

# THE ASSEMBLY HERALD

VOL. XV

MARCH, 1909

No. 3

“A Veteran’s Vision—Past and Future”

“Means and Methods—By a Specialist”

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From Old Baraka

“Remembered by What They Have Done”

Medical Work at Benito

The Opportunity for the Medical Missionary

The African’s Idea of Medicine

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The Exposed Nerve of Candidate Decline

The College President and His Pampered  
Student

A Significant Message from President Wood-  
row Wilson

ANDOVER THEOL. SEMINARY

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# THE ASSEMBLY HERALD

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A. W. HALSEY, D. D., JOHN DIXON, D. D., WILLIAM H. SCOTT, Committee.

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## AFRICA

FOREIGN TOPIC FOR THE MONTH

The work of the Presbyterian Church on the west coast of Africa is in French Congo, Spanish Guinea and the German Kameruns. The six principal stations of Baraka, Benito, Batanga, Efulen, Elat and Lolodorf are occupied by a force of 39 missionaries who are aided in their work by the native Christians themselves who delight in spreading the glad tidings of a Saviour who has died for them, and who loves all. The native school-

boy who has learned to love and serve is not behind the older Christians and carries the glad news to his native village.

Church attendance and membership is on the increase in this field, as for example—Sunday service at Elat—1611 in attendance; Lolodorf, communion Sunday, 1000 present. In the six churches connected with Benito Station, 200 added to the church roll during the year.

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### From Old Baraka Occupied as a Station 1842, in French Territory By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

There was never, I think, such a place as this for ghosts. My first term was passed in the Kamerun interior, at Lolodorf, where there were no predecessors, and no ghosts, excepting always the ghosts of the queer things we were when first we came. But here, such a procession of predecessors—sixty or seventy years of them.

In the room where I write how many missionaries have written! I see them in the night hours of those years long gone, scribbling to catch the rare mail that would go by sailing ship then and in such heart-breaking slow fashion. I see them in the lanes and streets of this great straggling village of Gaboon; and most I see them when I sit under the eaves of the houses listening to the careful English of the old Christian women. Old Tzure, of Corisco, so sadly and so foolishly in debt, sitting under strange roofs and eating the bread of dependence,

speaks of them. There are no archives at our stations and no documents, but there is word of mouth and long, loving memory, and the extraordinary racial gift of imitation that conserves the past. In the draughty rooms of the old houses where opposing gray mirrors reflect the order of chairs set against the wall, and a centre table winking with clean glasses, there is a palpable presence of the past. Old black women speak with a formal courtesy strange to the ears of a missionary from the forest—strange, indeed, to a modern American. Something gentle and stately in the manner that greets the newcomer thrills her with a faint sweet echo of gracious ladies who passed this way long ago and cast a thousand imperishable reflections. She listens to dear memories of the goodness of those who walked here in the middle of the last century. She meets the youth of some whom she herself has known in their lovely old age, for not all

# BOARD FOR FREEDMEN

EDWARD P. COWAN, D.D., SECRETARY.

## Telling the Good Tidings

By Rev. S. J. Fisher, D.D.

"And they said one to another, We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us; now therefore come, that we may go and tell the King's household." II Kings 7:9.

These lepers had made a wonderful discovery. Near the gate of this besieged city of Samaria they had sat until hunger drove them to desperation. It was useless to crowd into the famine-stricken city, so they turned to the camp of the Syrians, nerved by suffering, willing to die if they were driven away. Then in the dim twilight they found a deserted camp. The soldiers, captains-general, all had vanished. The tents were empty. Food was everywhere, and the silver and gold vessels of the proud leaders, the splendid raiment, the wonderful luxury and wealth of these besiegers were lying neglected and forgotten in their terror and flight.

These men satisfied their hunger, gathered the rich spoils and hid it, and then other thoughts came to them. Dormant kindness awoke and unselfishness asserted itself. Were they doing right to keep silent? Yonder was the city of Samaria bitterly distressed, horribly tortured with famine. Despair was in every heart. Was it right, was it kind to let that city have another moment of agony? Even those miserable lepers answered: "We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings and we hold our peace." These thoughts sent them in the darkness into the city, and amazing and incredible were the tidings they brought. The people at last were convinced, and peace and plenty and gladness returned to them.

As we look at the colored race in this country in its mass, we may realize it is in want and great distress. It is a-hungered for a better life. It is cursed with ignorance, superstition and ungodliness. It is in a famine of better things. But the spirit of Paul ought to be in every Christian heart, in every one who

has the knowledge of the Gospel, and the true life and civilization—the spirit which says, "I am better to these degraded and ignorant people."

With a greater earnestness and energy than these poor lepers could feel, we ought to say, "We do not well, this day is a day of good tidings and we hold our peace."

In our condition of plenty should we not think of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who are perishing for lack of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We need not say, "Some mischief will come upon us if we tarry and are neglectful," though the greatest condemnation our Saviour made was upon those who did not visit or aid him—doing it not unto one of the least of these his brethren. But we have enjoyed this new and higher life. We have this great comfort and security against temptation and doubt. What homes it has made for us! What joys it has created! What comforts it has bestowed! What privileges it has pressed upon all of us! It certainly is a day of glad tidings, and we have all this knowledge, and still there are multitudes who sit in darkness, thousands of boys and girls growing up to a wretched, vicious and unblessed manhood and womanhood; thousands of men and women who have not the bread of life.

Let us not be blind to the fact that though these people are here in Christian America many of them are sadly lacking in knowledge, and are ignorant of the true and blessed Gospel, which we enjoy.

"O, God our King, we do not well,  
We do not yet, 'Thy household tell,'  
Sin's leprosy we feel and own,  
Yet must we make Thy tidings known.

"Lord, 'if we tarry still' at home,  
Thy punishment will rightly come:  
We ask—entreatingly we ask—  
Thrust forth Thy servants to their task."