

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

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PART I.

THE SCHOOL; ITS LOCATION, AND ITS TEACHERS.

ONLY a few miles north of the Equator, on the South-West Coast of Africa, a river emerges into the South Atlantic Ocean. It is not a long stream; not more than one hundred and fifty miles in length. But it has many affluents; some that join it in the Sierra del Crystal range of mountains, where itself finds its source, and others that join it lower down on both its banks, as it flows westward and finally northward into the sea.

It is not a wide stream, until, as it comes in sight of the sea thirty miles distant, it suddenly flings itself out on either side, like a man throwing open his cloak, making a Bay or Estuary, spreading until at its mouth it is twelve miles in width.

Its native is Ma-kwě-ngě. But the early Portuguese traders, as they entered its broad mouth, imagined its "cloak"-like expanse, and called it "Gabon." English people pronounced the word, "Gaboön." That was the name by which it was known, for a hundred years, to foreigners, the river itself, the tribe which dwelt on its banks, and the region of country for fifty miles each side of it. When, sixty years ago, traders spoke of going to "Gaboön," they meant anywhere within fifty miles of that river. The French word for a man of the tribe is "Gabonais" (female Gabonaise). But the tribe called

itself "Mpo-ngwe." Ordinary sea-captains could not pronounce that word; they miscalled it "Pongo." Also, they called the entire region the Pongo country, for a hundred and fifty miles northward. A legend of the Bube tribe, inhabiting Fernando-Po island, states that they were driven to that island for refuge by their enemies, the Mpongwe, who had formerly extended that far north, long before the tribes called "Benga," "Kombe," "Banâkâ" and others had emerged from the interior on to the Coast, at points respectively forty, ninety and a hundred and sixty miles north of Makwëngë river.

This river, like all rivers emerging on the south-west coast of Africa, empties itself northward. In whatever direction they come from the interior, on approaching the coast, they turn northward, not entering the sea at a right angle to the land, but at quite an obtuse angle on their right bank. The cause of this is the constant north-flowing ocean-current, which, as it meets the water of the rivers, (all of which bear quantities of sand and mud), makes a quiet eddy on the west or left bank, in which the sand is deposited. This deposit grows, year by year, causing shallow shoals, and finally a long Point of land. The force of the rivers' current is thus thrown toward the right bank. So, on these streams, the land on the east or right bank, has its earth torn away and bare rocks stand out; while, on the west or left bank, the long low sandy Point grows yearly longer. Vessels, in coming from the south, therefore, can not see the river's mouth, until they have really passed it; then they turn, and, looking down into the mouth, sail southward into it.

The rocky Point on the Gaboon river's right bank is

called by English people Point Clara; by the French, Joinville. The low Point on the left bank is called by English, "Sandy Point." Natives called it "Ompomowa-igara" (Point-of-the-outside), because, a traveler who is coming down river, and who wishes to turn southward, comes apparently to several points, each of which at first seems to mark the ocean, before he finally reaches the "outside" or farthest one. Most foreigners who cannot speak Mpongwe, when they heard those words "'mpom' igara" pronounced rapidly, thought they sounded like one word "Pongara." That is the name they marked on their charts.

The distance between the two Capes or Points, on the river-mouth, is as much as twelve miles. The Bay, on soundings, is entirely free from rocks; and the channel is so well marked by two or three buoys, which indicate the only sand-bars, that no pilot is needed; the depth of water is enough for vessels of any draft; and the harbor is large enough for any number of vessels to anchor on good sand or mud bottom. Being land-locked, even the frequent, sudden and severe storms of a tropical country do not raise heavy waves in the Bay. There is never any uncomfortable surf, through which to land.

On the western side of the Bay, the land is low. A sandy prairie comes down to Pongara Point. The prairie itself is dotted, in its many slight depressions, by "islands" of trees, and by small ponds; in which are caught, during the long Cold Dry Season (June-September) when the ponds are low, a great quantity of fish, some kinds of which are known to crawl, at spawning times, over the stretch of prairie-land lying between

river and pond. During the two Rainy Seasons (October-December, and March-May) when the grass has sprung up young and tender, after it has been burned over, in the two Dry Seasons, viz. the short Hot Dry (January and February), and the long Cold Dry, the prairie affords fine hunting of wild oxen, wild hogs, gazelles, antelopes, and even elephants.

Farther up stream, still on that western side, the land slowly rises, covered by a heavy forest, and is very much intersected by inland water-ways lined with mangrove swamps. On the edges of this forest are many villages, formerly of the Shekyani, but now of the Mpongwe tribe; and large plantations with hamlets of their slaves who cultivate their farms; raising, for their own consumption and for sale to the white residents at the Trading-Houses on the other side of the river, quantities of plantains, yams, and other vegetables. There also are the best fishing-grounds of the river; whence daily, fresh fish are carried to the market across the Bay.

That western side is called "King William's side," from the English name of a deservedly honored native King Râpântyâmbâ. The French called him "Roi Denis." He had a town of hundreds of retainers, at a place on the prairie called "St. Thomè" (from the Portuguese island of St. Thomas, distant at sea about two hundred miles). Though a heathen, and entirely uneducated, he was a man of great intelligence, and of naturally noble character. His son Adande, who inherited his name Râpântyâmbâ and title Roi Denis, is a well-educated and civilized gentleman, speaking English and French; is a nominal Romanist, adhering to the native customs connected with Polygamy, and practicing some of the divinations of Fetishism.

After a course of fifteen miles up the Bay, steamers come to anchor a mile from the shore of the town of Libreville. There had been a town there, certainly for the last two hundred years, known as "Gaboon." But, when the French seized that region in 1843, they called it "Libreville," intending that, like the city of Freetown in Sierra Leone, it should be a port of deposit for recaptured slaves. The town looks beautifully from the deck of an anchored vessel. The Bay curves eastward, making a bight, of a chord of some three miles across. The town is built on the curve of the arc. A well-macadamized road, called the Boulevard, wide enough for two vehicles to pass (were there any vehicles) runs for four miles on that arc. At long intervals, there are a few cross streets. No attempt is made at grading or paving them. Barely are they kept clean of grass and weeds, by spasmodic efforts, every few months to keep down the rampant vegetation. Some of these streets are shaded by avenues of coco-palms with their gracefully waving, feathery fronds, or by densely foliated mangoe trees; from whose over-ripe fruit the Roman Catholic missionaries have made a brandy; which, however, has not obtained wide acceptance, due to the peculiar turpentine-like taste of the mangoe.

On the long Boulevard are built the scattered houses of the town. At the upper end, called by the natives, Lamba, and by the foreigners, Glass (after the English name of a former old King "Glass") the native dwellings are the densest. And there, formerly, were congregated on the beach almost all the foreign Trading-Houses, two English, two German, and one American.

Thence, a mile farther down, were a few more Trading-

Houses, including only one French, and the small French Government Building, on an elevated area called the Plateau.

And, two miles beyond is the native village Añwondo. At the Lamba end of Libreville, a few hundred yards back from the beach, runs with a gentle ascent a ridge, which follows, at that distance, most of the curve of the Boulevard. At the extreme Lamba end, the ridge rises gradually to a small hill, on which, in the old days of the Slave Trade, was an enclosure for slaves, called in Portuguese, a barracoon. Natives, in trying to pronounce this word, called it "Ba-ra-ka." It was a depot for slaves gathered, from time to time, from various interior tribes, and detained in the enclosure on that Hill awaiting the coming of some slave-ship.

Domestic slavery had been practiced, from time immemorial, by all the tribes of the entire African continent, as a punishment for crime. Criminals, even those condemned to death, had, sometimes, their sentences commuted to sale into slavery. Vicious and otherwise troublesome members of the family were sometimes thus disposed of. Persons charged with the universal crime of Witchcraft, if not promptly killed, were sure thus to be sold away. Pitiably, useless persons,—the idiotic and the deformed,—were thus gotten rid of. None of all these were retained in slavery in their own tribe. They might have had even there some sympathisers, and therefore would have become refractory. The sale was always made to the tribe next adjacent sea-ward. If there they were found useful and docile, they were well-treated. If refractory, they were sold away again to the next nearer seashore

tribe. This process went on, so that those who finally reached the sea-coast were the very worst specimens. It was from them that the first cargoes were made up for Brazil and the West Indies. Subsequently, as the market was stimulated, and the demands by white men grew for a larger supply, the cupidity of the native "Kings" was aroused, and the strong tribes raided the weaker ones, seizing prisoners of men, women and children to fill the slave-market.

Pawning of their children for debt was early known to the poorer members of the tribes. Debts grew, and the pawns were rarely redeemed; they were sold away.

Frequently children were kidnaped. Salt, in the old days, before white traders imported it, was as valuable as gold. Except for the salt-"pans" and springs of the far interior, the only source of obtaining it was by evaporating the sea-water. This was the monopoly of the coast-tribes. Their emissaries, carrying little packets of salt, would intentionally drop them temptingly at points along interior paths of travel or near springs, and then hide themselves in ambush. Some child coming to the spring, would snatch up the treasure: and then would be seized by the tempters, and carried away, on a charge of theft.

When in June, 1842, Rev. J. L. Wilson transferred a Mission of the A. B. C. F. M. from Cape Palmas, Liberia, to the Gaboon River, he bought from the native "Kings" or Chiefs that Baraka Hill. One of those chiefs was named Ntākā. Being an unusually intelligent and truthful man, the white men had called him "the true man." He adopted those words as his surname, "Truman." His descendants have retained it.

One of them became a minister in the Mission, Rev. Ntâkâ Truman. Old King Ntâkâ always wore a high silk or beaver hat, such as the Traders brought from Liverpool damaged auction sales, with the cast-off liveries of the servants of English nobility. These were given as presents to the native men of prominence, being regarded by them as signs of dignity of the greatest value. Indeed, from Ntâkâ's constant use of those old high hats the white traders called them "Epokolo ya Toko" (the Tâkâ hat). But those white men were not philologists. They constantly got native names mispronounced; and their mis-spelling is continued by long use even to-day, by men who now know better. Those Traders miscalled him "Toko." One of them put up a grave-stone for him in the Baraka Cemetery, on which the mis-spelling is perpetuated.

So also, two affluents of the Gaboon River are misspelled. The Rëmbwe is mis-called "Ramway;" and the Nkâmâ is mis-called "Komo" or Como.

The buildings of the Mission occupy the site of that slave barracoon. There grows there now a large, handsome bread-fruit tree, planted by Mr. Wilson on the very spot where was standing a native forest tree used as a whipping-post for cases of any slaves who became refractory while they were in confinement awaiting their exportation.

The view from that Baraka hill-top is the finest in Libreville. Look up the river to several large islands ten or fifteen miles distant. One of them is Parrot island, a home of hundreds of the grey red-tailed African parrot; another is King's island. The long-ago old Dutch Trading Company named it on their chart

“Koenig.” They had a fort there. And still to-day, a few old rusty cannon are there.

Looking across the estuary, at different lines of vision, twenty, fifteen, and ten miles distant, a mangrove swamp shows how, in the centuries, that side of the river has been built up by the mud brought down the stream. The tide runs up for about seventy miles, and comes back with a strong current. Out over the bar, to the west and north, is a magnificent sea-view. Steamers are visible long before they actually arrive at anchor.

Most of the native forest trees have been cleared away in the proximity of the beach. But their place is occupied by a jungle of flowering shrubs and vines, on the edges of patches of elevated open land; behind which, a half-mile from the sea, is the solid edge of the great African Forest that covers a parallelogram of eight hundred miles interior by three hundred miles of the coast of the African Equatorial belt. In it are elephants, wild-oxen, wild hogs, leopards, a number of species of antelopes and gazelles, a great variety of chimpanzees, monkeys, and birds, and smaller animals. In the jungle are snakes, and those horrible caricatures of human beings, the gorillas. And, in the rivers, are the huge hippopotamus, crocodiles of the gavia species, the delicious manatus or dugong, and a variety of fish. The early Portuguese Roman Catholic, and later the English Protestant, missionaries brought foreign seeds and plants. So, besides its own indigenous tropical fruits, the entire region is well supplied with other fruits, introduced from Brazil and the West Indies.

France had very little interest in her possessions in the Gaboon region, for a long while after her seizure of that

country in 1843. The dominant influence in Trade and Religion was English. But, when Count P. S. De-Brazza, about 1874, revealed the value of the Ogowe river as an avenue to the Kongo interior, France asserted herself, successively, by an active government of the natives, by the fostering of a Roman Catholic Mission, by the granting of special favor to French Trading-houses, by the prohibition of the use of the English language (and finally the requisition of the French language) in School and public documents. The American Trading-house was abandoned; some of the English and German traders withdrew; French firms were largely increased; the machinery of Government was made more prominent in the number and size of Official Buildings, the increase of Officers, and the red-tape of Regulations. Government-House, Hospital, Post-office, Custom-house, Treasury, Telegraph, Repair-shops, Cathedral, etc., were all centered around their original single building on the old Plateau area. The French Trading-houses gathered there. And, at the present time, that spot is the real Libreville. "Glass" is very much reduced in its population; and its importance is almost gone, except for the presence of one English Trading-house, and the Protestant Mission on Baraka hill.

All those French additions are the new things of the present. These School-girl Tales come from the times and conditions of a generation ago, between the years 1850 and 1880. The missionaries named or referred to by these former school-girls, lived there during those years. Only one of them, Mrs. Bushnell, is living to-day, in the United States. After Mr. Wilson had examined the Gaboon region, and selected and bought the Baraka

hill in June, 1842, he wrote word to his associates in the A. B. C. F. M. Cape Palmas Mission, that he considered Gaboon a more healthy country than Liberia, and directed them to abandon Cape Palmas. They did so, and an American Episcopal Mission occupied their place. And in December, 1842, Rev. Wm. Walker removed to Gaboon; in June, 1843, he was followed by Rev. Albert Bushnell; and he subsequently by Rev. I. M. Preston from America. There were many other missionaries, male and female, lay and clerical, married and single, who followed during the years 1845-1885. Some of them died: Others, for various reasons,—ill-health, dissatisfaction, incompetency, the belief (at that time) that white maternity in tropical Africa was almost necessarily fatal, the great fear (at that time) for the lives of white infants,—returned to the United States. But the entire work in School, Church and Station, at Baraka during the forty years, 1842-1882, can be covered by the four names Wilson, Walker, Preston and Bushnell. During all those years, excepting occasional intervals of only a few months, some one of those four, or their wives, was present and in charge. If one or two of them happened to be absent on furlough in the United States, at least one of the others remained in charge, assisted by some two or three of the many transient ones of shorter stay whose names I have not here mentioned.

Of those four, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were the first to retire from the Mission. He became the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (North); and, after 1861, Secretary of the similar Board of the Presbyterian Church (South). They are now

dead. The next to leave were Rev. Ira M. and Mrs. Preston. They lived for several years retired in ill-health in Ohio; are now dead. Mr. Bushnell became the Rev. Albert Bushnell, D.D. He died of pneumonia, on the African steamer, as it was entering Freetown harbor, Sierra Leone, in 1879; was buried there; and subsequently was re-interred at Baraka. His widow remained in the Mission until she finally retired about 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Walker retired from the Mission (as he supposed) finally, in April, 1871. He was aged; he thought he had reached the end of his ability to serve: he was a hearty Congregationalist; and, his A. B. C. F. M. Society having given up its Gaboon mission-field to the Presbyterian Church of the adjacent Corisco Mission, he was not willing to transfer his ecclesiastical connection. He retired with the respect and love of most of the natives, who, though he was often severe, believed in his paternal sincerity, and were impressed by the strength of his rugged mind. Even the white foreign community, against the dissolute lives of some of whom, he had been denunciatory almost to the point of exasperation, respected his vigorous intellectuality and fearlessness. They made up a complimentary purse as a present for his declining years. He left behind him at that time an honored and revered name. Mrs. Walker died in the United States. Nine years after his leaving the Mission, an emergency occurred. The force at Baraka was very weak; no one was at all equal to Mr. Walker in knowledge of the Mpongwe language; it was desired that the translation of the Bible should be completed; he was in an unexpectedly comfortable state of health; and the Presbyterian Board asked him to

return to Africa, for a limited period, for the sole purpose of translating the Scriptures. There were others in the Mission who could attend to the Church, the School, and the Station secular work.

In making this request of Mr. Walker, the Presbyterian Board did him the unprecedented honor of not asking him to join, even *pro forma*, the Presbyterian Church, as is invariably their custom, when any one applies to be sent out under their direction. Under that rule there have been members of the Mission, men and women who had formerly held their connection with Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran and other evangelical denominations. In consideration of Mr. Walker's age and former eminent service, and the fact that the proposition for renewed service had not come from him, the Board most considerately said nothing about denominational connection. Nor was there any need to do so. As a Congregationalist he could translate the Bible as efficiently as if he was nominally a member of any other evangelical Christian body. And, it was not the expectation that he would have any other function than that of a Translator. (Though, as he came accredited as a full member of the *Mission*, he had a right to all its privileges; and might, probably, be elected to some of its offices.) But he was not a member of the *ecclesiastical* Body, the Corisco Presbytery, except by the courtesy of corresponding membership. And therefore, though, by request, occupying the Gaboon church pulpit, he had no authority over its Session. He returned to the U. S. when his Translation work was completed. And died a few years later.

Almost all the missionaries, male and female, of the transient ones, and the female assistant teachers in the Girls' School, are remembered kindly by those girls. Every man or woman, connected with any School any where, has some foible in character or manner, on which pupils seize, and which, among themselves in private, they mimic or laugh at. It was so with these unnamed missionaries. But the mimicry or the joke was not intended by the school-girls as disrespect toward those whom they loved. They loved almost all. They have named to me but two or three, of the many who were there during those forty years, whom they disrespected; and only one lady whom they learned to hate, because of her tactless and unjust dealings.

In the following tales, the word "Mistress" or "Ma" used by the narrators, means always either Mrs. Bushnell, Mrs. Walker or Mrs. Preston. "Teacher" means the (generally) unmarried female white assistant to the one of those three ladies who happened to be in charge. There were other assistants, native females, whom I call monitors.

In the region are many tribes of the Negro stock called Bantu; stock that covers the entire southern third of the African continent below the fourth degree of north latitude. Many of these tribes are small in number. Some counting only a few thousands. But, for all that they are small, and without any real central native government, they are exceedingly clannish, clinging tenaciously to the small differences that separate them from adjacent tribes. This clannishness often made difficulty in the Schools, the "upper" tribes, formerly, being unwilling that their children should be taught in

the company of members of what they called lower tribes. This question of precedence rested on two factors, viz. priority of emergence on to the Coast; and the proximity to foreign white Trading-houses. The tribes on the Coast, having originally a monopoly of the Ivory and Rubber Trade, allowed neither foreign traders to go into the interior, nor the interior tribes to emerge onto the sea-side. (That monopoly is now broken.)

Of the dialects of Bantu spoken by all these tribes, while they all had the same grammatical construction, they differed more or less in their vocabulary. Indeed these differences in some dialects were so great that they could not be understood by some of the other tribes. It was found in reducing these dialects to writing, that they could be grouped into three lists, 1st. The Mpongwe of Gaboon. Cognate with it were the languages of tribes to the south, the Nkâmi, Orungu, Ajumba, Inenga, and Galwa of the Ogowe Delta. 2nd. Northward, the Benga of Corisco Island and Bay. Cognate with it were the Mbiko, Bapuku, Kombe, Banâkâ, and Bakële. 3rd. Interior-ward was the great Fang tribe, with its divisions of Osheba, Bulu, and others.

These, though living in the same general region, with one climate, differed much in their customs, dress, and food. Some tribes chose to live mostly on the plantain; others on cassava (the tuber of tapioca); others on the eddo (a calladium); others on ground-nuts. But all cultivated all these and other vegetables also. It was remarkable that tribes thus breathing the same air, eating much the same food, and intermarrying, yet kept their tribal physical characteristics. The Mpongwe people were tall, gracefully fashioned, polite and hand-

some. The Benga were tall, strongly and roughly built, and their men of a fierce look. The Kombe were smaller in stature. The Banâkâ of medium stature, and their features coarse. So marked were these differences, that, even where there were no tribal tattooings, it was possible for me to tell what was a stranger's tribe, at first sight, without always being able to indicate to any one else just what were the points of feature, manner, etc., etc., on which I had made my diagnosis.

As to social status, the Mpongwe reckoned themselves superior to all the adjacent northern coast tribes. It was utterly forbidden that a Mpongwe woman should descend by marriage to any man of those tribes, however worthy he personally might be. But Mpongwe men, by marrying women of these "lower" tribes, elevated them (as they considered). With some hesitation, a Mpongwe woman could marry an Orungu or Nkâmi or other southern-coast man. Next in precedence were the Benga. After them, the shades in social status were marked with only slight gradations. Always, however, remembering that *no* interior tribes-man could marry *any* coast-tribe woman. All interior tribes were contemptuously called "bush-men."

These Tales were told me by three of the former school-girls (two of whom are now dead), when themselves were grandmothers, and members of the church. I wrote them from their lips; and, in compiling them, I have generally retained their pronominal first person. My interjected remarks are in brackets.

What I have written myself is gathered authoritatively from Church Records, or from my own personal knowledge, or from the direct and positive statement

of the native involved in the case. I have taken nothing at vague hear-say or second-hand information.

Mission Reports are written every year from their Stations, Schools and Churches; and extracts are printed by their Home Boards for information of friends of the cause. Those extracts are true, interesting, and instructive. But they are incomplete. They represent the foreign workers' point of view. They are like the official circular of the principal of any institution in America. But, if a visitor could privately meet the pupils in that institution, he might be given another report—the pupil's point of view.

So, these Tales give an aspect of occurrences in Church and School not usually presented in missionary letters. That the occurrences were actual I know, from my own observation, or from the testimony of Christian witnesses.

PART II.

IN THE SCHOOL.

TALE, No. 1.

THE BREAKING IN OF A NEW PUPIL.

I N our school-days, whenever a new pupil came, the other girls would welcome her with the usual salutation, "Mbolo" (Long life to you!) Then they would begin to judge concerning her, to decide on the place where she should stand in the company; looking at her height; her size, her bearing, and her manners and ways; by these, to judge of her whether she was weak-spirited or stronghearted. Then those who were of the same height as she, would say, "She belongs to our set; she is nkona (equal) with us." Then some of the troublesome ones of that set would say, "No! we can't tell that yet, whether she belongs to our group or not." This meant that she would have to do a lot of fighting before she gained her own place. She then would be left for a time by herself, with only two or three to pay her any attention as friends.

The next thing was to begin to tease her, so as to know what her temper was, whether weak or strong, in order to start up a quarrel, which would grow into a fight. If the new girl was strong enough to conquer the first one who should fight with her, or at least proved to be equal in strength, then they would begin to say,

"O! may-be she is all right; and she belongs to our nkona." After that first fight and her nkona was settled, the others of that same nkona would say, "She must now fight each one of us in succession." One of their number would say, "I take the first chance!" And so it would go on. If, after that first fight, they saw that she was brave, and had fought it out well, the rest of the nkona would try her, not in anger nor to strike to hurt, but to *ndemb'-opa* (wrestle) in a friendly contest, or in running a race. Thus she soon fights out her place, and is fully accepted in their company or nkona. But, if she was not successful in her first fight, she feels troubled and is ashamed. Then all the others will take advantage of her, and torment her all the time, in many small mean ways. For example, thus:—"What do you look at me for in such a cross way?" "Why do you bring your body against mine in passing, as if you want to push me?" "Why do you tread on my toe?" "Why do you step on my dress while I'm sitting down? Did your father and mother give it to you?"

These and other charges would be made, of which the new girl was entirely innocent. So, she would deny, and say, "I did not!" The other one, "You did! You did!" "I did not! *Onoka* (You are telling a lie)." The other one says, "How dare you say I tell a lie? If you say anything back to me, then I will pull off this my dress, and tear it in pieces, and put them down at your feet, and you will go to your father and mother, and bring me another in its place." The new girl would say, "If you tear your dress yourself, you will have to lose it. And why do you mention the names of my father and mother? I won't allow it. If you do, I will mention

your mother.” [This is one of the commonest of insults.] Then the other one would say, “Yes! we’ll see about that.” [This in order to force a fight.] Then the new girl, thus challenged, if she was not afraid, would say, “Yes! we’ll have our fight! I mention your mother’s name.” [Equivalent to “taking a name in vain.”] Then she would click her tongue, as a sign of insult for the other’s mother. The other would click in return. And they would click back and forth, saying, “This is for your mother!” [The click is made by bending the tip of the tongue, pressing it heavily against the roof of the mouth, and then suddenly forcing the tongue toward the back of the mouth. A clucking sound is thus produced.] Then soon the fighting begins. If the new girl is not strong to fight, and is defeated, and she sees she is not able to stand up with those whom she thought were her own nkona, then she feels lonely; and she herself will choose to associate with the next smaller class, not her own nkona.

Then, sometimes, those smaller ones, seeing she is alone, instead of accepting her, will say, “See! she is not strong; if we unite, we can pull her down!” But, sometimes, if she has spunk, she will not submit to that, and will herself begin a quarrel by beating down the smaller ones. If she does that, then she will be left entirely to herself. Seeing this, she will try to pick out one from the company of her own size of those who had defeated her, and ask her to be her friend. Then that one will accept her, and will try to help her, and show her ways to do in order to please the others. After awhile, when she knows more girls, and learns about their ways, and no longer feels herself a stranger, then she is able to join in their

play with those of her nkona, by aid of this friend. Then others will begin to take her as an associate, and she is allowed to join in their plays; she, in return, tells them stories about her home, and teaches them new songs of her village. Then she will begin to feel quite at home. And she will tell her friend, when they are alone together, that the reason she was defeated at first by those of her nkona, was because she felt her loneliness and newness, "So, I think we better try over again by ndemb'-opa (wrestling), and see again what my strength is." So, the others will say, "All right!" Then, they will begin that practice every day, just after school. Usually, she would gain in the contest, being made stronger-hearted by her new friend. And the others will begin to offer peace; but she does not quite forget what was done to her at the first, especially by those who had been really cruel to her in the beginning. She will say, "I haven't forgotten yet!" Then those others will say, "But you were a stranger then; and we did not know you were nice; and now we have made it up; and we like you; and we are your friends." And some of them who had been worst will privately to her give excuse, "As for myself, I was willing to be your friend from the very first; but I had to go along with the others. For, if I had not treated you as I did, they would have said I was afraid of you."

Sometimes, when two or three happened to come to join the school together, then they would not have so much trouble, they would not be interfered with, and soon they would be left unmolested. Sometimes, if the new comer looked strong and stout, some of the others would say, "She looks as if she is strong to fight. I

wonder if she is able to knock us down?" So, they would hesitate to annoy her.

These contests were the way in which friendships were settled, or enmities were made. The enemies, if they did not keep on fighting, would have nkoma (not on speaking terms). There would be some small quarrel about taking the other's pepper or other small article of food. Then, they would not speak to each other,—nor, when sitting on the same bench, allow their dresses to touch,—nor take hold together of the same reading-book in school, nor have anything to do with each other. But they would *finiza ngâkâ* (take revenge) about every little thing in which they could give offense or annoyance.

TALE, No. 2.

LITTLE FAGS.

THERE was a ntyali (custom) when new pupils came, especially for the small ones. Our mistress would tell us which, of the "big girls," was to take care of the new little one; or, if several new small ones came at the same time, then the care of them was divided. That made each of the first Class of large girls to have five or six little ones for whom to care. The second Class would have a less number. The third Class would have, each of them, one. And the fourth Class had no care of any others; only to take care of themselves. All beyond these four Classes were "the small girls," to be taken care of.

Sometimes, when the new children came, instead of the teacher deciding which one of the first Class should take charge of them, some one of the older girls would take a fancy to one of these new ones, and would say, "I'll take this one!"

But, sometimes, there would come a child whom no one desired to have. Then the Mistress had to compel some one to take her. Sometimes the new ones would really like the seniors to whom they were assigned, and would call them their "young mothers." The older ones would show partiality to the younger who were assigned to them, if they liked them; but would neglect them, if they had been compelled to take them.

As, in school, everything had to go by rule, the "big girls" were required to see that their little ones were washed or given a good bath a certain number of times

a week; and were to fix their hair; either (as need might be) to shave, or to comb, or to braid into masala (chignons), a certain number of times each week. They were also to see about their clothing; sewing, washing, ironing and mending for them.

While, at the same time, those younger ones were taught to do a little sewing and other outside work. Whenever the "big" girls took a fancy to their small ones, things went on very well. The young ones would be very much attached to the older ones, just as if they were their sisters or "young mothers." They would help their big ones, by doing small works and errands for them. And the big one, when she fixed the hair of the young one to whom she had taken a fancy, would fuss over the hair a long time, to make it look as nice as possible. Also, in giving their favorites a bath, they would wash them carefully all over, examining the inside of their ears and other parts of their body, and all over their skin, so that they should catch no eruption or other skin disease. Because it was part of their duty to care for the little ones if they were sick, and report to the teacher any case of sickness. They desired, therefore, to prevent sickness.

But, when there came to them a child whom they did not like, then things went on very hard. The little one was in a pitiable situation. When it came time for the Saturday washing or bath, instead of her being called kindly to strip herself, as they all, each big girl with her little one, stood ready about a large tub, she would be rudely pulled by the arm, and bidden curtly, "Yogo! sâvuna!" (Come! wash!) After the lonely child had herself taken off her dress, and her body had been ridi-

culed, she would stand for a minute or so near the tub waiting for farther direction. Then comes a push: "Why don't you get in?" And then the big girl would throw a little water up over her, and say, "Now! wash yourself! Do you think I'm going to rub you with my hands?" Then the child would try to wash herself; which means that she will be only half washed, with no one to look carefully in the folds of skin behind her ears and on her back. After the washing, there is another test, when it comes to changing clothing, and putting on clean clothes. They all go to the other house for clean dresses to be given out by the teacher, who will examine each little body to see whether it is cleaned. There the dirty ears and legs will be revealed. Then the question is asked of the child, "Who washed you?" She is in a strait, whether she tells the truth or whether she prevaricates. She tells the truth, "Miě mě" (my own self). Then a rebuke will come on the elder girl, and a command to go and wash her "child" again. This the big girl would dislike, murmuring, "I have to go and wash this child whom I dislike!" Then the big girl and her little one will go off to do the washing again. As soon as they get out of sight away from the dwelling-house, the big one would take her revenge, pushing, striking and reviling the little one, saying, "Why did you not wash yourself clean? Giving me this trouble to come to this work after the others are all done and gone off! Am I the slave which your parents bought for you, to work for you here at the Mission? You'll see what I'll do to you to-day!" The child stands crying with shame, tender-heart, and fear. Down comes a blow on her head! "Jump into the tub!"

The little one screams out in pain and terror. And the older one places two hands, one on the child's head and one on her mouth to gag her, and fiercely shakes her, ordering her to cease her outcry. If she tries to resist or screams again, there goes a big slap across her back, with the words, "Am I your parent's slave? Go and call your own mother or sister to work for you! You'll see how I'll wash you to-day! Sent back to make you clean! You'll see rubbing to-day." Then she takes the wash-cloth, and puts a lot of soap on it, and begins to rub it all over the child's face, purposely to make it go into her eyes. Then roughly about her ears and neck as harshly as she can, so as to give her pain. Even if the child protests, saying, "Ndo; nkaza!" (But; pain) she replies, "Nkaza! nkaza! where do you see pain?" [Native idiom "Sees" joy, pain, &c.] "Why! you are holding the back of my neck so tight that it hurts me while you're rubbing." "Didn't you tell the Mistress that you washed yourself? And here I've been sent to wash you. Now, I will *wash* you in very truth." After the washing is finished, she is taken again to be examined by the teacher; and the clean clothes are put on. But the big girl has not finished yet with her spite on the little one. She gives her a dread to hang over her all of Sunday. "You'll see on Monday, about your washing."

Early on Monday morning the little ones always brought a required number of buckets for their "mothers" to fill up the tubs. The first thing then done would be for the big ones to pick out their little ones' under-clothing to put into soak. This was superintended by the missionary. Then the washing would commence while the

missionaries went into their breakfast. The favorite little ones stood near while their "mothers" finished each piece, and would take it to spread it out to bleach in the sun, previous to the final rinsing. Then the big girls would take the chance, while the Teacher was away at breakfast, and called the unfavored little ones to do the washing of their little garments, instead of themselves, though those children were unable to do it. With the idea that soap, and not rubbing, does the cleaning, the little one rubs on soap wastefully, and is sharply chidden. "Don't put on so much soap!" "But I am not able to rub this petticoat clean by my own strength." "How then do you expect it to be done? Call your own mother and sister!" Presently the little one timidly says, "I'm done. Is it clean?" "Isâlâ nyame!" (What do I care.) If it is finished, then it is finished. Go and spread it out on the grass." Sometimes it would really be finished; but if it is not, the child is told, "It's not done; You'll stand there till it's clean. Go on, till I choose to help you." Then when the older one chooses to be ready, the garment is rudely snatched, as she says, "Now, bring it; and go for more water." Then she would rub over it a little, perhaps not cleaning it thoroughly, and say, "It's done." Some times the teacher happened to pass by while the little one was standing working at the tub; and seeing what was going on, would order her, "That's not your place! Go away!" and would add to the older one, "*You* did not do your own washing when you were small; it was done for you by another." Sometimes the impertinent reply would be, "But it was not this one who did it for me; why should I make her a return?" That was not often said to Mrs. Bushnell. It would be

said to younger and newer teachers who did not understand the Mpongwe language. The teacher would ask, "What's that?" "I said it was not she who worked for me when I was a child. I was scolded on Saturday for her sake; and don't want to be scolded again on her account. If I am to be scolded for her, let her leave me. I won't work for her. I'm tired of trouble about her. My parents did not send me here to be her slave." Then there would be punishment for her impertinence, if her words had been understood. Or, if not understood, the teacher would only tell her to be silent; and would go on with her own work, in the house. So, that ends Monday's trouble; unless, after the washing, the teacher should happen to examine each garment carefully. Whatever was not quite clean enough for rinsing, she put back again into the tub. Sometimes, when she was too busy, that was not done on Monday morning; and ironing (of the children's clothes only) was started in the afternoon. But, coming on Tuesday, to examine and pick out pieces for mending, the imperfect washing would be revealed. Then, after the morning school on Tuesday, at noon, all would be called and directed to go around and see what was not perfectly clean. Young and old would start to see. Then the big ones began to pick out what belonged to their little ones, and holding up each piece, would say to Mistress, "I see it's all clean; Where is it dirty?" [Held one way, it looked clean.] But the teacher would hold it up to the light, and show streaks on the binding or skirt. No one, big or little, liked that. The big would grumble, "To have the trouble to wash and dry and iron even this my own garment over again!" And the little

ones would dread when the call came; for; if it were their garment that was condemned, the greater trouble would fall on them, their "mothers" saying, "If this call is just to wash over a small garment, the owner had better look out!" So that week would be made a hard one for the neglected little one, by its "mother" taking away its ration of fish when the teacher was absent. The child would not dare to inform on her. "If you tell the teacher, or make a fuss, I'll be sure what I'll do to you." The child then with tears in her eyes would begin to eat her bare cassava-bread or plaintain without meat. And sometimes this child would be called before the big ones to be teased or tormented, until she cried, and they rejoiced in her tears. While this goes on, so hard for the little one, she would watch to see whether any other "big girl" was disposed to be kind to her. If so, she would try to be by her side, and timidly say, "I see you are very kind. I wish it was you, instead of the other, to care for me! I will be so glad if you will take me!" Then, if that big girl was willing, the smaller would go and ask Mistress, "I want this big girl to care for me; she likes me; and I like her." The Mistress generally was willing. Sometimes the change was made by the Mistress herself, in order to keep up the number of those in charge of some particular girl. Sometimes, too, a big girl was kind enough voluntarily to add one little one more beyond her own number.

At this, the little one would be very glad. And in a few weeks, you could see the change in her face and entire body. All her sad face and anxious heart gone. She felt herself saved! She would be sure at the next nkangana (promenade) to the villages, to tell her parents of the

change: that the "new 'mother' is kind to me." And sometimes she went and asked her parents for a present for the "small mother" in the mission-yard. Sometimes her own mother from the village would come and thank the big girl; and would cook a nice dinner for that girl and her child.

TALE, No. 3.

A DAY'S DOINGS: FIRST HALF.

THE first thing was to get up and out of our room before 6 o'clock in the morning. Then, the first work for us was to go and bring, each of us, four buckets of water for the missionary's kitchen and household use for the day. And then we were to tidy up ourselves for morning-prayers. After prayers, there were always some who had not finished the carrying of their specified quantity of water; for, there were not enough buckets for all to be carrying at one time. These would go and complete their number of bucketfuls.

Then, the larger girls were divided off; two to go and cook the school breakfast, two by turns each week. Two to set the table for the missionaries' breakfast. And others, two by two, to fix up the bedroom and bathroom of each missionary, of whom there might be three or six. And one to sweep and order the "Parlor," [So-called; the Mission public Sitting-room.] And two to fix up the Girls' dormitory.

Some of the little ones were sent to sweep the paths in the yard, and about the girls' kitchen. All this was to be finished by 8 o'clock.

Eight A. M. was the breakfast time for the school-girls. We were required to be prompt, but those who happened to have more or unusual work, and who had not finished it by 8 o'clock, were allowed to come to the table five or eight minutes later than the others. There were only just so many minutes allowed for our eating. It was not a wise or good or just plan. Being too short

a time, it made trouble. It was the cause of many a day's confusion for the Teacher. (If she had only known the real reason!) It was unhealthful for the girls' stomachs. Eating hastily, it made them greedy and ill-mannered,^r and it left them dissatisfied; for, it was so unlike their own native way in their villages, where they ate slowly, and spent time in conversation. There was sometimes a teacher who, having finished her own earlier breakfast (and for which she had allowed herself ample time), would nevertheless watch the clock against the girls. When the allowed fifteen minutes of the girls were up, she would ring a bell for every one to leave the table. If the table was not left promptly in a minute or two, she would ring the bell again, or would come out, either herself or the Mistress, to send the children away from the table. Which meant that she would seize the plates and fling away their remaining contents of food. It was the rule that those who had had to come late should first notify the teacher before they sat down, "I had to come late. I am only just now going to sit down." Then, when the teacher was driving off others, she would observe these, and acknowledge that they had a right to remain longer. Sometimes she did not throw away the contents of a plate, if she saw it had only been partly eaten, but would shove it to one side. Its share of oguma (cassava-bread) would be left lying on it. These pieces would be saved for the child's afternoon meal, the afternoon ration being diminished thereby. [The school children were given but two meals a day, and often meagre ones at that; the missionary in charge eating three meals, and apparently forgetting that growing children, especially school

children, need almost as much food as an adult.] As on the plate were the soup and remnants of fish, the oguma, lying, soaking in it till late in the afternoon, would become nasty.

Sometimes a late girl had notified the Mistress and not the teacher. When the latter would attempt to hurry her up, and would start to seize her plate, the girl would resist, saying, "Don't take away my food; I am only just now come. I was busy in the rooms." If the teacher said, "No! no! it is time for the table to be cleared, so as to have all things, plates and crumbs cleared and washed before school." Then the girl, if she was not of a stubborn disposition and did not wish contention, would quietly get up, and go and complain to the Mistress. She was just, and would say the girl was right, and should be allowed to finish her meal at the table. This the teacher would not like; she felt ashamed at being in fault. Sometimes a girl failed to make notification to either Mistress or teacher of having been detained at some work, forgetting in her hurry as she was just going to eat. Then when the teacher is snatching away her plate, and the girl resists, the former, unwilling to excuse the girl's failure to notify, will say, "No! you must have been here a long time." The girl will say, "No! yourself saw me sweeping in the rooms, or serving at your mission-table, till just now." But the teacher would not yield to let her have her food, and takes away the plate. Such injustice always was followed by trouble. The girl would protest, "After you have kept me busy at the work of your room or making up your bed, you will now deprive me of my food, and make me go hungry all day till after four

o'clock this afternoon! I will be ugly in morning school, and will not do any sewing at two o'clock sewing-school!"

After the morning works are all finished, then comes the first bell for school at 8.45 A. M. Wash hands and face, to be ready for the second bell, at 9 A. M. sharp! Teacher is standing at the school door. Every one was to be in, within five minutes; for, after the five minutes were up, the door was locked for a little while. There would be always a rush at the last minute. Most of our teachers would let a late comer in, delaying the closing of the door if a girl was seen to be near. But there were one or two who were so very strict about every little thing that they would never yield a second of time. Their strictness constantly got themselves into trouble. Girls always took revenge on them. Such teachers would sometimes shut the door in the very faces of even half a dozen girls, replying to their breathless, "Wait! please!" "No! you're late!" And they had to stand outside there during roll-call and the other opening exercises. Then the door was opened; and those outside were let in with some slight punishment, generally a single stroke of the whip. If it was not this, it was to stand up five minutes before taking one's seat. This the girls did not like, saying, "I was just at the very door, and you pushed me out as if you wanted a chance to punish me!" Then, lessons will begin. The order of exercises, after the opening, was writing in copy-books, or a composition; Reading in English or Mpongwe, and translating from one into the other; Spelling in the book called "Scholar's Companion;" Geography; History, Natural philosophy; English grammar; and

Anatomy and physiology. Only the higher classes studied all these; and time was given between for recitation. The last lesson was Arithmetic; and school closed with Singing. But, during the three hours, there was often some disorder. Some will be whispering about some arrangement, *e. g.* "After school we'll do this and that." And some will begin a quarrel, whispering in a low voice, which perhaps will end in a promise to fight as soon as school dismisses. Some times they did not wait, and the fight would begin even in school, by a pinch of a sharp finger-nail. This pinching will go on for a minute or two, then comes a stroke or a blow. This attracts the teacher's notice, and she calls them up. The teacher will inquire, and each will tell her version of how the quarrel began. Then the teacher will endeavor to settle it, and try to make them shake hands and kiss. [Kissing was not a native custom, and the girls disliked it.] Most of the time, one of the two is ready to do this, but the other will not yield. The one will say, "Yes! I am ready to make peace," and extends her hand. But the other looks crossly at her, and folds her arms tightly. Then the teacher will say, "Now! this one is ready for you; put down your hand." The other throws her arm stiffly down by her side, but does not extend her hand, and defiantly says, "Yes! here's my hand!" The one takes the unextended hand, kisses the cheek, and goes to her seat, the other standing all unwilling. Then the ugly-behaving one has to stand there a long time, or be punished before she is allowed to go to her seat.

After the final singing at twelve o'clock, there is a rush to the door, and a yell on emerging. Then, for two

hours, from twelve to two P. M. the girls will occupy themselves in various ways. Some will begin to start a play. Some, companies of three or four friends, would concoct a plan to make up for any breakfast that had been lost. [Coming from school hungry, and with no food in prospect till four P. M., even honest girls were driven to lie and steal. Those who arranged the plan of two scant meals per day (and one of those often confiscated) did not think how they drove the children into duplicity under childhood's pangs of hunger.] Two of them would agree to secretly run away to their village home, and other two should keep watch for what might happen. This would be while the missionaries were at their own twelve o'clock dinner. The plan would be, "You watch for me, while I am away; and if I am called, answer for my name." Even a child who had no special friends would offer to do the running away in order to be given a share of whatever food was obtained. She would say, "You keep watch for me to-day, I'll keep watch for you to-morrow." "Yes, go, but don't be long." Then always, as soon as the bell rang for the missionary dinner, or even before, as many as a dozen girls would slip through the fence, and be off to their villages to ask for food. Some would succeed in running back in time; others would be late just in time to hear the rattle of chairs as they were pushed back at the close of the meal from the missionary table. They would slink behind the tall prairie grass at the rear of the school-house and creep through the fence. Sometimes their village was far, or, finding their mother with a pot on the fire, they would wait. They would not come back with a raw plantain, that would be useless; for they would not be allowed

to go to the Mistress' kitchen to cook it; they had no fire in their own kitchen between meals; and a raw plantain would reveal the fact that they had been off the premises without permission. If any girl happened to be called for by the missionary, the while she was away at her village, her watcher-friend would assert she was on the premises, and would have an excuse ready for her. The excuse was generally "a necessity of nature." If the absent one shortly afterward was called for a second time, the friend will ask, "What is needed? I'll do it for you." But, if the absentee happened to be needed for some house job, which the friend was not accustomed to do, she will go to the end of the yard and shout, "Re-kadie! o biya?" (Such an one! Come thou?), the while that she knows the other is not within hearing. Sometimes she will have another girl hidden, ready to reply; or even she will change her voice and reply to herself for the absent one. The teacher, becoming restless, will perhaps ask the watcher-friend, "Have you called her?" "Yes, she's coming." (the while she is still in the village.) "But, where is she?" "I thought I heard her answer. I do not know the reason she has not come." By that time the watcher has sent another girl to creep through the fence, and see whether the absentee is coming. Then this one will run very rapidly and go to the village and tell her she is wanted. "Am I called?" "Yes, three times." "Aiye-e-e! (Alas!) Try to help me. Gather with me some dry sticks for fire." When the little fire-wood is gathered, the absentee says, "You carry my food, and hide as you go into the yard." While herself comes openly carrying the bundle of sticks. She goes to the teacher, and with assumed innocence,

says, "I hear that I was called. Was I wanted? I was away gathering fire wood for the afternoon meal." [An allowable reason for going off premises.]

Sometimes the teacher, suspecting that the girl called for is away at her village, will be watching which way she will be returning, whether by the front or the back way. The girl when detected, tries to tell a consistent story, "I was away for my bowels, and was hindered by a bad diarrhoea, and since then have been gathering firewood." But, the teacher sees the lie; and sometimes just because it was such a foolish lie, lets it go; sometimes she would give her a good scolding.

Sometimes the absentee, on returning, would plainly tell the truth, "I was hungry, and I went to my native village to try to get something to eat." Whatever food the absentee brought with her, she divided with her watcher-friend. Those who had remained at plays, were playing tag, or climbing the mangoe trees and swinging from their sweeping branches, or at kintâ-kintâ (See-saw) on the low spreading limbs of the guava bushes.

At two P. M. was the time for Sewing-school.

TALE, No. 4.

A DAY'S DOINGS, SECOND HALF.

AT Two P. M. we all went into Sewing Class, for two hours; making our dresses and other clothing, and clothes for the Boys' School, and mending for the entire two schools.

The small children were occupied only in sewing together little pieces of cloth, like oboi (patchwork), just so that they might learn to handle the needle.

Hardly any trouble would occur during those two hours; nor any confusion (for we were not forbidden to talk or move about) except for those who made mistakes in their sewing. Then they had to rip it out, and do it over again. At that, they would cry. There was much difference in our skill. Some knew how to sew better and faster than the others; some were good button-hole makers; some were known for their felling; some for their fine stitching; some had skill to hem, to back-stitch, or to fasten on buttons strongly. Those who sewed buttons on weakly, were to take them off again. Some had skill in cutting; and knew how to save material, by a judicious adjusting of the patterns.

Just before Sewing-school closed, all were required to put away their needles safely in a piece of cloth, and their thimbles in a little box, so they might not be lost. They were to carefully fold each her work, and lay it aside in a basket. But some, whenever they had any sewing of their own outside of school hours, such as a pillow-case or a torn night-cloth to be mended; or, garment for their own towns-people, would like to covertly take

their needle and thread outside. Then, of course, they were apt to get in trouble; for, the needle would probably be lost or broken or stolen, and the transgressor would have to hunt awhile for the old needle before she was given a new one.

Now, the sewing is finished! School usually closed with a hymn; and we went out at four P. M. Then began some works for the missionary household, and for our own kitchen; such as carrying water for the mission bedrooms, emptying slops, and fixing up our own bedding. After that came our supper at five P. M. The rations of oguma (cassava-bread) were given out at such a number by count, so that each pupil should have half a roll, and a piece of fish. The oguma-rolls varied in size. If they were large, and were properly divided, one was sufficient to satisfy three small children; ordinarily, they were sufficient for only two.

Sometimes, instead of oguma, we had akândâ (plantains) or rice. But, often, the smaller children did not get their full share of the food. As we did the work by turns, each week there was one big girl assigned to do the division, with one little one to assist her. Of course, the big girl actually did the dividing. She would almost always give the big girls a double portion; that made much less the share falling to the younger ones. So, by the time we had finished eating, some of the younger would be half crying, "M' pa jora!" (I've not filled.) [The little ones at school suffered much thus from actual hunger; for, in their native villages, not only did they eat to satisfaction, but even to satiety.]

But this division was not always the same every day. By some of the big girls the division was better and more

fairly made. Sometimes, one of the smaller girls would be brave enough to privately go to the Mistress, and tell her of the unfair portioning that was going on. Or, sometimes, a child would go to the Mistress, and ask her for something to eat between meals. Then the latter will ask the reason, "Why are you hungry?" And the child will confess, "We little girls do not have enough." Then sometimes the Mistress would come, and, if she had time, would stand by, the while the food was being divided, or, would divide it herself. Then every one will have her full share. [The double share unjustly taken by the big girls, they used to keep over for lunches between meals.] Then, after the Mistress had divided, she would ask the blessing (or, if she was not there, it would be asked by one of the older girls). Perhaps she would stay there a few minutes after we began to eat, and then she would go. While she was remaining standing by us, the little ones would eat as rapidly as they could, so that they might be at least half through before she left them. Because, sometimes things did not go quite straight after she left; for, after she was gone, almost every big girl would fix her hands on the plate of a little one, saying, "Did you think you would get? You won't get!" With that, a portion of the little one's food was snatched away.

After eating, tables were cleared; and the dishwashers stood at their washing. And, if it is a fine weather for nkangana (promenade), out we will go!

We come back in time for the six o'clock sun-set evening prayers. After prayers, we begin our evening plays, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes with the Mistress to teach us games. Sometimes we played only

native plays and native songs; and sometimes the teacher would teach us foreign plays and kindergarten songs. We enjoyed these little plays very much before going in for the night.

Sometimes we would ask for oranges from the mission trees, or other fruit in its season, just before turning in for the night. These we were to eat on the spot, as we were not allowed to take food into the bedroom.

About seven o'clock, the youngest of the children were all put to bed [it being by that time dark night]. The elder ones, who were allowed to sit up, went into the missionary dining-room, where were lights on the table. Some would begin to prepare to-morrow's sewing work, cutting out and basting; and others doing some little sewing for themselves, or reading sometimes aloud. Sometimes we had a few lessons to learn, to have them ready for recitation the first thing in morning school. At nine P. M., or a little before, it was bed-time for these older ones.

At night, when we had gone to bed, there would be the usual story-telling, fairy tales, or ghost stories. These would make some of the timid children more than half afraid. Then one or two of the most mischievous ones would plot to tease or frighten the others (for, lights were not allowed in the room). They would creep softly from their sleeping-place, and pull some one's cloth or toe; or, one would go and stand in a corner with a white cloth to represent ibambo (ghost). Then those whose toes had been pulled would scream, "A! a— a—, mângi sinâ! (You fellows) I am caught by ezâma (some Thing)!" Some of the serious ones would doubt, saying, "Ze! pa koto n' oma!" (Not so! no person has

been caught). As soon as the conspirator had pulled a toe, she has crept away to another spot, and has pulled some one else, who screams out, "Sambo!" (Indeed) that one has told the truth, for I too am pulled!" By this time the room is in confusion. Some one goes to the blinds of the window-shutters to pull them down, and let in a little starlight. And voices cry, "Who did it? Who did it?" Some reply, "Not I! I haven't left my place. I'm lying down." At last, by the faint light, the conspirator with the white cloth is seen still standing in the corner. Now, by this time, some one starts up, "Mângi sinâ! (You fellows!) I see a white Thing!" "Where? where? Which way?" is asked from every side. Others will begin, "Yes; It's on this side." "I've seen it." By this time the Thing has begun slowly to move. Every one is frightened, and all are up on their feet; all starting, not toward that white ibambo, but toward the door. Some who were still sleeping through the confusion are awakened by the others pushing them, "Get up! a Thing is seen!" Now it's time for shouting and yelling with real fear. They are calling for the Mistress, "A! a— a, Mammy i—i—O! Mammy—O! here is seen a ghost! Aiyě—i—i—i!" By this time the ibambo has a fine chance to throw off its ghost-apparel, and join the others, shouting with them as if she too were frightened. For, she dares not stand there in that corner until the Mistress comes with the light. The light comes. Those who had made the plot are half laughing and smiling, for they know all about it, while the others do not. Then, after the Mistress has looked into every corner, she says, "There's nothing! Go, each to your own place, and lie down!" And all go to their places; and soon fall asleep.

TALE, No. 5.

RULES AND BLACK MARKS.

IN school, there were rules to be obeyed. But they were not always the same. They were changed by different teachers, and by new missionaries in charge.

There was one rule that did not last many years. It was changed because it proved to be an unwise one, being the source of constant trouble, complaint, insubordination and punishment. That was the rule that strictly allowed only fifteen minutes for the girls' morning meal, with confiscation of the contents of the plate of any girl who had not finished eating within that time.

Another rule that was constantly broken was, that there should be no eating between meals. The rule might have been kept if the ration given twice a day had not been so scant. At best it was not a good regulation. Those who made it seemed not to remember that a child's hunger is hard to be borne. A third rule was that we were not, without permission, to take fruit from the oranges, limes, mangoes, or other trees planted by the mission in the mission compound. It was a proper rule. It was not that the missionaries were not willing we should have a share in their fruits. Indeed, faithfully carried out, it would have assured every one of us, big and little, a fair share. It was to prevent our eating unripe fruit, or even ripe fruit in excess. As to the limes, it was true that they were used by the children in excess, and then they were injurious. But it was impossible to enforce this rule. The trees were ever in our paths; the fruit was abundant; the opportunities for taking were so constant and easy;

the temptation was too great. The rule was a constant source of trouble to both the children and the missionaries.

A fourth rule concerned the front gate. We were not to go outside of it, nor even to it; not even if we saw our relatives coming to visit us. We were to await them inside the yard. And, on their leaving, we were not to escort them farther than that gate. Nor were we to stand at that gate to watch passersby. Yet, we dearly loved to swing on that gate!

A fifth rule concerned the braiding of the asara (chignons) of our hair. To plait hair neatly and firmly required skill. Not all knew how to do it. But all were required to learn. On Saturday afternoons, before the bath-hour, the teacher came to count how many heads needed to be braided. Then she named those larger ones who each should plait for one smaller one; and pairs of large ones who should plait for each other. These native asara will last a long time, even several weeks, if well and firmly done. But the Mistress, for fear of vermin, would not allow one to go more than two weeks without being undone and re-plaited. Those with short hair had to be braided every week, for their short hairs did not hold well together in the plaits; and soon became frowsy. As there were many who had long hair, and but few who were skillful, those few would have to attend to two or three heads. It happened often, when the Mistress named the braiders, that some of them knew nothing about doing it well. Then there was vexation on both sides; from the braider because her ignorance was exposed, and from the braided because she knew her hair would not look well. Generally the one who did know well, and who did not

wish her hair to be spoiled, would name to the Mistress some other one whom she wished should do it for her, and would ask that they be paired. Sometimes the Mistress was willing; but sometimes she says, "No; this one, if she does not know how, ought to know. She may practice on you." So she would stand by and compel the ignorant one to try to do it. Then this one who does not know how is indeed trying her best, but is crying with shame at her own mistakes; and the one who is being braided is crying with vexation at her hair being spoiled. As hair-braiding is hard for beginners, even a straight parting of the hair is difficult to be made. While that parting was going on, the owner of the hair is conscious that it is crooked, and begins to object. Sometimes she would let it go on till one or two braids are done, before she looks in her little hand-mirror, though she knows things are going crookedly. After these one or two braids are finished, she calls for the glass, "I want to see my asara." Then, as soon as she sees in the glass the crooked chignon, she turns and says "I won't be braided by you! You have to undo it again!" The other says, "No; I was told to do your hair; and I will finish it, even if I do not know how." But the other, "No! I won't! I won't have my hair pulled for nothing, and no asara fit to be seen come of it." At this, the braider is pleased to be relieved of a work she is not competent to perform, and goes to report to the Mistress, "Rekadie (such-an-one) is not willing I shall braid her. Her hair is too thick and too long for me to manage. I have tried my best." The other one also comes along, "I come to show you my asara. I will not go to church with them to-morrow." Then the Mistress will be reasonable, and will excuse

the ignorant girl, and sends her to practice on smaller heads with less abundant hair. The one who was dissatisfied has now to wait, watching for a chance to be done up by some one else.

This happened one day to one of the best braiders. She braided for her friend Celia, who herself did not know how; but who that day had been appointed to be paired with her. So she did not get vexed, for Celia was her friend. She sat and laughed to herself as she undid her chignon while she was waiting for Celia to come to her. The latter was willing, and she really tried. She tried over and over, half a braid at a time; and then would undo it. After she had started a braid, the other would ask her, "How does it look?" "I think it will look all right." And she goes on braiding. Again the other asked, "How does it look?" "Not very well; but next time it will be better." So Celia went on braiding and unbraiding, unskillfully pulling at the other's hair till the skin of her scalp became sore with the pulling. Then the other said, "That's enough. Let us wait till another day." So, instead of the pair vexing and complaining to the teacher, they had a good laugh over it; and the other had to hunt up another braider. That was the first and the last time that Celia braided for her friend. But she would playfully try to tease that friend long afterward, "I think I am able to braid you now. Let me do it." "No! I don't want to be practiced on." Those who, like this girl had the longest and thickest hair, had, most of the time, to ask permission to go to their villages to be done up by their own mothers. Sometimes the Mistress was willing we should go. Sometimes she refused, "No time to spare

you to go to your villages to-day." Then we had to send for the mother or cousin to come and braid us at Baraka inside the yard. For this, the missionaries were entirely willing. For some of those who had thick hair, and were careful to keep it clean, an isara would last a long time. Two or three of the girls could make them keep and look well for three weeks. Some could not keep their hair tidy, even after it was braided; and the missionary was compelled to require them to have their hair short.

As to obeying all these rules:—Sometimes the teacher or the Mistress would keep a record and list of names. Those who broke rules during the week would have "black marks;" those who obeyed, a "good" or straight mark. Those who had no bad marks for a whole week, were sometimes given a little present. Most of the time the girls would watch the two slates used for records that stood on the top of the bureau in the Mistress' room. If they noticed a "black" mark against their name, and for which they could not account, and if the girls knew those marks were put there by a certain assistant, and not by the Mistress, they would go and ask the Mistress, "I see a "black" mark. What have I done?" If the Mistress said, "Not by me. Ask Miss _____;" or, if she would say, "The teacher told me to put it, but she did not tell me for what;" then the girl would go and ask that teacher about it. Sometimes the teacher would be displeased, and say, "How do you know about it? Who told you to look at the slate?" The girl replies, "I passed by, and saw my name. If you can't give me the reason why, I will go and rub it out. But, just tell the reason. I want to know what

I have done." If no reason is given, the girl attempts to carry out her threat of erasing. [There was one missionary teacher who was sadly lacking in judgment and tact. She seemed to take pleasure in spying out small faults, to which the Mistress of the house preferred to be wisely blind. The making of "black" marks, and then refusing to inform for what offense the mark was made, drew upon this unfortunate lady great disrespect, and a painful lack of confidence in her, on the part of the school-girls.] Then this teacher would say, "If you rub it out, I will give you another. Let it alone." But the girl went and did it. When the teacher saw that, she put two or three more in its place and hid the slate. Once this happened with that lady and one of the very best girls. She thought she had been very good, clear up to a certain day, Friday. When she saw her name on the slate, there were two "black" marks against it. (She was always proud to keep her name clear; and the Mistress always trusted her.) She went to ask the Mistress, who told her that the mark had been ordered by Miss ———. So she went straight to Miss ———, and asked her, "I want to know about the "black marks." Miss ——— was not willing to tell her. And she was not willing to leave the room till she knew. Then Miss ——— explained, "I saw you standing at or near the front porch, or the gate; and you had one of the buttons on the back of your dress unbuttoned." [The front gate was fifty feet distant from the front porch or veranda.] The girl said, "I saw our missionary father coming. I went out of the house and stood on the porch to meet and welcome him. That is not forbidden to us. I did not go to the gate, nor even leave the porch to

step on the ground. I do not see that that was wrong. And, was my open button indecency or untidiness? I want you to rub out those two marks." Miss —— was not willing to do so. The girl said, "You are not willing to rub them out, and yet you give me no true reason for their being there. I call those marks, marks s' inoka (of untruth)." Then Miss —— demanded, "What's that? Do you say I tell a lie?" The girl said, "Yes!"; and then she left the room. Then Miss —— broke into tears and went to tell the Mistress that the girl had said she lied. The Mistress was surprised that her good monitress had used such language, and called her and asked her if it was so. She acknowledged, "Yes; I have asked Miss —— again and again either to rub those marks out, or to explain them; and she won't. So I consider them untrue." The Mistress was annoyed that this had happened to her faithful monitress; she spoke kindly to her, and said, "Miss —— feels hurt very much that you accuse her of lying. You should not have used the word "lie." You might have said she had made a mistake." The girl too was feeling hurt for the spoiling of her good record, and she refused to change the word. But the next day, Saturday, when the slates were read off, there were no "black" marks against her name.

As to rewards for good conduct: A small merit card was given at the end of each perfect week; and at the end of a perfect month these four cards were exchanged for a small book. Those who were not able to be good for an entire month did not forfeit what they had already, but could keep their cards till they accumulated by the next month or months to four, and then

they were exchanged for a reward. Some would go a month or two without even one entire week's good card; for some got as many as three "black" marks in one day. For being impertinent or otherwise "ugly" to a missionary, or for fighting with other girls, that week got no card. Such offenders would try to put on a bold face and say, "Z' isâlâ! (no matter!) Who cares?" But, really, they did care.

When we had succeeded in going half of the week with no mark, then we would hope and try harder. And the Mistress would encourage us. "See, this is Wednesday, and you have no mark! Try your best the rest of this week!" Then those girls who had been good would ask the Mistress to take them a Saturday walk. But, if some had been doing badly, she would say to them, "You, and you, such an one, you cannot go out walking with the rest." *That* would be nkaza (pain) to be left behind. The rest of us would go off happy and glad. And we would come back from our romp on the beach, bringing with us long vines that grew on the top of the beach, which we used for skipping-ropes. As soon as we returned, we would come, jumping ropes and skipping into the yard, glad that we had had no "black" marks.

TALE, No. 6.

SCHOOL PROMENADES.

IN our school-days, the teacher had the ntyale (habit) of taking the children out to walk once or twice a week; that is, if everything had gone on well, and work was all finished. If not, then we were told, "You sha'n't go out this week; work was not well done, and some girls have been naughty." So, whenever a walk was promised a day or two in advance, all the girls would try to do their very best so as not to prevent it. We would try to do our work as quickly as we could in the morning of the promised day, so as to gain time to lengthen the walk in the afternoon. For, we enjoyed those walks very much.

Starting out from the front gate of the school premises, Teacher would ask us, "Which way do you wish to go? To the right? or to the left?" Then we would choose. As we were many, the homes of some of the girls were toward the right side; of others, toward the left. Every one chose the part toward which their mothers lived, so that they could go and see them; and finally the majority decided the route to be taken. So, when passing along, as we approached any village, the child whose relatives lived in that vicinity, would say, "Ma! let me run ahead to salute my mother, and join you afterwards." And she would let us go. Thus some one in succession would be running ahead to their own village, so that they might have a few minutes longer with their friends. Those who had not their own homes near, would ask to go along with their special girl friend who was going to

see her's. Others, who had no homes, would just stay on the beach playing, while waiting for the rest.

When our mistress had gone as far as she intended to go, she would begin to turn back with the few girls who, either having no homes, or not caring for the beach play, had chosen to remain with her. And they will go up from the beach through the villages, retracing their route, stopping from place to place, and picking up the stragglers. To those whose homes were off the direct route, the teacher would send messengers ahead or to the right or left, to call them.

Always the first thing with us, on arrival in our village, was to pick cayenne-pepper pods from the bushes growing in our villages, as all the school-children were very fond of pepper. [It is an essential in assisting digestion of the starch of the native cassava-bread.] The bushes growing on the Baraka school premises did not suffice, and were constantly stripped. This was usually the first request: "Ma! let us run ahead to gain time to pick pepper; we have none at Baraka; and our villages have." The Teacher would say, "Yes! but don't destroy their bushes." For, we had the evil habit, in our haste, of not carefully and slowly picking off the little pods, but would greedily break off branches; thus destroying the bush. So, if once the girls got to work at a pepper-bush, it was hard to get them away again. The cry would come from the Mistress, "Girls! yogoni" (come ye). But that general call would be disregarded. Then came, by name, "You, such-an-one! yogo! (Come thou!)" Even then, it was slow leaving. The Teacher would have to call two or three times, "Girls! it's getting late." "Yes, Ma! we're coming!", the while they were still

standing busily picking. As soon as they had heard the call, every one began to pick more rapidly than before; and, instead of plucking pod by pod, at last they began to snatch off small ends of branches, so as to get a dozen pods at a time, which was faster than taking one by one. Of this, the village owner of the bush would sometimes take notice. Anxious for her bush, but ashamed to rebuke the child, the woman would say, "Children! you are called!" thus escaping from seeming to forbid the plucking of the pepper. We would reply, "Yes, we've heard." As we still delayed, her anxiety for her bush would outgrow her tenderness for us. "But, why don't you then go? Better go now; you have picked quite enough." "Yes, please; we want to pick a few more; we have not quite enough." Her patience presently would give out; "But don't break the bushes." Then we would pick still faster, make one final grab at an entire branch, break it off, run as fast as we could, and go to join the others, happy, over our pepper and other presents. These latter would always be either a little salt (as we were not allowed to go to the salt-jar in the mission pantry between meals), beads, a sleeping-cloth, a roll of Oguma (cassava-bread), a few fingers of plantains, or fish. Then we all came back to the school-yard laughing, happy, carrying the little presents of food given us by our parents or sisters, and saying, "Nkangana (ramble) good!" But, when the start out was a little late, and there was time only for walking on the beach, and no time to visit our mothers or to pick from the pepper-bushes, the murmur was, "The nkangana was not good. I did not like it; had no time to run over to my village." And some would say, "Nyawe

'du (not at all) what's the use; I wish I had stayed in the yard, and not have gone at all." A few would say, "E! mângi sinâ! (Eh! this people!) It was all right: I enjoyed myself running and chasing on the beach and playing in the sand." Then some would reply, "Yes! that will do for you. You say so because you were not near your own village. Would you have liked it if your home had been near, and you were given no time to run to it, and get something?"

But sometimes we got into trouble with the town girls in passing through their streets; and would fall into a quarrel with them. Sometimes we were in the right; sometimes we were in the wrong, we beginning the quarrel, which occasionally ended in a fight on the spot, or a promise of one. That promise would be, "Come to-morrow afternoon, at such and such an hour and such a place out on the prairie, while the missionaries are eating." As most of the town girls knew nothing about hours, they would come either too late or too early; at an hour when the missionaries were not eating. Then one or two of the younger girls would be sent out on the sly to meet the coming town-girls, and tell them, "We have no chance to meet you just now, lest we be caught and punished. Come again to-morrow at the appointed hour." Then if that next day they came on time, those school girls who were engaged for the fight, would go out and meet the town-girls; and would leave one or two younger ones to watch when the missionaries rose from their table, and they were then to run out and call the fighters back. These younger ones would come saying, "Girls! Come! quick! the white people have finished eating!" Then, if the fight was not done, the girls would

say to those of the towns, "Our fight is not ended! Come another day and finish it." If the town children saw they were equal in strength they were willing to arrange to come back again. But, if they saw that their party was weak and not able to conquer, they would refuse to come, and the quarrel might be called settled. But not always. Sometimes, when the fight had thus been interrupted, and the school girls would say, "Wait for another day." The town children would reply, "O! you're afraid!" They would not dare say that on the spot, or at the moment, but after themselves had started to go, and had what they thought a safe distance between themselves and the school girls. As soon as the school children would hear this they were enraged; to be called cowards was too much. "What will happen must happen! Come back now, then. Let us have it!" Then the school children would run after the town's-people cheering and shouting and fighting as they went along. This noise would be so loud, that the missionary would hear it; she would be sure to guess that the children were out fighting; and she would send some one to get them back, or go down the path herself with a whip. The town children would be afraid of that whip, and would flee. The punishment for the school would be, "This trouble began at the last promenade. You will not promenade again for two weeks." This would be sore punishment for the school girls. They would rather be punished in almost any other way. Those who were not mixed in either the fight or its cause, would murmur, "We did not join in the fight, but we are made to share in the punishment." The teacher would only reply, "If one of you has done wrong, the others of you will have to suffer too."

TALE, No. 7.

VACATIONS.

MOST of the missionary ladies and gentlemen had the habit of choosing some one boy or girl, as their special favorite, sometimes giving them their own name. Or, sometimes, people in the United States, a woman or a man, would send word to the Mission to choose a boy or girl and give them their name, and they would send them occasional presents besides the yearly money spent [at that time] by the Mission for their support.

Many of the school children had English names given in this way, or perhaps by their own parents, or even by the missionaries themselves, if they thought the native name, e. g. "Anyentyuwe" (which was used by several girls) was difficult to pronounce. The presents sent to these namesakes were of various things, e. g. books, dresses, aprons and other articles of clothing. Sometimes the ladies of some church in the United States would send a whole box full of dresses for the entire school, to help save the time and strength of the Mission Teacher in our sewing school. These were usually given to us as rewards, or distributed after the close of an examination and just before vacations.

Originally we had vacations every quarter of a year. Then we were allowed to go to our villages, and stay one week with our parents or other relatives. Afterwards, this was changed to having vacation only twice a year, and the school then had a rest from lessons for two weeks. The rule was that all of the smaller girls (Classes Nos. 5,

4, and 3) went to their villages and stayed the entire two weeks. But the largest girls (Class No. 1) had to remain at the Mission-house even during vacation; being allowed, however, to go on occasional walks to their villages and return the same day. The next largest class (No. 2) was usually divided into two sections, the one half to spend half of the two weeks' vacation in their village, and then come back to take the place of the other half who had remained at Baraka. There were two reasons given for this practice: One was, that, as the missionaries employed no personal servants (except a cook), we girls were required to do all their household service without pay. The works of the Mission-household were many, and not all the young workers could be spared to go on their vacation at the same time. Another reason was, lest, by long stay in their villages, the children should get mixed up in heathen customs.

This was felt by the girls to be hard; especially so by that Class No. 2. When the time came for the Mistress to say to the first section, "Now, your week is finished; return from your vacation," there was murmuring. For, they knew that next year they would be pronounced too big to go at all, and would be classed among the largest girls; and they would begin to cry and say, "I am not yet become old. I want to visit my village. I know I am hindered, just to do this house-work."

This missionary practice was not a good one; for, we girls felt it was not just for us to be compelled to do all that work without pay. We would not have objected to doing even many little services as affectionate children. But, all the washing, ironing, sweeping, scrubbing, water-carrying, bed-making, house-cleaning often taxed our

strength severely. So, on escaping from these tasks, we children used to enjoy vacation very much. We would count ahead, weeks and days, as the vacation approached. When there remained only about two weeks in advance, the Mistress would say, "Such and such a work is to be finished before vacation." There was the making of new dresses, so that the girls should have something clean to wear at once on their return. These were left lying at the Mission-house to await our return. There was patching of old dresses, and mending, and making sleeping-cloths to be taken with the girls to their villages. Also, they took with them each two nice dresses to be worn on Sabbath; as those who lived near were expected to come back to church.

The youngest little girls were always started to their homes on the Saturday preceding the vacation. The next set (Class No. 3) would go out on the following Monday. Then the first half of Class No. 2 would follow on Tuesday; they having helped on Monday in the cleaning up and leaving in order the dormitory just vacated by the little ones. As each day the out-going ones of that day were summoned by the Teacher, there were shoutings of joy, "Yo! yo! mbyambiyeni! (Good! good! good-bye all!)" Occasionally, a few of even the youngest ones had to stay, either for the reason that their homes were too far away; or, as actually was at times the case, their own relatives were so shiftless as to be unfit to take proper care of them. These and others who had to remain would begin to weep, "Ndo m' bela kēnda! (But I want to go!)" For, they knew that those who went to their villages would be enjoying themselves very much.

Those whose fathers were prominent men, e. g. Tom Case, and Oněme, and Sonie Harrington, and Governor, who had money and slaves with which to make a big plantation miles away from their town houses that were adjacent to the Mission, would arrange to take all their children at vacation time off to their camps in the forest. Sometimes the Mistress would allow even the big girls (Class No. 1) to go too, if they promised to go only to the plantation-camp, and not to their town houses in the villages near the foreign Trading-houses. Then these girls would plead with their fathers to make the occasion for the clearing of a new camp to coincide with the time of vacation. If their fathers, who were head-trademen, (sub-agents) for the white men at the so-called "Factories" (Trading-houses) could get away from their trade just at that time, they would do so. As soon as these children reached the plantation [where there was a collection of small huts, mostly occupied by the slaves who guarded the plantation] their mothers would ask them to take off their dresses and put on the single native cloth. This for two reasons: to keep their dresses from being torn by thorns; and because our parents said our bodies would not grow well if the winds were not allowed to blow on our skin. [Which is true.] The smaller children liked to put off the dress; but the larger ones did not; for, they felt it somewhat of an indecency, having become accustomed to covering their bodies; [and also because the old women would critically examine their bodies and make remarks about their development with reference to marriage.] Nevertheless, their dresses were laid aside; their skin carefully looked over lest there be any eruptions; they were thoroughly washed every day,

and given plenty to eat, so that they might grow fat. For, there in the plantation they had a greater abundance and variety of food than even in their own villages; such as, besides the usual plantains and oguma (cassava), akabo (eddoes); several varieties of yam, the inkwa (a pink yam), imângâ (a white yam), ngwa (a small hard yam), imbongwe (a yellow, slightly bitter yam), arângâ (a yam resembling Irish potato), white sweet potatoes, fresh fish, mutton of goat, wild meat, njângâni (chicken), fish with gravy of odika (wild-mangoe kernels), or palm oil, or mpângâ (a rich oily nut), and ngândâ (gourd-seed pudding). These made rich gravies or sauces; and cooked with any meat in plantain leaves were called agěwu (bundles). When it was the proper time for making a clearing in the forest for a new garden, every day the parents with their slaves and us children all would leave this plantation mpindi (hamlet), and go off still farther into the forest where the new plantation clearing was to be made, and near which already two or three temporary bamboo sheds had been erected. We would leave the plantation very early in the morning to go to the work of clearing for the new ntyaga (garden). We small children would help our mothers to carry small loads, perhaps of a basket of food, or a little jug of water, or a bundle of clean clothes; as the women always put on, for that work among the bushes, one old cloth and two handkerchiefs, one to tie around their head and the other with which to gird themselves, ready for the work of cutting bushes and vines and saplings, each with one or two cutlasses (machetes). The first thing, on arriving at the shed of the new small mpindi, was to gather firewood, make a fire, and fix the children something to eat

for breakfast. There the mothers intended to leave the smaller children, bidding them to take care of the sheds and not stray away from them. But, the little ones, seeing the older ones going, would say, "But we want to go along with you and help you in the cutting of the bushes." The mothers would say, "No; you don't know how to do it; and you will be in our way." Still the children would plead, "No; but we want to come!" Then the mothers consent, "Well, come along."

But, as soon as these little ones get to the place where the work is begun, they see it is not so fine and easy as they had thought. As they are really unable to assist, and there is nothing to play with, they soon become dissatisfied. And, as their mothers disappear behind the piles of brush and bushes in the forest, they begin to feel lonely and cry out, "Mother, where are you? I want to come to you!" "Well, come on!" "But where are you? I can't see a path or find a place." The mother replies, "Miě winâ" (this is I). Then the child, seeing no one, but trying to follow the voice, soon becomes entangled with her clothes in the thorns, and being alarmed, cries out, "But where are you, Mother?" The voice repeats, "Miě winâ; come on!" Soon the little legs are tripped among vines, and down the child falls, and begins to whimper, "The thorns! and the vines; and your voice is far!" Then the mothers say: "If you are not able to come, then turn back all of you before you lose the path, or get lost in the bushes. Are you able to find the way back to the mpindi sheds?" If so, they turned back. If not, and one begins to cry, "I've lost my way! I can't see to go back!" some one of the women has to leave her work and go back with them, which is a

vexation to her in losing her worktime. So she takes them back to the little mpindi, and prepares their dinner, and says, "Now this is your dinner. When you all get hungry, here it is. And don't come to the forest to trouble us again. We don't want you there." The children accept the rebuke, but ask, "When are all our mothers coming?" "Not till evening, after sun-set." "But when will they have their food? Will they not be hungry?" "We have not time there for cooking or any thing else; only work. We have taken a little lunch with us; and we will eat when we return to-night." Then the woman leaves us, and goes back to the work with her machete again. We children were not afraid to be alone, for there were the sheds, and not the wild forest; and there was an open space between the sheds in which to play. We dug sweet potatoes, which already had started to grow there, and cooked them in the hot ashes, and we ate our fill. Before sun-set came, some slave was sent by our mothers in advance to be with us, to start fires, and to begin to get their food ready. By seven P. M. it would be dark; and we, tired with play, were glad to see our mothers coming, their path lighted by a torch or a fire-brand.

This way of doing would go on for two or three days; and was a nice plan, if there were those mpindi sheds in which to sleep. If not, then the day's walk, after the day's work, was a long one, back to the big plantation. The women could not do that every day; they would have to rest a day or so at the big plantation, doing some light work. Sometimes, when they had eaten all their supply of food they had taken with them to that forest-clearing, they would all go back with us

to the plantation, to prepare a new lot of food for some more days again at the new plantation. As that forest work is hard, and makes the body sore all over, the women would take a hot bath each night to prepare for the next day, and put oil on all scratches or wherever thorns had torn their skin.

After the women had finished cutting the underbrush of the ntyaga, then came the best time of all, when the men would follow to chop down the trees. That was the time for rich food, and plenty of eating; no small lunches. But, if the men were not ready, we had to go back and wait at the big plantation. And we would miss the excitement of the tree-felling and the rich eating; for, by that time the vacation would be up. Then some children would plead with their mothers to be allowed to stay overtime. Sometimes it was impossible; and we had to go back to school. But sometimes, when the fathers themselves were there to superintend the felling, and were not able to leave in order to escort the children back to school, the parents notified the missionaries that the children had to stay longer. Finally, our fathers themselves would take us back, when their work was done, carrying with us food, and new clothes, and we looking healthy and well. And they would tell us to be good, saying, "You have had a long vacation. Don't ask to be going to the villages." All of us came back with the happy thought of our vacation.

Those who had remained at the Mission-house had been working; scrubbing and house-cleaning, as that was the best time for house-work, there being but few children to take care of, and no little ones in their way.

But those workers also had some sort of a good time;

for, the Mistress would be unusually kind to them at that season. She would please them by long walks, taking them at times even near to their plantations. She would take them for baths in the sea, or to the brooks in the forest. Also for them, in vacation, the rules were not strictly carried out; if they happened to break any, it was over-looked and no marks made. So all came together happy and pleasant at the end of our vacation. And books would begin again.

TALE, No. 8.

THE SEVEN RE-CAPTIVES.

SOME years before any of the native women who have given me their reminiscences in these Tales were born, there had been brought to the Mission seven children, five boys and two girls, little waifs, rescued from foreign slavery by a certain American sea captain named Lawlin. He had a trading-house for ivory, dye-woods and other natural products of the country at Nkâmi (miscalled "Camma") about one hundred miles south of Gaboon river. He frequently made visits in his sailing vessel to Libreville; and, being friendly to Missions, he visited at the Baraka house.

Slaves were at that time (between 1845 and '55) still being exported from the Coast, less than one hundred miles south of the Gaboon river, from the Delta of the Ogowe river. British cruisers had made the slave-trade unsafe for large vessels such as could cross the Atlantic to Cuba and Brazil. But small sloops, open boats that could easily hide among the mangrove swamps at the many mouths of the Ogowe river, safely ran in and out at night, and carried on a successful slave-trade with the adjacent Portuguese islands, St. Thomas and Prince's some two hundred miles west of the Gaboon Coast.

At his "Camma" house, Capt. Lawlin "contrived to redeem five bright little boys from slavery, by paying money to their owners; and soon afterwards they were placed under the care of the Mission." For, he brought them to Libreville, landed them at the Mission, and gave them to the Rev. William Walker, the missionary then

in charge; who, of course, declared them free (except in case of one of those boys). Mr. Walker had previously seen, among the domestic slaves of a native friend, a wealthy Mpongwe trader, by name Sonie Harrington, an active, bright-faced, intelligent-looking little lad whom he offered to ransom from his master, hoping that he could be made a useful pupil in the Mission school. But Sonie refused; he himself liked the lad's intelligence, and he preferred the living being to the offered money.

When these five boys came to Mr. Walker's hand, he renewed his request to Sonie, and offered to exchange one of them for the desired lad. Sonie yielded. The little boy passed into the company of his other slaves. There is no record of what ever became of him. But, as Sonie was a kind master, certain it is that the boy's life was a happier and freer one at Libreville, under the mild form of Mpongwe domestic slavery than on the coffee plantations of St. Thomas island. The substituted lad at once became a freeman, a pupil in the Baraka school, passed year after year up through its course of education, entered the church, is a consistent Christian, and a useful evangelist in the church services.

His life has been an uneventful one, except for its one bit of romance. In entering into his freedom he assumed that he had a right to all Mpongwe privileges. As a young man at school, he fell in love with one of the school girls, a daughter of his late master, and desired to marry her. That was utterly impossible. A tribal custom, strict as that of Mede and Persian, forbids a Mpongwe woman to marry any man of an inferior tribe, however worthy he may personally be. The freedom bought by the missionary was not accepted by the Gaboon natives

as equal to free birth. The young man, at the refusal, shrank back into himself, became secretive, lost much of his energy and zeal to work, has kept much to himself, and has persistently refused to seek marriage. A remarkable position for a native African negro to maintain. Every native man and woman expects to marry; and will and does marry, in some way, legal or illegal, somebody or anybody. This man, now beginning to be gray-haired, is the only exception of whom I know.

On one of his voyages, Captain Lawlin came across one of those small slave boats out at sea. It had met with a storm, had lost its way; and slavers and slaves were suffering hunger and thirst. He had no desire to aid the Portuguese slave-traders; but, as a humane man, he pitied the dying slaves, and sold the slavers food and water, demanding in exchange certain of their human cargo. He chose two little girls. Of all these seven re-captives, their character and their lives, I write from my personal observation and acquaintance. But of their origin I derive my information from a little book ("Gaboon Stories," American Tract Society) written many years ago, by the late Mrs. Jane S. Preston, who was a missionary in the Baraka house, at the time the children arrived. Her own statement is: "There were also two little girls in the Mission who had been rescued from slavery. Why they were first sold, I do not know; but they had been bought by Portuguese of the island of St. Thomas. They with other slaves, were being taken from near Cape Lopez, in an open boat, across to the island; but, in a storm their masters had been driven out of their course, and not having any compass, had lost their way, and did not know the direction of

their island home. After many days sailing here and there in vain, their food and water were all gone. Just then the American captain fell in with them as he was going south along the coast, but out of sight of land. He gave them food and water, and told them which way to steer to find St. Thomas. Then, as he looked down from his vessel into their little boat, he saw these two little girls among the other slaves, and pitied them. He pitied them all, but he had no power to take them away from their cruel masters. An idea struck him; I will make these men give me those little girls in pay for the food and water I have given them, and take them to Gaboon to my friends the missionaries. Thus Pâle and Mbute were rescued."

Of the tribal origin of those two girls, something might be conjectured from their names. "Pâle" means "safely;" "Mbute" is an attempt to pronounce our English word "bottle." Both words are of Benga origin. That the boat they were found in started on its journey from Cape Lopez, a degree south of the Equator, would not necessarily prove that all its occupants had come from that region. All the tribes of that region, and south of it several hundred miles toward the Kongo river, are cognate with the Mpongwe of the Gaboon. Benga and its cognates are north of Gaboon. These girls might have originally been sold from the north. Or, it is possible that they were born in the region of the Kongo river whose dialects again are cognate with the Benga.

They were placed in school, along with the other four re-captives, where they almost all remained, till they grew up to young manhood and womanhood. Though really

freed, none of those children were ever so regarded by their free school-mates. Having no home but Baraka, they always remained there during vacations; and always were used by the missionaries as servants; which fact unintentionally gave them a semi-slave status in the eyes of the children of wealthy Mpongwe headmen who themselves owned slaves. The mark slavery had made on these poor children never wore out from their character, notwithstanding the equality the Mission had officially given them. Their habits betrayed the humble origin of at least four of them, as members of some interior dwarf tribe. Most of them stole, from mere force of habit, when they no longer had need to do so. In the midst of good food, some of them kept up their early habit of eating clay. Their manner was furtive, their traits ignoble and treacherous; and the dispositions of two of them cruel. But they were all intelligent, and, especially the boys, learned to read rapidly. In six weeks after their arrival some of them were reading easy words; "and in three months they were learning verses in Mpongwe Gospel of St. John." They all of them subsequently professed Christianity.

One of the four boys was named Jack. I remember seeing him on my visits to Baraka from my own station on Corisco island and at the Benita River, at various times between 1861 and 1871. He had learned to read, and had acquired some little knowledge; but he had no taste for books. His line of usefulness developed into that of a cook. Though he had not much skill in this art, a valuable point about him was that he was permanent. As his home was Baraka, he was always on hand, and was not liable to leave without notice, as the

free Mpongwe cooks constantly did on slight provocation. He did not attempt to run away into trade; he had not enough wit for finance. He was made somewhat of a butt by the school girls for their jokes, which he generally bore patiently. But, intemperance was his failing; and when he yielded to it, his words were curses and his acts dangerous. He is dead. Notwithstanding his failings, there was hope in his death.

A second boy was named Maruga. His intelligence was quicker than Jack's. Mrs. Preston wrote of him: "It was funny to see little Maruga lying on his back, kicking up his heels, and groaning over his task (of learning a verse of Scripture to be repeated at morning worship). 'O! these verses will be the death of me yet.' I heard him say. But when the boys came to read the Bible stories around the table in my room, they liked it better."

His line of usefulness developed into that of a cowherd. Baraka, at that time, kept a herd of a dozen cows, enjoyed its own fresh milk and cream, and occasionally a little butter, until the depredations of the cattle on the native plantations caused the local French magistrate's decision that they must be fenced in. Fencing was too expensive; and the cattle were sold. Maruga was kind to animals, and could manage the only partially domesticated cows, which would not "let down" their milk unless their calves were near them, and which immediately "went dry" if their calf died. During my residence at Benita Station in 1869, cow's milk became a necessity for the life of my infant son. I obtained a cow from Baraka, and Maruga was sent along for a few weeks to teach my Kombe tribe employees

how to take care of and how to milk the cow. He did his duty well and skillfully. He died in early manhood, and in Christian hope.

The third boy was Retenlo. He was of intelligence still brighter than Maruga's, but his temper was sometimes objectionable, and he was impatient of steady work. His line of usefulness developed into that of a valet. When I went to pioneer the Ogowe in 1874, I was unable to speak the Mpongwe dialect. I spoke the Benga, and I expected to meet a tribe, the Okota, which was cognate with Benga. I took with me a Benga-English-speaking Kombe Christian young man from Benita, as my cook and general house-helper. I did not reach the Okota tribe, and for two years I stayed among the Bakële people, their dialect being slightly cognate to the Benga. But when, in 1876, I had to settle among the Galwa, a Mpongwe-speaking tribe, my Benga was of no use. The Rev. Dr. Bushnell of Libreville sent Retenlo to me as interpreter and general assistant. He was competent; but he had come unwillingly; and he wearied of my service. And not only mine, but on returning to Dr. Bushnell, he abandoned him also, and went off into trade with its temptations of liquor and Sabbath-breaking. He was a church-member. I do not know the place, or time or circumstances of his death.

The fourth boy, Njambia, got tired of school and work, and thought he would have an easier time by running away. I do not know what became of him, whether he fell into the hands of some other tribe and was reduced to slavery, or whether he soon died.

Of the two girls, Pâle, or (as her name was Anglicised) Polly, was painfully deformed by her mouth being drawn

to one side. Also, having fallen, during an epileptic fit, into the fire that burns constantly in the centre of the clay floor of ordinary native houses, one of her legs was so severely burned as permanently to lame her. She was naturally of a kind and affectionate disposition; but, having been so often unkindly twitted by other girls because of her deformities, her temper was spoiled, and she would fly into dreadful passions. She was in Mrs. Nassau's employ for a short time while I was stationed at Benita in the Kombe tribe, ninety miles north of Gaboon, and at that time she was grown to womanhood. With us she was obedient and affectionate. But she was ever ready to take offense at what she called "curses" (really only insults) from other natives; and we were frequently annoyed by our having to listen to the petty wordy quarrels brought to us for judgment. Her own mind, not well balanced, was the cause of some of these quarrels. She married a young Kombe man. It was not a happy marriage. He made a practical slave of her; and I had to interfere.

She was at heart a good woman. She died a few years after her marriage, with her faith clear in Jesus and the Resurrection.

But of the seven re-captives the only one who lived to become of extended usefulness was the larger of the two girls, who had been given an English name "Julia." Physically she was normally developed, as she seemed to have come from a tribe different from the other dwarfish ones. She grew up from "little" girlhood to "big" girlhood, and thence to young womanhood; and, as a young woman, was relied on by Mrs. Bushnell as her chief servant, and subsequently as assistant teacher.

She was given these positions, not so much because of a special fitness, but because of her availability and her subserviency. Having no home but Baraka, she was always available; and having no tribal bonds, her willingness to act as spy made her subservient to the discipline of the school, and gained for her at least missionary commendation in her positions of brief authority. But even while thus employed, she was known by some of the other girls to be not only severe and even cruel to them, but deceitful to the very missionaries who trusted her.

Some of the younger girls retained all their lives bitter memories because of her cruelty to them. She married well; but her low characteristics followed her into her married life; and these, together with a quarrelsome tongue, were among the causes that led to her desertion by her Mpongwe husband.

With her only child, a daughter, she then returned to the Baraka home, where she obtained employment as matron.

Divine grace gradually refined her nature, so that notwithstanding the ungenerous traits that clung to her to the very last of her life, she was employed by the Mission as a Biblereader, and became quite useful in village itineration.

She lived, as grand-mother, to see her daughter's family of attractive little children around her. Under a surgical operation, she died a number of years ago, respected for her church evangelistic work.

TALE, No. 9.

A LITTLE FAG'S EXPERIENCE.

THE school children were very unlike in many respects. Most were free-born; some slave; some the children of slaves. The parents of some were poor; of some rich. Some of the children of the rich were proud and haughty.

They differed in character, both poor and rich, slave and free. Some were kind, always kind; some chose to be ugly in speech and cruel to others. This made trouble and much sorrow for the younger children, and even spoiled their characters. Under severity, though they would be obedient, yet only through fear; and they learned to be deceitful. Being oppressed, some were actually made to be rebellious and disobedient. Especially if the older ones had been given formal authority or charge over the younger ones. Sometimes when these younger ones were ill-treated by the older ones, they would keep their wrongs in mind and go and tell these things to their parents in their village when they had a chance; or else would run away to their homes to escape persecution by these older girls. They did this, not because they did not like books, or the missionaries, but just because of ill-treatment by a few cruel large girls. This made them dislike to live in the Mission.

On the other hand, some little girls were afraid to dare to tell their parents, or even the missionary, how they were being treated, and they suffered in silence while they were living in daily terror.

In this Tale, I tell of what happened between one little fag and the big girl in whose care she had been placed. The little girl, grown to be a woman, told me herself. She is not now living.

When that little girl first came to the school, this big girl was Mrs. Bushnell's trusted assistant. The child was the youngest of all the pupils at that time, about 1858. She was only about five years old. In her parents' home she had known nothing but kindness; her father always bought her abundance of nice things, and by his many servants she had been treated tenderly. She was too young to obey all school rules. So Mrs. Bushnell took her, not so much as a pupil, but as if she were her own child, and used to take much care of her herself. Certain works that had to be done for her were to be performed by this native assistant, to whose care she was committed. In making this arrangement Mrs. Bushnell thought she was doing well for her little protege, by putting her in the especial care of her trusted big girl. But it turned out to be the very worst for the child. That assistant was hard in her treatment of her all the time. She constantly acted to her unkindly, without cause, as far as the child knew. On the little girl's part, she had, in childlike confidence, accepted that assistant, was ready to like her, and called her "ngwe" (mother). But that infantile affection did not seem to soften the older girl or make things any better at all for the younger. The older one's apparent hatred of the younger one only grew more and more marked. So that whenever she had a chance to give the child pain, when the Mistress was not near, she would do it. She would call the child inside the school room alone or behind the school-house, and seek

occasion for discipline by charging her with having committed some small offence, e. g., that she had spilled water on the floor, or had left a garment out of place. If the child denied or tried to defend herself against the charge, she would give her a hard knock; or she would step on the child's foot, putting her own big toe bent, so as to dig the toe-nail into the child's flesh. Or, she would seize a fold of the skin of the child's abdomen and twist it hard; or, catching her by an ear, would jerk her about. All this while, with terrible threats, she would not allow the child to scream or make any loud outcry; she could only whimper in fear. This the young woman did so often that the child, living in constant dread of her especially when they happened to be alone, actually lost appetite and became sick. Yet, under fear of the threats, she dared not tell the Mistress, nor, when under torture, did she dare make an outcry, lest the older girl should be still harder on her, who always made fearful suggestions of what she would do if the child informed on her.

It happened one day that this little girl was sent by the Mistress on an errand to the yard of the "Upper" house. The Baraka premises are a small hill or ridge on the top of which was Rev. Mr. Walker's house and the Boys' School; a few hundred yards distant lower down was Mrs. Bushnell's dwelling-house and Girls' School. Both families had their special girl and boy household assistants. A cousin of the child, by name Lizzie, lived in the household of the upper yard; she was one of the big girls there, as large as the little girl's tormentor. She was surprised to see the child looking so thin and distressed, and asked her if she was sick. These kind inquiries opened the little one's lips; and she dared to con-

fide to her cousin that it was just because of the young woman's ill-treatment of her that she was sick. Her cousin asked her more questions; and she told her everything. The cousin was much surprised, and very much displeased. She said she knew that the big girls were sometimes hard on their little fags, but had never heard of one being so cruel as this young woman was. She asked the child why she had not informed the Mistress; and the child told her about the young woman's threats. Then the cousin said, "If that is so, I feel like fighting her myself. But as we big girls are not allowed to fight in this yard of Mr. Walker, I cannot go to make confusion on Mrs. Bushnell's yard; and as you yourself are afraid to tell even your parents, I will see that girl is put a stop to; for I will go and call our young aunt Anyure, who is about the same age as this girl and myself. Then Anyure and I we two will find her when she is outside the two yards down at the spring, and we will have a good fight with her there." So, the next day, the cousin went down to town to tell the aunt the cruel story. She was very much put out about it, dressed herself for a fight, and came up to Baraka. Her niece Lizzie had first returned to her own (Mr. Walker's) yard; and the aunt following openly entered Mrs. Bushnell's yard, and called her little niece, and said, "Call that big girl to me here. Tell her that if she considers herself a woman, she must go with me and fight for what she has been doing to you." Also she blamed the little girl for having kept silent about such things. The child went to the school-house to call the young woman, and told her what her aunt had said. When this assistant came out of the school-house, instead of going straight to the yard to the

aunt, she avoided her and went across to the dwelling-house of the Mistress, thus showing that she was afraid of Anyure. The latter saw her going, and called to her not to go to that house, and not to speak to the Mistress. But the other went on, and made only a vague reply. So the aunt kept calling to her, "Don't you go there! The Mistress will hear your voice." But the other cowardly went there for refuge, stood on the veranda of the dwelling-house, and began to talk loudly, purposely that the Mistress might hear and come and protect her. Still the aunt kept saying, "Don't you talk there! Come outside this yard and face me!"

The Mistress heard the loud talking, and came out on to the veranda to see what was the matter. The assistant told her, "Anyure has come here to try to fight me." Then Mrs. Bushnell told Anyure that there could be no fighting in her yard. Anyure respectfully replied, "I have more sense than to come and fight in your yard. I called her to come outside." So Anyure said to the other, "Well! you are brave against a weak little child; and a coward that you won't come and meet me. I go. But I'll watch my chance!" And she turned to her little niece, and bade her, openly before Mrs. Bushnell and the assistant, that whatever the latter did or threatened to do to her, she was to come straight to town and tell her: "Then I'll fight her whenever I see her walking in the villages or off the Mission premises." From that minute the child felt free from fear. A great burden was lifted from her young life. Mrs. Bushnell had left the veranda, and had gone back into her house. The assistant turned toward the child and said spitefully, "Thank you, for telling on me to your aunt!" The child

had no more fear of her, and dared to reply, "Yes, I told; and I don't want to have anything more to do with you, nor you to take care of me. Leave me alone. I will try to take care of myself." Though she was not able to do it, she began at once to try and do up her own clothing. For, from that day she was free from that young woman's control. Mrs. Bushnell did not require her to go back to her; nor, on the other hand, did Mrs. Bushnell publicly investigate this affair. Perhaps she began to doubt her assistant, and her eyes began to see through her duplicity; for, she had heard enough from that young aunt to understand that something was wrong. But the young woman had been her favorite, and, for very shame, she would save so big a girl an examination that would have degraded her from her trusted position, if witnesses of other offences against Mrs. Bushnell herself had been called in, now that other sufferers saw that they could speak and not be beaten down.

The lonely little girl tried to do her own washing; and she got some big girls, who she knew were kind, to help her with the rinsing and ironing. She would go to them timidly smiling, and say, "Please do this for me, and I will do some little errands for you;" and they did it.

But this could not last long; for she was too small, and was not strong. Shortly after this, one of the "big" girls, a daughter of another wealthy Trade-man, herself voluntarily took her. She was a very kind and amiable girl; and the little one made the advance, "Won't you take me?" And she was pleased to do so, without any formal assignment by Mrs. Bushnell. So she took the child, and was very kind to her, in making and mending her clothes, and in arranging her hair.

She never gave the child a harsh word or one single blow. Whenever she was ironing or doing other works, the loving little one would stand by her side watching closely so as to learn, and happy to do any small errands for her.

Not long afterward this amiable girl married, and the younger one was very sorry indeed to part with her; for she was attached to her as to an older sister, and she missed her very much when she left the school. The older one is still living; and as long as the other one lived, the two women loved each other. They did not forget those days; and, when they visited each other, they talked about all that happened when they were school-girls.

By the time that this older one left school, the younger had learned some things, and was old enough to begin to look out for herself.

Her tormentor escaped punishment at the hands of that young aunt; but she never dared to touch the child again. She remained long in the Mission's employ. The little girl grew to be a "big" girl alongside of her, but magnanimously bore no ill-will for the cruelty to her in her childhood. They did not speak of those past things. The two women often had to work together, as the grown up child was now used by the Mission as assistant teacher. But the other one never was friendly to her, though they both were professing Christians and church-members. Her malice toward the younger continued to be shown by mean insinuations against her, long after they both had ceased to have any connection with the school, and even after she herself had become a grandmother of little children. They both are dead. The elder died a

number of years before the younger. Religion somewhat refined her; sickness mollified her; but even in her best days, when she and the girl, fifteen years younger than herself, who had been her school-fag, were grown women, she would not affiliate with her. Perhaps it was impossible for two such contrary natures to affiliate: the younger, free-born, noble, magnanimous, truthful, and ready to forgive the wrong that had been done her; the older one, of low birth, ignoble, suspicious, deceitful, and apparently unable to get over the shame of the public exposure that young aunt had made of her treatment of her little fag.

TALE, No. 10.

FRIENDSHIPS AND PASTIMES.

IN school, the children had many different ways of making friendships; as also of arousing enmities.

Some would at times start up a quarrel, (which might result in an actual fight) just out of nothing.

Some friendships were made from the very beginning of a child's arrival, two saying, "Let us be friends and have no quarrels at all." Sometimes this amicable agreement was kept. At other times, if one of the two was a little more disposed to be vexatious than the other, she would start an altercation even with her friend. Perhaps that friend would take it up. Then, soon after their difference, they would make up again, and retain their friendship. But, instead of taking up the offense, the more peaceable one would sometimes say, "Are you going to quarrel with me? I thought you promised not to. Let us not quarrel, lest others laugh at us for breaking our bargain." Then they would be at peace. They would be seen most of the time together, when out of regular school duties; always together in any kind of play. Among the plays, one of which the children were very fond, was the stringing of many kinds of colored beads. These they wore as chains on their necks, wrists and ankles. Another play was the making of rag-dolls; or, instead of rags, was used a section, about a foot long, of the pithy heart of a plantain stalk. Longitudinally through this stalk run many strong fibres. The girls would beat one end, so as to pound away the pithy pulp, leaving only the fiber, which would represent the hair

of a human head. This fiber they would plait and braid just as the older girls braided their own hair into asara (chignons). Really, the first lessons in the art of dressing their own hair were obtained in working over the fibers of these pieces of plantain-stalk. The rest of the stalk, representing the doll's body, would be covered with a rag, tied in the native style of cloth. There was a great deal of playing at "Young Mother," with these doll-babies. After properly fixing up the doll's hair and clothing, the girls would take their own turban handkerchief to tie as a nyamba (sling). [Instead of carrying a babe in arms, the real native mode is to have a long piece of cloth, made sometimes of native woody fiber, hung as a sling from one shoulder of the mother, generally the right, across to her left hip. The infant sits in the bight of the sling, its legs astride of the mother's left hip, whose left arm is around its back. Her right arm is then free for work.]

The little "mothers" would thus carry their doll-babies around to show them to others, "See ! this is my child." "Yes; I see it. It is very pretty. Let me handle it." Then it would be pulled out of the nyamba, to be fondled.

Another play was the making of an Ulako or camp. A little place would be chosen under a shady tree. One part would be cleared as a sitting-room or parlor. In another part would be gathered a lot of dried leaves with a cloth spread over them as a bed-room; and another place, a little way off, was the kitchen. The sitting-room and bed-room were to be "pretend;" but the kitchen was to be real. They would have their kitchen utensils; for plates, any pieces of broken crockery, and for pot or kettle, empty meat cans. Before going to the

kitchen, their babies were to be put to sleep in the bedroom and covered with a small piece of cloth as a quilt. They would leave one of their little companions to watch the sleeping doll-babies, the while they go off for firewood, saying, "If the child cries, call me. Or, if it cries very much, just take it up and fondle it till I come." Then after they return with their dried sticks, they would be sure to ask, "Has the child been crying? Has it made you any trouble?" Most of the time the answer will be, "No; not much."

Then the little mothers will begin to do some small cooking in their tins. If they had saved a portion of fish from their own food ration or been given some from their villages, they used this in their play. They mixed it up with a pottage of greens made from sweet potato leaves, or from a slightly sour and mucilaginous leaf "okolo;" or they made a soup, throwing into it half a handful of rice, if they had been so fortunate as to have been presented with some. Sometimes all this would be nicely cooked, and would be enjoyed with salt and cayenne native pepper and an "oguma" (cassava roll) or plantain. But sometimes the girl who had been appointed to manage the cooking was not skillful in setting the tin on the fire-place, the three stones of which were not always equal in size or even in height. [The invariable native fire-place consists of three stones set at the angles of a small isosceles triangle; the faggots for the fire are not laid criss-cross on each other, but are thrust, ends under the pot, through the three open sides of that triangle. Very often, and always among skillful adult women, instead of stones, three logs are used, the pot resting on an end of each at the angles of that same

triangle; and the logs, as the ends burn away, are pushed forward. Smaller sticks are from time to time, as kindling wood, thrust under the pot through the open sides of the triangle. A draft, for retaining a constantly burning fire, is thus obtained, better than if the faggots were piled up criss-cross.]

Sometimes in her pushing a faggot under the tin, a dreadful accident would happen. The tin is upset from its precarious position, the soup extinguishes the fire, and the solid contents of the tin are lying in the wet ashes, and perhaps are not fit to be gathered up. Then, what an *ozâzâ* (complaint) bursts out! If there were two or three who expected to join in eating the food, some of them will begin to grumble, "A! ndo! (but) nyawe! (No!) What are we going to eat?" Another, "But I claim my part of the fish. I will not go hungry. You had no skill. You could have managed it if you had done the right way." "But I tried! I could not prevent it. I did not want to burn my hands." "You should have taken a bunch of leaves, or a fold of your dress, and lifted the pot off of the fire before you put the wood under. That would not have burned your hands. Then you could have fixed the stones straight, and put the pot on again." She replies, "Never mind! But I will try to do it over." She goes to get a fire-brand from another *olako*. Sometimes one will intercept her, saying, "But I'm not going to eat food after it has been on the ground." But some, if they are friendly, in order to comfort the unfortunate little cook, and to make up for having rebuked her, will share in the eating of the food after she has brushed off the ashes and cooked it again, even if they do not like it. Sometimes the little

cook is so unskillful that the pot goes over a second time. Then up go the exclamations of all in disgust, and in ridicule, "E! E! E!" She protests, "A! never mind! I'll try it over." "E! try it over? What do you mean by that? Food taken from dirt which people have been treading on! Don't try it! No one will have it." Then perhaps a quarrel begins between the little cook and the one who had berated her most. Now then the fun of the olako is broken. Each one takes up her doll-baby from the bed-room, and goes and starts an olako by herself. Or, perhaps they make up the quarrel and go and begin a play of hide-and-seek; or of rope-jumping. Another play was "Nkěgěndia" (tickling). Three or four will agree to take turns in being tickled. The others will surround the victim, and enjoy her wriggling to escape, as they combine to tickle her in the ribs or other known sensitive parts of the body. Finally she falls, and they all tumble in a confused heap on top of her.

Another play was "Demb'-opa" (wrestling). But sometimes the friendly "opa" ended in a fight, when the wrestling was done roughly, so as to throw the other one to the ground.

After the playing was finished, they would go back to the olako to collect their utensils, and put them away for another day, in the Girls' house.

TALE, No. 11.

QUARRELS AND FIGHTING.

QUARRELS came from a great variety of causes. A common one was about the spring of water.

When it was time for the daily work of bringing of water from the spring, each one of the two middle classes was to share in the carrying. But as there were only two tin dippers, and a limited number of pails, the strife would be who could first secure those utensils.

Many a quarrel might have been prevented, and much annoyance to the missionary in charge, had there been a less unwise economy in the providing of dippers and pails. The girls who failed to be the first to seize those utensils would have to wait till the others had carried their stint. The object of all was to get our work done as soon as possible, so that we might resume play; meanwhile the waiting ones would be grumbling. As the pails were carried on the girls' heads, which had more or less of pomatum, the Mistress objected to the pail itself being dipped into the pool. Two large tin dippers were to be used instead. The strife then was to secure the dippers. The successful one would be crowded with claims. "When you finish with the dipper, I am the second one. Another, "And I the third." But generally there would be several who would be claiming to be second or third. Then begins an altercation, each one saying, "No. I said 'second' before you said it." "No, it was I who spoke first." Then they all go down the hill to the dense cluster of West

India bamboo trees where the spring is, all talking together: "I said I'd be second. You'll see I'll be it." Another says to the possessor of the dipper, "I'm your friend; hand it to me as soon as you are done." Most of the time the possessor of the dipper would be the one to settle the question, by putting the dipper into the chosen one's pail as soon as herself had finished. Then the other claimants would have to wait. But sometimes the one with the dipper will say, "I'll not decide." So she lays it down, and the others grab for it. Then there is a contest; two have seized it, and neither will yield. While these two are contesting for the possession of the dipper, the others cannot wait, and they dip their pails into the pool, notwithstanding pomatum.

The contest goes on, and one of the two presently gives a blow. The dipper is flung aside, and they grapple in a fight. The spring was a difficult spot for such a contest, the ground being muddy and obstructed by rocks and sticks. Before this contest is over, both parties will be covered with mud; and the stronger one will be trying to push the other into the pool of the spring. Both will have bruises from the rocks, and their dresses are torn to shreds. While the fight is on, some of the girls will stand only as spectators, others inciting, others trying to make peace. Sometimes it would continue so long that the Mistress would send one or two of the big girls to see what was the cause of the delay in the bringing of the water; and if it be a fight, to bring the offenders back into the yard. After inquiring how the case stands, she would make them change their dresses, and for punishment, would compel them to mend the torn ones at once,—which was some-

times almost impossible; the delinquents saying, "But we are not able to mend them. Big pieces are torn out, and the sleeves are gone." "Then you will go and gather the pieces out of the mud." Sometimes they found very little that was available; and the dresses were really impossible to be mended.

Fighting was so common that the children actually had made a cleared space of ground for that special purpose, which we called "Ereniza-mpungu" (dispute settler). It was at the foot of a big rose-apple tree near the school-house, and out of sight of the dwelling-house. The fighting was held at this place at either of three times a day. Thus;—Fighting after morning school at noon, for something said in school. A taunt having been made, the reply would be, "Wait until school is out; we'll go to Ereniza-mpungu." "All right!" As soon as school was out, would come the cry, "I call you to your promise." "Yes! No word! I'm ready!" Then they would go down to the place, tie up the skirts of their dresses, so as to keep their legs clear lest they trip, and the fight would begin.

Also, after afternoon sewing school, at four o'clock. The taunt would be over some little matter, such as an accidental exchange of needles; or, "Some one broke my needle;" or "Some one has taken my thimble." "Well! wait for Ereniza-mpungu; then, out!" Also, an altercation at night in the bed-room over a mistake made in pulling at another's bed-covering instead of one's own. "Stop, that is mine!" Then next morning it was, "Ereniza-mpungu!" Also, in house-cleaning time, it was necessary to hide your wash-rag, so that next morning you would not be late to work, by having to

look for another one, your's having been lost or stolen. But some one who had lost or mislaid her own, finds your hidden one, and takes it to another room, and is doing her own work as fast as she can, the while she hears you complaining, "Who has taken my rag from under the house?" No answer from any one. "I will come and look at each one who is cleaning and see my wash-rag and will take it!" Entering at each room she describes, "My rag! My rag is color so-and-so, from such-and-such an old dress or pair of pantaloons." If she finds it with any one, then, "What did you do that for? You shall clean not only your own place but mine too." "Imě! (what!) I won't do it." "Then you sha'n't finish your own." And she snatches, or tries to snatch her rag away. Sometimes the offender is willing to yield; and she asks others to let her use theirs when they are done. But if she is not willing to give it up before she has finished the room she is at, then there is a fight on the spot, or an appointment to Ereniza-mpungu. So much fighting was done at Ereniza-mpungu that the grass did not grow there.

Sometimes several pairs of these duelists would be carrying on their contests there at the same time. They would be punished by the missionary for fighting; but they continued to do it all the same.

TALE, No. 12.

PRANKS.

[There is something peculiar, the world over, in both heathen and Christian lands, about the academic conscience. Under the plea of "fun" and youthful exuberance, it allows, in its ethics, words and deeds which the Philistine code of morals denominates as lying, cheating and stealing. For the safety of the world, it is gratifying to know that these same young barbarian Bohemians, in after years, develop a conscience that honors the Ten Commandments in Pulpit, Press, Law, Medicine, the Market, the Farm and the Household, and which even beautifies the Church.]

AS school children always are up to some kind of mischief or fun, we Baraka girls were not exceptions. We did a great deal of it. If occasion did not present itself, we would invent some sort of mischief on purpose. Not with any evil intent, but thoughtlessly, and "for fun." It was necessary for us to laugh. If there was nothing to laugh at, then we made or did something in order to laugh. To amuse ourselves we would start up some funny derisive song, just for the sake of teasing the school-boys across the fence that divided their yard from ours. They dared not cross that fence to punish us for the insults we heaped on them. Or, we annoyed, with our derision, inoffensive passers-by on the public road that adjoined part of our premises. We were safe behind our fence; and they respected our missionaries too much to invade those premises, to give us the whipping we deserved.

It was our fun to mimic the ungraceful step or halting speech of some slave men or woman; as they did not speak our Mpongwe language correctly, we would laugh and jeer at their mistakes. When the slave men with

their women or children came each Monday from their plantations with food to sell to the Mission, we would always gather around them and stare at them closely, to see if we could find anything in their personal appearance at which to laugh; or we would listen to their harsh bushmen-dialect, and deride their broken Mpongwe speech. At these their mistakes, we would break into a laugh. Sometimes it annoyed them very much to be laughed at to their very faces. Then sometimes some of them would begin to get vexed and to "sâzâ" (complain). But we always tried to keep out of the difficulty by going off a few steps from them, saying, "Now they are beginning to be vexed, it is better not to be too near them." And individuals of our company would begin to defend themselves, saying, "You are vexed at me? Do you think that you are the one at whom we were laughing?" They would reply, "But whom then are you laughing at? Were you sent here to the Mission to act as fools? To be laughing at and reviling people? Were you not sent here to learn to have a good head? If you dare to do this again to us, we will tell your Mistress; or if we know your parents, we will tell them in your villages." Then, being a little alarmed, we each would begin, "*I did not begin it.*" or "*Not me.*" And then we would run away to a safe distance, shouting and teasing as we went, saying, "If you don't want to be teased, who told you to come here? Your aguma (cassava rolls) are bad; we won't eat any of the food you bring here to sell." [This was a vain threat; for, though it was true that the cassava prepared by the slaves was very much inferior to that carefully and cleanly made by free women, it was on that same inferior plantation cassava that the school

had to depend. The supply from free sources was not ample for daily need.]

While some of these ignorant people were much annoyed at what we said, others did not seem to mind it. They only called their children aside from us to prevent conflict, and laughed it off. We would notice especially any man or woman who had on their body always the same old dirty cloth; and we would revile it, saying, "There comes that same old cloth." Our company of voices would begin, "Mângi sinâ! (You fellows!) She has come back again with the same cloth!" Sometimes we would ask them, "Have you no other cloth at all? You come here always with that old cloth." Sometimes they were not vexed, and would quietly reply "Yes! child, I have no other."

One of these poor people who got the most teasing from us was a small dried-up little old woman whose name was Akanda. Her face had a constant look of trouble, perhaps caused by ill-health or poverty or ill-treatment. She belonged to Ma (Mrs.) Bessy Makei, one of the prominent church-members. She often came to sell her aguma; but frequently the missionary was busy at something else, and not ready to buy. Then she had to wait. While waiting, Akanda would be standing in a ridiculous attitude, and flies would be tormenting her head and feet. As these annoyed her she would be slapping them off with the end of her cloth, or would flourish a bunch of leaves in her hand with which to drive them away. While she was doing this, her poor old troubled face would look so doleful the children would gather around her and begin to make unnecessary salutation of repeated "Mbolo," or ask her foolish questions. In

her simplicity she would answer the questions, looking quite pleased as if we were really friendly to her; while at the same time some were giggling and mimicing her flapping of the flies. The children would stand around her till she was through with the selling of the food and until she turned to go away, and then, with mock solemnity, would escort her to the gate, imitating her walk, and pretending to drive away flies from their own bodies. Then when she was outside the gate they would turn back, laughing and saying to her, "When are you coming again." This, from a playful beginning, went on till it became worse: she discovered that she was being made an object of ridicule; then she refused to enter the yard, but sent in her aguma to be sold by some other women for her. After a while she ceased to come at all. Then the children took notice of her absence and wondered why "Iya (mother) Akanda" had not come. So they asked of the other women, "Where is Akanda?" and were told, "She is quite sick." Then the children were all really very sorry for having ridiculed her, and we changed our minds about the way we should treat her. So that when she got better, and came again, we did not laugh at or jeer her, but were friendly and pitied her. But soon she got worse again; and she died.

This was a lesson to us against teasing the sick and aged or helpless. But we still kept it up toward able-bodied men and women who continued to come to sell food. The two girls who most of all were persistent in this laughing and joking at these people were my sister Njiwo and her friend Akera. [These two girls were daughters of two of the most prominent families, and were very pretty, witty, graceful, bright at their books,

efficient as workers in work-time, and in play-time, overflowing with vivacious pranks. Akeru is still living to-day; they became grandmothers, good Christians, and active members of the church.]

The food-buying was mostly on Monday. That was also the very time when we were doing our clothes-washing, at a spot which happened to be near the food-house. So we saw all that was going on, and we could conveniently do our ridiculing without at all leaving or neglecting our work. We were busy with the washing at one end of the house, and the buying and selling was going on at the other end. The food-bearers, on entering the yard, had to pass by us, on their way to the food-house. If anything outlandish about them attracted our attention, they had to run the gauntlet of our remarks. Occasionally some new bearer, who had not been there before, and was not accustomed to the localities, would see us standing at our washing, would make a mistake and think that that was the place for buying, and would put down his bundle of food near us. Then sometimes we would direct them by telling them, "No, not here! Go around to the other end of the house."

But one day it happened that a man came with a big load of aguma. As he was a stranger, he began to ask us, "I want to sell aguma. Is this the place?" Some said, "No, go around." Others interrupted, "Not so! this is the place. Stay here." So one of those two girls, Njiwo [with an English name, Hattie] went near to the man and said, "Don't listen to their talk. Listen to me. I'll show you the way." As the man was near to the steps which led up to the bath-room of the Mistress and thence to her bed-room, she had suddenly made up

her mind to cause him to go up there, so that we might have a laugh when he should be seen and driven out by the indignant Mistress. She told him, "You just go up there. The white person is there; and you sell your aguma to her." The poor man believed her, and obeyed her directions. He went hesitatingly, as if he had no right to ascend the stairs. She kept near him as he went, he inquiring step by step, "Here? here?" "Yes; go on up." Some of the others began to be alarmed at the audacity of the joke, and protested, "E! E!"; because it was against the rules for any stranger to go to that part of the house; and they knew the Mistress would be very much displeased to find this man in her bed-room. Some began to say to the man, "No, don't go up there. You will bring anger on yourself." The man heard this, and turned and in his broken Mpongwe, asked, "Is it orunda (prohibited) for me to go up here?" His guide said, "No! it is not orunda. Don't listen to their talk. You go up. Just go in that door with your aguma. Then the white person will see it and buy it." By this time he was near the top of the steps. But the Mistress had heard the noise of the discussion from the dining-room; had come thence through the bed-room, and when she got to the bath-room, she saw this man just at the top of the steps. She was very much displeased, and ordered him down. "This is not the place at which to sell food," and she asked, "Who told him to go up?" But no one informed her; only, some said, "Ayě mǎ" (himself). The man was told the right place to which to go; and he went around to the other end of the house. And the Mistress went back to the dining-room. Then the children (talk-

ing in low voices) all had a good laugh about that man. This was an affair that was not forgotten by us for a long while; it was a great stock for fun during many Mondays. Another day, also a Monday, another man came with fifty aguma. We school children had nothing to do with the food-buying, it being bought for us. But that day some of them were hungry and offered to buy a few of the aguma for themselves, the while the missionary was occupied at his table. Each of those two practical jokers took five. [The full regular price for five aguma was ten cents.] One of these girls gave him a *cinque-sous* [a French coin equal to about five cents] only half price of the five aguma; the other girl had a small damaged coin of unknown value, but which was probably uncurrent and therefore worthless. The man looked at it doubtfully. He was not accustomed to coins; he was used to taking goods in barter. He asked, "Is it good money?" They said, "Yes." So he left the ten aguma, took the two coins, and went away, going down the streets to sell his remaining forty rolls. But when he went into the villages, and tried to exchange the two coins, he found he had been cheated. Then happened what most of us expected: for, soon we saw him coming running up the road, quite excited.

While he had been down in the villages, the girls had begun to open one of the cassava-rolls and to eat of it. So when he came he said, "Now come! hurry, I want my aguma back, or more money. This one piece is not money. All that you gave me is only this *cinque-sous*." So Akera, who had given him the worthless coin, began to pretend to be vexed, as if the man himself had made a mistake. Her confidante and others were laughing,

telling the man, "Is that the way you do? You are not telling the truth. We gave you the money all right. Perhaps you yourself made the mistake while down in the villages." But the man was positive, "No, No! this is the very money you gave me. Bring the rest of the money due, fifteen cents, or hand back my aguma." He was very much excited. Akera had to take back her worthless coin and return the five aguma. The two girls hurried to try to settle the affair before the Mistress should know anything about it, lest they should be blamed. So, five aguma were returned; as to the other five, one of which had been cut into, they induced him to be satisfied with the four and a half which were also returned; and he went away quietly.

Another day, another man came with bottles of palm-oil to sell, and he asked for rum in exchange. Some of the children began to laugh at him, "We do not keep rum at the Mission. Go to the Trading-houses." But one of those two girls, Akera said, "You all forget the nice rum we have out there in that big cask." (pointing to our water-barrel). She took from the man two bottles of palm-oil; and with two other empty bottles, went to fill them with the "nice new kind of rum," as she called it. She filled the two bottles with the water, and tasted a little of it in his sight, so that he would believe it was real rum, and asked him also to taste this "Odorless rum" as she called it, to prove that it was good, and to see whether he was pleased with it, and satisfied with the price. He tasted it, and hesitatingly admitted that it was "good." [He actually went off with the two bottles of (supposed) rum, believing it to be a new brand he had not before met with.] As soon

as he was outside the gate, Akera, knowing that the man would be back again as soon as the deception was discovered, went to work quickly with another empty bottle and began to pour into it half of the contents of one of the palm-oil bottles, and hid it. Then she filled with water the empty space in the palm-oil bottle, and put it alongside the other full one, and sat waiting, expecting the man's return. Soon we saw him coming up again. He was not excited nor hasting (as that other man about the coins). He was rather quiet. One of his two bottles of "rum" was half empty. He said, "I have come to bring back the rum. I don't like it." "Why, what's the matter?" "It looks too much like water." "But did we not both taste of it? And I told you it was a new kind, and without odor. And you said you liked it." "Yes, but I don't like it now. I want my oil." "But where is the rum? Have you drunk part of it?" The man produced from his traveling-bag the two bottles of "rum," one of them only half full. Akera refused to accept that half empty one, claiming back from him all her "nice fine rum." She says, "You have drunk part of my rum; you must give me part of your oil." But he refused, saying, "Ze!e" (not so). He put down before her the two bottles of water, and she set before him his two bottles of oil, saying, "I won't buy from you again. You make too much trouble." As the oil bottles were of dark glass, the man did not perceive that one of them was only a mixture of oil and water. So he took his two bottles and went off, apparently satisfied. As his back was turned, Akera faced toward him and said in a low voice,

"You'll see the trick I have played on you." Then all the girls began a hearty laugh.

The man went off to his plantation. If he discovered the mixture of oil and water in that bottle, he did not return to make ozâzâ (complaint) about it.

TALE, No. 13.

“BIRD’S CLAWS;” THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FLOCK.

THIS story is about a girl who had been given the name of “Jane Preston” after Mrs. Preston, one of our most amiable missionaries.

School children always have their own plays and manners and special friends. Even the missionaries had their special favorites among the girls. There were others they did not care much about. Some of the girls were weak, and others strong-hearted; there were differences among them all. Some were friendless and had few relatives; some had no older sisters to defend and fight for them in time of trouble. So, most of the time the strong ones took advantage of the weak ones. Sometimes they would take a chance to tease them and try to make them cry. If the weak girl got tired of being treated thus, perhaps she would resent it, and would begin to be saucy. Then the strong ones would punish her for that.

There was one girl, named Jane Preston who belonged to Bakële people [plural of Akële, the name of an inferior tribe]. She was the only Akële in the yard. So, most of the time, she was the one to be tormented. Most of the school troubles came to her. She was not very strong-hearted, but she had a strong body, fit for fighting. She herself was up to all sorts of mischief. Sometimes the big girls would make her stand up and revile herself and her own people. They would bid her stand and improvise a little song. The song was mostly to praise their Gaboon (Mpongwe) people, and to deride

her own tribe. They would tell her how to sing and what to say, and she was compelled to repeat what they told her. The chorus of the song was, thus:—

“The Mpongwe are very sweet (kango)
Kango! uyâmbâ (perfume)! kango!
The Bakële are—Phew! Phew! Phew!
The bad smells!”

She used to try to steal all she could come across—beads, food, and everything. She would eat anything, even things that were not nice to eat. One day she was seen in Ma Bushnell's kitchen trying to get something out of the fire. When asked, “What's that? What are you doing?” she replied, “I am roasting something.” We asked, “What are you roasting?” but she made no reply. On our coming to find out, we saw that she was roasting legs taken from a bird whose body the cat had eaten the night before, and had left the legs as worthless. But Jane was going to roast them in the fire, and the fire dried up the skin on the bones of the legs, and had left nothing to be eaten. Nevertheless she tried all her best to get at the charred remains. So, we all had a good laugh, and used to tease her about it, and called her a nick-name, “Akâkâ m' inyâni” (Bird's Claws). Then, too, that very morning, she had been stealing. It was the custom, in our setting the table of the missionaries, that whatever food (pieces of plantain, or meat, or anything else) was left by them, was allowed for the two girls who waited at table. They were permitted to eat it themselves, or share it with others, or do as they pleased with it. So this day, after

the two "big" waiter girls had divided this little food between their two selves, one of them just stepped out doors a little while. When she came in again, her plantains were missing. She searched for them, but could not find them. So she said, "As it is not time for the other girls to be eating, I will find out who has those plantains. I will make all the younger girls vomit, then I will know who has been eating my plantains."

So all the younger girls were called and ordered to drink a large quantity of tepid water, and then thrust their fingers down their throat to make them gag. This very girl, Jane, seemed glad of the order and said, "Yes! yes! let us all vomit, and see who stole plantains." This was because, though she had really stolen the plantains, she had not yet eaten them. So she knew her guilt could not be proved at that time. All of those girls vomited, but none ejected any plantain. So Jane Preston said, "Who is it that has stolen plantains? I think she must have thrown them away in fear." Thus she herself made the big girls suspect that herself was the thief; and soon it was proved that she had hidden the plantain under a plate in the pantry, intending to get it as soon as the expected ozâzâ (investigation) should be over. So the owner of the plantain took it, and this Akële girl did not get any. Many times she got into trouble and had punishment for stealing; but she would not leave it off. Even after she was married and had borne children, she would persist in stealing from the other women's gardens.

TALE, No. 14.

ESONGE CLIMBS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

[Esonge and her young husband Mayeye, and Bataka, the wife of Uduma, were all of them members of the adjacent Benga tribe.

These two young men came to Baraka school to join the Advanced class, some of whom were studying as candidates for the Ministry. The young wives were, in the mean while, to attend the Girls' school, partly for education, and partly to occupy their time. Esonge was younger and more of a girl than Bataka, who was very quiet and sensible.]

ESONGE was full of mischief and up to all sorts of pranks. Sometimes the girls made up their minds deliberately to be naughty; sometimes, for revenge on the teacher, a Miss X——, who was almost the only missionary lady they ever treated in that way; for they did not like her.

Sometimes it was simply for the sake of mischief, without any evil thought.

So, whenever Esonge happened to make up her mind to take a turn, we knew it at once by her face when she entered the school-house door. She would come in late and begin to give excuses. Then as we all sat down, she would rise up, or go out on the veranda to spit, or would cross the school-room, or make strange faces and cause the other girls to laugh, just to torment the teacher. Soon after she had come in she would begin to ask to go out for a drink of water, or other excuse. Then, soon after she had returned, she will again ask to go out for something else. If she was refused, she would pretend to be sulky, and would say she would go out any how.

So, when the third time she asked to go out, the teacher refused. Then she started to go toward the door; but the teacher locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. Then Esonge said, "You say I won't go out? I say I will. You have locked the door; but how is it about the windows?" As the windows were long and wide, they had bars fastened across from the bottom half way up, so as to prevent the pupils falling out. Esonge began to climb up the bars. Then the teacher came and caught her by the skirt of her dress, in order to pull her down. When Esonge saw that it would take some time to get out, the while the teacher was holding her dress, she jumped down and said, "We'll see, to-day!" So she began to arrange herself, as the school girls did when getting ready for a fight, i. e., to gather up all her skirts, twist them in one roll between her legs, draw up the ends behind and tuck them into the belt around her waist, and then fasten them there with her turban handkerchief as a girdle. Then she started for the window again. All that while the teacher had stood by expecting to be fought; and half of the school were on their feet excitedly waiting for the scene of a fight between teacher and pupil. So Esonge says to the teacher, "Now, I'm going out. Come and prevent me;" for she knew now her dress would not hinder her, her legs being bared. The teacher tried to prevent her, by pulling at her legs as she climbed. At this, Esonge would give a kick, and the teacher's hands are flung off. When the teacher saw that Esonge had only two bars left to be climbed, she began to call on the larger girls for help to pull her down. She also said, "One of you must go to the other house to call Mrs. Bushnell." But the girls

said, "We do not wish to go. And you've locked the door, and you have the key." Those few who had responded to the call for help to pull Esonge down really aided her by pushing her up, the while they were pretending to pull her down. All the while that the teacher was saying, "Now, help! help!" as she herself was pulling, the others were hindering by pushing. So, Esonge having been helped, was finally partly outside of the window, there remaining yet one leg inside. Then we thought: "Now Esonge is out. She has gained the victory." But, instead of her drawing out that leg and completing her victory, we saw her apparently turning back, and that she was stationary. Then she said to those who had been helping her, "You! first leave me, for a minute." We asked, "Why? What's the matter? Why don't you go out?" She said, "Wait a while. There's the other one: I see her sister." [Meaning the teacher's missionary "sister" Mrs. Bushnell.] The noise of the riotous school had become so great that Mrs. Bushnell had heard it over at the dwelling-house, and had come out on the veranda to see what was the matter. So Esonge jumped back and got down inside the room again. Mrs. Bushnell came over to know what was going on. Miss X—— told her all about it. But, as Esonge was a married girl, and was considered as a "woman," and not as an ordinary pupil, she was not whipped, but was only severely rebuked. At this she pretended that she was very much displeased, the while

she knew she was in the wrong. So, in her pretended displeasure, she said she would leave and not come into school any more, but would remain in her husband's house, and do her own works.

But this did not last very long. She could not endure being alone; and the second week afterward she came again to school. We girls were all very glad to welcome her back, because she was one of the chief ones for "urogo" (mischief) and fun and play. Sometimes she came to lessons, and sometimes she stayed away, just as she pleased. We all liked her very much for her play and jokes. She stayed with us till she had to return to her home on Corisco; for she was about to become a mother, and we all missed her very much. That baby is now a young man, working as a carpenter.

TALE, No. 15.

AGNES BREAKS THE SWITCHES.

ALL school children make more or less trouble at times. But the two who were always the worst were Agnes, and Amelia, a daughter of a rich head-tradesman: and the end of their difficulties with their teacher was always that Ma Bushnell was called in. She, though slender in body, was strong in decision. All the girls stood in awe of her, most of them respected her; and almost all loved her. She, when called in to settle a riot, pushed or dragged the offenders to the dwelling house, to finish their punishment there; after which they were locked up for the rest of the day.

Of these two girls, Agnes was the worse, both to the teacher and to the other girls. Almost every day, she was engaged in some quarrel or fight with either the teacher or some fellow-pupil. Sometimes she would deliberately make up her mind to be troublesome in school to the teacher. Then, whenever the teacher attempted to punish her, she would seize the teacher and begin to fight with her. After a while, the teacher was tired of this fighting, and she made up her mind what to do. She decided to whip her, and had three long switches made, which would extend half way across the room, so as to prevent Agnes coming near her when she should attempt to strike her.

So, whenever Agnes did anything that was naughty, the teacher would reach out this long stick and strike her with it, without leaving her seat. But this did not

last long. One morning Agnes was displeased about her food. So, she made up her mind to be naughty during school.

As soon as she went into school, she showed that she was not willing to obey orders, or even to recite the Scripture verses for the day from the tablet hanging on the wall, or to write in her copy-book. So, the long stick was extended across the room to her. Then she began to scold and to strike her fist on her desk, and to say, "By the name of my father! you dare to do that again!" The teacher said, "Agnes, Silence!" Agnes impertinently replied, "Silence! yourself." So, the teacher said, "Stop! or else this whip will come on you again. You are showing very bad example to the other girls." Agnes said, "You too!" This made the teacher cross, and she reached out with the whip. But, before the whip touched Agnes's shoulder, she was up on the top of her bench, jumping from bench to bench toward the teacher to attack her. She seized the teacher's hands, snatched away the whip, broke it into three pieces, and threw them out of the window. While she was doing this, the teacher went to the corner of the room, and got another of the switches. This Agnes took hold of, broke, and threw out of the window, as she had done with the first. The teacher then went and got the third and last; which Agnes broke in the same way, and then turned to assault the teacher. It became a disgraceful scuffle of pushing and resisting by both the teacher and pupil. Just before this, while the teacher was trying to use the switches, she had called on me to assist her. I did so, by trying to hold Agnes's hands; but the latter was stronger than I. When the matter grew to an actual fight, and

Agnes was scolding and insulting, the teacher sent word for Ma Bushnell to come and assist her. Mrs. Bushnell came from the dwelling-house. Miss X—— told her all that had happened. Mrs. Bushnell had to send for her own switches from the other house. When they were brought, she gave Agnes a thorough beating. Agnes attempted to resist even her; but Mrs. Bushnell, though physically slight, was so determined and fearless, and her will so strong, that no one could successfully resist her. She had an art in striking to know where to hit on spots that would hurt and yet not make a permanent injury. After the flogging, Agnes was locked up all day as additional punishment. That day she got the worst in her attempt to make trouble, for her hands and lips and feet were bruised and cut. This contest had taken so long a time, and the rest of the pupils were all so excited, and every thing was in such confusion that, it being near noon, school was dismissed. Agnes married; lost her bold manner; and died many years ago.

TALE, No. 16.

WASTED PRIVILEGES.

EACH missionary lady or gentleman had their favorite boy or girl, the choice of whom depended mostly on the child's character; but somewhat also on the social position of the child's family. A prominent native gentleman, Sonie John Harrington, was a great friend to the missionaries. He himself had been taught and brought up in the Mission. Though his wealth and trade had led him away, so that he had many women for his wives, he was interested in the success of the Mission and helped it in many ways. His great desire was to have his children well taught and well brought up. So they were all sent to the school, one after another, as soon as at all able to learn books. Of his favorite wife, his first-born and favorite daughter was named in childhood by her mother, Fando, and subsequently, A-nye-ntyu-we. But her father, from the first, had called her Jane. Because the missionaries found "Anyentyuwe" a difficult word to pronounce, they also called her Jane, or (to distinguish her from another pupil Jane Preston) "Janie." Of all the Harrington children, she was the first to be sent to school, before she was five years of age. The missionaries liked the Harrington children; and gave them their attention. Jane was especially committed to Mrs. Bushnell's care, who took her as her little pet. (It was she who gave me most of these Tales.)

A few years after this, Mrs. Bushnell went on a furlough to the United States. John Harrington asked her

to take Janie with her, for the sake of the benefit of a view of civilization in America. It was the custom at that time, for most missionaries on furlough to bring with them some child, on various pleas of necessity or pleasure. The effect on some children was beneficial, if they were already possessed of noble elements of character; if not, the effect was disastrous. Sonie had rightly judged the noble character of his daughter Jane. But Mrs. Bushnell thought she better not take her. She said Janie was too young to stand winter weather in America; she should wait till the next time.

So Mrs. Bushnell went away; and the School was left in the hands of Mrs. Preston. As this gentle lady suffered much from severe headaches, all the youngest children were sent to their homes, to relieve her. And Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Preston were in charge of the station. But as, unfortunately, Mr. Preston and John Harrington were not on friendly terms, little Janie was temporarily removed and was placed in the care of "Ma Bessy," Mrs. Bessy Makei, a Bible-woman in employ of the mission and wife of a Mpongwe man whose house was, by special permission, erected on the mission premises. When Mrs. Bushnell returned two years later from her furlough, Janie and all the other smaller children came back to her. Those of her sisters or half-sisters and brothers or half-brothers, who were old enough, were sent along with her; including her own sister Njiwo ("Hattie"); and half-sister Ngwanjanga ("Alida"); brothers Nyilino, Ntyârere, Antyuwa, Renâmbi; and later on, came her own favorite brother Sonie; and others still later. These children all tried to do their best in order to win credit for themselves and to honor

their family name. Alida had a good head to learn books rapidly; but she was sometimes a little careless and neglectful of other duties. Mrs. Bushnell tried her best to bring her on in fancy-work of neat sewing and other pretty things, so that she would be equal to the others.

When next time came around for Mrs. Bushnell to have a furlough, she was to take with her to America an infant daughter of Mrs. Menaul (a missionary residing on Corisco island) and she needed a native girl to go with her and assist her with the child. She asked John Harrington to let her have Alida to go with her. He said, "No, better take Jane, not Alida." But Mrs. Bushnell observed, that of the two girls, the years suited better of Alida's age between youth and approaching womanhood. So he, to please the missionary, but against his own judgment, yielded to her. And Alida's clothes were made ready, and she went with Mrs. Bushnell to the United States.

While they were still in America, John Harrington took sick and died. At the end of another two years, Mrs. Bushnell and Alida returned. She had improved in looks, and had grown to be quite a tall girl. Mrs. Bushnell was surprised to see the other Harrington daughters also grown up to be large girls. While in the United States, Mrs. Bushnell had taken very great interest in Alida, and much attention had been shown to her by friends of Missions. She had been placed in a good school; money and sympathy had been spent on her. She had professed conversion; united with the church of Rev. Dr. Booth of New York City, and in her baptism was given his family name. Mrs. Bushnell

thought that all this would have improved her, and that she would start in the Baraka school again, at the top of every thing. By her having been to a civilized country, having seen many new things and good examples, she had chances beyond the rest of her sisters. So Mrs. Bushnell tried earnestly to encourage her, and keep her on in the high place at which she was started. She kept her always near her side.

But the journey to America had not benefited Alida. All these privileges seemed as if they were nothing to her. She began to go down, down; and she drifted away from any love or even respect for Mrs. Bushnell. She began by being intentionally disobedient, saucy and very careless about whatever work she had to do.]

When a few of the girls were called in to a special class to be taught dress-making, i. e., to cut and sew their own dresses, Mrs. Bushnell would teach them how to begin right from the very first cut of the scissors, so as to have every thing exact and of proper length and size, and thus not waste material or spoil the fit of the dress. All this the others did; they obeyed, and tried their best to follow. Of course they made some little mistakes; but only through misunderstanding, and not intentionally or neglectfully. But Alida was very careless, and took no thought against wasting cloth, etc. She would go recklessly cutting and tearing, without asking for directions. Then soon she would pronounce herself, "I've finished! ready for sewing!" But presently, after starting her sewing, she would find herself sticking fast in some difficulty,—breadths differing in length,—and not enough material to change them:

and the garment had to be pieced out. Discovering her difficulty, she would say in a loud angry voice, "The breadths are not even; one is quite short; I will not be able to get a hem on this!" When she was rebuked for her carelessness, she would turn around and put the blame on Mrs. Bushnell, saying, "But who gave me the measure? Not you? So the mistake is yours, not mine!" Then the teacher would take the material and the measure, and show her where it was that she started wrong. The rest of the sewing went in the same way; for, in making the sleeves, she would be sure to have some mistake in the cutting. In their sewing, Mrs. Bushnell tried to teach the girls to do every thing very nicely, hemming, back-stitching, felling seams, making neat button-holes, and putting on buttons in a straight line or regular distances; to run stitches of even lengths; to lay the gathers; and not to muss up the material. These things all the girls did excepting Alida. She was not able to get praise for neat sewing; all her work was coarsely done. When rebuked, she did not try to do better, but got vexed, and would have an altercation with the Mistress. When the "big girls," after the smaller ones had gone to bed, as usual, spent the evening together in the missionary dining room, sewing, reading or studying, Alida would spend the most of her time in hunting something to eat, though it was against the rule to eat late in their bed-room. Sometimes then Mrs. Bushnell would go to look at her pantry food-safe, and would set apart one or two dishes which she did not care to retain for herself, and say to the girls, "This you may have, I will not keep it." She meant that they were to eat it next morning. As soon as Mrs. Bushnell

left the dining-room, Alida would go and open the safe, and pull out one or both of the dishes. The others would say, "Do not touch the safe!" Then she says, "I am not stealing. The Mistress said it belongs to us girls." And she would begin to eat whatever it was, rice, or pie, or pudding. Soon Mrs. Bushnell will hear the rattle of the spoon on the plate. She comes and stands at the door to see who is eating; and finds Alida at the food, while the others are all busy at their occupations,—reading, sewing, learning lessons, cutting out, or mending. When Mrs. Bushnell saw all this, she would say to Alida, "I knew it would be you, and that the others would be properly occupied." Alida replies, "I was not stealing. You gave it to us. And I'm hungry. Why do you wish another woman's child to starve?"

[It happened one evening that Janie was busy ironing till after 7 o'clock. She had not eaten her supper; and it was her habit not to eat food late, if she failed to get it at the proper evening hour. So she had not eaten at all, and she had set aside her food, keeping it for the next day. Alida said she felt hungry; that she had not satisfied her appetite at supper. So Janie told her, "As my supper is laid aside, then take it, if you wish it and you feel hungry." This was just before their bed time. So Alida said that, as she would not have time to eat it outside, she would eat it in her room, just before lying down. Janie warned her and said to her, "Where will you get water to drink or to wash your hands with, as you will have none in the room?" She said, "I have oranges, I will drink the juice for water." She had a lot of oranges hid behind her clothes box; (which was also against Rule). As it was a moonlight night, she

sat down near the window in the dormitory with her plate of food. After she had finished eating, she pulled out two oranges from behind the box, and began to peel them. Then, as the odor of the pungent oil in the fresh skins went through the thin walls, Mrs. Bushnell perceived it, and at first went outside on the rear veranda, thinking someone was eating oranges there. She saw no one there; and then she suspected that the eating must be in the girls' bed-room. When she stood outside the door asking, Alida was the first one to answer, "We have no oranges here. Whom did you see eating oranges?" While, at that very moment she was hastily swallowing the orange, so as to have it out of sight before Mrs. Bushnell should come in. Mrs. Bushnell said again, "You *have* oranges there, I smell them." Alida again insisted, "We have none." Mrs. Bushnell declared, "I *know* you have; and if I come there, I will find them!" Alida daringly said, "Come and have a look, if you will find any!" She forgot Mrs. Bushnell would come with a light; and then the hidden oranges would be found. All the other girls were lying awake in their beds, listening to all this, the while that Alida was sitting up, eating at her oranges, and talking thus impertinently back to Mrs. Bushnell. Mrs. Bushnell went to the dining-room, took a lamp, and came into the bed-room to search for the oranges. As soon as Alida saw the light coming, and she had not finished her second orange, she flung it into a corner. But Mrs. Bushnell heard and followed the direction of the sound; she held the light low, and searched behind Alida's box, looking steadily at her face while doing this. The other girls could see the look of pain and grief on Mrs. Bushnell's face. Her heart was hurt. After Mrs. Bushnell

had gathered all the oranges in her apron, she turned around to rebuke Alida, "You said you had no oranges! What is this? Shame on you!" Alida sat there, her face covered with shame; but looking very much displeased, and having very little to say for herself. She was not repentent, and would have liked to have disputed; but she knew she was guilty and could not deny it.

After Mrs. Bushnell had gone out, the other girls, though surprised and awed at Alida's audacity, could not help laughing at the strait into which she had brought herself.]

The next day things were not very pleasant between Alida and Mrs. Bushnell.

It did not take many days after that, that she got into trouble again; and, big girl as she was, she had to be given a severe whipping. She got into trouble so often, that Mrs. Bushnell turned on her one day, saying, "John Harrington knew best! I wish I had not taken you to America! I wish I had yielded to his preference! I think, as he was your father, he knew your characters better than I." Alida retorted daringly, "I don't care! *You* took me. I did not go myself. And I'm back again. That is finished. Am I not to do as I please, just because you took me to America?" [To be "taken to America" was, by almost every school boy or girl, considered a great privilege. Every furloughed missionary was besied with petitions for the favor. Apparently, Alida resented having been reminded of the favor.] Her falling into offenses and censure became more and more frequent; she had to be punished so often that it became a great grief to Mrs. Bushnell. She warned her, "I'm very sorry thinking of your future. From what I see of

you now, if this continues, you will not make a good woman. Things will go very badly with you: and your husband, whoever he shall be, will not be satisfied with you. You will be punished and even beaten by him." But Alida was reckless, and said, "You are not my mother! How is it that you pronounce a curse on my life?" Mrs. Bushnell often repeated her warning; and mentioned also three other girls, who, she said, would also be beaten by their future husbands: and others still, who, she said, would never be beaten.

As the large girls grew up to be young women, Alida was the last of their company to be degraded by a whipping. The others were considered to be beyond that. If they needed punishment, it was given in other ways.

[She reached young womanhood and finished her studies. Mrs. Bushnell, hoping still to influence her, and to make something useful of her, advanced her as assistant teacher of the small children. She was competent for teaching books, but she took no interest in her pupils; and she never succeeded in any neat sewing-work. She was married to a most promising young man. Her prospect was brighter than of any of the rest of her sisters. Her outlook with him was very fine. But she ruined both him and herself. They separated.

She is still living. To this day she has proved that her life is exactly as Mrs. Bushnell had forewarned. All of whose prophecies about her and the other girls, whether for good or evil, have since then proved true. While drifting through several unfaithful marriages, neglecting all church services, and sinking even into intemperance, she always retained her audacity. Just lately, as I close this tale, she is again attending church, and professing a desire to return from her wanderings.]

TALE, No. 17.

FANDO RUNS AWAY.

[This Tale is the only one of the series of which I took notes on the spot, as my informant narrated it. She was the only one of the three former school-girls, who, in giving me their reminiscences, was willing that I should reveal her name.]

THIS is a story of my own badness. It was while Mrs. Walker was in charge; and I was about fifteen years of age.

As a school-girl I was generally good. But I liked fun, and I was often mischievous. But I did not allow my fun to go too far. Other girls, who were joined in the same pranks, would forget themselves, and would go on recklessly with the affair after I had stopped and had asked them to stop too.

When investigation came, I could truthfully say, "It was not I." Others got whipping as a punishment for their offenses. I was too proud to allow myself to be struck, and I therefore stopped my mischief before it went so far as to deserve whipping.

It was a rule of school that, after going to bed, we should be quiet. But the rule was not always well obeyed; partly because it was not well understood. What was "quiet?" Not to play, or not to sing, or not to talk, or not even to whisper? We all thought we were "quiet" when we talked only in an undertone. We told fairy tales and legends and "inkano" [continued cumulative native stories, like "House that Jack Built," or the "Arabian Knights."]

Some inkano had, as a part of them, a song which we would sing in a low voice. That far was considered to be "quiet," but, when the nkano was finished, and all

should have gone to sleep, some of the girls would forget themselves and play: in play, they talked aloud: the loud talking grew to a laugh: and sometimes it went on to a quarrel, and ended in a fight. But, long before the talking became loud, I had always stopped. I valued my good name too much to be struck, and so I tried not to deserve punishment.

When the noise would grow so great as that our Mistress could hear it, she or a teacher would come to the door and ask for silence. If she was not promptly obeyed, and had to come again, she would enter with whip and light, and punished those who were talking or making other noise. As she entered the dormitory, she would ask, "Who is it making this noise?" It was generally some of the worst and noisiest who would reply, "We all," so that the innocent might be punished with their guilty selves. Their apparent goodness in making confession was really a mean desire to have others suffer with them. Then I would say, "No! not I. Who was heard me speak since we stopped our inkano?" Then our Mistress would say to me, "If you were not taking part in it, Janie, tell me who were." Sometimes I would tell; and then the punishment was given only to the noisy one, and the innocent escaped.

One night the noise became so bad that, when Mrs. Walker came into the room, she did not stop to ask who was who, but began at once to strike right and left with her hard bamboo whip. Among the rest, a sharp blow fell on my bare arm; and in pain and indignation at the degradation, I cried out, "Boo-o-o! I was not one of them. Why did you strike me? You shall see to-morrow that I will not work; ^{for} for I shall run away!"

Next morning, I did not touch my work of washing the breakfast plates; and I left the house. I knew the place where Ma Walker kept the whip hidden. I went and took it, that it should not strike me again. With it in my hand, I started slowly down the road to the villages, intending to throw it away in the high grass.

As I went out, I said to my friend Sarah Dorsey, "I am running away." She laughed, and thought I was only joking. For, she and everybody knew that "the Harrington girls" (my younger sister Hattie and I) did not dare to run away; our father Sonie John Harrington had laid on us a law that he would punish us severely if we did. I too knew I was saying it only as a threat, for I knew my father would punish me and send me back, if I disobeyed him. So, instead of fleeing rapidly, I went slowly, very slowly, and swinging the whip from side to side. My companions, the larger girls, stood laughing on the veranda. It was strange to them; for they had never seen me misbehave, or do anything of the kind. They called after me to come back; but I answered, "No! I'm going." I heard them call out to Ma Walker, "Fando has run away! Shall we go after her and catch her? But Ma Walker said, "No! As she has gone because of me, myself will go after her and catch her." I heard the gate slam; and looking behind I saw Ma Walker coming, and the girls laughing. I hastened my steps. Then Mrs. Walker quickened hers. But she was not strong and could not run, because of her weak back. She called out to me, "Janie! wait for me!" I would turn around and say, "Ande? (What for?)" "But wait!" I would pretend anger, "Ugh! no!"

Then she would command, "Janie!" and I would laugh, and go on walking.

She followed, but did not run; took a few steps, stopped, shook out her dress; and would continue to call, "Wait for me! Where are you going? What are you going for?" "I'm going to town! Why did you strike me last night?" It was so funny! She could not overtake me, though I did not run. I was amused to see her standing, and yet expecting to catch me. I had to laugh. I did not really intend to go to town. I stopped and waited for her. But before she reached me, I threw the whip away where she could not get it.

Ma Walker came near me, and asked, "What are you going away for?" "Because you struck me last night; and it was not I who made the noise." I showed her the mark on my arm, where it still hurt me. She said, "As you ran from *me*, I came *myself* to catch you."

So, I turned back with her, and we came up the path together. I pretending to be angry, and she looking as if she had accomplished something great. She told me to go into the house, sit down, and be a good girl.

My companions were still standing on the veranda laughing at Ma Walker's slow pursuit of me, and her strange sort of "capture." When I saw them laughing, I could no longer keep up the pretense of anger, and I joined with them. They asked me whether I had really meant flight; for, they knew of my father's strict law. I said, "Yes; because my father is not at home; he is on a journey up the river. And no one else in town would dare touch me." Then I asked them in joke whether they had noticed how fast Ma Walker had "run;" and how quickly she had "caught" me. Then I imi-

tated her few steps and a stop, and again a few steps and a stop, and her call for me to "wait" till she could "catch" me. We all had a hearty laugh about it. Nothing was said or done about my having neglected my work, or having left the yard without permission; or having thrown away the whip.

But Ma Walker seemed to think that really she had caught me and had brought me back.

TALE, No. 18.

NJIWO BITES THE TEACHER.

THE position of the young woman, Fando, in the Baraka household, as intimated in Tales No. 16 and No. 17 was an exceptional one. There were other pupils, waifs, or poor, who had no other home but the Mission. That they should give their labor as nominal "sons" and "daughters" (though actual servants) unpaid beyond their food and clothing, was natural. But they generally rendered such aid unwillingly, and were apt to be looked down upon by the other children as "slaves." But she was a rich man's daughter, not in need of a home or of support by the Mission. Her father, in friendship for Rev. Dr. Bushnell, and in desire that his daughter should grow up clear of the somewhat heathen influences of his village, had given her, a child of only four years of age, to Mrs. Bushnell to keep and train, until she should finally return to him for (every African woman's destiny) marriage. The school had not to her, the view-point of almost all the other girls, i. e., that of a convent, from which they hoped some day to escape. It was her home. She was proud of it. She honored, respected and really loved most of the missionaries, especially "Father" and "Mother" Bushnell. For their sakes, she gave affection, or at least respectful obedience, to each successive new missionary, as from time to time, sickness or furlough removed the older ones. She grew up in the school, through all the grades of classes until she was in the highest, during which time she was used as monitress for the lower.

Subsequently, she was made assistant teacher; and finally, though not twenty-five years of age, she was employed as Matron. Others, her juniors, finished their course, and went back to their villages for marriage. She remained, her education being carried on farther than that of other girls; but, with many interruptions. For, the successive missionary ladies found no hired servant as skillful, prompt, careful and efficient as this unpaid "daughter." She was therefore regularly called out of school for the tasteful setting of the dinner-table and other household arrangements. She always responded without complaint; though the inconsiderate assumptions of some later younger missionaries would have justified complaint, and even refusal. So trusted was she by the ladies in charge that she was never punished if she took liberties not allowed to the other girls, or if, in the exercise of her own judgment, she did her work in a manner different from what she had been told. Her modifications were generally improvements. She was allowed much authority over the younger children; her characterisitic kindness prevented her ever abusing that authority. Her intimate relations with the missionaries also allowed her to offer advice or even make respectful protest. But she did not over-step the line of filial obedience and respect. All this will explain how it could be that she was allowed to act as she did in the denouement of this Tale.

Her younger sister Njiwo was a strong, but less noble character; though, to strangers, her personality and vivacity were more attractive. Notably her affection was intense for those she loved, and to them she was

demonstrative; but she had an uncontrollable temper toward those she disliked. She liked and had been obedient to most of the missionaries; but, in common with all the girls, she could not endure Miss X——, the teacher of the school who happened to be at Baraka during the superintendency of a certain missionary and his wife.

One morning, Njiwo had a quarrel about some matter with that teacher, in which she felt that the latter was unjust. I do not remember what it was, nor how it began, nor who was originally in the wrong. Possibly Njiwo was. But, it is true that none of the girls respected Miss X——, who was of a disposition which school-children, the world over, consider "sneaking." She was constantly exacting. She was always seeking occasions to blame the children. She did not understand native nature, and often unwisely ran into difficulty that, with a little tact, could have been avoided. She had little control of the girls; for, she did not impress them with dignity. Her government was mostly by the rod.

So that day, when Njiwo went into school with the other girls, she entered with heart embittered by the morning's difficulty; and, in a state of mind rare in her usually amiable disposition, she determined to behave badly.

The opening exercises were the recitation of Scripture verses in concert, the pupils all standing. Njiwo's tactics were to annoy the teacher by not rising in time. Then, when bidden to rise, she obeyed but slowly, and immediately sat down again. This delayed the opening. When finally she had risen, she stood defiantly in her place, and produced confusion by deliberately joining in

the verse recitation out of time. Others of the pupils caught the infection of insubordination, and increased the confusion by each taking up the verse in separate time; with coughs, laughter and pretense at protests and quarrels among themselves, as if they were trying to assist in quelling disorder. The elder sister Fando was present during this disorder. She did not contribute; nor was she called upon by the teacher to assist in repressing it. Just at that juncture, she was summoned to the dwelling-house to assist the missionary lady in cutting out some dresses, and therefore was not present during the subsequent acts.

The teacher, seeing that Njiwo was the real cause of the momentarily increasing hubbub, advanced toward her and slapped her face. This only exasperated the high-spirited girl. Njiwo seized her hand, and suddenly bit her on the arm in the muscle above the elbow. The sharp closely-set teeth sank together through the texture of Miss X——'s dress, and into the skin, from which a few drops of blood began to trickle.

This almost unparalleled act startled the school to momentary silence, which, however, was followed by worse confusion as the teacher abandoned the floor; and leaving the school-room, went to the dwelling-house to have the other lady apply some medicine to the wound. Fando saw Miss X—— coming with troubled face and sleeve rolled up above the red mark, and she innocently exclaimed, "O! Miss X——! has a *ikorwe* (centipede) bitten you?" Miss X—— replied, "Yes! but your sister is the centipede." Fando then began to suspect the state of the case; and while the elder lady went with Miss X—— to apply carbolic acid on the broken skin,

she hasted to the school-room, told her sister what Miss X—— had said, and bade her tell her the truth of the affair. Njiwo admitted that she had bitten deliberately and purposely; but, so facetiously did she describe the teacher's exasperating ways and the njuke (trouble) she was always making, that the elder sister was amused at the younger one's graphic mimicry, at the same time that she condemned her and pitied the teacher. The biting was all wrong, however vexatious the teacher may have been.

Miss X—— returned to the school-room; and, with the assistance of Fando's presence, there was no more confusion. As soon as school closed, the latter went to the dwelling-house to set the missionary dinner-table. The other girls having gone out for their play, the teacher detained Njiwo at the school-house, called her into the Girls' bed-room (which was under the same roof) and attempted to whip her for the biting. The girl's passion had subsided, and she probably would have submitted to some other form of punishment, but not to that of whipping; and she successfully resisted. Miss X—— then tried to drag her to the dwelling-house in order that the other lady might help in the subjugation of the rebel. Failing in this attempt, Miss X—— sent a little girl to summon the other lady, who promptly came accompanied by her husband. Njiwo saw that the three would be too many for her, and losing all her own ordinary self-control and respect for the two older missionaries, she nerved herself for a fight, and called on the other girls to help her. But they stood in a frightened group outside the house, and dared neither to come to her aid nor to carry information elsewhere.

Njiwo fought desperately, but was forced to the floor by main strength of the three missionaries. Doubtless, she deserved a very severe punishment; but it was unwise to inflict it while in her enraged and utterly irrational state. Also, the mode adopted was undignified, and not such as would impress respect for authority. It was a sudden physical force exercised against one temporarily helpless. The outcome would have been better had there been delay until her passion had subsided, and an appeal made to the moral and religious side of what two of the other three knew was a very intelligent, high-spirited, and naturally loving and affectionate nature.

She was thrown face downward; Miss X—— held her legs from struggling; the missionary sat bodily on her shoulders with his hands crushing down her arms to the floor, while his wife, with one hand forced down the girl's hips, and with the other rapidly applied a rod all over her person. The girl was unable to move, helpless to resist, and with difficulty could breathe; her mouth being pressed to the floor.

While this was going on, her sister, ignorant of it all, was attending happily to her table-work. A young man, Owondo, one of the oldest pupils in the Boys' School, who was one of her admirers, and who had offered her marriage, came to the door of the dining-room, and excitedly and exaggeratingly said, "Do you stand there working for white people, the while they are killing your sister? Don't you know your sister is being beaten to death?"

She caught the alarming words without measuring them, left her work, and flew to the school-house. Her

sister was the first to hear her coming, so occupied were the three missionaries with the whipping. Njiwo gasped to her, "I'm dying here!" (It was a common racial exaggeration.) Her sister's moans, the very name of death, the shock at the sight of the undignified positions of those whom she held in sincere respect, and indignation at the violent form of even a deserved punishment, all flung over her a flood of rare anger that swept away her deference to authority. With one swift strong pressure of one hand she flung aside Miss X——, and with the other the missionary. But even in that indignant moment, she so guarded that her hand, that, however heavily it was lent, it gave only a *push* not a *blow*. And she refrained from at all touching the wife, who, startled by the sudden apparition, had ceased whipping, and stood erect.

When she was dashing into the room, and saw the shameful state of affairs, she had exclaimed, "Do you know whose daughter you are striking? Do you forget whose sister it is that you are killing." (She really thought her sister was injured; for she lay moaning and seemed unable to rise.) The three stood silent, apparently ashamed, and looking at each other as if they were the culprits; and did not resent her rebuke as she said, "Is this the way you do, just because I was not here to control my sister? Will you try it on me some day?"

They made a faint reply. And all went out, and scattered to their several places for their noon meal. She was not bidden to be silent, when, during the afternoon, she laid aside her almost invariable defence of missionaries, and murmured among the other girls about

the morning's doings. And nothing was done to her for her interference. Nor was anything further said or done to Njiwo, and the whole affair was dropped.

Perhaps the lady and her husband were conscious that the intense feeling aroused in the hearts of the entire school, both girls and boys, needed only a little more severity to be driven into open rebellion and a stampede. They certainly were aware that Miss X—— was not free from blame; for, on previous occasions they had been annoyed at being drawn into her difficulties, in which, while formally sustaining her before the pupils, they had privately told her she was at fault. They knew Njiwo's character, and could have avoided arousing her tiger-like desperation. On the part of the school, they really loved the elder lady and her husband. No race forgives more magnanimously than does the Negro. In their affection they forgave. And, with racial mercuriality, they seemed soon to forget. The discipline of the school lost nothing, in that the missionaries seemed to have bowed to a native sentiment. The rather, much was gained for the establishment of mutual respect, and the school went on peacefully.

Njiwo, the central figure of this Tale, no longer lives. Though she became a grandmother, she retained her old-time vivacity and sprightly step; an active Christian, and consistent member of the church; friendly to every new missionary, and respected by them all; just as devoted as ever when she loved, and capable of animosity if crossed.

TALE, No. 19.

ONANGA: AN UNEXPECTED TREASURE.

SOMETIMES children were brought to school quite early, even though they were very young, especially if their parents happened to be very friendly with the missionaries. Others were brought in when they were quite large girls. So that sometimes the missionaries objected to receiving them, because they were too large, and fearing lest they had become too much possessed of native customs, or would not be able readily to obey rules, or would be too slow at learning books. There was always some particular reason for the coming of these big girls. For the coming of the little ones,—it was enough that they were brought by their parents, whether the children themselves desired it or not. But, with these big ones, there was always a desire of their own. Perhaps they were related to some girl already in school who wished them as companions. Perhaps they had been sent to the school-yard with food, or on some errand, or had come only for a little visit. And, after becoming somewhat acquainted with the other girls, or having joined in their play, they thought things were nice, and felt like remaining at school. Then they would go and ask their parents to send them, giving as a reason that they had friends in school. If their parents were willing, they would come and ask the missionaries to take them. The missionaries would take a look at the girl; would have a talk together by themselves; and sometimes would conclude to receive her. Sometimes, even if they did not approve of taking her, still they

would consent, through the girl's pleading and anxiety to stay. Her relatives in the school would plead for her, "Please take her; she is my cousin," or young aunt, or other relative. Once there was one of these big girls named Onanga brought from across the Bay. Most of the time when such girls were taken, in going into the school, they had to begin with the lowest class in A. B. C. They had to sit on the benches with the smallest children; and this they did not like; for, they felt ashamed of it. They did not understand why, even if they were not in the same book with the big girls, they could not be allowed to sit in the same seats with them.

So this Onanga came to ask to enter the school. I was assistant and was interested in her. She was not a relative of mine, but she was a cousin of my cousins Lizzie and Emma.

At first the missionaries thought the girl was too large, and said they could not take her. She was very much disappointed when refused; because she had come happy and laughing, in full hopes of being taken. She pleaded very much for herself; and asked her cousins to help her. The Mistress said, "You are too big; you will not be able to learn to read." She said, "I will. I will try. And I will be a good girl. So, please let me come!" The Mistress was surprised at her earnestness, and at her begging, and had to consent.

So Onanga was very glad, and thanked the Mistress. And she began to ask questions right away, about school-duties and rules and everything. Next day, in the school-room she started to go to the place of the big First Class where her cousins were, to sit with them. But she was told that her place was in one of the front seats

with the little girls. She was surprised. However, she laughed and said, "Am I indeed to go with these little things here? All right! I came to learn. I'll try!" Turning to the little ones, she added, "You'll see I'll leave you all behind!"

She kept her word; she tried her best; she had her eyes and ears open all the time, to learn and know all she could. While on the alphabet, learning the letters along with the little ones, she would listen to the B-a-Ba spelling-class on the next seat behind her. While repeating her own lesson, A. B. C., in an undertone to herself, she was following aloud their spelling of B, a,-Ba. When school time was over, she would return to the school-room, take her book, and sitting down with it, would call to whoever was passing by, "Come! show me this lesson." She would say, "I was given such-and-such a number of letters to prepare. I already know them. Please show me some others for to-morrow's recitation." So, in a few days, she had finished the alphabet. Then she was immediately advanced to the lowest spelling-class. There she did the same way; spelling to herself in her own one syllables, but listening to the next class behind her that was spelling in two syllables. She tried even to pick up our English songs, besides spelling in the native hymns.

So she went on about everything. Obedient to the teacher, constantly trying to learn. Very cheerful, good-natured and well-behaved among the other girls. She taught them some new native plays. As she was a big girl, and knew many legends and fairy-tales, she gave long narrations of them to the other girls, which pleased them very much. All the girls and mission-

aries liked her exceedingly, for she was always full of fun, light-hearted and laughing good-naturedly. She learned to read very rapidly. But, as she was so large when she came, it did not take many years to call her a woman. Within two years, her father came to take her away, to give her in marriage. She did not like this at all, though the man to whom she was to be given was a pleasant young man. She murmured and cried, saying, "I don't want to go at all!" All the girls missed her when she left. She told us she had made up her mind to run away from her husband, if she got a chance, and would come back to school. But she could not accomplish it, as her father's house was across the Bay on its western side, and her husband's, though on the Baraka side of the Bay, was distant ten miles farther up, at Ovendo Point. After she had been there quite a while, almost a year, as the missionaries were still interested in her, they heard that Onanga had sent word that whenever there was time in vacation, she wished that the Mistress and the girls might visit her at Ovendo. For, it was the missionaries' custom, twice a year, to take us on an excursion or pic-nic, either across the Bay, or somewhere else. So this time, the Mistress decided on Ovendo, and began to get ready, preparing food and every needed thing. Then she took us by boat to Ovendo Point. When we got there, we found Onanga and her husband, and their baby-boy a few months old, their first-born. We had not heard of its birth. Onanga was very much delighted. As soon as she saw us coming, she ran down to the beach, shouting and laughing with joy, just the same merry Onanga as when at school. Then the Mistress, surprised, said, "Why! Onanga! Is this my

Onanga and with a baby?" Then the husband was pleased, and said, "Yes! still your Onanga." He was very much gratified at our arrival. He seemed proud that his wife owned so many and so important visitors. All the children gathered around Onanga; and each one wanted to fondle her baby. The husband took his net and went along the beach; and soon came back with fresh fish. And Onanga cooked them nicely for us. After we had eaten, she took us all a walk to adjacent villages; then to the beach; then to bathe in the Bay at a quiet cove around the Point. This the children enjoyed very much. The hours passed rapidly; and when we all had returned to the village of Ovendo, the Mistress thought it was time to start back to Baraka. Onanga begged the missionaries to stay over night till the next day. But this was considered impossible, as preparations or word for that had not been left at Baraka. So we had to go. Onanga led the children down to the beach, to see them off, with loud good-byes, of "Mbiambieni! mbiambieni! come again." But the missionaries did not find another opportunity to pay a second visit there. For, we took alternate vacations, on different sides of the Bay, or at the plantations; or at Añwondo three miles down the Bay on the Baraka side; or at Nomba three miles up the Bay between Baraka and Ovendo. There did not pass many years, when we heard that Onanga's husband was dead; and she went back across the Bay to her own people. Then, after a while she married a second time, across the Bay, where we had no frequent chance to visit her. With this husband she had two children, a boy and a girl. After a while, this husband died also. She was married

a third time, not by her own choice, but because she was inherited by a relative of the second husband.

She did not live many years with this third one. For, she sickened when she went with him on his trade-journey up the river. She died, leaving her three children, the oldest of whom was not sufficiently old to take care of the other two. They stayed with Onanga's mother. But the youngest boy did not long survive his mother. After a few years, the oldest boy died. And there remains only the daughter, who has never been sent to school.

PART III.

IN THE CHURCH

KABINDA: AN IGNOBLE LIFE.

ABOUT the years 1845-50, during the early days of the church at Libreville, while it was a Congregational Society belonging to the A. B. C. F. M., there was among the first converts a young man, by name, Kabinda. Following the habit of all half-civilized native African men, he adopted also an English name, "Moore." He belonged to a prominent family, and therefore was held in much respect socially. He was well educated, speaking English readily, and therefore was valued as an assistant in the Mission, and was sought for as a clerk by foreign traders. He was married to a young woman, "Jenny," who also had been trained in the Baraka school. They both were church members. Though born as heathen, they both had early been placed under civilized and Christian influences, so that it was easier for them to maintain a correct life than for a convert from heathenism, whose years had long been steeped in evil habits. He was honored in the church, and was elected as one of the three "Committee men" (somewhat equivalent to a Presbyterian Eldership) in control of the religious interests of the Society.

After about nine years, there came a time when he grew careless in his Christian duties. While still holding office, and acting as judge of others, he was secretly

planning to break away from church control. But there was nothing known or even suspected positively against him, except that Mission friends began to be anxious about him, and kindly warned him against his apparent coldness in spiritual life. Also, he had domestic dissensions. He made a complaint against his wife, and she against him. The complaints grew, and took form into actual charges, of her drinking liquor and being unfaithful to him; and of his (while yet in Mission service) accepting larger pay in foreign trade, with all its (then) inevitably associated evils of liquor-selling and Sabbath-breaking.

They were both suspended, and he was degraded from office. The Congregational Society and Mission both acted with great leniency to him. For, even after his wife had been finally excommunicated, he, with his greater offences, was for two more years allowed to hold a suspended relation; the hope being that he would repent, and his services be saved to the Mission. He did not. Finally, after some ten years of church connection, he was cut off; his open trading in liquor being followed by his going into polygamy with a second woman. Then began years of great outward prosperity that seemed, to the weak faith of other church-members, to discount the Bible truth that the wicked shall not prosper. In his fall, others followed him, expecting to grow as great commercially as he was. A deep injury was thus done to the church. Many members looked lightly on the sin of liquor-trading, for the sake of the money that was in it. The very members of the Mission at that Station seemed to the public to lend their countenance to his early success. Instead of turning him a

cold shoulder or otherwise showing public condemnation of his course (as they did of erring women) they addressed him in terms and with manner of respect as "Mr. Moore." The traders rejoiced in their acquisition of him, and in the success of their efforts to draw him away from the Mission. He was honored in the commercial community; and the missionaries joined in this outward honoring of him, by the marked difference of their reception of him, when he happened to come to them on business, over the slight manner of their reception of better but poorer people. He added to his number of wives. Other families sought to have their daughters married to him. He was rich. He was entrusted by traders with thousands of dollars. Being comparatively honest, and not a drinker of the liquor he sold to others, he grew in power and trust, the while that weaker men who had followed him in falling from the church, slipped into dishonesty, drunkenness, debt and prison. He bought many slaves; erected a large framed foreign-built house finer than the plain Mission-house; and made a display of furniture, mirrors and cheap showy pictures, and a retinue of attendants.

One check came to him, as from the hand of God: his first born and beloved son and chosen heir, a lad, was killed by a shark. He never recovered from the blow; but he did not humble himself, nor repent of his sins. His wives bore him other sons; but they were children of his polygamous days and (some of them) were the children of slave wives; and of not all of them was he the father. (In native polygamy and slavery, a child's paternity is often uncertain.) He was never fond of them as he had been of that one son. His two

most attractive daughters were sent to the Baraka school and grew up there to young womanhood; and, under school-girl sympathy, united with the church. In which act, he encouraged them. It was a sop to please the missionary, and, perhaps, to quiet his own conscience. They were proud of their father's wealth and position. That he was a polygamist did not shame them. (Indeed, polygamy, though of course not practised, was not seriously objected to, by the majority of the native church-members.) They did not see that, as far as actions went, he was at all disrespected for that by any of the foreign community, not even by the Baraka missionaries.

All these slaves and wives cost him much in their purchase and maintenance. His position demanded of him frequent largesse to his numerous mothers-in-law and other marriage connections, and to the crowd of idlers that gathered around all chiefs of families. By such largesse he fell into debt to his trader employers. They cast their lustful eyes on his two young lady daughters. And he sold them to them as temporary "wives." His goods-chests were again filled; and his debts wiped out. Having more than ten women himself, it did not much twinge his deadened conscience that his daughters should be the one wife of white men, though the relation was a peculiar and uncertain one, in its duration. To the young women, the position was gratifying; it gave them ease, and station, and wealth. Really, as far as morality was concerned, their "marriage" without ceremony or contract was felt by them to be as binding as any church-recognized native marriage, or even as many mission marriages made with church ceremony. For, all these

ceremonies were often disregarded and the marriage broken, when the parties for even slight causes chose to do so. These young women were faithful each to her chosen "husband," and the men were faithful to them as *long as they stayed in Africa*. There was the damning point in their act. The young women were called "wife" and treated as such by the men. But these men knew that some day they would return to Europe, and would abandon them. They were only "temporary" wives. The Mission unjustly called them a woman's vilest name. They did not deserve it. They were modest and faithful. Germany would recognize them as "morganatic" wives. The United States would recognize them as "common-law" wives. The church that had allowed their father for so long a suspended relation, did not allow them even that, but hastened to excommunicate them. And still the missionaries received the father in their parlor; but met the young women out of doors only with icy rebuke.

Years passed on. His white employers died or left the country. New ones rated him at a lower value. He was again sinking into debt, while keeping up an expensive establishment, and still apparently wealthy. He was beginning to lose his vigor and skill in trade. Profits were less than formerly. Perhaps he began to fear that God's controversy with him might come to a sudden and destructive end. Whatever the cause, I am willing to think it was not for hypocrisy, that, about 1872, he began to attend church services; and, one day, in prayer-meeting, rose with confession of sin and request for prayer in his behalf. It was a day of rejoicing at Baraka. The great man, the rich man, the prominent citizen, the long wanderer, was returning!! The rejoic-

ing began before he had commenced to disentangle himself from his evil surroundings. His confession was not complete, nor his attitude sufficiently humble. He still was selling liquor, and retaining his Polygamy. Of course, he promised that he would divest himself of these *after* the church should again accept him. But he was holding on to them till he should see whether the missionary would allow him a certain condition. That condition was, that, of his many wives, he should not be required to retain his originally-married Jenny, but should be allowed to chose a younger and more attractive one. I do not know how complete would have been his return had this condition been assented to. Perhaps it might have been allowed; for, both of them had broken their original marriage vow again and again. His condition was refused. And he stepped back into his sinful life.

For a few more years, he kept up with the current, and retained at least outward signs of wealth, and a comfortable though reduced commercial position.

But a change came. Years were wrecking his vigor. One of those two daughters died. Several of his sons died. His women ceased to find him attractive; and one after another of them deserted him. His long habit of debt led him to dishonest methods of purchase and payment. He lost the confidence of the white traders; instead of entrusting him with thousands, they either refused him, or gave him only hundreds.

Still his family name was retained in honor by his tribe. As older claimants to the Family "Throne" died off, he fell heir to the "Kingship" and was recognized by the local French government as one of the native Chiefs whose advice was occasionally asked in settlement of minor native questions. The name of "King" made

him very proud, though his fine dwelling was falling into decay, and his slaves had run away, and there were left but few signs of "greatness," except his expensive suits of foreign clothing. His "Kingship" was very nominal. He was only one of four or five native Chiefs, who, in virtue of their Family (not personal) prominence, were called "Kings;" and he was least among them. Only one of those five really had any power.

As one after another of the earthly possessions, for which he had been defiling his soul during over thirty years, fell away from him, conscience, or fear, or perhaps a hope of help from the Mission that had dealt so gently with him, made him again, about 1892, repeat the public confession of sin which he had insincerely made twenty years before. It was easy now for him to come without conditions. For, as to Polygamy, he had no wives to put away. They had all died or left him (even Jenny) except one of the younger ones whom it suited him to keep. It was no credit to him that he was no longer a polygamist. Polygamy had abandoned him, not he it. He was no longer a liquor-seller; not by choice, but because white traders no longer would entrust him with the charge of even a sub-trading house.

Again the missionaries at Baraka (which in 1871 had become Presbyterian) seemed to set a premium on male church wandering, by not only (as was right) receiving him with open arms, but by giving him at once entire trust and confidence, which he had justly forfeited, and of which the traders who best knew him no longer considered him worthy. It seemed almost as if he was regarded as doing the church a favor in returning to it. But, in his return, there was no humility of the Prodigal,

though the fatted calf was being killed for him. While it was proper to receive him, as a penitent back again to church membership, his more than thirty years of flagrant sin should have subjected him to a test of at least a year. But, astonishing to relate, he was given no time test. Not only was he at once restored to church membership, but notwithstanding his wandering, he was honored almost immediately by being put into his old office of Elder! Of course, this was done by the formality of a vote of the church members: But, they are accustomed to vote as they are desired by the white Pastor. Doubtless they voted willingly; for, their appreciation of the sinfulness of his sin was almost as slight as his own. Their vote showed how slightly public opinion of evil customs had risen above the level of heathenism. The man whose evil example had misled scores of young men, was, while still enjoying money that had been made in sinful ways, set up in the church as guide, teacher, example, leader and judge of humble Christians who had quietly been keeping their way all the thirty-three years he had been rioting in sin!

This was the status of affairs when I was transferred to the charge of the Gaboon church in 1893. I had never come in real contact with Kabinda. I had lived in other parts of the Mission-field, and only casually met him on my occasional visits to Libreville. I knew of his history from statements of natives and of fellow-missionaries and traders, and especially from the church records. The two missionaries who had foisted him into the Eldership were gone, and I accepted what I found. I had to recognize him as an officer in the church; but I could not respect him, nor did I believe he was sincere. His

exhortations in the prayer-meetings came with poor grace from one who was still holding the pecuniary profits of the sale of his daughters. The still living one of the two, after passing from one hand to another as "temporary" wife, had at last become deserving of the vile name by which the missionaries, (especially the female ones) had originally called her, and from which she would probably have been saved had they accorded her a tithe of the charity they spent on her more guilty father. His warnings to young men came with no force. Full half of those young men were ready to take all the risk of sin, sickness, prison or death, with the chance to enjoy as he had enjoyed, and finally to be honored as he was being honored. He had served both God and Mammon, and, in the eyes of most of the community, had gained from both. They forgot, or did not appreciate what he had lost in the rust that sin brings to the soul, in the evil done to others that can never be wiped out, and in the wasted ability that could have made him a useful and efficient worker in the building up of the Kingdom of Christ, which he really had done so much to pull down.

While I had to accept him officially as a member of the Session, and gave him the ordinary respect due to the office of Elder, I did not in any other way dignify him. I never in discussing church matters with him, addressed him, or spoke of him as "king." He was somewhat offensive in his assumptions. Being a few years my senior, he took occasion to speak sarcastically of the "young men of the present" as compared with the "old men of his day."

It would have been amusing, if it had not been so marked by pitiful vanity, to see the old man's dressing of himself in youthful attire, with low pump-shoes, and carrying a stylish cane.

He still tried to do a little trading in an honest way, among the adjacent Fang tribe up river. On one of these journeys, he was exposed to wet, which brought on a pneumonia; of which he died in 1895, three years after his restoration to the church.

At his funeral services, I read the usual burial form for the Christian dead. But I added no words of eulogy, as the assembled non-christian crowd seemed to expect, for "the King." His place in the Kingdom of Heaven it was not for me to assign. But I was not willing to add special honor to the *man* who had done so little for the Kingdom—the evil of whose example will never be removed—and the turning of whose life for possible good into actual badness, I do not cease to regret. So much was wasted!