

and the great lakes as their general eastern limit, while the western one is formed by the Niger and the back-country behind the coast of Lower Guinea.

Now that we have seen where these waters-of-death flow, we need to note their moral and physical effects upon the natives. While the African has always liked to get (in)gloriously drunk, and brewed his own drinks ages before white men appeared, yet his beers and wines are milk-and-water beside European spirits. When an African drinks, he intends to get dead-drunk; and unexplainable peculiarities of the Oriental constitution or temperament make it exceptionally susceptible to the effects of alcohol. The African has neither the stamina nor the will to withstand brandy, gin and rum. If he drinks them once, an appetite forms itself which he is as powerless to kill as the prince who permitted Satan to kiss him on the shoulders was to tear away the serpents that grew out of his body where the fiend's lips touched human flesh. The poison of distilled spirits, with the deadliness of the climate and the vices of heathenism, destroys body and soul. Nature-peoples must be sober or die; and unless saved from drunkenness, European liquors make moral Frankensteins for whom and with whom nothing can be done. The natural cruelty and bloodthirstiness of Africans are kindled by "crazy waters" into the madness of demons. On the Gold Coast drunkenness is so common that it is customary not to visit native officials after dinner. No street-preaching is allowed in the evening, for no man dare face the intoxicated multitude. Funerals are horrible with rum and powder, \$500 being sometimes drunk and burned. At times a whole village is intoxicated. Many sleep with bottles as pillows, and drink during the night. In the Congo language the nearest word that missionaries could find to translate "sober" means "a man who cannot get drunk, whatever the amount he may drink." At the diamond mines of Kimberley the native workers have to be locked into their compounds after work-hours, to prevent them from obtaining drink. From as far north as the Zambesi natives flock to the mining industries. They come comparatively decent folk. There are 50,000 working in that city of diamonds. They return hopelessly polluted. In Madagascar many of the Hova aristocracy consider it the height of manliness and social standing to drink and smoke. At Zanzibar the porters from the interior waste their year's wage in a week's orgy. Almost everywhere the negro's former faith in the Englishman's word is shattered by a conviction that his governmental pledges are waste-paper. Through the ages there has been no peace in Africa, but this modern merchandise has made its unhappy peoples twofold more the children of hell. In one village the Christian church was once seated with gin-boxes! In another town Christians subscribed to build a *mosque*, because Muhammadans would bring no drink, but increase in the ranks of "Christians" meant increased imports of liquor.

II. *The Impossibility of Christianizing Africa in the Face of this Traffic.*