

Dr. Nassau is entitled to call this West African river and region "My Ogowe," for, as a famous missionary, he made its history and helped, more than any other force, in furthering the cause of religion and civilization among its people. His missionary story is an intensely graphic, interesting one, modestly told. The pages are 708, the illustrations numerous, and the book is one of the most important missionary records published in recent years. The Ogowe mission is now under the direction of the Paris (France) Evangelical Society.

For 45 years a resident of Africa, pioneer and explorer, Dr. Nassau has contributed largely to both science and literature. While in Africa he sent large ethnological collections to the University of Pennsylvania and to Princeton, was the first to send a carcass of a gorilla to the United States and he supplied the only perfect gorilla brains to be examined by anatomists up to 1891. He is a member of various scientific bodies, including the Archeological Society of the University of Pennsylvania, the National Geographical Society, the Pennsylvania Society of Scientific Research. Among his other published works are: "Crowned in Palmland," "Mawedo," "Fetishism in West Africa," "The Path She Trod," "Where Animals Talk," and "In an Elephant Corral and Other Tales of West African Experiences." One of his more important works is the translation of the Bible into the Benga language of West Equatorial Africa.

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Estab... 4

MANY LANDS.

A remarkable book, whether it be read as a record of the daily life of an African missionary or simply as autobiographical revelations, has been written by Robert Hamlll Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., who has spent forty-five years in Western Africa, in "My Ogowe" (The Neale Publishing Company, New York). It is the account of his exploration and missionary labors in the French Congo between 1874 and 1892, transcribed with little expurgation from the diaries kept at the time. These seem to have been pretty full and include all the daily incidents and trials, the annoyances and perils to which he was subjected, the estimates of the people, white and black, with whom he had dealings, especially other missionaries and the home boards comments on the reasons for things going wrong, expressed with great frankness and little regard for feelings that may be hurt. It is a realistic picture not only of what a missionary has to do in a difficult country but of what life means for a white man in tropical Africa. The book is illustrated with many photographs, but the maps are almost illegible and are not satisfactory.

T...

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Date AUG 28 1914

My Ogowe, by Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. (Neale Publishing Company.)

In forty-five years of African residence Dr. Nassau has gained a thoro, first-handed knowledge of native ways, the extensive retailing of which is not without considerable historical and biological interest. Beginning in 1874, he describes the Ogowe River and territory, his entry and search for a mission site, the fidelities, treacheries and numerous disconcerting peculiarities of the people; the difficulties, discouragements and setbacks of his task, thru to its completion in 1891. Whatever one's personal bias may be, there must come the unstinted acknowledgment of much genuine heroism and a steady courage on the part of this pioneer. Thruout 700 pages the laughable frequency of "I was very indignant with" so-and-so, which may be accounted for as a pious emulation of divine wrath with iniquity, may be overbalanced by the nobler fact of the total absence of conceit or self-aggrandizement, when the opportunity for such a flow is constant. Dr. Nassau's activities were not entirely ecclesiastical, for he has connections with several scientific bodies, and his writing partakes largely of the flavor of ethnological and geographical research.

IRVINE & DUNDAS.

TELEGRAMS:
"APATIM," LIVERPOOL.

TELEPHONE:
206 CENTRAL.

26, Chapel Street,
Liverpool.

18th June 1914.

Dr. Nassau,
Ambler,
Pa. U.S.A.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

I finished Ogowe last night. It is a wonderful production, giving details of Missionary life absolutely unusual in Missionary literature, and it will open the eyes of all who read it to the greatness of the service.

I very fully sympathise with your remark on page 295 as I had a very similar experience in my own business life.

By the way I felt a great need of a local map of the rivers and stations in this trip, the one you give is so small that even with a magnifying glass I could not make out the positions.

If you ever print a second edition it would be a great improvement to put at the top of every page the year about which you are writing for it is troublesome to look back and find what year you are in - these are very small remarks to make but I took a note of them meaning to write on several points, but my good resolutions fell through.

"In the Valley of the Shalow" is most pathetic, and the whole book, though most intensely interesting and instructive, leaves a feeling of great sadness in my mind. The trials of all sorts of little things, and the very great unspeakable trial of the loss of your dear wife, has left a distinct sadness in my mind. The only bright spot is the joy and the love of little Mary, and I am particularly writing this letter to ask what is her history up to now, is she with you ? and how old is she ? I send enclosed herewith a photograph, it is for her and not for you!!! and I send it with very much love.

I am, my dear Dr. Nassau,

Yours faithfully,

James Irvine

and profit of reading this volume. It is evidently packed full of facts all lighted up by your personal experience. You were very kind to lend it and I am sure our people will much enjoy it. I am sorry I did not see you in Chicago. With very kind regard. I am Fraternally yours. John E. Mott

Logan O. April 4, 1912

My dear Dr Hornaday:-

I you could have seen the way in which the children have devoured "How animals Talk," you certainly would be delighted. The boy of nine was buried in it within five minutes of it coming into the house.

You certainly are adding much to the literature of Africa. and your time has been exceedingly well spent. I note your attendance at the dinner given to Dr Hibben in New York. It must certainly have been a delightful affair. Our class observes its 20th anniversary this June. but I fear it is useless for me to even consider going. Princeton is a new Princeton since I was there in the [illegible] 18 years ago. I thank you for your great kindness to me & the children both & with and also thank you. The Emerald Carbolic covers a very much [illegible]

Yours truly S.G. Deming.

Logan O. April 2, 1911.

Dear Sir:-

I have read your two books "Tales out of School" and "Where animals Talk." I thank you ever so much for sending them. Papa tells us a good deal about Africa and I know a good deal of the language.

Yours truly

Ronald Deming.

DAVIS, Charles Lukens:

Brigadier-general of the United States Army; born in New Brighton, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, February 27, 1839; son of Benjamin Davis and Elizabeth (Hamill) Davis. He was educated at the Lawrenceville High School, New Jersey, and he was engaged as a civil engineer on railways until the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in the Commonwealth Artillery of Pennsylvania. He was second lieutenant of the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, and later first lieutenant of the Eighty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was detailed to the Signal Corps of the First Army Corps in 1862; was chief signal officer of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina in 1862; captain of the Eighty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers and the United States Signal Corps in 1863. He was a member of the Examining Board of officers at New Orleans for appointments in the Signal Corps in 1863, and he served from 1863 to 1865 in the Army of the Potomac, of which he became the chief signal officer on January 1, 1865. In the regular army he was appointed second lieutenant, and promoted to first lieutenant of the Tenth Infantry, February 23, 1866; captain, March 20, 1879; major of the Sixth Infantry, April 26, 1898; lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Infantry, December 15, 1899; colonel of the Fifth Infantry, July 11, 1901; and brigadier-general of the United States Army January 26, 1903; and he retired February 10, 1903. He served on the Mexican and Indian Frontiers after the Civil War; served in the Spanish-American War and was military collector of customs at Porto Rico from 1899 to 1900; commander of Governor's Island, New York, from 1901 to 1902; and served in the Philippine Islands, from 1901 to 1902. General Davis is a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; the Order of Foreign Wars; the Society of the War of 1812; the Sons of the Revolution; the Order of the Cincinnati and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Address: 23 Front Street, Schenectady, New York.

No. 1

Baybead N.J.
Mar 6, 1912

Dear Uncle,

The package of books arrived safely to day. I unpacked the books and we have enjoyed looking at them this evening. I think ~~some~~ books are the most interesting kind of history. I shall place the books up with Burnetta's other books.

We have enjoyed reading the animal stories very much. I think I can use them in

[illegible] pleasant surprise. The stories [illegible] necessary.

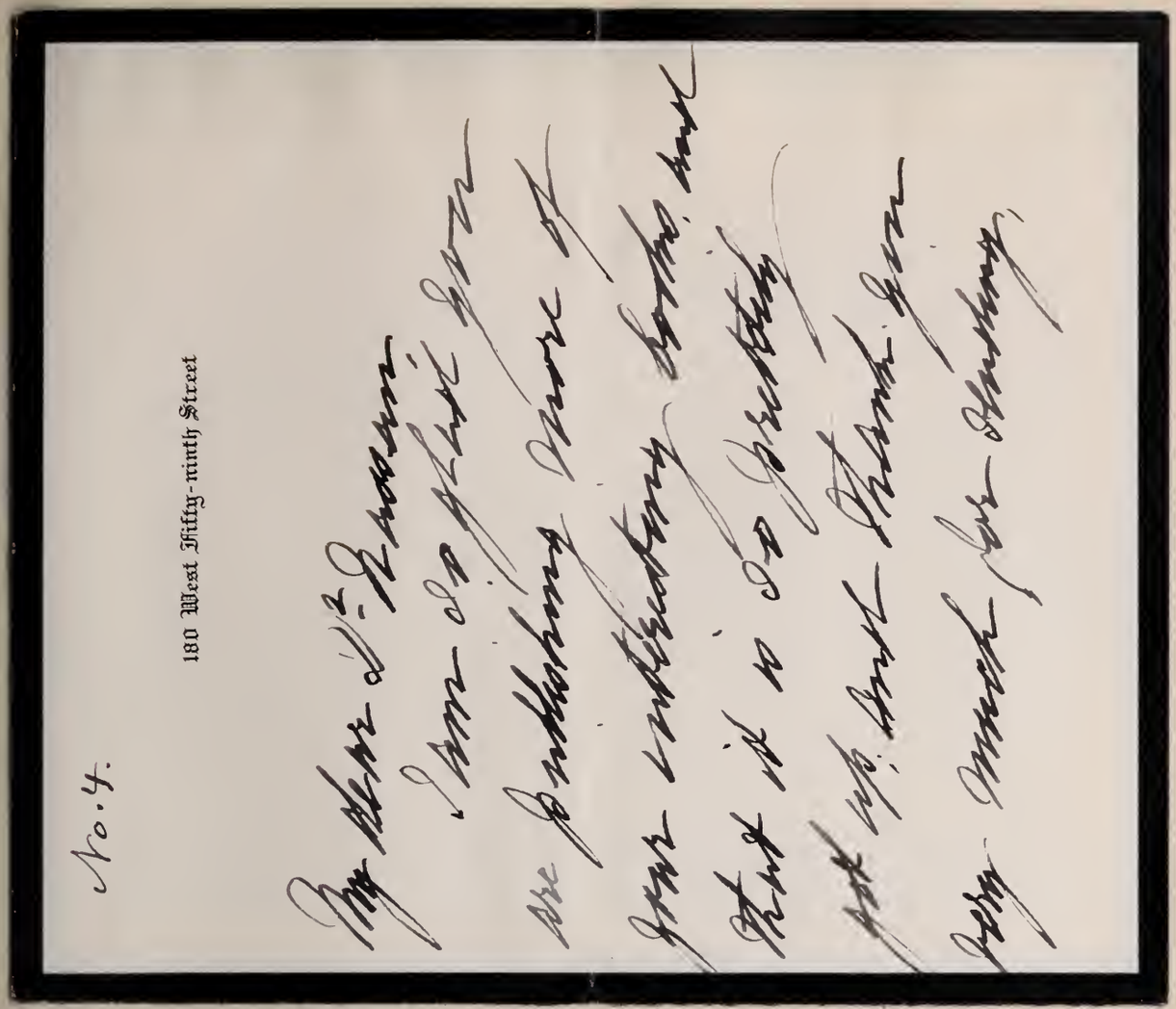
I have not finished reading all the stories of the

Kinder garten very profitably. Little children are so very fond of animal stories.

Sincerely your niece,

Ruth L. Foster

157



No. 4.

180 West Fifty-ninth Street

No. 3.

Mt. Kisco Manse,
Mar. 14, 1912.

Dear Dr. Nassau,

I received your book about a week ago and should have acknowledged it sooner, but I want to thank you very heartily for your kind remembrance to me again. Papa is reading it now and I expect to read it very shortly. I am sure that it will be very interesting and that I will like it very much.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain,

Your loving friend,

Bernice Wagner.

No. 5.

WILLIAM J. LATTA
GREY ARCHES
CHESTNUT HILL, PHILA., PA.

Rev Robert H Nassau LL.D

Dear Dr. Nassau.

I have the pleasure of once again sending my thanks for your generous thoughtfulness in sending me the beautiful book on Africa. I like it,

I appreciate your work in this direction & look forward pleasure in reading the remaining stone.

Very sincerely Yours

Wm J Latta

March 21st 1911

appearance - and hope that it will have a good sale.

All join me in kind wishes

I am

Yours very truly

William Libbey

enjoyment - and in the debt of gratitude

With Cordial Greetings

Sincerely,

Chas. R. Eaman

Feb. 27, 1912

No. 8. 5 P.M. Mail.

Delafield, Wisconsin.

Saturday March 9th 1912.

My dear Dr. Chapman:- You are a wonder—
because a worker. Another Book—
"Where Animals Talk"—full of
unique, quaint & interesting Folk Lore
of Africa! Again I congratulate
on your joy of life—great industry—
and adding to betterment of our world.
We are most thankful to you for
your gracious thoughtfulness—
and augmenting our happiness.
I see you are a Banqueteer!
Appearing at the great Banquets
of Princeton Alumni festivities
& pronouncing grace—Your
Sweetheart with all your work—you
are having gay times. I do not know
any one more worthy & such large pleasures.

Your Career has been a marvel
of Sacrifice — hard-ship — perils by
land & Sea, — trials & vexations of your
brethren — Misrepresentations — the
Sorrows & bereavements — Ya
my dear Dr Lassan its a
Pauline Catalogue you have &
for Christ & the Church.

We have had a fearsomely Cold
winter & no let up at this late date.
We have health — only that one malad.
that you are repudiating — old age!
& Mrs Murphy & Esther the East away
from home till Summer time. — join
me in most kind messages &
appreciation of your generous thought.

Most thankfully Yours
Samuel Harden Murphy

No. 89. Schenectady, N.Y.
March 2, 1912.

My Dear Bonsini:

I have duly received and thank you for the copy of "Where Animals Talk" which you have caused to be sent to me and, having half perused it so far, I want to tell you that I think it one of the most wonderful books that I have ever read. It ought to become a classic. I am surprised and wonder how you ever kept all those stories in such minute detail as to produce them as you have and I express

the hope that, in addition to fame
it may bring you large financial
reward.
My kindest regards to members
of your family and you know
that I am always

Very sincerely yours
Chas. L. Davis -

Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau,
Amblen,
Penna.

No. 12.

Dear Dr Hallam:

How kind of you to send me that fascinating book "Where Animals Talk"! It came at a most opportune time, for I was confined to my room with a severe cold on my lungs, and alone so much during the day

your friends, and the
general Jubilee!

The winter has been long,
and severe, but so much
the wiser was the means of
giving you greater strength
and vigor, and making you
able to enjoy Philadelphia.

These spring like days fill
me with a desire for dear
old Warsaw, and the country,

that I especially associated some thing unusual in the line of reading matter, as well as some thing diverting and entirely out of the ordinary.

Thank you many many times for your thoughtful remembrance.

What a delight it must be to have such a fund of information with which to regale

but we are so far out
we can at least enjoy
the sunshine.

Before the general
announcement is made
I want you to know
of the engagement of
my daughter Ethel
to Lieutenant Robert
Wallace U. S. Navy.
Presume you will
remember meeting him
She might your daughter
and yourself took dinner
with us. Ellen Wallace

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156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

March 12, 1912

Rev. Robert H. Nassau,

Ambler, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

We have received from you, as a gift to our Library, a copy of your book "Where Animals Talk." We thank you for this contribution to our collection of African folklore and take pleasure in placing the book on our shelves.

Yours very truly,

Foreign Missions Library
Susie A. Snider

No. 11.

Starke Fla.
Mar 13-12.

Dear friend

Your kind and highly appreciated letter reach'd home some time ago & the Lovely book. Ofme ~~Whereanimals~~ The Reinehl family send many & many thanks & am very anxious to read the book. For the last year I have had very little time to

12/2/1

Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, L.L.

Dear Dr. Nassau:

[illegible] and more satisfaction [illegible] sent me. I cannot tell you how much enjoyment [illegible] copy and read and re-read it with [illegible] and pleasure. Needless to say I learned much of a wider vision, was [illegible] in some things was confirmed in some others. Thank you warmly for this and for the kindly [illegible] in sending it.

I have met Mr. Killgan several times recently. He is in good health and happy situated in Accra. If you [illegible] some day you can plan to stop with us.

With sincere good wishes [illegible]

Yours, C. J. Boppell.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

Dear Dr. Nassau

Let me thank you for so kindly sending me this copy of Bantu Sociology.

It is another valuable addition to your scientific researches which will aid future workers in Western Central Africa.

The reason last winter

Cordially

Chas R. Erdman

Dec. 24. 1914.

The Missionary Review of the World
DELAVAN L. PIERSON, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
D. L. Leonard, D.D Belle M. Brain. Rev. J. Stuart Holden

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Best Methods Department
MISS BELLE M. BRAIN, Editor
College Hill, Schenectady, N. Y.

Schenectady, New York,
December 21, 1914.

Rev. Robert H. Nassau,
Ambler,
Pennsylvania.

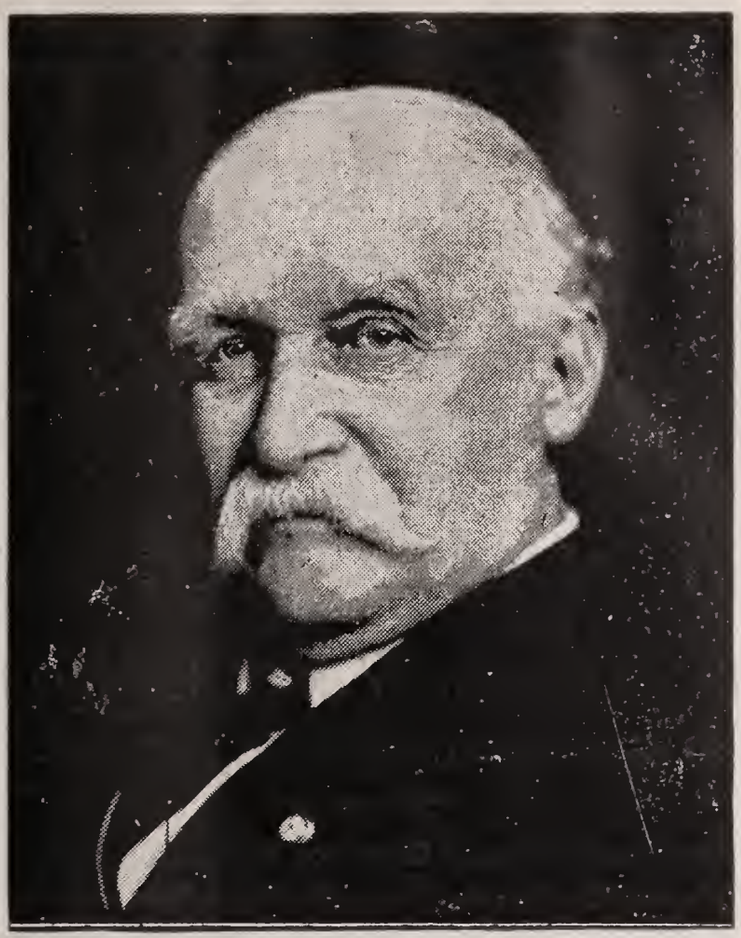
My dear Dr. Nassau:-

Permit me to thank you, most heartily for sending me the notice of your new book,"In an Elephant Corral and Other Tales of West African Experiences." I presume it contains the full story of that elephant hunt that so fascinated me in Springfield when I heard you tell it and which with your kind permission I used in "Adventures with Four-Footed Folk." I shall hope to see a copy of the book very soon for I am sure it will be of the greatest interst to me.From the prospectus I am sure it must be a book that I want. I very much value the copy of "Where Animals Talk" which you so kindly sent me and I feel that I was very highly honored to have been the recipient of a copy from the author himself.

I wish also to thank you for the pamphlet you sent on "Bantu Sociology." I have not had time to read it in full as yet, but I have looked it over carefully and I feel sure that it is an excellent thing - a model of concise arrangement and clear statement. I am very glad to have it.

Let me wish you a very "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" and the blessing of God on all that you do and say.

Very sincerely yours, Belle M. Brain



"WAR"

By Brig. Gen. CHAS. L. DAVIS, U. S. A., Retired.

Tempora mutantun et nos con illos.

THIS may be truly said of one who, like the writer, spent a lifetime in the military service of the United States and has, for more than eleven years, been retired from active service.

The war of the American Revolution was fought with flint-lock muskets, battles being engaged in at a distance of from two to four hundred yards. The civil war of 1861-1865, was fought with muzzle-loading rifles and cannon at from six hundred to a thousand yards. Now all these weapons are breech-loading, using metallic-cased cartridges and the rifle of these days carries a small bullet about two miles which kills or wounds at over a mile's distance. This is the day of the fourteen and even sixteen inch rifled cannon; the day of high velocity smokeless powder, the breech-loading and automatic rifle and light-weight automatic, flameless, non-recoiling magazine guns that can fire several hundred shots per minute from an aeroplane or elsewhere.

Universal peace is advocated by some of our eminent statesmen and we are told that, from our geographical position and our greatness as a nation, with our magnificent resources, we have nothing to fear; but observe our present diplomatic condition. We really are internationally without friends. We are entangled in zones of military interest and no first-class nation fears us. A great modern American orator says as follows: "The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every national anthem and yet, out in the smoke and thunder of war will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid upturned faces of the killed in battle. Men may prophesy and women may pray for peace, but peace will come to abide forever upon this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of man."

Through our Philippine possessions we are involved in the politics of the Far East, and closely connected with control of the commerce of the Pacific Ocean. The completion of the Panama Canal, at a cost of about four hundred millions of dollars, will cause the problems of our statesmen to grow in magnitude and complexity as commerce increases with the republics to the south of us and, as competition grows more acute, international difficulties are sure to occur and yet, while funds are liberally appropriated for improving the navigation of some sluggish rivers, they are not granted with equal liberality, as would seem necessary, to maintain the means of our defense afloat and ashore. We boast of our nation's greatness and abundance of resources and then surrender pride and self-respect in behalf of dollars while the world looks on amused.

(Continued)

(next page)

The Panama Canal is the result of our diplomacy, our wealth and our labor and no one can predict the destiny of it in its relations to the future of this great nation.

It is declared that we are not a military nation. Our military services are unpopular because, in part, our army is so scattered in out of the way places that the people see very little of it, but principally because the pursuit of any occupation in civil life by anyone possessing the capacity to become an intelligent and efficient officer of the army finds greater reward if the accumulation of wealth is regarded as success in preference to fame and honor acquired only by the risks he would run in a military career. Well, we are not a military nation but we have lone a good deal of fighting in a very expensive manner, our success involving an inordinate expenditure of life and money and a huge pension roll, with considerable good luck favoring us, but the day of haphazard war is past. Other nations have been making bullets while we have been engaged in accumulating great fortunes.

The half of a century just passed has witnessed astounding developments in all lines of human effort including military affairs. Railroads, wireless telegraphy and aerial navigation have immensely changed the principles of strategy and the arts and sciences have been employed to perfect the implements of war but, notwithstanding these events, the United States of America fails to consider a trained army of proper numbers necessary, relying upon the patriotism of the people to produce untrained numbers to overcome an invader. This attitude invites disaster and the professional soldier cannot understand why this is so when, in all other professions, well known skill is required but when war occurs this nation is content to trust its fortunes and the lives of its citizens to men unskilled in the complex art of war. Our immense pension roll is sufficient evidence of this bad policy. Had the United States Government bene able, in 1861, to mobilize an army of fifty thousand trained soldiers instead of some four or five thousand of the eight or ten thousand them composing the regular army, scattered over the Indian frontier, the civil war would not have lasted six months. It might well have been supposed that the lesson of the civil war would have shown the necessity of maintaining a force commensurate with our population and rapid prosperity but our army was reduced shortly thereafter to an insignificant number, neglected and scattered to small posts all over the country, generally upon our Indian frontier and, numbering then about as many men as the combined police force of New York and Chicago, on the idea that, in case of need, the old veterans of the civil war would promptly respond if needed and in this way the regular army, fighting Indian savages upon the frontier, languished for thirty-three years when came the war with Spain.

I quote in this connection, the following from the pen of an able wrtier:

"Over two hundred thousand volunteers were called out, congressmen, editors and others, possessing the watchword of the party council were converted into Generals, while "Bill" turned out the cows, locked the barn, grabbed a gun and became a soldier. Emergency contracts were let for clothing at robber prices; arsenals were ransacked for obsolete arms; * * * black powder was used (long obsolete among the nations of the world); railroads became congested; entire trainloads of supplies were lost; troops almost

(Continued)

starved with food at hand because their officers knew nothing of the ration anl its proper use; men died like flies, of preventable contagion because of ignorance concerning the rudiments of sanitation; everything was confusion, expense, delay, discord and waste. Fortunately we were at war with a decadent nation which had been in the process of dissolution for two hundred years.

But what are the present conditions in view of a war facing us with our troublesome neighbors to the southwest? We are a large, powerful, prosperous nation numbering nearly one hundred millions of people. Our commerce reaches all parts of the world. We have possessions in the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean and we presume, under the Monroe Doctrine, to stand guard over the Central and South American republics. How are we prepared for all this? Our fighting force, consisting of the cavalry, field artillery and infantry, (the other branches of the service which make up our army on paper of eighty-five thousand organized forces) consists of only about fifty-six thousand officers and enlisted men, about half of them being scatterel throughout the Philippine Islands, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, the remainder being scatterel throughout the United States, fortunately at this time the main part having been wisely assembled in manoeuver camp in Texas. But what is such a force for our great and properous country? There should be, within the continental limits of the United States at least one hundred thousand trained soldiers assembled in brigade and division formation. Historical statistics show that wars usually come suddenly and that, in ninety per cent. of them, they are precipitated by some overt act without a formal declaration and these are the days when, once commenced, wars are fast and furious. The best trained, best equipped army, fully prepared beforehand will win. This nation should, by all that is good and holy, be the best prepared for *defense,* but better still, to take the *offensive* in a just war, and gain the first success which means so much to the morale of troops and popular confidence.

It is claimed by some that the great weapons of our defense are our great resources and the spontaneous patriotism of our people. This is entirely an American idea. We prefer to wait until war commences and then, as heretofore, assemble an armed mob without training or experience, at fearful cost of life in the camp life, to which they are unused, resulting in a large pension roll as well as an unnecessary increase of the national debt.

Windy statesmen shout the idea of our patriotism and resources but windy oratory and resources without training, equipment and organization of suitable forces beforehand must always result in great loss of life and treasure and possible disgrace but, notwithstanding our haphazard way of using our means of national defense, we have never been whipped. The American soldier cannot be whipped and I pray God that the time may never come when our flag shall trail in the dust through lack of preparation for its defense and I feel sure that such an event will never orrur, God helping us.

CHAS. L. DAVIS,
Brig. Gen., U. S. A., Retired

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WALTER NEALE
PRESIDENT

August 18, 1914.

The Rev. Robert H. Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.,
Ambler, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:

I am in receipt of your letter of the sixteenth instant, which I have read with interest, and with pleasure as well.

The creature known as the American reviewer passes understanding. However, I have read but few reviews of "My Ogowe" that may be considered at all unfavorable, while I have read a great many in warmest praise of the book. As a matter of fact, I consider "My Ogowe" almost faultless, and so it seems to be regarded, I think, by the persons that have really given it serious consideration, and who have read it throughout. As to its length, it is none too long for me, and the few repetitions in it are not errors of diction, but they are important, in my judgment. In every respect I consider the book a masterpiece,—yes, even the one great masterpiece,—of its kind. It is a noteworthy contribution to literature, as literature, and it is by far the greatest work of which I have any knowledge that relates to native Africans and their problems. But some young woman, who writes reviews of books in the summer as a pastime, and who goes to school the rest of her time, is a type of the American newspaper reviewer. She sits in judgment on "My Ogowe," on the works of Shakespeare, and on the philosophy of Plato before she gets out of bed in the morning.

Sincerely yours,

Walter Neale,

President.

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THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE
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156 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

OFFICE OF SECRETARY

June 20, 1912.

Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D.,

Ambler, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:--

It was very kind in you to write such a charming letter as I received a few days ago. Your letter would have been answered more promptly but when it came we were in the midst of the Conference with our newly appointed missionaries. I enclose you a program. You will be pleased to note that we are sending quite a number of new missionaries to Africa, some of them I think are of more than average ability, while all of them made a most favorable impression upon us during their week's stay in connection with the Conference.

I can assure you I have read with much pleasure and profit your volume entitled-"The Youngest King". The review in the Assembly Herald was brief, but we are so limited for space that one can hardly say all he desires to say regarding any of the volumes reviewed. What pleased me most in "The Youngest King" was the thorough African setting to the whole volume. I doubt whether any one who had not spent many years in Africa could have given the subtle touch which appears all through the volume. It is almost like taking a journey through Africa to read your charming and so far as my limited observations went, your truthful description of the African forests. The little details scattered all through the volume give the picturesque African setting to it which it seems to me entirely differentiates from the noble work of Dr. Van Dyck, or any other description with which I am familiar, or any other bit of literature with which I am familiar which has to do with the Bethlehem story.

Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D.

You certainly have the pen of a ready writer and I question whether these quiet years of your life ought not to be employed in writing a good book on the work of our Board in West Africa. It is not a difficult matter simply to chronicle the bare facts connected with our work from the time of its inception to the present hour. This has been done with more or less degree of accuracy and fullness by Miss Parsons in her "Life for Africa", by the sketches issued by the Women's Board in connection with all the mission work, by Mr. Millikin in his book, and by yourself. What is needed in my judgment is just such a volume as has been issued recently by the Revell Co. entitled,-"A Half Century Among the Siamese and the Lao", in one sense this is the life of Dr. McGilvary, but in another sense it is the history of the Laos work, the Laos people, the problems which have been solved, are being solved, and still larger problems to be solved by the Christian church in the Laos land. When Dr. Brown was in Laos some years ago he suggested to Dr. McGilvary, then past three-score and ten, that he should devote the last years of his life to the writing of an autobiography. Dr. McGilvary had already had this subject presented to him before by his children and friends and he now took it seriously and began the work which he practically finished not long before his death.

The church needs a full and accurate account of not only what has been done in West Africa by the missionaries connected with our Board, but the problems which still await solution and the possibilities of larger things in the near future if the church at home only recognizes that she has come to the kingdom for such a time as this.

I throw this hint out to you. I am sure that though you are in America, you are living most of the time in Africa, and no one is better qualified to do this than yourself.

1914

Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D.

I note at the close of your letter one or two requests which I am very glad to answer. Rev. Wm. M. Dager is at Chautauqua, N.Y. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Adams are at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Adams has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis and some other troubles, the nature of which I have not learned. This morning a letter comes from Mrs. Adams that Mr. Adams is slowly recovering, but it will be some months she fears before they will be able to return. Their address is - 3417 Stathem Ave., Westwood, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Dager is really one of the most spiritual men we ever sent to Africa. His address at the public meeting in the General Assembly was a masterful presentation of the great work which the native Christian church is doing in West Africa. He has done valiant service during his stay in the homeland. He and his wife are spending the summer at Chautauqua. We are granting him an extra leave of absence as the children are to be left behind when he and his wife sail this fall. I would we had more missionaries of the Dager type.

Trusting you will have a delightful summer, believe me to be,

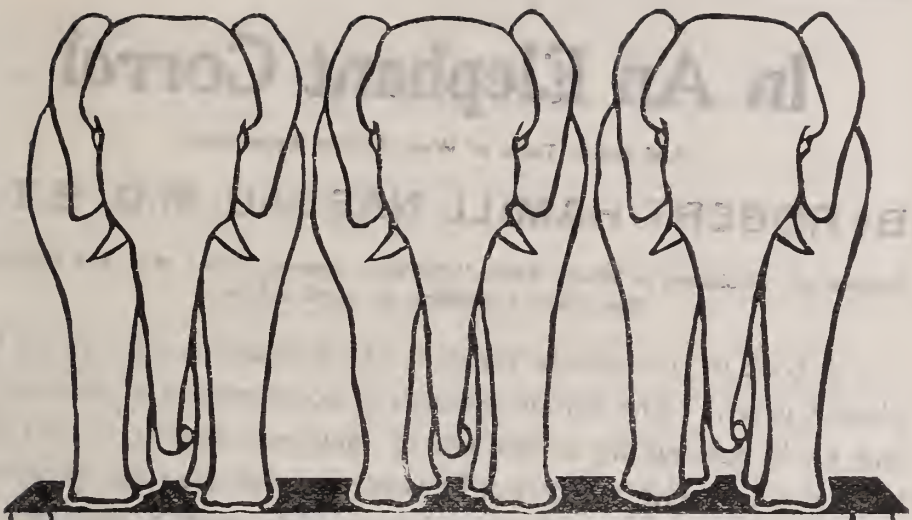
Sincerely yours,

A. W. Halsey

Enc.

Yours very truly, Geo Cerney

He is not at all related to Dr. J.H.Kellogg or the Sanitarium.



IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL

AND OTHER TALES OF WEST AFRICAN EXPERIENCES

By ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU

In An Elephant Corral

And Other Tales of West African Experiences

By ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M.D., S.T.D.

Author of "Fetishism in West Africa," "Where Animals Talk," etc., and for forty-five years a resident of South Africa.

A book of remarkable values is Dr. Nassau's work, "In an Elephant Corral." The author is a man of acute powers of observation, and he is painstaking in his use of facts and detail; he not only handles words with nicety, but he is careful that the total impression conveyed by those words is one of truth. He assumes nothing. He knows, or he is silent. With such a man there is no middle ground. To his mind words are neither toys nor ornaments; facts are not plastic, gossip is not information, and the end of literature is not personal vanity. This clarity of mind and of character, this elevation of feeling and of purpose, give his writings a subtle charm, and since he is a trained writer, he becomes, by virtue of his simple directness, a really great literary artist. Which is probably the very last thing that Dr. Nassau thinks himself.

For forty-five years Dr. Nassau has lived on the coast of West Africa, in intimate touch with native life, as a missionary. The missionary knows native life as the trader, the soldier, and the official can never know it. The trader is there to exploit the native; the soldier is there to shoot him; the official, to make him "keep his place"; but the missionary is there *to live with him,* to teach him by daily personal communication. Into this daily contact Dr. Nassau threw all the powers of his rich mental life,—his tremendous interest in everything that the sun shines on, his poetic imagination,

his keen sympathy with man and beast and bird, all his powers of organization and ingenuity, his trust and his fight (he is a fine fighter), and out of these years has come this fascinating book.

It is not exactly a book of sketches, and certainly it is not a book of stories, nor yet of essays. It's of its own sort,—a series of candid narratives of the way native Africans corral and kill marauding elephants; of the difficulties of capturing gorillas alive, or even dead; of the hippopotamus as a fighter; of the superstitions of the natives, and their ideas of soul-life; and, best of all, the closing essay-sketch, "Voices of an African Tropic Night," could have been written only by a poet, and a man who loves solitude and the unlit, silent spaces.

On the whole, a book of remarkable values, and destined to live.

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SARAH J. MCNAIRIAN.

Charlotte C. B. Hawley-Wheeler.

Born April 21, 1842, at Johnston, Vt., of Canadian parentage; her father, James M. Buckley, having been high sheriff of Sherbrooke county, Canada, when that county was very large and the commissions held for such office direct from the Queen; graduated at local high school and became a teacher at fifteen years of age. Subsequently completed her education at a local college and went to Boston at the beginning of the civil war, in order to do some special work. Her home mission work became very interesting to her and she was closely associated with the work of the various charitable organizations of the city. In June (20th), 1863, she married Homer Hawley of her native town. He subsequently became an active partner in the Burr Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., in which capacity he and his wife toured the world, establishing branch offices for the firm in many foreign cities and giving Mrs. Hawley still wider scope for her missionary endeavors. During the time of their residence in Melbourne, Australia, their only child, Ethelyn Florence, was born to them. After the death of Mr. Hawley, which occurred in Macon, Georgia, in 1886, Mrs. Hawley accepted the position of dean of the woman's college of Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, where she remained two years and was presented with an honorary degree of "Ph. B." from the university. She subsequently became acting superintendent of the Portland hospital, which was connected with the medical school of the university, but was finally forced to resign on account of her health and go South. She bought a home in Tallahassee, Florida, where she has been beloved for many years. There, in 1892, she married Rev. Allen Chadwick Richards. They made a trip to Australia, returning in 1893. Soon after their return, in 1894, Mr. Richards after two strokes of paralysis, died, leaving her once more a widow. She then accepted the advocate professorship in the Florida Conference College for the year 1895-96. This she left to accept a chair in the Portland University, Portland, Oregon, where she taught most successfully, resigning in order to marry Daniel A. Wheeler in 1899. Mr. Wheeler succumbed to a chronic trouble of long standing and she was left a third time widow. From that time until her death she devoted herself wholly to her daughter and to the three little grandchildren whom she almost idolized.

She was a woman of wonderful intellect, exquisite charm and unfailing charity. Her Christian life was a beautiful example to those around her. No one ever saw her show anger, nor heard her voice an unkind thought.

She leaves in grief four brothers and four sisters.

Mrs. Wheeler was a communicant of St. Mary's Mission, Green Cove Springs.

Died Jan 15th 1914 at 1.30 p.m.

Bishop's Appointments

March 1—St. Augustine.
March 8—Mandarin.
March 15—Crescent City.
March 22—Green Cove Springs. Boys confirmed
March 29—Interlachen. Palatka.
April 5—Jacksonville, St. Andrew's, a. m.; St. John's, p. m.
Good Friday—Fernandina.
Easter Day—Fernandina.
April 19—St. Nicholas, South Arlington.
April 26—Jacksonville, St. Mary's, a. m.; St. Philip's, p. m.
May 1—San Antonio, Texas.

In order that the Church Herald may reach its readers the first of every month it will be necessary for correspondents to have their copy in the hands of the editor not later than the 15th day of the preceding month. This is important and should not be overlooked.

Ambler, Pa.

ette Feby 4 1915

X SUPPLEMENT

LOCAL HISTORY SKETCH.

Interesting Local Matter Collected by "E. M."

The Genther Farm, Montgomery Square—The Former Nassau Property—Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nassau Resides at Mercer Home, Ambler.

The Genther farm is an historic property, where there have been buildings since the olden time. The house and farm are at the west corner of the crossing of two great roads. These are the turnpike coming from far north, and running to Springhouse and the State road from Doylestown to Norristown. The upper side of the State road is the summit of a gradual slope from the valley below. Here is a large brick farm house with the barn to the rear with a stone springhouse. On the northeast side of the turnpike is the village store, and to the southeast, across the State road, is the cemetery and the Methodist church.

To briefly go back to early Colonial times, it may be said that in 1702 Penn's commissioners of property gave a patent for a large tract of land to a Welshman named Alexander Edwards. In 1708 Alexander Edwards gave deed for same to Thomas Edwards, the holder till 1719. Then Evan Price was the recipient. Two years more and Evan Price sold to John Bartholomew. Another portion of the tract, comprising 196 acres, was sold by the executor of Alexander Edwards to Richard Pugh. None of these holders was likely to have been a settler except possibly the Bartholomews. In 1745 John Bartholomew sold 25 acres hereabouts to John Bartholomew, Jr., his son. The will of John Bartholomew was made in 1756. He had built a stone house here. In 1760 this stone house and 53 acres were sold to Edward Bartholomew. In 1778, in the midst of the Revolutionary period, Edward Bartholomew gave deed to Dr. Charles Moore for 1110 pounds conveying buildings and 104 acres.

Dr. Charles Moore, the old time physician, lived till 1800, and Henry Hocker was his executor. Then the property was sold to Enos Lewis for 2300 pounds. Another executor of Dr. Charles Moore and Michah M. Moore. Lewis was the owner for more than 20 years. In 1822 he sold the 104 acres to James Carman, of Philadelphia, for $7314. Not many years later Carman's death occurred. In 1829 William Carman bought his estate for $6269. He was a tobacconist of Philadelphia. The same year William Nassau, of Philadelphia, also a tobacconist, bought it at the same price.

The same year, gave deed back to him. In 1841 Nassau sold to Charles Woodward. It would seem that later in 1853, Thomas Rogers came to hold it in trust. He received deed for it in 1839. In 1870 he gave deed to Garret Cotter, of Philadelphia, for $9250, and he was the owner for many years. In 1900 the sheriff, John R. Light, seized it as the property of Cotter, selling to Joseph Y. Jeannet. Finally in 1902 Henry Genther, the present owner, bought it from Jeannet, paying certain debts and $2550 for buildings and 51 acres. In the period when Nassau had it there were 104 acres attached. E. M.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

February 5, 1915.

Rev. Robert H. Nassau,

Ambler, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

Please accept my hearty thanks for your kind note of congratulation. It is delightful to know that Easton still appears to you so attractive after your wide travels in the world, and I trust we shall see you here in the near future.

One of the most encouraging features of my new work is the deep interest and cordial support given by the alumni.

Very truly yours,

John H. MacCracken

JHM/H

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

February 4, 1915.

Rev. H. Nassau, D.D.,

Ambler, Pa.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

Your kind favor has just been received and read with interest. I ~~hardly~~ heartily agree with you that it was a mistake to invite representatives from Roman Catholic institutions to our One Hundredth Anniversary, although the policy of historic institutions in this Country has been on state occasions to send invitations to all institutions of whatever name, including Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians and what not. It is commonly understood that this is no expression of sympathy with their peculiar views. We are not likely to have another similar celebration for a great many years to come, but in any event, I am sure that your word of caution will be appreciated by the Faculty.

Hoping that I may have the pleasure of greeting you here in Princeton, and counting on your sympathetic and prayerful cooperation, I am,

Very gratefully yours,

J. Ross Stevenson

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

March 4, 1915.

The Rev. Robert H. Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.,

Ambler, Pa.

Dear Dr. Nassau:

I thank you for your kind letter of the first instant. As a writer, I felt sure that you would continue to write, so long as you shall live. Moreover, with your great gift of expression, and information that nobody else possesses, I thought it possible that the most important and the most fruitful part of your life might be in the future. I should like our company to publish all your future books.

I do think of issuing the circular descriptive of "My Ogowe," to be made up largely of press reviews, and will be glad to know the size that you prefer.

Sincerely yours,

Walter Neale,

President.

Where Animals Talk. West African Folk-Lore Tales. By ROBERT H. NASSAU. The Gorham Press: Boston, 1912. Pp. 250.

The Youngest King. A Story of the Magi. By ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU. Westminster Press: Philadelphia, 1911.

This volume on West African folk-lore is a very welcome contribution from the pen that gave us *Fetichism in West Africa*. Like the *Fetichism*, this volume of stories will rank among the classics of West

African ethnography, and like it, too, will appeal to a much wider audience than that of professional ethnologists.

The collection consists of sixty-one stories, sixteen from the Mpongwe, thirty-four from the Bengā, and eleven from the Fang. The author's long residence in the country and his thorough knowledge of the language and customs have enabled him to understand and translate as few field-workers or missionaries are qualified to do. In nearly every instance an almost literal translation preserving the native figures and idioms has been made, while, at the same time, the whole is couched in a simple and beautiful style that cannot but be the envy of every folk-lorist: in no case has ethnological tinge been sacrificed to the exigencies of style, nor has there been wanting the fitting phrase in which to express the thought. Another element in the method of presentation particularly commends itself to us: the giving of the *dramatis personæ* and of a note at the very beginning of each story containing the necessary explanations. This seems to us much more satisfactory than interruptions every few paragraphs for a short excursion to the bottom of the page, and it enables one to enjoy and understand the point of the story all the more easily for knowing something of the setting in advance.

We cannot agree with the author that "from internal evidences . . . the local sources of these Tales were Arabian, or at least under Arabic, and perhaps even Egyptian, influences." Some of them—certainly the magic drum and the magic spear—suggest Arabic origin, but most of them are the animal tales that are characteristic of this area.

The rôle of the Leopard reminds us of the Coyote of the Plains Indians. He is always tricky, and, frequently, in the end, gets the worst of it. Tortoise is the wily one—the Br'er Rabbit—apparently worsted and outwitted but usually, though not always, wriggling out of the difficulty and escaping with his life.

To the reviewer the book has been a caution against too rapidly inferring contact from a study of correspondence in folk-tales. No one who has familiarized himself with the Hopi tales can fail to detect the likeness between the role of Leopard in the Mpongwe tales and of Coyote in Indian mythology. Even in such details as Coyote grasping the tail of Rabbit and letting go on being told that he has not Rabbit's tail but some other object, we find parallels.

> Rat called out, "Friend Njĕgâ! what do you think you have caught hold of?" "Your tail!" said Leopard. Said Rat, "That is not my tail! this other thing near you is my tail!" So Leopard let go of the tail, and seized the root (p. 45).

The blowing of the pepper by Rat into Frog's eyes is similar to the

MONROE PARK PRESBYTERIAN
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C. J. BOPPELL, Minister,
718 Providence Ave.

Aug 28, '15.

Dr. R. H. Nassau,

Dear Dr. Nassau;—

Your kindly remembrance in sending me a copy of "Batanga Tales" is greatly appreciated and in addition I have to thank you for the pleasure of this touch with the Africans we love.

It is a fine thing that you can thus preserve and pass on to others something more of your exceptional experiences, insight and knowledge of the West African tribes.

I hope you are in good health and that there may be many more such expressions of your life of service for Africa. Sincerely yours C. J. Boppell.

Lexington Baptist Church
Rev. CHAS. MANLY, PASTOR, D.D.

1312 E. 53d St., Chicago, Ill.

LEXINGTON, VA. Oct. 21, 1915.

My dear Bro. Nassau

The Community-Welfare Club of Swarthmore has certainly honored itself by its timely & generous notice of your birthday. I am glad to note this instance of appreciation of faithful service: it shows that there are among the Master's servants some who find delight in testifying to honest and earnest labors for the Kingdom of our Lord. I trust that with each succeeding birthday you will have much to cheer you in your review of the past & to encourage you in the forward look to the future. Last Sunday night, I attended worship in the Hyde Park Pres. church - heard the pastor tell of "If I were in College again" - & at a reception following, especially to students, I met yr. friends & hers people, Mr. & Mrs. Dr. J. How, who spoke very warmly of you. I shall show them the "Swarthmore News"; & shall then put it among my Seminary papers.

I hope this will find you quite well. With hearty greetings

Yours ever truly,
Chas. Manly.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
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JOHN T. FARIS, D.D. EDITORIAL SUPERINTENDENT
REV. PARK HAYS MILLER, ASSISTANT EDITOR

October 20, 1915.

Rev. Robert H. Nassau, M. D., S. T. D.,
Ambler, Penna.

Dear Doctor Nassau:

Hearty congratulations on the eightieth birthday anniversary which was celebrated so fittingly at Swarthmore.

God keep you through these days while he gives us the joy of having you with us. May they be many!

Very cordially yours,

John T. Faris

Rev. C. R. Erdman, D.D.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

October 22, 1915.

The Rev. Robert H. Nassau, D. D.,
Ambler, Penna.

Dear Dr. Nassau:

It was indeed a delight to learn of the memorable event to which reference is made in the Swarthmore News, of October 15. I regret that this message is late but I none the less heartily congratulate you upon the event of your eightieth bithday anniversary. With cordial greetings, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Chas. R. Erdman

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE
126 E. CHESTNUT ST.
CHICAGO

April 19, 1916.

Reverend R. H. Nassau, D.D.,
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Dear Doctor Nassau:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter and for the corrections in the volume which we so highly prize. Many times we have thought of the delightful days at the Assembly, and our inspiring guests at that time. Your life and work have been such an inspiration to others, and I trust increasingly will be an inspiration through this wonderful volume.

Mrs. Stone joins in happy remembrances.

Ever cordially,

J. Timothy Stone

Lawrenceville ILLINOIS, May 3 — 1916

Rev R. H Nassau D.D.
Ambler, Pa.

Dear Dr.

Your letter of some weeks ago has not been unnoticed nor forgotten - if acknowledgment has been long delayed.

Not only my family - but my Prayer-Meeting - My Ladies Miss. Soc and others have enjoyed it - with me. - Though to none of them can it mean what it is to me. To think that my letter had been kept through those many years. reveals a new phase in a character whose work and influence I have followed with admiration through those years. It also gives a tangible measure by which we in our sunny home land may estimate the loneliness - that cannot be avoided in the life of one known on the firing line. But there are other memories - of which your heart must be full - of the triumphs won in the dusky heart and that empty life - when the influence which caused the transformation cannot be shared by so many other agencies - as will be the case with us in the home land, which I know must warm your own heart in these hours of

To review - and estimate your former labors.

So passing by the many trials and discouragements which are now a mere fragment of the past. I want to congratulate you upon these sunset days in which you may and have a right to have a well earned rest - redolent with memories of lives of heavy planted and grown to fruitage in Darkest Africa.

I never realized my Dream of Foreign work. First there was a helpless Invalid Father who needed my care for two years after I left the Seminary. Then two years of Nervous breakdown - myself. Then after a brief period of trying my recuperating powers Dr Gillespie decided I was too old to learn a new language and be worth anything to the field.

Possibly the denial was wise - Yet I have given to the Church since Then twenty seven years of work with much more than the average vigor and success and feel in good shape for another ten years of active energetic service. Whether I am raising up Missionaries I do not know - Three of my four boys have considered and planned for the work - Two in Medical One in industrial lines - And our one daughter has joined the Student volunteers - but my family came late in life (my oldest only 19) and they are yet too young to know fully their course in life. We hope to make useful Christians of them and hope some of them may go to the front.

Again thanking you for your beautiful letter and wishing for you all the joy the Master can bring into your remaining Years I am sincerely Yours

Rollin R Marquis.

"Fishkill Standard" Sept. 16, 1916

SOME RECENT DEATHS.

CURTISS.

Mrs. Harriet Lee Ensign Curtiss, aged seventy-three years, widow of the late Milton E. Curtiss, died Sunday at her home on DeWint street, this city, following a few days' illness of pneumonia. She had been in poor health for some time and when stricken with pneumonia, the latter part of last week, she did not have the necessary strength to throw off the attack.

The deceased was born in the town of Washington, this county, November 1st, 1843, and was a descendant of an old New England family and one that was prominent in the years gone by. Her father was Dr. Lee Ensign, the members of the Ensign family residing in the vicinity of Washington for years and years. When a child the parents of the deceased moved to Milton, Ulster county, and later went to Catskill, and it was at these two places that Mrs. Curtiss grew from girlhood to womanhood, and it was there that she received her education. Her father practiced medicine in that vicinity.

On September 23, 1867, the deceased became the wife of Milton E. Curtiss, then employed in a bank in Poughkeepsie, and it was in that city that they went to housekeeping. Two years later Mr. Curtiss was appointed cashier of the First national bank of Fishkill Landing, and held that position until his death eight years ago, a total of thirty-nine years. Coming to this community forty-seven years ago the deceased and her husband quickly became a part of the life of this section, and readily won the respect and esteem of all. The husband became prominent in the business and financial life of the community, while the wife was active in church and social circles.

The deceased was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, but one could not come in contact with her without feeling the charm of her presence, and she leaves an almost endless number of friends who will mourn her death. During her entire residence here she was a faithful member of the Reformed church, and during her younger days was always found ready to assist in any way with the work of the congregation.

Mrs. Curtiss is survived by one son and four daughters, as follows: John Lee Curtiss, of Buffalo, Mrs. James R. Van Wyck, of Brooklyn, Mrs. C. Langdon Perry, of Schenectady, and the Misses Adelaide and Harriet Curtiss, of this city.

The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon at the home, just eight years to a day after the death of her husband. The services were private and were conducted by Rev. Arthur C. V. Dangremond. The interment was in the family plot in the Fishkill rural cemetery.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

March 14, 1917.

Dear Dr. Nassau:-

Let me thank you for your letter and also for its enclosure. I have read both with great interest, and I am returning the latter to you.

Let me say how deeply I appreciate the wide influence of your life and service. If I can in any way be of assistance to Professor Libbey along the line indicated, it will, of course, afford me much pleasure so to do. You have been an example and an inspiration to me both in your dauntless spirit and unconquerable courage and also in your exactness as to matters of detail. It was a pleasure to see you if but for a moment in Philadelphia, and I heartily appreciate your kind words.

I am,

Affectionately your friend,

Chas. R. Erdman

The Rev. R. H. Nassau, S.T.D.,
A m b l e r,
Pennsylvania.

THE VOCAL WABBLE

WHAT wave of unsteadiness is sweeping across the universe of vocal cords? Why is it that singers seem to be almost universally afflicted with a tremolo of voice. A new singer is heralded by successes here and there and everywhere; he is bound to be good. So we are told, and then we hear a voice that sounds as though it had come to this country on the good ship Wabble.

Why? It is not an isolated case, but it is a common and almost universal affliction, and particularly is the malady rampant in Italy, of all countries the one in which vocal art ought to be at its highest state of perfection.

Certainly none of these benighted singers believes that it is delightful for the audience to sit unresentingly through such a siege of vocal vibratory massage. Then why do they do it? Is it an infirmity of the voice or do they hope, by spreading the voice in thin, wavering slices, to make it cover a multitude of sins and listeners?

If it cannot be cured, let it at least be discouraged, and if it is discouraged persistently enough, it probably will be cured. — *New York Herald.*

The Tremolo

(By a Musical Sufferer.)

(Here is a wail from a music lover, written nearly fifty years ago, but still fresh and suggestive. Read it and note how it discusses conditions in force today.—The Editor of the Musician.)

Do enlighten me—is it from weakness or choice
Comes this villainous tremolo habit of singing—
This new "wiggle" (as somebody terms it) of voice,
Which these lyrical songsters are constantly bringing?

If I go to the opera—big, burly throats
Of the amorous tenors and chivalrous basses,
That appeared as if formed for sustainment of notes,
And even prolongment of all vocal graces,

Their heroics declaim in a quivering way
That all vocal propriety clearly outrages,
And in shaky cadenzas their passions convey,
To remind one of ague in all its bad stages.

And obese prima donnas—whose figures suggest
An addition to lager, if not a style largo,
With their arias wavy with vocal unrest,
On legitimate pleasure lay hopeless embargo.

Cavatinas are corkscrewed, and recitatif
Is a weak undulation of vocal delivery.
Nor does sonorous unison bring its relief,
But is tipsy in tone, and in climaxes quivery.

If at church I attend—where some petted quartet
Of their florid accomplishment give exhibition
In the place of devotional method—I get
The same tremolo, only in cheapened edition.

I had thought that the concert room nuisance had reached
Its extent in the ignorant chatter and giggle—
But let ballad be sung or bravura be screeched,
There's a trial yet worse—that inveterate "wiggle."

The great organ is played—I am there—for at length
Is the fortunate time to hear harmonies semblant
To the instrument's massiveness, finish and strength;
The performer commences—and out come the "tremblant."

It would seem that all vocalization, before
It were fit to the auditor's ear to be taking,
Must, like physic, observing medicinal law,
Undergo the anterior process of shaking.

"Wiggle" on, then, ye singers, both lyric and local!
Fashion tolerates, so I submit without blinking;
But as strange as it seems, such performances vocal
Are, in popular phrase, "no great shakes," to my thinking.

—Boston Transcript, 1863.

THE SINGER'S TREMOLO AND VIBRATO THEIR ORIGIN AND MUSICAL VALUE

BY LESTER S. BUTLER

APRIL, 1795, in Romano, Province of Bergano, was born Rubini, "king of tenors." His voice, small in the beginning, developed marvelously in tone volume, and the swell and diminish of tones (*messa di voce*), called by the Italians "*vibrato of the voice*," was the characteristic of his style.

This ebbing and flowing undulating wave of sound upon sustained notes was the source from which sprung the modern tremolo and vibrato, which is so much in evidence among singers, and so offensive to all of really refined musical taste.

There appears to be considerable confusion in the minds of teachers, singers, and even writers, as to the use and meaning of tremolo and vibrato. These terms seem to be used synonymously, and the latter is used when *messa di voce* is meant. The Standard Dictionary defines vibrato as "A trembling or pulsating effect in vocal music, caused by rapid variation or emphasis of the same tone (evidently *messa di voce*); properly distinguished from tremolo, where there is an alteration of tones; and the latter is a vibrating, beating, or throbbing sound produced by the voice or instrumentally."

Ferdinand Sieber, in answer to questions 286, 287, *Art of Singing*, says: Question 286, "How should the longer sung notes be taught?"

"Here the rule should be enforced that every radical note should be accompanied with a swelling of the tone when it is intended to sing the following ones in crescendo; and, on the other hand, the strength of tone diminishes when these notes are to be sung decrescendo; if there is a pause, a *messa di voce* should be executed."

Question 287. "Is not, then, this constant vibratlon of the voice a gross fault?"

"It causes great confusion in regard to the expression among singers of different degrees of ability. We read daily that it is reprehensible in this or that singer to indulge in this vibration, while it is really the *tremolando* which is blamed. The vibration of the voice is its inmost life-throb, its pulse, its spring; without it there is only monotony. . . . But if the vibration is changed into a *tremolando*, the singer falls into an intolerable fault, which is warranted only in very rare cases, when it serves as a means to express the very highest degree of excitement."

W. J. Henderson in *The Art of the Singer*, says of *messa di voce*, "It is by the emission of tones, swelling and diminishing, that we impart to song that wavelike undulation which gives it vitality and tonal vivacity." But when speaking of the rendition of Handelian arias, he evidently uses the term vibrato in the same sense as Sieber does *tremolando*. He declares it "probably hopeless to plead for the abolition of the cheap and vulgar vibrato in the delivery of these old airs." Remarking further, that there is no "account of its use in the writings of the contemporaries of Caffarelli and Farinelli," and that master singers of their day were "praised for the steadiness of their tones and the perfect smoothness of their style." He asserts, also, that vibrato "is a trick invented after that day, and out of place in the music of that period."

Referring to Rubini, the originator of the fault, he leaves the impression that this singer used the vibrato only occasionally (which may have, at first, been the fact), and that as a means of heightening the dramatic effect. Grove, however, puts the matter somewhat differently. "Rubini," he says, "was the earliest to use that thrill of the voice known as vibrato (the subsequent abuse of which we are all familiar) *at first* as a means of emotional effect, *afterwards* it was to *conceal* the *deterioration* of the organ."

Imitators brought great discredit upon Rubini, and his name is associated with an impure, corrupt vocalization. This, with other influences, brought about a sentiment in composers as well as singers, favoring dramatic opera and vocal declamation, rather than singing, in the sense in which that word was understood by the great tenor.

That there were a cloud of imitators a brief perusal of the tremolo in 1852, and years following, will show. In this year it became so prevalent almost all singers of the day indulged in it. They seemed to imagine that it made the voice "carry," and more expressive. Ferri, a baritone who sang at La Scala in 1853, made such effective use of it upon every note as to secure a place in the records of that day as one whose whole song was a bad "wobble." Even the great Mario, whose voice is described as "rich as Devonshire cream" was afflicted, but unusually free from the vice. In 1854 Clara Novello was greatly admired because she indulged in it with such discrimination; and Campanini, entirely free from the fault, was greeted with enthusiastic pleasure whenever he appeared.

Another reference to Mr. Henderson will show that the weed still flourishes: "Almost every singer of to-day tries from the beginning to acquire an habitual vibrato. [The present writer infers that Mr. Henderson does not use "vibrato" with the Italian meaning *messa di voce*] to be used at all times without regard to fitness. Some of our singers have so successfully cultivated this trick that they have developed it into a tremolo of generous proportions." He thinks that "it would be interesting to know what Porpora or Fedi would have thought of a twentieth-century tremolo, especially when introduced in an aria by Carissimi."

It seems, then, that the tremolo, and the milder vibrato (I think the latter word has lost almost entirely, as used generally, its Italian meaning, *messa di voce*, or the exact meaning given by Standard Dictionary) came into general use as an imitation of the so-called "musical sob" of Rubini, which he used to express certain phases of emotion and excitement, and then it was cultivated by those whose tastes were lowered, or having a desire to acquire more power than their organ was capable of safely obtaining, or to conceal, under the claim of artistic and real expression, the decay of their singing voice.

True expression, dramatic fervor, intense, vital tone quality and "carry" or "reach" of voice are worthy the most assiduous cultivation by singers; but when these cannot be attained without persistently faulty intonation, and expression becomes so sickly sentimental that the singer has a constant apparent disposition to cry, and we have the ludicrous effect of a tone, or passage, or song, sung out of tune, with the artist (?) sobbing because (presumably) unable to do better, it would save a long-suffering public if natural limitations were recognized and impossible ambitions subdued.

Grove says (article "Singing"), speaking of this vocal fault, which was a "departure from the steadily sustained note," that it took two forms, "the vibrato and the tremolo, the first, introduced by Rubini (and its abuse was the one thing in his singing which could have been spared). Both are legitimate means of expression in dramatic music, when used sparingly in the proper time and place, but when constantly heard are intolerable. The tremolo especially causes at first a painful sensation by a state of nervous excitement that must invariably be rapidly fatal; but this soon subsides and they are felt to be mere abominable nuisances, expressing nothing at all but a total want of control over the feelings. There is no greater nuisance in life than cheap tears."

There is the same hostility to these methods of vocalization in the writings of other authors. D. Frangçon Davies (*Singing of the Future*), speaking of "physical means desired for voice production," says: "The first requisite for the natural play of these little bands (vocal cords) is large liberty. . . . By the word 'liberty' one indicates the mean between captivity and license. Captivity of the vocal cords spells 'vibrato,' and license spells 'wobble.'"

Emma Seiler (*Voice in Singing*) has this to say: "Unhappily, our whole music is vitiated by this sickly sentimentalism, the perfect horror of every person of cultivated taste. This sickly sentimental style has also naturalized in singing a gross trick unfortunately very prevalent, the tremolo of the notes. When, *in rare cases*, the greatest passion is to be expressed, the endeavor to deepen the expression by a trembling of the notes is all very well and fully to be justified; but in songs and arias, in which quiet and elevated sentiments are to be expressed, to tremble as if the whole soul were in an uproar, and not at all in condition for quiet singing, is unnatural and offensive."

In a letter to W. S. B. Mathews (*Music*, 1900), L. G. Gottschalk so succinctly gives his opinion as to leave no doubt as to his position on the subject: "Tremolo of the voice is a defect, and as such has no excuse for its existence, being the result of either one of the three of the following causes: diseased vocal organs, old age, or defective breathing."

This is in agreement with Madame Marchesi (*Ladies' Home Journal*, November, 1907), in answer to a question when she affirms that, "The continual vibrato is the worst defect in singing and is a certain sign that a voice has been forced and spoiled. It is the result of the relaxation of the exterior muscles of the larynx, which can no longer remain motionless in the position during the emission of the sound. This distressing permanent vibrato proceeds from the ignorance or neglect of the register limits.'

W. H. Beare gives this warning: "Do not allow the voice to 'wobble' or become tremulous. A tremor is dangerous under any circumstances, and an ineffectual substitute for sustained, pathetic tone color."

Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D. (*Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*) asserts that: "Tremolo is injurious . . . as tending to beget a depraved habit of singing. The voice, like the hands, may tremble from emotion . . . but continual quavering is as disagreeable as the tremulous fingers of the drunkard."

Under "Vibrato" and "Tremolo" (*Voice Production in Singing and Speaking*), Wesley Mills, M.A., says: "The last two faults result from a wrong use of the vocal organs. They are both due to some unsteadiness and lack of control, and, unfortunately, when once acquired, are very difficult to remedy. The unsteadiness may be almost anywhere in the vocal organs, but is usually referable to the respiratory apparatus or to the larynx. A vibrato is the milder form of the evil, and is *encouraged, we regret to say, by some teachers*. [The italics are the present writer's.] The tremolo is due to an extreme unsteadiness, and, so far as we are aware, is universally condemned. It is about the worst fault any singer can have."

In answer to a correspondent's question, Whether the wobbling or quavering is truly artistic and proper? Frederick W. Root (*Music*, 1900) says: "The trembling or wobbling of the singer's voice incontinently continued under the name of tremolo or regarded somewhat more indulgently as vibrato, is sometimes occasioned by a false, strained use of muscles, the indiscriminate effort which results in a shiver or tremble when excited by any cause, extreme cold or fear, for instance, but generally this condition of unsteadiness is because of the singer's belief that it is a sign of culture. So many public singers, either from overstraining the organs or from the habit of highly dramatic utterance, exhibit a constant trembling in the tones, that a sort of standard has been established which the superficial judgment thinks it proper to strive for. The vices and vulgarities of old stagers appear to callow enthusiasts as virtues and ideals for their ambitions. There are occasional moments in the utterance of intense sentiment when a trembling of the voice is true expression. But these moments are rare.

"There is in some rare voices a vibrant, palpitating thrill which is wholly desirable. This quality of voice will blend with others and give vitality and sincerity to expression, but the wavering in which inferior talent decks itself out has neither of these virtues."

In view of all this testimony, we conclude, (1) that the term "vibrato" is not generally used with its Italian meaning — *messa di voce* — but that as a milder tremolo and having a less departure from the pitch than tremolo, and so is received more indulgently; (2) that some teachers advocate something (not tremolo, they say) known, probably to their pupils as vibrato; (3) that in very rare cases the trembling of the voice indicates neither of the faults mentioned, but true expression; (4) that, usually, the tremolo is caused by a weakened condition of the laryngeal muscles, or by a wrong method of breathing; (5) that the vibrato — not *messa di voce* — and tremolo are highly offensive to people of cultivated taste and refinement, as being false to true artistic expression; (6) that writers of the highest authority on the art of singing universally condemn the faults, and in no uncertain language.

∴ Reunion of the Class of '64 of the Princeton Theological Seminary ∴

By REV. P. H. BROOKS

YOUR correspondent, being a member of this class, has been asked by its convener to "write up" its reunion, not "write up" the class, for that has been "up" so high and so long, that it needs no additional pen-elevation now.

In 1864, this class stood seventy strong. Twenty-seven of that number are still living witnesses. Eight of us gathered at this reunion. Our class banquet was held on Monday evening, May 4, in Princeton Inn. Letters were read from absentees, and each member present gave a condensed sketch of his past fifty years of service.

These fifty years are sunken deep
In fifty golden sockets,
Our love to Christ and Class we keep
Above our Presb'tries' dockets,
And back we come a little grey,
And bent a little over,
And watch the classes here to-day
Up to their knees in clover.

First Chorus:—

Thou dear old Theo' Sem',
Thou Church-own'd Theo' Sem',
May millions march beneath thine arch,
Thou God-blest Theo' Sem'.

Those of our class present at this reunion were: Dr. John DeWitt; Dr. Howe, pastor of the Congregational church in Norwich, Conn.; Dr. E. P. Cowan, Secretary of our Freedmen's Board; Dr. George Shearer, of the American Tract Society, with one of his daughters; Rev. Theodore S. Wynkoop, of a Presbytery in India, with his wife; Rev. John Pollock, of Norwich, Conn.; Rev. J. C. Kelly, residing in Sunbury, Pa., and the writer.

When we attended the general banquet of the Alumni, on Tuesday, in Stuart Hall, we were happy to have Dr. Nassau and Dr. David Tully grace our end of a long table. The time for the addresses of the representatives of the reunion classes was limited to eight minutes each; but the limitless Dr. Patton, a member of our class part of the time, was not limited, except by his own conscience, and he said that he had one. He also said, in part, that in all these past years, thoughts and facts had been coming thick and fast into the front doors of our minds, but in some way they do not stay so long with us as they used to do, and they slip out of the side doors of our memories. You will find it so, for example, that elusive Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and he stated that when some facts did not stay as long with him as he desired, he went over to Dr. DeWitt, and in an hour and a half he would have so many facts that he had to have a cab to take him home, but he said there are a few great facts about Christ and His redemption which hold us, and we do not, must not, let them slip. He closed with a very beautiful picture, as it laid in his mind, of the on-coming years.

After his address, our Class of '64 continued to have its innings. I use this figure of speech, partly because one of our class organized the first baseball club among the Seminary students; also I use the figure, because we are on the home stretch.

Rev. Theodore S. Wynkoop, in his earnest and polished address, represented '64, and incorported in his speech this paper, adopted by the class, to be read:

"We, the members of the class of '64, gathered to commemorate our fiftieth anniversary, and to make grateful recognition of the influence of its great teachers upon all our subsequent theological thinking and preaching, desire also to record our admiration and gratitude for its subsequent teachers, in the maintenance of the great traditions of its founders; especially that through the unparalleled period of stress and storm, they have held for the Seminary an unbroken testimony to the integrity of the Holy Scripture, and to the wholeness and sufficiency of the Gospel for the salvation of the world; that while many have yielded to the 'time spirit,' and surrendered vital things, Princeton has stood for the faith once delivered to the saints. It has been a steadying force to our own faith, that above the din and smoke of battle, its flag has been seen flying, for which we would record our profound gratitude."

The class of '64 might be called a P. P. P. class, that is, the Professor, President, Producing Class. We gave Dr. Patton, and Dr. DeWitt to this Seminary, and Dr. Samuel H. Kellogg to Allegheny Theological Seminary, beside five foreign missionaries, and so many pastors and teachers, when we graduated.

One farewell night, we called our roll,
And pray'd and plan'd till one
Canoe for two, some had in view,
And some would go alone.
Some of our class already gone
To serve the Christ above,
Are still of us, and we of them,
One faith, one hope, one love.

Last Chorus:—

Thou dear old sixty-four,
Thou loyal sixty-four,
As strong as pure, as pure as strong,
Thou blessed sixty-four.

Princeton, May 5, 1914.

The "Presbyterian"
May 13th. 1914.

An incident related by Miss Isabella Symmons, at Lake Minnewaska; written by Rev. Dr. Walter A. Brooks.

A Prayer Easily Answered

A lady in a summer hotel was awakened suddenly, in the early morning, by the occupant of the adjoining room, who was seemingly engaged in preparations for departure and was making a good deal of noise about it, banging doors, dragging a trunk about, singing snatches of the songs of the previous evening and occasionally calling out to the occupant of the room farther down the corridor. Then, after a moment's cessation of the tumult, the early riser's voice was heard in the morning prayer, a chief petition of which was, "Lord, make us thoughtful of others!" There are some prayers the answer to which lies in our own hands. This one surely belongs in that category. Perhaps there is no more suitable place for the offering of such a prayer, and the practice of that which it requests, than a summer hotel. The answer to it is within the reach of anyone who is moved to offer it. And in the close contact with others afforded by our summer assemblies in hostelries of various sizes all over the land, there is abundant opportunity for a thoughtfulness of others which will make the association more enjoyable than it sometimes is.

The older people are apt to think that the young people particularly need to pray the prayer and practice the answer. Perhaps they do. They do usually make the most noise, as is natural. And it is also natural that they should be less considerate of the nerves and the wishes of others, inasmuch as they themselves have no nerves to be disturbed and are usually getting fair gratification of their own wishes. But this is the very point of the petition. The one who offers it presumably wishes in all sincerity to be made thoughtful of others, because naturally he is not so. Here then, is a field for the manifestation of the Christian character. The graces of such a character are, in very deed, of supernatural origin. They are the fruit of the Spirit. For older or younger alike, they are the showing forth of the life of Christ within.

Considerateness is only another name for that love of one's brother which is the second commandment of the Christian law. That commandment puts the brother side by side with ourselves. We are to love him as ourselves. That is the thing which we sometimes miss in our interpretation and obedience of the Lord's word. We mean to love our fellow men as much as we can, but "as ourselves," is a high degree. But it is only when we are in obedience to the spirit of the Lord's word that we shall be truly considerate of others. It requires honest thinking of the meaning and scope of the golden rule. "All things, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," those are the things that you are to do toward others. And if you are honestly doing that, you will be very sure not to waken your neighbor too early in the morning, nor to do some other things into which thoughtlessness easily falls.

And then, that prayer really included all our relationship to others. If we are considerate of them in the true sense, we shall not only avoid being a nuisance to them; we shall think of them as the Lord himself thought. We shall seek to do for them what the Lord did, or at least to help them know what he can and will do for them. "Make us thoughtful for others." A good prayer for this new season of Christian living and evangelistic endeavor.

"Presbyterian"

The "Presbyterian"
SBYTERIAN Dec. 14th, 1910

munity, and I believe there are many secret inquiries going on which may result in open confession of Christ in due time."

* * *

On November 29, Senor Don Francisco Oviedo offered to the President of the Spanish Congress, Count Romananes, a petition said to be signed by 150,000 Spaniards, asking for the re-establishment of religious freedom, such as was enjoyed for a brief interval in 1868, in place of the present religious toleration, by which such liberty of worship as is granted must be enjoyed in private. Count Romananes promised to give the petition the fullest attention compatible with the law under the Concordat of 1851. The petition will probably be referred to a committee of the Congress. A curious feature of the petition is the number of its signatories—there are only about 30,000 Protestants, Jews and Rationalists together in Spain, all others being Roman Catholics. It would seem, therefore, that a very large number of those nominally affiliated with the Roman Church believe that Spain needs a much greater measure of religious liberty than the Curia has been willing to accord.

* * *

The sentiments which have been expressed in certain quarters of late that there should be some working agreement between the various branches of Protestantism and the Roman Church are superficial. It may be very earnestly desired, but there is no reasonable expectation that it will ever exist until Romanism or Protestantism, one or the other, shall radically change. This will be apparent when one reads the oath of the bishops, archbishops, cardinals and popes of the Roman Church, printed below. This oath is given by Professor Bieler, of the Presbyterian College of Montreal, in "L'Aurore," the French Protestant paper of Canada, which, translated, reads as follows: "I declare that the Pope is the true head of the universal Church spread abroad in the whole world; that, in virtue of the power of the Keys, which has been conferred upon him by Jesus Christ, he has the right to depose the heretic kings, princes, States, republics and governments, all the powers here below being illegal without his sacred confirmation; and that these heretic governments can be destroyed in all security of conscience. In consequence, I will defend with all my force this doctrine, so that the rights and the customs of his Holiness, against all usurpers, specially against the new pretended authority of the Church of England, and against all its adherents, in so far as that Church and its adherents, in a spirit of usurpation and of heresy, will oppose themselves to the Church of Rome, our holy Mother. I declare, further, that the doctrine of the Anglican Church, that of Calvinistic Huguenots, that of other Protestants, is damnable, and that Protestants themselves will be damned if they do not retract that doctrine. I declare again that I will assist and will counsel all the agents of His Holiness within any place where I will find myself, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, within every other territory and kingdom, and that I will do my very best to extirpate Protestant heresy and to destroy all its pretended authority, legal or otherwise."
—Christian Observer.

PEABODY MUSEUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SECTION
UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

April 16, 1918.

My dear Doctor Nassau,

You will perhaps be astonished at my not having earlier acknowledged your great kindness in sending us the excellent and very pleasant photograph which arrived some ten days or two weeks ago. The reason why I did not earlier acknowledge it was that I have not been able to attend to my affairs as closely as I could have wished owing to the fact that in connection with some outside work I have been kept away from my office. I now write to thank you most cordially for your kindness and to ask you to believe that we very greatly and sincerely appreciate it.

I have, myself, a very strong personal sense of indebtedness to all those who have given themselves to African research, and there are few who have done so whole-heartedly and as nobly as you have. It is, I think, particularly gratifying that whereas so few Americans have interested themselves in Africa, these few have nevertheless shown themselves so whole-souled and so devoted. I think it will be a very pleasnt thing in the future years, when all of us have either become memories or been forgotten, to have here in this Museum, where the first deliberate attempt at making a center of African research in this country was put forward, a few photographs of the men who shared in the opening up of Africa. Your books we have already had for long. The picture that you send makes them even more vivid and real, and I am very much obliged to you indeed for your kindness and courtesy in sending the picture.

I am,

Yours faithfully, Orie Bates.

The Reverend Doctor Robert Hamill Nassau, S.T.D.,
A m b l e r, P e n n s y l v a n i a.

CABLE ADDRESS: "INCULCATE NEW YORK"

TELEPHONE CHELSEA 9950-3

The Board of Foreign Missions
of the
Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
156 Fifth Avenue
New York

OFFICE OF SECRETARY

November 6th, 1918.

Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D.,

Ambler, Pennsylvania.

My dear Dr. Nassau:

Your letter of November 1st has just come to hand. I think I can answer your questions.

1. Every candidate who applies to the Board to be sent out as a foreign missionary is asked to state his preference as to the field of labor, and the reasons for such preference. Both the preferences and the reasons are carefully considered. In some cases it is manifest that the candidate should be sent to the field requested, as for example, where the son of a missionary born in Japan, for instance, who knows the language, who is acquainted with the customs and manners of the people, who is going back to the work because of a deep seated conviction of its need and a deep love for the people. In all such cases ordinarily the candidate is sent to the field requested. Not always. A son of Dr. Jessup a few years ago applied to go out under the care of the Board and asked to be sent to Syria. The Board felt that already we had a large number of representatives of one family in Syria, and it would be better that this younger man should go elsewhere. Moreover his knowledge of the language, the Arabic, would serve him in good stead in a field like Persia. He was sent to Persia. He has done splendid work there. He is there now. His dear father, Rev. Henry Jessup was present at the farewell meeting held in the Board Rooms. He took for his theme "I will not offer unto God that which doth cost me nothing." He told how delightful it would have been to have his son with him in his declining years in Syria, but he realized that that would have been no sacrifice for him.

Other cases, however, are not so simple. A man applies to the Board and wishes to go to Mexico, but we need missionaries more in Guatemala than in Mexico. We have not enough to go round, so he has to be sent to Guatemala.

In general, therefore, I may state that the recruit is sent,-
(a) Where the need is greatest, the Board always taking into account as far as possible, the preference of the missionary; and

(b) His equipment for the particular task.

2. There is no exception made regarding Africa. Every candidate is examined by a competent physician and one of the questions is whether he can live in a tropical climate. No one would be sent to Africa whose medical certificate stated that it would not be wise to send him to a tropical climate. But this is true of Siam and of other fields. It is not distinctively true of Africa. The physical examination is much more strict than it was when you went out, but you being a physician know that even physicians do make mistakes. In the main, however, we send no one to any

AWH-AS.

field who has not a clean bill of health from the physician , and where the statement is made that it would be better for the candidate to go to a cold climate, he is sent to the cold climate and vice versa. I think this is true or would be true in regard to Africa. A tendency to think that most any candidate would be good enough for Africa I believe was prevalent twenty-five years ago. It is not true today. The Board recognizes as never before that even among a primitive people there is need to send only the very best men and women.

The whole question of candidates just at present is giving us more or less trouble because the war has swept away nearly all our physicians and nurses. It has taken many candidates for the ministry, while our fields that are in the war zone are making larger demands because of the inability of French, British and German Missionary Societies to furnish recruits for their various fields.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. Halsey

AWH-AS.

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work
Witherspoon Building Philadelphia

John T. Faris, D.D., Editor
Rev. Park Hays Miller, Assistant Editor

November 12, 1918.

Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D.,
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Dear Doctor Nassau:

Sorry to miss you yesterday. But wasn't it great not to miss the glorious news of the day -- of the year -- of the century?

Hearty congratulations on the anniversary of which the Delaware County Advocate told so pleasantly. May the new year be the best of your wonderful life.

I have just read the manuscript you left at the office. It is rich. It seems to me this is exactly what the Foreign Board should print as a document for constant use. Is this what you have had in mind? I think it would be useful.

I only wish that our Board's publishing program could include a document of such unusual strength, so that I might ask you to let us have it. But if issued by us it would not reach the public you have in mind.

Thank you for letting me see it. It will be kept, as you wish, until you come in.

Very cordially yours,

John T. Faris

ALEXANDER P. CAMPHOR
BISHOP FOR AFRICA
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

GOD
ETHIOPIA
Psalms 68:31

ADDRESS.
AFRICA: MONROVIA, LIBERIA, AFRICA.
CABLE, CAMPHOR, MONROVIA LIBERIA
AMERICA: 150 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

258 West 53rd Street
New York City

Nov 15th 1918.

The Revd R-H. Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.
Ambler, Pa.

My Dear Doctor Nassau, I know you through your great book on "Fetishism in West Africa".

My friend Doctor M. J. Elliott of 164 Chase-Side London writes me that you have issued a new book, and I write to know the price & publishers. I am a student of Primitive Religion, especially as it appears among West African tribes. For the past few years I have been conducting some investigations in the Hinterland of Liberia & adjacent parts, and have gathered much unclassified data on that subject. I hope to get this material in shape as soon as possible. I would appreciate your judgment if say, about a dozen or more books or periodicals on Primitive Religion in W.A. that are good sources. I read recently your Philosophy of Fetishism in the Journal of African

Society. It is very fine. Miss Kingsley was an enthusiastic admirer of you. In her "Travels in West Africa" She has many references to you.

You have such a long and worthy record, and I rejoice that God has so signally honored you to serve humanity + Africa in the way you have.

Reverting again to "Primitive Religion", in all of my search, among books and contact with natives I have never yet ascertained whether there is any truth in Witchcraft as practiced in West Africa. I know that there is much error & fraud in it. Is there any truth? Is there such a thing as Commerce with Spirits unless it is chiefly through Suggestion and Self-hypnosis? In my own case I have had & do have yet dreams that foretell many things. I can see that contact with the Spirit world in some individuals is made easy. What if any is the difference between our method of contact + that of the natives?

This opens up a large question. I do not expect you to go into this, but just a word will be gratefully received.

Thanking you in advance + with best wishes, I am
Yours sincerely A. P. Camphor

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

December 7, 1918.

Dear Dr. Nassau:-

It is a great pleasure, indeed, to receive your good letter. The fact that Africa is now receiving the best possible men in the line of missionary service, and the further fact that the work there is so successful, seems to me to be due in very largest measure to your own heroic and successful service. You laid foundations which are broad and deep and the influence of your life work is now being felt and appreciated as never before. I congratulate you on all the achievements of those long years on the West Coast, and I know that your heart is rejoiced at such suggestions as those which you note in the letter of Dr. Halsey.

Let me say how heartily my son and his bride have appreciated your gracious remembrance and your subsequent letters. I hope that sometime you may have the pleasure of meeting my son and Mrs. Pardee Erdman in our home in Princeton.

With cordial greetings, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Chas. R. Erdman

Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D.,
Ambler, Pa.

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

Witherspoon Building Philadelphia

John T. Faris, D.D. Editor
Rev. Park Hays Miller Assistant Editor

You have probably seen by this time the notice on the Philadelphia page of THE PRESBYTERIAN concerning your work and your readiness to speak. I telephoned the notice over immediately after you left the office. Thus nothing could be said as to your desire to avoid Sunday traveling. But you would probably be able to arrange this in the same tactful way as when we were talking of the visit to Beacon Church.

Very cordially yours,

John T. Faris.

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

Witherspoon Building Philadelphia

John T. Faris, D.D. Editor
Rev. Park Hays Miller Assistant Editor

January 23, 1919.

Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D.,
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Dear Doctor Nassau:

Last evening I was at prayer meeting at Beacon Church. I must tell you how appreciative the people were of the man whom I am proud to call friend, and of his services last Sunday. I know they would be glad to see you again sometime.

I took the liberty of making the meeting A NASSAU PRAYER MEETING. In fact, I talked for thirty-five minutes about you and your work, saying some of the personal things which you would not bring into your addresses on Sunday.

First, I read the article which you prepared at my request for THE WESTMINSTER TEACHER, "Looking Back on Sixty Years of Christian Life." Of course the explanation was given that you wrote this personal account at my urgent request.

Then I read extracts from MY OGOWE. These were taken almost entirely from the chapter telling of your "Mother Task." There would be nothing so apt to bring ardent home lovers in sympathy with the trials and the joys of the missionary than the sketch of the way in which you took care of "Motherless Mary" for the first six years of her life.

Finally I read from a copy of "The Youngest King," telling of the inception of the story, speaking of the fact that in MY OGOWE you spoke of your dependence upon the Voice, then noting the fact that the Youngest King heard the Voice calling him from Africa to go to meet the other magi. A paragraph telling of the trip through the heart of Africa was read. A reference was made to the return of the king, his death in poverty, and the fulfillment of his hope for Africa.

The copy of THE YOUNGEST KING I gave to Mr. Achenbach, as a souvenir of the day when he had the honor of being with you in the pulpit and helping you in the service. Mr. Warren, another of the elders, was eager to take home the copy of MY OGOWE that he might come in closer touch with one whose address in the Sunday school so won his heart. You remember, perhaps, that Mr. Warren is superintendent of the school.

I hope that within a day or two you felt entirely recovered from the strain of Sunday.

United States Naval Hospital Corps Training School

of the

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

145 NORTH TENTH STREET

January 14, 1919.

Dear Dr. Nassau:—

I want to write you a few lines this evening in order to express as well as I can how much I appreciate your kindness in going to all of the trouble of coming to Philadelphia for my benefit alone. I did not realize that you would have to make the trip on my account and am sorry to have inconvenienced you so.

I wish I could tell you how much I enjoyed my visit with you yesterday. It was one of the happiest moments of my life when I was so distinctly honored

Ambler, Pa. Feb. 20th. 1910.

Dear brother Nassau:-

Your letter received and in reply would say, that we certainly shall greatly appreciate your services next Sabbath morning and doing it with out pecuniary returns will mean just that much donated to the church.

No doubt you do feel at times regretful that you did not stay all your life in the mission field, but yet on the other hand just see the amount of good you have done and interest you have created for missions in the many addresses you have made from time to time.

It has not been time lost spent here in the states. Your literary work doubtless could not have been done on the field and this will live on and on many years after the Lord takes you to higher service in His heavenly kingdom.

It is encouraging to hear favorably from those who have read your works, this forms some of the compensation I should judge.

I hope that you will be feeling well next Sabbath morning and have great liberty as you speak for the Master in behalf of the kingdom abroad.

Looking forward with interest and pleasure to your address , I remain

Very cordially yours,

Geo. J. Crowl

United States Hospital Corps Training School
of the
PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
145 NORTH TENTH STREET

United States Hospital Corps Training School
of the
PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
145 NORTH TENTH STREET

January 17, 1911.

Dear F. Nurse, —

I want to thank you very much for having [illegible] to send me the paper containing the prize [illegible] to date. I have very much interested in reading it.

I have finished my course here and expect to graduate the 15th of June, 1911. I shall [illegible] to be sent to the Philippines. I do not [illegible] that is where I desire most.

You may be sure I will not forget the address that you have given me. This is one which I cannot afford forgetting, and I [illegible] to keep it. I am sending you a [illegible] to read, [illegible] to one who is so far inferior in knowledge and experience. I should be very [illegible]

of the writer's personality, through his erudition, however profound.

And I see certain aspects of you, which throw a light for me on your conclusions.

For instance, I find you a militant missionary. I am inclined to think, and I have the feeling, that a military camp seems to you a good model for a church organization.

Do you know, I think you carry a soldier in your heart. The story of Motombaka, - "Passing away", impressed me deeply. Please remember

Your fellow Romanized Kaffir
Edward J. Barber

1201 Chestnut
Phila 4/19/09
[from Mr. Edward Barber]

Dear Friend, Mr Haskin,

I am late in acknowledging your welcome little note of January 28th.

I had a glancing blow, a stab of side-swipe, from the prevailing epidemic, and was in bed for a day.

I have a fetish, in the shape of a strong constitution, which pulled me through.

I cannot claim the credit of having read you those short stories; but I am glad you found the jungle in one of them, for I am sure you enjoyed it.

I have just finished 8 chapters of your "Fetichism in West africa".

You write just the way you talk; and, while reading the book, it is the same to me as if I was sitting in your room listening to you.

I can see you, and hear you, and catch the expression of your face, and the intonation of your voice.

Professor Aitkens, anthropologist of the University of Pennsylvania, called your book a veritable store-house of important knowledge.

But I like best to catch the gleams

The Dewdrop

A Meditation

Out of the mists of the morning,
When Heaven and earth were born,
I, too, had my humble beginning,
They greeted my natal morn.
Before that I lived with the Father,
All one in an ocean of love,
And then for a time in a garden,
Guarded and watched from above.
Then I knew not myself from the others,
The garden, the tree nor the all,
Until I felt I was I and no other
And to find myself I had to fall.
I fell into the heart of a flower,
I melted away and was lost,
I gave myself up to each petal,
To calyx, stems, root, without cost.
I had died as a drop in the sunshine,
My sparkle, my beauty was gone;
Yet I knew I was I after sunset,
Through the night when my day's work was done.
I woke and found I was I in the morning,
Called forth by the rays of the sun;
All radiant, I was lost in his glory,
I forgot we no longer were one.
By cold winds and warm currents pressed onward,
Cast down on a parched desert sand,
And again I was I for a moment
As I glistened and moistened the land.
Many times forth and back have I wandered,
Lived at morn and at even have died:
Each time I have garnered up wisdom
From the Master of All as my guide:

I have lost myself many times over
In the earth and the fire and air,
And myself I have found again gladly
In the beauty and love everywhere.
Vast, unbounded the view and the journey,
From the infinite ocean of life,
Through the lands and the loves which have borne me
Through weariness, struggle and strife.
My look has turned inward and outward,
Alone and with many I've been
And though I am I as a dewdrop
I also am all I have seen.

Once I heard in a well that was Jacob's
Where I was lost for a while,
A woman unfold her life story to One
Who could see through all guile,
I saw myself gleam for an instant,
In the teardrop that shone on her cheek,
Called forth by both pain and compassion
Whilst Spirit with Spirit did speak.
She came with her thirst and for water
Which my brothers and I could supply,
She went with her soul filled with gladness,
Given water that never would die.
From the Master's own lips I heard it,
That there is a water of life
And the Spirit within me remembered,
Passing over the tumult and strife,
Took me back to the source of my being,
The Infinite Ocean of Love,
And filled me with radiant splendor,
Like the peace and the glory above.
Now, wherever I fall in the morning,
Whether flowers or dust may be there,
Or I'm blown with the mists or at noonday
Melt away in the sun's burning glare:
Or I fall in the blind beating hailstorm,
Or in snowflake's crystalline star,
I know I am still Living Water;
Changing form, yet with life from afar:
And as dewdrop or teardrop or snowflake,
Singing, crying to all: ye are safe!
Why doubt ye? O! Heirs of the Dawning!
As I live, live ye also, by faith.

ALBERT JAMES COLLISON.

Trenton, N. J.

1919

1919

Nearing the Shore.

Tune—Federal Street.

O'er shadowing mists obscure the line
That marks the boundaries of time.
Time, that uncertain, changing thing
To which we mortals fondly cling.

2

Though life extends to four-score years,
There often come disturbing fears,
As, when the pilgrim nears the shore
Where time for him shall be no more.

3

There, human helps and helpers fail,
No earthly power can then avail,
But faith, that wonderous gift of God
Sustains the pilgrim on the road.

4

E'n through the valley dark and deep,
The Shepherd there will guard his sheep.
His rod and staff will comfort give,
Then doubt no more, only believe.

5

O God, our doubts and fears remove,
Grant us more grace, more faith, more love.
So running, we shall win the race,
And find at last in Heaven our place.

Franklin Dye.

Trenton, N. J.

230 From the "Herald and Presbyter", April 23. 1919.

NOBLE AND HEROIC SERVICE.

The Presbytery of New Brunswick, at its spring meeting, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the licensure of Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau, who was licensed April 27, 1859. Dr. Nassau's name was the five hundred and seventy-ninth on the roll of New Brunswick Presbytery. During the sixty years 704 names have been added to the roll, making 1,283 in all. There are but seventy-nine names now on the roll, thus showing how many changes there have been. Only one name precedes Dr. Nassau's. Rev. Isaac M. Patterson was a classmate of Dr. Nassau, and was licensed sixty-one years ago.

Dr. Nassau was commissioned as a foreign missionary to Africa in 1861. He served at Corisco, Benita, Ogowe River, Gaboon and Batanga, closing his work there in 1906, after serving for forty-five years in Africa. At the luncheon celebration addresses were made by Rev. August W. Sonne, who presided; by Rev. W. S. Bannerman, who took up the work in Africa that Dr. Nassau laid down; by Rev. Isaac M. Patterson, Dr. Nassau's classmate, and by Elder Levi Dye, who attended Dr. Nassau's ordination service in 1861.

Then Dr. Nassau spoke, thanking the members of presbytery for the expressions of appreciation, and telling how God had led him on to take up and do his life work. One great step was taken when he professed faith in Christ and united with the Church; another when he was led to choose the ministry as his life work, and another when he decided for the foreign missionary field. Still further he was led to choose the difficult and trying field of Africa, and, after going to Africa, to take the place not of preacher of the local church, nor of teacher of the local school, in either of which places he would have been com-

"Herald & Presbyter"

paratively safe, but that of evangelizing pioneer, in which he had danger and difficulty at every step.

It was a simple story of magnificent heroism, told in a way to give all the glory to God and to keep none for himself. One who was present at the meeting, and who has known and admired and loved this magnificent minister of Jesus Christ, says: "As the members of presbytery turned from this service to the business of the afternoon, many of them felt that they had been on the mountain top, where they had caught a new vision of the satisfaction that comes to God's servants who give themselves unreservedly for the Master's use."

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SCIENCE, ESSAYS, POLITICS, TRAVEL
FICTION, POETRY, GENERAL LITERATURE

February 5, 1919.

The Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D.,

Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Dear Dr. Nassau:

I am glad to learn from your letter of the third instant that you have written your autobiography and that the work is now complete. I hope that your executors will place its publication with our house.

I am glad to learn, too, that you have begun to write a "History of the West Africa Mission," and when the time comes for its publication I hope that the Board of Foreign Missions will consult us.

In my opinion,—and I have never been of but one opinion with respect to the matter,—the plan of "My Ogowe" was perfect in its conception and ably carried out. It is a fact that the most interesting feature of the work to me was its description of your daily life, as you lived it from day to day, so faithfully and so graphically yet so simply told that I felt as one of your readers that I was living it with you. The time surely will come when "My Ogowe" will be a priceless treasure-trove. Unfortunately, there are very few competent reviewers of books in this country; even so, I do not see how anyone however incompetent could object to the manner in which you wrote "My Ogowe" in detail.

I think it would be well for you to reserve the greater number of volumes in the case as yet unopened. Pretty soon Africa will be opened up to settlement as never before. Then every copy that you now have left should soon be sold.

Yours truly,

Walter Neale,

President.

I am gratified to know that the persons to whom you have given the book were so much pleased with it. Their discussions should lead to the sale of a number of copies.

Yours truly,

Watson Neale,

President.

Titusville N. J.
Sept. 14th 1919

My dear Mr. Nassau:-

Hope this finds you well as when we saw you last. How these last three months have flown! My performance has never before so lagged behind my good intentions as in this case. My first thots were that I could hardly let you get back to your quarters before I impressed upon you certain facts, and satisfactions and pleasures and pleasantries that attended your visit with us. We always enjoy your visits, but from our point of view, this last was one unalloyed success. You were in fair health through the week. Your Sabbath morning Service was fine, and most helpful and greatly appreciated by all of us. It was delightful to have you at Tuskegee, and Especially at a meeting in the Church where you had so long ago been received under Frissell's care yourself. It was grand to have you at Bay in this same Church of which your friend is Pastor, than whom with his wife (notwithstanding his ragged Correspondence) you have no more sympathetic, appreciative and affectionate friends in this wide world. It was great to have you at the table to see Arthur Freeman. Then your Address Wednesday Evening was perfect. All your friends were "proud of you" at the Commencement Exercises. Three College women present declared your Address "a gem", the finest ever heard. Mrs. Cooley that it perfect. etc etc. I did not until now even thank

you for the fine account given in the Presbyterian — We all enjoyed your visit so much — We have had a busy, busy summer — Paul arrived the 6th July — He is pretty well, and for a time has been working in the checking department of the Empire Rubber Co, Trenton — Lives at home — Arthur worked hard all Summer on a farm near by — Scarcely took a day off — Earned over $100, with this, with his 60 Bonus, and with 100 from a friend he started back to College Tuesday — He transferred to Lafayette — It was a great trial for him to do this, as he had become greatly attached to W. & P. — His report was very good — I think his average scholarship was about 94%; and in two important Courses, one of them English Literature he was marked "Distinguished." However he felt it his duty to go to L, where Sons of Ministers are allowed some help, and far as I know Ministers' Sons are shown no favors at W. & P. At W & P he was on the Freshman Track Team —

Howard left home 2 days ago for Spokane Wash. for his Bride, Expects to be back in Office at Princeton in 10 days —

I have been "under the weather" had, with stuffed (with colds) nostrils die for 3 weeks — Severe symptoms of "flu", but am on the mend, and may get to Presbytery Tuesday at Milford — If so will hope to see you there. A few days ago had a Card from Dr. Culp asking me to present the Foreign Missions Report — but it must come up at fall meeting. It is not on this docket — Mrs. Bannerman is well and joins me in loving remembrances — We would urge you to spend a night with us Either Coming to Milford or returning, but we are having a Pipeless heater put in and will be "torn up" some — They are beginning

Montgomery County Historical Society
18 EAST PENN STREET
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Oct 22nd 1919.

Dr R. C. Nassau,

Dear Sir

Pursuant to a motion unanimously adopted, at a meeting of the Historical Society of Montgomery County, held in the Hall of the Bucks County Historical Society, at Doylestown, Pa., on the afternoon of October 11th A. D. 1919, in connection with the "Fall Outing" of the former Society, on behalf of our Society, a message of congratulation is hereby tendered you, upon your having reached the eighty-fourth anniversary of your birth, still retaining your health & mental vigor.

Sincerely yours
Anita Major
Cor Secy.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, N.J.

December 20, 1919.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

It is not often that one receives so cordial and generous a letter as that to which I am now indebted to you.

Let me say how deeply I appreciate your expressions of warm friendship. Let me also say what an inspiration you have proved to be to me and to the large number of friends who rejoice with you in the great work which you have done on the mission-field, and who believe that your influence in the Continent of Africa will be unsurpassed, if equalled, by other missionaries whose named will be honored with yours in the roll of the heroic pioneers who have labored for the redemption of the dark Continent.

With cordial greetings and best wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

Chas. R. Erdman

Rev. R.H.Nassau, D.D.,
Ambler, Pa.

D.236 (Newspaper clipping)

Baraka, Libreville, Gaboon, Nov. 19, 1918.

Rev R.H Nassau D.D.

I am very sorry that I am answering your in so much hurry. Considering the time of the steamer's leaving here too soon. I ought to written before, but was very inconsiderate, I have neglected to write, about two years ago, Many thanks for your gift of the good book "Mey Egowe." But, I have not forgotten you and all our dear Missionaries in America. your are dear to us all. You are remembered always. We are very thankful to God for the close of the terrible war. I am very sorry to write about the death of many church members, among them Ma Handi, Ingeza, Osuka mangile, Makevaw, all died this year. I enclose, with this letter, Maam De Heer's letter, from Mrs Gertrude Pratt, We have four missionaries here at Baraka: Mr + Mrs Perrier, Mis Pequin and Mis Ferrier; Mr & Mrs Ford are living at Lambaréné; Mr & Mrs Hermann at Ngomo also Mr Soubeyron, Mr & Mrs Galley and Mr & Mrs Grebert at Talagouga. I don't remember the names of the Missionaries at Samkita, You remember Viviani, one of your yard-boys, long ago at Baraka, He is a christian now, and is still working at Baraka

Abidi was received into the church, this year. Oganda ga and Makeji wish to be remembered to you. Please pray for us.

Yours in Christ

Geo W. Bain Iguwe.

[Iguwe, a Mfonque christian indian.]

R. H. Nassau

12 Walnut Ave.,
Wayne, Pa.,
April 13, 1920.

Rev. R. H. Nassau, S.T.D.,
Ambler, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Your kind letter of April 8, received a few days ago, and I was very glad to receive your permission to adapt the stories in your "Where Animals Talk". Certainly, I shall give you full credit for any of your stories that I use. I hope to adapt some of them for some children's magazine, and to incorporate them afterwards with a number of other legends on hand into a book.

I note that you reside in Ambler. I have a very dear friend living now at Fort Washington, whom I frequently visit, and if it will not inconvenience you I should very much appreciate permission to honor myself by calling upon you for a brief time.

I should think the recitations of your legends would be very interesting, and I should like to hear you some time.

Again thanking you most cordially for your very great courtesy, which, I assure you, I appreciate, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Eliot K. Stone

Permanent Committee on Foreign Missions
Synod of Pennsylvania

December 13 1920

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

I reached home in time for supper, a little tired, but the work done was not painful, and I am glad that it is over.

The first thing I asked when coming in was: "Has Dr. Nassau gone?" I was in hopes that you had changed your mind, and was rested, and I would feel at liberty to ask the many questions, which, because you were to speak twice on the Sabbath, it was not kind to ask.

Monday evening Dr. Tully so frequently spent in our house, and we rested, and he related the many interesting things of his war experience, and of the early years of his ministery, and the battle he lead at Balston Spa against the Spiritualists.

I want to tell you, that we were not the only ones who feel that we never had a missionary speak, who did us more good. The people who thought your evening address was too short, were all I have heard speak, and that is a goodly number. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed both addresses and you have done us good, and I feel sure advanced the cause of missions in our Church.

It is always a joy to have you in our home, and Amanda will be so sorry to have missed you. I wish she could have been home.

I earnestly hope you reachdd Ambler safely and are none the worse for the two services, and are now feeling quite rested. I cannot hope that you have the pleasant memory of your visit which we have, because you gave us much more pleasure that we could give you.

With warm regards from us all

Yours friend

S. H. Leeper

CABLE ADDRESS "INCULCATE NEW YORK"

TELEPHONE WATKINS 8191

The Board of Foreign Missions
of the
Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
156 Fifth Avenue
New York

AJB:K

OFFICE OF SECRETARY

March 9, 1921.

The Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D.,
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

My dear Dr. Nassau:

It is good to have a letter again from your pen, my dear Doctor. You are one of the great names in the history of the evangelization of Africa. It is a pleasure to have your daughter in our building in the offices of the Woman's Board.

The poem whose authorship you ask was written by the Rev. Nathan Brown. Our librarian had a copy in a scrap book she has kept for a number of years and I enclose a typewritten copy for you.

With warm regards, I remain, as ever,

Affectionately yours,

Arthur J. Brown

ENC.

May 20c 1920

THE LAWRENCE

Historic Lawrenceville

This little community in which we live during the School year is almost the center of many of the most important historical events of the early history of our country.

Main Street (or the Lincoln Highway) was here before America was discovered, for the Indians, who once inhabited this region, used it as one of their principal trails. They would come from the Falls of the Delaware, carrying their canoes across country along this trail, to the banks of the Raritan River, in quest of new fishing grounds.

Very often even now the residents of the district find arrow-heads or some other relic of the Indian days in the fields and the woods.

About a mile and a half up the highway there is a road that crosses diagonally which was the old division line which separated East and West Jersey. The Duke of York gave East Jersey to Sir George Carteret and West Jersey to Lord Berkley in the year 1674 or a year or two later. Finally all these interests were bought by William Penn; but the old division line still remains and bears the name of Province Line.

The first building to be erected in Lawrenceville was the village church, which was built in 1763 and was rebuilt in 1833. Gradually houses were erected around this church, until finally a township was formed. Then the village was named "Maidenhead," and this name remained until the War of 1812. When the naval battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon was fought and Lawrence uttered the words now so famous, "Don't give up the ship," the citizens of Maidenhead assembled in a patriotic meeting and voted to change the name of the community to "Lawrenceville."

During the Revolutionary War the site of the present Phillips House was occupied by the famous Phillips Tavern, famous for its thrilling war tales. It is said that Washington stopped here to water his horse immediately before the Battle of Princeton.

Within a stone's throw of the Phillips House the Battle of Princeton started. The greater part of the battle was fought about four miles north of Lawrenceville, and a later issue of THE LAWRENCE will contain an account of that battle. A cannon marks the site of the battle and for several years after the conflict cannon balls and bullets were picked up by the farmers occupying the battle site.

The Second Battle of Trenton was fought up and down our present Lincoln Highway, called at that time "The King's Highway." It began on January 2d, 1777. At the second bridge the American patriots held the British for two hours while waiting for reinforcements. Towards the southeast of the second bridge there used to be an old barn, in which Major Phillips, a major in Washington's army slept several times with his old colored servant when danger seemed imminent. The home of Major Phillips occupied the site of the present Bursar's office. The Bursar building is a part of the Major's home.

Once, while the Major and his servant were sleeping in the barn, because of the nearness of the British forces, a British supply wagon came by the old barn and the Major and his servant captured the wagon and took all the men prisoners.

William Green, a relative of the founder of our School, was a guide in Washington's army. His grave is in the Ewing Church burial ground, about three miles southwest of Lawrenceville. This old church used to be a Quaker meeting-house, at the time immediately following the colonization of this district by William Penn.

Rev. A. P. Camphor, D.D.
Bishop for Africa

Rev. Walter B. Williams,
Supt.

NANA KROO MISSION,

Via SINOE,

LIBERIA, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS,
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

2104 Gould Street, West Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania. April fifteenth.

Reverend R. H. Nassau, D.D.,
Ambler, Pennsylvania.

My dear Dr. Nassau:-

At that very pleasant luncheon which the Presbyterian Board folks gave us at the City Club the other week you may recall that I spoke of the great help Mr. Williams and I had gained from your book and how we kept it handy down in Nana Kru for quick reference.

Since then, a letter from our Associate Secretary for Southern Asia and Africa has intereste d me and I know part of it will interest you, so I quote it:

> "I showed your letter to Mrs. Donohugh who is making quite a study of Africa and she spoke of the interesting treatment of this whole subject by Nassau in his work on 'Fetichism in West Africa'. You no doubt know of the work as it is probably the best study on the subject dealing with the West Coast. I think you would find it in almost any large library."

It is good to know that the printed fruit of one's missionary labors and research is working away for missions when the author can no longer be in the country of his heart's affection. I thought you might like this word of appreciation from one of our Methodist officials. Mr. Donohugh, who wrote the letter, has been himself a missionary in India, and he possesses an understanding and discriminating mind.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs. W.B.) M. Williams.

• • • •

MISS MARY I. SAYBOLT, in describing an all-day excursion of some of the members of the City History Club into Montgomery county, starting from the headquarters of the Historical Society in Norristown, writes:

"Our first objective point was Wentz's Church, which we reached by way of the Harleysville trolley, after a ride through some very pretty country. The congregation had existed already in 1727, but was then known as the Skippack Reformed Church. The church building, located several miles distant from the present site, like many another colonial church, was built of strong logs. Here the Rev. George Michael Weiss and other German immigrants settled down. In 1762, a few members of the old congregation resolved to build a new church and sent out subscription books for the purpose. The poverty of the people, or perhaps their indifference, is shown by the amounts subscribed, some of them being as small as five, six, seven and ten pence. This evidently did not prove sufficient, so resorting to a very usual method in those days and then considered perfectly legitimate, a lottery was held which furnished enough money for the purpose.

The new place of worship was erected on the spot occupied by the present Wentz's Church, a designation derived from well-known families of that name quite numerous in the neighborhood. The present church is the third church built on this site.

We next walked down the old historic Skippack road, a short distance below Center Point, to view the Peter Wentz house, one of the numerous Washington Headquarters scattered around over the country.

The Wentz house is of substantial stone, with one of those ancient doors divided horizontally, and a curious inscription carved rudely in a stone on the side of the house. The inscription is in German, strangely spelled and divided, but we managed to decipher it, although the first line gave considerable trouble. This finally turned out to be simply four initials—P W R W—standing for Peter Wentz and Rosanna Wentz. The rest translated is: "Jesus, come into my house, never to leave again. Come with thy blessed favor and bring peace to my soul."

After some delay, during which something was happening upstairs, housecleaning the room probably, we were taken up to the historic spot where Washington spent some time after the battle of Germantown. There was an interesting four poster in the room, but no claim was made as to its being the same one which he used. On the old bureau was spread out, just as Miss Martin describes it in her books, a collection of old china.

We went back to Center Point, regaled ourselves on ice cream cones from the country store, and boarded the next trolley for Fairview Village, from which place, passing the ruin of the old Fairview Inn, which has been destroyed by fire, we walked along the old Manatawny road, since 1800 known as the Germantown and Perkiomen pike, soon reaching the little old Norriton Presbyterian Church.

Although the early records have been lost, this church is believed to have been established about the latter part of the seventeenth century by the Hollanders, and by some is claimed to be the mother of all the Presbyterian churches in Pennsylvania.

We spent some time here, trying to picture the quaint old high pulpit of former days, with narrow spiral stairs ascending thereto, and the arched sounding board which had resounded to the impassioned utterances of Whitefield and the denunciatory thunders of "Hell-Fire Roland." The stones in the grave yard would have told us more of the history of the old church and congregation if the zealous but ignorant builders at the time of its renovation had not ruthlessly destroyed the old stones, daubed them with mortar and driven them under the walls for underpinning, thus obliterating forever the old dates and names.

However, we know this much, that during 1777 some of the sick and exhausted soldiers on their march to Valley Forge found welcome rest and shelter for a period within its walls; also that at other times during the Revolution the church was used by soldiers for quarters and for the purpose of a hospital. According to tradition, George Washington made a visit here while tarrying at the Peter Wentz house on the Skippack. Benjamin Franklin also attended the church while a guest of David Rittenhouse. The church property was once part of Matthias Rittenhouse's farm, which he conveyed to the congregation for the consideration of one silver half crown.

After leaving the church, we traveled along the Germantown road to the home, in olden days, of David Rittenhouse. Here we were welcomed kindly by the present occupant of the house, who, no doubt, had been looking for us for several months, she having been apprised of our contemplated visit long ago.

The date stone on the house shows the following device:

R
M E
1749

The letters stand for Rittenhouse, Matthias and Elizabeth. The tenant seemed very well pleased to show us all she could of interest in and about the house, not forgetting to remind the leader of the large boxwood bush in the yard, the slip for which is said to have been brought from England by Benjamin Franklin. There are two stairways side by side, separated only by a partition. Besides these two, there are two more leading upstairs. Why so many, no one could imagine. Several open

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fireplaces with large chimneys add greatly to the interest of the old place, hallowed by having been the dwelling place and workshop of the eminent astronomer.

Our trip finished, we walked down a country road to the Ridge pike, tired, but pleased with the use of our day.

• • • •

ANDREW J. REILLY, in a communication, recalls how he often visited the Rittenhouse mansion when he was a youth and how he attended three weddings there, when Mr. McKinney, who operated a quarry on Paper Mill Run, and his family were occupants of the house. Reciting some of the facts in the early life of Rittenhouse, Mr. Reilly writes:

In his seventeenth year he made a wooden clock, and one year afterwards he constructed a twenty-four-hour clock that was considered wonderful. He erected a commodious workshop, where he conducted clockmaking (my father possessed a hall clock of David's construction and prized it highly, and left it to his oldest son, who moved to New York, and I have never been able to trace it). He also constructed mathematical instruments, but on account of weakness of the breast, gave up mechanical work.

David's father conducted the business about nine years from his majority before he bought the Norriton farm. This part of his estate he gave to David in 1764. He married Eleanor Coulston on February 20, 1766, a daughter of Bernard Coulston, who was a Quaker by religious conviction and a farmer by occupation.

The young philosopher and his wife removed to Worcester township and remained there four years, where his reputation as an astronomer first became notable. His first academic honor was conferred on him in November, 1767, when the College of Philadelphia gave him an honorary degree of Master of Arts with an address by the Provost.

In 1769 he was employed in settling the limits between the provinces of New York and New Jersey. Rittenhouse was prominent in participating in the observation of the transit of Venus through a telescope mounted on a platform erected in the Independence Square, fifty feet back of Philosophic Hall, where John Nixon, seven years later, read to the eager populace the Declaration of Independence soon after it had been adopted in the old State House.

• • • •

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
JOHN TIMOTHY STONE, MINISTER
CHICAGO

CHURCH OFFICE
126 EAST CHESTNUT STREET
SUPERIOR 8450

Mar 17 21

Dear Dr Nassau

How good of you to write.
One of your friends mentioned you in
connection with "anonymous member",
We remember you with gratitude.
Thank you for all you were, and
more still for what you are!
Phil 1:3-6.

Affectionately
J T Stone

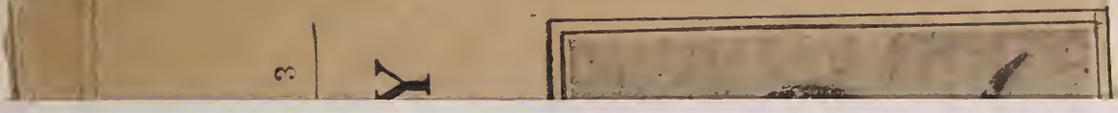
Wyalusing, Pa. February 28th, 1921,

Dear Dr. Nassau:- Your letter and journal came several days since. I was very glad to hear from you again. The journal brought to mind vividly the events of fourteen years ago. Many changes have come to us all since. I am alone in the home here. All of the children are out for themselves.

I had a letter from Mrs Fisher today telling of her landing with her family in California last week. It is twenty years this month since she went to China. She now has two sons. They are all well too. Mrs Crandal died over a year since. Philip is now a surgeon in the Walter Reed hospital in Tacoma Park D.C. Frances is married, Is now Mrs Ernest B. Wood. He was a Captain in the he avy artilery and spent a year or more in France, They have a daughter who will be two years old next month, Anna is in New York city doing research work in the great Library there. She was home with me last week for a few days. The dogs have long since gone the way of all the earth Mr Howard of Lime Hill depa ted this life some time since. Mrs DeVoe is now living in Athens with her daughter. Miss Elisabeth Elliott is in Washington working in the Cesus dept. I have no recollection of the friend that was with Elisabeht Elliott at that time and so cannot tell you anything of Dr. Blunden. Rev. Mr Wilkes of Stevensville died several years since. Mrs Howard and her sister Miss Homet are spending the winter in Cal and seem to have a wonderful time there. It was at their home we had the Lime Hill meeting with the Missionary Society. Mrs. Hunt is still living but they have removed to Wyalusing Village and so some one else is President of the Society

Rev. Snitcher and family are still at Wyalusing but the baby is a young lady in High school and nearly through her course there. Miss Thomas and her sister Mrs. Adams who was a missionary in Japan are in Saint Petersburg Florida for the winter. The Kennedys are still on the old farm here. Thier children are all through college and at work now.

CURIOUS BREADWINNERS



African Birds, Animals and Plants

1. Grey African Parrot, –	Psittacus erythacus.
2. Green " " ,	Paloeornis torquatus
3. Darter	Plotus
4. Turtle-dove	Turtur senegalensis
5. Francalin (ngwai)	—
6. Herons.	Ardea alba & cinerata

1. Otter	Lutra inunguis
2. Porcupine —	Hystrix
3. Flying Squirrel	Anomalurus orientalis
4. Tufted-tailed Porcupine	Atherura
5. The small eye fly –	"Elephant" fly

1. the red-flowering Tulip-tree.	Spathodia
2. ~~A~~ red "Guinea peas"	Abius
3. ~~Pachycia~~ Plant for stupifying fish	Tephrosia
4. "Rush-rope"	Calamus secundiflora
5. "paw-paw" —	Carica papaya.
6. Ground nuts —	Arachis hypogaa
7. Bread-fruit	Artocarpus
8. a fruit mashed in small streams to make fish rise paralysed to be caught	– Zizyphus

DEPARTURE FOR PANAMA.

and gnashing their unreceipted bills through the interstices of the stout netting, gave a sum total of enjoyment so huge that it seemed almost ungrateful to sink the reality in sleep. But tired nature at last exerted her rights, and I became oblivious.

The sun was well up before I awoke, and the echoing whistle of the locomotive gave indication that the trains for Panama were about getting off. So I hastened down, and was just in time to witness the rush into a long train of as genuine American cars as ever rolled out of a Jersey City dépôt. On every side were countenances full of anxiety and arms full of shawls, oiled-silk clothing, lunch-baskets, water-bottles and other bottles, and small baggage; children with hands and faces full of tropical gingerbread; and the "independents" bringing up the rear with buckets of ice and black junk bottles—one and all jostling each other and crowding into the cars. Every thing had the appearance of a glorious spree in prospect; but, strange to relate, nothing of the kind was intended. The passengers supposed themselves simply carrying the absolute necessities for a three hours' ride in a railroad train; for it seems currently believed by Isthmus travelers, as well as many other people, that all water not drawn from their own wells is positively baneful unless corrected by a little schnapps or Otard—hence the innumerable junk bottles. The legends of starvation and exposure, undergone when the transit occupied a week or more, might, undoubtedly, be held accountable for the provisioning mania, which no one seemed to enjoy more than the delighted natives and Jamaica negresses that throve by peddling out these things to our travelers.

The impatient engine at last rang out its final shriek, and away rattled the train with five hundred would-be Californians hurrahing and waving their adieus until the last car disappeared in the Isthmian wilderness.

After a substantial ten-o'clock breakfast, a tour of the town and its surroundings was determined upon, when, guarded by umbrellas from the fervent sun, we sallied forth along the quadruple track of the railway toward its Atlantic terminus, about half a mile distant. On our right the line of shops and hotels, which were visible from the entrance of the harbor, skirted the way. The shops, perhaps half a dozen in number, displayed a very respectable assortment of goods; and the hotels—of which there were, great and small, at least a dozen—had well-furnished bars and a universally accompanying billiard-table, while in high relief on the balconies were posted, "United States Hotel," "St. Charles Hotel," "Veranda," "St. Nicholas," and titles of like imposing sound; but, save a few loungers with sickly and uncustomer-like looks and an occasional straggling native, the street was clear of business. It had gone as it came—with our passengers—and the whole line seemed waiting, with calm resignation, for another invoice of Californians.

At the end of the row stood the Panama Railroad Company's office—a respectable, yel-

DEADLY SNAKES THAT ROOSEVELT MAY ENCOUNTER IN AFRICA

YELLOW COBRA

By R. L. Ditmars.

WHEN President Roosevelt on his hunting trip strikes in from the African coast he must face two grave dangers. The greatest is the fever, which, ever present but inevitable, is most difficult to avoid. Second in importance is the danger coming from the abundance of venomous reptiles with which Africa is supplied. Judging from the President's proposed itinerary he will pass through country containing pretty nearly the whole assortment of the poisonous reptiles of that country. Some of them rank among the deadliest serpents of the world, and a collection of their varied forms might appear to the novice as ideal material to stock a chamber of horrors.

While the President is an alert and well seasoned hunter he will face dangers from noxious reptiles in Africa that are quite different from what would be met even in the thickest parts of the canebrakes and low grounds of the United States, where the hunter ever keeps out a wary eye for moccasins and rattlers. These are snakes that lie upon the ground, where they may be looked for, while they are slow in all movements but striking.

In Africa some of the deadliest serpents belong to the same family as do the harmless snakes, from which they differ only in the possession of a pair of very short venom-conducting fangs, but a most powerful virus. Such reptiles look precisely like their innocuous allies, having a slender body, narrow head and quiet pattern, and are particularly dangerous owing to their activity. Combined with this activity is, with many of them, a remarkable degree of pugnacity.

A few are actually hostile, and several are unpleasant in ejecting their venom a distance of ten to twelve feet when annoyed. Also lively are the slender tree vipers, with a flat head, shaped like an ace of spades, on a wiry neck. These reptiles are usually colored like the foliage. Most spectacular of the African poisonous snakes, however, are the adders, with bloated body, devoid of all the usual serpentine grace, but possessing strong color patterns and hues of such beauty that a faithful reproduction by an artist would be termed the wildest of dreams.

Of all the continents Africa is most generously supplied with dangerous reptiles. Looked at from a technical point of view the poisonous serpents occur as follows:—Of the division opisthoglypha, or mildly venomous snakes, there are twenty-six genera, which include considerably over a hundred species. While the greater number of these reptiles may be termed "mildly" poisonous, some of the larger ones may be reckoned as dangerous. They are, as a rule, quite inoffensive in looks, having a moderately slender body and a narrow head like the typical harmless serpents. Many of them are arboreal.

Of the elapine snakes—the cobras and their allies—there are eight genera with about twenty-five species. Most of them are highly dangerous, and among them are seven distinct species of cobra. The third group in distinct family is made up of the adders and vipers.

CERASTES

He is Alleged by some historians to be the asp which killed Cleopatra. The North African cobra, however, is a contender for this honor. His bite causes great pain. He possesses horns which are a great distinction—for a snake. He brings forth his young alive; about twelve at a time. He becomes fully matured in about three years.

HEAD OF ASP

Some historians assert that it is the asp which killed Cleopatra. Descriptions of the horned viper. The fact that his bite is painless adds strength to the theory. The bitten person sinks into a coma. This snake is very deceptive, as, unless the hood is spread, it appears harmless. The great characteristic of harmless snakes is that the head is not broader than the neck. Poisonous snakes have the head very swollen at the back. The North African cobra feeds on small animals. It hatches from eggs, of which about fourteen are laid at a time.

ASP.

PUFF ADDER

He is five feet long. His head is so big as the top part of a man's hand. He is rated one of the deadliest snakes of Africa. Its venom does the most damage to the blood vessels. Great swelling and numbness are the results of his bite. The victim becomes comatose. Even the bite of this reptile may be cured, however, by the use of anti-venomous serum which is used by all the governments officially. It is produced by the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

Africa. It is of a dull brown hue, with no markings on the hood. Consequently it is a less dramatic creature, though none the less dangerous, than the spectacled cobra of India. The intelligence of this serpent is marked, while its movements are lightning quick.

Different Kinds of Cobra.

The ring necked or black cobra differs in its habitat, as it ranges over the southern part of the continent. It is also distinct from the other cobras in having roughly keeled scales. With the exception of a gleaming white ring around the neck, the entire serpent is sooty black, crossed by dingy gray bars. An adult is about five feet long. The Boers called this reptile the spugh schlange, owing to its habit of forcibly ejecting its venom. As this snake rears upward to fight it opens the mouth slightly, contracts the lower jaw, then closes the jaws in a fashion that leaves the fangs uncovered, overlapping the lower jaw. At a movement of the adversary the snake instantly arches the neck, a movement throwing the head backward and bringing the fang tips to bear. Simultaneously the muscles over the venom glands are contracted and a thin stream of venom leaves each fang. The aim is deadly accuracy, and one is liable to receive the poisonant spray in the eyes. The amount of poison ejected is surprising.

The writer has seen the entire lower portion of a large panel of glass peppered with tiny drops after an enraged spugh schlange had reared for a few moments' time. When transferring or in any way handling snakes of this kind, the writer wears a pair of goggles to protect his eyes. In obtaining a photograph showing a black cobra in striking position the front of the camera was well spattered with the poison and it was necessary to protect the lens with a plain glass cap until the moment of exposure.

GABOON VIPER

The ugliest looking snake of Africa. His expression is the concentration of evil. He flattens his head in an uncanny way. He lives in the dry country of the rhinoceri. He is a string snake, and his poison fangs are enormously developed. He has the tarsal fangs of any snake of his size. Six or eight drops of venom he will eject at a single bite, with the action of a hypodermic syringe. He gorges himself with rats and other dessert delicacies.

Most of these are so hideous in appearance that the novice would recognize their ability to do damage at a glance. Among them are seven genera and thirty-two species, the best known of which are the deadly puff adder, the rhinoceros viper, the Berg adder, the cerastes and other eccentric forms. Several species of huge constricting snakes inhabit Africa, but these are devoid of fangs and of no danger to man unless their capture be attempted.

With the elapine, or short fanged, poisonous serpents—especially numerous—the danger is more constant than from the vipers. A man wearing ordinary summer underclothing and a thin suit, however, might consider his legs fairly well protected from a cobra's fangs (the largest of the elapines) unless the garments fitted tightly and the snake secured a firm hold and "chawed" at the offending object as do the reptiles of this sub-family. A viperine snake, to the contrary, in "striking" at a man's leg could drive its long fangs through several thicknesses of clothing and inflict a fatal stab—and there is a vast amount of difference between the jabbing stroke of the long fanged snake and the bite of a cobra, the latter, in nine cases out of ten, harmlessly gripping the loose part of the clothing. An ordinary pair of army leggins will produce perfect immunity from the bites of any of the elapine snakes—the cobras included—though these same leggins might be pierced by a viper's fangs. The writer has noted that a cobra is usually unable to harm an angora guinea pig unless the snake grips the animal by the snout or leg. When the animal is seized by the body the venom is suspended in the hair, the fangs being too short to reach the flesh.

All the cobras, however, have a habit as dangerous as biting. They can eject their poison a distance of ten to twelve feet while coiled in a fighting position. It seems that in striking the snake simultaneously compresses the poison glands by a contraction of the jaw muscles and ejects the virus in the direction of its anger. If the fluid should enter the eyes, blindness or death is possible. This habit is most commonly noted with the black cobra (sepedon), and with this species seems to be quite voluntary.

While the black necked cobra and the yellow cobra are the largest of their kind in Africa, the brown cobra, or asp, is particularly interesting. It is one of the species that rears the forward part of the body from the ground and spreads a "hood" or "cape." This snake is most abundant in Northern Africa. It is of a dull brown hue, with no markings on the hood. Consequently it is a less dramatic creature, though none the less dangerous, than the spectacled cobra of India. The intelligence of this serpent is marked, while its movements are lightning quick.

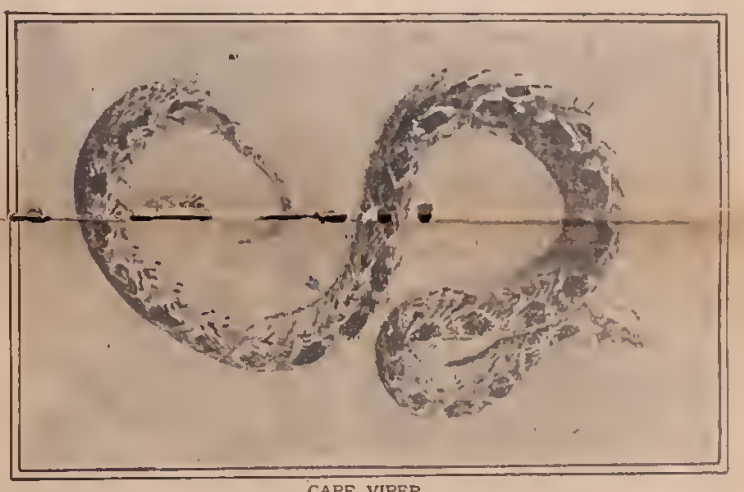
BLACK COBRA

He is a sort of venomous prizefighter. He has a knack of springing into the air as you twelve feet or so. He rears himself up two and a half feet from the ground in order to strike. He hisses when he rears. He never rears except to strike. He is, like all other cobras, poisonous from the moment of birth. He is quite the cleverest snake that crawls. He actually exhibits reasoning powers, both with regard to getting food and to biting. In the Bronx Zoo he is fed once a week. He knows the day and awaits the coming of the keeper, while taking no notice at other times. Sometimes in order to strike, he will raise himself as inch or two in air, a better leverage. He is a very clever snake. He might have been a politician.

SAND VIPER

HEAD OF SAND VIPER

He is a very artistic snake, as can be instanced by her mosaic with his surroundings. He lives in the red sand of the dry country, and his color is exactly like it. He buries himself in the sand, keeping only his head out, and will fly out at his foe. He is original in other ways. He crawls with a sidelong movement. Should he creep through the sand straight he would sink.



CAPE VIPER

He is not a very deadly viper, but his bite is sufficiently dangerous. He is a very common viper, however, the President will see a lot of him. His young are hatched from eggs, healed in the sand. They are hatched with fully developed fangs. They are precocious, they feed themselves from the first moment of birth. Very small frogs or toads are their favorite infantile nourishment.

Most Sinister.

Most sinister is the huge, cruel, heart shaped head, with its staring, cat-like eyes. The fangs are enormously developed and their stab is usually fatal. Absolutely incongruous with the fiendish configuration and menacing actions is the coloration, which is extremely beautiful, suggesting the richest hues and designs of Oriental tapestry.

Most widely distributed and best known, owing to its ranging into South Africa to the Cape, is the puff adder. It is found over Africa generally, with the exception of the northern Sonata region. The length is up to four and a half feet, and an example of this size would be nine inches in girth. This ugly reptile lives in dry, sub-arid places, hiding in the half buried grass during the day or actually burying itself in the sand. At night it comes forth to seek the trails of small animals, and, finding a likely spot, lies flattened and motionless, the anterior part of the body doubled into an S-shaped loop. Thus silent form is while awake and watching. Woe betide the luckless rodent that passes it! A dart of the snake seals the fate of the victim, which, pierced by the terrible fangs, seldom utters so much as a squeak of terror. The average specimen shows sooty black chevrons separated by cream colored crescents. The ground hume of this effect becomes uncanny and might lead the novice to believe the reptile is actually making horrible "faces" to frighten the observer away. With this snake the pattern is difficult to describe, but rich and attractive, like a design in expert weaving. Marks in outline like a chain of hour glasses extend along the back.

Even more grotesque than the preceding species is the rhinoceros viper, or river jack, provided with two horns on the snout. The scales, which are coarsely keeled, are on old specimens developed into spiny points standing directly outward. So bristling is this scalation that a specimen handled by the writer lacerated his forearm until it bled from a multitude of scratches.

The body of the rhinoceros viper is stout, though the head is much smaller than that of the preceding species. It is quite a different type of snake, having smaller fangs, crawling in a different fashion and living along river banks. It is the most beautifully colored of all serpents. The upper surface presents the effect of variegated velvet, having a row of pale blue blotches, each traversed by a yellow band and narrowly bordered with the same hue. The blue, yellow bordered oblongs are set in jet black rhombs and these in turn are bordered with scarlet. No more exquisite combination of colors can be imagined. In crawling, when the muscles of the sides are in play carrying the skin backward and forward, the effect is like that of a gigantic and particularly gaudy caterpillar.

Among the smaller of the African vipers are two species of the northern regions. Their maximum length is about two and a half feet. The cerastes, a species having a sharp horn over each eye, is one of these. It is alleged by some historians to be the serpent figuring in the suicide of Cleopatra. Others assert the beautiful queen's instrument of destruction to have been the Egyptian cobra.

There is no mistaking the horned viper, which is a typical creature of the desert, of a pale, sandy hue. Examples of this species are delicate as captives. They feed well enough for a few months, then die of various ailments—enteritis, diseases of the lungs or suppurative disorders of the mouth parts. Eight specimens were at one time on exhibition in the New York Zoological Park. They would not feed unless the temperature of their cage was above 85 degrees Fahrenheit. All of these specimens continually clustered on the perforated copper sheathing over the heating pipes. Like all desert vipers, they often tried to throw sand over their backs, thus hiding their bodies. If the cage were provided with several inches of fine and dry sand nothing would be seen of the snakes during the day but the tops of their heads. In shovelling sand the reptile flattens the body to such an extent the lower edge acts as a scoop, then by a series of wavelike motions, travelling the length of the body on either side the serpent sinks into the sand or works this over its back.

The common sand viper is closely related to the preceding species, but lacks the horns. A flourishing colony has lived in the Zoological Park. The arrival of these vipers was attended with a great surprise to the writer, who thought he had discovered a "new species." When the vipers arrived specimens of the related horned species were mixed among a greater number of the commoner snakes. All of the horned specimens were placed in a cage by themselves. The hornless examples were placed in an adjoining cage. Upon closely looking over the former lot it was found that certain specimens had horns springing from a position behind the eye instead of directly above it, while the general scalation of such specimens was suspiciously like that of the common viper. A careful examination showed that clever Arab fakers had pushed a couple of quills of the desert hedgehog from the roof of the mouth and out the top of the head. The false horns were withdrawn, the reptiles' mouths washed with an antiseptic solution and they were soon none the worse for their prolonged torture.

There are many lesser lights among the African vipers scattered from the Cape to Cairo and the President will have an excellent opportunity of observing reptile life at its best—or worst. It would be wise, though, if he went provided with leggins considerably tougher than the ordinary kind and a generous supply of snake bite medicine; for the bare-legged attendants of his caravan will undoubtedly tread through many places where danger lurks.

RHINOCEROS VIPER

A snake characterized by a wealth of exquisite color. Its lighter markings are of bright blue tipped with orange. Its deeper tones seem like velvet, coiled in a wavy way. It has the quality of an Oriental rug. Its poison is deadly, and within two hours will be fatal. President Roosevelt will find this viper far more dangerous than the Senate.

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

As every newspaper man very well knows, some of the most interesting stories and the strangest have been those which his newspaper could not print; queer things and happenings that the reporter comes to know as a moral certainty, but which present no edifice of evidence to bring them within the court chambers of the law; tales of machinations so skilfully, privily and secretly executed as to defy exposure. This story is of that sort. It happened years ago. Names and geography are necessarily changed and other facts are paralleled for the greater freedom of the telling.

From a Reporter's Recollections

The Case of "Melodeons" Unger

OFFICIALLY on the Coroner's books the death of "Melodeons" Unger stands to this day characterized as a "suicide." He was found with a bullet in his head and a revolver clutched in his withered old hand—found stretched on a costly Persian rug in a bedchamber of his suburban mansion near—let us say near Chicago.

The officials said he had killed himself, the while they looked in vain for any motive for self-destruction. Scrutinized for reason that he might have had for desiring to end his life, the veil of mystery remained utterly opaque. "Temporary insanity" was trotted out, a stock explanation of the Coroner's office when it has nothing else to say.

Obviously in the case of wealthy old "Melodeons" Unger the explanation was unusually poor. In all the man's life no other act of his had ever hinted at mental aberration of any kind, violent or latent.

Moreover, it would seem clear that he had possessed everything that might be regarded as contributing toward the happiness of an aged man. He had started life on a mechanic's bench, coddling a dream of wealth. He had realized this dream. Out of the manufacture of those wheezy, squeaky toy organs, invariable ornaments in the "parlors" of rustic homes, he had profited hamensely. His fortune was rated at more than a million dollars. There had been no falling off in the demand for melodeons; the factory hummed as busily as ever. His health was good, and his friends declared his disposition to have been jovial and content.

To be sure, his first wife had died—the stocky, sturdy, simple Flemish peasant woman who had by her early economies aided him in the building of his fortune. But to make up for this old "Melodeons" had taken to himself a young, very beautiful and accomplished wife—twenty wedded to sixty-five—the nearest to an irrational act that had ever occurred in his life, if so it could be considered. Comfort, luxury, prosperity and, presumably, love he had; surely a full portion in happiness for any man, young or old.

Here Is the Case.

"Came to his death by his own hand," the Coroner's jury declared in its verdict, but—I wonder what you will think of his degree of responsibility for that bullet in his head when I have laid the whole case before you, when I have disclosed the whole queer, subtle, sinister, psychic tragedy; when I have drawn into it, as best I may, the portrait of the strange dominant figure that haunted old "Melodeons" to his end. A strange character indeed he was—a man still in his early twenties, yet one so skilful in the manipulation of psychic tortures, stings and cruelties and compelling suggestion that, as surely as fantastic wraiths and shapes of horror have driven conscience stricken criminals to surrender or suicide, he drove his wholly innocent, good and kindly "Melodeons" right to his death.

Even as I write this now there strikes vividly across my mind the memory of his uncanny eyes—clear, livid green eyes; tundrous yet cold; with a fascination stronger even than the repugnance that they stirred.

My city editor urged me to do my very best to get all the facts in the matter of the wealthy manufacturer's death, recognizing the existence of a large public interest in the affair, for old "Melodeons'" name in letters of gold was familiar in many households of America as it appeared on the instruments of his manufacture; and in the years since his old wife died he had become a familiar figure at the fashionable restaurants and had seldom, if ever, missed gala nights at the opera. And then, the year before his death, his romance had attracted public attention to him; his marriage to one who had scarcely passed girlhood. The old man's love of music as well as her youth and beauty had brought about the match. When in town he had maintained apartments at a modest but very excellent hotel and there he was introduced to her, the niece of the proprietor. She played the piano superbly and was gracious in the matter of performing for old "Melodeons." She could sing sweetly, too.

She Wins His Heart.

In the twilight hours of winter afternoons she would sit at the instrument in the big, old fashioned hotel salon and play to him his favorite airs; the aged man huddled in an armchair, his white haired head to one side, his whole attitude that of one entranced. Finally old "Melodeons" decided that life would not be worth living without this charming and accomplished girl and he laid his fortune at her feet. She accepted reality.

This much of the case I knew when I alighted from a train at the suburban station, got into a carriage and a little while afterward stood at the door of the old fashioned, brand mansion, where he had met death.

An old man with haggard eyes came to the door. He took my card, glanced at it, and while admitting me to the old, wide hallway, said:—

"I am afraid I cannot ask you into the parlor, sir. There's a strict order against reporters being admitted to the house at all. But I'll take in your card."

A door opened sharply, and down the hallway there came with rapid, decisive stride a man who was young, slender, dapper. But there and then his face, for all its youthful freshness and undeniable good looks, impressed me harshly. His features were clearly cut, defined even with a certain fendaline delicacy. The mouth was older than the face—a straight lined, thin lipped, cautious, unsympathetic, selfish mouth. But his eyes—livid, green eyes, the pupils of which I noticed even in that little brief interview, had a habit of contracting and expanding in the constant effort of their calculation. They were cruel and strange; forceful, keen, compelling. I could feel their unfriendliness as literally as if his hand had pushed me from him.

But his manner was wholly courteous.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you have made your trip all the way out from the city for nothing, but we really cannot say anything. My sister is prostrated over her husband's deplorable act; that's all that can be said."

I expressed my sympathy, but suggested the widespread public interest in the matter, and added.—

"As your sister's representative could you not make some statement clearing the whole thing—the conjecture as to the cause of Mr. Unger's act? Once such a statement has been made it will save you from all further intrusion by the newspaper men I'm sure. Or perhaps you could refer me to the family lawyer for such a statement?"

"No," he said, and the pupils of his green eyes narrowed to little spots of burnished copper. "Nothing will be said by anybody under any circumstances. That's final."

I nodded and turned away, not clear as to what my next move should be. Suddenly he called after me:—

"As to the business, you may say if you like that it will continue as before. I will be in charge—Andrew Krallberg. In fact, I am to charge now."

Undoubtedly it had been his intention to make this statement in a most matter of fact manner. His voice sounded so, but the queer eyes glinted a gleam of satisfaction that almost expanded into triumph.

I reflected only at the time that the shoes of old "Melodeons" were being given no chance to cool. Leaving, I decided to look up some of the old man's older friends in the hope that a talk with them about him might hit upon the revelation of why he had killed himself.

Following the Clews.

I had made my inquiries of the driver while standing with a foot on the carriage step, and just as I ascended and took my seat, there came a low whistle from a short distance away. I looked back at the door of the house at first, thinking the young man might have reconsidered and decided to make some additional statement. There was no one at the door.

"WHY, YOU OLD FOOL!"

But as my eye travelled down the side of the mansion, over the lawn, I saw the haggard eyed servant who had taken in my card. He wore a derby hat and had changed his brass buttoned coat of livery for an article of street apparel. When I caught sight of him he signalled me with a quick, short motion of his arm. It resulted in my telling the driver to go down the side street, and as the carriage moved along the man came out on the sidewalk and walked in advance of us to the street corner. He stood under a tree there and waited.

We halted and he came straight toward us. He never gave the driver a glance, but came straight up, with his eyes fixed on mine.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell this or not," he said sharply, with something of a strain in his voice. "But it's worried me—worried me nights. I've got to tell some one just how this thing happened."

"Do you mean Mr. Unger's suicide?" I asked, a bit cautiously, but merely by way of encouragement.

"If you'd call it 'suicide,'" he retorted bitterly.

"Why—what would you call it?" I demanded.

"Murder," he said curtly.

I only looked my astonishment at this startling statement.

"Won't you get in?" I asked, moving along in the seat. "If it is anything like that it is plainly your duty to talk. If it would be criminal, you know, for you to keep quiet—keep silence about the thing."

"Well," he said more easily after he had accepted my invitation and I had told the driver to take us to the nearest inn or hotel, "I don't know that talking will do any good—I don't know that any justice can come out of it; I don't exactly see how any justice can come out of it. But, why—good God!" he cried, with sudden excitement, and his haggard, dogtike brown eyes lighted with horror. "It was all the cruelest, the most fiendish thing you ever heard of, sir."

He said nothing after that on our drive, nor did I seek to make him talk. I could see in his haggard eyes the signs that he was arranging his peculiar knowledge best for the telling. I was confident that his mood for telling it would last; that this conservative old house servant had taken a long time to make his decision to tell what he knew, but that once having made it by the very nature of his conservatism he would stick to the resolution.

The briter for privacy we went to a little room in the little rustic hotel. With a wave of his hand he dismissed an invitation to drink. He began his story quickly, before he had even settled in his chair, so anxious was he to unburden his mind.

And the while he told it there were times when his eyes blazed with horror, times when his shrunken lips went sobbing and his story stopped. And every little while there came into the big haggard brown eyes unbidden lights of fear, and those were times when Andrew Krallberg gazed across the tragic stage in the execution of his subtle, sinister designs, the signs of which were luminous in his strange, livid green eyes.

[redacted] Theory.

As John Hellman's story unfolded my mind went back to the broad, placid mansion I had seen standing on its smooth green lawn, with decorously drawn shades and its air of propriety and great respectability. Never had there been a house of mystery and tragedy so contradictory in its aspect. It seems that the place had rung with laughter, sounded with gayety; the popping of champagne corks; the swish and whirl of dancers; the tinkle of instruments, the swing and verve of merry songs, the while within its walls an old man's heart was slowly but incessantly struck with anguish and finally despair, until, with a revolver, he sought the escape of his grief stricken soul from this mansion of horrible mirth.

For the first month it pleased the bride to be pleased with the old mansion and even with its old fashioned furniture. So said John Hellman, the coachman-butler, the faithful servitor of old "Melodeons" for twenty-five years. She merely installed soft lights in the parlor the better for the atmosphere of her music. And the old man, sitting there, was supremely happy. They would laugh together and she'd pat his cheek prettily; playfully pull [redacted] the while whiskers that formed a crescent [redacted] and affectionately call him her "dear [redacted]."

But after a while she complained of loneliness at times and asked him naively one evening if he would mind if her brother should come to live with them. He was not long out of college, she said, and they had always been great chums as children. Old "Melodeons" said he would be delighted to welcome him. And Andrew Krallberg arrived.

The first night at dinner he sat carefully studying the old man with his livid green eyes, and John Hellman had noticed that from time to time his straight mouth wore a smile—a smile apart from anything that the talk could have caused.

From that night there was an end of old "Melodeons'" happiness.

"Why don't you get some new things, sis?" said Andrew quite openly before the old man. "Some bright stuff around the house. Heavens! with this black horsehair stuff and old dark wood everywhere the place is as gloomy as a graveyard."

His suggestion was acted on the very next day. She bought all kinds of new styled things, gold chairs and sofas with pink and lavender velvet seats, paintings, bright rugs and delicate marbles. The house underwent an entire renovation.

As the three stood deciding what to do with the old things Andrew's green eyes looked mockingly at the big crayon picture of old "Melodeons'" dead wife as it hung on the parlor wall. His sister smiled.

"Take that down and put it in the storeroom, John," she said.

John Hellman had looked toward his old master for a final word of command. Andrew's voice rang in sharply:—

"Why don't you do as your mistress tells you?" he said. "Take that old chromo out of here and put it where she told you." And under the steady stare of the youth with the strange eyes John Hellman found himself slavishly obedient.

He Makes a Promise.

The next day, while he was working on the lawn, old "Melodeons" had come to him, tentatively, almost timidly.

"John," he said gently, "you mustn't get any hard feelings for Mrs. Unger. She's young—only a girl, you know. So it's no wonder she likes new things, all bright and pretty things around her; you see, it's no wonder."

"Certainly, sir; of course."

The old man drew nearer his faithful servant.

"Did you put that picture in a safe place in the storeroom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I wish—I wish, maybe, you would kind of keep an eye on it. Don't let it get with dust all over like the other things up there."

John Hellman promised to carefully watch it.

Parties of young friends from the city replaced the quiet musical evenings, under the soft lights. His wife's pretty, slender hand no longer patted the withered cheek of old "Melodeons." When he sought a caress he was peevishly turned aside. Many incidents began to happen of a young wife contemptuous of an old husband. And there was the aggravation, the sting always of the presence of the dapper, good looking brother, with his penetrative eye, a barb tipped tongue for all the old man's foibles of habit, a sneering smile at the old man's approaches of tenderness toward his sister, the copper colored pupils of the haunting eyes lighting indignantly in open resentment of all the old man's crudities of manner, ignorance of niceties.

"For heaven's sake, look at him! There he goes again!" said Andrew to his sister one morning as the three sat at the breakfast table.

"Can't you," said the young wife sharply, "can't you ever remember to keep your serviette in your lap—not tie it around your neck?"

The old man coughed guiltily on his bite of bacon and hurriedly lowered the linen shield.

"You're hopeless," she went on. "Do you remember what you did at the dinner night before last—reached in your waistcoat pocket and pulled out a toothpick and used it—ugh!"

"Disgusting," said Andrew.

There was another dinner that night. Old "Melodeons" had said he didn't feel very well said he'd prefer to have dinner in the library. His young wife had readily and eagerly agreed. Andrew, she said, could do that sort of thing so much better anyway. The ringing laughter of the company frequently reached the old man as he sat in the library at his lonely meal.

There was more and more gayety at the house—late champagne suppers, at which the old man fell asleep and they'd decorate his hoary head with paper caps or all sit around in a circle and imitate his snoring until he awoke, ashamed and confused. Once they tied him to his chair. He showed some anger then.

The Wife's Cold Smile.

Holding old "Melodeons" in the glare of his eyes, Andrew went over and swiftly unbound him.

"If you can't put up with a little fun from your guests you had better go to bed," he said curtly.

At this the old man turned an indignant look of remonstrance toward his wife. She merely looked at him coldly and smiled.

On several occasions the old man, pitifully enough, in his good nature, in his effort to remain near the heart of his young bride, to win the friendliness and approval of the young brother of the implacable cruelties, sought to enter into the gayeties of these evenings when there was company. He tried once to show them an old folk dance of Germany. Andrew sneered, and the company, taking its cue, yawned and went in pairs to talk in corners. He tried at another time to amuse them with old time stories, and again they yawned. Andrew finally drew closely to him and said, speaking into his ear:—

"Oh, cut it out!"

The old man turned to look sharply at Andrew and John Hellman saw him go down completely under the mockery and insult of the sterling green eyes. Old "Melodeons," with a brief word to the company, tottered off to bed.

A straw ride was planned one evening and "Melodeons" would have gone.

"What!" demanded his young wife, "and then be wrapped in flannels, groaning all night with rheumatism! Not much!"

And, full in his face, she had gone away with a tall man, a handsome, curly haired, dark eyed, big boy sort of a man, who was always at the parties.

Pleading homesickness, the young wife was away at least two days in every week, saying she was spending them with her parents. Her brother would escort her to the city and usually brought her back.

One night John Hellman was awakened in his top floor room by footfalls in the adjoining storeroom, and he arose, walked softly and peered within, and what he saw was "Melodeons" Unger holding a shaking lamp before the rigid, ugly portraiture in crayon of his dead wife, and the same lamp light that showed the old man his picture revealed to John Hellman the seamed face of his master writhing with grief. And then, on a day when his wife was on one of her town trips with her brother, old Unger had asked John to get out the old surrey and drive him to the cemetery to his old wife's grave—the old surrey in which he and the wife of his youth had been wont in later days to take their serene drives. John Hellman had left the old man standing with bowed shoulders at the grave. He was instructed to drive about until called. Twilight had closed before he got the signal to return. Old "Melodeons" wept softly on the drive home.

His wife and her brother were home from the city when the old man returned. Curiosity they asked him where he had been. Frankly he told them. The old servant saw then a swift glance go out from the green eyes of Andrew directly into the eyes of his sister.

But here I interrupted John Hellman's story.

"Yes—yes," I said, "I can see the cruelty of it all; the gradual sinking into melancholy of this old man under contemptible treatment, but you said 'murder' and"——

"It was right after that night," replied John Hellman slowly, "that Mr. Andrew bought the revolver and brought it home.

"It was at the dinner table. With a little smile Andrew brought the shining weapon out from his inside pocket. He held it directly under the light of a candelabra so that the metal glinted, even as his eyes glinted as he turned his glance on his young sister's white haired husband, who sat with sad eyes, staring above the plates before him.

"This neighborhood is pretty lonely," he began, toying with the weapon as he observed the old man looking at it. "I've seen suspicious looking men loitering about. We'd better have this in case of burglars. I'll leave it on top of the black onyx pedestal in the upper hall, just outside the bedrooms, so you'll know where it is if you want it."

Then suddenly, with a quick gesture, he put it before the old man's eyes, practically forcing him to take it into his hands. "Look at it," he said. "It's a fine French make. It has a hair trigger; a child could fire it. The least touch of the trigger does the work."

He smiled. And every night for three nights it lay on the hallway in front of the bedchamber door. And every night at dinner Andrew reminded them that it was there—in case of burglars. Meanwhile their treatment of old "Melodeons" grew more contemptuous than ever.

Very early one morning a shot rang out. There had been a swift touching up of the electric lights and old "Melodeons" was found in the hallway in a dead faint. A bullet was embedded in the wall behind him.

At the Grave.

"I thought I heard burglars," he said confusedly. And again that queer glance between brother and sister. John Hellman waited to switch off the lights. Going upstairs he carried the revolver with him, that he had taken from his master's hand. In the morning young Andrew demanded angrily of the servitor why he had done this—the revolver should remain on the hallway table, a protection against burglars.

"Please put it back where it was," said Andrew. John looked inquiringly toward his old master.

"Yes," said "Melodeons," "put it back."

"Been out to your first wife's grave again?" sneered Andrew a few nights later, and when the old man nodded affirmatively Andrew observed.—"If you're so stuck on it, it's a wonder you wouldn't go out there and stay."

There was no resentment from the old man.

"Perhaps—I guess—may be," he said wearily, in his quaint fashion, "I might as well."

That evening, with a gay party in the parlor, a pistol's report sounded again. This time the old man was found staggering, the revolver still held in his palsied hand, a red stain on his forehead, but the bullet had glanced.

He said nothing of burglars this time. The guests hastily withdrew. And after the doctor had gone brother and sister soundly denounced the old man for having attempted a shameful and disgraceful act. He waved his hands weakly; he even asked their forgiveness in a voice gone cracked and quavery till its tone was almost the treble of a child's voice.

"Oh, I guess you're sorry all right," grinned Andrew, his green eyes merry. "They usually are, you know," he added, addressing his sister. He picked up the revolver from the bedroom door, walked out and deliberately placed it on the pedestal in the hallway and returned to the room. John Hellman stood in the doorway and saw Andrew bend his malevolent, compelling glance upon the old man.

"As long," he said slowly, very slowly, "as you say you are sorry and don't mean to try it again I may as well leave the gun where it has been. But please don't get our ideas mixed. I got it for burglars." Andrew laughed softly at the broken old man before him.

"Ask my wife to come in to see me," said old "Melodeons."

"Oh, that's rot!" retorted Andrew, curtly. "She's had enough on her nerves to-night without having you weeping on her shoulder."

And he abruptly left the room.

The old servant did not sleep that night. He watched. However, "Melodeons" reassured John Hellman next day, telling him he was very sorry for what he had attempted to do. John Hellman thought several times of taking the revolver and flinging it away, but once or twice when he had gone to do it he found himself followed and under the glare of Andrew's eyes. Long habit of servitude, for which the old servant cursed himself as he told me this story, had also gone to stay his hand.

The revolver remained on the pedestal in the upper hallway.

Three nights later a dreadful thing happened. The young wife had not returned home from the city with her brother. Andrew came back alone. He and the old man sat at dinner, silently, but the old man was ever under the gleam and play of the strange pair of unfriendly eyes. "Melodeons" hesitatingly inquired for his wife.

"Oh, can't you let the girl alone?" demanded Andrew. "Let her stay another night in town if she wants to."

"It is very lonely without her," said the old man, with something of an appeal in his voice.

Seeing the Picture.

"Rot!" said Andrew, "you'll get used to it."

He went up stairs to his room.

A few minutes later he came running swiftly down stairs to the library.

He had heard the old man in there telephoning. John Hellman stood in the hallway, the old man's pipe and tobacco bowl in his hand. He saw his old master look up from the telephone in sudden dismay, saw the telephone receiver drop from his withered hand, heard it clang against the library desk. And as the old man looked up he met the glance of Andrew—the searching eyes of the man.

"You tried to telephone to her?"

"Yes," said old "Melodeons," "and she isn't there and she hasn't been there these three days—hasn't been there at all." Shakily he got on his feet, resting his hand on the desk for support. All the courage and vigor he had left he put into the question that he rang sharply at Andrew. "You know; you know. And you've got to tell me. Where has she been?"

And with that Andrew placed his face close to the face of old "Melodeons" and his livid green eyes held him in their strange and powerful stare and the burnished copper pupils shot stabs of contempt and stabs besides of damnable suggestion as he smiled and deliberately retorted:—

"Why, you old fool—where the devil do you think?"

"Melodeons" recoiled and then old age reclaimed him. He whimpered like a hurt and hopeless child. He tottered out of the room and down the hallway, paused by the balustrade post with his old hand on the bronze image there, and, after a pause, began the ascent of the stairway.

John Hellman would have followed but Andrew got between.

"Get me a small bottle of champagne," he ordered. "I'll help Mr. Unger up stairs."

But he did not. John Hellman had turned and saw the young man standing there under the full glare of the hallway chandelier, the light on his crisp golden hair and bringing fully into view his baleful face, with its tight, thin mouth and bloodless lips, and the strange, livid green eyes gleaming steadily upon the figure of the old man creeping up the stairway. Twice old "Melodeons" had turned and looked back, and each time he encountered the compelling, contemptuous, pitiless stare of the livid green eyes.

John Hellman turned to go back, to follow his old master against even the queer, strangely powerful young man, who stood in the hallway, with hands at his sides and expectantly raised face.

But just then for the third time in this sinister mansion a shot rang out. Andrew was held coldly as John Hellman rushed up stairs. And as he bent over his old master, imploring him to speak, a voice said curtly, coldly, near him:—

"I guess this time he hit the trick."

Such is the "inside" story of the "suicide" of "Melodeons" Unger, the story that the old servant told me and the Coroner's jury never knew.

Three months afterward the widow of "Melodeons" Unger married the tall, curly haired, handsome, big boy sort of a man. But long before that Andrew, as you know, had assumed full control of the million dollar factory.

M'ADOO, OF MIGHTY IMAGINATION

Near View of the Man Whose Dream of the River Tunnels Has Materialized and Whose Motto Is "Do or Die!"

Written and Illustrated by Garnet Warren.

"THE NEWSPAPER BOYS HAVE BEEN KIND TO ME."

UP on the eleventh floor of the Hudson Terminal Building there is a room through whose windows may be seen a wide panorama of life. From that window elevators move along their wood and iron platforms like some large species of toy, crowds clustering like insects surge to the opened jaws of ferry houses gaping to receive them. Past these there is a broad strip of blue, and here little boats puff their white smoke and cross the view, while larger ones with black smoke move toward the low brown houses on the other side.

It is a scene vital with the touch of life and human action. One cannot help wondering how those small moving things in the streets came to create those other smoking ones which creep across the strip of blue, of how they raised those piles of brick and masonry, stirring within with complicated machines which beat and light and feed the little creatures who made them.

And it is very wonderful, indeed, those things which you can see from that window on the eleventh floor. But there is a more wonderful thing yet which you cannot see. It runs right under that strip of crinkly blue river, and through it, in no very long while, all those little dark, moving figures in the streets will be hurried when they want to reach those other houses opposite.

It is a large room from which you view all this. A light papered, green carpeted room, with some engravings of Lincoln and Washington in dark oak frames and some cartoons, and a handsome rolltop mahogany desk near a window, whose pigeonholes are all filled with papers in orderly masses and whose working space is covered with papers too, clean, typewritten papers for the most part with lists and figures and writing which looks like Facts. It is a room with space and cheerfulness about it—it is the room of an optimist.

At First Sight.

A very tall, very slight, very young looking man sits at that desk. As you enter the room you decide that he looks as if he might be twenty-five; four steps further and he seems thirty—you sit down near him and he jumps to about thirty-seven, and stops there. He told me afterward that he was forty-five.

There is something suggestive of a dreamer in his deep set eyes, something of a dynamic energy in his long, slight, sinewy body, something of a fine race horse in the impression of his whole self.

Despite the lines on the forehead and cheeks there is a certain unconquerable youthfulness of look which is very characteristic of him. He smiles easily, but I should say from those little crisscross lines between his black eyebrows that he could frown also had he a mind to.

He speaks lucidly and with the soft accents of the South, and as he sits there at the window looking out upon the blue sky and over to the low, brown houses he views the arena of a great work, the honor of which he steadfastly refuses to claim. For the young looking man of the soft accents and the steel spring suggestion of energy in his manner is Mr. McAdoo, the man who supplied a dream which has materialized.

Now, asking for a formal interview is a very delicate undertaking. If he be a big man he has possibly been misquoted in some previous interview, so he becomes very, very careful.

I suggested my mission to Mr. McAdoo as deftly as I could. I shaded the word "interview" down by every half tone of meaning of which I was capable, but Mr. McAdoo, though cordial, was unconvinced.

"Too Much M'Adoo!"

"Now look here," he said, crossing his long legs, "I think there's been too much McAdoo in the newspapers—there's been too much altogether. So you must please to leave me out. The newspaper boys have been very kind to me and have credited me with virtues out of all proportion to my deserts. Being human, of course, I appreciate their kind intentions and always try to be of service to them if I can.

"But you must really leave McAdoo out. I think the public recognizes the magnitude of the work my associates and myself are engaged in. I take it very seriously myself, and I really don't like this insistence on the personal side. Now please don't think me modest; I'm not, but when a man's engaged in doing his own share in a serious work I think he owes it to that work and to others who are equally or more important to it than he is himself that his personality is not unduly dragged into it. Besides, I recognize that the public cares nothing for a man, it cares only for his work."

I looked around the room and saw a little picture on the wall. It was a cartoon I had once done. I had sent it to him and I remembered that he had sent me back a letter expressing his thanks. Here was my bread that had been cast upon the waters.

"Mr. McAdoo," I said, "you were good enough once to promise that I might command you if you might be of service to me. Now, you know you can really help me out. And the very first time I give you an opportunity you don't want to take advantage of it."

Now, when anybody mentions the words "helping out" they get Mr. McAdoo on a weak spot. He capitulated, my bread had returned unto me after many days.

"Mr. McAdoo, does a man create his own opportunities?" I began before he had time to draw back again.

Quotes Henley.

"In relation to that," he said, "there is a poem of Henley's that I am very fond of quoting to myself. I think it is one of the most wonderful defiances to fate ever voiced:—

"'I am the Master of my Fate; I am the Captain of my Soul.'

"Sometimes I doubt whether it is true; I'm afraid it isn't altogether so, as circumstances have a way of combining and we of adapting ourselves to them after they are formed; but I like to repeat these lines

"A MAN'S GOT TO BE IN EARNEST TO SUCCEED"

and I think that in some extent they are true. Within limits we may regulate circumstances. To some extent at least a man may be the master of his fate.

"But of one thing I am convinced—there is no such thing as luck in the success or failure of a man's career. A man makes his own opportunities. No opportunity is given to him except the first. And as a man is active and successful new opportunities seek him as the result of his success."

Mr. McAdoo's voice while speaking has something very pleasing about it. The soft Southern tones are musical and his inflexions have range and richness. He will preface a new trend of thought with an invariable "look hyeah." When he becomes very intent upon what he is saying he leans forward and regards you with a fixed stare. He gesticulates as most Americans do, a vague wave of the right hand covering almost everything.

"How did you come to conceive the tunnel idea?"

"I felt that it was something very vitally needed by the public. I felt that it was something that really meant a permanent public good. I know that that seems a little like altruism (to be suspected of any kind of altruism is, I suppose, a recommendation in many people's minds for a permanent residence in a home for the insane, and, of course, I have been recompensated, and compensated well, for what I have done, but if I hadn't got a penny" (Mr. McAdoo leaned forward six inches or so for emphasis and his eyes became very fixed indeed), "if I hadn't got one penny," he repeated emphatically, "for my work in connection with it I should have tried to carry it out.

"But I'm afraid the newspapers have had a tendency to exaggerate my services, and I want to say that there are those associated with me who are entitled to every bit as much praise as myself. At the old Weber & Fields house I heard a dialogue once. Weber and Fields were forming a syndicate to engage in the shipping business. Fields told Weber that he would furnish the 'ocean' if Weber would furnish the 'ships.' Now, I only furnished the river and the dream. They supplied the brains and the wheels and money.

"No," he said, very seriously, "the work is too big to be dependent on any one man—of course some one must be nominally a leader in every enterprise, and, of course, he is entitled to his credit—but only with the rest."

Gospel of Doing.

"What do you consider to be the qualities most necessary to success in life?"

"Now look hyear" (Mr. McAdoo's long arms swung round vaguely in a panoramic gesture) "I believe in the maxim 'Do or Die.' If you have a task to do just make up your mind to do it. A man's got to be in earnest if he would succeed. He must not let one knockdown discourage him, he must get at it again. And everything a man does" (Mr. McAdoo again becoming interested, fixed me with unwavering eyes once more), "he owes it to himself and his associates to do with all his strength. He may have fancies perhaps in other directions, but he must learn to concentrate upon what he has in hand and do one thing at a time and do it as well as he knows how."

"He must regard his work as a soldier regards a battle. He must not flinch. The soldier never regards what the consequences will be to himself, and I feel just like that about it.

"I don't believe that a man really in earnest (and no man will succeed in anything he undertakes unless he is really in earnest) should spare himself any more than the soldier in the fight. Do or die, that's it—on the battlefield of the world that's the only way to achieve anything—do or die!"

If Mr. McAdoo usually gives to his work the intensity that he gave to his words there need be little surprise at his own success.

"But were you not almost appalled at the magnitude of the task in front of you when you first got your 'dream'?"

"A MAN MAKES HIS OWN OPPORTUNITIES."

"No, no man who fears too much will be likely to succeed. One has got to convince oneself about a thing before others can be convinced. If one can convince oneself sufficiently strongly one may hope to convince others."

It all seemed so extraordinarily simple. First convince yourself about a thing and then go out and win.

"Have boys got the same chance to succeed as they once had?"

"That is a question I feel very strongly about. I think that young men," said Mr. McAdoo, "have a greater chance in this country to-day than ever existed before for them. New businesses are constantly developing. The whole industrial trend of the nation is in the direction of doing things in a larger way. Then there is scientific farming. In every way the young man has a better chance."

Young Men and Brains.

"Doesn't the development of a few large corporations tend to limit the scope of choice?"

"I don't think so. There is a continual search for young men of brains to fill responsible positions. I spend a great deal of my time looking for them and so do others. We are only too glad to get them. Why look hyear!" He took a small red covered note book from an inside pocket which seemed to be full of close writing. "This is full of names and addresses. They are all people I may want to use and I want to learn as much about them as I can.

"In the long run capacity becomes recognized. It may take longer sometimes than at another. A man doesn't want to hide his light under a bushel. But if a man has courage, ability and the will, success will at some time, he is bound to get recognition.

"Now, about a man's personality. Of course a pleasing personality helps a man, but it is only a wedge with which to attract interest. Afterward he has to make good and no amount of pleasing personality will do that. For a man in the final resort must be an effective instrument."

"And the ideal combination?"

"Well," Mr. McAdoo thought a moment; "well, energy, ability and pleasing personality make up the perfect machine."

But he had said nothing about a capacity for dreaming and yet he sat at his mahogany desk in the president's office, the broad blue river stretching out at his left, a man whose dream was realized in walls of masonry and rings of steel.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN HUMBLE LIVES

BY A CHARITY VISITOR

Question of Like.

A YOUNG society matron who gives one day a week to philanthropic work undertook a class for training mothers under my direction. In reality it was a class in cooking, for the young matron is an enthusiast upon proper combinations of wholesome food. The women came and listened, and then I suggested that the homes should be visited to see what had been accomplished.

One day she called upon one of her class in the early morning. The woman was frying cakes in deep fat.

"Oh, dear," said the young matron, "why don't you cook oatmeal for the children, as I showed you? You know the cakes are not good for you."

"No'm," cheerfully agreed the woman, as she flapped the cakes upon a platter, "I know, I know. But I don't like what's good for me. I likes what I like."

"I LIKES WHAT I LIKE"

And the society matron has started a sewing class.

Children of Israel.

WHEN Israel Slavonsky appealed to us to take care of his four motherless children for a few weeks I had no idea of the sinister intentions underlying his application. Nor did I hear the story until the children had left our care. But it happened like this.—

Israel had been a widower for a year—a state always undesirable, now rendered intolerable by the fact that his eldest daughter, with whom he was living, threatened to turn him and the children out of doors if he did not get a wife to care for them. Ruth, the seventeen-year-old married daughter, was a child by his first wife; Israel, thirteen; Rebecca, eleven; Moses, nine, and Rosa, four, were the children of the second. And now Ruth threatened to turn them all out. Israel pondered. He could get no woman to marry him with those four children. So he must rid himself of the children.

When the Bureau for Dependent Children had agreed to find boarding places for the four in the country for two months upon a payment of $24 monthly Israel was happy. His income from his store, never less than $60 a month, was ample. He rented a flat and furnished it. Before the month was out he had married a bright buxom woman of thirty who by some strange mischance had remained single. They had been married two weeks when, upon her return from some errand, the new Mrs. Slavonsky found a boy sitting by her window. Israel sat by the opposite window reading.

"Who is the boy?" she demanded.

"I'm Israel," announced the boy himself.

"Israel," repeated Mrs. Slavonsky, "why should you be here?"

The boy advanced a stubby forefinger pointing toward the older Israel.

"He's mine father," he explained, and then elapsed into silence. The older Israel put down his paper.

"I did not tell you, Hannah," he said gently, "about him. But look you, he is a big boy; soon he will work—a help he will be."

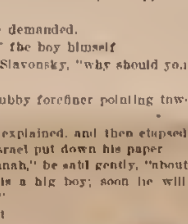
Mrs. Slavonsky looked at Israel, Junior, with less disfavor.

"Maybe," she vouchsafed.

Two days later, upon her return from market, she found a small girl laying the cloth. Upon her entrance the child ran to her joyously.

"I'm Rebecca," she announced. Mrs. Slavonsky set down her basket.

"Is Israel Slavonsky your father?" she asked. Rebecca nodded. When Israel came home for dinner his new wife wept.



"IT IS ALL," HE SAID

"But," he pleaded, "the girl will help you in the house. You, my pretty one, must not work hard by yourself."

This was a new aspect of the situation. Rebecca had already proved herself a willing little thing, and her stepmother dried her tears.

Three days later a boy of nine knocked at the door.

Noble Mary.

AND now I am going to tell a story about noble Mary that is really not a secret at all. We go among these humble lives to teach and frequently we carry away far more of knowledge than is within our power to bring.

Her name really is Mary [illegible], but we call her noble Mary, noble because [illegible] has freed herself from temptations almost insurmountable and is leading an honest, industrious life. She has a tiny room in a tiny frame house in a back street. She receives her meals in exchange for service at table at a boarding house and she earns the rent of her room mainly by darning stockings at a cent a stocking.

The room is in a poor but thrifty neighborhood, and every one has clean white starched curtains at the windows. But the income derived from darning stockings at one cent a stocking is not large, and Mary's room was without curtains. Day after day she sat at her window and longed for that sign of respectability, curtains.

LOBY WASH'N CALICO CO., TROY, N.Y.

One of noble Mary's patrons visited the tiny room one winter day with a bundle of linen to be hemmed. The place was bitterly cold. Noble Mary, however, said nothing at all about a fire, but, moved by a sudden impulse, confided her longing for curtains. The woman listened impulsively. She is a professional woman and she has worked hard for years to educate her fatherless children. There has been little time in her busy life for sentiment.

"Nonsense," she said to herself sharply, as she wended her way homeward, "the woman needs clothes and a fire. Curtains, nonsense! I shall give her what she needs, what she wants is a secondary consideration." And she sent noble Mary some coal and a bag of clothing.

But somehow she was uneasy. Every ornament, every picture in her own comfortable home reminded her of the one aesthetic taste of noble Mary. She is a practical woman and the struggle was a hard one. At the end of the week she sent the curtains to noble Mary.

No one was there when they came. When I arrived, a little later, Mary was on a chair pulling them up and her eyes were streaming with tears.

"I know it won't be so hard," she said, "with the curtains."

That night I called upon the woman and I told her.

"I'm fifty years old," she said, abruptly, "and I'm just learning that there are other things to care for besides bodies." And I think her eyes were wet, too.

And, all unconscious of the struggle and the victory noble Mary is-day sits contentedly behind her curtains, stitching.

Kept Him Sober.

THERE is a little landlady whom I often visit upon my rounds whose name deserves to be sent down to posterity in the ranks of social reformers. The landlady herself is far from being in need of my services. Her house is full to overflowing, her people always have work and always pay the rent. She is a tiny creature, barely five feet high, with black hair and black eyes, and she explains her success in this way:—

"My people stay? Yes, they stays and they pays. They don't get work. Well, then I get it for them. I put on my hat and go out, and I get it." And she does.

AND SHOOK HIM GENTLY

Some weeks ago I visited a family who were about in the dispossessed. There were five—a woman, three children, and the head of the household, who happened to be out when I arrived. I sought him out—in a saloon near by. He had forgotten the fact that he was to be put out, but he repented with the eloquence of the half intoxicated to the crowd about and succeeded in raising eight dollars.

"Now," I said, "we will get rooms and you can move your furniture right in." So we went to my little landlady. I told her the truth—the man's habit was obvious, and she was very reluctant to take them. Finally she said.—

"Well, to please you, Miss C——, I'll do it." Then she walked up to the partly sobered man, stretched her two hands up to his shoulders and shook him gently.

"Now," she said, "you see. The moment you do it, you go out. I make you. I'm little, but I can."

She can. She got the man a job, and with the exception of New Year's Day, which she explained to me "did not count," the man has been sober every minute since.

Welfare of the Laborer.

FIFTEEN years of active interest in looking after the welfare of the laboring classes have equipped Miss Gertrude Beeks, the secretary of the Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation, to make unique and extensive investigations into the conditions under which all sorts of labor is accomplished. She has traveled extensively and has visited hundreds of factories and plants. One of the most important bars of investigation connected with her work was a trip to Panama, under the direction of William Taft. It was here that Miss Beeks became acquainted with a young woman whom she was instrumental in later starting in a new field of work in the South.

PATRICIA'S PHILOSOPHY

S e Tells Silvia That the Thoughts Our Friends Hold About Us Work Us Good or Evil.

"WELL," I remarked as Silvia walked in the other afternoon. "I don't need to ask you how you do, Silvia, judging from your looks to it the new cook, or has dick been manipulating the ducks unsuccessfully, or"——

"Neither," interrupted Silvia, "I'm sick a-bed!"

"You are?" I ejaculated.

"Certainly," responded the lady, suddenly and unexpectedly beaming, "and incidentally I'm able to enjoy myself and do the things I like best.

"How did you do it?" I inquired.

"Kitty!" she answered laconically, "blessed little Kitty! You don't know what she's saved me from for two or three days. You know Kitty Graydon, don't you?"

"I certainly do," was my fervid response. "Kitty is one of those joyous souls whom it is a privilege to know."

"Yes," proceeded Silvia, "Kitty came in early yesterday all dressed up to take me to a miserable bridge party I was hooked for, but I'd already made up my mind to crawl out of it somehow."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"Oh, I told her to make any excuse—to say I wasn't well—anything, in fact, to get out of it gracefully.

"'I'll fix it all right for you, Silvia,' Kit said cheerfully, and she did.

"When Mrs. Van Steen asked her where I was, 'Oh! haven't you heard?' Kit said innocently. 'Poor Silvia!' 'What is it?' said Mrs. Van Steen. 'That old neuralgia trouble is threatening her again, so she thought she had better rest to-day.'

"She told some such yarn to everybody who inquired after me, till finally, as I said when I came in, she had me sick a-bed, and inquiries and flowers have been pouring in to-day, and Mary has orders not to let any one get past the front door, and so I'm free from the eternal round for a few days."

The Power of the Little White Lie

"And the price, Silvia?"

"The price?" reiterated she, looking puzzled.

"Yes, dear; look in that glass."

Silvia got up and, walking to the mirror, examined herself attentively for a few seconds.

"I do look rather washed out," she admitted. "And, queerly enough, Patricia, I felt splendid yesterday, and now I've really got that neuralgia Kitty credited me with. I've had it all night and to-day."

"It would be queerer still if you hadn't," I answered. "Oh, you two babies! Will you ever stop to think before doing such foolish things?" I cried.

"What things?" inquired she, blankly

"Silvia, don't you remember, my dear," I said, "how often I have told you that we are always responsible for anything that happens to us, pleasant or otherwise

"Results always come from within, not from without. Now, when you became a party to that lie—yes, it was a lie, although a white one," I answered, as Silvia looked volumes at me—"you set in motion causes that derivatived you. Kitty kept on repeating the story, each time adding something to it, and by and by you had a whole collection of people, all loving you, all interested in you, thinking sickness and ill health for you. You probably were taking a little rest at the time. Weren't you?"

Setting Thought Waves in Motion.

She nodded.

"Consequently you were all relaxed, so the sympathetic, commiserating thoughts had the best possible chance to telepathically register themselves on your subconscious mind.

"The worst of it is," I continued, mercilessly, "you are not through with it. Those people who are calling and inquiring after you and sending flowers are helping to strengthen and further develop the condition of ill health you allowed to be foisted on you."

"Oh, dear! I never thought of all that," sighed Silvia, miserably. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Contradict the lie. Sweep away the false condition you yourself created, by bracing up and going to Mrs Winters' tea this afternoon."

Silvia made a grimace.

"And my three days' respite, Patricia," she said, appealingly.

"Never mind that," I said. "Better cut down your visiting list, lady mine, and undertake less than when you are overwhelmed with engagements, resort to a subterfuge which because of its untruth can only result in pain and discomfort to yourself."

Sweep Away False Conditions.

"Brother!" said Silvia. "I suppose you are right, but I shall certainly be old and decrepit before I learn to put that philosophy of yours on a working basis, Patricia."

"It's to keep you and everybody else from ever getting to that stage, and to show you the only royal road to everlasting youth, health and happiness," I said, "that I feel like preaching to the world at large some of the truths I have realized."

"ASK YOUR FATHER!"

Jack Plans to Make the Family's Fortune

"DID you know that fellows that write the plays and novels sometimes make as much as fifty or maybe a hundred dollars a week?" Jack asked Janet, looking up from the literary column of the newspaper.

"My new doll has got brown eyes," said Janet, holding it up for Jack to see.

"I have no time for dolls," was his response. "I'm going to write one."

"Write what?" asked his sister.

"That is just like a woman! When I marry, I'm not going to get a wife that's always thinking of something else. I'm going to talk to your mother."

Jack walked thoughtfully into his mother's room.

"Mother, do you and father have all the money you want? Because I see by the papers that there's an awful easy way to make a big wad without any trouble, I thought I'd come in and ask you"——

A gentle tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Jack's aunt.

"So glad you came!" Mrs. Townsend exclaimed. "I did want to ask you about the wall paper for the—— Oh, excuse me, Jack, but I can't listen just now. You go and ask your father."

And Jack, full of his scheme, carried it down stairs to the head of the house.

"Father, I read in the paper that fellows can make heaps of good money by writing novels and plays. Is that so, do you think?"

"Some of them do," was Mr. Townsend's cautious statement. "At least so I've been told. Are you thinking of"——

"I've got a dandy idea for a plot.

"Let's hear your plot."

"All right. You see, the first thing is to get some high toned, beautiful heroine. There's a hero—a six footer, strong as a lion, who wants to marry the duchess, but he is poor and proud, though of noble race, which nobody knows, 'cause he was stolen by gypsies and brought up in the forest, years ago."

"That sounds good."

"Just wait. This hero is loved by the daughter of the King of the Gypsies, and she has discovered who he is. You see, while she was mending her father's waistcoat, she found an old diary that tells all about how the boy was stolen."

"But, do gypsies keep diaries?" Mr. Townsend asked shaking his head doubtfully.

"This one did. He was queer, you see," Jack answered.

"But," Jack went on, "one terrible stormy night—paper snow, you know—the poor gypsy girl gets lost, and the duchess riding out on horseback arrives just in time to save her. Then the gypsy girl swears to do the square thing by the duchess whenever he gets a chance. So then the duchess tells of her love for the Hero, and begs the gypsy girl to aid her to take him into camp."

"Fine situation," his father agreed.

"Yes. Well, there you are! Gypsy girl is up against it. You could have her walking up and down in the tent, you know, saying, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?' and all that—her hair down her back.

"It's too much for me!" Mr. Townsend said.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said Jack. The gypsy girl decides to find out whether the hero is really dead stuck on the duchess. So when the duchess gives a masked ball, the gypsy girl goes disguised as a boy, you see, and takes lover [illegible] the duchess, till the lover challenges the disguised girl to a duel."

"That is getting too long," the father acted.

"It will be done soon now. Just as they go out to fight a duel by moonlight in front of the castle there is a fearful shriek of 'Fire! Fire!' The band of gypsies rush in—you see, the gypsy king has set fire to the castle to rob it, and the hero fights the gypsy king, gets the diary and marries the duchess."

"But—how about the gypsy girl?"

"Oh, she pairs off with Roderigo, the comic villain.

"It's a fine plot," said Jack's father, "and I'd like to talk to you about it again; but I'm expecting the doctor to come in just now, and so if you'll excuse me"——

"Oh, of course," said Jack, and he went out, muttering to himself, "You can't get any help from these grown-ups. They're always fiddling around with things that don't amount to shucks, and we boys have to make our own way! I'm tired of it!"

When the Children Need Punishing

THEY were a party of three women dressing dolls for a Christmas fair. The hostess this week was Mrs. Van Cott.

"Will you thread my [illegible] needle, Mrs. Rogers?" said Mrs. Green. "Tommy broke my glasses this morning. Thank you," she said with a sigh. "Children are not much comfort after they reach seven years of age; at least I find it so."

"By the way," answered Mrs. Rogers, "how have you managed Tommy since our last meeting? You promised to use moral suasion instead of the whip."

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Green. "I made no promise, but said I'd try, which I did. I never once scolded him, but the result was disastrous—of course, he took advantage of me. This morning there lay my glasses on the library table broken in half.

"As usual, he denied breaking them, but Nora told me that she had seen him trying them on this morning. He overheard her and became impertinent.

"'You had better admit it, Tommy,' I said,

"'What for, when I didn't?' he replied.

"'But Nora saw them in your hands.'

"'What if she did? That don't prove that I broke 'em, does it? You're a nice mother to believe her before your son,' he said.

"He grew very excited, and I was certain of his guilt, so I also tried to punish him, with this result—as I raised the whip he caught it with both hands and broke it.

When Your Son Is Openly Defiant.

"'Mother,' he said, with flashing eyes, 'I'm too old to be whipped. If you choose to believe Nora you may, but I've told the truth, and if you ever try to whip me again I'll run away.' That, ladies, is the result of a week's mor[illegible]ntos."

"I believe," said Mrs. Van Cott, "that he did not break them and spoke truthfully, and I know him to be just the kind of a [illegible] who would run away."

"Yes," said Mrs. Rogers, "if you are wise you will stop whipping him. Let's see—he's nearly fourteen."

"But," protested Mrs. Green, "I must do my duty, and my husband gives me no help with them. That is why children love their fathers better than their mothers. We poor mothers have to do the punishing."

"And," said Mrs. Van Cott, "they see their mothers constantly—that makes some difference. There is another course, however, advised by an old Quakeress. A mother had complained to her that she had tried every method of punishment on her children without success. 'Madam,' said the old Quakeress, 'hast thou ever tried the "letting alone" method?' Why not try that on Tommy for a while, Mrs. Green?"

The 'phone then [illegible] and our hostess left to answer it. She returned [illegible]on with a beaming face, saying to Mrs. Green:—

"It was Mr. Green who broke your glasses. It seems that Tommy has been trying to find the guilty party and he rang his father [illegible]. He told Tommy that he had intended telephoning you. He had been in a hurry to catch the 8:15 train and laid a [illegible] bundle on the table while he lit his cigar, and he discovered the broken glasses when he took it up. He could not find you to tell you before he caught his train. Now little Tom is vindicated! He has just telephoned [illegible] there."

When a Mother Should Apologize.

"Now, isn't that [illegible], Joe?" said Mrs Green. "He is as blind as a [illegible] too proud to admit it, and here I've blamed the boy. Well, that puts Tommy beyond my control now. I shall dread to meet him when I go home."

"If I were you," Mrs. Rogers suggested, so sweetly that Mrs. Green could not take offence; "if I were you I should have a serious talk with Tommy, and frankly own that I was sorry I had been hasty in jumping at conclusions. Make him feel that in the future you are going to trust him."

WHAT I WOULD TELL A MAN--- IF I DARED

BY A PRETTY GIRL.

WE dined with Mr Z. the other evening. I didn't care so very much about it, but he was insistent, and so it was arranged that we go. Now I wish we hadn't.

The dinner was delightful, our host witty and charming; everything went off smoothly until the waiter brought the check. With a grave air Mr. Z brought forth his eyeglasses and proceeded to scrutinize the little slip of paper as if it had been his death warrant. Then he called the waiter and the two had quite an argument, at first in low tones, then heatedly, with rising voices, until the attention of several other diners was drawn to our table.

Disputing the Dinner Check.

At last, after having attracted the attention of almost everybody in the dining room, our host rose, and, declaiming in loud tones that it was "an outrage, sir; an outrage!" excused himself and sought the desk, whence he returned with a triumphant air.

"I made him buck down," he said, with a pleased smile. "He won't overcharge me again in a hurry. Thought I was an easy mark, I guess. But I showed him!"

Now, if I dared, I would tell Mr. Z. that in my opinion it would have been a little more in keeping with good taste to pay the check as it stood, and then, if he felt aggrieved, to make a complaint at the desk later in the evening, or at any other time when there were no ladies in his party. But no! He was being taken for a "good thing;" it would never do to let a waiter overcharge him so much as five cents, even if his guests suffered the humiliation of being stared at by every diner in the room!

For fully ten minutes our party had been the cynosure of all eyes, that Mr. Z. might gratify his vanity and salve his wounded pride for being taken for an "easy mark." Yes, he "showed him." But he also made it so very uncomfortable for us that we left as quickly and unobtrusively as possible

Mr Z. is not the only one. I have seen men in street cars argue until red in the face over a nickel. And their feminine companions, who would gladly have given many nickels to avoid the publicity and embarrassment, were obliged to sit tamely by while they sputtered and stormed. There was never a nickel coined that is worth a public scene at any time, much less when a man is accompanied by a woman.

Making a Scene in Public.

The principle, you say? Very true. But is there not also some principle involved in saving a woman the agony of humiliation she is called upon to endure while her escort is raising a miniature riot with the conductor or waiter over five miserable cents? I think so; and I'd tell the men so—if I dared.

MEDITATIONS OF AN OLD MAID

Who Believes That Her Ideals Are Better Than Realities.

WOMEN are divided into two classes, those who have ideals and those who haven't. Unfortunately it is usually the former who marry. And marriage, beyond everything else, means a permanent compromise with one's ideals. When a woman strides those and accepts false realities her tragedy usually begins.

What does a girl—the average girl—know of love? Or what does she know of the man before she marries him, or he of her? First, love is a sentiment based on romantic yearnings, on one's longing to be loved and a certain element of vanity.

A man marries a girl because of her youth, her prettiness, because, perhaps, she loves him, which pleases his vanity. And the girl, what does she know of the man? Nothing—less than nothing. To her he is a dream god, and his halo is created only by the vague colors of her ideal of him

Then they marry—for all time and eternity! She was willing to love him to the depth and height of things. She finds there is no depth and height, only the plains of the commonplace. Will she love him to the "level of every day's most quiet need" also? Will love stand the wear and tear of petty annoyances, of poverty or defeat in life's battles, of the little quarrels and trivial faults which are so much harder to overlook than the big ones?

The Tests That Try Love.

From what I have observed I do not believe that marriages are preordained. In most cases a man gets tired of knocking about the world and then thinks it is about time he had a place he could call home. Then, when he has the world's approbation, as well as each worldly essential with him, he marries—and for want of a better name calls it love.

A true man wants in his life companion something more than beauty and knowledge of housekeeping. He wants love and infinite understanding, ambition to fire him on to bigger things and sympathy to heal the hurt and tiredness of daily toil and strife. He wants a thought to match his thought, an intelligence to understand his own, an echo to every sentiment.

It seems to me that marriage to-day really affords happiness to two classes—the people who are absolutely commonplace and who are contented to take things just as they come and to whom the Shrine of Mamaron is the Mecca toward which they wend their pilgrimage, or the small minority who grow spiritually into a rare companionship. And outside of these two classes is the great majority who have only to live long enough to find disillusionment.

Two Kinds of Happy Marriages.

Sometimes I look about me at the self-satisfied, well fed couples I know—at the lukewarm preference they display for each other. Then I sit and wonder. Where is the fire that swept away empires, for which Paolo and Francesca braved the terrors of the inferno, for which Launcelot fought in the lists for Guinevere? —

And so what have I missed? I have had my dreams. Who hasn't? It is something we all have, for we carefully piece them together in the days of our youth and then tear them apart in the sadness of our maturer years. And the best cure for one of the little love affairs is usually—another. The one secret for a woman to learn is to be eternally young, pretty and—not to love too much.

Some of the women I have known have married hopelessly inferior men—not one has been ideally mated. Yet they pity me—I who am so rich in my own kingdom, I who am never alone, whose world is peopled with shining dream-folk who will always keep me young. In my kingdom there is no world weariness, no disillusion.

And so I sit and watch the fire glow; the light plays upon my books and my pictures took down from their height. And one by one my little dream-elves creep from their hiding places and fill the room with their radiant presence—and somehow the horns of elfland blow in the distance the Lorelei music of harmony to me.

The Secret of My Happiness.

Then I know that no matter how weak are the earth gods without, in the heart of the world, the gods within us are stronger and they hold for us the divine key, and we are never unhappy or alone if we have the open sesame of the higher life.

Laugh and love and live so that you may be loved and the world will turn sweet for you, and you, too, will rest by the calm river of contentment.

INTERESTING HOROSCOPES FOR PRETTY GIRLS

SELF-SUPPORTING young women are invited to send in their photographs for publication, with careful horoscope readings. Any STENOGRAPHER, MANICURE, SHOP GIRL, OFFICE ASSISTANT, LADY'S MAID, TELEPHONE GIRL, FACTORY GIRL, or other self-supporting young woman whose photograph is considered sufficiently attractive may secure one of these interesting and valuable horoscopes. They are cast by a woman who is an expert in this study.

The only conditions are that on the back of each photograph sent in must be plainly written the name, birthday and occupation of the sender. Address Beauty Contest, New York Herald.

E. HENDRICKSON.

November 23.—Strong will, great tenacity of purpose, fine executive ability. Is quick to perceive, shrewd and rather stubborn. Faithful, sympathetic, but inclined to dominate. Should marry one born between January 20 and February 19, or March 21 and April 19.

VERONICA KELLY.

February 9.—Has a good mind and reasoning powers, but will sometimes suffer annoyances through acting first and thinking afterward. Cool, subdued nature, but if aroused by injustice will be very intense. Should marry one born between March 21 and April 19, or November 22 and December 21

VIOLET STORELLL.

November 12.—Energetic, independent, capable; has a wide nose, and fine intellect. Will love or hate strongly. Is reliable, responsible and magnetic; will make many friends. Will succeed in worldly undertakings. Should marry one born between August 22 and September 23, or February 19 and March 21.

MINNIE GATTLEB.

May 27.—Gay, pleasure loving, somewhat fickle. Will have vexatious experiences if she does not choose her companions carefully. Is kind and neat; loves her own people. Is likely to make a good marriage. Should marry one born between January 20 and February 19, or August 22 and September 23.

CONSTANCE MARINEAU

August 9.—Impulsive, energetic, fearless and determined. Quick to speak and act. Very sensitive and affectionate. Buoyant nature, but fiery if opposed. Wants her own way. Should marry one born between March 21 and April 19, or November 22 and December 21.

SINGING.

BY EUNICE TIETJENS.

AT night when the long day is ended
And I am all ready for bed,
When my hair has been combed out and plaited,
And after my prayers have been said,
Then mother will sing to me sometimes,
In a voice so sweet and so low
That everything 'round seems to listen
And even the wind dares not blow.

But one time I went to a concert
Where there was a woman who sang,
And sometimes her voice was all squeaky,
And sometimes my eardrums just rang.
My mother can sing like an angel,
But that woman made my head ache,
It's queer when two people are singing
What different sounds they can make!

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A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CUSTOMS RITES & CEREMONIES OF MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL COUNTRIES

BIRTH · COURTSHIP · MARRIAGE · RELIGION · SUPERSTITION · DEATH · BURIAL

Edited by WALTER HUTCHINSON B.A. F.R.G.S. F.R.A.I.

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See Part I. and judge for yourself.

DUK-DUK MASKED MEN.

These societies conduct their mysteries in secluded spaces where the uninitiated and women are forbidden to enter. The members frighten the people with hideous noises and shrieks, and sometimes rush out, dressed in their masks, and beat the men, pursue the women and children, rob the gardens and terrify everyone.

A MARRIAGEABLE GIRL.

Tattooing of a Koita (New Guinea) girl who has reached a marriageable age. The decoration is begun when she is about five years old, and is added to year by year as she gets older. The V-shaped marks on the chest, with certain others, are done last, and are an indication that the girl is marriageable.

IT seems a remarkable fact that such a fascinating subject as the Customs of the World has never before been given to the public, but the reason for this may be that large tracts of the World have remained unexplored until quite recent years.

The work will include the *most curious* customs in each country relating to birth, childhood and youth, courtship, marriage, religion, magic, sorcery, superstition, witchcraft, death, funerals, burial and mourning.

It may be interesting to intending subscribers to learn a few of the thousands of customs which will be included. On the birth of a child, a father will lie up as an invalid in addition to the mother; he is not allowed to go near his wife; he is subject to special diet and may not lift heavy weights; he will dive into the sea to alleviate the sufferings of the mother; if a child of the undesired sex is born it is thrown into the sea; a mother will kill her child to suckle a pig. A girl is shut up in a small dark cage for years previous to marriage; where women propose to men. Smearing the body with sweet herbs to attract a girl; a cigarette offered as a sign of acceptance; where

ARTIFICIAL DEFORMATION.

All the women of the Sara tribe have this artificial deformation of the lips as a sign of beauty. The effect is produced by piercing the lips and gradually enlarging the holes by inserting wooden discs, the size of which is increased as the lips get distended.

husbands are paid for by women, curious devices of consulting omens previous to marriage; the importance of the mother-in-law in different countries, prevalence of polyandry and polygamy, the control of the parents; labouring of the husband for his father-in-law, peculiar divorce and marriage ceremonies peculiar family ties, feuds and the vendetta club houses for each sex curious secret societies, sacrifices, where women work and husbands slack, curious rituals in religion, human sacrifices; propitiation ceremonies; elaborate processions; mutilation and torture, suspending by the feet to a tree for many years; lying on spikes, idolatry ghosts sorcerers; charms, animals as good and bad omens, and curious customs relating to them witches' magicians; lying-in-state for years previous to cremation, suicides of wives; peculiar idea that if a person dies some person was the cause of death; professional spirit catchers, peculiar burial rites, guarding the spirits of the dead, curious memorials to prevent haunting, dancing of the chief funeral guests, wearing of limbs and skull of the deceased These are but an odd few of the many customs dealt with popularly by great authorities and which will be beautifully illustrated on Art Paper.

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY AFTER DEATH

In Tibet only the members of the family are carried out to burial through the door, others are put through a window. Lamas are generally enshrined in chortens. The majority are hacked in pieces and given to the pigs, dogs, and vultures.

CLIMBING PERCH.

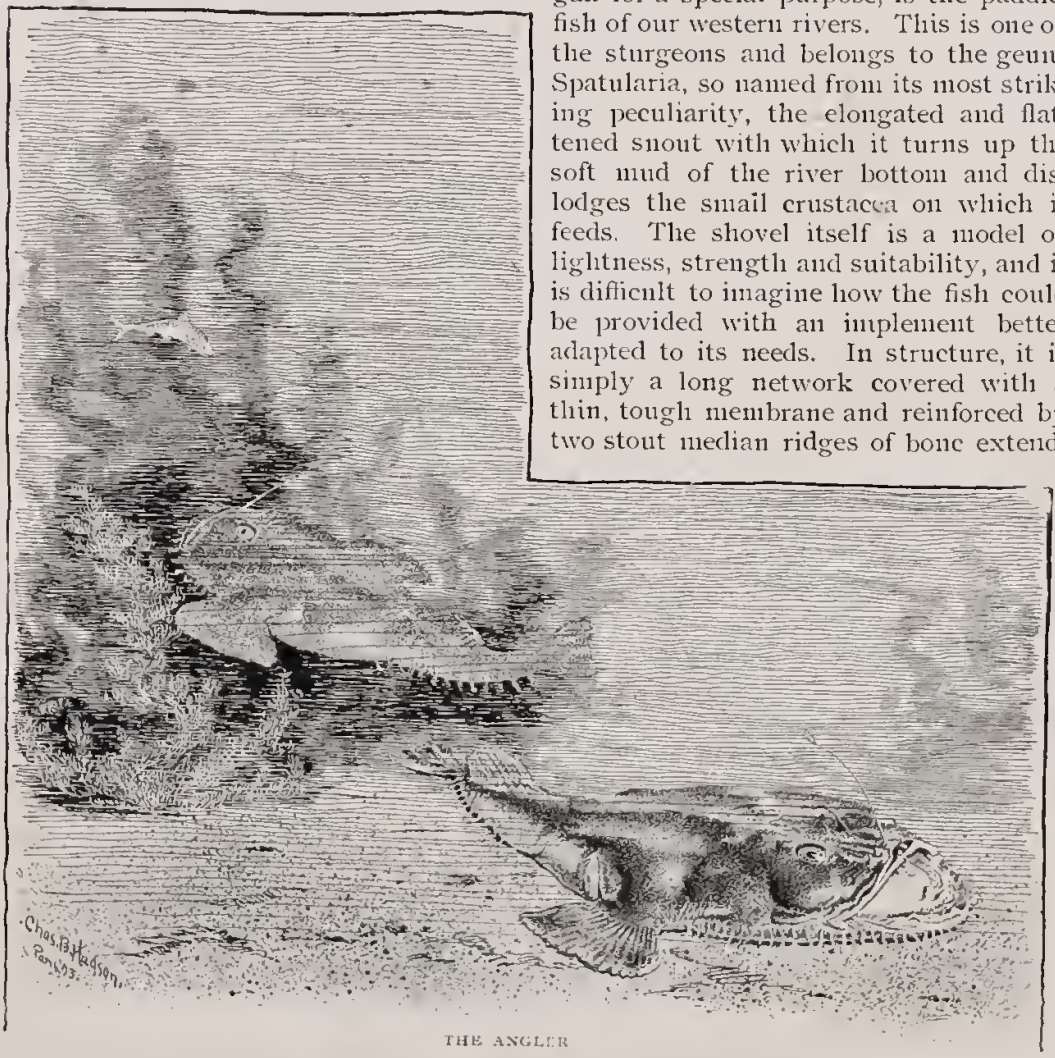
As will readily be supposed, this fearful competition for life itself leads to highly specialized ways and means of existence, and nothing is more interesting than the consideration of the variety of devices and of special development of organ or of form with which nature has provided the different fishes for the capture of their prey. Nowhere has she displayed so little regard for fixed rules, so supreme an indifference to conventionality, whether of form, of color or of mode of living, as among the fishes. For example, what could be more unexpected, under ordinary conditions, than to encounter a fish walking about on land, chasing and capturing bugs, and actually manifesting an aversion to entering the water? Yet this eccentricity is manifested by the little fish commonly known as the jumping fish, which even climbs for a short distance up the roots of trees, in pursuit of insects. It is a native of India, of the East Indian islands, and of Australia. When the falling tide uncovers the broad mud flats, this little fellow comes out of the water, and hops about after the tiny fiddler crabs that dwell there, or among the mangrove roots after flies and bugs. Denton, the naturalist and collector, relates his difficulties in capturing specimens of this fish. They were so lively in their movements on the half-hardened mud of the Australian pond where he found them that it was only after a lively chase that he caught one. He endeavored, finally, to drive them into the shallow pools, thinking that he might take them more easily with his insect net, but they persistently refused to enter the water until forced to do so, when they skipped rapidly over the surface to the solid ground on the other side.

To enable this fish to live so long out of water, each of his gills is connected with a small bony receptacle so constructed, with numerous folds and passages, as to be capable of holding considerable water, with which the fish can moisten his gills at will and thus keep

them in working order; for a fish perishes when out of the water, simply because the gills become dry and incapable of performing their functions. In moving on land, it jumps by flexing its tail and suddenly straightening it. This fish belongs to the genus Periophthalmus, the name being derived from the Greek words, peri, around, and ophthalmos, an eye.

Another, which possesses the same faculty of carrying sufficient water to keep the gills moist, and has even superior locomotive ability, is the climbing perch, a native of nearly the same regions as the foregoing. This little chap is frequently compelled, by the drying up of the pond or stream where he dwells, to make a long tour across country in search of a new home. When possible, this journey is made at night, though sometimes the little travellers are met toiling through the dust of a road in the heat and glare of a tropical day. The scientific name of this one is Anabas scandens, both words, the one Greek, the other Latin, meaning, essentially, going up, or climbing. It is difficult to imagine anything more unfishlike than the peculiar characteristic of this fish. It leaves the water with the utmost readiness, will live for several days entirely removed therefrom, and will travel many miles. It is said, also, to climb for a short distance up the roots of trees, clinging to the rough bark by means of the sharp spines on the under side of the gill covers, and progressing by short jumps, in the manner of the periophthalmus.

One of our own native fishes, while by no means so wonderful as the ones just described, yet illustrating in an interesting way the high development of an organ for a special purpose, is the paddlefish of our western rivers. This is one of the sturgeons and belongs to the genus Spatularia, so named from its most striking peculiarity, the elongated and flattened snout with which it turns up the soft mud of the river bottom and dislodges the small crustacea on which it feeds. The shovel itself is a model of lightness, strength and suitability, and it is difficult to imagine how the fish could be provided with an implement better adapted to its needs. In structure, it is simply a long network covered with a thin, tough membrane and reinforced by two stout median ridges of bone extend-



THE ANGLER

"My Ogowe"

The Leopard-fiend

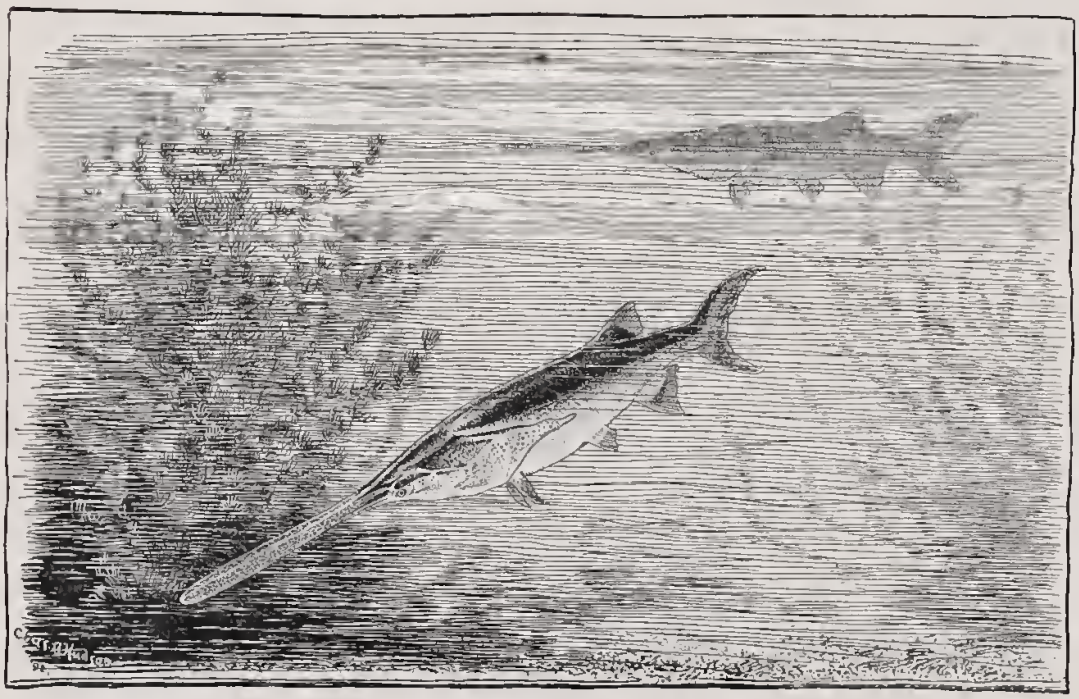
Page 495

(17)

Leopard-friend

ing from the skull to the tip of the spatula, thus securing a maximum of strength with the least possible weight.

In appearance the paddle-fish suggests somewhat that ferocious warrior, the swordfish, though they are not at all related, the latter being allied to the mackerel. In this case, the prolongation of the upper jaw forms, not a peaceful shovel, but a death-dealing weapon, which has made its possessor celebrated since the days of antiquity. Aristotle described him, and Pliny mentions that ships were



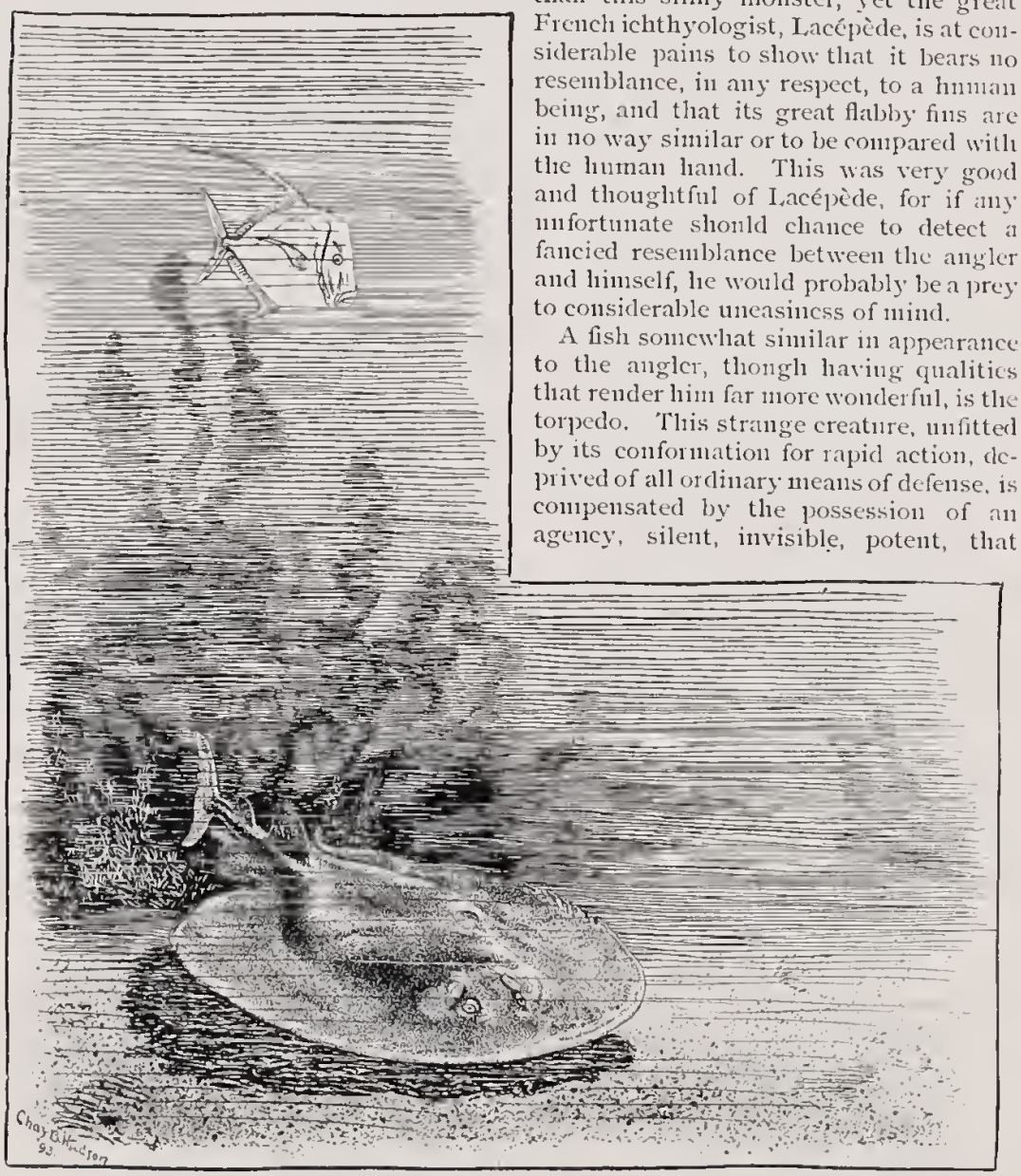
PADDLE-FISH.

sometimes sunk by him in the Mediterranean. But the weapon which makes him so terrible is, at the same time, the implement with which he makes his living, preying upon small fish like the herring, menhaden, mackerel and others, which swim in close schools near the surface. Rushing into such a school from below, laying about him on all sides with his terrible blade, throwing himself into the air and falling back upon his victims, he wreaks sad havoc. As many as a bushel of dead and mangled herring have been picked up in the sea after a single such onslaught. His scientific name is descriptive — Xiphias gladius, from a Greek and a Latin word, each meaning a sword.

Less active, less energetic, more wily and even more rapacious a creature is the grotesque goose-fish or angler. This fish is as sluggish and inert in his nature as the swordfish is impetuous, yet it is provided with means for capturing its food that are no less effective and still more wonderful than those possessed by the latter. It is a bottom fish, and its dull color and the mottling with which it is covered throughout so closely simulate the tones of the dark algæ among which it lies in wait, that it is practically invisible. To render it still more difficult to distinguish from its surroundings as it lies spread out flat upon the bottom, it is provided with a fringe of soft appendages, extending back on each side from head to tail, which wave in the water like fronds of seaweed. Even the eyes, with their lines of bright color radiating from the pupils, closely resemble certain species of patella or limpet. But its most wonderful feature is the delicate, taper spine which projects from the upper jaw, just forward of the eyes, tipped with a waving, fleshy appendage, which is said to serve as a lure to other fish, to draw them near the yawning jaws of the angler. It has been doubted by some that such is the purpose of this tentacle, and it is held to be merely a sort of sensitive feeler to warn the fish of the presence of his prey. But the

fish has eyes well situated for this purpose, and certain it is that the waving object would very naturally attract any fish which might chance to observe it. Nothing can exceed the rapacity of this fish, and its flabby sides are capable of an incredible degree of extension. Its having been caught with a full-grown wild goose in its stomach gave it one of its popular names, and it possesses many others, less elegant and more significant of voracity. Its scientific name, Lophius piscatorius, describes its crested (lophius) appearance and its piscatorial habits. It worries the fishermen by its indiscreet appetite for the wooden buoys attached to their lobster pots. It is difficult to conceive anything more forbidding and more repulsive than this slimy monster, yet the great French ichthyologist, Lacépède, is at considerable pains to show that it bears no resemblance, in any respect, to a human being, and that its great flabby fins are in no way similar or to be compared with the human hand. This was very good and thoughtful of Lacépède, for if any unfortunate should chance to detect a fancied resemblance between the angler and himself, he would probably be a prey to considerable uneasiness of mind.

A fish somewhat similar in appearance to the angler, though having qualities that render him far more wonderful, is the torpedo. This strange creature, unfitted by its conformation for rapid action, deprived of all ordinary means of defense, is compensated by the possession of an agency, silent, invisible, potent, that makes it one of the strangest and most redoubtable of nature's creatures. Any enemy approaching this fish, or any small creature suited to its stomach, is transfixed and rendered helpless by a powerful shock of electricity. So heavy is the shock from a full-grown fish that men have been knocked down by it, and, as the water



TORPEDO RAY.

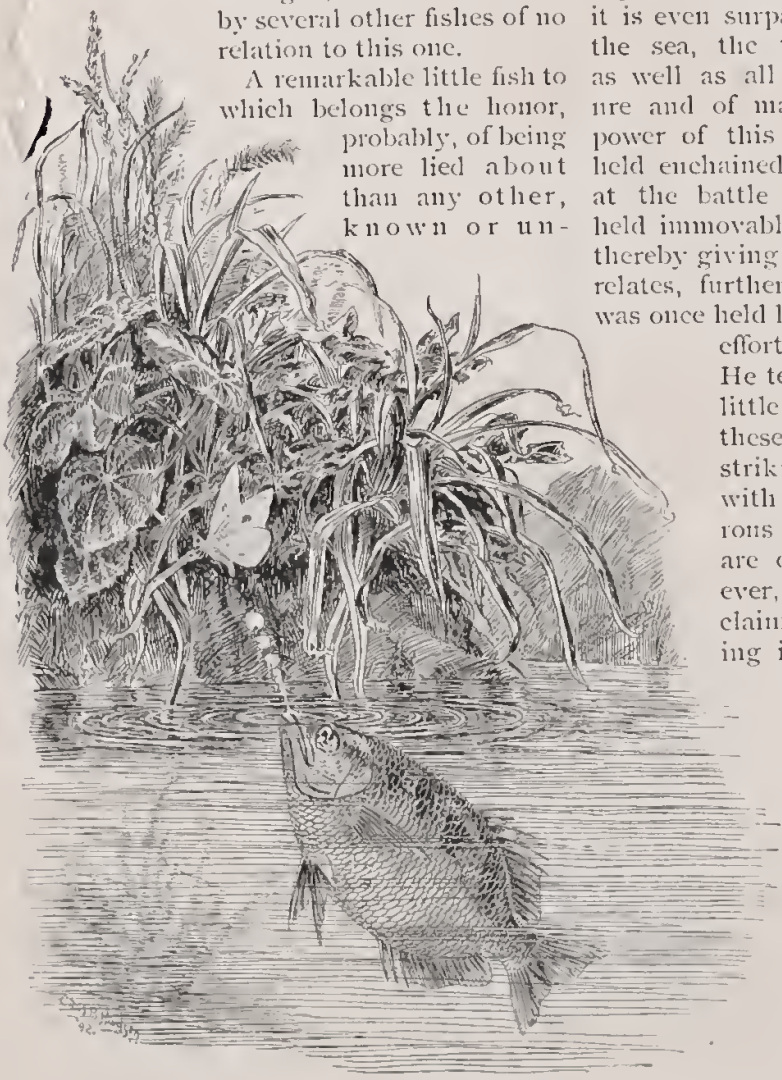
forms an efficient conductor, the fish's range of execution is considerable. The force is generated in a pair of batteries, situated one on either side of the skull, composed of a multitude of vertical prisms, each consisting of a series of gelatinous plates, one on top of the other, and separated by membranous vessels containing a fluid charged with salt in solution. These batteries are very active, and the fish is thus provided with a weapon, an occult potency, that surpasses in wonder all other provisions for aggression or defense granted by nature to her more humble children.

The torpedo is one of the rays and belongs to the sub-order of cartilaginous fishes—that is, of those which have no true bones. It is not alone in its remarkable gift, as this is shared by several other fishes of no relation to this one.

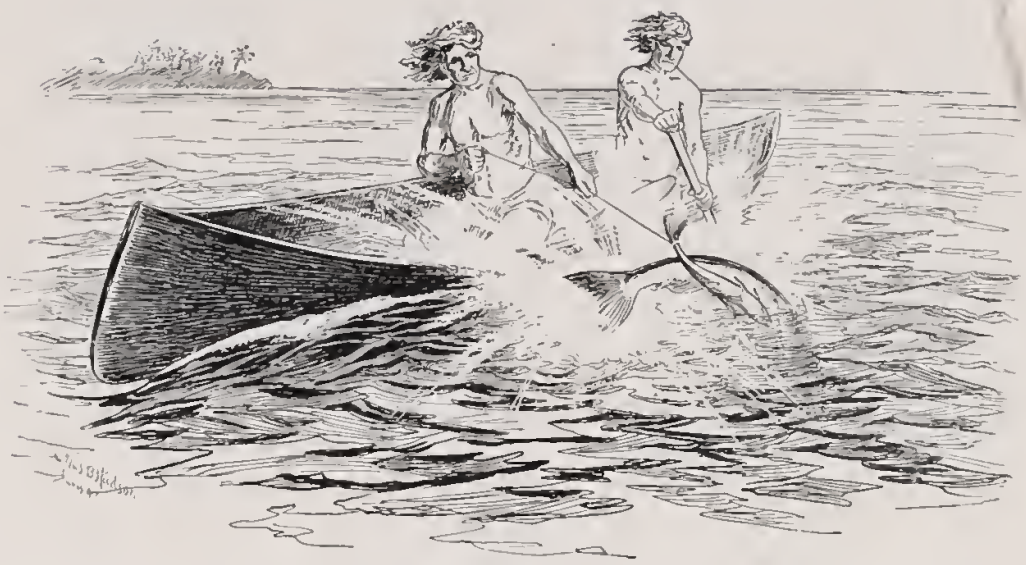
A remarkable little fish to which belongs the honor, probably, of being more lied about than any other, known or unknown to science, is the echeneis or remora. Possibly, some species of more interest to the angler may have a greater number of yarns related about them, but mere number sinks into insignificance when compared with the antiquity, the authority and the caliber of those concerning the echeneis. Hear what Pliny says:

"He is able to mollify fishes capable of destroying him, and to extinguish the fires of love. Endowed with a power far more astonishing, actuated by a moral faculty, he arrests the action of justice and the proceedings of tribunals. When preserved in salt, his approach alone suffices to draw from the deepest wells the gold which may have fallen therein."

This was very good for that ancient day, but in Pliny's thirty-second book it is even surpassed. After stating that the sea, the tempests and the tides, as well as all the other forces of nature and of man, are under the occult power of this little fish and may be held enchained by him, he relates how, at the battle of Actium, the echeneis held immovable the ships of Antonius, thereby giving the victory to Cæsar. He relates, further, that the ship of Gaius was once held by the echeneis against the efforts of four hundred oarsmen. He tells many other wonderful little yarns about the fish, but these will suffice. They are striking in themselves, but told with Pliny's eloquence, in sonorous and majestic Latin, they are deeply impressive. However, the echeneis has valid claims for wonder. Surmounting its head and shoulders is an oval disk, surrounded by an elevated edge forming a shallow disk like organ, traversed from each side to the middle by narrow, overlapping, cartilaginous plates. Each of these plates is set with fine teeth on the under side of the upper edge. Each is joined to the skull on the lower edge, and joined again thereto by muscular bands connecting with the middle of



THE ARCHER.



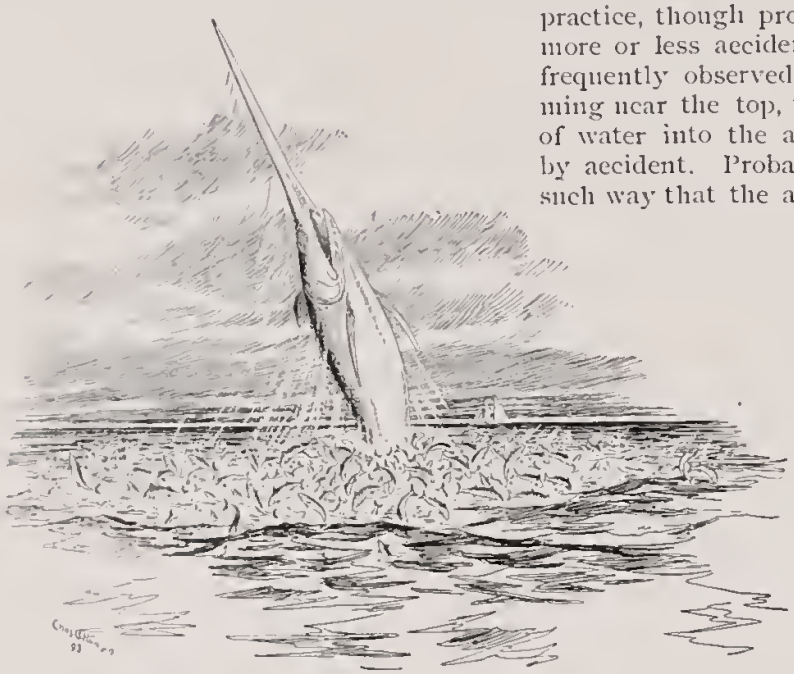
FISHING WITH THE ECHENEIS.

each plate by a spiny process. This forms an apparatus of great suctorial power, by which the fish is enabled to firmly attach itself to any smooth object, like the side of a larger fish, notably the shark, the swordfish and the spearfish, or to the bottom of a ship. According to Blainevile, the French naturalist, this singular organ is nothing more than a modified form of the anterior dorsal fin, of which the rays have become split and separated and have gradually been evolved into a sucking apparatus, by means of which he is enabled to secure transportation without exertion. The echeneis is not properly a parasite, as he has been carelessly termed, since he obtains no sustenance from the body of the fish to which he attaches himself, but probably serves to free his host from certain parasitic crustaceans, cirripeds, etc., which infest these larger fishes. It is the testimony of all observers that the echeneis is never injured by the larger fish of which he is a hanger-on, but is allowed to share the latter's feast, picking up the smaller fragments.

In Ogilby's America the author mentions the fact that the echeneis, or "guaican," as he is there called, is used by the natives in fishing: "Having a line or handsome cord fastened about him, so soon as a Turtel or any other of his prey comes above Water, they give him Line; whereupon the Guaican, like an Arrow out of a Bowe, shoots toward the other Fish," and, firmly attaching himself by the sucker, allows himself to be hauled aboard with his captive.

Lastly, we come to a little fish, which, while not possessing any peculiar development of organ or of form, has nevertheless

SUCKING-FISH.



SWORDFISH FEEDING.

acquired a trick that makes it nearly, if not quite, as remarkable as any of the preceding. This is the archer. He has the faculty of projecting a drop of water with such accuracy and force as to bring down any insect which may chance to alight near the surface of the water. Rising cautiously beneath a fly or bug, until his snout projects into the air, he aims deliberately and shoots with such precision that an insect anywhere within a range of twelve to eighteen inches is a certain victim. What could be more astonishing than this as an accomplishment of a fish? It forces speculation as to how he ever happened to commence such a practice, though probably it was at first more or less accidental. The writer has frequently observed fishes, while swimming near the top, to project tiny drops of water into the air, though evidently by accident. Probably it was in some such way that the archer began. But it must have required wonderful assiduity of practice, through many, many generations, to acquire its present perfection.

There are several species which have this faculty, all dwellers in East Indian and Polynesian seas, where they are found about the mouths of rivers, near the shore. They are highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese, who cause them to display their markmanship by placing insects within range. They belong to the genus of Chaetodons, a Greek word, meaning bristle-tooth.

But a volume would no more than touch upon the confines of this vast subject, and the few curious things we have described furnish no more than a hint of the marvels that are to be found beside them. To the novice, and equally to the close student, there seems in this realm of the water to be nothing of the commonplace. Things are extremely beautiful, immoderately grotesque, or repulsive in the last degree. It is truly nature's wonderland.

IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS.

I IMAGINE that there is many a French trait which must singularly astonish Americans, nor can we make them understand the storm raised in Paris, throughout France even, by the most insignificant events conceivable. How is it possible to explain to sensible people that a trifle, a mere nothing, has caused torrents of ink to flow for a whole fortnight! An actress declares to her manager, who has organized a tour in the provinces, that in a certain town the company will have to play without her, because she deems the rôle assigned her unworthy of her talents. I suppose that if such a thing occurred with you in America no one would take any notice of it, or that if the newspapers mentioned it among their items of theatrical news you would doubtless say: Let the manager and the artist settle the affair among themselves; their quarrel is none of our business. You reason like sensible beings; but in all that concerns the theater we do not. We are terribly stage-struck, and the sayings and doings of an actress at odds with her manager have more fascination and interest for the French public than have the debates on Home Rule for an Englishman. In the present instance the heroine is Mlle. Reichemberg, one of the most celebrated artists of the Comédie Française, whom we call the little veteran, because,—though she still plays the rôle of the young girl, whose voice, and figure, and charms she retains,—she is the oldest member of her sex in the company. She even gains by this contrast which piques the curiosity.

In Paris, we have a superstitious respect for the Comédie Française, which, with the French Academy, shares the honor of being the last among the institutions of the ancient régime. It has its fanatic admirers, as well as its fierce enemies, and this very animosity is the proof of the importance attached to it. Frederic Lemaître, on one occasion, came to blows with a fair charmer. "Strike me first," exclaimed the latter's mother or aunt. "Bah," replied the comedian, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not in love with *you*." One does not fight over a corpse. If the Comédie Française did not occupy an important place in the estimation of the public, there would be fewer journalists to wage war against it. Animosity relents before a dead enemy. So, great was the emotion when it became known that Mlle. Reichemberg had thrown down the gauntlet to M. Jules Claretie, and had refused to play a rôle in one of Molière's comedies which was included in her repertoire, threatening to tender her resignation. The papers were full of interviews and leading articles on this palpitating question: would Mlle. Reichemberg yield, or would M. Claretie lower his flag? So serious a journal as Les Debats devoted a part of its first page to the momentous problem. All the chroniclers made ready their pens and took part in the discussion with a violence of language truly amusing, some defending the administration, some the little veteran.

AFFAIRS OF WEST AFRICA

BY

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MEMBER OF THE WEST AFRICAN SECTION OF THE LIVERPOOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

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THIS book deals with numerous questions appertaining to West Africa which are conspicuously before the public at the present time. The author is at pains to demonstrate by facts and figures the importance of British political and commercial interests in our West African possessions. A section of the book is devoted to Nigeria, and such matters as slave-raiding, Fulani origin, native industries, cotton-growing and land tenure are dealt with. Special attention is given to French policy in West Africa, British commercial and other interests in the French West African possessions, and Anglo-French relations. Recent events in French Congo are touched upon, and the condition of affairs in the Congo State is described at some length, the danger of commercial monopoly to the legitimate interests of the European Powers in West Africa being insisted upon. The author approaches the various problems, historical, political, administrative, ethnological, commercial, financial and religious, which confront the Powers in West Africa from the standpoint of an independent critic. The principal object of the book is to meet the growing public interest in West African affairs generally. Major Ronald Ross, C.B., contributes a chapter on the sanitary needs of West Africa. The book is illustrated with photographs, engravings and maps.

SUSU CHIEF AND STAFF

SO MUCH TO DO AT HOME.

[The following came some time since to the *N. Y. Observer* from a lone missionary in Africa, who left a home of luxury and a circle of refinement to engage in self-denying labors for the salvation of the lost in that dark land. The indirect appeal which it contains derives greatly increased force from the sacrifices which have thus been made for the sake of Christ and the perishing heathen.]

In the burning heat of an African sun,
One sultry Summer day.
I wearily walked at the hour of noon,
Almost wishing my work on earth were done,
Till I thought of the love of God's own Son
When he left his heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
There was work which must be done?
There were dying men to be visited, [dead;
And those who were mourning their buried
Others whose hearts I could make glad.
If I told of a heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
Souls were waiting for words of life—
Those who were longing to learn of heaven,
Those for whom Jesus his life had given;
I forgot all else. I had not even
The time to think of home.

Time! when in the early morning light
The entreaty rang, "O come,
Teach us of Christ"—and late at night,
The old, the young, were in my sight,
Multitudes asking for Gospel light;
Was there time to think of home?

That day passed by like every day,
With its heat and weariness,
O we know how to ask for strength by the way!
Strength from the Lord but for one day—

"Give us the strength, O Lord, we pray,
Until thou shalt take us home."

On that day from a region wild and lone,
An African chief had come;
There the words of life had never gone,
And he prayed that he would send him one
To tell them of Christ—but there was none
To get to that heathen home.

My frame was weary, and deep my sleep
When the hour of death came on;
I slept but I only slept to weep,
To suffer anguish, great and deep,
Like those who their watch with the dying keep;
And, sleeping, I dreamed of home.

I dreamed that I stood on a distant hill,
And hundreds were thronging round,
Calling for teachers, calling, until
They besought with tears, and urging still
Both chiefs and people. They said, "You will
Go for us to your distant home

"In your happy land both joy and light
To all the people come;
They know no darkness of heathen night;
Many might come to bring us light
Many to teach us good and right"
And, dreaming, I hastened home.

The pain and weariness passed away
When I reached a Christian land;
I could not rest I could not stay;
I cared not how far my journey lay;
I must find help and without delay
Go back to my African home

I stood in a temple, large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide,

"Give us the strength, O Lord, we pray,
Until thou shalt take us home,"

On that day from a region wild and lone,
An African chief had come;
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I stood in a temple, large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide,

Waked, O so sadly—for well I knew
That, though but a dream, alas! 'tis true;
None will come; all say, not the few,
"There's enough to do at home."

O say, can you wonder, in that far land,
At the words of those heathen men,
With which my heart is ever pained?
At the stigma with which your names are stained?
They say you are "selfish," and can they be blamed,
Though "there's enough to do at home."

They say "In the home beyond the sea
The hearts must be hard and cold,
For they give us no light: how else can it be?
They enter heaven—but O! not we
Who are here! We never that land shall see;
Only they have a heavenly home."

Thus they long for truth and beg for light
In that heathen land who roam;
They have heard, mayhap of a heaven bright,
But say you have closed the door so tight,
You've doomed them to darkness and endless night.
Because of the work at home.

And O! When they in God's presence stand
With you at that great day,
When every nation of every land
To judgment is called away,
Say, say, can you stand in God's presence then,
And remember that cry, "O come,
We are dying—we know no Saviour's name!"
Can you plead the excuse? will it not be in vain?
Will it weigh with God, though it did with men—
"There's enough to do at home!"

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

HAGEMAN'S HISTORY OF PRINCETON. p 280

The town was visited by a serious calamity on March 10, 1855, by the burning of Nassau Hall. The fire originated in the room of one of the students, while he was absent, at about nine o'clock in the evening. The weather was very cold, the wind high; the citizens, students and fire companies, exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability to suppress the flames, but all efforts were futile. The whole structure, save the old walls which had withstood the fire of 1802, was consumed. The old bell went down and was ruined. The spectacle of the fire was sad and sublime, and was seen for many miles distant on every side. The exclamation was general: Nassau Hall in flames! Nassau Hall in ruins!

The structure was rebuilt upon the old walls without delay, and made fire-proof and rather more ornamental. Gov. Price in a proclamation or message to the Legislature of New Jersey, recommended an appropriation by the State, to aid the college in rebuilding. but no aid was granted.

Madam President and Members of the Monmouth Presbyterial Society:

In 1861, the call came to a messenger of the Word to carry the gospel to those in a benighted land. In 1872, that same earnest spirit of service and sacrifice prompted her, who later, as the wife of that missionary, shared in his difficult and hazardeous pioneering up the Ogowe River in Equatorial West Afica; and there in their humble thatched hut in the midst of the entangled foliage of that tropical land; far from fellow toilers on the field; served only by a few faithful natives - whom they came to save - a mother heeded our Master's call, "Well done thou good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of the Lord", and In 1922, a daughter responds to your roll-call for one who has gone beyond.

As you to-day write her name on memory's monument, so out there in the land of her calling; on the hillside overlooking the waters of her last missionary journey, is her name chiselled on that white stone overwhich, many a time, a child's fingers traced the letters that spelled her name - all unconscious then of of their deep significance. Yet with full confidence in and knowledge of, that heritage in the two lives now reunited in their Eternal Home, may the future bring full credit, even tho it be but one talent for the Master hath use of all.

Thus it was indeed with mingled feelings of hesitancy and joy, that this wonderful opportunity to be with you today was acknowledged to your President, last spring.

May I thank you for this honor which you have so graciously extended to me, and assure you it will be a long remembered and cherished milestone throuout the days to come. I thank you.

Mary Foster Nassau

Visitors

1. Osuka
2. Celia
3. Nityuwokero
4. Tamm and wife
6. Tito

Friends at Salaam

1. Mrs Lewis
2. Keyo
3. Okuka (Atyuoktan)
4. Celia
5. Atyugonagona
(and his wife)
6. Nyanji

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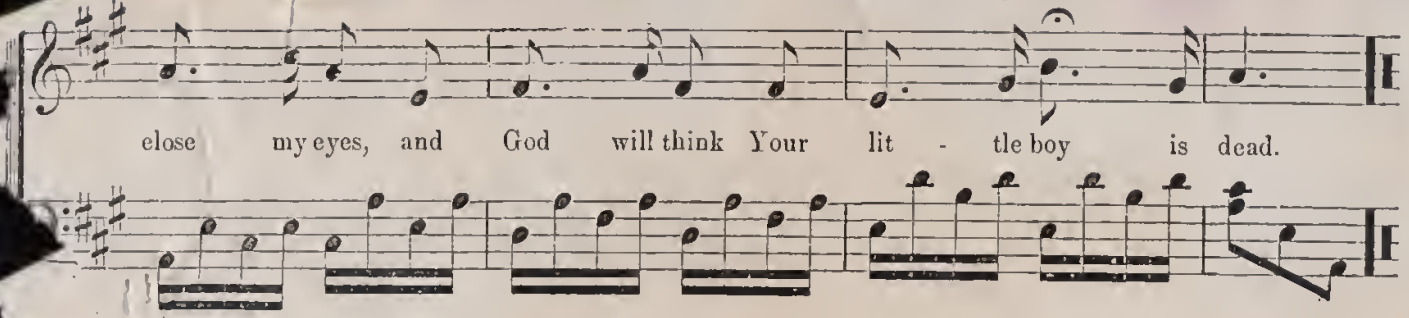


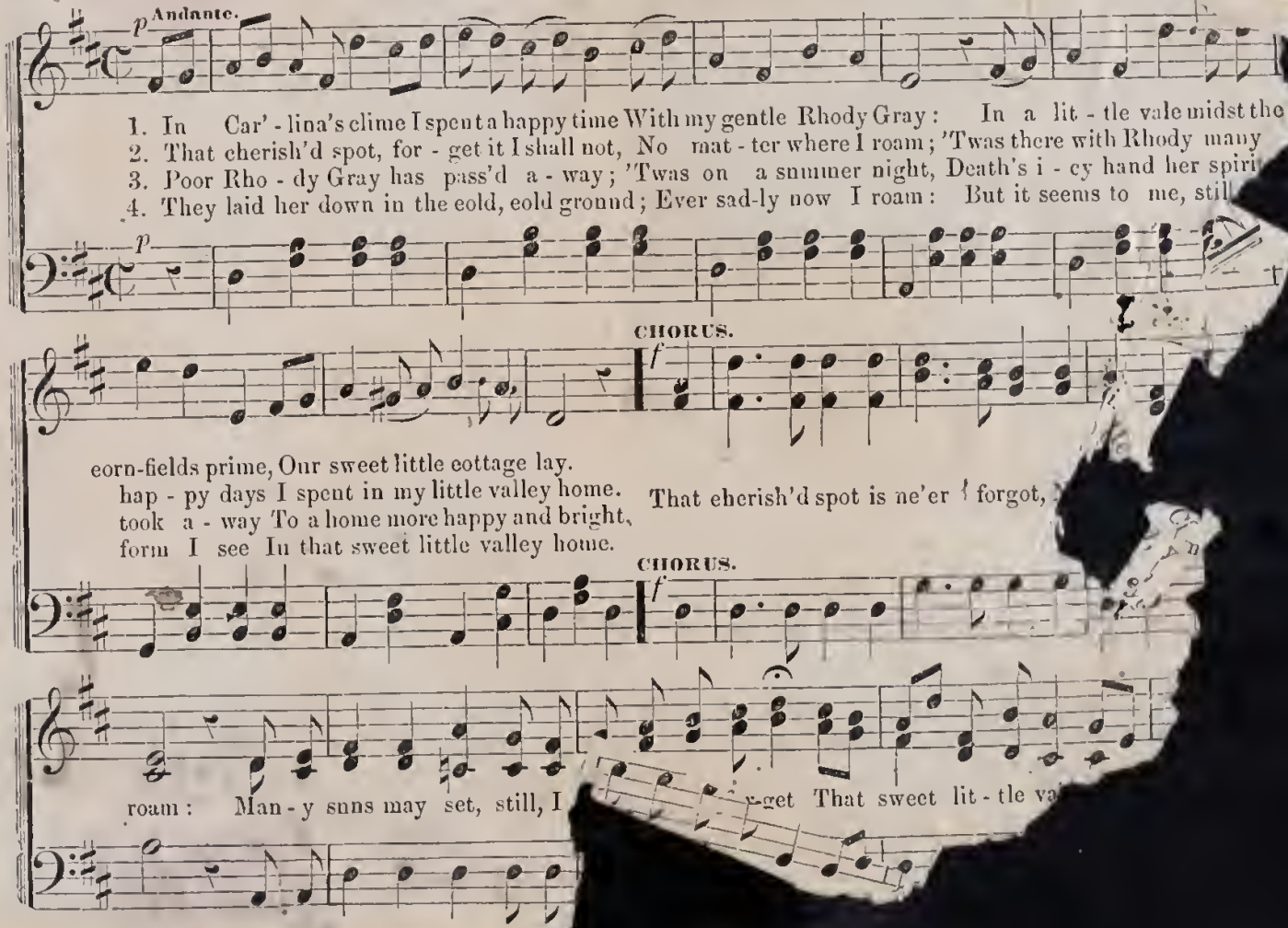
2. Then Christ will send an angel
take me up to Him;
l bear me slow and steadily
hrough the ether dim;
tly, gently lay me
e Saviour's side;
I'm sure that I'm in heaven,
s I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
Who stand around the throne,
ll I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one:
when I find her, mother,
away alone:
we've mourn'd for
's be

4. Oh, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again!
Though I know she'll not return to us;
To ask her would be vain.
So I'll put my arms around her,
And I'll look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

5. And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you:
He will hear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree
This sultry summer day

MY LITTLE VALLEY HOME.



Zealandia.

TWO OFFICIAL REPORTS TELL OF SEA VIOLATION

Declare Vessel Was Boarded Off Mexican Port Within Three-Mile Limit.

[Special by Leased Wire].

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The United States will demand an apology from Great Britain for the searching of the American steamer Zealandia by a British warship within the three-mile limit of Progreso harbor, Yucatan. It also will call for a disavowal of the act, with the promise that it will not happen again.

The action of this government will be based upon the report of Commander D E Dismukes of the battleship Kentucky and of John Germon, American consul at Progreso. They asserted in reports received at the state department today that the Zealandia was boarded within the neutral waters of Mexico.

Facts Give Clear Right.

State department officials declared this is the first case in which undisputed facts have given this government the clear right, and at the same time obligation to act definitely and decisively. It is thought that upon the publication of the facts Great Britain may voluntarily disavow the act. In this connection officials recalled today that Great Britain apologized to Chile some months ago for violation of the neutral waters of that country.

The reports of Commander Dismukes and Consul Germon were made at the direct orders of the state department. The British embassy here informed the state department that it had been advised by the commander of the warship that searched the Zealandia that the vessel was boarded outside of the three-mile zone of Progreso harbor. The captain of the Zealandia made an affidavit that the search took place well within the three-mile limit.

Called for Investigation.

This contradictory testimony caused Secretary Lansing to ask the navy department to send a warship to investigate and also to call upon Consul Germon to make a further inquiry. Their reports today cleared the matter up entirely as far as this government is concerned. It was stated that the United States is convinced that the search was within the three-mile limit, and was, therefore, illegal, as it violated the neutrality of Mexico.

The reports of Commander Dismukes and Consul Germon agreed that the search took place between two and two and one-third miles from shore. At the time the British crew boarded the Zealandia the ship's papers were in the possession of the American consul. The British commander reported the ship's papers missing, and it was hinted there was something irregular about it. State department officials said the report of Consul Germon that the papers were being recorded cleared up that point.

THREE MASKED ROBBERS RAID CLUB AT CORNING

CORNING, Nov. 22.—Three masked robbers today held up two waiters and a porter at the Corning Club and carried off the cash box. Charles Wellman, the porter, secured a revolver as the men were leaving and fired three shots at them.

Later in the day Walter and Mathew Jamison, brothers, 18 and 24 years old respectively, and Leo Cherry, 23 years old, were arrested at Elmira and charged with the robbery. Walter Jamison had a bullet in his jaw and Cherry was wounded in the back.

The cash box was found in their possession, the police said.

K. OF C. WILL HOLD DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT

At a meeting of the entertainment committee of the Schenectady Council, No. 201, Knights of Columbus, Sunday, a detailed report was made on the dance which will be held under its supervision in the Locomotive Club house in Van Vranken avenue tomorrow night. Judging from indications the affair will be an unprecedented success, a large number of neighboring Knights of Columbus having signified their intentions of

The Allies' blockade of Grecian ports in an effort to force King Constantine to state his position in the war, is causing excitement in Athens. Above is shown a great crowd before the King's palace in a war-time demonstration. At the top (left) is ex-Premier Venizelos, who still leads a big faction of the nation's politics. The other insert is Prince Nicholas, commander of Greece's army.

ALL DETAILS FOR BELL'S RECEPTION ARE DECIDED UPON

Public Must Follow Plans In Order to See Historic Relic Tomorrow Night.

The following outline of the plans for the reception of the Liberty Bell tomorrow night contains all of the details arranged by the committee in charge and if the general public will show a willingness to follow these plans and also to follow the directions given them on the ground tomorrow night there will be no reason why every man, woman and child in the city should not have a good view of the bell. Those in charge of the arrangements earnestly request that everyone follow the lines laid out for the line of march and actively cooperate with those who are handling the crowds.

The bell is scheduled to arrive here at 8:36 o'clock and it will leave at 9:01 o'clock. It will be placed on the third track from the freight house in the New York Central yards in Edison avenue. The first and fifth tracks will be occupied by box cars. One flat car will be placed on the first track, nearest the freight house, and the members of the G. A. R. will be stationed here. They will be housed in the freight office till the bell arrives and it is requested they be at the freight house by 8 o'clock. A band will be on a flat car opposite the G. A. R.

Will Form in Columns.

School children, who may be accompanied by parents or not, will form in the paved area between the freight house and the first track. They should come by way of Washington avenue and be in the yard by 8:20 o'clock. Adults will form in columns of eight in Weaver street and in Dock street, with the heads of the lines on Edison and Washington avenue, respectively. The Dock street column will move forward and join the Weaver street line at 8:20 o'clock.

Companies E and F, Second Infantry, N. G., N. Y., Spanish War Veterans, Boy Scouts and letter carriers will form at the armory at 7:45 o'clock and march to the freight yard by way of State and Dock streets. They will be under the command of Captain J. Scott Button, commanding Company F, as the senior captain of the national guard stationed here.

Will Give Concert.

The Salvation Army band will be stationed on the platform of the freight house at said place [illegible] through Washington street, the plaza and Edison avenue to South Center street. Passengers will be discharged at the Washington avenue bridge and no stops will be made between there and Van Guysling avenue, where the cars will pick up those who have passed the bell and who are ready to go home.

Band and Drum Corps.

The Second Battalion band and drum corps have been ordered out by Captain Button, and they will assist in furnishing music for the marching crowds. A school physician and nurse will be stationed at the freight house and another nurse and physician at the Dock street substation. The police patrol wagon will also be stationed nearby for emergency use.

The committee in charge asks that any and all directions and orders given by National Guardsmen, patrolmen, firemen, Spanish War eVterans, Boy Scouts and letter carriers, all of whom will be in uniform, be followed carefully and promptly.

The following brief outline of the history of the Liberty Bell is of interest at this time. The data was supplied by General Charles L. Davis, who secured it from Philadelphia, the home of the bell.

The bell was ordered by the superintendents of the Pennsylvania State House, Isaac Norris, Thomas Leach and Edward Warner, from the agent of the Province in London, Robert Charles, in 1751. It was required to weigh about 2,000 pounds and to be lettered with the following: "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the city of Phila., 1752. Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Cast and Recast.

It was cast by Thomas Lester, Whitechapel, London, and arrived on these shores in August of 1752. It was immediately hung in the steeple of the State House. In the early part of the following month, the bell cracked and it was recast by the firm of Pass and Stow of Philadelphia and rehung on April 17, 1753. The same metal was used in the recasting except for the addition of one and a half ounces of copper to the pound for the purpose of making the bell's metal less brittle. The same form and lettering was preserved with the substitution of the names, place and year of the recasting which it now bears.

Some dissatisfaction arose over the manner in which the bell had been recast, and it was again recast by Pass and Stow and rehung in the same year. The bell remained in the steeple until the steeple was taken down on July 16, 1781, when the bell was lowered into the tower. It remained there until 1846 when it was taken to the "Declaration Chamber" within the building. Here it was allowed to remain until 1876. Then

sk. He added.

"Seeing that the only member of the committee on claims and accounts is gracing the chair I was asked to present this."

"He got away with that one," the president commented. Bang!

Still later in the session, another alderman called upon the committee on accounts to explain why a certain claim had not been reported.

Committees Just Office Boys.

"The committees of this body have been office boys for heads of departments for the last two years," the alderman sarcastically remarked.

"Not the committee on lamps, Mr. President," Alderman S. S. Van Denburgh called out.

"The president pro tem. also takes exception," the presiding officer added.

But the best one was when a bond issue had been adopted authorizing $8,200 to clear up the last of the former administration debts. The vote had been completed.

Goes With Blessing.

"Carried," the president pro tem. called out. "May joy and peace go with it."

Alderman William Turnbull had succeeded in convincing the aldermen his inventory resolution, rejected at the preceding meeting, should be adopted. The vote was unanimous. The president did not pound the desk as before. In a voice, pitched in a high key, he called out: "Why, that's passed."

And so the joke-fest passed.

In moments of seriousness certain important legislation was rushed through.

The funds remaining from the last school bond issue, aggregating $1,500, were appropriated for alterations at the Union street school annex, at the old county court house, where an open air school is to be opened and alterations made to the heating system.

$24,000 Bond Issue.

A bond issue for $24,000 was authorized for play grounds and other public improvements. Of this

FOR LIBERTY BELL

(Continued from page one)

two bronze uprights. The whole stands on a movable platform. When it rang for the declaration it hung in a heavy wooden frame, which was ordered by the Assembly in 1753. This was taken down and placed in the tower below on July 16, 1781, where it still remains.

A Mediaeval Model.

The Liberty Bell was modeled after the one cast by order of Henry III., in the early part of the thirteenth century in memory of Edward, the Confessor, and hung in the Westminster clock tower. This bell was named St. Edward, but it became generally known as the "Great Tom of Westminister."

The ringers of the Liberty Bell were Edward Kelly, 1753-5; David Edward, 1755-8; Andrew McNair, who rang for independence, 1759-76 (September 15), and the last ringer, Thomas Downing, 1827-36. The bell has been removed from the Pennsylvania State House on six occasions previous to the present one. The first of these was in September of 1777, during the Revolution; to New Orleans, January 23, 1885; to Chicago, April 25, 1893; to Atlanta, October 24, 1895; to Charleston, 1902, and to Boston, 1903.

Declaratinn of Independence.

It was on June 7, 1776, that Richard Henry Lee offered a resolution to the Congress assembled at the State House in Philadelphia calling for the independence of the colonies. The resolution was seconded by John Adams, but so great was the individual responsibility at that time, neither name appears in the official record of the proceeding. The Congress determined to appoint a committee to draft a declaration embodying the independence scheme. This committee was chosen on June 11 as follows: Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston.

On ~~July~~ June 28, the draft of the declaration was submitted to the Congress.

The original resolution was adopted by the Congress on July 2, 1776. The debate on the declaration occupied all of July 3 and 4 and on the night of the latter it was adopted and the bell proclaimed the fact.

Bell Sounded July 8.

Between the hours of 11 and 12 in the forenoon of July 8, 1776, the big bell was sounded, calling a large crowd to the State House Square. John Nixon read the declaration with frequent interruptions caused by applause from the throng. When the reading was completed, the bell was again sounded. That night the King's Coat of Arms was taken down from the State House and burned in the Square.

Just 59 years from that day the big bell tolled its last. It was being rung for the funeral of Supreme Court Justice John Marshall when the seam opened in its iron side and it was silenced forever.

Aside from the announcement of the Declaration of Independence, the Liberty Bell has marked many other points in the early history of the United States.

On August 27, 1753, it announced the provincial assembly for its first meeting.

May 17, 1755, it was rung to announce that the Assembly had refused to "make laws by direction."

February 3, 1757, it rang when Benjamin Franklin was sent to England to solicit redress for grievances.

October 26, 1764, it again announced the dispatch of Franklin to England as a representative of the province.

September 9, 1765, it called the Assembly for the consideration of the proposition to form a Congress of the Colonies.

October 5, 1765, it called a meeting of protest against the landing of the "Royal Charlotte" with a cargo of stamps and as a consequence the stamps were transferred to a British man-of-war and returned to England.

October 31, 1765, its muffled toll announced the operation of the stamp act.

April 25, 1768, it summoned a mass meeting for the framing of a protest against the acts of parliament which closed the mills of Pennsylvania, provided for the fixing of the king's arrow to pine trees and cut off the trade of the colonies with the world.

July 30, 1768, the bell summoned a meeting of the people at which it was announced that Great Britain had reduced the people of the colonies to the level of slaves.

December 27, 1773, the bell summoned a protest meeting against the tea tax and as a consequence, the ship "Polly" laden with tea was sent back to England.

Closing the Port of Boston.

to protect it from the British invaders.

June 27, 1781, the bell returned to Philadelphia.

October 24, 1781, the bell rang out the news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

November 27, 1781, it welcomed the Commander-in-chief of the Colonial armies to the city.

April 16, 1783, the bell proclaimed the signing of the treaty of peace.

December 27, 1799, it announced the funeral of Washington.

September 27, 1824, the bell sounded a welcome to Lafayette.

July 4, 1826 it rang on the fifteenth anniversary of liberty.

July 24, 1826, it tolled for the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

February 22, 1822, the bell rang in observance of the centennary of Washington's birth.

July 21, 1834, it announced the death of Lafayette.

July 8, 1835, it sounded for the last

History of the Liberty Bell.

CTADY GAZETT

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SCHENECTADY, N. Y., TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1915.

U. S. TO DEMAND BRITISH APOLOGY FOR WARSHIP ACT

Will Also Call for Disavowal in

GREEKS AROUSED AS NATION FACES CRISIS.

...ng. Refreshments will be serv-...uring the intermission.

Grand Knight William M. Casey announced that Rev. J. J. Lynch, pastor of St. Columba's Church, has accepted the invitation of the council to speak at the Thursday night meeting of the organization. A good attendance is urged for this meeting. A special meeting will be held Monday night for the purpose of receiving applications, balloting for members and the conferring of the first degree. A class of 25 candidates will be given the degree.

BEET SEED FIRM FORMED.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Nov. 22.—The United States Beet Seed Company, representing all the sugar beet companies of the country, incorporated here today with a capital stock of $100,000. The formation of the company grows out of the failure to secure seed from Germany on account of the war.

LINER PHILADELPHIA SAILS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The American liner Philadelphia, which has laid up in this port the last five weeks being overhauled, sailed today for Liverpool with 775 passengers, 150 of whom were in the first cabin.

of patriotic airs from 8 o'clock until the bell arrives.

When the bell arrives the uniformed organizations mentioned will be drawn up along the track and will salute the bell. The national guard will present arms and three flourishes will be sounded by the field music, saluting the governor, who is to be aboard the train from Buffalo to Albany. As soon as this is done the national guard will proceed to the end of the line of cars on track 1 and will form a path through which the crowd will pass around the line of box cars and then divide, passing on either side of the bell and thence out into Edison avenue and South Center street. The Boy Scouts, Spanish War Veterans and letter carriers, assisted by a large detail of police, will marshal the crowds past the bell and out into the street again.

Crowd Must Move Fast

Owing to the short time available, it will be necessary to keep the crowd moving past the bell at a rapid rate and also to insist on those who have marched past going immediately out into Edison avenue and thence to South street, so as to leave the way clear for those who follow.

Trolley cars will be operated

in the hallway and remained there until the following year when it was suspended from the ceiling of the hallway by a chain containing thirteen links. The next year it was again returned to the Declaration Chamber and placed in a glass case. In 1896 it was taken in this glass to the hallway.

The bell is 12 feet in circumference around the lip and 7 feet, 6 inches from lip to crown. At its thickest point it is 3 inches through and 1 1-4 inches through at its thinnest point. The clapper is 3 feet 2 inches long and the whole weighs 2,080 pounds. The inscription reads as follows:

"Proclaim LIBERTY throughout all the LAND unto all the inhabitants thereof. Lev. XXV, V, X.

"By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House of Philada.

"PASS AND STOW

"PHILADA

"MDCCLIII."

When the bell is at its home in the old State House at Philadelphia it is suspended in a glass case from the old yoke on which it hung in the Revolution. It rests on each side of

(Continued on page two.)

June 1, 1774, it was muffled and tolled to announce the closing of the port of Boston.

June 18, 1774, it called a mass meeting to provide relief for Boston.

April 25, 1775, the bell's clamor called a crowd of 8,000 to the square to learn the news from Lexington.

July 8, 1776, the bell proclaimed the liberty of the United States.

July 4, 1777, it was rung on the first anniversary of liberty.

September, 1777, the bell was removed to Allentown and Bethlehem

time for the funeral of Chief John Marshall.

14th Nov. 1907.

The Rev. R. Hamill Nassau.

Dear Sir:

The Secretary of the African Society has sent me on your interesting letter of October 30, 1907.

I am glad to know that so considerable an authority on the Bantu languages as yourself is in agreement with me in protesting against the needless difficulties imported into the study of this fascinating speech family by the German philologists. It seems to me opposed to all common sense to do more than endeavour to indicate with approximate accuracy the vowel and consonantal

sounds of an unwritten language.

I am gradually preparing for the press a work which has occupied me something like twenty years---a Comparative Grammar of the Bantu languages. I have studied your work on the Benga, but I have never seen your Fang Vocabulary. Even my copy of the Benga I have only been able to borrow from the African Society, but now they want it back. I shall be only too pleased to purchase both books if you could tell me where they are sold. I do not know if you have published any other studies of other forms of speech. If you have any unpublished matter, and if you would entrust it to me for examination, I should esteem it a very great favour, and in return would send you my work on the

Bantu languages when it is published. If you have any grammatical notes that you do not wish to go to the expense of publishing, I am sure the African Society would willingly produce them for you in its Journal.

I entirely endorse all that you say about respect for the rights of the native, not only on moral grounds, but those of expediency. We shall some day have to pay very dearly for the wrong-doing in the Congo Free State and other parts of Africa where the rights of the Negroes have been trampled under foot.

Believe me,

Yours fraternally in the study of the Bantu,

H. W. Thurston