
WESTERN AFRICA,
CAPE PALMAS, AND PARTS ADJACENT,
TOGETHER WITH THE
UPPER CAVALLA REGION TO THE MOUNTAINS.
PANYOH
PEDIBO
TIIBO
SAPO
KETIAPO
NYETIAPO
TIOPO
TUOH
DIIBO
KABO
MT. GEDEYE
GEDEBO
DIBO
BOAOH
TIOH
IDAHWOMBO
BA-WULDOBO
DA-WULDOBO
WEBO
SOBO
FAMBO
WEYAO
NEMONH
BOABO
WULOBO
BWIAOH
BAREWURE BO
GEREBO
TADITEBWI
Sinoe R.
Cavalla R.
Sedeko Falls
VINH
NITIE LU
Mt. Gero
WOTE
Mt. Panh
SAKO
WUTU
WITABO
SUNH
FATE
NYEBEDIYA
BWINE
SOLOTEBUE
TUONH
WODI
NYANHOH
TUFLA
SEDE
DEDEABO
KPANEYU
TAA
MABO
Hida R.
NEWEKE
TUMA
NYEBATYI
TEBO
E. GRABO
DIBO
SEYE
BAFE
SEETU
TOO
TATE
BEKRENH
PEYAKBA
WULU
YA
DUNH
ATAPOYONH
KRABO
ITONH
B. WEDEBO
HUREBO
TIMA
DAYUWE
TOOLU
YUBEO
TUONH
NYINEMO
DABO PLABO
KABO
DABO
KPRIBO
BOLOBO
IDAWUREBO
KEKE
KIEKE
NYINAKADE
WESA
KWAKE
GADIA
TIBA
BWIDABO
SEDEWE
GRANDE CESS
WEDABO
TENEBO
WUROKE
NYIMAKADE
DAYUKE
TANBO
PATETWE
GIBIA
LIBO
SORO
RENH
BOROBO
DIHNE
GITETABO
WESE
NYEBATYI
GRABA
NIHEDO
BAREKE
BAREWE
SARO
MBO
YOKE
HIDIE
BABO
WIABO
NIFFAU
GARROWAY
Hue R.
HUE ORANH
KREBO
PEREBO
SIEWUDI
WESE
TEBLEBO
NYARO
River
GREBO
WUEBO
FISHTOWN
SEDE
GITU
ROCKTOWN
Hoffman R.
C. PALMAS TOWNS
HOFFMAN STATION
MARYLAND AVENUE
DIMA LU
Cavalla R.
Settlement
SHEPHARD LAKE
SEDE
WOTE
HARPER
CAPE PALMAS
HALF GRAWAY
GRAWAY
CAVALLA
KABLA
BLIORANH
BUBLI
SIBLA
WESEBO
BEWAKE
ROCK YEBWI
YINAKE
BWEDE
KABLA
Hoi a R.
SCALE, TEN MILES
0
5
10

COME OVER AND HELP US.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—St. Mark 15 : 16.

Day Dawn in Africa;

OR,

PROGRESS OF THE PROT. EPIS. MISSION

AT

CAPE PALMAS, WEST AFRICA.

BY MRS. ANNA M. SCOTT.

"The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command."

New-York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE.
11 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.
1858.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper*,
16 & 18 Jacob St., Fire-Proof Buildings.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

PREFACE.

The design of this little work is to make known to the reading public the present highly encouraging state of one of the most interesting and important Missions of our day.

It was undertaken with the conviction, that the way "to imbue Christian men with the missionary spirit, is to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise;" and that the interest felt in the missionary work must very much depend upon a knowledge of its details and progress.

The history of the first years of our Mission,* (beginning with its establishment in 1836,) has already been given to the world by one of its members, who has faithfully and ably described the night of patient toil and suffering. Ours is the pleasant task to tell of the day dawn which is now stealing over the borders of this large, dark, and mysterious continent.

From the interesting reports given by our fellow-laborers, and from scenes which we ourselves have witnessed, we have prepared this volume, with the hope that it will be blessed by God to the stirring up of the careless, to the encouragement of the desponding, and to the increased gratitude of the Church.

As our object is history, not biography, the obituaries of deceased missionaries have been necessarily brief. This history embraces the last six years, beginning with the consecration of Bishop Payne, in 1851. During these years the progress in the Mission has been unusually encouraging. Those who so long "sowed in tears," have now begun to "reap in joy."

Another object in presenting this record to the public at present, is to solicit assistance. The field is now white for the har-

* History of the P. E. Mission in Western Africa, by Mrs. E. F. Hening.

vest, but the laborers are very few; and those in the field are now bending beneath their heavy burdens. When compelled by sickness to leave, for a season, our beloved Mission, there remained but three ordained Foreign Missionaries to minister to thousands of heathen souls. We need, at once, more regular missionaries, a physician, male and female teachers, and catechists. We appeal for help from among the many thousands in our Church, who profess to be followers of Him whose last command was: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." For His sake, we beg, let not the earnest cry of heathen Africa, "Come over and help us," go unheeded.

"It comes from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale;
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are wasted and pale.

"All wasted and pale with their wearisome toil—
Still they pause not, that brave little band,
Though soon their low pillows will be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

"There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,
But cheerly he sings at his toil,
For he thinks of the sheaves and garnering time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

* * * * *

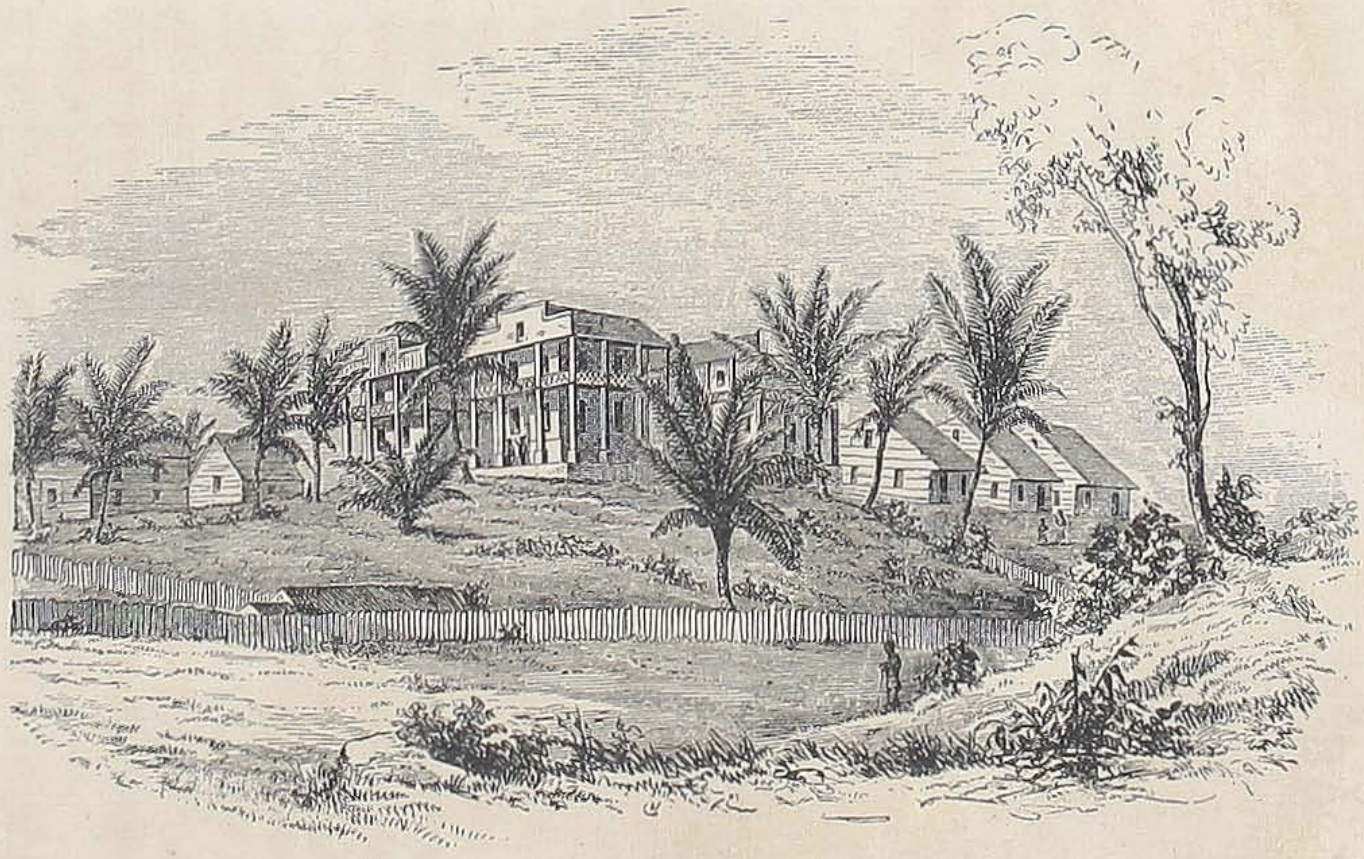
"But ever they turn, that brave little band,
A long, wistful gaze towards the West;
'Do they come? Do they come?' from that dear, distant land—
That land of the lovely and blest!

"'Do they come? Do they come?' Oh! we are feeble and wan,
And we are passing like shadows away;
But the harvest is white—lo! yonder the *dawn:*
For laborers, for laborers we pray."

Washington, D. C., June, 1857. A. M. S.

For the cuts, which add much to the beauty and value of this volume, we are indebted to the Carrier Dove, a monthly paper for children and youth, published by the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, Protestant Episcopal Church, 19 Bible House, New-York.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, CAVALLA.



THE CAVALLA HOME.

DAY DAWN IN AFRICA.

Chapter First.

"Separated unto the Gospel of God."—Rom. 1 : 1.
"Declare his glory among the heathen."—Ps. 96 : 3.

On the eleventh of July, 1851, in the old town of Alexandria, Virginia, a scene was enacted which was destined to influence, through time and eternity, thousands of heathen on a far distant continent. A large congregation was assembled in St. Paul's Church, to witness the setting apart to the office of Bishop, one of the pioneers in the missionary field of Western Africa, who had dedicated himself for life to that laborious work.

From the Theological Seminary of Virginia, whose hallowed walls crown a neighboring hill, he had gone forth fifteen years before, to encounter the toils and perils, the struggles and triumphs of the missionary life, in that most fatal climate. He had now returned at the call of the Church, to receive the highest office in her gift.

Many were present at his consecration, who had seen this devoted servant of Christ, with his faithful

fellow-laborers, depart to that distant and untried field. How different their feelings now! Then, thoughts of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the apparently hopeless degradation of the people, were uppermost in every mind. Now they could rejoice over the glad tidings brought by this faithful evangelist, who had returned, like the apostles of old, to tell what great things the Lord had done in heathen Africa.

No better summary of the work accomplished in that important and interesting field *previous* to this time, can be given than is contained in the following extracts from the discourses of Bishop Payne, delivered about the time of his consecration. After speaking, at some length, of the work accomplished at other missions on the coast, he thus sums up the achievements of our own Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas:

"Four distinct stations, in sufficient proximity for mutual sympathy and relief, have, it is hoped, been firmly established, three of them being amongst natives, and one of them in the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas.

"At these several stations the usual moral machinery of Christianity is, and has been for some years in continuous and efficient operation. One permanent stone church building is nearly completed; another has been commenced; regular congregations, varying from fifty to three hundred, have been gathered; pastoral and missionary efforts have brought the Gospel in contact with the minds of thirty thousand heathen; boarding and day-schools have been maintained, in which about one thousand native and colonist scholars have re-

ceived, to a greater or less extent, a Christian education.

"When it is considered that the hindrances to the success of Christian missions in general, and especially to African missions, have arisen from the interruption and inefficient character of the religious agency employed, the importance of having thus secured for Christianity, in one place, a permanent home and influence, can not be too highly estimated.

"Results of greater value still have been attained. Missionary experience is every where valuable, but in no country so much so as in Africa. It is not too much to say, that at least half of those who have fallen victims to the climate might have been saved, had they enjoyed the benefits of the experience now possessed.

"A native language has been reduced to writing; services are held in it. Spelling-books, reading-books, portions of the Liturgy, and of the Scriptures, have been translated, and many children and youths taught to read them.

"A standing influence, as Christian teachers, has been gained by the missionaries for scores of miles around them, and amongst fifty thousand natives. This was no easy task. For years the heathen naturally persisted in classing them with foreigners in general, whose object was only gain. The endless annoyances, exactions, vexations, and persecutions, which this view entailed upon the missionaries, they only can know who have experienced them.

"The direct spiritual effects of missionary labor upon the heathen are manifest. The popular faith in idolatry is shaken. I have myself burned up a wheel-

barrow load of idols, or *gree-grees*, at one time. Many use *gree-grees* only from custom and a fear of exciting observation and remark, not from faith in their efficacy. Beside some who have died in the faith, and others who have apostatized, we have now in regular standing above one hundred communicants, more than half of whom are natives.

"Fifteen Christian families, the members of which were nearly all educated in the schools, are living together in a Christian village, on our mission premises, at Cavalla. Nine young men and women, educated in the mission schools, are employed as catechists, teachers, and assistants. Two native youths are in this country pursuing their studies, preparatory to the ministry. One colonist is a candidate for orders.

"A wide and effectual door for the spread of the Gospel in the colonies, amongst neighboring and distant tribes, has been opened around the mission stations which have been established. To gain this point, though obviously of the first importance, has been the work of time. At first the natives on the coast would on no account allow foreigners to go into the interior; and viewing all foreigners as traders, they were apprehensive that, if permitted to go thither, the missionaries might interfere with their gains. With correct views of the missionaries, however, came the abandonment of such objections; and at the present moment, a hundred evangelists might find immediate and full employment among the numerous and populous tribes lying between the mission stations and the mountains of the interior.

"But whence shall come the host of laborers re-

quired to go forth and reap the wasting harvests of these extensive regions?

"Doubtless from the mission-schools already in operation, shall be raised up many native teachers and evangelists to go forth in this blessed work; and on this account these schools, and the missions which sustain them, challenge your prayers, your contributions and efforts.

"But these natives, with few exceptions, can only make assistants. They will require some superintending agency. And since, as I have observed, white men can not bear the interior of Africa, this circumstance, and the comparative advance in Christian civilization attained by the *colonists* from this country, point to them as the materials from which to raise up this superintending agency.

"Hence the preëminent importance to be attached to all schemes of education in Liberia, and especially to our own High School at Mt. Vaughan. Here, as before observed, we have in operation an institution for preparing teachers and ministers for the great work around them. In order to insure a complete education, it is necessary to support young men four or five years, at an expense of one hundred dollars per annum; and when the demand for such laborers, as it is sought here to raise up, is considered, an object more worthy of the patronage of American Christians, can not well be conceived. At present there are only ten scholarships, and only five permanently supported; I hope to raise seven more.

"Other missions also, of similar character to that at Cape Palmas, it is hoped, will be soon established at

Bassa Cove and Monrovia, as radiating points from those places to the populous regions around them, which, as has been said, Providence has committed to American Christians. May God give to all interested in Africa's welfare, grace to devise liberal things, and to carry those liberal things more and more into practice; and especially may we share largely in the distinguished honor and reward of those who shall be instrumental in causing 'Ethiopia to stretch forth her hand unto God.'

"To all human appearances, the Gospel has been planted there. In connection with our Mission, Christianity seems to have found one home, shall I say another Antioch? I would leave to my associates in the Mission the pleasing task of describing particularly their respective stations. But I shall be excused, I am sure, for making some reference to my own, endeared as it is by the hallowed associations of some ten years of missionary toil and enjoyment. And, brethren, of it I can not say less than this: Much as I love this our Antioch,* I have found more than another Antioch in my African Cavalla home.

"Nay, brethren, there is now, in this wide world, no place to me like that, my home. Thirty cocoa-nut trees spread forth their graceful branches to shelter it from the beams of a tropical sun; a garden with lovely flowers, such as God delights to scatter over his fair creation, and numerous fruit trees, with beauteous birds 'singing among the branches;' refreshing breezes coming almost the whole day over the deep broad sea,

* Theological Seminary of Virginia.

not three hundred yards distant; a climate as pleasant (temperature considered) as any on earth; a Christian congregation formed out of heathenism, and a substantial brick church commenced; schools, containing seventy pupils, in successful operation; and cheerful hearts and willing hands to work in the Lord's harvest.

"But, brethren, these are not the chief attractions for me or for you. What makes Cavalla a most interesting missionary station, is, that there the door of faith is most widely and effectually opened to numerous towns and tribes of African Gentiles. But I would fix your attention upon the fact, that it is *only* the door, and this door is only opened. The field—and oh! *what* a field—how extensive, how dark, how ruined, *is yet to be occupied!*

"Here, brethren, I stand before you, fourteen years after having first put my foot on African soil, and having spent nearly the whole of this time in that country. I have, by God's help, in short journeys, travelled on missionary duty, more than eight thousand miles, preached in Grebo and English at least four thousand times, in from thirty to forty different towns and places, to four distinct heathen tribes, and in the colonies. In doing all which I can not remember having been interrupted by ill-health on one Sabbath; certainly not in the last ten years. Now, here, to the praise of God's grace be it said, are great *facts*, to establish which my life had been well spent in Africa, and to report which to you, would well repay the trouble of my four voyages across the Atlantic.

"And, now, that after the lapse of fifteen years, I

have returned to this, our Antioch, whence I was recommended to the grace of God for the work in which I have been engaged, and am permitted to report to you how through many dangers and temptations which have come upon me, the door of faith has been so remarkably and widely opened to the Gentile Africans, I call upon you with me to return thanks for, and to magnify the providence and mercy and grace of God, which have so signally followed your brother and his associates in the mission which they have been the honored instruments of planting and sustaining. Yes, with one heart and voice, let us say, 'Now, thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.'"

Chapter Second.

"ENLARGED by you according to our rule abundantly, to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond you."—2 COR. 10 : 15.

IN May of the year 1852 we find our missionary Bishop—after having visited many of the churches in America, and greatly interesting them in his Mission—again turning his face toward his beloved African home, accompanied by five new missionaries, from various States in the Union, namely: Rev. George W. and Mrs. Horne, from Connecticut; Miss Alice E. Colquhoun, from Virginia; Mr. Augustus Rogers, from New-York; and Rev. Thomas A. Pinckney, (colored,) from South-Carolina.

The arrival of the Bishop is thus described by one of the missionaries at Cavalla:

"*Thursday, July 8th*, 1852.—The long-expected day has arrived in which we are to welcome the Bishop; we heard of his arrival in the Ralph Cross, while at breakfast—an occasion of joy and gratitude. He reached the station at six in the afternoon. His coming was announced by the noise of the children and natives following him. Our family met him in the avenue, as he rode up on his faithful donkey, which had been sent for him. We rejoiced that God had kept, blessed, and restored him to his work; that he had also brought out other laborers with him."

We can readily imagine his feelings as he once more beholds his beloved mission. Fifteen years have elapsed since he first landed on the wild shores of Africa. How encouraging the contrast between the trials and sorrows of those laborious years and the mercies and blessings of the present! Memory recalls that darkest hour,* when the heathen, who now herald his approach with joyous demonstrations, seriously proposed to exterminate the Mission by starvation, or fire and the sword. With heartfelt gratitude he remembers that merciful intervention of Providence, which, at the most critical moment, brought so opportunely to his aid a man-of-war; and an officer, at the head of a body of marines, marched suddenly into the mission grounds, from the United States ship, Decatur.

How wonderful the change wrought on these wild people, in a few years, by God's blessing upon the "prayers, pains, and faith" of a feeble band of missionaries. Many of the hardened heathen, who, in former years, when asked to visit the house of God, were wont to reply, "*Pay us*, and we will come," are now heard earnestly inquiring: "Payne, how can we do the will of God?"

After the Bishop's return, a fresh impetus was given to the Mission. Active measures were commenced by him for enlarging its operations; and he immediately began the various buildings for which contributions had been made during his visit to the United States. The foundation of the Orphan Asylum at Cape Pal-

* See Mrs. Hening's History of the African Mission, p. 223.

mas (hereafter to be described) was laid—the colonial authorities giving him a lot for that purpose on the extremity of the Cape.

He was especially desirous to do more for the spiritual progress of the young but rapidly growing Republic of Liberia, and for this purpose put forth vigorous efforts to open more stations within her limits. The points to which his attention was now directed, were, Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, two hundred and fifty miles north of Cape Palmas; Bassa Cove, eighty miles to the south-east of Monrovia; and Sinoe, half way between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, and about ninety miles from each.

It may be proper, before we proceed to describe the progress of the Bishop's operations, to give, for the benefit of the general reader, a brief account of the origin of the American colonies in Liberia, and of their early connection with our Mission.

The first scheme of African colonization sprang, we are told, from the gifted mind of Thomas Jefferson, "who was one of a committee appointed by the General Assembly of Virginia, in 1776, to revise the laws of that State, and at that time prepared an amendment, to be submitted to the committee, *proposing a comprehensive plan of colonization.*" Though the seed of colonization was doubtless sown at that time, and fostered by other great and good men, it was not, until many years later, that the first Colonization Society was organized at Washington City, in 1817; which shortly afterward, with the coöperation of the general government, sent out agents to select a tract of

land in Western Africa, to form a home for the free colored people of the United States.

For this purpose a portion of the coast of New-Guinea was purchased, of which the Sherbro river, in latitude 7° 20′, forms the northern, and the grand Sesters river on the south, in latitude 4° 30′, forms the southern boundary. The distance between these points on the coast is five hundred miles. Here has sprung up the Republic of Liberia, of which Monrovia* (so called in honor of James Monroe, President of the United States, who did so much to forward the colonization scheme in Liberia) is the capital. It is in Messurada county, and is situated on an elevated site behind Cape Messurado, in latitude 6° 16′ north. The summit of the Cape is two hundred and fifty feet high, and the town about eighty feet above the level of the sea. Cape Messurado is covered with the richest mass of deep green foliage and shrubbery we ever beheld. On this Cape, Bishop Payne has secured ground to build an educational establishment of high character, to take rank hereafter as a college. There is a large *native* population in and around the Liberia settlements, and it is hoped that as our missionary force shall be increased at Monrovia, effective efforts may be made in behalf of the *heathen* population in this region.

Monrovia contains a population of something over two thousand, and is increasing rapidly, all things considered. The best houses are built of stone and brick, and many of them are neatly furnished. The

* About two hundred and fifty miles south of the English colony at Sierra Leone.

President's house is a double two-story building of brick, with a portico, the roof of which is supported by lofty pillars. The people are in general neatly dressed, and the churches well attended. The government house on Broadway is a plain, substantial building with a balcony. The lower floor is used as a court-room, and the upper one as a legislative hall.

Many tropical fruit trees, such as the orange, lemon, the lime, the banana, tamarind, cocoa-nut, papaw, guava, and the beautiful coffee-tree are found growing at Monrovia; also pine-apples, cassavas, plantains, and sweet potatoes. Other vegetables and fruits of temperate climes have been introduced, and here—but more particularly on the St. John's and at Cape Palmas—have been successfully cultivated. Owing partly to the comparative poverty of the soil, but more especially to the absorbing love of trade, agriculture is not as flourishing at Monrovia as at other places on the coast. On the St. Paul's river, and in other parts of Liberia, the soil is much better and more productive than at Monrovia. In many places there are good coffee farms, and the sugar-cane grows finely; and recently one or two steam sugar-mills have been carried out, to be used on the St. Paul's.

Rice is the principal production, and is raised in great quantities by the natives. The chief article of export is palm-oil. Many of the trees in Western Africa are of a very hard and heavy growth; there are other varieties, however, which correspond in lightness to our pine, and some which answer to our hickory and oak. There are many large forests of cam-wood toward the interior, (some fifty miles from

the sea,) which is used by the natives for fuel, and is an important article of trade.

In many places on the rivers and in the forests may be seen the stately palm tree, waving its light and graceful head in striking contrast with the heavy mahogany* and other huge trees; while every where delicate flowers, buds, and blossoms attract the eye, by their rich and lovely bloom.

Lying so near to the equator, this territory has, of course, summer weather throughout the year, interrupted only by the rainy, or "wet season," as it is generally called, which usually begins in May, and continues until the last of October. During this time, and when the harmattan wind is blowing, (from the middle of December to the last of January,) the weather is delightfully cool and invigorating. In the wet season woolen clothing is very comfortable; the more so, as it is not customary to have fires in the houses. The rain is not continuous, as many persons in the United States have supposed, but varied by spells of dry weather. December and January are the warmest months. February and March are very warm also. The oppressiveness of the tropical sun is so chastened by the regular sea breezes, that one is seldom oppressed by the heat; some are scarcely conscious of it. We have never yet met one who had lived in Western Africa, who would not prefer it, so far as temperature† is concerned, to any part of America.

* This is not the genuine mahogany.

† The extremes of the thermometrical state may be set down at 65° and 90°. The average height of the mercury during the rainy season

Cape Palmas, which is about two hundred and fifty miles south-east of Monrovia, forms the southern part of Liberia. In 1834, colonists from the State of Maryland settled here, and formed an independent State, which they called "Maryland in Liberia." Very recently it has been annexed to the Republic of Liberia.

The highest part of Cape Palmas is about eighty feet above the sea. Its eastern end was covered by native towns until a few months since, when they were burned in the war between the natives and colonists. The colonist population is about one thousand. Two years after this colony was settled, (in 1836,) an additional tract of land was purchased, which extended along the Cavalla river to the distance of thirty miles from its mouth. Up this beautiful stream may often be seen travelling our missionaries and native evangelists, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen tribes dwelling on its banks.

The first colored Governor of Maryland was Mr. Russwurm, who was appointed in 1837, and honorably and ably discharged the duties of his office.

When our first missionaries (Dr. Savage, Rev. J. Payne, and Rev. L. B. Minor) arrived at Cape Palmas in 1836, they found two colonists, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, members of the Episcopal Church, teaching with great faithfulness a mission school at Mount Vaughan, (three miles from the Cape,) under the patronage of the "Domestic and Foreign Missionary

may be set down at about 76°, and during the dry at 84° The mean temperature for the year is about 80°.

Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America," which had been formed by the General Convention in 1820. So much pleased were our pioneer missionaries with the appearance of things at Cape Palmas, that they at once decided to make it their headquarters, and it has continued to be the central and chief seat of our Mission up to the present time.

In describing the spiritual prospects of the colonies in Africa, we shall quote the language of Bishop Payne, who has been for many years among them:

"No one," says he, "can contemplate what has been accomplished by providence and grace in Western Africa, within the memory of many now living, without exclaiming in grateful, adoring love: 'What hath God wrought?'

"It is little more than fifty years since the whole of that part of the coast, lying between the Gambia on one side, and the Bereby river on the other—a distance of eight hundred miles—was desolated by ceaseless wars and a foreign slave-trade; and, owing to the influence of slave-traders, the barbarous character of the natives, and the unhealthiness of the climate, it was supposed to be as effectually closed to missionary efforts as China itself.

"Behold what a change! At Sierra Leone and its offshoots, a Christian colony, whose population is not far below *one hundred thousand!* And composed of whom? Of *native* Africans, taken by British cruisers from slave-ships, and, under the nurturing care of British philanthropy, transformed from savage, war-loving hordes, into orderly Christian communities.

"Between Sierra Leone and Bereby have sprung up

as by magic, at five different points, as many civilized settlements. These are the offspring of the benevolence and far-sighted wisdom of those who have composed the American Colonization Societies. These, too, are composed of the descendants of Africa's own children. They are, and have for some time been self-governing, and will all ere long, no doubt, be united under one republic, already known as 'Liberia.' The population of the colonies proper is at this time seven thousand, while they hold under their jurisdiction, or their influence, to a greater or less extent, ten times that number of natives. With the rich country, and spirit of industry and patriotism now springing up amongst them, they have all the elements for becoming flourishing communities.

"But the influence of these colonies, present and prospective, upon Africa, is their most interesting feature. Already, *within forty years*, have they, in connection with the British and American squadrons, abolished the slave-trade along eight hundred miles of coast; so that where thousands and tens of thousands of slaves were captured and shipped annually, now *there is not one;* and the foreign demand being thus at an end, the internal wars, which were excited by and have lived upon that demand, have to a great extent ceased; while the lawful commerce which has sprung up with the colonies, has created a new channel for the enterprise of the natives, and led them to develop the resources of their rich and beautiful country.

"A more important aspect of these colonies remains to be noticed: it is that which connects them with the *missionary enterprise.*

"Sierra Leone, as has been stated, is settled chiefly by re-captured Africans. Though taken from the slave-ships savage heathen, yet being at once placed under a good government and a strong missionary influence, they are under the most favorable circumstances possible for rapid temporal and spiritual improvement. They do improve rapidly, astonishingly. Many of them become wealthy. They are extensive merchants — some of them owners of ships. In their own vessels, many of them have actually returned to the land from which they were forcibly taken — the distance of nearly a thousand miles—and formed Christian colonies.

"But their religious improvements and prospects are more striking than even their temporal. Here, in Sierra Leone, and a similar settlement on the Gambia river, on the north-west, and the colony from Sierra Leone, at Badagry, eight hundred to one thousand miles to the south-east, there are about fourteen thousand children and youth now under instruction, besides numbers who have been educated and settled in life. There are engaged in instructing these children one hundred and twelve native catechists, school-masters, and school-mistresses. Three natives have received orders in the Church of England; and in the Grammar School and Fourah Bay Institute at Sierra Leone are sixty-six students, some of whom are studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and a number of them looking forward to the ministry. In other than the Church Mission, many, with lower literary qualifications than are there required, are usefully employed as

ministers of the Gospel among their less-favored brethren. * * * * * *

"I will now speak particularly of that portion of the great continent of Africa, which God has assigned *peculiarly to American Christians*. This is *Liberia*, and parts adjacent. At present this government has titles, more or less perfect, to most of the territory lying coast-wise from Grand Cape Mount and (taking in Maryland in Liberia) to Grand Bereby, a distance of four hundred miles. Its jurisdiction will evidently be extended one hundred miles further on either side, making its entire length on the coast six hundred miles. Thus much the powers of Europe will undoubtedly most cheerfully concede to the infant republic, which, indeed, they show every disposition to strengthen. Towards the interior the peculiar character of the native tribes will invite an extension of territory to the distance of two hundred miles; or to the chain of the *Kong* mountains, stretching along near the latitude of 8° north, from the vicinity of Sierra Leone on the west, and beyond the Niger on the east.

"Here, then, a territory containing one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and nearly *five millions of aborigines*, besides American colonists—this is the sphere to which Providence directs American philanthropy and Christianity.

"There are at the present time,* as has been stated, about seven thousand emigrants from the United States in the various settlements constituting Liberia. The moral and intellectual energies of the colonists

* 1851.

have thus far been almost exclusively required and employed in forming and strengthening their own infant civil and religious institutions. And, when it is considered that the great mass of those who have been sent out to Liberia are wholly uneducated, it is wonderful how much has been accomplished in this respect. Obviously, however, they still need the helping hand of their more favored American brethren, to develop and perfect their social, intellectual, and political constitution. And it is most gratifying to see that while *they* are sensible of their need, Christians of all denominations are, though late, moving to their relief.

"The Methodists have completed a very good building at Monrovia, designed for a seminary. The Presbyterians have sent out a small iron house to the same place, for an institution called the 'Alexander High School.' There is a movement in New-England to get up a kind of Union institution, to be located in some central part of Liberia, perhaps at Bassa Cove.* When these institutions shall be provided with permanent and competent officers, they will indeed prove blessings. I am thankful to be able to say that our Church has rendered the most substantial service to the colonies and to Africa by its High School at Mount Vaughan, near Cape Palmas, which has raised and is raising up teachers, so much needed in the colonies, as well as missionaries for the surrounding heathen.

"It has been stated that the moral energies of the colonists have been chiefly directed to their own internal affairs. It must not, however, be understood that

* This institution is now being established near Monrovia, with ex-President Roberts at its head.

they have done nothing for the heathen. Under the direction of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist Missionary Societies, the agency of colonists has been employed at sundry times and in various places among the heathen. But owing to the change of superintendents, or their incompetency, little permanent fruit of their efforts remains.

"Indeed, it must be evident to every one who duly considers the missionary work, that its efficiency, under God, depends upon a *steady, persevering, Christian influence, by a competent agency.* That the agency must be competent, needs no proof nor illustration. That the influence, to be effective, must be continued, will appear from the fact, that the work of making Christian disciples of the heathen implies far more than that of transforming the most ignorant, degraded, and wicked child, ever found in a civilized land, into an educated, civilized, and Christian man. What, in fact, is the object of Christian missions, but to carry on this very process, not for individuals, but for communities, and this under the most unfavorable circumstances?

"What our Protestant Episcopal Mission in Western Africa has accomplished, has been owing, under God, to its complying to a good extent with these necessary conditions. From what has been said of the moral and intellectual state of the colonists, it must be perceived that our reliance thus far, for a competent agency must have been chiefly upon the white laborers, however few in number, who have been led from America to this country. And as it has been seen that white men can not bear interior missionary excur-

sions, or indeed the African climate at all, without a home to which they may repair, after short intervals of exposure—necessity, no less than a sense of duty, in the preservation of life and health, has heretofore prevented our extending our work, but we can rejoice in substantial, we would hope permanent results actually attained, and in the opening up, through these results, of prospects of wider and ever-widening use fulness hereafter."

Chapter Third.

"MANY shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—DANIEL 12 : 4.

IN March, 1852, a small newspaper called the *Cavalla Messenger*, was commenced in the Mission. It was printed in Grebo and English, by two young native Christians, who had been trained in the mission-school at Cavalla; and it was hoped that it would be a benefit to the young connected with the Mission, besides giving employment to those engaged in it. It is sustained by articles from the various missionaries, designed to give a picture of the inner life of the Mission, and to interest foreign readers in behalf of the work among the heathen. The first page is always devoted to a history of the Grebo tribe, in their own language, by the Bishop.

We may look upon the establishment of this paper as an important era in the history of this tribe. Since the press was established at Cavalla, it has issued several hundred copies of school-books in the *Grebo* tongue, and more will be done in the future. How encouraging the thought that on the spot, where once was heard only the groans of the dying *gidu* victim, or the shrill unearthly cries of the "*Kwi-iru*," keeping their nightly orgies, is now heard the cheerful hum of the printing-press, and that within the office may be seen animated

Grebo faces busily bending over the type which is to be the means of disseminating knowledge among their heathen friends. No stranger could meet the bright, intelligent faces of many of the youths and children in that vicinity, without being at once convinced that Christianity and civilization had visited that heathen wild.

Two native youths, *Ku Sia*, (alias Clement F. Jones,) and *Bĭdĭ Wah*, (alias G. T. Bedell,) returned to the Mission in January of this year. For more than a year they had been under the tuition of Rev. Dr. May, and some of the students at the Theological Seminary of Virginia. Jones went to Cavalla to finish his studies, preparatory to the ministry, under the Bishop; and Bedell to Rocktown to teach in the boarding-school for native boys.

"We were glad to welcome back our former scholars, Jones and Bedell," writes a missionary. "Their sojourn in America has been an advantage to both. Jones accompanied me to-day to *Kwia's* town, where I preached. When I had finished, he asked to be permitted to speak. With much attention the people listened, while with earnestness he spoke. He having finished with prayer, they thanked him, and on our leaving, shook hands with us, one man remarking to him: 'Go on, *that Word is good.*'"

"*March 7th.*—During this week a debating society and singing-school have been commenced by our older native pupils and the youth of the village, *Ku Sia* and Bedell being the leaders of both." This is certainly progressive.

Bishop Payne, finding on his arrival at Cavalla, that

his faithful fellow-laborers, Rev. Edmund W. and Mrs. Hening, had been compelled, by the blindness and failure of health of the former, to withdraw from the Mission, thus wrote to the Foreign Committee:

"However we may mourn over the cause and the loss of a brother and sister so dearly beloved, it could not be reasonably expected that one afflicted like Mr. Hening could long endure as a missionary in Africa. I have suggested to Mr. H. a mode by which I think he may be most usefully employed in America, if it shall please God to restore his health. It is, either under the direction of the Foreign Committee or the Diocesan Missionary Societies, to plead the cause of missions before every congregation to which he can get access. 'To imbue Christian men with the spirit of missions is to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise,' and to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise, requires a special agency; and Mr. Hening's affliction for Christ's sake, and his eloquence—for God has given him eloquence—will give much effect to missionary arguments presented by him."

In accordance with this advice Mr. Hening soon after became agent for the Mission in America, and has continued to act as such up to the present date.

One year later the Mission was pained to hear of the unexpected death of his estimable wife. She died, in much peace, at Norfolk, Va., June 1st, 1853. In announcing to the public the death of this gifted lady, the Secretary of the Foreign Committee thus writes:

"She died after a very short illness, leaving her husband totally blind, and with the charge of an infant but a few months old. Long a most faithful and effi-

cient laborer, Mrs. Hening's usefulness was continued after her husband's loss of sight compelled him to return to the United States; and, at the time of her death, she was accompanying him on a journey, in which he was engaged in behalf of the African Mission."

"While Mr. Hening was advocating the cause in the pulpit, she, in a more retired, but scarcely less important sphere, was enlisting the sympathies of Christian women in the various objects recommended by Bishop Payne. Her loss is very great to the Mission, and, to her husband, humanly speaking, irreparable."

"Mrs. Hening, in addition to other most excellent and valuable service, prepared and published an account of the Mission which had engrossed her mind and heart. This interesting volume, which gives a brief history of the early efforts of our Church to spread the Gospel among the natives of Africa, and develops the Christian character of the author, ought to be in the hands of every friend of the cause of civilization and Christianity in the land."

Rev. G. W. Horne (who had accompanied the Bishop on his return) took charge of the Rocktown station, left vacant by Mr. Hening's departure; and Mr. Augustus Rogers became a most efficient teacher in the boarding-school for native boys at Cavalla.

On Christmas-day, 1852, in the presence of a large congregation, the Bishop held the first confirmation in the new colonial church, St. Mark's, at Cape Palmas. Twenty-five persons were confirmed. As this was the

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, CAPE PALMAS. Page 36.

first service of the kind ever performed in the colony, it was a season of unusual interest.

This beautiful little stone church had been built for the colony by contributions collected principally in the Diocese of Maryland. The first two years it was under the pastoral care of Rev. C. Colden Hoffman, assisted by Rev. T. A. Pinckney. It was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, December 21st, 1853; and placed in charge of Rev. Hugh Roy Scott, from Virginia, who, with Mrs. Scott, and Miss Freeman, had arrived at Cavalla at the beginning of this year.

In this year the Bishop thus writes further in regard to the enlargement of the Mission:

"The Mission at Cape Palmas may be considered as established, and possessing all the elements necessary to expansion in this vicinity. And here there is doubtless ample scope for the employment of scores of teachers, evangelists, and pastors.

"But, as has been already intimated, the providence of God calls to a more extensive sphere of action. The young but rapidly growing settlements of Liberia proper, demand our care in building up their social and political institutions. And no doubt those members of our communion who have assisted in planting and sustaining these colonies, expect that we will extend to them such care. Certainly they will not think they have discharged their duty towards them by merely transporting the objects of their interest to these heathen shores; they will desire to provide for them religious advantages in their new home."

"It is now very generally admitted that Africa must be evangelized chiefly by her own children. It

should be our object to prepare them, so far as we may, for their great work; and since colonists afford the most advanced materials for raising up the needed instruments, it becomes us, in wise coöperation with Providence, to direct our efforts in the most judicious manner to them. To do this, the most important points should be occupied, to become in due time radiating centres of Christian influence to colonists and natives.

"Convinced of the indications of Providence in this direction, and of the ability and disposition of the Church to sustain any proper measures which may be adopted, I have ventured to suggest the opening of three new stations in connection with the Mission. The points proposed to be occupied are, Monrovia, the capital of Liberia; Bassa Cove; and Sinoe, about half way between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, and some ninety miles from each.

"At Monrovia, incipient steps have been taken to open a station. A candidate for orders has charge of a school, and, in the course of the year, he will be prepared, it is hoped, to enter regularly upon his duties as a missionary to both colonists and natives. The mission at Monrovia, it is expected, will be sustained chiefly by the Church in Virginia.

"At Bassa Cove, active measures have been delayed in consequence of the unsatisfactory relations between colonists and natives. It is understood now, however, that these have assumed a more pacific aspect, and I hope, in the course of the present year to have a building erected in the township of Buchanan, suitable for a teacher and a school-house.

"Sinoe, the settlement intermediate between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, is one of the most populous and flourishing in Liberia. Some of our members are already settled there, and the place offers every facility for the establishment of a station. One of our colonist candidates for orders will be prepared (God willing) within a year to take charge of it; and in anticipation of this, I have made an appeal to some of our churches in the West and South-west to sustain him."

While the Bishop was thus cheerfully contemplating an extension of the operations of the Mission, his heart was burdened with anxiety for the health of his wife and other missionaries, as the following brief extracts from one of his letters will show:

"Captain Lowlin, by whom it is hoped this will reach you, takes to the United States our highly esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Miss Williford. During my absence from the Mission, she had a very severe attack of fever. This was followed by a complication of diseases, which, with more favored intervals, has continued to the present time. No medical aid obtained here has effected relief, and several weeks since she became so weakened as to be compelled to resign the girls' school to Miss Colquhoun, and to confine herself to her chamber. A visit to the United States presents the only hope of her restoration."

Three months later he writes:

"You may be surprised to hear that before the arrival of Captain Lowlin, it has been determined that Mrs. Payne should accompany Miss W. to America. For some months previous she had been confined to her chamber, and this continues to be her state at pre-

sent. Being unable to do any thing here, she has consented to try a voyage, as the only hope of obtaining any relief. Dr. McGill is of the opinion that she has been for some years suffering under a pulmonary affection. Lately she has had several hæmorrhages.

"I have already briefly informed you, *via* England, that God, in His wise providence, has seen fit to take from us our late amiable and highly esteemed sister, Mrs. Jane C. Scott. She died of fever, after an illness of eleven days, on the 6th of June, 1853, (four months and twelve days after her arrival at Cavalla.) She was not supposed to be in danger thirty-six hours before her death. This event, so unexpected to herself and to us all, has excited in no breast other sentiment than, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!'"

"We have abundant reason," writes another, "to believe that 'our loss is her eternal gain.' Being unaware of the near approach of death, she left no testimony of the preciousness of the Saviour in that trying hour, but none was needed. She expressed her thankfulness, a few days before she was taken ill, that she had been led to live among the heathen; and signified her entire resignation to the Lord's will, should it please Him to call her away by the acclimating fever, which she was then expecting."

A few months later, the Taboo station was reöpened under interesting circumstances. *Musu,* a native of Taboo, (who had some years previously been baptized by the name of John Musu Minor,) had long expressed a strong desire to return to his people, with the hope of doing something for their spiritual benefit.

The Bishop thought it proper to gratify his wish,

and, accordingly, he took possession of the mission-house, which had been erected and inhabited by the lamented Rev. Lancelot B. Minor.* After repairing the buildings, he opened a small school, and endeavored to do good, as he had opportunity, to his people.

Of him Mr. Minor wrote, in 1842: "God has certainly blessed me in giving me such an interpreter as *Musu*. From the first, he attached himself to me, and served me with such zeal that I feared he would soon wear himself out; but, so far from this being the case, his zeal has increased."

And now, ten years after the beloved pastor has been called away to his heavenly home, we see Musu still faithful, and returning, with joy, to labor alone in the field left vacant by that pastor's death.

In the month of June, 1853, another pupil of the Mission, Mr. Garrettson W. Gibson, (a young colonist,) who had been, for more than a year, studying divinity with the Rev. H. V. D. Johns, in Baltimore, returned to Cape Palmas. He continued to prosecute his theological studies with one of the missionaries until he was prepared for ordination.

About the close of this year, the congregation was formed at Monrovia, and placed under the pastoral care of Rev. Alexander Crummell, a colonist from New-York, who had graduated from Cambridge University, England.

In his report to the Board of Missions, for the year 1853, the Bishop thus speaks again of the African colonies:

* See Mrs. Hening's "History of the Mission in Western Africa," p. 183.

"It is a most gratifying consideration, that, from the time when the political and religious condition of the United States allowed opportunity for attention to foreign objects of benevolence, the Episcopal Church manifested a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of Africa and her children. At first, this was largely discovered in originating and prosecuting the scheme of African colonization. For it is a great mistake that this was prompted, or is sustained, by selfish considerations. Doubtless, these enter into it, as into all human enterprises. But that benevolence conceived, as benevolence now sustains this cause, must be manifest to all who will examine the subject carefully. The same principle which, within the last half century, has planted at Sierra Leone a settlement of forty-five thousand native Africans, of whom thirty-five thousand are said to be Christians—extending their missionary influence and operations far along the coast, and in the interior—originated and sustains the Christian colonies constituting Liberia."

"Nor has this benevolent feeling found expression only in the United States. From the very beginning of the effort to benefit Africa, in connection with colonies, members of the Episcopal Church have ever been found to encounter all the privations inseparable from this enterprise, and the perils of the most unhealthy of climes. Let us glorify God, in the reflection that nothing less than a manly spirit brought to these shores our Wiltberger, Bankson, Andrus, and Ashmun, ready to lay down their lives for Africa's redemption.

"And when, in the light of the knowledge and

experience, gained chiefly in connection with the colonies, the Church became convinced that the time had come for her to enter upon her appropriate work of evangelizing Africa, through direct missionary efforts, instruments were at once found to engage in this work.

"From the year 1836, when the Mission on this coast was regularly commenced, to the present time, there have been connected with it no less than thirty-one white missionaries, (besides respected and beloved colored brethren and sisters, who have labored with them in the Lord,) and more, many more, thank God, are ready to offer themselves for its service.

"Is it asked, Where are now all these laborers? A more profitable question is, *What have they accomplished for themselves, and for Christ's cause in Africa?* Every one who entered upon the work in a proper spirit, has obtained blessings for himself and the Church with which he is connected.

"Some, whose constitutions on trial, proved unfitted for the clime, have returned to their native land, seldom without carrying with them earnest resolves to labor there for Africa. Others, who 'counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy,' have been honored by receiving the Master's summons to wear the martyr's crown. While a remnant, rejoicing in what God hath already accomplished, through the labors and sufferings of all, are looking forward to a glorious harvest."

Doubtless, all who have entered upon the missionary work in Africa, in the right spirit, have done so in the belief that the last command of our Lord and Sav-

iour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is *imperative*, and to be literally fulfilled. They could not, therefore, hesitate, and say, (as so many do:) "There is little hope of ultimate success in Africa; the work progresses too slowly, and requires too much sacrifice." This, in their opinion, would be criminal, as calling in question the wisdom, power, nay, the very truth of the Almighty, who has so emphatically declared that, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God."

Those who have labored, and suffered, and died, in the African Mission, have felt it to be a precious privilege to do all in their power to obey the last command of their ascended Lord, calmly leaving consequences in the hands of God. Their feelings have been well described by one who has recently died in her native land, far away from the missionary home she loved so well. Before duty to her afflicted husband required her to leave that home—when on a bed of sickness herself, hovering between life and death—she thus wrote:

"*I* may not reap, but others will;
For never shall that voice be still,
Whose loud command is echoed yet,
From Judea's favored Olivet.

"Go teach all lands: the Church has heard,
And will obey her Saviour's word:
Others will come when I am gone,
And Ethiope yet her God shall own."

Chapter Fourth.

"None saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night? who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven."—Job 35 : 10.

Before we proceed to describe the remarkable work of grace which began in the heathen towns about this time, it may not be amiss to give a brief account of the *Grebo* people, among whom the Mission is more especially established.

Deriving their name from *gre*, a species of monkey noted for its activity, this tribe boasts of being more active, wiser, and more civilized than their brethren of the interior, or the "bush people," as they somewhat contemptuously term them. Though rather superior physically and mentally to many of the neighboring tribes, and from contact with the colonists, missionaries, and foreigners generally, more enlightened than they, the mass of the *Greboes* still live as all their people have lived from time immemorial.

With the exception of those who have embraced Christianity, and removed to the Christian villages at the mission stations, the *Greboes*—like all native Africans—still dwell in small circular huts. These huts are built with conical roofs, varying from fifty to a hundred feet in circumference, and from twelve to twenty feet high. The lower part is made of upright

boards, about five feet high. Over these extend, several feet, the peaked roof, made of bamboo, and covered with thatch. The floor is of earth, beaten hard and smooth, in the centre of which a fire is commonly kept burning. The low, narrow doorway answers the triple purpose of door, chimney, and window. These houses are furnished in the simplest style—with a few chests, several low chairs or stools, mats, and a number of wash-basins, bowls, and earthenware hung around the walls, as much for ornament as for use. The mats are spread out on the floor at night for beds, with pieces of wood for pillows. In the morning they are packed away in frames over their heads. The wood, which the women bring from the forests on their heads, is also nicely arranged in the same manner. In this particular, by the way, the women vie with each other, the neat arrangement of the wood being considered an indication of a good *kai dé*, or housekeeper.

They are, for the most part, an orderly people; and the women are cleanly in their persons and houses. When they have finished cooking, they carefully wash their cooking utensils, and put them in their proper places. All classes bathe daily; and they frequently anoint themselves with oil, to impart a fresh appearance to their skins, and perhaps with the view of promoting their health.

They all live in towns, and their houses are huddled closely together, with so little regard to order, that it is very difficult for a stranger to find his way through them without a guide. They vary in size, some containing not more than fifty or a hundred, and

others several hundred or a thousand houses. In the centre of the town stands a large square, or oblong house, in which the town *gree-grees* are kept, and public measures and *palavers* are discussed.

The farms of the people are generally two or three miles distant from the towns. The chief articles of cultivation are rice and cassava root. Some of them, in addition to their farms, have little patches of ground inclosed nearer home, in which they cultivate plantains, bananas, beans, and a few other vegetables.

Their food consists principally of rice and palm oil. This is served up in large wooden bowls, and placed on the ground or floor of the hut, where it is eaten without the aid of knives, forks, or spoons.

From intercourse with the colony at Cape Palmas, the principal natives have been led to adopt some articles of European and American manufacture. Thus, in the houses of the head men, we sometimes see a rough bedstead and a table, chairs, knives, forks, and spoons, which are used on extraordinary occasions. They make also a greater display of crockery ware than the poorer classes. Many have acquired a smattering of the English language: this is particularly the case with *Kroomen*, or sailors, who return home laden with trade goods, which they have taken in place of money for their wages, and bringing with them ideas of civilization very much in advance of their countrymen.

On reaching home, the *Kroomen* are received with much *éclat* by their people. But the poor fellows do not long retain their hard earnings; for shortly after reaching home, according to African custom, they

must give a large portion to the head men of their families, and divide the balance among their friends generally. This practice of dividing, or, as they say, "eating one another's money," is one of the greatest checks to industry and enterprise among these people.

The young *kroomen*, however, enjoy a short triumph when they first return from sea. We have seen six or eight of them parading the towns, some dressed in English costume, with black fur hats and feathers; others in cloths of brilliant colors, with straw hats, from which streamed five or six yards of fancy ribbons. They carried in their hands Jew's-harps, and other small and cheap musical instruments, with which they charmed the admiring crowds, of all sizes and ages, by whom they were followed.

The *Greboes* possess fine physical frames, and considerable energy of character. Tall, erect, with finely formed limbs, they are generally easy and graceful in their carriage; and their countenances are open and smiling. Their features, though of the genuine negro type, are comparatively regular; and every shade of complexion may be found, from the darkest to the lightest shade of brown.

They are hospitable, affable, and easily approached by foreigners. It would be regarded a great disgrace to refuse to entertain any of their own people, who may choose to visit them. It is a common practice in the dancing season for the women to go to distant towns, and spend weeks in this amusement. On these occasions, great preparations are made for their reception. They go arrayed in their holiday dress, sometimes bearing green branches in their hands, and sing-

ing and dancing as they advance. They are treated with the greatest hospitality while they remain, and return home laden with presents.

Polygamy prevails among them, as in every other part of Africa. No man, in their estimation, can be "a proper gentleman," who has but one wife. And, strange to say, the women participate in this feeling: they think it a degradation to belong to a man too poor to purchase but one wife. The women are considered very valuable property, inasmuch as they do a great part of the work on the rice-farms, in addition to bringing all the wood and water, attending to household matters generally, and nursing their children.

As may be expected in such a peculiar state of society, where the affection of the father is necessarily divided among several families, the children cling more closely to their mothers; and there is nothing a mother will not attempt in defense of her children. Within our own knowledge, a *Grebo* woman successfully contended with a leopard which had attacked her infant child. Very little systematic control, however, is exercised by either parent; and they are, for the most part, utterly disobedient and reckless of parental authority. As they are taught in their earliest infancy to steal and lie, and to indulge in other gross vices, nothing better could be expected. One most cruel punishment inflicted upon their children, when they can no longer bear with them, is to rub red pepper in their eyes.

The wives are bought from their parents while they are still children, and commonly carried home to be trained up in the houses of their future husbands.

They always place a string of beads on the necks of the girls, as signs of their betrothment. We remember on one occasion, being somewhat puzzled when we asked an interesting little heathen girl, not over six years old, if she would not like to come to our mission school, to hear her little companions cry out, pointing to her neck: "She can't come; see, she has got a husband."

The price of a wife is generally two or three bullocks, a little cloth, etc., not exceeding in all twenty dollars. The husband is always expected to provide a separate house for each of his wives; but even this precaution can not prevent the quarrels and strife which are continually occurring among the different wives and children. The wives are never treated as equals. They are not allowed to sit down to a meal with their husbands; but after they have prepared their food, they are required in their presence to taste it, to show that it has not been poisoned. This process is called, "taking off the witch."

Though not much given to dress, they are exceedingly fond of ornaments. Two or three yards of cloth suffice for the body, but they must have a great number of brass or ivory rings for the arms and ankles—often with small bells attached—and as many beads as they can crowd on their necks. With the men, the greatest ambition in the way of dress is a European hat. We have often seen individuals, the rest of whose clothes have not cost over fifty cents, parading in a beaver worth three or four dollars. They, too, wear on their wrists and ankles ivory rings, on which, if they are *kroomen*, their names are carved,

or rather the titles given to them in jest by the captains with whom they have sailed: "Jack Africa," "Trust Money," and "Bottle of Beer," are favorite cognomens.

They are generally fond of intoxicating drinks, and almost the first article they demand from vessels is rum. They have no intoxicating drink of their own, except the sap of the palm tree, which is obtained by tapping the tree. When a few days old, palm wine tastes very much like hard cider; but when perfectly fresh, it has a faint sweet taste. It will not intoxicate, unless taken in large quantities. The palm tree is one of God's greatest blessings to the poor African; as from it they get food and drink, while the oil obtained from its nuts is the chief medium of exchange between them and foreign nations. They carry their palm oil to the trading vessels, and obtain in exchange European cloth and other commodities. They also carry on a trade in cam-wood, which produces a very fine red dye; but as this tree does not grow on the sea-coast, the Greboes have to obtain it from the tribes in the interior; and hence the importance of christianizing this and other sea-coast tribes, that they may influence for good those with whom they are thus brought in contact.

The *Greboes* are divided into twelve separate families, and these have been kept distinct for generations. Each family has a head man, or patriarch, who is generally the oldest male of his family. The principal property of all the members of the family is held as a common stock, and can not be disposed of without the consent of the head man. He is the repre-

sentative of his family in all public discussions, and is held responsible for the good behavior of its members.

When one is wronged by an individual, he considers himself fully revenged if he can retaliate on *any* member of the offender's family. A man belonging to a family down the coast, was killed some time since by a *Nyambo* man, and one of his family came up, and offered to enlist with the Cavalla people, who happened to be at war with the *Nyamboes;* as soon as he had killed one man of the *Nyambo* family, he deserted and returned home, exulting in the thought that he had freed his family from disgrace, and appeased the *ku* or spirit of his murdered kinsman.

The *Greboes*, though most implacable enemies, are characterized by cheerfulness, humor, and fondness for fables. While working on their farms, it is not uncommon for one to cheer the rest by the enlivening sounds of the horn, and by telling amusing fables. They have also boat-songs similar to those sung by the slaves in our Southern States. The helmsman cries, *Batio*, (attend ye,) and the crew responding, *Batĕ*, (we do attend,) he begins an impromptu song, in praise of some one they are rowing, and the others join in a chorus.

They are very close observers of persons and things, and often give names indicative of character or manner. We remember one poor fellow, whom they called "*kobotoah*," or ship, because he staggered along in a peculiarly awkward manner. To a missionary, who had a very erect person, and walked with a measured tread, they gave the name of "war man;" and this

very individual, though they knew nothing of it, had in his youth belonged to the army.

Almost every settlement of any importance has a king; but his power is very limited, and the government is much more of a *democracy* than a monarchy. The *Nyekbade*, or old men, wield more power apparently than the king. No enactment of his is enforced until sanctioned by the voice of the people. The *Bodiâ*, or high priest who is anointed and set apart by the people, generally presides in all their public assemblies. He is a prince as well as priest, and lives in an anointed house—differing in appearance from the other houses—provided by his people. To his care are intrusted the town *gree-grees*, or idols; by him are offered up the sacrifices; and to his house, which in some respects seems to correspond to the Jewish city of refuge, criminals flee for protection, and from it no one can be taken without his sanction. His people are bound to provide him with the best of food: but, on the other hand, he is subjected to many painful restrictions; one of the most foolish and inconvenient is, that which prohibits the *Bodiâ* from tasting food in the town while a dead body is lying there. He is not allowed to become intoxicated on any occasion, or to mourn the death of any of his family.

The office is hereditary, and the badge, an iron ring worn on the ankle, is regarded with much veneration by the people. It is a post of great danger, from the fact that his people expect him to insure them success in all their undertakings; and when misfortunes overtake them, he is regarded as the author, and frequently loses his life by the dreaded *gĭdu* ordeal.

Another important class of the people is the *Sedibo*, or soldiery, composed of the middle-aged men. They are the strongest body in the town, and, though exceedingly rapacious themselves, often aid in securing justice for foreigners.

The *Deyâbo*, or demon-men, whom we shall describe hereafter, exert, through their superstitious practices, a much more powerful influence over their people, than any other class.

Since the above was written, we have met with the following account of the *Greboes*, from the pen of Bishop Payne; and as it is fuller in some points than the preceding one, we will add it in this connection:

"The *Grebo* tribe extends thirty miles along the coast, from Cavalla to Fishtown river.

"The Greboes emigrated probably about one hundred and fifty years ago, to the territory now occupied by them, from the leeward coast. The point of their debarkation was just below Grand Bereby. They lived a short distance from the coast, and constituted part of a tribe still living in that region, and known as the 'Worebo.' A crowded population appears to have led to the emigration.

"The name *Grebo* is composed of *Gre* and *bo*. The latter designates a class, (for example, degu, a doctor; degu-bo, doctors.) The former, 'Gre,' is the name of a species of monkey which leap with remarkable agility. In getting off from the shore at the time of emigration, it appears that many canoes were capsized. The Grebo word for capsize is *wore*, and hence those who capsized and remained were called *Worebo*. Those

who were successful in embarking, leaping over the waves like the '*Gre*,' were styled *Grebo*.

"The Greboes, proceeding up the coast in their canoes, landed at different points as they became tired, and where they found water, formed small settlements. The coast at that time appears to have been uninhabited; only at Cape Palmas, tradition relates that a small settlement of whites was found. These were probably Portuguese and slave-traders. The first settlements of the Greboes in this region were not permanent. They proceeded at different times up the coast, until they reached Grand Sestres, where contact with other tribes, and a partial accession from them, produced a modification of the language and of the tribe. At length, directed by an oracle, the scattered settlements of the Greboes retraced their steps to the leeward. The great body proceeded at once, and settled at Cape Palmas, although subsequently considerable numbers followed, and became engrafted into the tribe. From Cape Palmas, (*Buĭmlĕ Lu*,) Rocktown (*Taakĕ*) was colonized; and subsequently, after considerable intervals, Grahwah, (*Blege*,) and the river Cavalla towns, (*Wattah* and *Koblah*.) Again, from Rocktown were colonized Middleton, (*Lede*,) Fishtown, (*Wah*,) and Half Cavalla, (*Bwede*.) The names here given are those of the seven principal Grebo towns, having an aggregate population of about twenty-five thousand.

"The *constitution* of the Grebo tribe is patriarchal, although the government is almost purely democratic. There are in it twelve families, as in the case of the ancient people of God, deriving their names, probably, from the emigrant patriarch or father. Their appella-

tives are Nyambo, Grebo, etc. In nearly every one of the *Grebo* settlements above enumerated, there are parts of these families, having in each case their distinct head man or patriarch. This patriarch usually occupies a particular portion of the town, with his sons, grandsons, and relatives around him. The male members of these deposit with the patriarch a portion of the money which they accumulate, and the latter in return pays the betrothment money (about twenty dollars) for wives, as well as the fines and expenses, from any source, to which they may be liable.

"Besides these duties to their relatives with whom they are connected, the patriarchs collectively constitute an upper court or senate in the body politic. To this body belongs the right of originating plans for promoting the public weal; to them are referred questions involving international rights and relations in the premises, and by them claims growing out of such relations are met. Indeed, in all matters of grave interest, whether domestic or foreign, the voice of the patriarchs must be heard.

"But the most influential class in every Grebo community is the *Sedibo*. This is most emphatically the 'house of representatives,' the *popular* house, for it is composed of all males beyond the age of eighteen or twenty, except the patriarchs. Usually, as soon as a young man is married and has a house, he pays into the treasury of the *Sedibo* a bullock, goat, half-bushel of rice, and thenceforth, unless convicted of witchcraft, is entitled to all the rights and privileges of the *Sedibo*. These are by no means inconsiderable. They combine the legislative and executive powers;

for although the patriarchs may originate and advise, the *Sedibo*, the people in lawful assembly, must discuss and resolve, before any action can be had or law passed; and they meet and make laws at any time, and in relation to almost any thing. They meet, and decide that a man has stolen something, and for the offense make him pay a fowl or all that he possesses, according to their temper towards him. They determine that a certain man has been guilty of witchcraft, and give him *gĭdu*, and kill him. The fines imposed by this body are *divided according to hereditary right.* Thus, for example, if a bullock is slain, one man, by hereditary right, takes the *shoulder*, another the *neck*, etc. These rights owe their origin to the same causes as the titles in Europe. They were given to ancestors for some services rendered, or by some powerful prince, and have thence come down in lineal descent to posterity. The same principle prevails in respect to offices, of which there are four principal ones in every *Grebo* community. These are the *Woraba*, *Bodia*, *Ibadia*, and *Tĭbawa*. The former two are taken from the class of *Nyekbade*, (old men,) and the latter from the *Sedibo*.

"The *Woraba* (literally, town's father) is the oldest or most influential patriarch, lineally descended from the founder of the town. In the assembly of the patriarchs, he takes precedence of all others, and has the largest share of the perquisites of this body.

"The *Bodia* appertains to one family, but this is by appointment of an ancient oracle. The *Bodia*, and in fact the other two offices, of which I am to speak, though belonging to particular families, are only con-

ferred upon those designated by some oracle, consulted in reference to the appointment. The *Bodia's*, more than any thing else, resembles the office of high priest among the Jews. The individual having been designated who is to fill the office, on the appointed day he is installed, by a long ceremony, too tedious to describe. The leading features are the sacrifice of a goat to *Kwi*, (demons and departed spirits,) the blood of which is *sprinkled* around and inside the door-posts of the *Bodia's* house. The *Bodia* is shaven, clad in a new garment, has a tiger's tooth around his head, (this is a common ornament of gentlemen,) has a monkey's skin prepared, to be placed always beneath him when he sits, *and he is anointed.* The house in which he lives is called, from this circumstance, *Ta-kai*, the anointed house. During the ceremony, the patriarchs of the several families in order give the *Bodia* elect their respective charges: 'Let trade be active; cause the earth to bring forth abundantly; let health prevail; drive war far away; let witchcraft be kept in abeyance,' etc.

"Poor man! he has a load put upon him, which it is not wonderful can be borne only a short time. During his continuance in office, he resides in the *Ta-kai*, or house built by all the people. He keeps the public *gree-grees* and idols, and *feeds* them with rice and oil *every new moon.* In making sacrifices for the town to departed friends and demons, he officiates as high priest. He can not sleep in any other house in the town but his own; he may not drink water on the highway; he may not eat while a corpse is in town; he must *not mourn for the dead;* if he dies while in

office, (the ring put on his ankle at his inauguration having been previously taken off, and placed on that of some member of his family,) he must be buried in the stillness of the night, none but the most important public functionaries hearing of it, and none mourning for him when his death is made public. All Grebo *Bodias*, too, must be buried on the island off Cape Palmas, if they have died a natural death. If they have been killed by gĭdu, (sassa-wood,) they must be buried beneath a running stream of water.

"The *nominal power* of the *Bodia* is very great, as he has a veto on all questions brought before the people; but in practice is very limited, for he dares not act contrary to the popular will, which he is, therefore, very careful to ascertain. In truth, of all offices, that of the *Bodia* is most comfortless. This arises from the superstitious notions and expectations connected with the office. It has been before stated, that at his inauguration he is charged with matters which God alone controls—*with providence*. It follows, that whenever adversity of any kind befalls the country, the *Bodia* is held responsible for it: 'He has made witch'—this is the solution, and many a poor incumbent has paid the penalty with his life. It is no wonder that this highest office in the people's gift is far from being desired, and that in the most instances, when the oracle has designated the individual, they have almost to 'take him by force and make him king.' The two remaining offices, *Tibawa* and *Ibadia*, appertain to the *Sedibo*, and on a vacancy occurring, are filled in the same manner as that of *Bodia*. These, too, are hereditary in families. In the assembly of the *Sedibo*, their as-

sent must be obtained to any measure before it can be carried into effect; though, as in the case of the *Bodia*, this assent is rather the expression of the popular will than the guide of it. The most important duties of these offices devolve upon them in time of war. Then the *Ibadia* must always *lead;* and in case of retreat or defeat, the latter must always bring up the rear, or cover the retreat. They are consequently posts of the greatest danger. In reward for their services, they have, by hereditary right, a large share of all perquisites of the *Sedibo*.

"The third class into which every Grebo community is divided, is the *Kedibo*. This is composed of youths and boys between the ages of eighteen and eleven to twelve. A small initiation fee admits any one of initiable age to this class. They have a treasurer, a kind of head, usually selected from among the elder *Sedibo*, to take care of their property. They have meetings, at which they discuss subjects of which they have the control, but are subject to the direction of the *Sedibo* in all important matters.

"The *Kimbo* includes children from six to eleven years of age. Theirs is a separate organization, although their rights and privileges are of more limited character. Their chief perquisites are those obtained for their collective services in busy seasons. But it is wonderful to witness the stormy debates of this little society, as well as amusing to see them punishing each other for real or alleged offenses, by *putting pepper in their eyes*, beating them, etc.

"There is a curious secret association or society to be found in every Grebo community, styled *Kwi-iru*,

or 'children of departed spirits.' Although it is attempted to keep every thing connected with this association concealed, it is known to be composed of persons of almost all ages in the community, except children. They have a 'father,' as he is called, but he is never visible or known, except to members of the society. When, as is rarely the case, the '*Kwiiru*' appear in the day, the 'father' is always so masked as to be perfectly disguised. The night, however, is the usual time for this strange association to go abroad; often at midnight, on the outskirts of the town, or in the adjoining bush, a sudden, discordant shrieking, whistling, yelling, hideous noise bursts forth, as if scores of spirits had been let loose from the lower world, and as if their object was to frighten man from the earth. In a tumultuous body they run around and through the town. Women and children fly affrighted into their houses, and close them up, for a heavy fine would be the penalty of their seeing and being seen by the mysterious visitors. If in their wild revellings they fancy to want any thing from any one, they surround his house, and there remain, yelling, dancing, screaming, and threatening, until their demand is granted.

"The avowed object of the association is to seek and to punish *witches* and *wizards*. These are said to be particularly active in practising their arts at night. They strip themselves naked, and go to the houses of those whose lives they seek; and especially is it their delight to visit and dance on the graves of those whom they have succeeded in killing by their enchantments. Wo, then, be to the man or woman who

is seen walking around or through the town in the night! The *Kwi-iru* pounce upon them, carry them to a house prepared for the purpose, put them in the top of it, where they are smoked until next day about ten o'clock, or the usual time for subjecting them to the universal African test, *gĭdu*, or sassa wood. Early in the morning, an official of the *Kwi-iru* is dispatched to the forest, to get the bark of the *gĭdu* tree. This arrived, the accused person is taken by the *Kwi-iru* to the field, there, in the presence of the assembled town's people, to be subjected to the test. The officer of the body beats the bark in a mortar, pours water into it, then turns it out in a wooden bowl, and calls for the accused to come forward and drink. Holding the bowl in his hand, he looks toward the east, and says in substance: 'O God! O God! O God! I invoke thee four times. If this person be innocent, cause him to vomit this *gĭdu*, and escape; if he be guilty, may it kill him!' The accused takes the bowl, and repeats the same words. Immediately after doing thus, he drinks, and starts to town, escorted by one or more members of the *Kwi-iru*, and followed by the multitude.* The former, after reaching town, keep near the accused, and force him to walk incessantly, until it is ascertained that the *gĭdu* does not affect him, or he falls down suddenly dead, a victim to the poison. As soon as this takes place, a fiendish shout rends the

* On one occasion, when one of our missionaries went to intercede for a man who was condemned to drink *gĭdu*, he was taken aside by a friendly native, and warned that it would be dangerous to interfere. "In *your* country," said he, "they hang man up by the neck, s'pose he do bad; *gĭdu* be *our* country fash for witch, and all bad men."

air: 'The witch is found—he is killed.' Tied by the feet, the dead body is dragged out to the beach, where it lies for some hours, exposed to the insults of the populace. Before the relatives are permitted to bury it, they must purchase it from the *Kwi-iru*, for a bullock, or something equivalent. The *Kwi-iru*, as a kind of police, are often employed by the *Sedibo* to administer *gĭdu* in cases where persons are accused of witchcraft, either by them or by the *Deyabo*.

"The last word, *Deyabo*, designates the most remarkable class among the *Greboes*. They are the life and soul of their superstitions. They are commonly called in English, *demon*-men or devil-*doctors*. Neither term, however, conveys a correct impression. They suppose themselves possessed by a '*ku*,' demon or spirit, under whose inspiration they act, and give their responses. They, in fact, do exhibit the peculiarities mentioned in Scripture, as '*possessed*.' They are 'thrown down on the ground,' they 'gnash with their teeth,' they appear dead, while they utter strange, unearthly sounds, they 'pine away.' Whenever any of the above marks appear in an individual, he is said to be 'possessed,' and is at once placed with an old '*Deya*,' to be instructed in the arts and mysteries of the profession. The novitiate lasts from one to three years, according to circumstances. He is not allowed to wear other covering than some grass tied with a cord around the loins. He does not wash; has no connection with his wife or family; sleeps apart, sits apart, etc. When the instructing *deya* is satisfied with his proficiency, and the candidate's family get a bullock ready to pay for his education, a day is appointed for

inducting him into office. This is quite a long ceremony. The principal features only will be here given. The test of the reality of his 'possession' is a very singular one. A fowl or duck is killed, and the head cut off; some of the blood of this is put upon the candidate's eyes, and the head is then taken away, and thrown into the bushes. The candidate is now sent to find it. If he succeeds, his 'possession' is real; if not, he is deceived. The latter case, however, seldom occurs, as good care is taken that the head shall be found, and the candidate is escorted by his relatives (usually on the back of one of them) to the place of ceremony. There he is divested of his filthy hair and habiliments; is clothed in the usual dress of his class, furnished with a stock of gree-grees and charms, and taken home by his relatives.

"Established at home, he is a most wonderful character. Under the inspiration of his demon, there is nothing he will not accomplish, nothing he can not find out. Distance is annihilated, hundreds of hearts are known and revealed. Hidden acts of witchcraft are brought to light. The potent spells of the *deya* control winds, rain, pestilence, health, wealth, life, and death. But it is especially in reference to witchcraft that the powers of the *deyabo* are invoked and exercised. This is the great evil of the country—the one most practised, the most feared. To guard against this, the *deyabo* make charms for the persons of individuals, for their houses, for the town, for the country. By consulting their demons, they are supposed to be able at once to designate the witch or wizard in any particular case; and the word of a *deya* is taken ordi-

FETISH DANCERS IN WEST AFRICA.

narily as sufficient proof that the party accused is guilty, or, rather, sufficient ground for subjecting him to trial by *gĭdu*. This fact, in connection with the popular belief that death in all cases—except those of infants and very aged persons—is caused by witchcraft, causes a general fear throughout the town when any one dies; for *any one in town* is liable to be arrested at any moment, and subjected to the dread ordeal of *gĭdu*, upon the mere *ipse dixit* of a *Deya*.

"When the *Deya* has consulted his demon and prepared his charms, it is common with him to say: 'Now, nyena ba wenh, (if God wills,) this will accomplish the good you seek, but not otherwise.' Indeed, the intelligent Greboes contend that the whole system of the Deyabo is by *appointment of God*. The *Deya* is their means of access to God; the *Deya*, speaking by his demon, *conveys the voice of God*.

"Such is the most intelligent view of the system of the Greboes' superstition. But it contains within itself the elements of its own destruction: for the Greboes believe that God is *holy* and *true;* but the Deyabo, they know by experience, *are all vicious, and all speak lies*. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in the light of the Gospel, the system is losing its hold, and the Deyabo their influence upon the people.

"The *moral character* of the Greboes is substantially that given in the first chapter of Romans—that of man every where, left to himself. But it is surprising, in their case, to see how much that is outwardly good and pleasant can coëxist with the inwardly corrupt, and, indeed, how the latter contributes to the manifestation of the former. It has been stated that witch-

craft (by which is meant the accomplishing of any object by magical preparations) is generally practised. The people are also, of course, all *revengeful*, and witchcraft affords the means of revenging themselves; and as all are conscious of *evil, all fear evil;* and this fear is the chief cause of the great courtesy which really characterizes the Greboes in their intercourse with each other.

"The *physical character* of the Greboes is not inferior to that of any tribe on the west coast of Africa. This may be readily inferred from the fact that they are eagerly sought by vessels of war, as well as by traders. The class known on the coast as Kroomen, (Croomen, or Crewmen,) are, in fact, a large portion of them, Cape Palmas or Grebo people. A great many of them are to be found in Sierra Leone, and, indeed, in many of the foreign settlements from Sierra Leone to the Gaboon river.

"Their *intellectual character* corresponds with the physical. In our schools, the children learn rapidly. In the meetings and councils of the Sedibo and people, which I have attended, I have been struck with the order, decorum, and mental acumen displayed. In grave assemblies, each man has his place and his time to speak; when this arrives, he stands up, usually holds a long staff in his hand, and asks attention by saying, 'Bateo,' (attend all;) the assembly responds, 'Bate,' (we attend;) after he has finished, the next in order takes the staff, and proceeds in like manner. And in examining evidence, they are most thorough; and keen, indeed, must be the foreign casuist who can

get the advantage of them on matters coming within the range of their knowledge and experience

"The geographical position of the Greboes, in connection with their physical and intellectual character, affords ground to hope that they are destined to be instruments of extreme good amongst the numerous tribes in their vicinity. They are situated at the mouth of the Cavalla river, navigable for canoes and boats about seventy miles, and having on its banks some twelve tribes. With these tribes the Greboes have daily intercourse, and they speak dialects so nearly alike, that they are readily understood by each other. It is probable, too, that books published in Grebo will be understood by all these tribes. Hence it follows, that to christianize the Greboes will be at once to diffuse its blessings throughout these tribes."

The *Grebo* tongue has been reduced to writing by Bishop Payne, and part of the Old and much of the New Testament translated into it, beside liturgies, catechisms, and other small books.

Chapter Fifth.

"A LAND of darkness, as darkness itself."—JOB 10 : 22.

THOSE who have always lived in the cheering light of the Gospel, can have but a faint idea of the gross spiritual darkness which envelopes the heathen.

The *Greboes* have, it is true, a vague idea of a one Supreme Being, whom they call *Nyesoa*, and who, as they believe, is the creator of all things, but they offer him no sacrifices, and pay him no homage; on the contrary, they are continually making propitiatory offerings to inferior spirits. They have no idea whatever of future punishments, or their need of a Saviour, and yet their minds are held in life-long bondage, through fear of evil spirits, who, they imagine, are ever surrounding them with hurtful designs.

Almost every heathen family believes they have a presiding genius, or *ku*, to whom they are bound to pay especial honor, and this spirit they dread exceedingly to offend. This *ku* is not unfrequently one of their deceased ancestors. In addition to these family spirits, which seem in some degree to accord with the household gods of the ancients; the Greboes worship public spirits, who are not supposed ever to have inhabited human bodies. These they locate in retired groves, caves, or picturesque rocks on the borders of the ocean. *Bidĭ Nyima*, who is said to dwell in the

cavity of a large rock, called Grand Devil place, is one of the most celebrated. One of the missionaries, who has recently visited the place, thus describes it:

"We reached *Hidie*, the place of our destination, about eleven o'clock. This is about eleven miles distant from our Cavalla station. There are three villages in the settlement, one being very small. It is nearest the smallest one, up a stream, that the 'Grand Devil' has his seat. Like the temple of Mecca, it has its devotees, going on long pilgrimages, to see for once in their lives this wonderful place. The Grand Devil, who, as the natives say, '*passes all other devils*,' is wont to perform his '*ly*ing wonders' behind, or in the hollow of a rock; of course no white man would be allowed to go too near it, as the poor dupes are not. I did not even ask for the privilege. This wonderful 'invisible one' is said to work all kinds of cures, tell fortunes, solve hard and knotty questions, and so may be said to have, in the native sense, all knowledge and all power.

"The truth is, a demon doctor, (*deyâ*,) who has skill and tact for his business, secretes himself behind the rock, he perhaps first learning through some accomplice, all about the pilgrim—his name, his family, his character, and the object of his visit. This has been learned privately from the stranger without his hardly being aware of it. He, on the day appointed, takes his stand as directed, near enough the mysterious rock to communicate with its still more mysterious inhabitant. With amazement he listens to a voice that seems to come, as it were, from a sepulchre, and tells him almost all that he ever did. The spirit has told him

what he wished to know, and he receives an answer of peace, at least such an one as he hoped to receive. The dupe pays an enormous fee to some assistant, and goes away and 'speaks the wonders all abroad.' Hundreds, no doubt, annually come far and near, thus to be deceived and fleeced."

The Greboes, like other Africans, live in perpetual fear of witchcraft. The *origin* of witchcraft is described by the old men as follows: "There was once a time when *God* walked with man, and man talked with him as with a friend, and then there was no sickness, or sorrow, or death. But one day, a woman went into the bush to get some herbs to season her husband's food with; and while there, a snake showed her leaves, which contained a deadly fruit, called *we*,* or witchcraft. The woman took of the leaves, brought them to her husband, and he ate of them, and died. The woman, before she died, imparted the secret to others, and many began to die, till at length death prevailed over the land, and now all must die."

They believe that almost every death is caused by *witchcraft*, and that none die a natural death, except, perhaps, some very old persons and a few young children. When a friend dies, therefore, anger and revenge absorb their minds even more than grief. Their first business is to find the murderer, and for this purpose a *deyâ*, or demon-man is consulted; he generally points out as the criminal some one who has borne ill-will to the deceased; and not unfrequently takes this opportunity to revenge himself against some enemy of his own.

* See Appendix.

The person pointed out by the *deyâ* as a witch, unless he flees for his life, is compelled to go through the deadly ordeal of *gĭdu*, or sassa wood. This consists in drinking a decoction of the *gĭdu* tree, a very poisonous narcotic. Before drinking the poison, *the victim calls upon God three times* to attest his innocence. If death is the consequence, the guilt of the individual is established; and the most shocking and cruel indignities are heaped upon him in his dying hours. Even the little children are encouraged to drag and stone the wretched victim until life is extinct. The dead body lies exposed on the ground until the sun goes down, and then it is hurried away to the burying-ground for criminals, and hastily interred; and for him alone the voice of weeping and lamentation is not heard. Even his immediate family are not allowed to show signs of grief. In a painful case, which came under our own observation, where the victim was a person of superior rank—being a *Bodiâ*, or high priest—the body lay, during the whole day, exposed on the beach, and was dragged away about sunset, and buried alone in a marsh. This is said to be the common fate of all the *Bodiâs*, who perish by the ordeal of *gĭdu*.

All persons who escape death by this ordeal have a public triumph. If they be women, they dress themselves in their finest holiday attire, paint their faces, hang bells around their persons, and promenade through the town, accompanied by a troop of their own people. Sometimes a man walks by the side of the woman, and holds over her an umbrella—the only time in her life she is thus honored; for on all other occasions she is required by custom to walk behind

her husband. As she dances triumphantly along, tinkling her bells, she joins the company in an impromptu song, setting forth her praises. The men, who escape, make a similar demonstration.

The sassa-wood victim is sometimes pointed out in a singular manner. An instance of this kind occurred near one of our mission stations. A man died suddenly on the road, and as the bearers were bringing the corpse to town, it struck against the house of his brother. This was *an indication that this brother had caused the death by witchcraft.* The terrified inmate, knowing well that he would soon be compelled to drink the deadly sassa-wood for a crime of which he was entirely innocent, fled to the mission-house for protection. In a very little time the *sedibo*, or soldiery, were in eager pursuit, and fiercely demanded that he should be given up to them. The missionary refusing to do so, they left the house, after making a great noise. In a short time they returned, *bringing the corpse along with them*, and firing guns as they approached. When they got opposite the gateway, they pretended that the corpse would not pass the mission-house—so it was carried into the yard, and shaken violently about, to convey the impression that it was in pursuit of its supposed murderer. Running rapidly around the house, it struck against one of the pillars of the porch, and it was now settled to a certainty that the unfortunate refugee within was the criminal.

On this occasion, however, the victim was spared, at least for the time, the deadly ordeal, through the intercession of the missionaries. We say *for the time*, because it not unfrequently happens that persons thus

rescued, have afterwards voluntarily subjected themselves to the ordeal, because they could not endure the public odium which always attends a suspected witch.

The *deyâbo*, demon-doctors, or fetish men, as they are variously called, have unbounded influence over their people; and it will be in vain to expect any great advance in civilization among the Greboes, while these men retain their power; but it has been very much shaken lately.

The *deyâbo* make their living by the manufacture of idols, or *gree-grees*, giving remedies for the sick, and *pointing out witches* and other criminals. These *gree-grees*, or charms, as they may more properly be called, are of various descriptions. Some of them are simply deer or sheep horns strung together; others consist of small bags filled with earth and vegetable matter, or bits of wood strung together, and worn round the neck as charms to protect against sickness, witches, and death. Many, of a larger size, are hung up in their houses, in their rice-fields, and on the beach, to insure them success in all their worldly undertakings.

Many of their superstitions are extremely ludicrous —none more so, perhaps, than their attempt to frighten away thunder-storms, by firing guns and beating drums.

An amusing incident, illustrating their superstitious dread of sickness, is described in the journal of Rev. George W. Horne:

"*Sept.* 15*th.*—This morning several natives came into the apartment in which we were sitting at breakfast, and noisily demanded permission to cut down a palm-tree upon the mission-ground. I understood them to say that their god had directed them to cut it down.

At the time, however, I refused to receive them or talk with them, and told them I was at breakfast, and they must go down and wait. After some minutes I went to them, and found that they had fallen on poor *Musu*, reproaching him with disregarding his country, because he had remonstrated against their proceedings. One man had proposed to take an axe and fell the tree at once, and Musu told him to do it, but warned him that all the trouble that might grow out of such an act would fall upon him. They replied, when I demanded of them what was wanted, that they intended to cut down the palm tree and jungles generally, to prepare the rice-farms and make palm-wine; and that, on consulting a demon-man, he had told them to do so, but *to cut down the palm tree on the mission-ground first of all, or there would be sickness among them.* God, therefore, they said, had sent them to take that tree.

"'Very well,' I replied, 'as soon as you satisfy me that God has said, "Cut down that tree," I will consent to it.'

"This was an unexpected answer, evidently, and perplexed them; at length one of them said that a man in the town had told them that God said so. 'What man?' I asked. They seemed unwilling to give any answer. 'Who is he?' I again asked. 'The king,' they at length replied. 'What is his name?' 'Bodiâ, and Tom Cavalla,' they finally stated. These are the two principal men in the town, and appear really friendly to the missionaries. I do not believe they sent to make any such demand, unless, perhaps, urged by their people, they might have said, 'Go, ask Mr. Horne.' I took the party, however, at their word,

and said, 'Tell the Bodiâ and Tom Cavalla to come; I will talk to *them* about this matter;' but they came not, and the tree yet stands."

They always *secrete* their sick, to keep them out of the way of the witch who has caused the sickness. In his last hours, the poor, harassed invalid is moved from house to house, not unfrequently from town to town, to avoid this imaginary foe. Sometimes instead of concealing them, a class of men, called "*Kwi*," or devils, go around the town warning people *not to witch their sick.* A curious illustration of this practice is described in the journal of Rev. C. Colden Hoffman:

"*Oct.* 10*th*, 1852.—Went this afternoon to *Nyaro* to preach. While waiting for the people to assemble, a man came running into town, uttering some wild exclamations. At once every door was closed, and not a woman was to be seen. Soon a noise of voices and tramping of feet were heard in the direction of the town-gate, and a party of about fifty men approached, making, as they quickly walked, yells and fiend-like sounds, brandishing at the same time their cutlasses in the air; and after going around the town, they came to the house of the head man, and seated themselves in front of his door: after they had arranged themselves, the herald who first announced their approach, ran about the town giving notice that the doors of the houses could be opened, and then appeared, one after another, the women of the head man's family, and of another family, his neighbors, and seated themselves near the house, in all about twelve. The herald then approached, and flourishing his cutlass, *warned the women against witching the sick child of the head man.*

After this they were allowed to go to their houses—all doors were again closed, and the men rising left the town in the same way as they entered it, with fierce cries and yells.

"These men are called the '*Kwi*,' or '*Devils*'—a class among the people composed of youths from twenty to men of fifty years. They had been called by the head man to prevent witchcraft being exercised against his child who was ill. No woman is allowed to see them under penalty of a heavy fine; when they come, therefore, every door is shut. After they left, I went to our little chapel and preached on the death of Lazarus."

They believe in the transmigration of souls; and think the spirits of their deceased ancestors often reäppear in the bodies of new-born infants, and sometimes in monkeys. Hence the numerous monkeys which frequent the burial-groves, can play with impunity; for there alone they are perfectly safe, as it is regarded a great crime to shoot one among the graves. The dead are supposed to have great power over their surviving friends, and they are continually trying to propitiate them, by offering them food, and also by kindling fires near the graves of their most illustrious ancestors.

In solemn assemblies, the dead are sometimes invoked as witnesses to some important public transaction, the speaker, on such occasions, turning his face toward the burial-grove. Before the body is interred, surviving friends often give messages to it, to be conveyed to friends in the spirit world, which are, for the most part, requests for success in their worldly undertakings. On one occasion, while a missionary was

preaching "Jesus and the resurrection" to a crowd of people assembled around a dead body, (laid out in state for the public view,) we observed a woman stoop down and whisper, with apparent pleasure, into the ear of the deceased. Upon asking a bystander what she said, we were told that she was telling the corpse that "a *white* man had come there to speak his praises."

The kings, warriors, and head men are generally buried apart from the mass of the people, and have houses erected over them, and tables set out, covered with crockery ware, etc; . . . no one daring to touch a morsel of the food thus exposed. From the roofs of the houses numerous flags float in the air, and seats are placed in front for the accommodation of the spirit. The sacred groves where the people bury their dead are sometimes very beautiful; but it must ever sadden a Christian heart to see around the canoe-covered graves propitiatory offerings of furniture and food to spirits, whose eternal destinies have long since been fixed by an immutable God.

The following description, from the journal of Rev. H. R. Scott, will give a clear idea of the horrors of a heathen funeral:

"*Dec.* 13*th.*—*Wia*, the king of the Cavalla towns, died to-day. He was a man of great weight of character, a friend to our Mission, and an advocate for peace. He believed the Gospel to be true, but said it was too late for him to attend to it. Great preparation is being made for his funeral, which will take place day after to-morrow. Went to his house this afternoon, where I witnessed a scene which can better be imagined than described. As is the custom on such

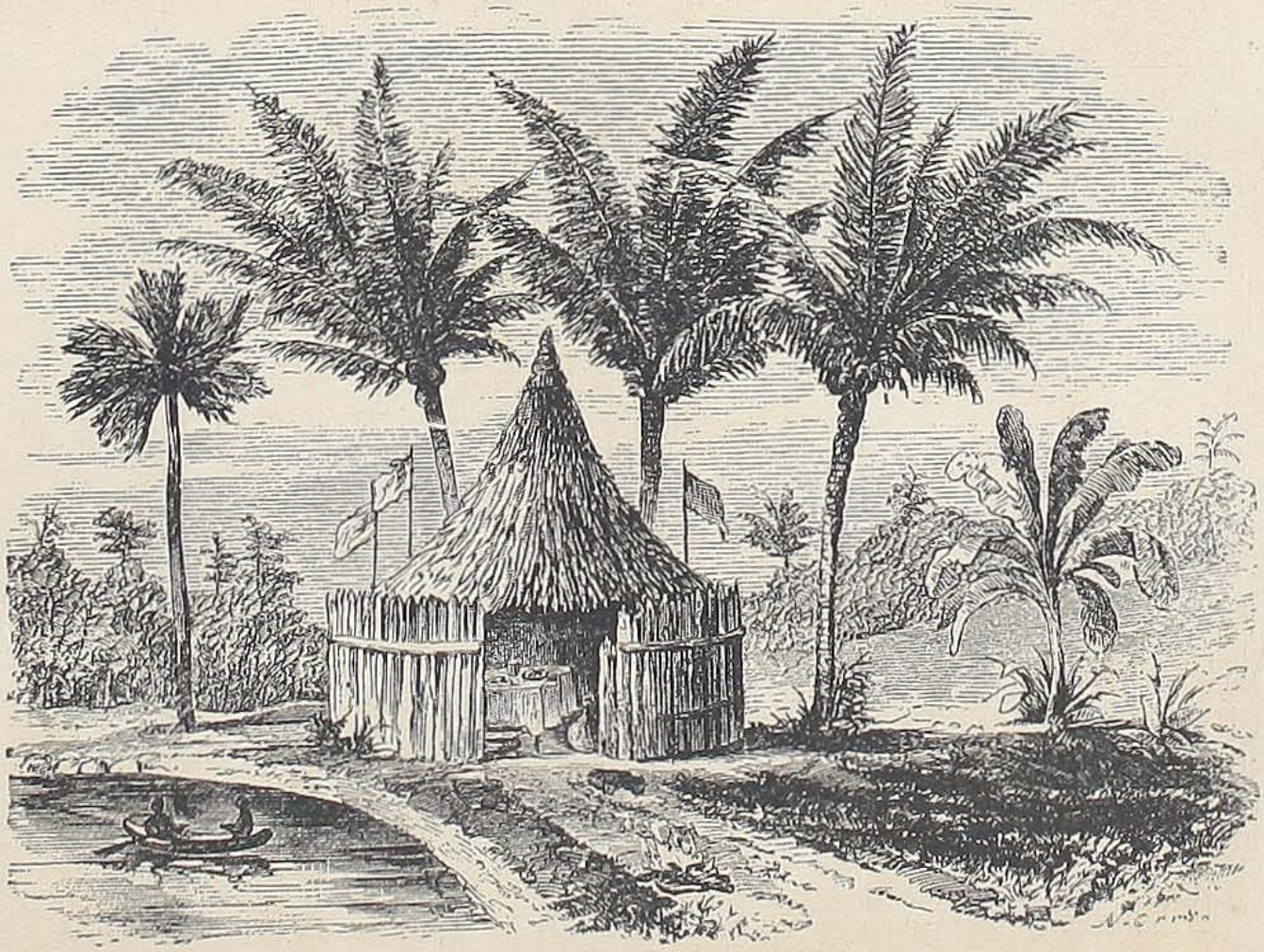
occasions, the women related to the deceased were collected around his body, in front of his house, where he lay under a canopy—to the number of forty or fifty—rolling in the sand, and making the air resound with such lamentations as I have read of, but never before heard. Some doubtless felt what they expressed, but with the majority it was the expression, with very little, if any, feeling of grief.

"*Dec.* 15*th.* — A great number have come to-day from various directions to attend the funeral. Guns are being continually fired, and a drum beat.

"*Dec.* 16*th.*—The body of the deceased king was taken this morning to an open plain in the vicinity of the town, where an arbor was erected over it, and a table placed near it, on which was his hat, two umbrellas, a stool, a bottle, and a few other articles from his possession. Then the regular exercises commenced, by some one or two hundred of the men, in full war-dress, performing around the body military evolutions peculiar to the heathen, and keeping up a constant firing over and upon the body, dancing and hallooing, and making addresses to the deceased—all seeming to be striving to drive away every thing like serious reflection. These warriors were smeared all over with a species of black paint, and had a great number of skins of wild animals hanging around their waists, and a frightful head-dress, made of feathers, skins, deer-horns, etc. Altogether, they presented such an appearance as we might imagine to belong to fiends, rather than to human beings.

"Besides these there were collected perhaps a thousand people, of all ages and sexes — all, with few

PREPARING FOR AN AFRICAN FUNERAL. Page 78.



THE SPIRIT'S HOME, OR KING WIA'S GRAVE. See Page 79.

exceptions, manifesting the greatest delight at the exhibition. About twelve o'clock, the native schools from Rocktown, Mount Vaughan, and Cavalla—being all at this place to attend a school celebration—marched down in procession, with their banners, when Bishop Payne delivered an appropriate address to the large audience assembled. After this, they continued firing and playing around the body, having mock battles, for about two hours. They then sent word to the Bishop that they were about to inter the body, and requested that he would come and address them again. Being engaged in the examination of the schools, he sent the messenger to me, and I went down and gave them a short address. After which, a brother of the deceased made him an address, in which he alluded to the difficulties which had occurred between them, and said they were all settled now; then concluded by pouring water on two or three sticks of wood, which were burning at the end, and throwing them away. The body was then conveyed to the grave,* and hastily interred, with a quantity of rice, palm-oil, beef,† and rum for the use of the spirit on his visits to the grave. From this dark scene I returned to my home, feeling that there is nothing better calculated, than a heathen funeral, to lead the Christian to realize and cherish the blessings of the Gospel."

This people are very averse to hearing about death;

* They do not always dig graves. Some of the native Africans merely lay the bodies on the ground, and cover them with canoes. If they do dig graves, they are but a few inches in depth. Over *kings* they build monumental houses, and decorate the roofs with flags. They place before the door a table containing utensils for the food and drink of the spirit; and build, every evening, near by, a fire for his comfort.

† While the funeral ceremonies are progressing, a bullock is killed, and every man may cut off a slice for himself.

and much of the horrible conduct at funerals doubtless arises from a feeling of utter recklessness. Death, their great enemy, has conquered them, and the survivors are determined to brave it out. We have been told that they sometimes beat on the drum the Grebo words, signifying, "*We don't care, we don't care;*" and generally many of the attendants are greatly intoxicated; while it is the evident aim of all to drive away serious thought, and to set death at defiance.

Truly it may be said of this people, that they "walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet themselves in vain." "They die and lie in the grave like sheep."

"May we, O Lord! with patient hand
Thy blessed precepts spread,
And strew o'er Afric's torrid strand
The Gospel's living bread;

"Till from the watch-tower on her shore
Shall heavenly radiance stream,
And e'en her utmost deserts pour
Fresh incense at its beam;

"Until her long-benighted lands
The Christian's anthems raise,
And Nile and Niger's wandering bands
Unite in hallowed praise.

"And may we 'mid these mission-toils
Still hear thy teaching voice,
And like Judea's villagers
Behold thee, and rejoice."*

* Mrs. Sigourney.

Chapter Sixty.

"THE people that walk in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—ISA. 9 : 2.

ABOUT the close of the year 1853, the hearts of the missionaries were cheered by the beginning of a work of grace in the heathen towns.

One of the first individuals, who gave evidence of being under the influence of the Spirit of God, was an old man named *Hyano*, who had been for many years a *deyâ*, or demon-doctor, but had been led, through the influence of the Bishop, to renounce his profession several years prior. Though, at that time, intellectually convinced of the truth of the Gospel, he showed no desire to embrace it until this period. He possessed a mind of more than ordinary sprightliness, and his convictions of sin were unusually vivid, as will be seen by his conversations, described in the journal of Mr. Scott:

"*Oct. 9th.*—Had an interesting conversation with *Hyano* (*alias* Freeman) to-day. He has been under conviction of sin for two or three years, and during the last two months, has seemed to have a deeper sense of his sins, and now expresses a desire to be baptized into Christ's Church. He says he spends a great deal of time in prayer, and is often so troubled in his mind at

night, that he gets up and remains awake the greater part of the night. He gives evidence of his sincerity, by being unwilling to remain in his town, from fear that he may be led astray by his people, and expresses a desire to become acquainted with Scripture truths, and often exhorts his people to abandon their heathen customs, and put their trust in the Saviour. Besides, he gives frequent instruction to two young men in his town, who have been for several months under conviction of sin."

"*Oct.* 17*th.*—Went to *Nyaro* this afternoon, and had a very interesting, and, I hope, profitable conversation with *Hyano*, who seems to be growing in grace. I have rarely seen in an inquirer the same eagerness to know the truth. He visits me almost daily, and asks a great many questions, and often requests me to repeat something related to him some time previously. Upon my asking him, some days after I related to him the history of Abraham, two or three times, at his request, if he did not know it, he replied: 'Me know nearly all of it, but *me don't want to lose a word.*'

"It is his practice to relate every thing he learns to his people. A few mornings since, he came to my room with another native, (who is also apparently under conviction,) and told me that the people in town wouldn't believe his statements, and that he had brought this man to witness what he heard, so that he might prove every thing related to him."

"*Nov.* 8*th.*—This morning I had a very satisfactory conversation with Hyano. For nearly a week past his wife has been gone, without his seeing any thing of her, and his trouble seems to have been greatly blessed

to him. He assured me that he had not murmured, but had felt persuaded that the trial came from God, and was sent for his good, and that he was, to use his own words, 'happy all the time.' He also gave me a clear account of his religious experience; he says: 'The word of God first lived in my head, but now *it live in my heart.*' He also says that he looks to Christ for salvation, and if it is God's will, he is ready to die to-day. Upon my asking him what he thought of the views of two native men, who are in the habit of coming to my room for religious instruction, he replied, that he thought the word only lived in the *head* of one of them, that it had not yet reached his *heart;* and said: 'This man tell me God's word come into his head, but he no hold it there long.'

"He says he encouraged the man to go forward by telling him that it would after a while get into his heart, illustrating it by a seed, which does not spring up as soon as it is planted, and become a tree, but comes by degrees: at first there is a little sprout, and after a while it becomes a plant, and so on. In regard to the other individual, he says he thinks the word is now beginning to live in his heart, and that 'he, *Tiba*, passes all other men in town for hear God palaver, he come look my house all times for me teach him.'"

"*Nov.* 23*d.*—Had a visit from *Hyano* this afternoon. He continues to give good evidence of having passed from death unto life. The great desire of his heart now seems to be to bring his wife to the same blessed hope with himself. He is continually striving to awaken her; and brought her to us this afternoon, and

says he wishes to bring her every day that she may be taught."

"*Dec. 6th.*—Was visited to-day by *Tiba*, the friend of *Hyano*, who has been for the last two or three months under conviction. He has recently given good evidence of being under the teachings of the Spirit, and would now be willing to make an open profession of his faith in Christ, but for one difficulty—he is not yet ready to give up one of his wives. He says, if she will leave him of her own accord, he is willing to let her go, but he can't bear the idea of compelling her to leave his house. This is one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Gospel among this people. But the Spirit can enable them to make the sacrifice, and we have reason to hope that such will soon be the experience of this interesting inquirer."

"*Dec. 7th.*—*Hyano* informed me to-day of the treatment he received, last evening, from his people, which looks very much like persecution on account of his religion. They compelled him to pay quite a large fine on account of his wife's gathering palm-nuts from a part of the forest which they say is forbidden ground; though he had never heard before that it was forbidden, and another woman accompanied his wife to the same place for nuts, and he heard nothing of her family being required to pay. He, in a truly Christian spirit, quietly paid the fine, without any manifestation of indignation; and when asked why he did not defend himself, while the people were discussing the matter, he replied, that it was not his, but *God's* palaver. After he was fined, upon some one's asking where he would get money to buy provisions—it taking all he

had to pay the fine—he said he would pray to God, and He would give him what he needed.

"Never have I seen more simple and childlike faith in the promises of God, than is constantly manifested by this old man."

Gidawudi, who belonged to the same town with *Hyano*, also became a candidate for baptism about this time. He had been interested more or less in religion for two years, and came regularly to the mission-house on Saturday evening for instruction. After the Bishop had taught him to read, he conducted a night school in his own town, without any charge for his services. The quiet energy and perseverance, which characterized this interesting young man, encouraged the missionaries to hope that he might become a blessing to his people.

On December 11th, in the native chapel of the largest Cavalla town, in the presence of a very large assembly of their own people, the aged *Hyano* and the youthful *Gidawúdi* received baptism from the hands of the Bishop. The former was baptized Thomas Freeman, a name which had been given him when, in former years, he served as a krooman; and the latter received the name of William Meade, in honor of the venerable Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia.

Others at this time seemed to be much awakened, and eagerly sought instruction from the missionaries. An instance of this character is thus described by Mr. Scott:

"*Oct. 25th.*—Had a visit this afternoon from a young man by the name of *Dôba*, who seems to be troubled about his sins. He has been for some time

past learning to read, and expresses a great desire to be able to read the Bible. He seems to be conscious of his inability to lead a holy life without divine aid, and professes to have a great dread of the evil influence which is constantly exerted by his ungodly companions. He has now but one wife, and upon my remarking that I supposed he did not intend to have another, he at first hesitated to reply, evidently very much troubled; at last, he said: 'I would like to have two.' I then said to him: '*Dâba*, if you would like indeed to be one of God's people, you must make up your mind to have but one wife.'

"He manifested much emotion, and after reflecting a few moments, said: 'Mr. Scott, one thing makes my heart burn too much.' I asked him what it was, and he replied: 'If God helps me, and I become one of His people, I can't live in town.' Then drawing two lines in opposite directions, he said: 'It is just this way; let this line stand for God,' pointing to one of them, 'and the other for the devil; now God's law leads me *this* way, and the devil leads me on *that* way. When I think I must keep God's law, the devil tells me not to do it, and my people lead me in the same way.'

"I told him I was glad to hear him speak so, and that I approved of his leaving a place where he had so many temptations to evil, and advised him, when he decided fully to come out on the Lord's side, to move up to the Christian (native) village, where he could always be with God's people."

About this time, a deep and interesting work of grace began in the native schools. Many of the scho-

lars, both male and female, began to inquire "what they should do to be saved," and an unusual seriousness pervaded the inhabitants of the Christian village.

On the Friday preceding Christmas of this year, a practice was introduced among the native Christians which gives promise of much usefulness. All the adult communicants collected in the house of one of the village householders, on the Friday preceding the Communion Sabbath, to hold a social repast, or Christian supper, as they term it. This meal is given in rotation by each person in the Christian village, keeping a house. The food prepared is that ordinarily used, only increased in quantity.

The communicants are all expected to attend: the pastor, with one or more ladies of the Mission, is always present. When collected, after a little conversation, a hymn is sung, a suitable portion of Scripture is selected —each one reading a verse aloud in turn—and explanations made by the pastor or some one selected from the company. The "Christian Visitors" (whose duty it is "to take the general oversight of the communicants, to settle differences, and to correct improprieties") are then interrogated as to the condition of the communicants; and if differences remain unsettled, the parties are, if possible, reconciled; prayer is offered up, and all afterward sit down to partake of a frugal meal. On the few occasions we attended these meetings, we were much struck with the decency and propriety which pervaded the demeanor of the communicants, and the order and neatness of the table arrangements, and more especially with the gravity and earnestness of their religious exercises.

"The influence of such a practice," writes the Bishop, "upon those just emerged from heathenism is most salutary. The Christian village, however, like all parts of the Church militant, must not escape trials. During the year, two of its inhabitants have fallen into gross crimes, and in consequence have withdrawn to the more congenial atmosphere of heathenism."

Most pleasing is the neatness, order, and apparent harmony, which seem to pervade this native Christian village at Cavalla. No one could see, without interest, the neatly clad children of the villagers taking their morning walk to school—here and there an older boy, "with shining face," carrying on his back a recreant little one, and the girls, large and small, tripping gayly along, with folded hands and clean attire—all making their way to the same schools, in which their parents were first taught the truths of the Gospel, and rescued from the hopeless, aimless life of the heathen.

In visiting the neat little houses of these villagers—most of which were built by themselves—we always found their wives busily engaged in household work, or sewing for their children, while their husbands were employed at their various trades, or in teaching their own benighted countrymen. In conversing with them, we have been surprised to find how very familiar they are with the Scriptures, and how dearly they love to study them. The Bible to them is indeed "the book of books."

We shall never forget the glow of pleasure, which lighted up the face of a newly-arrived missionary, (now in heaven,) when, as he walked for the first time through the village, at eventide, he heard from the

open windows the voice of "thanksgiving and melody," and saw the humble household bands prostrated at the family altar. It was indeed a sight upon which angels might look down with pleasure; and if the missionaries had accomplished nothing more than the establishment of this Christian village, in the midst of heathenism, it would amply repay them for all their toil and sacrifice.

Similar villages are being formed at all the important mission stations, and we have no doubt, they are destined to become as "cities set upon a hill," to thousands and tens of thousands of degraded and benighted heathen.

Hyano, after his baptism, expressed a desire to remove to the Christian village, where he would not be exposed to such temptations as continually surrounded him in a heathen town, but he was advised to remain where he was, on account of the influence for good he might, with God's blessing, exert over his own people. He now set up a family altar on the very spot where he had formerly kept his idols, and practised his demon arts. Every evening he was joined by *Tiba*, Gidawudi, and his own wife, whose heart seemed to be inclining to the truth.

Soon an aged woman, to whom he had often spoken of the glorious Gospel, joined the little praying circle. The change in this old woman, *Yuwa*, was very striking. She had seemed to be one of the most unpromising characters in the town of Nyaro, and the first time the missionary, who had charge of the town, asked her why she did not regularly attend the chapel, she replied: "Me go to church, and you no pay me."

But the Holy Spirit led her to perceive that the Gospel was more than meat or drink, and soon she truly hungered for the "bread of life."

Day after day she came to the mission-house to hear about the blessed One, who had died for her salvation. She was gently and almost imperceptibly led forward, like "Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened." Not many months after, she was ready to make a public profession by baptism, and at the same time, *Hyano* had the pleasure of seeing his wife come forward for baptism.

And God blessed the little church of five in the heathen town of *Nyaro;* and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, abode with them, and their "eyes were constantly unto the Lord," who had delivered, and now sustained them.

As the shades of evening approached, it was our constant practice, for some months, to visit the house of this aged disciple, and join with the humble band, who there met for the worship of the triune God. As we saw when passing through the village, at almost every door the worthless fetish, and heard, from every quarter, the reckless, mocking laugh, and the foolish heathen jest, we thought, truly the contrast between light and darkness is not greater than that between *Hyano's* peaceful abode and all the other homes of this thickly-peopled town.

One evening, when we had been prevented visiting him for some time, we asked *Hyano* if *Yuwa* attended evening prayers as regularly as formerly. "Yes," he replied, "she come all times—s'pose she come home from work too late, she come look my house, and ask

me to pray to God one more time. *Yuwa love God's word more than her daily food.*"

Like the woman at the well of Sychar, *Yuwa*, when she had found Jesus, went out and proclaimed Him to her people. She soon succeeded in persuading an aged female friend to come and hear the blessed Gospel, and, a few months later, she too was baptized.

Tiba, who had renounced one of his two wives, professed his faith in Christ, and been baptized, continued —as did *Gidawudi*—regularly to resort to *Hyano's* house for religious instruction. In addition to the five who daily assembled there to pray, others would drop in from curiosity, and sometimes become interested; thus *Hyano's* house became to his people "like a city set upon a hill, whose light could not be hid."

Hyano did not confine his instructions to his own house, but wherever he went, "in season, and out of season," he spoke a word for Christ.

He publicly denounced and exposed, as he well could, the practices and the superstitions of his people. He showed them clearly in what manner he, in common with other demon-men, had imposed upon the credulity of his people, and exhorted them to cease to place confidence in the *deyâbo*, and to look to the Lord God alone for aid in time of need.

From village to village, and from tribe to tribe, he carried the glad tidings of salvation to his unhappy people. Though unable to read, he was well instructed orally, and could repeat with fluency many of the most striking portions of the Scriptures. With earnest voice and animated gestures, he would tell of Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; of God's wonderful acts

among the Israelites, and of the life, death, and miracles of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Tall, slim, and commanding in person, with brown complexion, and regular features, *Hyano* possessed a countenance of a more elevated cast than is common to his people. As leaning on his tall staff, he walked through the villages, or sat, robed in a loose, flowing garment, at his own door, at eventide, he frequently called to our minds one of the old Scripture patriarchs, upon whose history he so much loved to dwell.

He made a faithful attempt to learn to read, but he was old, and his sight had grown dim, before he was brought under Christian teaching. For many months he carried his primer in his hat, and asked any educated person he chanced to meet, to give him a lesson. On one occasion, when he had succeeded in stumbling through a few verses of the New Testament, he exclaimed: "Me feel so happy!"

"Why?" we asked.

"Why—s'pose me can learn to read God's book, then me can go in my house, and read it all times, myself."

On one occasion, as he accompanied one of the native deacons, *Ku Sia*, on a missionary tour up the Cavalla river, he landed at a place where he had once gone as a demon-doctor, to practise his arts. The people were very much surprised to see him, and, at first, scarcely recognized him, so much were his manners, person, and countenance changed by his religion—he was indeed "a new creature" in the sight of all who had known him. How different his message now! The first time he had visited them as an agent of the devil;

now he went to them as an ambassador of Christ, and they, blind and ignorant as they were, could not fail to see the wonderful change.

One poor man, however, as *Hyano* relates, was very much frightened by this visit. It so happened that when he had been there before, as a demon-man, he left behind him a quantity of rice, to preserve which, he had declared that whoever should eat thereof would die. In the order of providence, it happened that the man who stole and ate his rice, *did* die very soon afterward; and those who were cognizant of this fact, greatly dreaded *Hyano's* return. A man, who had probably been an accomplice in the robbery, not recognizing *Hyano*, put his arm around the supposed stranger, in a very cordial manner, to welcome him to their town, and kindly asked his name.

"I am *Hyano*," he replied.

No sooner had he said this, than the man, to the amusement of *Hyano*, (who understood his feelings,) ran off as if stung by a viper. Knowing nothing of the transforming influence of the Gospel, this superstitious being could not believe that a demon-man, so powerful as he believed *Hyano* to be, had returned for any other purpose than to take vengeance upon his enemies. Unbounded indeed was his astonishment to hear this formidable *deyâ*, advocating the forgiveness of injuries, and telling of a mighty Saviour, who had "laid down his own life" for His enemies and persecutors.

In other of the heathen towns, God was daily snatching, "as brands from the burning," those who had for many years bowed down to idols. One of the most

interesting conversions, which, though it happened some months later, may be mentioned in this connection, was that of an infirm old woman, named *Badé*. A hopeless invalid, she lived alone in a very small hut of one of the heathen towns of Cavalla. The Spirit of God touched her heart, and she forsook her sins, and "sat at the feet of Jesus." Pain, poverty, and loneliness no longer seemed such grievous burdens, for in her lowly home dwelt now the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Being unable to walk to the church, she was baptized by the Bishop in her little hut, receiving the name of the missionary who had been mainly instrumental in leading her to Christ.

Some months later, when told that she who had cared for her soul was dead, poor *Badé* was greatly troubled. One standing by attempted to console her with the doctrine of the resurrection, assuring her that she would, if faithful to God, see her friend again. "Is it true," said she, "shall I see her *with these same eyes?*" raising her trembling hands to eyes dimmed by sickness, age, and tears.

Yes, poor *Badé*. With those same eyes, grown dim amid heathen scenes, thou mayest indeed behold, not only her who sought thee in thy loneliness, and led thee to the Saviour, but the Lord, "the Prince of life," Himself.

Chapter Seventh.

"I AM made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 COR. 9 : 22.

THE missionary life, while it has stronger lights and shades than any other, must, from its very nature, be ever attended with more petty annoyances.

The following graphic description of an African study, written for the *Cavalla Messenger*, will give our readers a clear idea of the nature of these annoyances:

"It is so common for ministers to have rooms, which they call studies, that the missionary pastor must, per force of custom, so call one too. With how much propriety will appear from the following narrative of a week's occurrences."

"*Monday.* — Missionary enters his study at seven o'clock. Study for half-hour, biography; he opens the Life of Dr. Chalmers. But scarcely has he opened it ere K. appears: 'I bring four fowls, sir.' 'Very well; take them to M.' While he is still speaking, G. and B. enter. G., 'Will you please take out my tooth, sir?' 'Yes:' the tooth is extracted; when B. shows his hand, which he has just cut, and which requires to be attended to. This case disposed of, M. comes pushing in, with a bunch of plantains on her head, for sale. She is sent to J. Then comes N., with a tin cup: 'My brother is sick too much, sir; he say, do you

please give him little molasses?' It is given, and the prayer-bell rings; and progress in study has been—perhaps one of Dr. Chalmers's five sentences.

"Prayers over, the missionary returns to study—review of Greek or Hebrew, from quarter to half an hour. Finds his *study* preöccupied by A., B., and C., with naked children. A. has come to *take a walk*, which means to get some tobacco, if the missionary will so receive it—for he will not now beg out-right. Civility requires a few words with him. B. has come to know if I wish him to bring me some rice, and what I will pay for it. He is referred to J., whose duty it is to attend to attend to such things. C. has come from a distance to 'look the *Kobo Kai*,' that is, foreigner's house. While discoursing with this man, the breakfast-bell rings. Progress in study, *six lines*. After breakfast, about half an hour is *devoted* to the manifold calls for rice, meat, medicine, or of business which has been accumulating during breakfast.

"At a quarter to nine o'clock the missionary goes to his *study* to read McCosh on the Divine Government, for three quarters of an hour; but, half-way in a paragraph, a 'proper gentleman' enters, with his retinue of wives and relatives. He has come from the interior —has heard the missionary's *great name*, (fame,) and come to see him. 'Ah! stranger,' the missionary, after usual salutations, says to him, 'the fame of this world is vain. We have come to teach you to find enduring fame in heaven.' The stranger is followed by a party of people from the town, who must needs talk on no low key to themselves and their guest, by way of being agreeable. The three quarters of an hour have

brought but little progress in McCosh. *Grebo* translation is next taken up; but, as the sun rises, visitors and calls multiply. 'Will you please give me a little sulphur? ('*ko-bo-na*,' foreigner's fire,) my mother is sick,' says one; 'She says, will you please come see her?' says another. The leper D. makes his appearance and presents his claim for tobacco, rice, and fish. S. 'has eaten nothing for two days,' and begs, for mercy's sake, a little food.

"In the midst of these, half-past eleven o'clock has come, and J. appears to recite. A *little* progress has been made in Grebo.

"As J. proceeds in his recitation, visitors still come and go, and ask questions and talk. At twelve, K. comes to recite theology, and *friends* still abound and talk. At half-past twelve a Grebo class from the boys' school come to recite; but, as they proceed, a stream of visitors, young and old, of differing tribes and distant places appear and disappear, sleep, or sit listlessly, or talk.

"At one o'clock the missionary's body and head and heart rejoice to find rest and refreshment in the quiet retirement and privileges of his chamber.

"*Wednesday.*—At early dawn, a great commotion is observed amongst the people in the native village near the mission-house.

"A crowd of men rush about amongst the houses, and women are running hither and thither, crying out, '*Na yuo! buo ăh yuo! de ăh yuo! O mi nâ lamâo.*' (O my child! my father's child! my mother's child! They are about to kill him.)

"By the time the missionary gets in his study, at

seven o'clock, a group of women are at the door. 'They have caught H., my brother, to give him *gidu*, (sassa-wood.) Please come to beg him off.' 'But what can I do? The people say they have caught him in the *very act of witchcraft*; and you know by your law he ought to die, if this be the case.'

"But come and beg him off, that he may go away and drink *gidu privately*, and die.'

"Knowing that it is customary to administer the ordeal about ten o'clock, the missionary defers the relatives of the accused man until that time, and, the morning hour for study having been all consumed, he obeys the call to morning prayers.

"Prayers over and breakfast, the poor women still begging him to intercede, the missionary accompanies them to the field, where the people have taken H., to give him *gidu*. The red wood infusion has been prepared, about a quart put in a wooden bowl, and H. is urged to drink it. He refuses. The missionary intercedes in vain. 'This man has been seen by many,' they say, in '*the very act of witchcraft.*' 'He must drink *gidu*.' But H. will not drink it. They order him to return to town. He goes, and is put up in the loft of a hut. He says something to vex the people. They again order him to the field to drink. He starts, and on the way runs off. It is unlawful to pursue him; and he gets away at last to drink it privately. In a few weeks he has drunk it, and returns home in triumph.

"But the missionary has exerted himself in vain, and the *study* for that day has had only a name; not a page has been read, not a line written."

"*Thursday.* — At seven o'clock, a crowd being around the house, of idlers, men, women, and children, the door is shut and locked. But one man has brought rice, and the missionary must add to his other duties, the purchase of this necessary article of food, as it comes. So W., who has come from the distance of five miles, must be admitted, talked to, and paid. And, the door opened, in comes the naked boy, *Kra*, to ask for a cocoa-nut, and the sick woman, *Mara*, for a piece of meat; and a teacher from the High School for a conversation; and the teacher of the boys' native school, for padlocks and a chest-lock, to put on desks and doors; and then the bell rings for breakfast, and the hour is past.

"Breakfast over, a man follows him to the garden, to say a krooman has just come ashore from a vessel, very tired, has nothing to eat, and begs for a cocoa-nut; on emerging from the gate, an old man, whose meagre form shows him really in need of food, presents a few Lima beans, tied up in a handkerchief, to exchange for a little fish. And then comes another and another slate from school-boys, asking for a box, a chest, or any other article they happen to need.

"Followed by boys and children, the missionary goes about for half an hour, giving directions about making fences, nailing boards on the house, attending to the sick, etc.

"Returning to the study, a book is taken up, but before a paragraph is read, *Hnĕ* comes to tell about the wonderful effect of medicine which the missionary has given, and to ask for a little molasses, *to make his mouth sweet;* and then K. S., the statesman, who must be en-

tertained; and N. S., the communicant, who must receive attention, etc. And thus the morning passes away until eleven o'clock, when the new missionary appears to take his first lesson in Grebo. And the missionary only finds comfort in this morning's engagements in the reflection that 'it is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*.'

"*Friday.*—If the company in the African study is always engrossing—sometimes exceedingly annoying—it is also often very amusing.

"'What is the name of that insect, H.?' 'It has two names, *Kyenh neblâ* and *Bŭnanh ah nyine*.' 'But *Bŭnanh* is the name of the gazelle, and *nyine* the name of wife. Do you mean to call this insect the wife of the beautiful gazelle?' 'Yes, that is just what we say.' 'Why so?' 'Well, you know the gazelle, though so small, is the king of all animals—made so on account of his great prudence and address. Being desirous to obtain a wife like-minded—especially one who was orderly and *could keep a secret*—he searched in vain amongst the animals. He at last made the acquaintance of Madame *Kyenh neblâ*.

"'He was struck with her retired habits—for she seemed to have no company—with her neatness, and especially with the skill displayed in the construction of her places of abode. So cunningly indeed were these planned and executed, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be distinguished from surrounding objects, thus eluding alike the visits of professed friends and open enemies. Here, at length, said *Bŭnanh*, is the woman for me—and henceforth *Kyenh neblâ* became *Bŭnanh ăh nyine*.'

"This fable, with others like it, and sundry interruptions of daily occurrences, consumed most of the hours which had otherwise been given to study on Friday morning.

"*Saturday.*—Study is not indeed the object of the missionary on Saturday. He rather desires to make it a day of relaxation, and of attention to the externals of home. But indeed, were it desired, it could not well be otherwise. For, whereas, on other days, there are different varieties of calls and engagements, on Saturday there appears to be *an accumulation of all.* The poor, the miserable, and the begging—all would seem to come to express their sorrows and wants together.

"Poor N. was once a candidate for the office of *deyâ.* Sought out by a dear sister now in heaven, he was led to the great Physician, and became healed of his spiritual disease, but not of his bodily. Also his feet and hands, and other parts of his body, are being gradually consumed by leprosy. And often he displays the parts which the rats have been gnawing during the night. He wishes food, medicine, and healing for the soul.

"D. has some cutaneous affection, which, if it be not a variety of leprosy, produces similar effects. It has drawn together the fingers, taken off some toes, and scattered over the body many dark, ugly plague-spots. But he is a cheerful, saucy, importunate and ungrateful beggar.

"On P. leprosy has almost finished its work. Once tall, strong, handsome, *eloquent.* Now 'the sun and moon, and the stars are darkened; the keepers of the

house tremble and decay; the strong men bow themselves; those that look out of the windows are darkened; the silver cord is loosening, and the golden bowl is almost broken.' He stumbles along, feeling his way, leaning on his long staff, and asking for all he needs. The heart says: 'Give *now*, for you shall soon have given him for the last time.'

"Old Y. has passed three-score years and ten, but, alas! old age has not brought wisdom or goodness. She has often heard the truth, but to all appearance it has produced no visible effect. Weak and blind, and tottering over the grave, she only seeks the missionary to relieve her bodily wants, and quarrels if her expectations are not realized."

"A., B., C., and G., H., and so on, are instant and clamorous for *hnĕde, bladĕ*, or *podĕ*, (fish, rice, or tobacco,) because, forsooth, it is the Sabbath to-morrow, and they mean to rest on that day. And then follow in constant stream, the gentleman and poor man; men, women, and children, for medicine, conversation, this thing, or that thing, or nothing, until the missionary, to the full, has the comfort of having *seen all sorts of people*, and dealt with all manner of cases. And it is good comfort, for he is the bearer of '*good tidings to all people.*'"

While the pastor is enduring his share of annoyances in the study, his wife is having trials of a similar nature in the parlor, mitigated somewhat by the fact, that the industrious Grebo ladies, as a general thing, have not leisure to make visits of as frequent and protracted a nature, as is the custom of their lazy lords.

For their own convenience, the ladies of the Mission

have set apart the afternoon of every day for their reception, with the exception of Sunday, when they are engaged in Sabbath-school; and Saturday, when they invariably visit the native towns. At the oldest mission-houses the natives have happily fallen in with this custom, and but seldom intrude in the morning. Soon after dinner, men, women, and children may be seen wending their way to the parlors of the different mission-houses, which are thrown open for them until sundown, or, as the Greboes have it, until "night fights the day."

The most wearisome feature in these levees to a new missionary—more so even than their unending demands upon one's time and attention—is the receiving their "dashes," that is, presents, which are to be repaid with interest at some future visitation. Could twice the value of the fowls, plantains, rice, and palm-butter, or whatever gift they may be pleased to bestow, be given to them *at once*, it would be a relief to the mind (or memory) of the burdened housekeeper; but, no, that would be a breach of *Grebo* etiquette, and make them, as they say, "ashamed too much." The recipient must tax her memory to remember all the new faces, and the proper value of the various trifles bestowed, and return them at regular intervals to the shrewd donors, who have discovered that it is much more profitable to *give* than to sell to their white friends.

Annoying as this and other practices undoubtedly are, the missionaries, knowing how very important it is to enlist the affections and sympathies of the heathen, would not, if they could, abolish them hastily. They,

who properly weigh the worth of immortal spirits, can not consider time, health, or even life itself wasted, if, *by all means*, "they can win souls to Christ."

The following description of an African parlor *at night*, (by Rev. Mr. Holcomb,) shows that the annoyances end not with daylight:

"The sun has gone down behind 'Devil Rock,' the bell has tolled the hour of prayer, the lame, blind, halt, and the lepers, that thronged us during the day have departed, and the new missionary begins to realize the pleasure of the disciples when they they heard the Master say: 'Come ye yourselves *apart* and rest awhile; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.' A quiet hour with the missionaries in the parlor is anticipated.

"They are seated around the centre-table, and one takes a book just arrived from the land of books, and is about to read aloud, when one of the school girls appears with a basket of boys' clothes, and deposits them before Mrs. ——. Then follow sundry questions and answers, and the counting, examining, and mending of the aforesaid clothes by Mrs. ——. The reading begins, but is soon ended by the appearance of another girl with a basketful of girls' clothes, which are placed at the feet of Miss ——. Then follow again sundry questions and answers, and the counting, examining, and mending of the aforesaid clothes by Miss ——.

"The reading is again resumed, and again interrupted every few moments by the appearance of scholar after scholar, and slate after slate, with messages on them which must be answered. A scholar desires to

go to Cape Palmas. One wants a sheet of paper, etc., etc. One brings the mail from Cape Palmas. Some one comes for the keys of the duck-house. Another for flour. *Kede* is called and sent to town to get some men to go to the Cape in the morning. The bell tolls the hour of nine, and then the lantern is lighted and sent to the school-house. Some one is sick in the Christian village, and a blue pill or some other prescription is asked for, and the medicine-chest and medical books must be resorted to. Now a heavy piece of cloth is brought in by Miss ——, which must be made up for mission use, and during the cutting and tearing of the same, many a beautiful sentiment is lost, and the effect of many a well-finished sentence is destroyed, for cutting of said cloth is like the sound of the saw undergoing the operation of the file. The look of annoyance of the reader is answered by another, which, interpreted, means, I am sorry, but this work must be done.

"Now a terrible coughing is heard, and some one appears and announces a sad case. Every thing is suspended to attend to this. Various medical books are taken down, all under the heads of coughing and strangling are read, and a prescription made out. Ten o'clock brings up the Bishop from his Grebo study, and Miss W. goes to visit the girls' rooms, and to bring away the lamp. 'The good night' is played by Mrs. ——, and then follows the barricading of the African parlor against rats. One door, for want of other means, is barricaded with a chair, and another by boards to stop the rat-holes in it. The covering is taken from the lounge, and the new missionary is warned not to leave his cap where the rats can get hold

of it for their supper. But orders are given not to bar ricade the parlor too strongly, for one of the ladies informs us that during the night she must visit the sick one. The new missionary goes to his room convinced that it is impossible for a missionary to rust out in Africa."

It is very amusing to see the natives visit the new house of a foreigner, or, as they say, "look a *kobo kai.*"

When the Asylum was first opened at Cape Palmas, a number of "proper gentlemen" from the interior came to examine it. Heralded by a Cape Palmas man of their acquaintance, they entered with courtly bows, and the usual salutation, "*Nah wio?*" (How are you?) After their friend had named them to us one by one, he said, with a flourish: "These be my friends; they be proper gentlemen from *Nyambo* country; they hear news —countrymen tell them your house be fine pass all houses live this country—they come *look* you this time."

After they had "looked" to their satisfaction, they bestowed a small "dash," (as a pledge of their return at some future time,) and quietly departed, their friend remarking, in a complimentary tone, as he withdrew: "My friend say you be fine plenty."*

They frequently bring with them a present, generally a trifling one; but on one occasion, a visitor of this description, by way of establishing a friendship, brought

* "Fine" is the most flattering English word with which they are acquainted, and is freely applied by them to foreigners, with the hope of eliciting a "dash," (that is, a present.)

EPISCOPAL MISSION BUILDINGS, FISHTOWN OR FAIRHAVEN, NINE MILES NORTH OF CAPE PALMAS, W. A. Page 107.

a bullock. When it was proposed to settle with him at once, he declined, saying: "That no be country fash —spose you will, me take *little* dash to-day." Occasionally, for some months, we would hear that our "friend from bush country" wanted to "look" us; and at every visit, without asking directly for *pay*, he made it evident that he had come for no other purpose. After he had received far more than he could have sold his bullock for, he was told that it was time to have the account settled, when, to the amusement of the missionary, he said, "He no be *my* bullock, he be my father's," intimating that what *he* had received was merely a present by the way, and that it would now be agreeable to him to receive some compensation for the bullock.

The following extract from the journal of Rev. Mr. Wright, will further illustrate this peculiarity:

"On the 4th of July, Mrs. W. and myself left Mr. Horne's at Rocktown, where we had been boarding, to take up our residence at Fishtown. We started rather unfavorably, Mrs. W. suffering with a severe attack of bilious remittent, and with which she was laid up a week after our arrival. An incident which happened to us on our way, may serve to illustrate native customs. Passing through Middletown—a small settlement consisting of two native towns lying half-way between Rocktown and Fishtown, and to pass through which, Mrs. W. had to alight from her hammock—we were accosted by the governor of the towns, and we stepped aside to shake hands with him. Anxious to reach Fishtown, or Fairhaven, on account of Mrs. Wright's indisposition, we would have proceeded, but

Mrs. W. was requested to seat herself in a chair placed outside his hut, and, our hammock-men refusing to proceed, we thought it best to comply with his request.

"The Governor now said something to his boys, and then retired out of sight. Immediately a dozen or more boys were in chase of an unfortunate rooster; every boy or girl who came up was pressed into service, so that soon nearly all the children of the town were engaged in the chase. Finally, the rooster was captured, and taken to the Governor, who now came forward and, with a low bow, presented it to Mrs. W. We were now allowed to proceed. You may be sure, if you are acquainted with the African character, that His Excellency did not fail to pay me a visit soon after, when I had to make him a return present of four or five times the value of his fowl. Nor was this sufficient, but he must come four or five times, giving me to understand he wanted something."

Pleasant and conciliating, however, as the Africans may generally seem to be, there is, alas! a very dark side to their character. Very many of them would not hesitate to poison (secretly) those who offend them, or to commit murder for very small gain. In the year 1853, not far from our Mission, a most shocking massacre of the captain and crew of an English vessel, was committed, partly from the feeling of revenge, and partly from the hope of gain.

The following account of the massacre, and of the sole survivor—who is now a member of our Mission—will not be uninteresting to the reader.

The Heroine arrived on the African coast about the

middle of March, (1852.) It was Captain Cormack's first voyage. Being ignorant of the character of the natives, he placed in their hands a large amount to purchase palm-oil, thinking that, in a few months, they would supply him with all that was needed, according to their engagement. But from month to month they put him off, until at last, being convinced that *they did not intend to pay him*, in accordance with a custom among themselves, he seized one or two of their principal men to hold as hostages until their debt should be paid. The natives of Taboo, the town to which these people belonged, resolved to rescue them at all hazards. By practising a deception, they succeeded in getting a large number on the deck of the vessel at the same time, as they now say, simply with the intention at first of rescuing their friends, but in a few moments they not only loosed the prisoners, but massacred the captain, super-cargo, and every one of the crew, with the exception of Thomas Toomey, who happened to be below deck on account of indisposition.

When all his companions were murdered, his first thought was to sell his life as dearly as possible, and he raised a blunderbuss, that was near to him, to shoot the leader of the party through the sky-light; but it missed fire. He then seized a musket and pointed it at another man, who passed near, but it also failed to fire. He now resolved to be still, and commenced earnestly praying to God to spare his life, and solemnly vowed, if it were spared, to devote it to His service. His prayer was heard, and when there seemed scarcely a ray of hope, a way of escape was provided. All night he remained in a state of restless anxiety, think-

ing that each hour might be his last; but he was perfectly safe; for He who ruleth in heaven and earth had resolved to rescue him. So eager were the murderers to get possession of the contents of the vessel—especially of the rum—and so much were they elated by their success, and excited by what they drank, the youth seemed to have been forgotten.

Early the following morning a colonist from Cape Palmas, who happened to be on a visit to the neighborhood, hearing that he was still alive, came and begged his life. After a time they granted his request, and some time during the day he was brought up from the hold of the vessel, and carried on shore. Here he remained all night, not without great apprehension that they would change their minds, and take his life, as he was the principal witness against them. Indeed, we were told by a native man, that while he was in the town, they discussed the expediency of killing him, and were prevented by the expostulations of a woman, who contended that it would be a violation of the rules of hospitality, to kill him after he had drunk water in their houses.

The next day he arrived at our mission-station at Cavalla, in a most pitiable condition. The best friend he had in the world was murdered—he was thousands of miles from his home in a heathen land, almost without clothes enough to cover his body, and suffering with the fever, which so often, in this climate, proves fatal to the white man.

But though, to short-seeing mortals, he seemed enveloped in a cloud of deep darkness, this was the brightest day in the life of the sailor boy. For this

day he came within the sound of the Gospel. Before leaving his own country, Ireland, about eighteen months before this, he had never looked into the word of God, his parents having been members of the Roman Catholic Church. Being taken ill in London, whilst on his way to the coast of Africa, he was placed in a naval asylum, and there he received a Bible from a young lady who came to visit the sick. The captain of the ship taught him to read it, and for months this blessed volume had been to him a much-cherished companion. But, like the Ethiopian eunuch, he needed to have the Scriptures expounded to him, and, like the same individual, when Christ was preached to him, he joyfully embraced Him as his Saviour. Clearly did he see His guiding hand in all the events of his life, especially in bringing him from the ignorance and superstitions of his native land; and in compelling him, on the day of the massacre, almost for the first time during the voyage, to leave his regular duties on the vessel, thus enabling him to escape the fate of his companions.

From meditation upon these evidences of God's favor, his mind was well prepared for the messages of mercy now proclaimed to him. With scarcely any delay, he laid hold of the Saviour, and from that hour to the present, has been a rejoicing Christian. The great desire of his heart now is to be enabled to do something for the glory of that Being, who so mercifully delivered him from death, temporal and spiritual.

For some months, Toomey was connected with the Mission school at Cavalla, and during the past year has rendered most efficient aid, as secular agent at that

station. Recently he has become a candidate for orders, and will probably soon be set apart for the blessed work of an evangelist to the heathen.

Truly, God "leads us by ways we know not." How little thought that humble youth—himself a stranger to Christ—as he lay near his murdered friends in the hold of the Heroine, that he was destined at no very distant day, to preach the Gospel to the heathen, who had taken the lives of his captain and companions!

Chapter Eighty.

"How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?"—Rom. 10 : 14.

The year 1854 opened auspiciously upon the Mission; for, at its beginning, we find three new laborers, raised up on the ground, ready to engage in the fields now "white for the harvest."

On Easter Sunday of this year, *Ku Sia* and *Musu* were admitted to the Order of Deacons by Bishop Payne. This event made that bright Sabbath an unusually joyful festival to the little band of missionaries at Cavalla, who were there assembled to witness the first ordination of natives in the Mission.

On the preceding 15th of January, G. W. Gibson (colonist) was ordained deacon, and shortly after made the principal of the High School at Mt. Vaughan; and in the following June, when Mr. Pinckney went to the new station at Sinoe, he was appointed to assist the Rev. Mr. Scott at St. Mark's. We find, by the following extract from Mr. Scott's journal, that he had been ordained priest near the close of the preceding year:

"*August* 31*st*, 1853.—To-day I was ordained priest at St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas, by Bishop Payne. He preached from Numbers 16 : 48—'He stood between the living and the dead.'"

Musu was appointed to preach in the *Babo* and *Plabo* towns, about twenty in number, and *Ku Sia*, accom-

panied by *Hyano*, (*alias* Freeman,) the converted de mon-man, to visit and preach among the twelve tribes scattered along the Cavalla river, from the Bishop's residence to the distance of sixty miles in the interior.

On the 8th of January, 1854, the Mission had been cheered by the arrival of eight more missionaries—namely: Rev. J. Rambo (who had been visiting the United States for his health) and Mrs. Rambo, from New-York; Rev. William and Mrs. Wright, from the same State; Dr. T. R. Steele and Miss Anna M. Steele, from Washington, D. C.; and Miss Sophia M. Smith and Miss Mary Ball, from Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, with Miss Smith, went to Rocktown, to assist Mr. Horne, and the rest of the party to Cavalla, to remain there until the buildings at Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas should be ready for them. The same vessel that brought them to Cape Palmas, carried Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman to the United States, the health of the latter requiring a change; and Miss Colquhoun, who had found her constitution not at all adapted to the climate, also availed herself of this opportunity to withdraw from the Mission.

All who had recently arrived, passed safely through the acclimating fever, with the exception of Miss Smith, whose constitution was peculiarly unfitted for the climate. She had a severe bilious attack on the voyage, and died of acclimating fever on the 23d of February, six weeks after her arrival at Rocktown.

Bishop Payne, in announcing the death of this interesting young lady to the Foreign Committee, thus writes:

"She always declared that she was most happy to have come, even though she should be spared for a very short time; so humbly did she think of herself, and so much honor did she account it to be permitted to exert even the feeblest influence in causing 'Ethiopia to stretch out her hands unto God.' 'Verily I say unto you, he that humbleth himself as a little child, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.' Can we wonder, then, that one who, by grace, had been prepared for the highest honors in the heavenly kingdom, should be at once admitted to those honors?"

Clement F. Jones (*Ku Sia*) and *Hyano* made two tours sixty miles into the interior, and preached many times along the banks of the Cavalla river. In some places, *Hyano* had to endure many taunts and bitter expressions from demon-men, for having abandoned and exposed his former profession. Many of them would gladly have poisoned him, could they have done so secretly; but *Hyano*, though he knew his danger, did not hesitate to speak out boldly, and to warn his benighted countrymen not to trust the lies of the *deyabo*, but to turn, and seek the true God.

Ku Sia afterward made some interesting missionary excursions with Mr. Rambo, and from the journal of the latter we quote the following description of scenery on the Cavalla:

"*April 19th.*—Left Cavalla station at seven o'clock, in company with Rev. C. F. Jones, (native deacon.) We went across the country two and a half miles, to *Di-ima-Lu*, a town on the Cavalla river. We there hired a canoe, having men already with us, and embarked about nine A.M.

"This is the second visit I have made up this beautiful and picturesque stream. After my former visit, more than two years since, I described briefly some portions of this river. Its scenery is not grand, but certainly interesting and attractive; but there are none between here and Sierra Leone that I have seen or heard of, that at all compare in beauty or grandeur to dozens of rivers in the United States. Yet there is much in the scenery on some of the rivers here to interest the traveller, and almost make him believe, for the time, that it rivals any thing that he has ever seen. The country is always green; and where there are high hills, prominent rocks, occasionally deep ravines, extensive forests, overhanging palms, and clustering vines, as is the case fifty miles up the Cavalla river, one may well lose himself for a short time, and imagine that he is permitted this once to behold almost a paradise. He is, however, soon persuaded of his error, when he comes in contact with the natives. If he is a new-comer, and has little or no experience in dealing with them, his pleasant reveries will often be disturbed, and he will soon be perplexed, tried, and harassed to the height of human endurance.

"The missionary traveller, however, becomes, or should become, inured to all annoyances, and gladly bears them all, that he may, in obedience to the Saviour's command, 'Go and preach the Gospel to every creature,' within his reach. We came to win these poor, ignorant, unprincipled creatures to Christ, who died for them."

"After leaving our place of embarkation, we ascended the river three or four miles before we saw

another town The width of the river at this point was about half a mile, and it widens somewhat in places farther up the stream. At the distance of fifty miles up, it narrows but little, and is deep enough in the 'rainy season' to be navigated that distance by small steamers. We passed two towns, and continued four miles farther up the stream, which along that part of it is extremely meandering and beautiful. The banks rise in some places from twenty to fifty feet, and now and then extensive forests of large trees are seen. Then, again, rice-farms of the natives are noticed, containing in the aggregate from one hundred to two hundred acres of rich alluvial soil, or loam and clay mixed. We reached *Hidié*, the place of our destination, about eleven A.M. This is eleven miles from Cavalla station. There are three villages in this settlement, one being very small. It is near the smallest one that the natives say the '*Grand Devil*' has his seat. We found the village nearly deserted, the people being busy on their rice-farms. At last, however, we gathered from all the towns about twenty-five persons, who came and sat down under the shade of some large trees, and listened to the blessed truths of the Gospel. We sang a Grebo hymn, repeated the commandments, prayed, and 'preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.'

"We were hospitably entertained by the head man, who killed a fowl, made some soup, and boiled some rice. We ate out of a wash-basin, (used for eating only, by the natives,) and being hungry, our dinner tasted very palatable.

"At two o'clock we left this place, and returned and

preached in the towns of the same tribe before men tioned. Our congregations were attentive and quiet. They have heard the Gospel as seldom as the others, though not so far distant. What multitudes and mul titudes of poor heathen throng both banks of this river, for a hundred miles! How few of them ever heard and understood the import of the blessed name of Jesus! Now, however, God has raised up and commissioned a native evangelist, (with me to-day,) whose principal work will be to go 'far hence to these Gentiles.'"

In July of this year, Mr. Pinckney took charge of the new mission station at *Sinoe*. Bishop Payne, who had visited it in September of the preceding year, to make arrangements for the establishment of a station, thus describes it:

"*Sinoe* is a Liberian settlement, intermediate between Cape Palmas and Bassa, and ninety miles from either place, the apparent prosperity of which was greater than I had anticipated, flattering as were the accounts I had heard. Greenville, the seaport town, presents altogether the most pleasant and respectable appearance of all the towns in Liberia. Not so large by half as Monrovia, nor having so large a number of good buildings, it is yet more compact, has more good houses together, and the style of building is better and more uniform. This arises from the fact that the inhabitants came chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah, and are, many of them, men of means, and excellent mechanics. I believe all the trades are there represented, from the goldsmith to the blacksmith.

"A fine steam saw-mill has been erected and is in

operation on the Sinoe river, immediately in the rear of Greenville, and on the border of a heavily-timbered forest. Besides the town of Greenville, there are four other villages on the Sinoe river, namely: Farmersville, Lexington, Louisiana, and Readsville. They extend to the distance of seven miles from the sea-shore, and have an aggregate population of about fifteen hundred. These settlements are receiving yearly accessions of population from the United States, and are, I think, destined to improve as fast, and increase as rapidly almost, as any other places in Liberia.

"Nor does the *native* less than the colonist interest claim our attention. The Sinoe and Kroo and Fish tribes have numerous towns on every side of the settlements, for whose Christianization the first well-appointed measures are yet to be taken."

"The Bassa Cove station may now be regarded as fairly commenced. The settlement of Fishtown, in connection with which so much difficulty had occurred, and upon which incipient operations had in some measure depended, has been effected. More than two hundred people are on the ground; the city has been laid off, lots drawn, and buildings carried rapidly forward towards completion.

"It is a truly beautiful site, richly deserving all the encomiums which have been lavished upon it. Nothing but a lack of enterprise can fail to make it the commercial emporium of Liberia. Fishtown is three miles from the mouth of the St. John's river, and the present settlement of Bassa Cove. With the settlement and the intervening plain, it constitutes the city of Buchanan. The project of a railroad, to connect the two settlements, is in agitation."

"On the western border of Fishtown, and separated from it by a creek or lagoon, and two miles from the mouth of the St. John's, is the site for the station. It has the advantages of retirement, a good landing, and exposure to the life-inspiring sea-breeze. Ten acres have already been secured from the government at this place for our purposes. Two lots, in the settlement at Fishtown, have also been engaged, to erect a school-house or church, as circumstances shall determine. As the colonist population is now, and will probably be for some time, distributed in comparatively small towns and villages, the proper mode of reaching it will be to erect small and cheap chapels in each.

"Dr. I. S. Smith, resident of this place, has been requested to act as agent for erecting a suitable dwelling-house for the Mission. The plan given him is that of a building two stories high, with five rooms and four closets. This will accommodate permanently a married and unmarried missionary and teacher. It may be also used at first as a storehouse, and for a small boarding-school."

Mr. Rambo, who expected to have charge of this station, visited it in May of this year, and thus wrote:

"BUCHANAN, Bassa, Liberia, May 25, 1854.

"I am here on my first visit to see the place, hasten the building of our mission-house, and make some acquaintances among both colonists and natives. I left Cape Palmas on the tenth, when all our Mission, with one or two exceptions of indisposition, were in good health and spirits, and prosecuting their work with cheerfulness and success.

"One thing and another has delayed the commencement of the building till this time. The frame is now cut, and the boards engaged, and soon will be on the spot. . . . I have been well received, and, in fact, cordially welcomed by the most respectable citizens here. We have now no member in any of the settlements, that I can hear of. Some who were formerly members in America, not finding our Church here, have connected themselves with other denominations. I believe the Lord has an excellent work for our Church to accomplish in this country, both amongst colonists and natives."

"This afternoon, an old gentleman in a prominent station called upon me, to inform me of two excellent openings among the *natives*, (Bassas.) One of the points was sixteen, and the other ten miles distant. The Methodists formerly had schools at these places; but since they have deserted them, the chiefs have called earnestly in vain for a *God-man*."

In speaking of the Bassas, in another letter, he says: "An almost unbounded field is before us. Their country embraces at least ten thousand square miles, which, at a very moderate calculation, must contain from fifty thousand to eighty thousand souls, all speaking one language.

"I made a visit, a few days ago, to 'King Peter Harris'' town, about four miles from Bassa Cove, near the Benson river. The town was very small, not containing more than twenty-five houses, and about one hundred persons. This, indeed, is rather larger than the average size of Bassa towns, a large number

being smaller than this. After being accustomed to see the towns of the Greboes, averaging from four hundred to six hundred persons each, such towns seem quite small. The houses, however, look more substantial and comfortable than those of the Cape Palmas natives, yet they do not last so long. They have, as others, ground floors and thatched roofs; but the interstices between the upright sticks are filled with clay, and plastered smoothly inside and out. They are of square form, high doors, with roofs projecting three or four feet, so as to form a good verandah. Inside, on either side, are wide berths, elevated, answering for beds, neatly constructed of plaited bamboo, which are far more comfortable than the hard clay floor on which, with a thin mat spread, the Greboes sleep.

"'King Peter' is one of the most prominent of the Bassa chiefs, speaks broken English, and is a friend of Liberia and the missionaries. He has about one hundred towns under his influence, in every one of which, I doubt not, the Gospel may be preached without let or hindrance.

"These people are less fixed in their abodes, and their country far more sparsely settled, than that of the Greboes; yet this fact, together with their desire to become assimilated to the Liberians and other foreigners, would make it easy for a missionary, in some central place, to gather around him hundreds of people, who would place themselves under Liberian laws, and thus be somewhat prepared for the Gospel. Sassawood, witchcraft, fetishism to some extent, and breaking of the Sabbath, are amongst the evils which some

of the more civilized Bassas, among them 'King Peter' and his subjects, have professed to give up, especially where the influence of the Liberian laws is felt.

"I conversed some time with King Peter and his people, and preached to them. He promises me some of his boys, as soon as a school can be established among them, which I hope may be next year, (though one missionary and his wife can not do all, or even commence all, that is desirable.) Scores, if not hundreds of Bassa youths, are employed in various ways among the colonists in this county, and are thus, to some extent, being civilized. But *who cares for their souls*, or the souls of the natives generally? Almost no one. The whole land, then, or nearly so, is '*yet to be possessed.*' . . . With millions of treasure, and many young candidates for orders, (alas! too few,) can not the Church spare enough to undertake a work which promises so much in return for well-directed, prayerful labor? . . . . Shall their sad cry, (the cry of untold millions of degraded, superstitious, wretched heathen Africans,) shall their sad cry remain *unheeded?* Will Christians at home, who are blessed with all spiritual and all temporal blessings, rolling in their wealth, say indifferently, 'Be ye (spiritually) clothed and warmed and fed,' extending no hand to help, contributing no funds to aid, offering no prayer to save these enslaved millions?"

"The Liberians of this county," adds Mr. R., "will give our Mission a *hearty* welcome, especially on account of what they consider our superior manner of managing schools. The influence of our Church is also much needed, and it will in due time meet, I doubt not, with success."

At Clay Ashland is another new and interesting mission station. "This is the name of a township on the St. Paul's river, beginning ten miles above Monrovia, and embracing the most populous and flourishing agricultural district of Liberia."

"At the beginning of last year," writes Bishop Payne, "a late prominent minister of the Methodist Church, having his residence in this neighborhood, became a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and proposed opening a mission station under my direction. As it is the very spot which I should have selected, could I have had my choice, for our second mission station in Mesurado county, Mr. Russell's proposition was readily assented to. During the year, I accordingly authorized him to receive fifteen native youths under his care, to act as lay reader amongst the colonists in the neighborhood, and to erect a small brick church edifice. All these objects received his due attention, and at the close of the year, Grace Church, a neat little Gothic building, was nearly finished.

"As Mr. Russell was expecting to take orders early in the next spring, I thought proper to employ Mr. Harris as teacher at his station. After Mr. Russell's ordination, Mr. Harris will act as lay reader under his direction, and the joint labors of the two will extend our services to all the settlements on St. Paul's river where they may be desired, At one of these settlements, (called *New-York*,) an enterprising merchant has given to the Mission a lot, and some means for the erection of a chapel. Mr. Russell has also kindly offered desirable lots, for school-houses or chapels, as

may be needed, in *Clay Ashland*, ten miles back of Monrovia, and *Caldwell*. A merchant has made a similar offer in the township of *Louisiana*."

Mr. Russell was ordained at Cavalla on the fifteenth day of February, and put in charge of Grace Church.

"Through the great mercy of God, our Mission has now attained a condition which may well rejoice the hearts and strengthen the hands of its friends, and of all the people of God.

"The actual existence and continual progression during eighteen years, has placed its practicability beyond all question."

"Conversions, both amongst colonists and natives, have afforded proof enough that the Gospel brings forth fruit here, as in all the world, where it is faithfully proclaimed.

"The continual enlargement of the Mission has been a most evident following of the word and providence of God, and is therefore God's call to the Church for ever-enlarging prayers, contributions, and efforts in its behalf.

"The increase of colored ministers (colonist and native) gives promise that ere long the work, commenced by foreign missionaries, may be carried on by the Africans themselves. While at the same time the continual accession of foreign laborers shows that God is working in the hearts of His faithful ones to come up to the great work which His providence is about to accomplish in Africa."

And now again the angel of death visited the Mission band, and bore away from our midst the young missionary physician. In announcing his death to the

Foreign Committee, the Bishop gives the following touching description of his character and his end:

"We have again to appeal to the Church, and the thousands of medical men in the United States, for a missionary physician; for on yesterday morning, (July 11th,) Dr. T. R. Steele died at Cavalla, in the faith and love and peace and joy of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"At the time of his appointment, Dr. Steele was thought to have consumption; and the voyage to this place proved injurious rather than an advantage. During the six months of his missionary life, days and nights of weariness were appointed to him; but the 'life of Christ was manifested in his mortal body.'

"In *love* and *faithfulness*, he instructed and prayed with the heathen with whom he came in contact; in *unity,* like the precious oil which ran down Aaron's beard, he dwelt with brothers and sisters of the Mission, ever ready to do them service, ever regretting he could not do them more. In *patience* he abided the short night of affliction, yet longing for the morning; and as the shadows of Tuesday night, with all his earthly night, were fleeing away together, the glorious heavenly day was dawning upon him. Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, amidst sorrowing yet rejoicing missionary sisters and brethren, did this lovely disciple fall asleep in Jesus, and was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Amen, amen, blessed be God!"

"A native of Baltimore, Maryland, the last years of Dr. Steele's life were spent in Washington City, D. C., where (under the ministry of Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D.) he became a professing Christian, and was a

communicant in Trinity Church, until he sailed for Cape Palmas, where it was hoped his deep piety and thorough medical education would make him a blessing to the Mission."

From the journal of another member of the Mission, we quote the following particulars of his last hours:

"As long as he was able to speak, our beloved young friend seemed to realize more and more of the Saviour's presence, assuring us that He was unspeakably precious to his soul, and requesting his sister not to weep, but rather to *rejoice* that he was so near his home. Soon after, as his nurse was changing his garments, he exclaimed: 'How many comforts *I* enjoy, unworthy creature that I am, while my Saviour had not where to lay His head!' We sang for him: 'There is a land of pure delight,' 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' etc. Thus the last sounds he heard on earth were songs of praise to the precious Redeemer who had saved him from his sins, and whom he hoped soon to see where 'faith is swallowed up in sight.'

"The Bishop made a very appropriate and earnest address to the heathen who attended the funeral, on the horrible effects of sin, showing that even those whom God loved must pay the penalty of death, and ending by drawing a contrast between the peaceful death of the young Christian whose mortal remains lay before them, and that of a heathen man who had died about the same time, for whom firing of guns and wild lamentation had been kept up several hours. 'If we mourn,' said he, 'it is for ourselves, because we shall see our friend no more until we follow him; but you mourn, because you *never* again expect to see

your friend, and know not where his spirit has fled. When our friends die in the Lord, we know they are happy and gone to rest."

"Gone to the rest of the ever blessed,
To the New Jerusalem;
Where the children of light do walk in white,
And the Saviour leadeth them."

Chapter Ninth.

"My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please."—Isa. 55 : 11.

In May of this year (1854) two more ordinations took place at St. Mark's Church. Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Green, both colonists, were ordained, the former priest, and the latter deacon. Mr. Green went to Monrovia to assist Rev. Mr. Crummell; and Mr. Pinckney took charge of the congregation at the flourishing town of Sinoe, ninety miles north-west of Cape Palmas.

An increased religious interest was manifested in the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas, and before the close of the year twenty communicants were added to St. Mark's Church.

While the colonists here, (as at Monrovia, and other places in Liberia,) who have had capital and business knowledge, have done well—have in some cases become rich—we find that there is much bitter suffering among the poor; and the cause of this is stated in the journal of the missionary in charge, Rev. Mr. Scott:

"*May* 21*st.*—After service to-day, I visited a number of sick persons in the neighborhood of the church. Four of the persons, I visited, are very ill, and almost entirely dependent on the charities of their neighbors for the means of subsistence. A good proportion of the colonists here are unable to provide themselves

with much more than the necessaries of life; and in times of sickness are compelled to dispense with almost every thing like comfort, not being able, indeed, to provide themselves with the medicines needed.

"Will not the friends of colonization, who are favored with an abundance of this world's goods, contribute something towards the relief of the poor at Cape Palmas? Only a few of the emigrants possess any thing of importance on their arrival, and consequently are unable to contribute much to the relief of the suffering. It is proposed to erect an asylum for the helpless, and a small sum has already been obtained for it; but unless aid is obtained from abroad, several years must elapse before a suitable building can be erected.*

"The people, with the blessing of God, may in a few years be able to take care of themselves; but that a small colony, without foreign aid, in the infancy of their existence, in a climate, for the first year or two, trying to their health, should be able to provide themselves with the comforts of life, and supply all the wants of the poor, is a degree of success *no* people have ever yet attained."

From the same journal we take the following extracts, which will serve to give some idea of their religious state:

"*May* 22*d.*—Passed by the house of a colonist this morning, whom I visited some days since in his last illness, intending to visit him again to-day, but was surprised to learn that his spirit, a few hours before, had returned to his God. Whilst I sympathized with

* We hope an hospital will be built ere long at this place.

his afflicted family, I rejoiced at his departure; for in his humble life he walked with Jesus, and in his dying hours he was not deserted. As I communed with him a few days before, and heard from his lips expressions of joy which none but the dying Christian experiences, I felt it was good to be there."

"*June* 17*th.*—Spent the day in visiting the members of St. Mark's, and other sick persons in the colony. In the morning visited a colonist woman, who is, to all appearances, near her end, and without any hope in Christ; and says, she never in her life felt sin to be a burden. After striving to awaken her to a sense ot her danger, I left the house with a sad heart. In the afternoon visited old aunt Rachel, a blind woman, nearly a hundred years old, and found her apparently dying; but with her faculties clear, and perfectly happy. When asked if she was willing to go and be with Jesus, she replied, that the only fear she had was, that she was too anxious to go, and hadn't patience to wait the Lord's time. Never, from any other dying lips did I hear such expressions of thankfulness and joy. She thanked God that she was born, *to be born again;* and though she could not articulate without difficulty, she sweetly sang:

> "Jesus can make a dying-bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

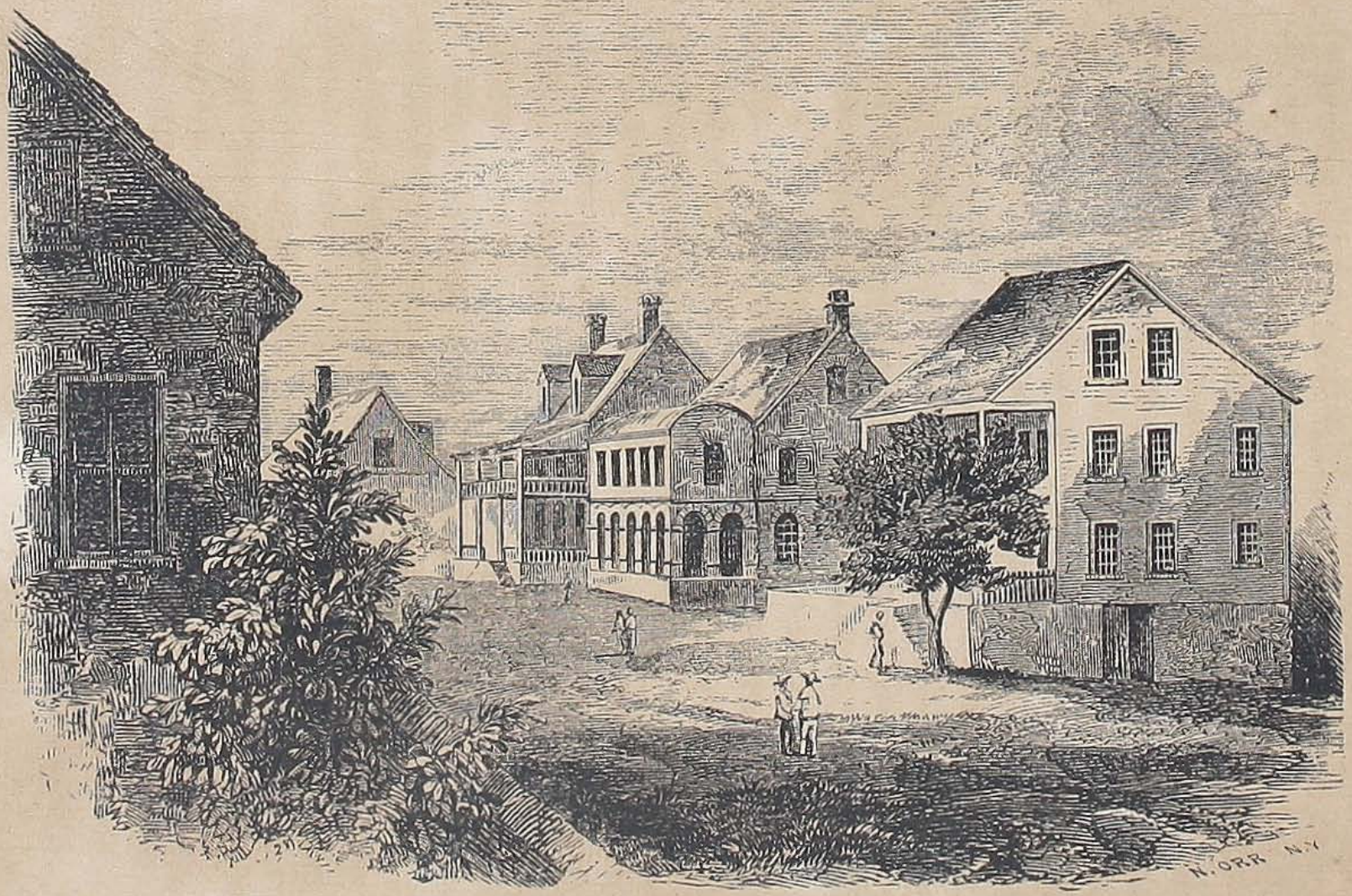
"As I was entering the heathen town at the Cape to-day, I saw a large crowd of people, mostly children, in pursuit of a man who had just taken *sassa wood*, ready to beat him to death with stones and clubs, as soon as he should fall. He ran into a house, where he

was protected from his pursuers, until the fatal poison had done its work."

What a contrast between the deaths of these two Africans! She, waiting with patient joy for the long-expected hour when her blind eyes should open upon the glories of the upper sanctuary, and behold Him who had died for her redemption. He, ignorant of God, and without hope beyond the grave, rushing uncalled into eternity, and lying down, like a hunted beast, to bear his dying agonies *alone*. What matters it to blind, old Rachel now, that in her youth, she was exiled from her own land, and lived in bondage to a foreign race, since there she found a *Saviour;* and, unlike millions of her own people, could *rejoice* in the prospect of death?

"*June* 18*th*.—Called again this morning," writes Mr. S., "to see aunt Rachel, and found her almost speechless, but still rejoicing in the Saviour. She said she was almost home, and would 'give God all the glory;' and thanked Him for all her trials, without which she would not have known so much of her Saviour."

In the other mission stations among the colonists, an increased interest in religious affairs was manifest. Rev. Alex. Crummell, in a letter, dated Monrovia, Nov. 11th, 1854, says: "We have great cause for thankfulness to almighty God, for His favor, His mercy, and His love. Our school (and Sunday-school) is in an unusually progresive state. Unfortunately our male teachers are few in number; and, therefore, both Mr. Green and myself are obliged, besides our other duties, to attend Sunday-school twice every Sunday.



STREET IN MONROVIA, 250 Miles North-west of Cape Palmas. Page 132.

Every week we have an increase of scholars in attendance. On Monday afternoons, at four o'clock, we always gather our little ones together for catechising."

"Here, also, we see a regular increase. They assemble at my house, and their improvement in manners, and their advancement in acquaintance with catechism and scriptural proofs thereof, would please any pastor. We have no part of our work more pleasing and encouraging than our work among the little ones of Christ's flock."

"Our church attendance increases regularly as well as our members. No month passes without some little one baptized into the fold, and some new adult added to our list of members. The 29th and 30th of October were two 'high days' with us: the former, the twentieth Sunday in Trinity, completed a year since we commenced services at 'Trinity Church.' We celebrated our anniversary on the same Sunday. On Monday morning, the 30th, we again held service, celebrated the Holy Communion, and then went in procession to the place where we are building Trinity Church, and I laid the corner-stone thereof, with appropriate services, and delivered an address on the occasion. The whole town showed much interest in the event. On October 2d, we celebrated the anniversary of our Sunday-school. The children assembled at half-past ten; prayer, reading of the Bible, singing, catechising the children, and addresses by myself and assistant, and three others, were the exercises of the morning; after which the children walked in procession to my residence, where they had lunch, and then spent the afternoon in play."

"Mr. Bass, one of our young communicants, has succeeded in erecting a thatched building, and opened a small school, which promises to increase. When Bishop Payne was here last October, he said he saw the need of immediate effort to erect a church edifice for the church people of this town. For this purpose he gave a donation of $500, and requested me to write to several parties in the United States, and to push on in our efforts, so that the walls might be up, and the roof on, during the present dry season. In compliance with these orders, I wrote to a few clergymen, asking their interest in our undertaking,* and having no plans, I got a friend in England to obtain for us a neat and handsome model for a church.

"It is with great regret that we feel obliged to cease, even for a brief period, our efforts for our growing church, in the capital, the place of resort from every part of Liberia. We are very fortunate in the selection of a site: the first rise of the hill which stretches out into a cape, where there is no place of worship, and which is being more rapidly settled by new comers than any other portion of the neighborhood. . . . . .

"The site was a mass of rocks; and for weeks we have been drilling and blasting, and the masons laying the foundations as fast as a clearance could be made. Three sides of the foundation of the church have been laid in solid rock; and on those three sides the foundation has been carried up three feet."

The following letter, from Rev. Robert Smith, to the

* Since this letter was written, the Sunday-school of St. George's Church, New-York, has undertaken the whole expense of building this church at Monrovia.

Secretary of the Foreign Committee, gives an account of his voyage to Africa, accompanied by Mrs. Payne, the wife of the Bishop, and Miss Alley. It is dated at Monrovia, Dec. 19th, 1854:

"By an English steamer that is expected in this port hourly, I send you the gratifying intelligence of our safe arrival. We anchored in this harbor last Sunday morning, after a passage of fifty-one days. Our passage, you perceive, has been a long one, and it has also been a tedious one. For the first twenty-five days we were hindered by strong head-winds and storms, and for the last ten days by calms. * * * * We had public worship every Sabbath morning after the storm had been passed, and morning and evening prayers, besides occasional prayer-meetings. And I am happy to inform you that we have enjoyed very cheering tokens of the special presence and gracious operation of the Holy Spirit. Several of our party, we have good reason to believe, have passed from death to life; among whom are one of the officers, and two other of the ship's company: professing Christians, who had grown cold, and well nigh abandoned their hope in Christ, have been quickened, and all, I believe, have felt a new impulse heavenward. Our Methodist fellow-passengers have been profitable companions; and altogether our time has passed agreeably and profitably.

"And now we are in Africa, we all thank God. We have no desire to return to our dear, *dear* Fatherland. We love her—oh! how well! But God forbid that we should ever be willing to abandon a post of duty so manifestly assigned us by the Head of the

Church. We are happy in our present situation; and we shall be still more so when we get to our home.

"I have been on shore twice. Yesterday I called upon his Excellency the President of Liberia, in company with that very agreeable gentleman and officer, Captain Whittle, of the United States ship Dale. I called upon Rev. Mr. Crummell also, having been visited by him on board the Estelle. He is very well, as is his colleague, Rev. Mr. Green. I was favorably impressed with their intelligence.

"Trinity Church is going up slowly, that is, the foundation is being laid. The situation is a very agreeable one. Mr. Crummell speaks very encouragingly of the prospects of his rising church; and I have heard him favorably mentioned.

"To-day I visited the Legislature, which is now in session. The President delivered a message before the Legislature, and it was, such as all of his public efforts are, straightforward and excellent. President Roberts is a true man, admirably qualified for his position, which I am sorry to hear he will not continue to occupy.

"Every thing looks strange, and nature, doubly deeply interesting. We found letters here from Cape Palmas reporting all well. Mr. Horne has joined the host of the white-robed throng before the throne. The particulars of his death I have not heard. When we reach Cape Palmas, I will write again.

"ROBERT SMITH."

The event referred to in the close of the preceding letter, had cast a shade of gloom over the Mission.

We quote the particulars from the Bishop's letter to the Foreign Committee:

"The Rev. George W. Horne died at Rocktown on the 2d of October, 1854. He had long been in feeble health, and had, in fact, made all his arrangements to return to the United States. He expired, most unexpectedly to every one but his faithful, sorrowing wife. She alone was too fully aware of the certain failing of life and strength. At Mrs. Horne's request, I went to Rocktown, and remained with Mr. H. a week. At the expiration of the time he seemed much better. Indeed, he preached the Sunday after I left; but he became so unwell again, that the physician continued to visit him until the day before yesterday, when he reported him much improved. Such was the account I received last evening at Cavalla, about eight o'clock. At the same hour a note was penned to me from Rocktown, announcing his death. He continued to direct every thing connected with his family and himself to the last moment, and Mrs. H. thinks he was not aware his end was at hand.

"Mrs. Horne, I am thankful to find, bears her affliction with becoming resignation. She will return, by the first good opportunity, to her parents at Middletown, Ct. Her sweet child, thank God, is spared her, and is in very good health."

Mr. Augustus Rogers, the faithful and efficient teacher of the male native school at Cavalla, was compelled, by declining health, to withdraw from the Mission in October of this year. Not finding a vessel to carry him directly to the United States, and feeling the need of surgical assistance, he took passage to

Hamburgh, Germany, and there died, shortly after his arrival. In speaking of his loss to the school, the Bishop writes, under date of September 26:

"I have to divide with brothers Scott and Rambo the duties of school-teacher. We are assisted by Brownell and Kinckle, (native youths,) both of whom have made great improvement, and the former, I hope, by the beginning of next year, will be prepared to take the principal charge of the school. He and all the boys have made astonishing improvement under Mr. Rogers; and the school is now left in such a fine state of discipline, that my part is performed in it with pleasure. Still I hope you will send us some good teachers for boys as well as for girls. * * * * Amidst all our trials and tribulations for Jesus' sake, how blessed our consolations also!"

"At Mount Vaughan there has been a gracious visitation of the Spirit to the members of the High School. Eight boys (colonist) have made a profession of faith in Christ. The Spirit's influences were granted in the course of regular services and duties; and on this account we hope they will be more abiding in their effects. Brother Scott is spending this week at Cape Palmas, collecting and preparing candidates for confirmation. He writes me that St. Mark's has been favored with an outpouring of the Spirit. He has already a class of twenty for confirmation, including those from the High School."

After the death of Rev. Mr. Horne, Mr. Wright, who had been ordained priest on the 3d of September, took charge of the station at Rocktown, and continued to discharge the duties thereof—at the same time hav-

ing an oversight of his former station at Fishtown—until the month of March following, when failure of health compelled him to return to the United States.

One of the greatest trials of the faith of the missionary band, is to see important stations left vacant at a time, when, after years of patient waiting, the fruits begin to appear.

In addition to Rocktown and Fishtown, Taboo, thirty miles, and Rockbooka, twenty miles, east of Cape Palmas, have been left for several years without a white missionary.

In this connection, the following extract from the journal of one of the missionaries, comes with touching sadness to the ear:

"Went to Taboo to-day.

"On my return, I stopped at the site of the old mission-house at Rockbooka, a sweet spot, where a few years since the sacrifice of prayer and praise ascended daily to the triune God.

"As I walked among the fruit and flower trees, planted and reared by those who will never again look on them, my heart was filled with sadness, and I wondered if the time would ever come when this beautiful wilderness would bloom again.

"If God's ministers fully realized the awfully sad condition of the heathen of Africa, and their claims upon the Church for the only remedy for their degradation, this and other stations which have been opened would not long be deserted for the want of laborers.

"Are there not many pious young men in America—private members of the Church—who would esteem it a glorious privilege to be engaged in this most blessed work?"

Chapter Tenth.

"My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."—Mal. 1 : 11.

In March of this year, (1855,) Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo removed to Bassa Cove, one hundred and eighty miles north of Cape Palmas, to take charge of the new station opened at that point.

Under date of June 29th, Mr. R. writes: "I still continue to preach once and to lecture once at every Lord's day at this station, and once every fortnight at Lower Buchanan, when the lameness from which I am temporarily suffering will permit. My Bible class and lectures are also held in the course of each week. Our congregations are not large, but having no other place at present in which to officiate but a private dwelling, we can not expect so large and attentive an attendance as if we had a building for the purpose. The Sunday-school, which we opened a few weeks ago at Lower Buchanan, has now twenty-five pupils enrolled, most of whom are regular attendants. The examination of our High School took place ten days ago. The scholars, of whom there are as yet but seven, stood a fair examination. I am happy to say that two of these pupils are communicants, and a third is to be baptized on Sunday next. We have reason to hope that another will soon be added. I regularly

hear the recitations of Mr. McMerwin and Mr. Oliver. Both are likely to be useful as agents, if not deacons, to which they are now aspiring."

In April of the same year, the Orphan Asylum, after many delays, was sufficiently completed, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scott removed to Cape Palmas, to take charge of this institution, and of the mission station at that place.

Previous to this time, no white missionary of our Church had resided at Cape Palmas, though it had always been embraced within the limits of the Mission, and Mount Vaughan, the oldest mission building, is but three miles distant. The missionary residing there, and those at Cavalla, had regularly preached at the Cape.

About two years prior to this time, N. S. Harris, a member of the native school at Cavalla, asked the Bishop's permission to remove to Cape Palmas, and become a regular teacher to the people of his own tribe residing there.

On arriving at the Cape, Harris called the natives together, and told them that as there was no house yet ready at the Cape for a white missionary, he thought it was his duty to give them such instruction as he was qualified for, and that he, having been educated by the missionaries, felt himself prepared to teach the Gospel to them and their children. He then proposed to teach a boarding-school during the week, and to preach the Gospel in their towns on Sunday. The people gladly agreed, and in a short time he had a school collected at "Green Hill," a beautiful spot near the Cape, where a neat little house had been erected

for the purpose. Regularly on Sunday he went into the heathen towns around the Cape, and read and explained the Scriptures to his idolatrous countrymen. At first they gathered around him to hear the interesting fables, as they supposed the parables and miracles of our Lord and Saviour to be. In the course of a few months, however, they began to believe that there might be some truth in these strange stories; and, as conviction fastened upon their minds, one and another would shake his head gravely, and say to Harris: "*Hanh te ne ah pode*," "The thing, or word, you speak is true."

The remarkable zeal and earnestness of this young native teacher, combined with his great rhetorical powers, prepared him for more than ordinary usefulness. In season and out of season he preached the Gospel of Christ. It was evident to his people that there must be some power in the religion he professed, to account for his great devotion to his work. When they had seen white men laboring in this manner, they would say, "God has made white man to have a different fashion from black man;" but when they became the daily witnesses to the upright life of one of their own people, and saw him conduct himself, in every point, as a consistent Christian, they felt convinced that the white man's religion had power to turn Africans also from their wicked ways. The *Nyekbade*, or old men, passed a law prohibiting labor on the Sabbath; and a spirit of inquiry concerning religious matters appeared to have been aroused in the minds of the people generally. When Mr. Scott went up to the Cape every other week to preach, (as he did

for more than a year before he left Cavalla,) he found large congregations gathered to meet him, by the persevering efforts of this devoted teacher; and, by many, an earnest desire was expressed to be fully instructed in the Gospel.

Soon after Mr. Scott settled at the Cape, a commodious chapel (costing about three hundred and fifty dollars) was completed for the natives. This building, called Church of the Evangelists, was erected almost entirely by contributions from missionaries and colonists. The natives were exceedingly gratified to have a white missionary, and a place of worship that they could call their own. From this time, the congregation increased in size and in interest. The missionary divided his time between the colonists and natives, preaching in the morning at St. Mark's, the colonial church, and in the afternoon at the native chapel.

About this time, it was thought expedient to remove the native boarding school from Green Hill, to a beautiful plain on Hoffman river, in the immediate vicinity of the Cape. It is proposed to establish at this place, now called Hoffman Station, another Christian village. Already several young men, who are interested in the Gospel, have expressed a desire to remove to it; and we have reason to hope that the day is not far distant, when here, as at Cavalla, the voice of "thanksgiving and melody" shall be heard from the happy homes of many regenerated heathen.

The following extracts from the journals of missionaries, will give some idea of the nature of the work among the heathen:

"*Nov.* 21*st*, Mr. Scott writes: 'Went to Taboo to-day,

accompanied by Rev. C. F. Jones, and spent three days, during which time we preached at ten different towns among the Baboes and Plaboes.

"Had many animated discussions with the people on the subject of *gree-grees*, and found them very much more wedded to their superstitions than the Greboes, the difference to be attributed doubtless to the preaching of the Gospel to the latter, and their intercourse with the colonists at Cape Palmas.

"*Nov. 26th*, (*Sunday.*)—Preached at *Nyaro* this morning. Found *Hyano* very sick, but in a peaceful and happy frame of mind. By this sickness he is afforded an opportunity of showing his people that the Gospel has power to drive all superstitious fears from the mind. When any one among them is seriously ill, he is taken by his friends from his home, and conveyed secretly to some other house, from the fear that those who, they imagine, have produced the sickness, by means of witchcraft, will succeed in effecting his death. This old disciple has persisted in remaining in his own house, and walking in the town, when he is able, very much to the surprise of his people.

"*Nov. 29th.*—Saw a woman dead on the beach today. She and another of the wives of her husband had a quarrel, and agreed to settle it by both taking sassa-wood, which proved fatal in her case.

"*Dec. 1st.*—Lectured at St. Mark's this afternoon, preparatory to the Communion.

"*Dec. 3d*, (*Sunday.*)—Lectured to confirmation class, preached, and administered communion at St. Mark's Church this morning, and delivered an address at the monthly missionary meeting in the evening.

"*Dec.* 7*th.*—Delivered the address at the monthly missionary meeting at Cavalla this evening, giving a sketch of the progress of the Gospel in the Polynesian islands.

"*Dec.* 11*th.*—Heard this morning of an incident which well illustrates the disposition which prevails among the heathen of Africa to keep all on a common level. A man at *Dodo-lu* having made a good deal of money by collecting rock for the church at this place, excited the cupidity of his people; and they have determined to share his gains on the trifling pleas of his having detracted from the appearance of the entrance to the town, and taken a part of the rock from holy ground.

"There is among them scarcely any encouragement to more than enough industry to obtain the necessaries of life; for, as soon as one begins to lay by a portion of his gains, he becomes a prey to his ravenous people, who are never satiated until they have brought him to their own level; to get possession of his property, they often compel the unfortunate individual, under a false charge, to drink the deadly sassa-wood.

"*Dec.* 24*th*, (*Sunday.*)—Our Convocation services commenced this morning at St. Mark's Church. The Bishop preached at eleven o'clock, and confirmed twenty-three young persons, two of whom are connected with the congregation at Cavalla. Three others who are candidates for confirmation, were prevented being present by sickness and other causes. After confirmation, communion was administered, and in the afternoon sermons were preached by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wright.

"*Christmas-day.*—I preached the Convocation sermon this morning. In the afternoon we had a celebration of the two Sunday-schools of St. Mark's and Mount Vaughan. The children with their parents and teachers first assembled at St. Mark's, where they were addressed by the Bishop; after which they marched in procession, with a number of appropriate banners, to a pleasant spot on the point of the Cape, near the Orphan Asylum; here they sang two hymns, and listened to an address from Mr. Rambo, at the close of which refreshments were handed around; and, about sun-set, the exercises closed with the gift of a small book to every child connected with the schools.

"In the evening we held the usual missionary meeting of the Convocation, at which reports were read and addresses delivered. Thus closed the religious exercises of our Convocation, which were well attended throughout by attentive hearers.

"*Jan. 7th.*—Held the usual services at St. Mark's this morning, and preached in the largest native town of Cape Palmas in the afternoon.

"As I was urging upon the people the importance of taking the Lord for their guide during the year upon which we have just entered, I discovered a large *gree-gree*, which they had erected to aid them in clearing their farms. When I called their attention to it, and endeavored to show them the folly of putting their trust in wood and stone, instead of the great God, who made and sustains the world, many of them seemed ashamed. A majority of the leading men in Cape Palmas towns have lost confidence in *gree-grees;* but, like the philosophers among the ancient Romans, they

think it inexpedient to oppose the superstitions of the multitude. Not unfrequently we meet with persons who profess to have no faith in the efficacy of *gree-grees* —merely keeping them about the house to frighten off rogues.

"Just before the hour for service, a large delegation from a tribe in the interior arrived. When the congregation assembled, a number—probably thirty-five—of these wild beings came to our place of meeting, in front of the Bodia's house; but on seeing a white face, they retired in alarm. With some difficulty, the town people persuaded them to return, and hear what the *Kubi*, or white man, had to say. They listened with eager curiosity to the preaching of the Gospel, and some of them heard, for the first time in their lives, of the Saviour who died to redeem them.

"When asked, after the sermon, what they thought of the Word, one replied that they liked it and wished to have it preached over again, evidently not that they believed it, but because its novelty pleased them.

"They were, without exception, the oddest, most grotesque-looking specimens of humanity we have ever seen. Low in stature, lean in flesh, and shrivelled in skin, with stupid countenances, they formed a striking contrast, both in physical and intellectual development, to the natives of the Cape Palmas towns, who are, for the most part, strong, athletic, and erect in form, with features indicative of decided sprightliness of mind.

"The question naturally arises, *What makes the difference between these tribes?* And the answer is one full of encouragement to all friends of the race, namely,

contact with enlightened and Christian people. A large proportion of the coast people serve as *kroomen*, or sailors, in the vessels of various enlightened nations, and have brought home new ideas, which serve in some degree to expand their minds.

"Even where they have failed to receive the truths of the Gospel, their superstitions have been materially modified by the influence of Christian colonies; for example, the Cape Palmas heathen, in the congregation alluded to, displayed very few *gree-grees*, while the Bushmen had a great number hung about their bodies. The latter seemed scarcely able to believe that there could be, in any part of the world, a people who had no faith in *gree-grees*.

"The Grebo tribe is evidently being gradually prepared for the full reception of the Gospel. A good proportion of them are already intellectually acquainted with its saving truths, and all that they now need to enable them to come out decidedly on the Lord's side, is an outpouring of the Holy Spirit: for this let all the people of God earnestly pray.

"*Feb.* 13*th.*—As Mrs. S. and myself were walking out this afternoon, we witnessed a most pitiable sight. A woman had run away from her husband at Rocktown, and his friends were dragging her back by main force, while she was resisting with all her strength. Just as we came up, they plunged her head foremost into a stream of water again and again, but finding that she still continued to resist, they beat her most cruelly, and dragged her along like a log through the sand. The last we saw of her, she was looking back imploringly for help, while her cries were borne to us on the evening air.

"*Feb. 24th.*—After service in town, I had a long discussion with a demon-doctor from the interior. He contended more earnestly than any one I have met, for the truth of his system; and assured me I would be regarded as a fool by his people for opposing the Gospel to gree-grees. He said he could foretell future events, and told me of a number of things, about which he had prophesied correctly. Upon my asking him, by way of trial, what would become of me, he replied that he could tell me but for the book I had with me —thus pretending to regard the Christian's Bible as a gree-gree.

"It is most sad to think what a fearful influence these demon-men have over the poor heathen of Africa."

From the journal of the Rev. Robert Smith we select the following interesting extracts:

"*Jan. 24th.*—Visited *Dodo-lu* and *Orânh-Idiade* this afternoon, with Rev. C. F. Jones as interpreter. Found numbers of the women beating rice, and as it seemed expedient, urged upon them the necessity of fleeing from the wrath to come, and turning to God with their whole heart. They seem to be destitute of every true emotion—as hard-hearted and lifeless as the rocky promontory on which their towns are built. They yield an unquestioning assent to every thing I say, and yet I know that they do not feel the force of one blessed truth which they hear. They seem to be almost totally devoid of truthfulness, and, indeed, of every ennobling principle. But surely this is their strongest plea to the servants of Christ to remain among them, and by all means endeavor to elevate them from their low estate.

"*Jan. 27th.*—A man came to me soon after breakfast, and three others from *Dodo-lu* about noon, to be instructed in reading. I like their bearing, and the interest they manifest in their simple lessons betokens something good in store for them.

"In the afternoon I passed through the towns, as usual, announcing that the morrow was Sunday, and that they must come and hear me preach. The uniform answer was, 'Yes,' and a promise to comply with my request; but not more than a dozen ever fulfill their engagements. The others 'go to bush,' to work on their farms, or spend the day in fishing—some few in idleness.

"One of the head men of *Oranh-Idiade* received me very coolly, and, at the same time, said he would not allow us to come to his town to preach, because we did not pay him for the use of his house and yard. This was false: but he thought, as I was a 'new man,' I would not know that he receives an allowance for the use of his house and yard, and would agree to pay him extra. I simply replied that we did pay him; we gave him and his people the most precious things in the world; we told them how they might obtain riches that endure forever. This did not satisfy him, and he arose and went away, muttering that, if he said so, not one person would come to hear me.

"With one man of sprightly mien, I had a long discussion about the duty of renouncing gree-grees for the service of God. He contended quite earnestly that, as their grandfathers and fathers had used gree-grees, and commanded them to do the same, and as it was country custom, they are justified in holding on to

them. At any rate, it was hard, under these circumstances, to change their religion.

"I replied that they could do so if they chose; but that they had long heard the Word of God, which forbids all dependence on such vile objects, and if they still refused to obey it, and to cast away their gree-grees, and turn to God, He would leave them to perish in their sins. As to its being hard to change their religion, if they would all agree to do so, it would not be hard. And what did it matter, that their forefathers trusted in gree-grees, and that it had become country fashion to do so? Suppose it were country fashion to cut people's heads off, would he then follow the fashion?

"He replied, that, if it were country custom to cut off people's heads, and, if their fathers had told them to do so, he would cut off every man's head in town.

"'Very well,' said I, 'here is one way, (drawing a straight line in the sand with my cane,) and here is another, (making a very crooked one.) Now, that is God's way, and it is a good way. But, if you follow it, you must cast away all your gree-grees, and turn to God with all your heart, and serve Him.'

"He replied that, if he did so, countryman would laugh at him. That they laugh at the Christians about Cavalla, and say that they have left country fashion, because they do not like to work; and have but one wife, because they are too lazy to support more.

"I told him it was not true that the Christians at Cavalla are lazy; for they do a great deal more work than other people. And what if country people did laugh? Let them laugh; it could not hurt him.

Some people in my country laughed at me for wanting to come so far to preach the Gospel to his people. But when I knew it was right for me to come, I did not mind what they said or did. And so it should be with him. He ought to obey God, and let countryman laugh as much as he pleased. Such was the tenor of our conversation; and it ended by his saying that he loved this way, and had put his son in our school. That his son is in school is true; but that he put him there from the motive he professed is questionable.

"*Sunday, Jan. 28th.*—No trouble to-day from the head man of *Oranh-Idiade*, as I feared yesterday. Congregation larger than usual. One man said I did not come to them from my own country because I loved them, but to make money. To this they all seemed to agree. They also intimated that I ought to pay them for coming to hear me.

"An old man in Dodo-lu made great professions of his own and his people's rejection of gree-grees and attachment to the Gospel. I knew there was not a word of truth in what he said; but simply requested him to give me some evidence of his sincerity. He said they prayed to God every evening and morning. I replied that they could not have love for God, as they would not acknowledge themselves to be great sinners; and that no man can love God, until he has felt that he is a lost sinner, and has found pardon through Jesus Christ. Another old man said I was a 'new man,' and did not understand what they were. I replied, that I was indeed a new man amongst them, but, that I had seen a great many people, and found they all had bad hearts; and I was sure those of his

people were like all others. They all rejected the counsel of God against themselves; and if I succeed in bringing any of them from the depths to which they are sunk, it will assuredly be by the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit.

"*Jan. 30th.*—Met a novitiate devil-doctor, with whom I had an animated discussion. He said he had been to sea as a krooman; had returned home in bad health; and, after suffering for three years, was told by a doctor that he could get well only by himself turning doctor. At first he was unwilling to do this; but finally the devil took him up and shook him, and told his heart that he must become a doctor. He seemed thoroughly persuaded that the devil had called him to this office, and was therefore not prepared for my mode of attack.

"'Well,' said I, 'you say the devil told you to become doctor?' 'Yes.'

"'And you are obeying the devil?' 'Yes.'

"'Then you are the devil's man. You are a very bad man; and you will do the people a great deal of harm.'

"'No. Me no be devil's man. Me no be wicked.'

"'Yes you are; and if I were your people, I would put you in jail; for you will do much evil, if you go abroad.'

"'Put me in jail! Me no be bad man.'

"'Indeed you are; for the devil, you know, is very wicked, and you are learning to be a devil-man. The missionaries have come far over the ocean, to teach your people to cast away their gree-grees, and become the people of God, and no longer serve the devil; and