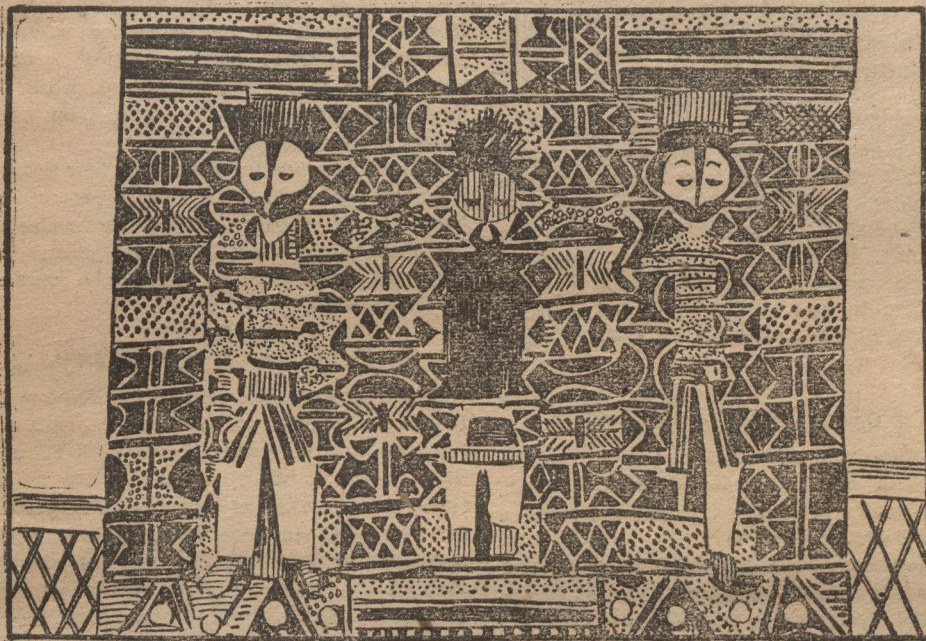


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FETISH IMAGES CARVED IN RELIEF PLACED ON ROADSIDE AT ENTRANCE OF TOWNS IN ZOMBO.

In the Zombo Country.

(Rev. T. Lewis, in 'Baptist Missionary Herald.')

'Zombo is a name given to an extensive tract of country lying to the east of San Salvador, and about 100 miles distant. The name is often applied to a wider area than that branch of the Congo family known as Zombos. Zombo proper has an area of over 3,000 square miles, and is very thickly populated. From native reports we were prepared to see large townships, but we were astonished to find so many people everywhere. Nowhere on the lower Congo

is there anything that can bear comparison with Zombo for population, and without any reservation we can say that this district presents a most promising field for missionary work.

'Superstition and heathenism are rampant everywhere, and the moral and spiritual darkness is simply appalling. We witnessed sights and scenes which are only possible to the most degraded of human beings. They know nothing of God; they have the name of God in their language, and upon their lips, but what idea the name conveys to their mind it is difficult to say. An example of this vagueness is seen in the fact

that on several occasions they addressed me by that name, and on my remonstrating with them and explaining that we were only men teaching them of God and his love to us all, they insisted upon calling me "Son" of God. Such things are very revolting to one's feelings, but it shows their utter darkness and ignorance of spiritual things. In Zombo the houses and towns are full of fetishes and charms; we came across many fetishes which even our carriers had never seen before. One thing interested us all, and we found it in many towns. It was a "trap to catch the devil." It was cleverly arranged—sometimes on the square space where the people met for palavers, and sometimes in the houses—with cord loops and cane springs, and they had special charms to attract their prey into it. The idea was very commendable, and the trap would be a great blessing to the world at large if it were successful. But they all confessed that the trap had not caught yet! I enclose two photographs, which will serve as samples of carved images, placed by the roadside to guard the entrance into the towns.'

Pellet of Mud for Dr. Barnardo

(By Dr. Barnardo, in 'Christian Herald.')

I had had a bad half-hour, although it was on a lovely but broiling hot Sunday in July. Surrounded by a little band of earnest colleagues, I had been holding open-air services, as was my manner on Sundays, at the corners of many of the mean streets and dingy lanes of Limehouse Fields. But the opposition was out in force! A hooting, yelling mob was round us, and it was with difficulty we preserved our cohesion and avoided absolute conflict. The missiles aimed at us more often missed their aim than not, but they were just as disastrous in diverting attention.

At the corner of Eastfield street, when we began our opening hymn, cold water was very literally thrown upon the proceedings by an elderly lady, as she would call herself, who dexterously emptied a large can upon us from the window of a tenement, against which we had sought shelter. The hilarious crowd hailed this incident with shrieks of laughter. It was, in their eyes, a good practical joke, which made these religious people look supremely ridiculous! But we were young and ardent, and we sang aloud:

'Let us never mind the scoffs and frowns of the world,

For we all have the cross to bear.'

And we meant it all. But at this juncture a clever little rascal at the edge of the crowd felt that the time had arrived to distinguish himself. A good deal of water had fallen on the dusty pavement and gutter. This he had industriously scooped up with his hands, kneading into it as much of the summer dust and street-sweepings as could be conveniently gathered, while we, in ignorance of what was in store for us, sang our ditty.

By-and-by, with closed eyes and heads reverently bared, we besought our Father's blessing upon the gathering crowd. But our closed eyes gave the young marksman the opportunity he wanted. He had now gathered about a dozen soft pellets of well-kneaded mud and street refuse, each some-

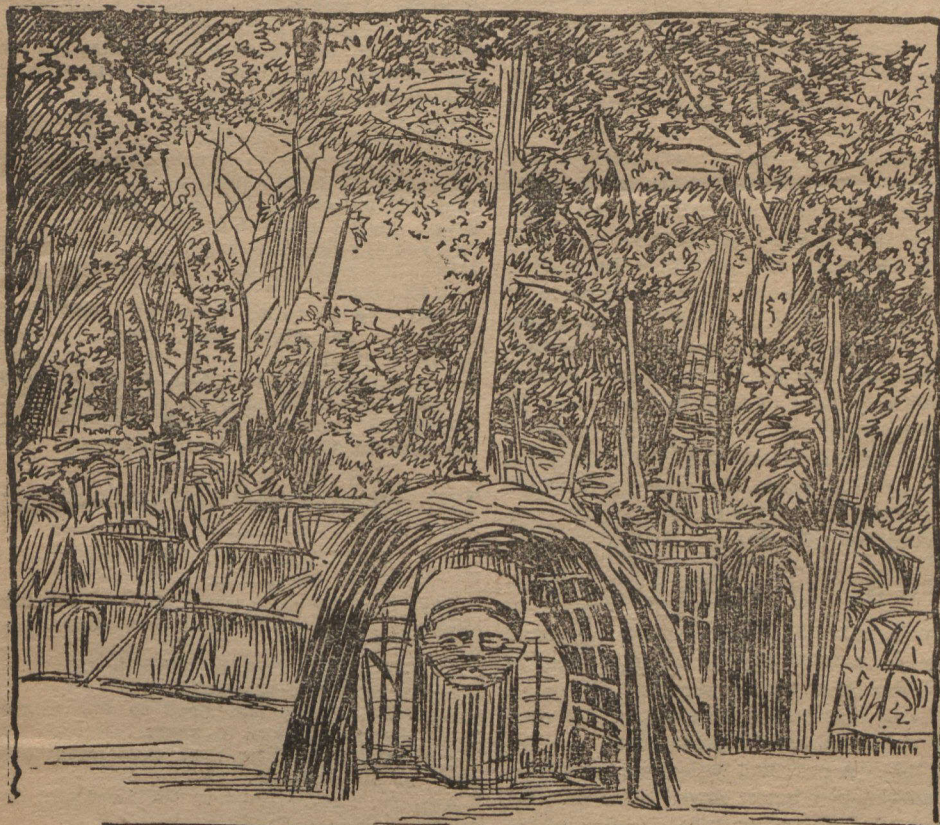


IMAGE AT ENTRANCE OF A ZOMBO TOWN.