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THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF JAPAN'S SUCCESS ON MISSIONS IN ASIA

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Missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union to China, 1851-

A student of Asiatic affairs conversant with the sinuosities of their ways of looking at things will speak with hesitation as to the turn events may take as a result of the present struggle in the Far East, but "revolutions never go backward." Great providential movements once started may subside temporarily but not permanently. Like the waves of the sea, subsidence is immediately followed by a greater uplift beyond.

Does God ever use war in the furtherance of His purposes of grace? The query is an ancient one, and there is an ancient answer: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee. The remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." In His administrative department, God has many agencies for the government of the nations. Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling His word, flood and famine, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the battle bow, the jostling chariot with a rush of impetuous hosts, are all of them His servants. One who wants to study the part these providences take in bringing the rebellious to submission need only to glance through the book of Judges.

The War as a Formative Agency

The "war," in its comprehensive sense, includes three distinct and yet concatenated events—the Chino-Japanese War, the Boxer Outbreak, and the present Russo-Japanese War. These three have conspired to produce the tremendous cataclysm which has occurred in Northeastern Asia.

The Chino-Japanese War came on China like a thunderbolt. Never before had she been so awfully beaten. The wars with England were mere scratches in comparison. The indemnities paid to England and to the allies were like the petty fines imposed in a police court. Japan struck heavily. China was compelled to "bleed white" to the

AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY IN AFRICA

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF REV. W. H. SHEPPARD,
F.R.G.S.,* OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (SOUTH) IN
THE HEART OF THE KONGO COUNTRY

I was quite a small boy when, in the streets of Waynesboro, Va., a good lady called me into her house and said to me: "William, I have been praying for you." I was very much surprised to hear that. "Yes," she said, "I have been praying that you may grow up to be a good man, and that you may go some day to Africa to preach the Gospel of Christ." In the providence of the Master, some years after that, I went to Hampton, and in 1883, one Sabbath afternoon, Dr. Frissell said to me: "Sheppard, wouldn't you like to go with me to Slabtown? We have a little mission work out there that some of the students have started; we go out every Sunday and hold Sunday-school and prayer-meetings." He gave me a Bible and I went, and ever since that day I have felt the purpose of doing missionary work for Christ.



REV. W. H. SHEPPARD

In due time an opportunity opened for me to go to Africa as a missionary with Rev. Samuel Lapsley, son of Judge Lapsley, of Alabama. We sailed from New York in 1890, and in eleven days we reached Liverpool. From there we sailed to Africa, by way of Spain and Portugal, then down the West Coast past Liberia and Sierra Leone, and in twenty-five days entered the mouth of the Kongo, which is there ten miles broad. We sailed up the river one hundred miles and landed at Matadi, where we had to disembark, because there are thirty-two cataracts in the river in the two hundred and sixty miles between Matadi and Stanley Pool.

We had to wait at Matadi for the Kongo carriers to come down, to act as our guides and carriers. They are small, dark people, not strong; but there are stouter, taller, and lighter tribes farther up the river. There are forty thousand on the road between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The carriers go up and down, carrying up beads, cloth, brass wire, etc., and bringing out ivory, rubber, and camwood.

* Mr. Sheppard was a student at Hampton Institute, Virginia, before he went out to Africa in 1890. His experiences have a peculiar interest in that they show what a Christian negro from America can do in the way of the evangelization of Africa. The facts of this article are for the most part taken from addresses by Mr. Sheppard, published in *The Southern Workman*.—EDITORS.

Twenty-five came to meet us, and we hired them for our guides and carriers. We took down carefully each man's name, and put the number of his bales opposite his name.

We ask each, "*Kum-be-ku?*" (What is your name?) "*Mi-guya.*" Then we would write it down. We had to be so careful, because on the journey some of them would hear of the death of some friend, and they would have to go to his funeral, and the funeral would last six months. So we could go through the village and hunt up our man if we had his name. When a man is buried all the cloth he owns is wrapped around him—wrapped round and round till he looks like a bale of cloth himself; then a hole is dug, and he is rolled in and a mound is made over him, and then plates, cups, and saucers are set all round it for the use of the spirit. Every cup and saucer and plate has a hole made in the bottom. I asked what that was for, and was told to make them useless to living people, so that no one would carry them off.

At last we were all ready, and started on our journey. The first day we camped ten miles from Matadi by a stream. The whole country is full of streams and rivers. Above Stanley Pool there are fourteen thousand miles of navigable waterways. We would walk in the cool of the morning, from five o'clock to ten. In the middle of the day the mercury goes up to 108° in the shade; in the sun, above where the thermometer will register. We would stop in camp till four, then walk till six, and then pitch our tents for the night. We always slept under blankets. The change in temperature at night is tremendous; the mercury falls to 59° or 60°. It is the same all the year round—in the dry and wet season, winter and summer. We walked from ten to twenty miles a day, according to the condition of the road. From Matadi to Stanley Pool there is a road made by Stanley; above that we found only narrow paths. We crossed many market-places going up to M'zambi M'teku, where are brought for sale goats, peas, beans, potatoes, onions, squash, etc.

We passed through the village of M'Banza Manteké, where there has been a Baptist mission station for sixteen years. The mission church is of iron, and was shipped from Boston. A bell was given to the mission, and two boys ring it for two hours every day. There is daily service. The women walk in from the field with their hoes on their shoulders; they leave them at the door, for it is unlucky, they think, to take a hoe into a house; many other things they think unlucky. When the eye twitches, that is bad luck; when two go on a journey together, when they come to a tree they must walk on the same side of it. When we started on our journey one man found he had forgotten something, but, before he would go back, he made a cross in the road with his foot and spit in the middle of it, to destroy the bad luck of going back. A woman would go to service with two children tied on

her back, a pot of water balanced on her head, a basket in one hand and a large child held by the other; she could set down all but the youngest child; sometimes that would cry, but nothing would interrupt the service unless it was a dog fight. Then the congregation would rush out to see whose dog was getting whipped. Dogs howl in Africa, but never bark.

We went on to Lukenga, and thence journeyed to Stanley Pool, which is an expansion of the Kongo River, twenty-five miles long and thirteen wide. In it is an island filled with large game—leopards and elephants. Now we had entered the country of the Ba-teké tribe. Africa is divided between different races. In the north there is the Vardan race; in the Sudan, the Fulah; in Central Africa, the Bantu; and in the south, the Hottentot and Kafirs—683 tribes in all. The Ba-teké belong to the Bantu race.

Our first expedition was going up to Stanley Pool, where we were directed to establish. Our second was up to the Kongo, two hundred miles to Kassai and return—a hazardous expedition in which we were five times nearly captured by the savages. Our third was up to Luebo, on the Kassai River, one thousand miles from the coast. When we were set ashore at Luebo and the steamer pushed off and whistled good-by, we knew that for nine months we should not see any but native faces. Our next expedition was from Luebo to the Wessman Cataracts. Our next was to visit the Baketté and return to Luebo. Next, southeast, to the Zap-po-zap tribe—cannibals. You can trust them as far as you can see them—and the farther off you see them the better you can trust them. Next, from Luebo north into the Bakuba region, to visit King Lukenga, and return to Luebo.

The first thing the natives say to any foreigner is: “What do you want here?” So they once asked the captain of a steamer who started off on one of the narrow paths into the country to try to buy some fowls. He didn’t know the importance of the question and didn’t answer the man who asked it, and the native shot him through the head with an arrow.

When we went out among the Baketté, at Luebo, they asked us: “What do you want here?” We replied in the Kongo dialect that we had not come for any mean purpose: “We do not come to steal and eat your children, but to preach to you about God and His Son, Jesus Christ.” They said: “We will talk to you about it,” but they thought it was strange business. So we had a long *palaver* (a Portuguese word meaning a conference), and the result was they said we could stay, and agreed to sell us nine acres of land for a mission station.

Of course it took a long time for us to agree on the price; that is always the custom in Africa, as in Asia. They started by asking for ten pieces of cloth (there are seven or eight yards in a “piece”). We started low and went up, and they came down, till we met at one and

a half pieces, with which everybody was satisfied, and the chief took up a stick and broke it, as is the custom, to show that the bargain was made. He threw one end over his shoulder and told us to throw the other over our shoulder; so we did, and he let us know that we could not get our money back again or they the land. Till this is done no trade is regarded final; either party may come and give back his share and demand its price.* So also they make friendship: sometimes they do this by cutting each his arm and rubbing the two together, to mingle the blood; then they are friends formed by blood relation.

In the Baketté village we saw a neat house made of bamboo, with square thatched roof. We said: "We would like to buy that house. How much will you sell it for?" They said: "For 10,000 cowrie shells." We said: "We will give 1,000." And again they came down and we went up, till at last the stick was broken again. We bought two houses, had them taken down, and carried to our land. We paid some men a few matches to put them up. We laid out our nine acres in two cross streets, and gave them very nice names—one was Pennsylvania Avenue, the other was Boulevard de Paris. We bought goats, sheep, chickens, monkeys, and parrots for our stock, and put up fences and sheds. Then we built a large shed, and told the natives: "This is God's palaver house. When you hear the telephone, come to it and we will tell God's Word to you." I had bought a native telephone—two long iron bells welded together without any clapper. One of these a native will take, and beat out in long and short sounds—like a telegraph alphabet—any message he wants to send. So one village will call another to its help. When one village got on fire, it signaled to all the villages within hearing, "Come help us put out the fire." Once a native came in from the country to warn the village that five hundred M'choco warriors were on the way to murder us. Quéta seized the gong and sounded the alarm to the village, and in a few moments all were there. "Get your wives and children into the bushes!" Then he sounded with the gong the call to the villages around. "Wing-wing! wing-wing!" it sounded out. Ten thousand assembled; the M'choco did not dare approach.

When we began to learn the language we took our books and pencils, and, pointing to an object, would ask the natives the names. We would then write it down and the English equivalent. There was not a book in all the land. We doubt if they had ever seen a newspaper. The Baketté natives would spend hours looking through our English books and counting the pages. After some months we had thus collected subjects, prepositions, pronouns, verbs, etc.

When we entered the village the men, women, and children would

* Such a trade is not final in the Kongo State, as land must be bought from the government, and they now refuse to sell to missionaries.

crowd around; we would tell them to ("*sikima mu*") sit down. With a prayer in English, a hymn in English, which of course they did not understand, we would by a few native words and signs try to point them to the Lamb of God. Many times we have cried like a baby, because we could not see any ray of hope in the totally ignorant people and our slow progress in making ourselves intelligible to them.

One day, after an exceedingly earnest talk by Mr. Lapsley to a crowd of natives on God's loving care, and the coming of His Son to die for us, one woman, Malembo by name, was so deeply impressed that she rose and spoke out distinctly and earnestly: "If we had known God loved us so, we would have been singing to Him." She took her seat again quietly. The Holy Ghost had made an impression on the woman's heart, though as yet the plan of salvation was vague to her. The missionary of Jesus went to his tent with a heart overflowing with gratefulness for this one ray of light. At midnight I heard Mr. Lapsley saying these words: "We thank thee, heavenly Father, for the first evidence of thy blessing." Ten years later this woman became one of the leading Christians of Luebo.

By this time all of Mr. Lapsley's shoes had been eaten up by the white ants and worn out. He wore a pair of moccasins, made by his native boy from goatskin, and his best suit was his pajamas! But he was one of the happiest men in all the wide world. The people called him "*N'tomenjila*," meaning a pathfinder, and did he not find his way into this country, into these homes, into the language, and into these hearts?

We pointed out our God to the people. They showed us their gods—fetiches made of wood from trees which their hands had planted. They had not known a God of love. When Mr. Lapsley was preaching to them how God loved the world and sent His Son to die for all; how He gave them life and food; how He filled the river with fish and the land with food for them; one woman spoke out, and said: "Why, *N'tomenjila*, if the Baketté knew how, they would sing to your God." So their hearts were being opened. One night there was a knock at our door at midnight. We opened it. A woman stood there weeping. She said to Mr. Lapsley: "*N'tomenjila*, come, my child is dying; come, take it in your arms, and tell your God about my child."

The natives helped us to build two large and neat houses, one with two rooms and the other with three, using the third room as a chapel. Day by day we tried to preach, and lead the people to Christ. We also opened a little school, and taught the alphabet in reading and writing. We had no slates, paper, or pencils, so we smoothed off plots on the ground and used shark sticks in place of pens.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF HINDUISM*

BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

If we expect to meet adequately the perplexing problems of the East it is necessary to understand something of Oriental history. This is recognized by the sagacious statesman in the realm of politics, by the literary man in the realm of letters, and by the educator in the domain of the intellect. It is no less true as to the missionary in the department of religion.

Mr. Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India, has written a thoughtful book on "Missions from the Modern View," in which are two chapters of striking value on the "Historical Development of Hinduism" and on the "Comparison of Christianity and Hinduism." To those who would know what Hinduism is, and how it came to be what it is, this book will be found helpful. With brevity, accuracy, and utility this treatise seems to us to be marked, putting before the reader the pith of the whole matter.

This is no common book. To an unusual degree it is both attractive and instructive. The two concluding chapters give examples of how Dr. Hume deals with the Hindu inquirer, to show him the simplicity of Christianity and how he may become acquainted with God. These chapters do not contain all the fundamental truths of Christianity, but are rich in both information and suggestion. The volume as a whole shows the trained mind and painstaking hand, and the lectures embodied here must have held the attention of intelligent audiences, when delivered at Andover, Chicago, and Bangor.

The main bulk of the work is occupied with presenting "Missions from the Modern View," and this, which is its essence, we propose critically to consider in a second article. But, for the sake of many readers who may not see the book, a brief summary of the treatment of the historical aspects of Hinduism may not be out of place in these pages, and this we attempt, using largely the language of the author, lest, in condensing, violence may be done to his treatment of his theme.

* "Missions from the Modern View." By Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25. A critical review of this book will appear in our December issue.—EDITORS.

ernment, the *Ruler of British India*. "None but Christ," he says, "hath deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India; and Jesus shall have it."

From this brief survey, Mr. Hume deduces the obvious conclusion that the lower elements of human nature have a downward pull, perpetually antagonizing any upward drawing whereby God seeks to uplift humanity. Pantheism weakens both intellectual and moral powers, and tends to obliterate intellectual and moral distinctions. Polytheism and formalism deaden the spirit. Emotionalism and passion, without intellectual restraint, run into immorality. Even high ethical precepts, apart from consistent recognition of God, are powerless to conserve moral purity. The mere thinker or sage may forfeit influence by self-absorption, and the masses drift into superstitious formality and credulity, and become dupes of demagogues. All India's religious systems and high-minded reformers have been unable to bring the Hindu to a "sense of filial relation to God and of the brotherhood of men." The truly fraternal spirit, accepting self-sacrifice as the price of helping men to this sonship and brotherhood, has never been exhibited until it was manifested in the Christian missionary. The grand conclusion of all this careful, historic review is that *India needs Christ*, and that He is already powerfully affecting the religious thought of the Hindus. The supreme duty and privilege of Christians in all enlightened lands is to do all they can promptly, in the best way, to give India the true knowledge of Jesus Christ.

AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY IN AFRICA—II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF REV. W. H. SHEPPARD, F.R.G.S., OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (SOUTH) IN THE HEART OF THE KONGO COUNTRY

While we were living at Luebo we frequently saw quite a different class of people from the Baketti coming in to bring goods for trading. They were tall and stout—Mr. Lapsley used to call them giants. They had tapering fingers, firm noses, high insteps, and were dressed in longer loin-cloths than those at Luebo. They were Bakuba, from a country north of Baketté. Mr. Lapsley suggested an expedition into the Bakuba country, and conferred with the white traders on the other side of the river. They utterly discouraged the idea—said they had been trying it for nine years, and it was absolutely impossible. They said Lukenga, the king of the Bakuba, governed seven tribes, and he would not entertain or tolerate a stranger. Mr. Engirin, the chief trader—a Belgian official—told us terrible things of Lukenga, and said he and many other foreigners had tried by every inducement to get Lukenga's consent to have a look at his town, without success. Count Drucell and Prince de Croy, officers of the State, sent great

presents to Lukenga and his sons by the Bakuba tribes, and sent word that they were coming to visit him. Lukenga sent out word through all his kingdom: "The Bakuba who shows a stranger the road will be beheaded." The Baketté and Bakuba do not know the road, and if you have not a Bakuba guide you can not find the path.

Then the traders said: "There are so many—hundreds—of narrow paths, made by antelopes, elephants, buffaloes, and natives—which road will you take? Even if you should succeed in entering the kingdom, you will never return alive." In spite of all this we did not despair. We believed that "the king's heart was in the hands of the Lord, and He could turn it as the rivers of waters are turned." Mr. Lapsley was never discouraged. He said to me: "I'll go by the next steamer to Stanley Pool and make preparation." He went on to Boma to see the governor, while I went to work to pick up the language by entertaining the Bakuba traders. The people at Luebo dearly loved Mr. Lapsley, for he was to them a doctor and friend, a good missionary. So when I said to the people, "Let us make the village look nice for N'tomenjila when he returns," all gladly went to work, cleaned up the village, added new houses, and built a fresh house for him. But when we looked for his return I received a letter, saying that he had died of fever at Matodi. The people wept and wailed about the village as for one of their own children.

I went alone in the woods and communed with God. Then I called the people together and said: "I want to carry out N'tomenjila's plan to carry the knowledge of God to the Bakuba, and I want some of you to go with me." Twenty-five men stood out and said: "We will go with you." I said: "It is a dangerous expedition, as you know, as well as a difficult one. We may be all marching to our graves. Those whose hearts are still strong to go, stand there; the rest stand back." Nine stood out, and said they were willing to take all risks. The next day we gave each man his load, and we started. I knew the way through three villages, and I thought that if we went on the line of the market-places, following the traders from village to village, we could thus find the way.

The first day I passed through three Baketté villages without any palaver. The next day we passed through two more and attempted the third, but lost our way; next morning, by following a fisherman, we reached the next village.

Now comes the trouble, for we had left the Baketté villages and entered the country of the Bakuba. There was one great advantage, for in the five months of waiting for Mr. Lapsley, I had, by constant study, picked up a good deal from the Bakuba traders. When we reached the last of the three villages to which I knew the road, I went to the home of one of the chiefs of the village, and said to him: "I would like to get you to show me the path to the next market-place."

He said: "No, I can not do that. Lukenga has forbidden us to show these paths to foreigners. I dare not disobey him."

King Lukenga had made another law, that whoever should move a tusk of ivory off from a grave (where they are placed as a monument or tribute of respect) should be beheaded. It was reported to him that one had been stolen. He ordered search made for the robber. It was found that it was one of Lukenga's own sons who had stolen the tusk, and that he was gone into the country of the Benib'yamba. Lukenga sternly ordered: "Very well; get forty strong men, go and take him, and bring him before me." He was brought, and beheaded. That is Lukenga. I knew he was a dangerous man to oppose, but I



REV. W. H. SHEPPARD AND BAKUBA CHIEFS IN THE KONGO STATE

felt "The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Tho an host should encamp against me, in this will I be confident."

I slipped out of the village quietly, and stood in the road at a place where three paths met. By and by I saw a man starting out to the market-place. I stepped out and followed him without asking any questions, making a mark at the cross-paths, so that my men could come after me. When I reached the market-place the people of the village were at first afraid of me, but I would catch up some little child and play with it, and then they saw that I was friendly. Then I told them that I wanted to buy eggs.

The name of the first Bakuba village was Bena-Mafé. The chief came and shook hands with me, and soon had me and my people nicely housed, with two goats and ten chickens on hand to eat. We couldn't

dispose of all that food in one day, so I concluded to wait there for four or five days; but the food rolled in without abatement. My friends gave me two monkeys, three antelopes, and four dozen eggs—my men and I just picknicked for those days.

This was all very good; but when I wanted to leave, no one would give me the least hint of the road. I had an idea that my route lay northeast, and, naturally, on the line of the big markets. The day after happened to be their day to go to a market about ten miles away. I asked them if I might send one of my men with them to buy eggs and bring them back to me. "Oh, yes; that would be all right." They went, and so found the road to that market-place, and the following day we moved off. Day after day we moved along in this way, and for three months we did nothing but buy and eat eggs. At one village, when I made my usual request, the chief said I need not go away for eggs, they had plenty there, and his wife brought a large basketful. So I had to wait till we finished all the eggs they could bring us. Then I asked them again, and they let my man go with them to get more.

I came to one nice little village, but the people were having a burial service, and did not have time to entertain me, so I pressed on to the next village, which was called N'galicoco. The people here had abundance of leisure, and desired me to share it. There was no use talking; I had to stop. They were very kind, and gave me and my people chicken, fish, and plenty of sweet potatoes. I presented, in return, beads and cowries. During the night the town-crier called through the village that whoever should show me the road should be punished. By sunrise I was ready to move, but every man, woman, and child plead with me earnestly not to continue my journey. Quétor, chief of the village, actually cried like a baby. He said: "Perhaps Lukenga will do you no harm, but our existence is a matter of only a few days after you pass us." Had this been the *Ba Songo Mena* (People-of-the-filed-teeth) tribe, who have just eaten up (literally) three big expeditions of the Société Belge, they would not have plead, but only pressed on me with a spear. Two of my own principal men called me privately aside and said: "We may possibly escape the king's wrath, but these people can not." This touched me closely, for my heart is not made of stone; but my conscience continued to say (*just as distinctly as an audible voice*): "Go forward!" In view of this I gave orders to my men to move forward, and left my friend Quétor with his right hand over his lips and his left supporting it.

After a half hour wading through a swamp which at times took me up to my waist, and two hours across a beautiful plain, we came to I-Fong, the market-place. There we bought some eggs, chickens, corn, etc., and had a good dinner. We thought it not wise to leave that day, having only a half day before us, and no knowledge where

another village was. I entered the house of one of the villagers, and called for a hair cut and shave. I was promptly served, and paid my fifty cowries, took my Bible, and went off into the woods to ask spiritual guidance from my Master.

We stopped at this market-place two days and scraped acquaintance with many friends from neighboring villages, but none of them invited me to their village. So I just fell in with three old sisters who were starting for home, and my men behind me, and followed them into their village. Some of the people were frightened. I told them: "Do not be afraid, it is only I." But they seemed not to know who I was. The young chief, Fong N'joka, met me, and after three claps of the hands—for shaking hands—we sat down on a large mat. I opened up the discussion by saying how I had been successful in buying eggs in other villages, and hoped he would not object to furnishing me with a few dozen. His obliging wife, hearing this, was soon to the front with a basketful, about half of which my cook pronounced good, but the other half "filled with small boys."

For nearly a month I was detained in this village of M'boma. It was quite rainy, and no one would go with my man to the next market-place. But I was glad of the opportunity thus given me to tell these villagers something of the Gospel of Christ.

Every day we were trying to get a clue to the right road. At last it came, when three ivory traders passed through the village on their way back to Lukenga's capital. I said to one of my men: "N'goma, is your heart strong enough to go with these men and mark the road for us?" He said: "It is strong enough." So, with their permission, he went with them a day's journey, and, according to my instruction, he put a cross mark at all cross-roads, so, in about two hours after, I was on the trail. We passed through three villages of a good size, and found my man in the fourth town buying eggs. The traders had refused to allow him to go farther. One night the chief of the village came and besought me to go back where I came from. He said: "We'll give you meat and eggs, all you want, if you will only leave. If the king hears you are here, all our heads will come off."

I told them I would sleep over it, and go away the next day if they wished. We went outside the town, and slept in the jungle.

Meanwhile some one had reported to King Lukenga that a foreigner was in the country, and had got as far as Bishibing, on his way to the capital. The king called for his sons; called for his forty fighting men, who use bows six feet high, and can send an arrow through a buffalo; gave his spear and knife to his son, To-en-zaida, and said: "Go down to Bishibing, and bring back the chief, the foreigners, the villagers—all—and I will behead them."

The next morning, as I was reading a copy of the *Daily News*—a copy two years old—I heard a great noise out in the village. A herald

of Lukenga had come storming in and was proclaiming: "Hear the king's message! The king commands you all to come before him: the chief and the people and the stranger! Because you have entertained a foreigner, you are all to be beheaded!" The whole village was in intense excitement. Everybody was running and screaming. My own men were crying: "Can not you save us?" My boy ran to me screaming: "Oh, we are all going to be murdered!" It was too late to run away. I could not rescue my people by force, but I sent for the king's son, and asked him to hear what I had to say. I said: "I understand that these people are to be beheaded." He said: "Yes, that is what my father said." I said: "These people are not to blame. I have had no guide; no one showed me the way. Last night the chief begged me to go away, but I did not go. I am the only one that is guilty." He said: "You are a foreigner, yet you speak our language." "Yes." "But did you know all these paths many years ago?" "No." "This is the first time you have been here, and you had no guide, yet you are a foreigner?" "Yes, that is true." "Well that is very strange. I would like to speak to my father about this. In three days I will return and tell you what my father says. Till then your people may be free."

I was anxious those three days. If ever I prayed, I prayed most earnestly then: "Heavenly Father, take hold of the king's heart. The others have suffered at his hands, save Thou us." And at our nightly prayers my people would pray in the same strain.

A Long-lost Relative

On the third morning, To-en-zaida, the king's son, two of his sons-in-law, Bo-pé, Bope Quaitor, and seven lesser lights, all walked into the village, dressed in great style, came to my house, and there was general hand-shaking. I said to To-en-zaida: "Is it well, or is it not well, sigñor?" "It is well." And to prove it, drew from his belt Lukenga's knife, and said: "You need not try to hide it longer from us. You know our paths, and we know who you are. I said to my father: 'The stranger has no guides, our people try to turn him back. He knows our roads, he speaks our language.' My father called the wise men together, and said: 'Who is this stranger? He knows our roads without a guide, yet he is a foreigner. He speaks our language, yet he is a foreigner.' The wise men studied this mystery, and they told my father: 'This stranger is no stranger, but Bope Makabé, of your own family, who has returned to earth.' Then my father was glad, and said to me: 'Son, go and tell our people that Bope has returned to us.' The people are rejoicing. You need not try to hide it from us longer. You are Bope Mekabé, who reigned before my father, and who died. His spirit went to a foreign land; your mother gave birth to it, and you are that spirit."

I knew not what to do. Outside I heard the people beginning their rejoicing. But I said: "You are mistaken. I am not Bope Mekabé. My name is Sheppard, as I have told you before." "You can't fool me," he said; "we know you; you are Bope Mekabé." Well, as I couldn't fool him, I could say no more. My boy, Isusu, was almost standing on his head with delight. Everybody was shaking hands and rejoicing. Goats and sheep were killed to feed the visitors.

The same day we left M'boma, and in two days we were entering the town—I should rather say, the city, for I had seen nothing like it in Africa—I-fuka, Lukenga's capital. The streets were thronged, even out into the country, with people coming out to meet us with rejoicing. The people all wore clothes, even the children. They brought me to a house prepared for me. It had four rooms, cleanly swept, with fresh mats on the floor, a bedstead of carved wood, with a quilted covering, a sort of chair adorned with tusks of ivory, and a rack on which to hang my clothes. Hundreds of people crowded my yard, and for three days I did not go into the street, but the king sent me fowls, eggs, and provisions.

On the fourth day the king sent for me to meet him in the great square of the town. I was escorted by two of his sons—M'funfu and To-en-zaida. A throng of people and children followed us through the streets. We went through a broad avenue into the open square. There a half ring had been formed, fenced with blanket-cloth about a hundred yards. In the semicircle leopard skins had been spread, and on these skins sat Lukenga's seven hundred wives and his aged sister. In the middle of the square were five men with drums. They played and sang till, through the shouts of four thousand people (that is, most of the population of the town), the king was borne to the center. Everybody was standing, and formed a circle. As soon as the sixteen men lowered the king's hammock, everybody sat down. His son caught me by the arms and escorted me before his presence. His dress was of blue *savalase* (a kind of blanket-cloth), trimmed with cowries, beads, etc. He wore a crown worked with blue and white beads, with a white tassel in it. He had a small brass ring around his neck and legs. As he pleasantly greeted me, he pulled from his belt a knife, and saying that it had been handed down in the red halls of the Lukengas for seven generations, presented it to me.

He bade me go and speak to his sister. She looked about seventy-five years old and he about seventy. The ceremony closed, and I was escorted to my home, where Lukenga had sent five goats, fifty chickens, five pieces of fine cloth, and a parrot. All day there was music and dancing, and singing to native harps. The Bakuba are beautiful singers.

In the afternoon, after the grand review, Lukenga's son took me



WOMEN IN THE MISSION LAUNDRY, IBANJ

through the town. I-fuka is built on a table-land that reminded me of Lookout Mountain. The town is laid off in perfect blocks—like a checker-board. Each house has one or two high fences round it, nine or ten feet high, of bamboo poles set close, so that the fence is as solid as possible; even the smallest cracks are looked after. The blocks and streets are all named. The streets are broad and clean. You can see hundreds of little children playing leap-frog, hide the switch, rolling hoops made of withes, and playing with marbles made of clay.

On the principal street I saw a nicely made house with two big window openings and an extra large door; inside I could see a stool with a cup on it. I asked who lived there. My friends informed me that whenever there is a "stealing palaver," and they have no clear proof against the accused, he is brought to this house to drink poison and test his innocence. In our ramble we crossed a beautiful spot about an acre large. I thought to myself: "Just wait a few months and we will have God's chapel raised upon this spot." It is like a well-tended lawn. There is only one house on it, and that was built for the king to sit in at the annual dance.

About six o'clock in the evening there is such a stir of the people on their way to market! The hustle and bustle of men and women, the carrying of big and little baskets, the merriment, the double-quick time, and the long strides of the little children trying to "keep up with mamma," all make one feel that he has again entered a land of civilization. I counted six markets that afternoon, and the next day I counted eighteen—*i.e.*, six in the morning, six at noon, and six in

the evening. This was in September. The people tell me that there is a time in the year when there are many more, and another time when there are many less.

I was at I-fuka four months. As soon as possible I went to Lukenga, and did all I could to disabuse his mind of the idea that I was Bope Mekabé. I did not know what the result might be, but I conscientiously did my best to make him know the truth. But I could not change his mind on that point. The Bakuba all believe in the transmigration of the soul. I told him my object in seeking his country: to preach the Gospel, to tell him and his people about God, and what He has done for all men. He told me he believed in a Supreme Being, who sends thunder and cyclones. He had no idols. The Bakuba are not idolaters. I told him that I wanted to have missionaries come and preach the truth about God to him and his people. He said all right, and he gave me land—nine acres—and said they could put up two houses.

I-fuka has a population of five thousand, and the number is perhaps doubled every day by the people who come into the markets from the country and villages around. The town is divided off into squares. The squares are fenced round, as are the houses inside them, and one man is appointed to be responsible for the peace and proper condition of each square. No noise is permitted after about nine o'clock. They sing songs a great deal, but all stop then, and the village is as still as death. One night I did hear a noise—screams of a woman, drum beating; then all was still. In the morning I asked what had happened. I was told that Lukenga's law was that none of his wives



THE LAPSLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH, IBANJ, CENTRAL AFRICA

This church was built entirely by voluntary labor. It was recently destroyed in the insurrection against the Kongo State under King Lukenga. It is now being rebuilt.

must ever touch the hand of a man. One of them had shaken hands with a man in the market-place. She was put to death the same night, and the man was caught and would also be beheaded. They have also laws against stealing, with penalties of fines or severer punishment; also against gambling with cowrie shells. Sometimes a man's wife and children are confiscated for this and other crimes. There are laws against drunkenness. The king has many wives, but his subjects can have but one. Betrayal of chastity is punishable by beheading.

The Bakuba have numerous industries. They till the ground with hoes, and raise corn and various vegetables, and make a very good sort of corn bread. They make their own hoes, also iron axes, spears, etc. They get iron and copper near the surface of the ground, melt it, and beat it out. They make also several kinds of cloth, from grass and palm fiber, which they weave in a hand-loom, then beat it till it is soft and pliable. The beating makes holes in it, and these they patch, sewing in the pieces very neatly. The native dress is just one long piece of cloth, draped so as to cover the most of the body, yet leave the limbs free for action.

The houses have two or three rooms generally, with well-beaten earth floors. The people keep themselves and their houses clean. One of them made me feel ashamed by asking me if I had not a good knife, so that I could keep my nails cleaner.

At a certain time of the year two or three hundred men, some taking their families, go far away to another tribe, and spend five or six months buying ivory. The Bakuba are merchants, buying and selling ivory, rubber, and camwood. They do not trade in slaves. You can buy in the markets pigs, antelope meat, chickens, fish, fresh corn and dried corn, peas, peanuts, beans, greens, palm oil (for cooking or burning), honey, sugar-cane, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, salt and pepper, bananas, plantains, cloth, caps, pipes, mats, etc.

All this is the bright side. There is also a very dark side. The Bakuba are very superstitious, like other native tribes. They believe in witchcraft. A child died suddenly in the town. The wise men said: "It is bewitched." So they rushed through the streets crying out: "Where is the witch? Where is the witch?" They saw an old woman sitting alone in a house. Some cried out: "There is the witch!" They seized her and said: "Why did you kill that child?" "I did not kill any child, I did not know it was sick." "Will you drink the poison to prove your innocence?" "Yes." It was her only chance. They dragged her to the poison-house, gave her the poison; she drank it, and in a little while was seized with pain, but could not throw off the poison, and died in agony.

When a master dies his slaves must go with him to the other world. I said to a man one day: "Conachila, where have you been?" He said: "My father died, and I have been to buy slaves to send

to him." A woman was helping my people one day to make a wall. The next day I saw her taken away to die for her mistress. I tried to save her, but could not. I was shown the grave of Lukenga's mother in a grove of palms. It was planted with tusks of ivory, and surrounded by a great many other graves of the slaves who were sent with her. The people loved her, and all the villages around contributed slaves. There are a thousand in all.

A man stole some cloth hanging at my door. He was seen to do it, and as he refused to give it up, I reported him to Lukenga, thinking to have him fined, and thus put a stop to such things. Lukenga sent for him, and I was horrified to hear the king say: "You have stolen from Bope—that is stealing from me. You must die." "Oh, no," I said, "I do not want him killed for taking a piece of cloth." "Yes, if he stole from you, he stole from me; he shall be beheaded." I told him I would not stay in I-fuka, but he would not relent. I went to the king's son M'funfu, and said: "Go with me to your father." He accompanied me, and, after long talking, Lukenga said to the man: "Well, you may go this time."

While I was in I-fuka a cyclone passed over the town, blew down some houses, carried away trees and people in its path. Men went out and blew horns and beat drums to frighten away the evil spirit. My boy, Isusu, and I went out of the house and held on to a tree. When it had passed we went back and slept. Next morning, as the people passed, one and another said: "We had a terrible storm last night." "Yes," I said, "I could not sleep. I was afraid the house would blow down." "What! you afraid! I thought you could make storms."



MR. AND MRS. SHEPPARD AND CHILD

MR. AND MRS. PHIPPS

"Oh, no; I can not make storms." "Do you think perhaps some other village is angry with us, and sent a storm on us?" "Oh, no," I said. In the course of the day, who should appear at my door but the king's son, To-en-zaida, with a band of his strong men. "The king calls for you," he said. "Very well," I said. I fixed myself up with care in my best clothes, cleaned my shoes and my nails, and went with him. "What does the king want?" I asked. "I don't know; my father never tells the reason of his orders," he said. As we went past the king's son, M'funfu's house, I called out to him: "A bad storm last night. Do you think it was sent by some other village?" "No, no," he said, "such storms will come." "Did you ever have any storms like this before I came?" "Oh, yes; this is the time of year for storms." "Your father has sent for me," I said; "won't you go with me?" He came.

We reached the king's house, and knocked at the door. An official put back the curtain and said: "The king allows you to enter." We entered and found the king seated in the court. As I came before his presence I bowed respectfully, and waited to hear what he wished of me. He said to me: "My people are very much frightened about the storm last night; they say they saw your boy washing your clothes down in the creek yesterday, and so he stirred up the water and caused the storm." I said: "It is true that my boy washed my clothes in the creek, but I don't think that caused the storm. Here is your son; if you will allow him, he has a word to say about it." M'funfu testified that they had had such storms before I ever came into the country, especially at that time of the year. Lukenga listened, and said, gravely: "Then my people made a mistake, and it is all right." "And may I continue to wash my clothes in the creek?" "Yes, that is all right; it was a mistake." I was much relieved, as you may imagine, for I did not know but that he would take this head off—and it is the only one I have.

Soon after this I went to the king and told him I had to go home. "Oh, no," he said, "you must stay with us." After a few days I went to him again. He said: "We love you, we want you to live with us always." But again I went, and he told me: "You may go and remain a year, if you will leave two of your people with me, and if you will then return." I made the promise, and left with him M'puya and N'goma. We returned safely to Luebo by a new road.

Think of the Bakuba, the greatest of all the tribes on the Kongo, and not one missionary in all that vast, densely populated region! Never before had they ever heard of Christ. Oh, for the time when this people will call the Lord their God! The appeal comes to you. Will you lend a helping hand to carry the light of the Gospel to Africa?

(To be concluded)