

run screaming at first, but soon regain courage enough to come back and join the procession. Everybody begins screaming for somebody to come and see the wonderful thing that is passing. People from the near gardens, hearing the racket, rush home, and the men of the next village snatch up their ever ready weapons and come running to see if it may be an attack. As I go on from village to village, the crowd increases until they swarm behind and on both sides of me, forming a half circle of which I am the centre.

As they are all talking at the highest pitch of their voices the noise is simply distressing. Out of the babel of voices I can catch such exclamations as, "Oh my mother!" "Is it really myself?" "And am I dead?" "Isn't he a beauty?"—and others that will not bear repetition. These from the ladies. The men are more dignified, but more disagreeable. They would crowd into the places next to me, and then as we went on through the towns they would act as if they had me in charge, telling me when I must stop, and giving all sorts of directions. To the crowds of new comers we were constantly meeting they would shout all kinds of information about me and the object of my journey, usually so absurdly false that I often felt bound to stop and try to correct the impression they were giving. This it was not easy to do in a few words. If I said, "I have come to tell you about God, and not to buy rubber or ivory," then some one who had heard some rumors of what we teach would begin shouting to the crowds an outline of our teachings, but such a caricature of the truth that it made me shudder sometimes. According to these accounts the central doctrine of our system seemed to be the eternal punishment of pretty much everybody, except the individual who was giving the information, and his list of sins, of which he took it for granted all but himself were guilty, was fearfully orthodox, but will not bear repetition.

Disgusted at last beyond endurance, I would attempt to silence the worst offender, usually the man who was following close at my heels, who for the last half hour, perhaps, had been shouting his information into my ears. So I would turn and tell him he knew nothing about me, and I wished he would keep quiet: that I would myself stop in a little while and talk to the people. At this he would laugh, as much as to say, "I have gotten the 'thing' started to talk," and then he would shout to the crowd behind what I had said, as if it had been the performance of a parrot. By this time I was getting out of humor, and I would turn and request him in plain terms to keep quiet. At this he would laugh again, and shout to the people behind, "He says keep quiet." Then I would turn and explain, "It is not the people behind whose noise is troubling me: it is *you* who are walking close to me and shouting in my ears." But it was useless, he would turn to the crowd behind and begin abusing them for making such a noise, shouting, if possible, louder than ever.

Then, if I was wise, I gave it up and went on, allowing him to say what he pleased. But sometimes I was by this time too angry to be wise,