



LIFE

AMONG

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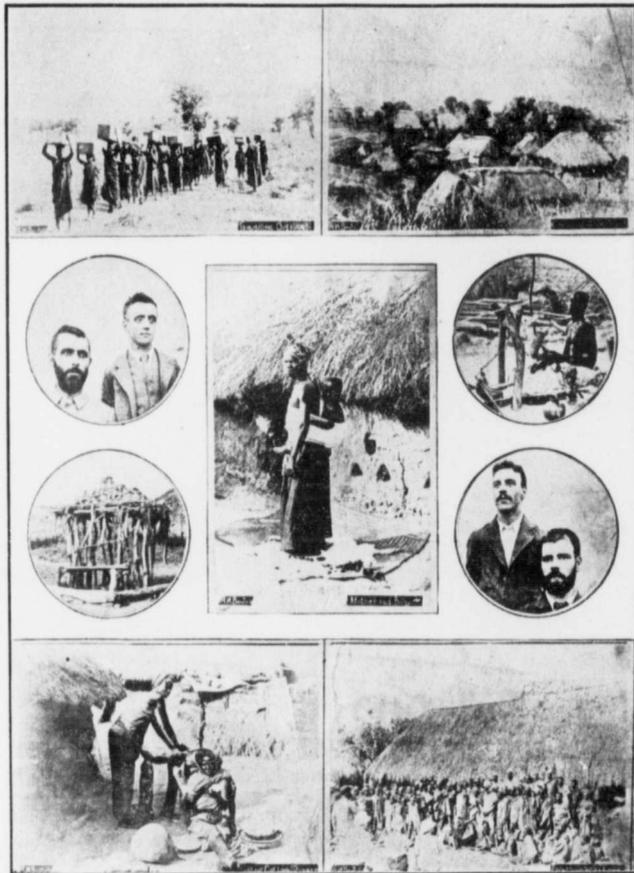
NUPE

TRIBE

WEST AFRICA.



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The Missionaries and their Surroundings.

**LIFE AMONG THE
NUPE TRIBE**

IN
WEST AFRICA



BY
A. W. BANFIELD.

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BERLIN, ONT.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

When the work of publishing this book was first thought of, we had in mind a smaller book, but when Bro. Banfield returned from Africa, and we saw what material he had gathered, we felt that it would not be doing the work justice, so we concluded to get out a large book. We are sure this book will create a deeper interest in that needy field, among the people in the home land than there now is. We have concluded to use all the profits realized from the sale of this book in the work Mr. and Mrs. Banfield expect to take up when they return to Africa. If you, dear reader, can sell one or more copies to your friends, and wish to do it without having any profit from it for yourself, you will help this work on to that extent.

H. S. HALLMAN, Berlin, Ont.

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INTRODUCTION

A few remarks will be necessary to state some reasons why this book has been placed before the public.

The object in arranging such a book as this is to give the public a general idea of that part of the great West Coast of Africa, known as Nigeria, and especially Northern Nigeria, which is Great Britain's latest Protectorate.

Another object has been to give the people of America some idea of how the people of Nigeria live from day to day, their customs, religions, home life, industries, etc., etc., and the many other things of interest that surround a people living in the heart of Africa.

Most of these photographs were made from time to time by the writer who went out in 1901 with the pioneer party of the Africa Industrial Mission, and who stayed in the country for over three years before returning home. It was during his furlough at home that these cuts were made, the articles written, and the book printed, so the amount of time allowed was not very long.

The writer has by no means tried to exhaust, but rather has aimed at writing only short, spicy articles on the photos he made during his stay in the country.

Should this book awaken any interest in the home lands that will result in the sending forth of more Gospel messengers to this needy field, his labors will have proved a blessing, and God will be glorified among these people.

A. W. BANFIELD.

Toronto, March 1st, 1905.

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A SLAVE GIRL.

price of these being about sixty dollars. Next comes a man or woman from twenty to thirty who will bring about forty dollars. A man or woman over that age is hard to get rid of. While an old man or woman is not wanted by anyone and could not be sold. In most cases the slaves are well treated, and if they behave themselves have as good chances as any one else.

The king often buys a horse for his slaves and when he goes on another slave raiding trip he will take them with him, and they are as eager to get slaves for their master now as his other servants were to get him.

One of the greatest reasons why slavery has been carried on to such an extent in West Africa has been the lack of good currency. For years back the currency used by the people has been a sea shell, and the value of these is so small that it takes one thousand to be the equivalent of six cents. Imagine then a king with his thousands of dollars worth of cowerie shells as they are called. Where would he put them? If he was to put them in houses he would need large bins such as we use for coal, and for fear of being robbed would have to put men in charge of these store houses. Rather than store such a bulk as this, the king or any one else who may have a lot of money, buys some slaves, and these are to him the same as his money was. When he runs short of money he sells one of his slaves, so the slaves are really to him what we call a bank account.

But not every one is able to buy a slave and still they may have more money than they can watch over. They also do just what the rich man has done, only on a smaller scale. They will buy a goat, some cloth, a sheep, or anything else they can easily put away. Women who have money and do not care to invest it in slaves, buy valuable stones which they wear around their waist, a string of these being worth any way from five to twenty-five dollars.

We believe that since the English currency has been introduced into the country, it will in a large measure do away with slavery, and we have reason to believe this, having watched how the natives are asking for the English coin in preference to their shells. At present the smallest coin in use in the country is a three penny piece, this is altogether too large an amount of money for the natives to use as an all-round currency, when we consider that it does not cost a man much more than three cents a day to live. What the native needs is a coin about the value of a quarter of a cent, so that he can use it in purchasing small articles. The foregoing is a photo of a slave girl.

A SLAVE GIRL.



BEFORE the British Government took over that great part of the West Coast of Africa now known as Northern Nigeria, it was under the rule of the Fulah tribe, who are a people very fond of war and power. Their aim seemed to be that of bringing every one under their rule and to accomplish this they would use some of the most cruel means that a human being could think of. A Fulah king would go out from his city with two or three hundred soldiers and passing through his own country would come upon some small tribe who up to that time had been living peaceably and attending to their own farms, and had no desire to make war with any one. The king would attack this town, and if he succeeded in getting into it, he would kill the men who had resisted him and then carry off the boys and girls as slaves. After they had gathered the spoil together, the king would pick out the choice ones among those taken for himself, and then after he had given one or two to each of his chiefs, he would give the rest in charge of one of his soldiers to bring them to his city. The king and his men would then move on to another town and do the same to it as they had done to the one before it. These kings were not always successful in getting slaves at every village, for at some places they were met by sturdy men who were able to defend themselves and drive off the intruder.

On returning home the king would again make a pick among the slaves taken, some to be his wives and others to be farm hands. After this he would offer the rest for sale. These slaves would be taken to the market from day to day until the price asked for was obtained. A girl or boy between

the ages of fourteen and twenty will bring more money than any one else, the



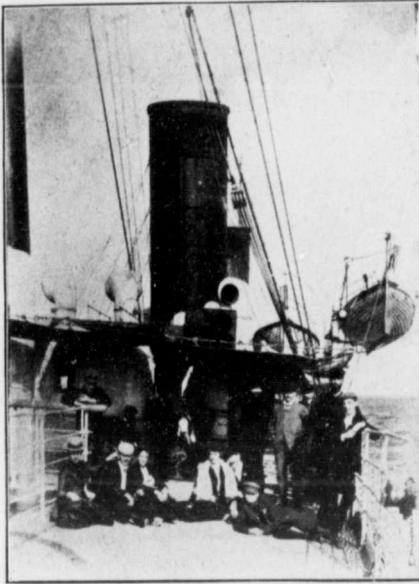
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... TRAVELLING IN AFRICA...



ON THE LUCANIA, CROSSING FROM
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.



ON THE WAY TO AFRICA.



LEAVING Liverpool on October 30th per Royal Mail Steamer Bornu, we at once prepared ourselves for a long journey. Next day we were sailing in the Bay of Biscay, and owing to the roughness of the sea, many of our fellow passengers were not to be seen at the tables, after this however, we had very calm weather and as all came on deck it was not long before we were acquainted and each knew where the other was going. Many of the men were miners going to work at the Gold

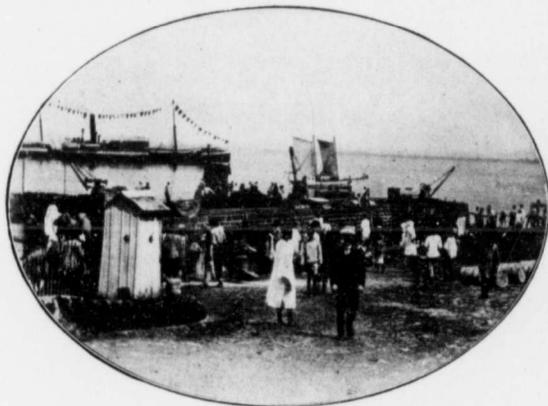
Coast mines, where they are offered special inducements to run the risks of that climate. We also had another class of passengers, consisting of military men, majors and captains, going to the Protectorate, some to office duties and others to train native soldiers. Well were we classed as a musical crowd when we had both major and minor (miner) on board.

After we had spent thirteen days out at sea, we reached Sierra Leone, where we stayed for some hours. Many of our passengers went ashore here to see the town. During our stay we were more than molested with natives coming aboard trying to sell fruit and curios of the country. It is very hard to buy anything from these people as they ask such unreasonable prices. They have the idea that the white man is made of money and therefore will pay any price they may ask. At this port we bade farewell to some of our passengers whom we felt would never see England again.

Just as the sun was setting we weighed anchor and sailed out to sea again. Two days later we reached another coast town where some of our passengers went ashore. From this time on we made one or two stops every day, till on Monday morning November 18th, we reached the mouth of the Niger river, and it became our turn to disembark.



ON THE WAY TO AFRICA.



SIERRA LEONE HARBOR.

SIERRA LEONE HARBOR.



SIERRA Leone was our first stop, after being on the boat thirteen days, and we were pleased to know from the captain that we would be staying four or five hours, so that many of the passengers could avail themselves of a change by going ashore.

No sooner had we dropped anchor, than about one hundred canoes put out from the shore, each containing two men, who coming on board offered to bring any passenger ashore for twenty-five cents. They did not state how much they would charge to bring you back.

After a while we made arrangements with one man to bring us both ways for fifty cents, and also stating that he was not to receive his money till we returned. This was agreed on and we had two hours on shore. At this point the captain of the boat hired about one hundred of the natives who came on board to handle the cargo for the different points on the coast. These go right to the end of the trip, and returning, are put off again at their own town. One can hardly imagine what a job the purser had to get the men he wanted, as many more than that number came aboard. At last he got his men; and weighing anchor we sailed away to sea again.

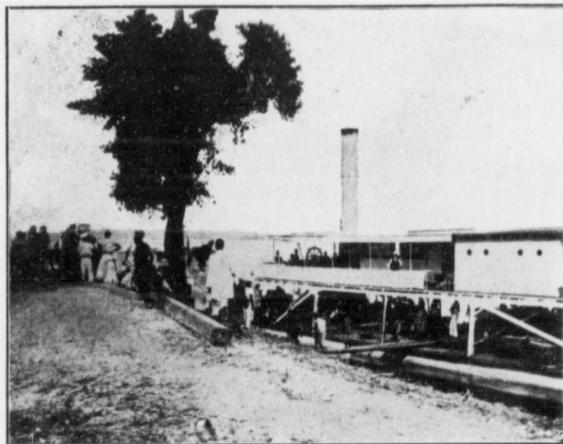
ARRIVING AT LOKOJA.



DISSEMBARKING from the Ocean Liner, we were placed upon the Government boat, which was to be our home for six days more, bringing us from the mouth of the Niger River to Lokoja. The boat looks like one that is only half finished, but that is not the case. The sides are left open, so that it will be more comfortable sailing, as the weather is very warm. We passed many native villages on the river bank, and sometimes would get a sight of the native Ju Ju house where they kept their god. These people along the banks of the Niger are almost wild, and have been up to the present almost entirely untouched by the white man.

In conversation with another white missionary, he told me that while travelling along the bank of the river he got out of his way and got among a lot of people who were cannibals. He thought he would now be killed, but such was not the case, for the chief showed him much kindness, and gave him a house to sleep in for the night. He told me that when he looked up to the ceiling he counted twenty skulls of human beings that had been eaten by the man of the house, and thankful to God that his had not made the number twenty-one, he asked to be shown the way back to the village he had strayed from.

We also saw much fine scenery as we ploughed up this river in our flat bottomed boat. The paddle wheel at the stern of the boat left a long road of waves rising and falling like the waves in a hay field caused by the wind. After reaching Lokoja, the crew at once set to work to unload the boat, and during that time this photo was made.



ARRIVING AT LOKOJA.



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REST HOUSES FOR WEARY TRAVELLERS.

stay with their neighbors. It had been better for the white man if they had not left their house. He is now sent for, and shown to his new home for the night. It is hard to describe one's feeling after he has crawled through the door and stands upright in the house. The cobwebs hanging from the straw roof become entangled in his hair, and falling dust fills his eyes, while the smell fills his nose, and the heat of the room causes him to fill his handkerchief with perspiration, and himself is soon filled with indignation.

REST HOUSES FOR WEARY TRAVELLERS.



THESE are built just outside of the village, and serve a good purpose. One only needs to travel a short time in Africa to feel the need of a rest house. Formerly there were none of these, and the weary traveller after walking all day under a tropical sun, not knowing where he would sleep that night, is at last comforted by the increased speed of his men, and looking up sees a village before him, but alas, his trouble has only started, for, after asking the chief to give him a house to sleep in, he is told to wait awhile, and some one is sent to turn a family out of their quarters, as a white man has come. It is no trouble to the person turned out, as they just go and

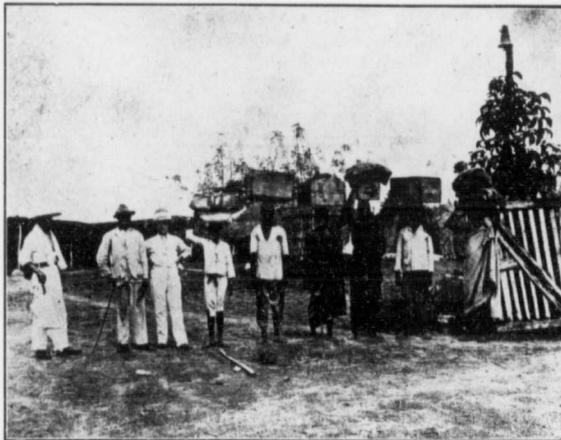
GOING TO VIEW THE LAND,



AFTER a short stay at Lokoja, we decided to make trips into the surrounding country to see the land so that we could decide on a suitable place for a mission station. Several of these trips were made in different directions, and the picture shows one of the party starting out for the Bassa country.

As there are no waggon roads everything has to be carried by the natives on their heads. One does well to take only what things he needs, as the difficulties to be met on the road are sometimes both numerous and great.

On one occasion while out on a trip into the country, one of our party was attacked by the natives just as he was entering the village, and had he not jumped behind a house he might have been shot by a poisoned arrow which was pointed at him by one of the natives. This part of the country is not very safe and there is not much liberty in travelling through it. Of late the Government have been trying to bring the people under control, but it has not been done without loss of life on both sides. The people are more savage and independent than those found further north, and do not show any too much love for the white man.



LOKOJA.



CARRYING A STOVE.

in the house and got my camera and just as he came along I pressed the bulb. On inquiring how it happened that one man should carry the whole load, my man said that they had tried my way, but they could not walk together, then seven of them lifted the stove and placed it on this fellow's head, and he carried it along while they cheered him. The man carried the stove for over one mile and got the equivalent of twelve cents for his work. The stove weighed over four hundred pounds.

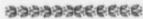
CARRYING A STOVE.



ANY times we had talked the matter over regarding the best way to bring up our stove to the new compound; so calling our man, I told him to go to the king and get eight men, who would help him carry the stove, also telling him to cut two large poles and put the stove on these so that four men could carry it together. He left me, telling me that they would bring it up alright.

About two hours later I heard some drumming, and shouting, and blowing of instruments, and going to the front of our compound, I saw, to my surprise, a man with our stove on his head, and a crowd following him and cheering him along. I ran

TRAVELLING OVERLAND.



S there are no wagons in Nigeria that one can use to carry their baggage, everything has to be carried on the natives' heads.

The picture shows the writer on his way home, travelling from Bida to Dakman, where he was to get a boat and sail down the Niger river to the Coast. These men had carried their loads for fourteen miles and each one received fifteen cents for his work. The young man leading the party is carrying a large trunk which weighed one hundred pounds. The others all have loads of about seventy-five pounds each. The man standing in front of the horse has the work of providing food for the horse. Many would think that this would not be a hard job, and have the idea that grass is to be found every place in Africa. Such is not the case, for in some places the ground is very sandy and will not grow anything. In the dry season which lasts from November to March, the task of getting grass for horses is very difficult, and often after the party have travelled all day and have reached the village where they are to sleep, the horse man is obliged to wander for hours around the country in search of grass. As oats, hay or wheat do not grow in this part of the country, the horse is obliged to live mostly on green grass, which makes him very soft. The boy in front of him is my cook, who, when we reach a place where we will sleep, goes out and gathers wood and makes a fire, and does my cooking.



TRAVELLING OVERLAND.

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TRAVELLING BY CANOE.

TRAVELLING BY CANOE.



TRAVELLING on the river by canoe affords a few more comforts than travelling overland, but these are lost sight of on account of the many inconveniences that the traveller is often put to. He is cramped into a narrow canoe with barely room to move his feet, while all his belongings are packed in as best the native knows how. One hardly ever gets one of these canoes that does not leak "a little" as the native says, so I found the best way was to do as he does, go barefooted. Sitting down all day under a mat that has been propped up on poles, and watching the men push the canoe with long bamboo poles is rather a dreary time, but the hours pass by quickly as the scenery is always changing,

and lots to keep one interested while travelling along the banks of the Niger river. In the evening the canoe is brought alongside a sand bank, and here the traveller unpacks his camp-bed and sets it up on the shore where he is to sleep, thankful in the morning if he has had a quiet night, unmolested by wild animals.

ON THE MARCH TO PATIGI.



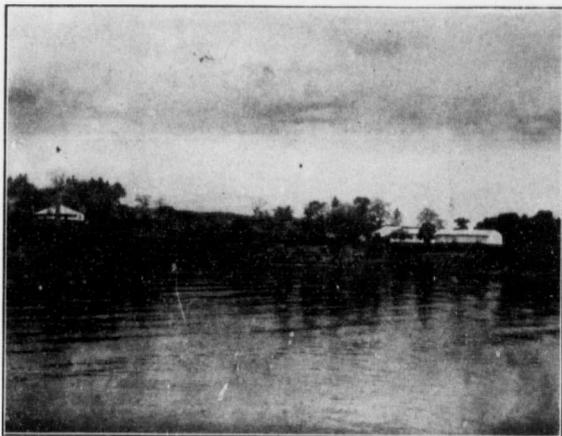
AFTER we had completed our grass houses at Patigi, our next step was to have all our goods taken from Edogie and brought to our new home. We had some sixty loads, and knowing that one of the chiefs could get us carriers, we left the whole thing in his care. The next morning he had over one hundred men, women and children down at our camp, and in a very short time they were putting the loads on their heads and moving off. So quickly was it done that we hardly realized it till we saw them all going to Patigi. When we came to pay the people, we thought to pay each carrier separately, but they were too much for us, and our old chief would not have it done that way; he said we should pay him, and let him pay the people. We did so, and afterwards learned that he had kept all the money himself. Had we known that our man would have done such a thing we would not have given him all the money, because we ourselves were put to much trouble for some days after. Many of the people came back and told us that they had not been paid and thought we should pay them. On another occasion I hired some women to carry some potatoes for me and to make sure that they got their money I paid them myself. Later on I found that my teacher who was one of the head men had followed the women to the market, and by telling some lies and frightening them, had succeeded in getting the money from them. One would not think that they would be so cute as this, but it is a case where those in power lord over those under them.



ON THE MARCH TO PATIGI.

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...SOME NATIVE TOWNS AND VILLAGES...



IDAH ON THE NIGER RIVER.

with high hills of red clay and granite rock stand in all their natural beauty.

Idah is an important station because it is the boundary line of the Northern and Southern Governments, and also a trading station of the Royal Niger Company.

IDAH ON THE NIGER RIVER.



THIS pretty village is situated on the Niger river about three hundred miles from the coast. One is struck with the beauty of the place, not that the natives have made it beautiful, but because the natural lay of the river bank is such as catches the eye. The high stone banks rising out of the river, almost perpendicular, together with the lovely hills in the background, make it a spot not to be forgotten, especially after one has passed through the Niger delta which is nothing less than a large bog extending for miles on either side of the river. It is at this point that the scenery changes and one no longer sees low marsh banks and swamps which are densely covered with an undergrowth, but a hilly country now opens up before the traveller,

LOKOJA ON THE NIGER RIVER.



THIS city is situated at the junction of the Niger and Benue rivers, about five hundred miles from the coast. Lokoja cannot be said to be a beautiful city, but it is a busy city, the population being about twenty thousand. This city is the great metropolis of the Niger, and just as has been said that all roads lead to Rome, so it is for miles around that all roads lead to Lokoja. The market which may be seen to the left of the picture is a very busy place. For miles around the natives from the surrounding towns bring in the produce and the articles they have for sale, and in return they can buy English cloth, mirrors, combs, dishes, and such things as are attractive to their eyes.

In this city can be found men of every tribe in Nigeria, and because of this state it

is hard to get the pure language of the town as it has been so corrupted by the other languages and dialects.

The British Government have headquarters here where about one hundred white men, Government officials are employed, and hundreds of native clerks. The Royal Niger Company have their large trading station here where goods are received from England and distributed to the smaller stations through the Protectorate. John Holts', another large trading company, have headquarters here also.

The Church Missionary Society of England have had a mission and schools here for many years, and have succeeded in establishing a base station for their other missions in the surrounding country.



LOKOJA ON THE NIGER RIVER.



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ODAPE.



ODAPE is a village a few days' march in from the Niger river. The roofs of the mud houses can be seen to the left of the picture.

The hill at the head of the path was made by the refuse of the town and is something the people are proud of, as it shows that they have lots of food to eat. Right beside the tree can be seen two sticks standing in the ground, on one has been hung the carcass of a monkey, and on the other the carcass of a leopard, both left to rot in the sun. These animals had been a terrible torment to the villagers, but were finally caught. Left to rot in this way will be a lesson to others.

When we visited this village the people showed us no little kindness in providing everything they could for our comfort. We were given good houses to sleep in and when we had rested, the chief sent some chickens and a large bottle of palm wine for us to drink. This wine is made from the palm tree and when drunk fresh is very nice, but should it be left for two or three days it becomes fermented and will make one drunk. After tea we were invited to the king's home to speak to his people, which we did, and they showed no small interest in the Gospel. This town would only have about three hundred people, mostly farmers.



ODAPE.

KABBA.



KABBA.



KABBA is a town of four days' journey from Lokoja, or in other words about seventy miles. It is here that the Governor of the Kabba province has his seat. Just behind the city is a very steep, rocky hill, and to get this picture I was obliged to take off my boots and stockings and climb up this hill on my hands and knees, pulling my camera up after me with a rope.

Kabba is a very dirty city, and I undertook to ask the king why he did not clean up the filth and keep his town clean. He said that when strangers came and saw lots of filth in the streets and lanes, they said, I will live here, for there must be plenty to eat to make all this filth. If they came and saw the streets bare, and no filth lying around, they would at once leave the place, and say that the people had nothing to eat and were starving.

You see I want to get many strangers and have my town grow, so I let them see we have lots of food. The population of this town would be about one thousand, and one can see by the photo how closely they live together. These people are good at building mud houses, and some of the finest I ever saw were built by them.



MOREGI ON THE NIGER RIVER.

navigable with steamers only about two months in the year, the Government have to use native canoes to carry their goods from here up to the capital.

Boats coming up the Niger from Lokoja with Government supplies of provisions, building material, and all office supplies necessary for the maintaining of a large European settlement, unload at Moregi, and are reloaded into small dug-outs, and poled by the natives to their destination. The trip takes about ten days, as the men are in no hurry.

MOREGI ON THE NIGER RIVER.



MOREGI is situated at the junction of the Niger and Kaduna rivers, and is the great shipping center for the Government. It is at Moregi that the Kuta lives who is the king of the Upper Niger river. This king has hundreds of native canoes and hundreds of canoe men at his disposal. These people are a separate class of themselves and are known as the Kiadia. They live entirely on the water.

The Government capitol for Northern Nigeria is at Zungeru, about seventy miles up the Kaduna river, and as the Kaduna river is

PATIGI ON THE NIGER RIVER.



PATIGI is on a small hill and derives its name from its situation. Patigi means a little hill. This city is about three miles in from the river and about half a mile above the point where the Kaduna river empties into the Niger river on the opposite bank. The situation of the village is a very fine, as one can see for miles either way, and the view from this point of the Niger river as it winds among the hills is also very striking. In the vicinity of Patigi there are many small farm villages scattered throughout, and these are growing very fast owing to the comparatively newness of the country. The country on the opposite bank of the Niger river being more thickly populated than at Patigi. About five years ago Patigi was only a small town, but lately owing to some plans made by the Government who appointed a king for the town, Patigi became known as the "white man's city," meaning a city made by the white man.

Among the natives it soon became known that if a slave ran away and lived at Patigi he became free, and this induced many to run from slavery. So fast did Patigi grow, that the Government thought to take steps to stop slaves running there, as it was causing considerable trouble in other places, but so far this has not been done.

Patigi has a population of about ten thousand, and is the base station of the Africa Industrial Mission of Toronto. There is also a Governor who looks after the surrounding country.



PATIGI ON THE NIGER RIVER.



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GUSORO.



GUSORO may not be very interesting to many who look at it, but to me it is especially interesting. At one time while travelling among the Gwari people I got lost, and after being led from village to village by the different people, I was at last brought to this city.

The king had heard that I was coming and thought to give me a good reception. When I reached the city I was shown to the king's compound, and after we had exchanged salutations he accompanied me to the house that he had prepared for me. On arriving at the house I saw that he had prepared a whole programme, for there were women dancing to the music of

drums and other instruments, and a great crowd had gathered. As soon as I appeared, however, everybody scattered in all directions, one falling over the other in their haste to get away. When I got into my house and was seated, they gathered around again and continued the programme.

About an hour later the king came to pay me a formal visit, bringing with him two sheep and four hens. I received these and thanked him, giving him in return some money and tins of canned goods, for which he was highly pleased. I stayed at this town for two days, and he sent me on my way to the next village.

About six months later a Government man made a visit to this town, and the same people danced a war dance around him, and would have killed him had he not fled at once. On returning to the Government capital he reported what had happened, and a regiment of soldiers was sent back to destroy the village.



GUSORO.

GURUZA.



GURUZA.



GURUZA is a small farm village about five miles inland from the Niger river. The village is almost completely hidden in the tall Guinea corn. This corn is planted in March, as soon as the first rains have come, and continues to grow till December, when it is ripe. The stalk grows very high, the average height being about fifteen feet. The increase is also very great, one head alone having about five hundred kernels of corn. When harvest time comes the natives go out to their farms and live there till they have cut all the corn and brought it to their homes in the village. The corn is first dug up and laid flat on the ground to dry in the sun. After this the farmer cuts the large heads of corn from the stalk with a knife, these heads are bound tightly together into bundles and carried home where they are put into small mud

bins built by the natives. The corn is not threshed till it is needed, this is done by flailing it with a long bamboo pole. The name of this village Guruza means "a fine fellow." Most likely it was given this name by the people of surrounding villages, because the man who first started it was a good man.

FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.



FREETOWN is one of the largest towns on the west coast of Africa, and has been a trading station for hundreds of years. This picture was taken on one of the main streets and gives a good idea of the changes made by the coming of the white man. Instead of a few small grass houses there are now scores of large factories and storehouses.

There are many churches here, and one would think there was one of every denomination. The Church Missionary Society has a large college here where there are about a hundred students attending. There are many schools in Freetown, and one can receive as good an education as though he lived in America.

Some fifty years ago this village was known as the white man's grave, but since the Government has taken it in hand and paid particular attention to such things as were causing death, the death rate is not nearly so large, and many white people are coming out in search of wealth.

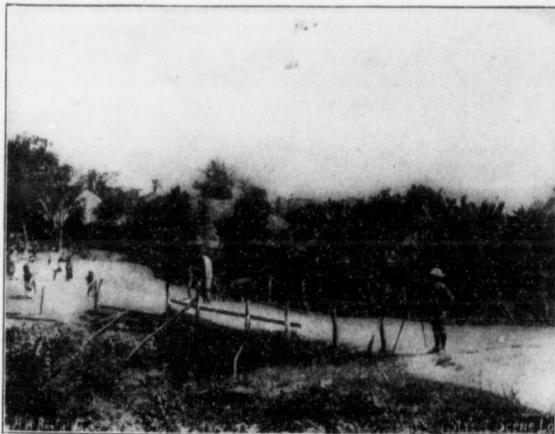
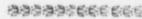
Monrovia (the place where the American Government sent some thousands of freed slaves after the American civil war) is only a few days' journey from here. These people still claim to be Americans, and when our boat dropped anchor and signalled that the mails were on board, a huge dug-out canoe put out from the shore, filled with natives. One man in the bow holding a large flag with one star in the centre of stripes.



FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

SCENERY IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

STREET SCENE IN LOKOJA.



STREET SCENE IN LOKOJA.

Here you can see the real beauty of nature growing in a careless and seemingly unconcerned manner,—such a contrast to the harsh and tiresome mechanical order of things seen in parks or gardens.



IN DECEMBER 25th this photo was made, and shows how Christmas looks in Nigeria. Later on, when the native learns about Christmas, we will have to tell them another story than the one of Santa Claus riding in his sleigh drawn by twenty reindeer.

The bridge seen in the picture was built by the Government, to pass over this gully. Formerly there was no bridge, and the natives would run down one bank and climb the other. This bridge is on the main road and leads to the market which is only a short distance further on.

The scenery along the banks of creeks and small rivers is grand beyond description; everywhere the foliage is perfect, showing in such a beautiful way the different shades of green, while the order is so fascinating to the eye that one does not care to turn away.

A NATIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



THE idea of suspending a bridge does not belong altogether to America, for the picture shows us a native bridge suspended over a river. In building one of these bridges, the native watches for a place where two large trees, one on either bank, hang their branches far over the river. They then get some stout vines which they use for girders, and fastening one to the tree on this bank they cross the river and fasten the other end to the other tree. They now stretch several of these girders across the river, fastening each one tightly to the trees. These are now bound together, making a very strong girder. Then they fasten other girders about three feet above this one and a little to the right, and another opposite this one, it being a little to the left of the first girder. In this way they get the three main supports, and fastening other small vines from the side girders to the bottom one they make a net work just like the letter V. Hundreds of girders are now tied to the sides of the bridge and fastened securely to the overhanging boughs of the tree. This makes a good bridge but rather an uncomfortable one to walk in, as your feet catch in the bottom of the V or become entangled in the net-work of vines.



A NATIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

AMONG THE BANANA.



AMONG THE BANANA.



AMONG the many plants that grow wild in Africa, the banana has its place. They are found by the banks of nearly all creeks, and grow very thick in the marshy and low lying lands. The photo shows a patch which has been cultivated by the natives. The banana is one of the staple articles of food in the country, and the natives grow them in large quantities. I remember at one time buying sixty bananas for two cents, but they are not as cheap as that every place. The plantain also grows well and demands a higher price than its smaller brother.

A banana plant bears fruit only once, but from its roots others sprout out, so that when one has yielded and is cut down, another is ready to take its place. The Nupe people have a riddle, asking, "What child kills its mother?" The answer is, "The banana," because if it is not propped up when yielding, the weight of the bananas will break the stalk.

The leaves of the banana are used by the natives just as paper is used by us. They roll up their foods in it and other things which they desire should be kept fresh.

When the stalk is cut down they get a strong string from it which they use to tie up parcels or bind roofs together.

A WHITE ANT HILL.



A WHITE ANT HILL.

THese white ant hills are very numerous in some parts of the country. They are made of red clay which the ant digs from the ground and builds up till it towers very high. The one seen in the picture is not a high one, but it stands twelve feet from the ground. These high ant hills are not built in one year, but are the work of many years.

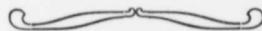
The white ant builds its home just after the rains are over, and as the clay has over five months sun in which to dry, it becomes almost as hard as brick, so that when the next rainy season comes, the rains will not wash it away. This little ant is the great pest of the country, as it eats out all the wood that is used in the building of a house, so that in a few years the roof falls down because the ant has eaten the rafters.

These ants also come into the house and eat the books, and if they can get into a trunk, they will destroy the contents. Everything has to be set up off the floor and carefully watched. The Nupe saying is, that "The white-ant eats everything but stones and iron, and he licks these because he can't eat them."

Strange to say, but nature has provided the white ant with a peculiar way of protecting itself. In itself it is a very weak insect, and when attacked by other ants offers no resistance. The white ant will not go one inch over uncovered ground, but it must first build a small tunnel under which it travels. The ant builds this tunnel with red clay, and just builds it as it goes along. I have broken open their tunnel and watched them scatter around, hardly able to find their home again.

The black ant is the great enemy of the white ant, and just as soon as the latter is left in the open, the blacks gather around, and catching the white by the back of the neck carry them away to their home to eat them. Often times a large lizard or two will be standing off a few feet from the scene, and as soon as the black ant comes along with the white ant in his mouth, the lizard puts out his tongue and licks up both of them.

One night we had quite an experience with the travelling black ants who came through our house while we were sleeping. The ants go in armies consisting of millions. When travelling this way they will not turn aside for anything, but either go through, over, or under it. At about 12 o'clock at night one of our party jumped out of bed because he had been awakened by the ants biting him. Stepping out of bed he stepped right into them and that made him yell more, for the ants had climbed up his body and were biting him all over. On lighting a lamp we saw that an army of black ants were marching through our straw house, and that his bed lay in their way and they had climbed over it and over the man lying in it. Our only plan was to leave the house to them until morning, as it would be useless to try and sleep in such a place. In the morning I saw that they were still marching through our yard, and I decided to put a stop to their march. So lighting a large fire I got a shovel and commenced shovelling them on the fire. This hardly helped me any, for in a short time I had shovelled so many on the fire that I had put it out. I now got fire brands and running down the line tried to burn them out, but this only scattered them through our yard, and we were continually being bitten that day. The best way I learned after was to just let them take their time and pass by.



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STREET SCENE IN A NUPE CITY.



STREET SCENE IN A NUPE CITY.



IN a large Nupe city while the people were passing to and fro attending to their different duties this picture was taken. The small square hut seen in the center of the picture is a Mohammedan mosque, where these people go and pray five times a day. In many of these places the doorways are so small that one has to fairly crawl in and out. The doors were locked at this time by hanging a straw mat over them to keep the sheep and goats from going in and dirtying the place. The man looking this way is dressed in a Mohammedan garb.

During the warm hours of the day, the people are not to be seen on the streets, but resort to their houses where they sit around

and sleep, for while the native does not feel the heat of the sun as much as the white man, still he likes to get in the shade when he can; and even here sometimes the thermometer registers one hundred and ten degrees.

The ground is sandy, and with the sun shining on it one finds it very hard on the eyes. We believe that this may account to some extent for the large number of blind people found in these localities.

This street is about two miles long and runs from one end of the town to the other.

AMONG THE PALMS.



PALM trees are known as the most graceful trees of the forest, because they grow so straight. A good man has been likened to a palm tree. The palm is not only graceful, but it is very useful to the native. The leaves are used to make mats. The thin stem of the leaf is used for brooms, while the branches after the leaves are stripped off, are used to bind the roofs of houses together. From the butt of the branch, they scrape a kind of fibre, which, when it comes in contact with a spark from a flint stone, ignites.

The nut from the palm tree makes two kinds of oil. First, a red oil is made from the outside shell, and then a black oil from the kernel.

They also get palm wine from the tree. This is much like cider, and if left to stand for two or three days it ferments and becomes intoxicating.

They make a very strong rope with the young leaves. This rope is used to tie the rafters of a roof together.

The pulpy wood of the tree is used in building houses as it will not rot as quickly as other woods, and is not so tempting to the white ants.



AMONG THE PALMS.

THE PAW-PAW TREE.



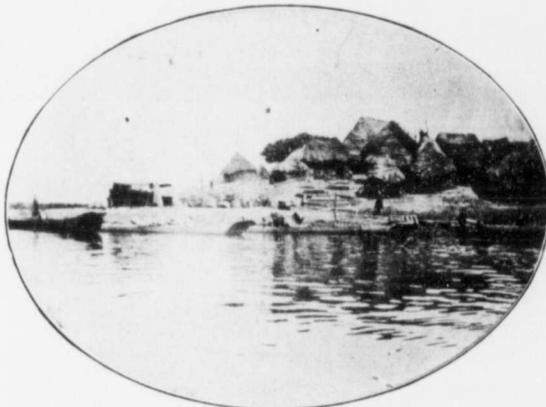
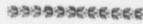
PAW-PAW trees grow very well in Africa, but they must be planted and cultivated. The picture shows a tree that was planted and grown from a seed, and in eighteen months was fifteen feet high and had seventy-five paw-paws growing on it. The leaves of this plant are five feet long and much resemble an umbrella. The paw-paw is not a solid tree, but is soft and watery like the banana, both of which are hollow in the centre. This tree yields fruit only once, and after this it is either cut down or left to dry up. The fruit of the paw-paw is very luscious and very helpful to digestion. If when boiling meat you should put a leaf in the water, it will make the meat as tender as chicken, even to wrap a piece of meat in a paw-paw leaf and leave it for a few hours will soften it wonderfully.

The native boys are able to make something out of almost everything found in the country, and the paw-paw is one of the things useful to him. The large leaves have a hollow stem and these the boys cut off and trim down and make a kind of tin whistle out of. They also make a pop gun by pushing wads through the stem.



A PAW-PAW TREE.

A NUPE VILLAGE.



A NUPE VILLAGE.

THIS village is situated right down on the bank of the Niger river, and is the home of a people who are known as "the river men," for they live as much on the water as we do on the land.

These people are the best fishers for miles around, and no one is so expert in catching crocodiles, hippopotamus, and other large water animals as they are.

In the rainy season the water rises very high at this point, and this little village becomes completely surrounded by water. This photo does not do justice to the original, as when I took it, my eye was particularly attracted to the situation of the place, it seemed to be dwelling so carelessly and free from anxiety that one could not help but realize, that even we in America would be better if we could only get away from

the great rush of business, and feel that we were free from the noise of the crowded metropolis.

The natives have to guard themselves against crocodiles, as these lie in the water just below the surface, and when a woman or child comes to get water the crocodile rushes upon them and drags them under, and they are heard of no more. To guard against this the natives build an enclosure out into the water a short distance and get their water here, the crocodile not being able to enter the enclosure.

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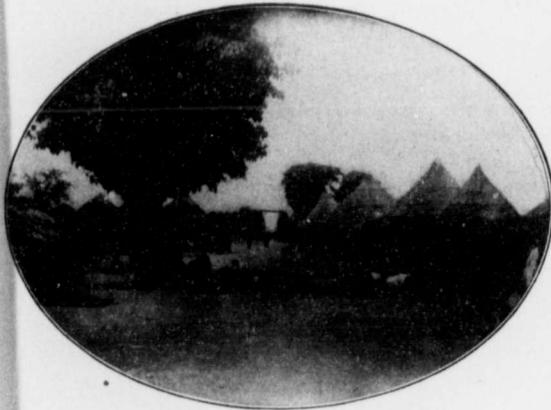


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A STREET SCENE IN BIDA.



A STREET SCENE IN BIDA.



IDA is a large city with about thirty thousand people of different languages living within its walls. It is situated about thirty miles from the Niger river and about fourteen miles from the Kaduna river. Bida is the seat of the Governor of the Nupe province, and is also the home of the Nupe people. There are two missions at Bida, the Africa Industrial Mission and the Church Missionary Society.

Bida was made foremost among Nigerian cities, by the coming of the Fulah tribe, who came somewhere about 1835, and being a class of people who loved war, it was not long till they had the whole surrounding country under their control. It was the Fulahs who first started the slave trade among the Nupe and

carried it to such an extent that they wasted the entire surrounding country. Slave raiding parties would go from Bida, and coming in contact with smaller towns, they would burn the place and carry off the people as slaves. I am glad to say that this has been stopped by the British Government, and Bida promises to continue as it always has been, a very prominent centre in Northern Nigeria.

The city has a mud wall around it which was built by the Fulahs when they first came. This wall is about fifteen feet high, and has a trench outside that is six feet deep. The entire length of the wall is nine miles.

A PALM TREE.



NE is much struck with the gracefulness of these trees, their branches spreading out like huge fans, and even in the driest weather, always maintaining a deep rich green. One or two of these palms in a garden give the place a very beautiful appearance.

There are many kinds of palms, some of them differing so slightly from others that it is hard at first to distinguish between them. Palms are not generally found as this one is, far away from water, but they are to be found along the banks of creeks and in low lying country.

Strange to say, but I have only seen one kind of bird that builds its nest in the palm tree, for what reasons more do not build in the palm I do not know. When these trees grow high, the natives climb them and tap them near the top and fasten a "calabask" to catch the sap. This sap is called palm wine, and is used largely among the natives as a drink. It is comical to see a half-naked man climbing a tree about sixty or seventy feet high. He accomplishes this by putting a rope around the tree and fastening it behind his back, leaving room for him to lean back from the tree. He shoves the rope up the tree and then putting his back against it, starts to climb up, always pressing well against the rope. He then places the rope higher up the tree and climbs to it, doing this till he reaches the top.



A PALM TREE.

AN AFRICAN FOREST.



ANY have the idea that the greater part of Africa is a jungle, but such is not the case. In some districts there are immense tracks of open country so that for miles one sees only a very few trees. In other parts there is the broken bush where both the great and the small tree are to be found, and after that we come to the forest.

Many times have I walked around in this forest, sometimes to watch the monkeys jumping from one tree to another and chattering to each other as they went, so that I often thought they were telling what they had seen, for when one would peep through the leaves and see me, he would at once tell all the others. Other times we came here to get lumber to make some window and door frames for our house.



AN AFRICAN FOREST.

SOME AFRICAN TRIBES.

NATIVES OF ODABELLE.



NATIVES OF ODABELLE.

low. So with only one thought I threw myself flat on the rock face downward, and grasping what I could with my fingers saved myself.

On reaching the top we found that the people had all ran away and left the village to the new-comers, but after a short time they returned, and we spent two days with them, much to our delight. On enquiring why they built their town in such a place, they said that as the Fulahs were raiding the whole country, in search of slaves, they had sought a place where they could enjoy safety, and they were proud of the situation of their village.



IN this picture we see a group of people who are rather isolated from other tribes. Well do I call to remembrance our first view of this town. We had been travelling all morning, and wondering where this town (that we had been so interested in, as to travel a week to find) could be. At last our men pointed us to a very high hill, and said that the town was built on the very peak of it. As I looked at the height of the hill, I could not believe what they had told me, but they assured me that was where the town was. At last we came to the foot of the hill, and began to climb it ourselves. Some places we crawled on hands and knees, and we found that such work was very hard on us. At one time when I was trying to climb up a very steep rock, I was terrified to find that I was sliding backwards. At a glance I saw that should I fall, I would roll down this rough, rocky hill and be dashed against the rocks over one hundred feet be-

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A NUPE

A HAUSA MAN AND WOMAN.



AMONG the tribes of Northern Nigeria, the Hausa ranks foremost. It is not because of his fine appearance, for he is not even as fine looking as some of the other tribes. Neither is it because of his knowledge in native industries, for he is not equal to the Nupe in this, but because of his intense passion for travelling.

The Hausa is the great trader of Nigeria, and can be found in nearly every town and village selling his goods which he has brought from the coast. Coming in contact with so many people as he does in trade, he has naturally become a very shrewd man, and to use a common saying, one has to "get up early in the morning" to get ahead of our Hausa friend in trade.

The Hausa trader has practically no home. He lives like a gipsy, and one often sees a Hausa man with his children and wives, each carrying a load, going from their country down to the coast, to buy English goods, which he brings back and sells for an enormous price.

All of the large Hausa cities such as Kano, Katsena, Sokoto and Zaria are Mohammedan, but turning from the main roads, one soon comes in contact with the Hausa heathen.



A HAUSA MAN AND WOMAN.

A NUPE MAN AND WOMAN.



AJUSTICE is not done to the Nupe people in this picture, for from many points of view, they are a fine race, the men being strong and muscular, and the women of a very fine build. The Nupe man lives mostly at home, and is a great lover of his family, being the very opposite to the roaming Hausa trader.

As a farmer, the Nupe will not take a second place, and his Hausa neighbor has often told him that if he would work as hard in their land, as he does in his own, he would soon be rich.

Cloth weaving is another great industry, while the Nupe mats and baskets made from the palm leaves demand a high price everywhere.

In the working of iron he stands high. Taking the iron from the ore and smelting it himself, he makes many useful farm implements.

As a brass worker the Nupe man cannot be beaten. The Hausa trader brings sheets of brass from North Africa right across the Sahara desert and through Hausaland, and sells it to the Nupe brass worker, who in turn makes many fancy bowls, tea-pots, vases, trays, etc., all of which are covered with fancy designs of flowers and native work. This brass work is all hand hammered and would sell for a high price in England.

The Nupe tribal mark is cut from the corner of the eye across to the bottom of the cheek.



A NUPE MAN AND WOMAN.



A YAGBA MAN AND WOMAN.

A YAGBA MAN AND WOMAN.

UP to the present this class of people have lived by themselves. The Mohammedan has not had a place among them, and they do not wish him, while the Government man has just tried to reconcile them to the English laws.

They are all heathen and are known to the Nupe as the people who eat dogs. It will be noticed that the Yagba woman shaves her head just the same as the man. I had a hard job taking this photo as the woman had to be held while I set up my camera. Just as soon as she was released and I had pressed the bulb, she ran away again. Poor creature, she thought I was going to kill her with that horrid looking thing (the camera). One cannot blame her. The man is not so backward for by his cap I can see that he has met the white man somewhere.

The Yagba tribal cut is made like the Nupe, but in addition they have three long cuts on each side of their face. These people I feel sure would welcome a missionary and I know that Jesus wants to save them. Who will go and learn their language and preach Christ?

A KAKANDA MAN AND WOMAN.



LOKOJA and vicinity is the home of this tribe. The Government has taken many of them and put them to work on the boats and in the Government shops. They are a fine class of people and seem to be very intelligent. This picture was taken at Lokoja, and one cannot help but admire the way in which they grasp anything that they see is better for them. All the cloth that they are wearing is English cloth, brought into the country by the Niger Company, also the camp chair was bought in Lokoja, and when we consider that they paid one dollar for this, it means a lot for a native to buy one, as that amount of money would go a long way in buying native articles. Some of these people have been converted and are used as native workers in the Church Missionary Society's schools and missions.

Lokoja and the vicinity seems to be the home of the Kakanda, but owing to the slave trade which was carried on around Lokoja they have become scattered out considerably. However, from what we have seen and heard from them we have reasons to believe that they are returning to their old towns, intending to rebuild them.



A KAKANDA MAN AND WOMAN.



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A YORUBA WOMAN AND BOY.



THESE two people live in Lokoja, and have all the advantages that are to be received by the coming of the white man. The woman is nicely dressed in English cloth, and has on her arms bracelets which are sold at the trading station. The boy, who is about ten years old, has on a light undershirt which was bought at the trading station also.

Lokoja is not the home of the Yoruba, but as they travel around a great deal, they can be found in nearly all large cities. The Yoruba comes from Southern Nigeria, and some of their cities such as Lagos, Obomashwa, Ibadon and others are very large.

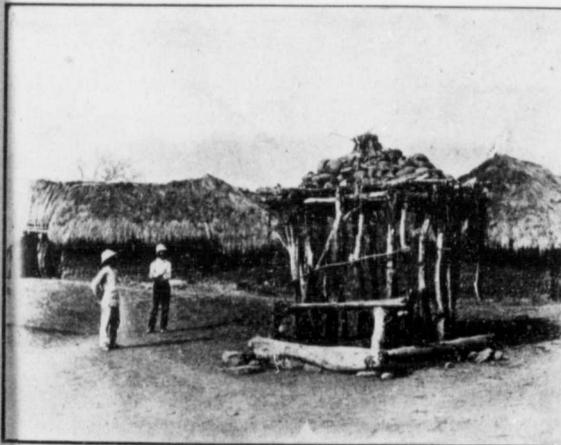
The Yoruba is the best native worker that the Government has found so far, and because of this, nearly all laborers, carriers and workmen are Yoruba. These people have a custom of cutting large tribal marks on their faces from the top to under the chin in long marks which are laid open when cut so that they will make wide scars. This is done to distinguish them from those of other tribes, and any person thus adorned has reasons to be proud, as he can prove that he is not a slave, but was born in his own country.



A YORUBA WOMAN AND BOY.

NATIVE RELIGIONS OF NIGERIA.

THE OGALLI KUTI.



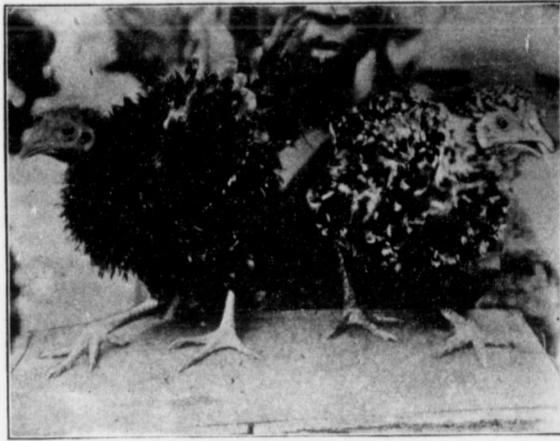
THE OGALLI KUTI.



THIS form of heathen worship is found more among the Yoruba and Bornu tribes than among the Nupe; in fact it is almost unknown to the latter. In going through this form, it is not with any thought of forgiveness of their sins, or to merit a place in heaven, but is used as a sacrifice to keep away evil spirits, sickness, war, pestilence, danger, double dealing and the like, and also to grant them peace, long life, health, and increase in their crops. The sacrifice is generally made outside of the village, and then some part of the flesh and the blood is brought home and put on the stand. All around it are hanging strings of money which have been hung there by the worshippers. This kuti or stand is usually found in the king's compound, and is something they are fond of. On the top are broken dishes which

have once held the blood of goats or fowls and are placed there as a remembrance.

These Kutis are not held sacred, as I have lifted some of the things down, the natives counting that when they do their part, it does not matter who interferes after that.



THE MAGIC HEN.

a short time. You go and buy a good large goat, and hunt all over the town in search of the hen. After you have got them you return to him to be cured. He now tells you to take the hen and rub it all over your body, and while you are doing so to say, "The sickness that I have got into this hen. The sickness that I have got into this hen." After you have rubbed the hen well over your body and commanded the sickness to go into the hen, he then tells you to throw the hen away, as it has taken your sickness, and you will surely be cured. That is why we call it the magic hen. "Well," said I, "but what became of the goat?" "O that was for the medicine man," he replied.

DANCING HEATHEN WOMEN.

I had considerable trouble taking this picture, as the women were very much enthused with their feast, and had been, as I saw, drinking too much native beer. They had just returned from the farm where they had killed a hen and poured its blood on the ground, so that the Kuti would be satisfied. They have also had a big meal and lots of beer as one can see by the number of dishes they have brought back. They were dancing just before I took this picture.

After I had taken it, I turned to the woman in white in the centre of the picture, and said, "Don't you know that this kind of business is not pleasing to God? God don't like you to worship a Kuti." "O but He does," was her answer. But I went on to show her that they were not doing it so that God might forgive their sins, but only as a pleasure to themselves. "Well," said she, "our mothers have always done as we are doing, and they had health, and peace, and everything good, and what was good enough for our mothers, is good enough for me." "Yes, but," I said, "God was not pleased with your mother either, and He has sent us to tell you, that if you will leave this alone and ask Him to forgive you, He will." "Well," she said, "you have said that it doesn't please God, but what if it don't, it pleases the devil, and it pleases us, so we will keep it going."



DANCING HEATHEN WOMEN.

THE MAGIC HEN.

WHY call it a magic hen? I suppose: it is not because its feathers grow the wrong way, neither is it because it has no wing feathers; its flesh is no different than that of any other fowl, and it is no larger nor smaller than the average, it crows the same as other fowls, but why call it magic? Then came the answer that I wanted, because it can cure sickness. "All right, tell me how and I will listen." Well, suppose you got sick, and after you had tried all kinds of medicines, and had not been cured, you decided to go and consult the medicine man, and after you had told him your case, and he had consulted his charms by which he saw what would cure you, he told you to go and get a goat, and a magic hen at once, or you would be a dead man in



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A MAHOMMEDAN MUD CHURCH.



EARLY all of Northern Nigeria has heard something about Mahomet, and while his followers have not been allowed to force their teaching upon the natives as they formerly did, with the sword, still it has many strongholds, and most of the religious teaching in the large centres is along that line. Mahommedan priests can be found in all large towns on the main roads. Wherever they stay they always mark out the pattern of a Mosque with stones, sticks or grass. As a church like this does not cost anything nearly every Mahommedan has his own church, and when the sun reaches a point where they know it is prayer time, they can be seen going through the different forms of worship. Christians generally seek a quiet place when they want to pray. A Mahommedan is more at home when he is praying on the busiest corner in the market, that he may be seen of men, and have them call him religious. As Christ said, he has his reward.

This mud church is built in the market square, and this is where the king worships. Friday being a special day with the Mahommedans, there is always a large procession from the king's house to the Mosque, and after they are through they enjoy some horse racing and other feats on the way home.



A MOHAMMEDAN MUD CHURCH.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE.

AN AFRICAN KING AND BODYGUARD.



AN AFRICAN KING AND BODYGUARD.

everything that is attractive. Following the king on horse-back is the king of the drummers, who holds a special rank. This crowd is maintained by the king, and they look as much to him for their food, as young eagles do to the parent birds.



THE human heart is the same the world over, and it is natural for men to love pomp. Pride runs in the veins of the African as it does in people of other lands. Most of the men in this picture belong to the king. They are his slaves, and if not actually purchased by him, they have themselves become his servants by choice.

In the first four rows we see the drummers. These men are experts in drumming and keep perfect time together. Trumpeters can be seen, and these play in part with the drummers, so that the king can rightly say he has a band. Following in the rear, is the bodyguard, every man carrying a native-made sword. The huge umbrella is used to shade the king from the sun, while riding. The king follows, riding on a very spirited horse which is almost completely covered with fancy colored cloth, bells, tin discs, and



A NATIVE KING AND HIS COURTIERS.

Among this crowd are many chiefs, and the king would not act, without first consulting them. One can hardly believe that such a state exists among the heathen, who are as yet untouched by the influence of the white man.

On studying the ranks of the head men and chiefs, I found there was a class who correspond exactly to the English lord, another class represented the members of parliament, while a third class represented the common people. These three classes constitute the king's council.

A NATIVE CHIEF AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Do you ever realize that there were people living in the heart of Africa, untouched by the white man, yet having the knowledge and civilization as seen in this photo? One can hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless true, living in simplicity and enjoying such freedom from care, as the average business man never dreamed of.

The man seated in the centre, with his face lit up with a smile that shows a lovely, winning character, is a native chief. Around him are seated his followers, or, if you care to call them such, "his slaves." This does not look much like a picture of a slaveholder and his slaves, such as we are apt to picture in our minds, where the men are chained together and being whipped while at their work. No, no such picture is before you, and I am glad to say, I have never had the opportunity of making such a photograph, for I have never seen it. Many of these men are followers of this king because they choose to be, and they willingly give themselves to him and look to him for their support.

I am not in favor of slavery, but I do want to try and correct a false idea, as to the conditions of the people in Nigeria. It can truly be said that they are a people who love freedom.



A NATIVE CHIEF AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

A NATIVE KING AND HIS COURTIERS.



OFTEN have I been made to realize that there are many people in America who are as ignorant of how the people in Africa live, as there are natives in Africa who are ignorant as to how the white man lives.

The man in the centre, clothed in white, is the king of a city many miles in the interior of Africa. Around him are seated his counsellors and body guard. This picture does not show a lot of wild men ready to eat a white man, but a group of intelligent men who are just as ready as any one to receive knowledge.

I took this photo while the king was taking counsel with his men regarding the building of some mud houses for himself.

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A COMPOUND OF STRAW HOUSES.



A compound is composed of many houses surrounded by a wall, with a common entrance for all living in it. One family may have a compound to themselves if they so choose, but generally you find many families living together, each having their own houses in a certain part of the compound. There is no uniform shape, but the wall is made to take in all the houses, even if one is quite a distance away from the others.

A group of houses without a compound wall, is like a farm without a fence. In building, the natives first put up the wall, and then build the houses.

This picture gives a very fair view of what the houses are. The walls are made of straw, while the thatched roof is propped upon poles.

Shortly after I took this picture, the whole compound was burned to the ground, together with four or five others that were close by. On getting up in the morning, I saw the men bringing in grass from the fields, and by night most of them had a new home, and were living as though nothing had happened the night before.

The cost of building one of these straw houses is very small, as the natives get most of the material in the fields and forests.



A COMPOUND OF STRAW HOUSES.

A MUD HOUSE.



A MUD HOUSE.



ONE of the greatest advantages of building a mud house is, that when a fire comes and burns the straw roof, it does not destroy the house. These houses are built very substantially, and when care is taken not to let the rain wash the sides away, they will stand for years.

The natives have a way of making the inside fire-proof. When they have completed the walls, they make beams by splitting a palm tree in four pieces, and laying these on the top of the walls. They lay many of these close together so that they will stand the weight of the ceiling. On the top of these beams they spread heavy straw mats, and then cover the mats with about three inches of mud, and when this has dried, they thatch the roof. Should fire break out in the compound, it will only burn the roof of this mud house, and anything that might have been

forgotten inside is perfectly safe. This gives them a home till they get new grass to re-thatch the house.

Another great advantage that the mud house has over the straw one is, that it is always cool, and that is something to be considered in such a climate. The natives do not put windows in their houses as we do, they cut a small door-way which is covered by a mat. Many of these door-ways are so low that one has to fairly crawl in and out on his hands and knees.

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HOME LIFE IN A COMPOUND.

of a horse-shoe, and is one foot high. The task of getting wood belongs to the woman, also that of getting water and such other things as are needed.

The woman in the background is standing beside a mill. This mill which is very crude, consists of one large flat stone set up on three posts, and another smaller one, about as large as a scrub brush. The grain is placed on the large stone and then ground by rubbing the smaller one over it. I can assure you, that when you eat of their porridge made from corn, you are reminded by the small stones and sand in it, that it was ground between stones.

HOME LIFE IN A COMPOUND.



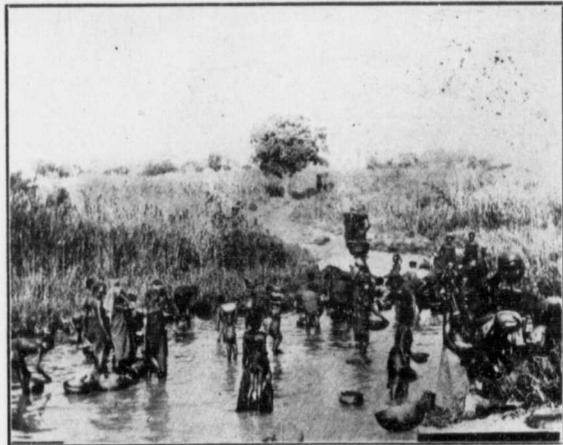
HOME life to a native, may not mean all that it does to us, but still they have some love for home. This picture was made inside a compound, where all families use the same fire-place, and where each one has his own grind-stone standing in the yard. The privacy that is enjoyed in an American home, is not known in Africa, because the people live together more like a large family.

The natives eat only twice a day—at 9 A. M. and at 7 P. M. This photo was made just after the morning meal, hence we see the men sitting around; and the woman on the right looks as though she was finishing what was left. Cooking is done in large native-made clay pots, which answer the purpose very well. The fire-place is built the shape

A WATERING PLACE.



Modern water systems—wells, and pumps are unknown to the native, their next best and easiest plan of getting water, is to use the creek, spring, or river, nearest to their village. The task of keeping the house in supply of water falls to the lot of the woman, for it is a disgrace for a man to carry water, and he would rather do anything else, even though it should be much harder. The picture shows a lot of women and children at the watering place. Some are washing their clothes, others are washing pots, while others are washing themselves, and with all this, the children are splashing around in the water. The way the native women wash their clothes is somewhat different from ours. They have no washing machines, wringers or such like, neither have they as a rule any soap, while the idea of boiling clothes is yet to them unknown. When washing day comes around (which is not very often) the woman goes to the creek wearing the cloth she is to wash. After she has picked out a large stone and placed it near to the water, she takes off her cloth, and when she has soaked it thoroughly, sits down and beats out the dirt against the stone. When she is through she wears the cloth again, and by the time she reaches home it has been dried by the sun.



A WATERING PLACE.

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A FIRE BURNING NATIVE STRAW HOUSES.



STRANGE to say that the people are not as careful in handling fire, while going in and out of their straw houses, as we are in our fire-proof buildings, and I have often wondered how it is that they have not more fires than they have. The picture shows a fire that started just behind our compound. If anything is to be done to put out such a fire, it must be done very quickly, as the fire burns so fast, and the heat becomes so intense, that it is impossible to get near it, and with sparks flying in every direction and lighting other straw roofs, it is not long before the whole district is in flames. When we saw where the fire had started, and that there was a strong wind blowing, we at once ran to help put it out. Water is so scarce, and being almost no use in such a fire, we had to try other ways to extinguish the fast spreading flames. One of our party ran back about one hundred feet, and began pulling the grass houses down, also asking others to help him, but they refused to pull the houses down as they said the fire would never reach them. He pled with them but to no use, as they could not see the sense of pulling good houses down. We then turned our attention to our own home, and at once pulled down the grass fence and any houses near the fire, throwing all the straw into a deep pit, so that when the flames came, we were separated from them. This fire burnt all around our compound, and swept the whole district, and after burning to the ground over two hundred houses, it burned out.



A FIRE BURNING NATIVE STRAW HOUSES.

SCENE AFTER THE FIRE.



SCENE AFTER THE FIRE.



VERY little needs to be said about this picture, as it explains itself. The picture was taken the day after the fire shown in the preceding cut. The mud houses can be seen standing, as the fire did not do them much damage, but an odd post here and there is all that is left to show where a grasshouse stood. Many of the people did not build on this site again, but went to another part of the village, hoping to be more fortunate in the future.

Speaking to a native about the destruction caused by a fire in our city one time I mentioned that it had burned many buildings. Turning to me the native said, "Did you not tell me that in your country you built high buildings ten and twelve stories high?" "Yes, we do," I said. "Well," said he, "how does the fire get away up on top of them to burn the grass roof?" I told him that we used stone and iron on many of these

high buildings. In a perplexed manner he said, "Why, you said the buildings were stone and iron, and since I have been born I have never heard of iron or stone burning." I had to admit that we had not yet solved the question of a perfectly fire-proof building.

THE AFRICAN AS A TRADER.



A CORNER IN THE YAM MARKET.

way is to boil the yam in water, and when cooked it is put in a large wooden mortar, and pounded until it becomes one solid lump, and just look like a piece of dough. They then cover it with a tasty sauce and lots of red pepper, and to the delight of the cook, none is left. We have lived on one yam for a week, just cutting off what we needed each day. The price of these yams is about ten for thirty-five cents, but they vary in price according to the season. There are about two months in the year when yams can hardly be obtained and then only at a very high price. The poorer class at this time eat rice.

A NATIVE WOOD-YARD.



WHEN we speak of a wood-yard, we think of a large yard where many cords of wood are piled away, but such is not the case among the Nupe people. This photo was made in the market, and shows a very large supply of wood spread out on the ground. The wood is brought to the market by both men and women, and is arranged in little piles for sale. It is sold according to the size of the pile and the quality of the wood. If you only wish enough wood to make a meal, why you can get it for about twenty cowry shells, or the eighth part of a cent. (Cowry shells are the currency of the country, and one thousand are equivalent to six cents of our money.) If you want enough wood for a day or two, you buy accordingly, and should you want enough for a week, you need only speak to any one selling, and the next day they will bring it direct to your home. When the market is over, should there be any one that has wood left, they bind it together and bring it home, only to return next day to try and sell it.



A NATIVE WOOD-YARD.

A CORNER IN THE YAM MARKET.



HE yam is a large vegetable that grows in the ground something like the potato. If you can imagine a potato about two feet long, and six inches thick, weighing ten pounds, you will have some idea of a yam.

The yam grows very plentifully in the tropics, and therefore forms one of the staple articles of food. The part of the market that is divided off to those who sell yams is by no means small, as there is always a great demand for these, and hundreds are brought in every day. The yam takes the same place with the natives as bread does with us. He has thoroughly mastered the art of cooking them, and can make them much sweeter than we can. The common



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A HAUSA CARAVAN PASSING.

because he does more of it than any of the surrounding tribes. They have the gipsy spirit, and love the roaming life more than the home life. Imagine a caravan of thirty men, sixty or seventy women, besides their children, hundreds of loaded donkeys, horses and cattle leaving their own country thousands of miles in the interior of Africa, and journeying to the coast to sell the products of their country to the white man, and take back the English goods and Kola nuts.

HAUSA TRADERS CAMPING.

A day's march with a Hausa caravan would not be more than ten miles, as they have to lead the cattle and sheep on very slowly, or they would become thin and worn-out, and would not bring a good price at the market. Long before day-break the camp is all alive making preparations for the march. The women can be seen kindling fires and cooking large pots of food, not unlike our porridge, and also a gruel made from guinea corn. During this time the men have been putting the loads on the donkeys and other animals, and it is not a very easy job sometimes, as donkeys get very stubborn, and will roll the load off, just as fast as it is put on. Just as soon as breakfast is over, the men start out on the march, leaving the women to clear up the camp, and follow on later. As the cattle walk very slowly, it is not long before the women overtake the caravan and, going on ahead, reach a place of encampment for that night, and begin at once to make preparations for the caravan which will be in shortly. On arriving at the spot, the animals are freed from their burden and are turned loose to graze in the fields close by. The loads are all packed together and covered. At night the animals are brought in and tied beside the loads, while the men sleep in a circle enclosing all.

When there is a large caravan they will divide up into about ten large circles, each camp keeping two or three fires burning all night to keep away wild animals.

A HAUSA CARAVAN PASSING.



No nation or people can exist without trade of some kind. Just to what extent a country may carry on trade, depends largely on its people, its situation and its products. People in Africa differ on certain lines just as much as the people of America. Some love quietness, some love war; some love excitement, others desire solitude; some tribes become famous because of the large farms that they cultivate, and the harvest of these farms; others are good cloth weavers, others are noted for their iron work, and so it runs, each has a certain work that seems to have followed down the line for many generations, and on this line they excel all others.

The Hausa is the noted trader, because he loves trading more than anything else, and



HAUSA TRADERS CAMPING.

HAUSA TRADERS TRADING IN CAMP.

WHEN a caravan of traders reach a town they generally send one of the head men to salute the king or chief, and during this time presents are freely exchanged.

Any caravan passing through a town or city, had to pay a certain tribute to the king. This was always a time of trouble to the traveler, as the king demanded such an unreasonable tax, but lately the Government has stopped such collection of taxes, and a trader instead of paying a native king or chief, now pays five per cent. to the Government. The natives have learned to enjoy this, as they can depend on a safe road, free from the demands made by petty kings, and justice, should anything happen to them. By this they have learned that the white man is their friend. Soon after the camp is settled and "sitting down," as the native says, many of the townpeople come out to buy goods, sheep, horses, and anything the trader may have for sale.

Returning from the coast with salt and Kola nuts, there would be no trouble disposing of these along the way, but knowing that twice as much can be realized in his own country, the shrewd Hausa continues on his journey.



HAUSA TRADERS TRADING IN CAMP.

THE MARKET AT PATIGI.



THE MARKET AT PATIGI.

fit. She takes the rest home and awaits another market day.

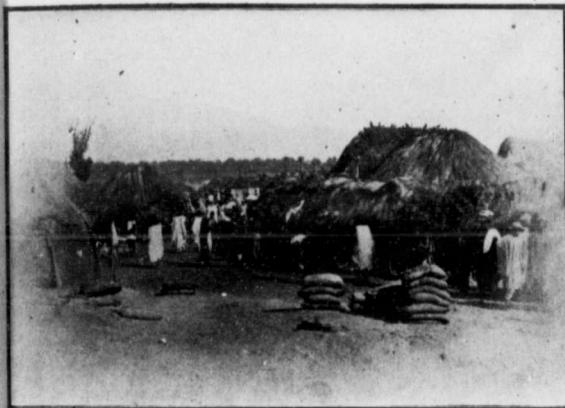
The market is owned by the king, and he receives a small tax from every one who sells therein. There is also a head market man who is always to be found going in and out among the people. His work is to keep order in the market, as sometimes the people get very noisy over the buying of an article. This man lives on the market, and without asking the people just takes what he wants from those who bring goods to the market for sale.

WERY little needs to be said about this picture, as it will explain itself. The photo was taken on one of the market days, when people from towns and villages both far and near, brought in their goods for sale, so that the market is crowded with busy people.

Nearly all of the trading is done by the women, only such things as swords, knives, and expensive garments being sold by the men. A woman will go to a man who makes mats, and buy from him as cheap as she possibly can. If the large market day is close at hand, she may keep them for that day, as she knows there will be a greater demand than on other days. Seating herself in the market, she offers her mats for sale. Many come and price them just for curiosity's sake, but as she delights in trade, she does not mind that. Maybe after sitting there all day, she has sold one or two and made about ten cents pro-

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SALT MARKET AT LOKOJA.

SALT MARKET AT LOKOJA.



SALT is as good as money in Nigeria, in fact it was the currency of the country only a short time ago.

One intended going on a trip into the interior, it would be better for him to take salt than anything else, for in many places the English money is not known, having just lately been introduced into the country. The native cowery shells are so heavy and bulky that if you had one thousand dollars worth of these shells, you would require one thousand men to carry them, and each man would have a load weighing seventy-five pounds. Imagine the expense it would be to go on a trip and take such money with you. The mere cost of carrying one thousand dollars would amount to about two hundred dollars a day, and then you

are having each man carry over seventy-five pounds of cowery shells on his head. It would only take five days before you had paid out your thousand dollars to your men for wages.

The salt has been brought into the country by the Niger Company, and a fifty-six pound bag is worth one dollar and fifty cents, and would be worth far more than that a little farther on in the interior. The picture shows the salt spread out in the market for sale. It also shows the main street in the market and how things are sold. One does not need to buy a whole bag of salt, but can very easily obtain the one hundredth part of a cent's worth.

NATIVE SHOPS IN THE MARKET.



One would think it strange to have our currency a common sea-shell, but such is all the native uses. At one time these cowery shells were quite valuable, and fifty of them would have gone as far in purchasing value as our five cent piece, but since the Royal Niger Company have been bringing them into the country in vast quantities, their value has greatly decreased, so that to-day one thousand have the value of only six cents, and so bulky are they that if a man wanted to take one dollar's worth of cowery shells to the market to buy a piece of cloth, his load of shells alone would weigh seventy-five pounds. Even with this bulky and useless currency, trade is carried on to an enormous extent among the natives. In the left hand corner of the photograph some of these shells may be seen.



NATIVE SHOPS IN THE MARKET.

This picture was taken in the market, and shows the straw huts used by the natives. All wares for sale are spread out on the ground.

When the day is over the trader gathers up his goods, puts them in a bag and wends his way home, leaving just the old straw shop. In the morning the women go to the market to sell their produce and in the afternoon the men come with the more expensive goods, such as mirrors, combs, bracelets, rings, cups, plates, etc., all of which have been brought from England and sold to the traders, who in turn sell them to the people, but not without considerable profit.

A CORNER IN PATIGI MARKET.



NE has only to trade with the native once to see how shrewd a trader he is. They fairly delight to trade, no matter how small the article for sale may be.

In our large departmental stores one is often attracted by a sign reading: "Cash and one price only." What a relief it would be to a European when trading with the natives if they could only trade on that basis, but such is not the case. Come with me for a moment till I try to purchase some yams from this woman seen in the photo. I ask her, "How much for the yams?" Her reply is, "Twenty thousand coweries." My breath is almost taken at the price, but I have traded before and am not discouraged. I offer her fifteen thousand, and she laughs at me and shakes her head. I beg with her to sell, and she offers them to me for seventeen thousand. I then offer her ten thousand, and she takes her yams and puts them away. I beg her to sell them to me and she says she will for fifteen thousand. I now drop to seven thousand and offer her the money. She is quite indignant and tells me I am a thief, and to go away from her. Thus I continue until I have struck the right price—five thousand. Should I have offered her the five thousand at first, she would not have answered me, and I would not have been able to buy them.



A CORNER IN PATIGI MARKET.

SOME OF THE NATIVE INDUSTRIES OF NIGERIA.

A WOMAN SPINNING COTTON.



A WOMAN SPINNING COTTON.

they spin out about an arm's length at a time. This is then wound on the shaft and another length spun out in the same way, and so on until they fill the shaft.



IN the foreground of this picture is a woman sitting on the ground spinning cotton with her fingers. This process is very simple, as it would have to be were one to expect the natives to use it at all.

After the seeds have been all removed from the cotton, which is done by hand, they then proceed to card the cotton. This is done by putting the cotton on the string of a bow, the bow string is then snapped sharply with the fingers and the motion given gradually sets the cotton with the threads all laying the same way. The cotton is then taken and put on the top of a piece of straw, and with this in one hand and the spinning shaft in the other, they start to spin. The spinning shaft is only a piece of tough straw with a piece of round mud fastened near the bottom to give it motion when they spin it around. The thread is fastened to this shaft, and then spinning the shaft around with their fingers,



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A NATIVE CLOTH WEAVER.

makes a cloth or garment out of it, the cloth being made of narrow strips sewn together side by side. I think that in an ordinary garment there would be between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred yards of this two inch cloth. They make these garments very well when we consider what material they have and the things used to make it.

To make an ordinary garment it would take about one month to weave the cloth, and three weeks to sew it together, and another month to work the fancy designs on it. When completed this garment will sometimes sell for five dollars.

A NATIVE LEATHER WORKER.



LEATHER working is a very large industry among the natives. The leather is made from goat and sheep skins, and is tanned by the people. Much of this leather is carried across the Sahara desert and sold in North Africa. The process of removing the hair from the skin is very simple. The natives know nothing about patent hair scraping machines and therefore have to resort to a simpler way. They have a tree called "Gaboruwa," the leaves of which they soak in water, and when the solution is well saturated with the substance of the leaves, they put the raw skin in it to soak for a day or two, after which the skin is removed and found to be perfectly free from the hair. This process does not hurt the leather, but leaves it with a natural finish.

The natives use the leather to make bags, sandals, shoes, fancy riding boots, and many other useful articles.

In the picture we see a man who has just finished one sandal, and is working on the other. His shop, tools, and all he possesses in the trade, can also be seen. This man has made his shop along the side of the road, and it consists of only a straw mat placed on the top of some poles which is used to keep the sun off.



A NATIVE LEATHER WORKER.

A NATIVE CLOTH WEAVER.



THE work of weaving cloth is undoubtedly the best industry among the natives. The cotton is bought from the women who spin it, and with this the weaver makes his cloth. The art of weaving cloth belongs to the men as also does the sewing of cloth. In weaving, the native is about as handy with his toes as he is with his fingers, and therefore finds no difficulty working the frame so as to throw the shuttle across between the web. The width of the cloth depends on the frame, but the most common widths are two, four and six inches. They can weave wider cloth but it is expensive and is not much woven. The widest cloth woven is about ten or twelve inches.

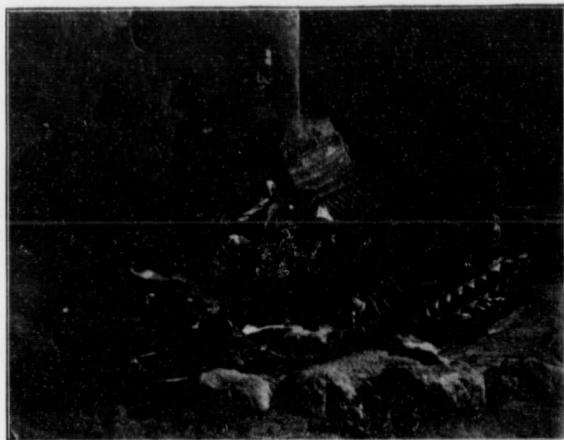
When the weaver has made about fifty yards he sells it to a tailor who in turn

A NATIVE TAILOR.



To be a good tailor in Nigeria, is about the best paying trade that a man could work at. I say a man, because women do not know how to sew, and should they tear their cloth they bring it to a man to have it mended. This seems strange, but it is the case. The man seen in the picture is making a garment. He does not sit just the same as our tailors, but as he has nearly as much use of his toes as he has of his fingers, he uses these to good advantage by holding one end of the cloth with his big toe. Sewing machines are unknown to the natives, but they can sew so fine that it would astonish any one to see the work they do. In sewing, they do not draw the needle towards them as we do, but they push it away. We call the hole in the needle the "eye," they call it the "nose," and well do they say, "What they do at Raha they don't do at Rala," meaning that the custom of every country is different. On some of the large garments that are made for the king, a good tailor will spend two months working the embroidery, and this is often done so fine that many expert tailors who have seen it, have wondered how they can sew so closely. Until lately the natives used a bone needle, but since the introduction of the English steel needle, the former can hardly be found.

The box lying at the tailor's feet is not a boat as many would suppose; it is a game called Esi, and is played much like our checkers.



A NATIVE TAILOR.

DYE PITS.



DYE PITS.

in the cold dye, and when the dye has taken, it is wrung out often as is necessary till the cloth has become a dark blue. The grass covers seen in the photo are used to cover the pits when it rains.



Indigo grows in almost every part of Africa, the native has no trouble dyeing his cloth. Indigo is a plant that grows about the height of the tomato plant. This plant has a small leaf not any different in color to that of other plants. When the plant has grown to its full size, the natives take it and pound it to a mortar, after which it undergoes another process of boiling, when it is ready for the dye pits. The dye is used cold and for this reason will wash out in a few washings. They also have other dyes made from different kinds of grasses, but the indigo is liked the best. The process of dyeing cloth is very simple, and also very good. Pits are dug in the ground about three feet in diameter, and eight feet deep. These are built around with clay, and coated with a certain kind of pitch, so that they are made water tight. The dye is mixed in these pits, and after the cloth to be dyed has been thoroughly washed, it is dipped and hung in the sun to dry. This is repeated as



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AN AFRICAN BLACKSMITH AT WORK.



AN AFRICAN BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

IN Africa, the village blacksmith is one of the most respected men, and is always an authority on all questions. He can make an arrow head that will penetrate anything, and hit the mark even when shot by a poor archer. Talking about hoes, why he made a hoe for his neighbor that lasted him two seasons (something very rarely done), and so on he could relate all kinds of stories. In Africa, as well as in America, the blacksmith shop is always a place for loafers, and is known as the "bulletin board" for the village, for here you can hear the latest news.

The natives get the iron from the ore and are very clever in working it into useful articles. The process of smelting the raw material is very crude. The ore is broken up into small pieces

and then put in a clay pot where it is heated till it melts. The iron sinks to the bottom of the pot, and the ore and sand float on the top. This is skimmed off and the iron taken out.

The three pieces of iron seen on the ground are his hammers, while the round piece sticking out of the ground is his anvil. Very few can afford an anvil, but use a large stone for that purpose. The boy sitting behind the fire-place is busy blowing the bellows.

NATIVE CUSTOMS.

A WOMAN CARRYING HER BABY.



VELL has it been said, "Necessity is the mother of invention." The Nupe baby knows nothing of baby carriages, rocking chairs, cribs, and the like, for from its infancy it has always been carried on its mothers' back. Seeing then how contented these children are while on their mother's backs, one cannot help but feel that it is nature's way. The child is tightly strapped on the back, and is carried everywhere the mother goes. If she goes for water, the child is with her, should she go to the woods to gather wood, the child goes too. When she has to chop wood to cook the meals, the child is still seen on its mother's back, bobbing to and fro, as though it was enjoying a little swing.

About one of the first things that a missionary notices about these children, is, that they hardly ever cry, they seem to be so happy and quiet, that crying is almost foreign to them. One would almost think that the more that is done for English children to make them happy, the more they want.

When the child is tired and the mother wishes to put it down she does not need to rock it to sleep for an hour or so, but simply lays it on a mat on the ground, and it goes to sleep without further attention.

Many have the idea that the African mother does not love her children. Such is not the case, as there is nothing more welcome to a home than a baby.



A WOMAN CARRYING HER BABY.

A NATIVE HAIR DRESSER.

TO plait a woman's hair is by no means a small task, for the hair is very thick and also very curly. A Nupe woman takes more care about the way her hair is done up, than many would think. The hair is first combed out, and then a block of wood like a V turned upside down is placed on her head, and the hair is tightly plaited over this block. Should a block not be obtainable, they have learned to use old rags as a filling. When the hair is done up, it much resembles a rooster comb.

There are many ways of doing up the hair, but the fashion does not change and make a certain way of doing up the hair out of date. After everything is finished, a nice cloth is used to cover the head, so as to keep out the dust. Hair done up this way will stay for over two weeks, and the trouble of doing it up every morning is done away with.

The large pots seen in the picture are used by the people to hold water. They are made of clay and burnt with fire, so that they are strong enough to hold the amount of water put in them. The clay and finish of these pots much resemble our flower pots, and the price of those seen in the picture is about twelve cents each. These pots are all made by the women from start to finish.



A NATIVE HAIR DRESSER.

A NATIVE BARBER.



A NATIVE BARBER.

young men who rather than shave, will let the hair grow on their chin so that they might be classed as men. The Nupe have a saying like this, "Hold on to my beard," meaning, "Feel safe with me; I can protect you."

Among other tribes, the women shave just like the men. The price of a shave is forty coweries or one quarter of a cent.



EARLY every nation has learned the use of the razor. In the picture we see a man having his head shaved. Among most African tribes this is the custom. They shave not only the head, but also their eye-brows and arm-pits. The only reason that I have found for this is that it is done to keep away lice, and if this be the only reason, we cannot but help admiring the man for it. The Nupe women do not shave their heads and therefore are by no means free of lice.

The Africans are almost beardless. What hair does grow on their face, grows on the chin, and somewhat resembles what we call a goatee. It is a man's one ambition to have a beard, and he would not cut it off for anything, for a man with a beard is looked up to and respected by the people, while a man without one is classed as a boy even though he may be a man of years. I have seen

NATIVE EDUCATION IN NIGERIA.

AN ARABIC SCHOOL.



AN ARABIC SCHOOL.

THIS may seem a strange picture to be taken among heathen people. The photo shows some boys learning to recite prayers in Arabic. There is a Mohammedan element scattered throughout Nigeria, in fact most of the large cities are politically Mohammedan, but not religiously. The man sitting in front of the boys is the teacher, he does not make his living entirely by teaching but nearly always has some other work, such as sewing, or weaving. In our schools, one rule enforced on the child is that he must study silently, and not disturb the others. Such is not the case in these schools, for the boy who calls out his lesson the loudest is considered the best scholar, and any boy who does not yell out his lesson is given a gentle reminder by the teacher with a long whip, which he keeps beside him.

Strange to say, although they have been studying Arabic for years, they have never learned the meaning of the words. This I have proved many times, by asking them what they are saying.

A Mohammedan always prays in Arabic, even though he does not know what he is saying. What a relief when they shall learn to pray to God from the heart and not use vain repetitions.

WRITING PRAYERS.



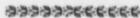
DURING the fast of Ramadam, the Mohammedans do not eat or drink anything from four in the morning till sunset, and as soon as the sun sets, they do not rush for food to satisfy their hunger, but first wash themselves, after which go through their prayers, and then they are ready to satisfy the natural man. They have a custom during this month of drinking prayers. This is done by writing prayers on a wooden slate with an ink made from a black plum. The writing is washed off and drank, so that the believer may, as he says he does, live on the prayers, which become part of his body.

As none of the common class, and very few of the priests can write, the work of writing prayers is left to the head priests and their schools of boys. The people bring in their wooden slates in the morning, and call for it just after sunset. Sometimes a man has only one slate, but he wants five prayers, so he tells the priest to write the prayers and then wash them off into five different vessels. Many of the priests just put some water in the vessels and pour in a little ink and stir it up, so that when the man comes at night for his prayers he thinks that they have been written and washed off again. I suppose one is as good as the other.



WRITING PRAYERS.

MISSIONARIES.



A PIONEER MISSION PARTY.



A PIONEER MISSIONARY PARTY.



OUR pioneer mission party consisted of Eld. E. Anthony of Brown City, Michigan. Mr. A. F. Taylor of Hamilton, Canada, who is standing behind Mr. Anthony on the left of the picture. Mr. C. H. Robinson of Newburgh, New York, and Mr. A. W. Banfield of Toronto, Canada, who is standing behind Mr. Robinson on the right.

Leaving Canada on Sept. 17th, 1901, the party proceeded at once to New York, and from thence to England, arriving in Liverpool on Sept. 28th, just one week later. Little did we realize what an open door God had prepared for us in that land, and what interest would be aroused in the people so dear to our hearts, whom although we had not seen, yet we loved.

On landing at Liverpool we were met by one of the members of the board who was staying in England at the time. Next we were introduced to Mr.

Drummond of Mrs. Birt's Sheltering Home, who did us much kindness in providing for our immediate needs in that strange country.

Mr. Drummond made us acquainted with Mr. Babcock and Mr. Armstrong, who are officially connected with the Liverpool City Missions. From that time on, the way opened up before us in a very marvellous way. First we were invited to attend a Mission and speak on Africa. Soon after this the appointments made for us to speak at different missions were so many that although we divided the meetings among ourselves we still had more than we could attend to, often speaking two and three times a day, and so God in a real manner opened for us a door in England. During our stay in England we were kept very busy making preparations for our departure from this land to another, the one that our hearts had so longed to see.

After staying in England for one month we desired to continue our journey. So on telling Mr. Babcock what day we intended to set sail, we were more than astonished when he told us that he had prepared for a farewell meeting to be held in one of their Missions. The meeting was a grand success, and as we bade farewell to many, we truly saw that God had given us some real friends for our work, some who believe in holding the ropes, and love to share with the missionary in the work of saving souls, although they do not actually go to the foreign lands. At the close of the meeting an offering was lifted for our expenses, and one would have thought that they actually knew what our expenses amounted to, for the offering was exactly the same.

Very little needs to be said at this time regarding this party, as much of their daily life is presented in this book. But it would be interesting to know that they succeeded in getting about one thousand miles up the Niger river and establishing a mission station at Patigi, a village of about ten thousand people. A Mission Home was built here, preaching was begun just as soon as the party had acquired the language, and later on a small school was opened to teach the native boys to read and write their own language.

Soon after this Mr. Anthony and Mr. Robinson had to be invalided home on account of severe attacks of malaria fever. Only six months later Mr. Taylor died at Bida, a new station that had been opened by the mission, and thus one by one the pioneer party were either taken or invalided from the field. Mr. Banfield continued in the country for over three years, with continued attacks of malaria fever from time to time, during which time he also had four attacks of black water fever. After he had recovered from his last fever it was thought advisable to send him home at once, so that he could remit his strength.

During Mr. Banfield's stay in America he wrote the articles contained in this book, and he expects to return to the country again just as soon as his furlough is completed, which will be some time in August.



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A MISSION GROUP.



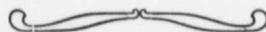
A MISSION GROUP.



Our arrival as well as during the whole of our stay at Lokoja, we were received by the Church Missionary Society's missionary, Rev. J. D. Aitken. Many pleasant evenings were spent at his home on the hill just behind Lokoja. From the verandah of the same we could see the sleeping thousands who in Lokoja were having the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached in their market places. The photo was taken soon after our return from itineration work in the province of Kabba. This photo is dear to us, as one of that number has since laid down his life as a martyr for Jesus Christ. I speak of Mr. Backo, who is standing nearest to the house. He was the interpreter for the C. M. S. station at Lokoja and spoke at least eight different languages, besides reading and writing and teaching English in their schools. An account of his death may help to add respect to his name. Six months after

this photo, he and Rev. J. D. Aitken (who is dressed in black and sitting directly in front of Mr. Backo), started on a trip through the Bassa country. They had been preaching from village to village, and then separated to reach another village two days farther on, and then join one another again. While Mr. Backo was entering the village he saw men running towards him with bows and arrows. He had with him his two boys. The men wanted to catch his boys, but Mr. Backo tried to defend them. He was shot in the leg with a poisoned arrow, and with great presence of mind he shoved the arrow and shaft right through his leg, thus saving the poisonous stuff from getting into his leg. But again he was shot in the neck, and at this he fell to the ground, and then his murderers jumped upon him and cut him with knives. His two boys managed to get away and so did his carrier. The natives then left him, and all night long he lay bleeding in the bush. Next day the king of the town sent and had him brought to the town, and then had him taken on to the next town, which was the one at which he was to meet Mr. Aitken. On reaching there Mr. Aitken started back at once for Lokoja, but he died on the fourth day. Only those who had any conversation with him know how his heart was in the work. The Government having received news of his murder, at once sent a white officer and fifty soldiers to find out the cause. Strange to say, the natives opened fight with the fifty native Government trained soldiers, but it was only short, for the forces drove them back, burnt their town to ashes, and burnt all their corn and farm products, also taking the king to Lokoja jail to serve a term. How different the contrast between the Government and the Christian. One brings words of peace, the other the maxim gun, or as the natives call it, "the popper" or "the gun that shoots twice." The remaining men standing are native deacons in the church. Also Mr. Ball of the C. M. S. who is stationed across from Lokoja about thirteen miles away among these Bassa people. The Church Missionary Society have been working in Lokoja and the surrounding villages for some years back, and God has in a way advanced their work. Schools have been opened where boys and girls are taken in and taught to read and write in their own language, and such as are promising scholars are taught English. It is real encouraging to see how quickly some of these dear boys and girls learn to read and write. They have a very sharp memory, and are able to memorize anything in a very short time, and also retain what they learn.

During the years that the Church Missionary Society has been at Lokoja they have had many converts, and some have gone out preaching the Gospel to their own people, thus proving that they are anxious that others of their own tribe should become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. The members of our party can also be well distinguished.



A PIONEER MISSIONARY'S LIFE.

OUR HOME AT LOKOJA



WHEN we reached Lokoja, the first thing we had to do was to find a house to live in. We had been told that we could rent one from the Royal Niger Company, but on enquiring were told that they had no houses to rent. When we heard this we hardly knew what to do. We had brought a tent with us, but there was no time to put it up that night, and the next day was Sunday, so we had to do something at once, as it was then late in the afternoon. On going to the Post Office to see if there was any mail for us, we were surprised to find that God had already provided a place for us. The assistant Post Master, a colored man, had heard that we were coming, and knew that we would have no place to stay, so asked us to come and live with him. We told him just how we were placed

in regard to a house, and he immediately offered us three rooms in his house. We at once went over and saw the house and the rooms, and were well pleased with them, so we decided to stay. This man was from Sierra Leone and had seen how the white man builds his houses, and had followed our plans as much as he could.

During our stay of nearly four months in this house, we had some very blessed times, and can recall many happy hours spent among the people there.



OUR HOME AT LOKOJA.

LANDING GOODS AT EDOGI.



LANDING GOODS AT PATIGI.

water he had, consented to run close to the shore. The boxes and trunks seen in the picture are our stores and clothing, which were to last us for one year. We had to bring these stores with us, as we did not know what kinds of food we could get in the country.



THIS photo may not be of as much interest to some as it is to us, as it recalls days when we were looking out for a situation for our mission station.

We left Lokoja on the 15th of March, and for three days sailed up the Niger river, passing many native villages on the banks and viewing much fine scenery. During our trip up the river we stopped at some of the largest villages to buy food for our men and also to take on wood for our engines.

At last we sighted Patigi in the distance, and then our hearts began to feel light, for we had watched and waited for this time for months. When we reached the point where we were to land, we asked the captain to try to bring his boat close to the shore in order that we might put out a plank and in that way land our goods. The boat only drew three feet of water, and the captain after sounding the place to find out how much wa-



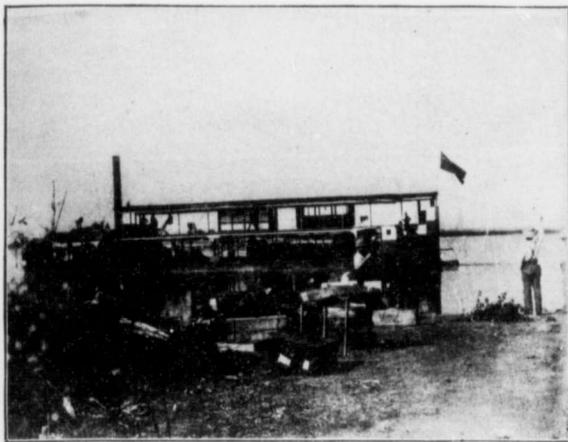
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FAREWELL.



FAREWELL.



THIS picture was made just after the boat had left us with all our goods landed on the shore, as mentioned in the preceding story. At this time we realized as we had never before, that we were pilgrims in a strange land. We did not know where we were going to sleep that night, we could not speak to the people, and it seemed at this time even more than we had ever experienced before, that we were to be led by God. Quite a crowd of natives were standing around watching us. Half filled with fear, and half filled with inquisitiveness, they did not know that they could be of any use to us. As soon as the boat had left us, we knelt down under a tree and asked God to direct us in our new life and lead us to a place where we could put our goods and also sleep for the night.

Again we proved that as in America, so also in Africa, God does tenderly care for His people. One would have thought we were all alone, but not so, for we had the promise of God with us, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." After such experiences where the heart is made to realize the nearness of God, one takes fresh courage and can truly say, "Anywhere thy steps to follow." Later on when we had secured houses to sleep in, we used to come down every night and have a bath and a swim in this river.

OUR HOME AT EDOGI.



COMING up from the water's edge where we had left all our goods, we came to the village of Edogi, and saluted the king of the place as best we could, and by signs and every possible means, managed to get him to understand that we wanted some houses to sleep in, and also that we wanted him to bring up our goods from the shore. We succeeded very well in this, for we got three small mud houses, and all our goods stored in them that same evening. It would be hard to relate our first night's experience in these houses, and as the native never makes a window in his house, one can get some idea of how terribly close it would be living in them. On the second night we slept out of doors, as we found it much more comfortable, and continued to do so during our stay here. Whenever rain came on, we would get out and pull our camp beds into the house and wait till the rain was over, only to pull them out again and try to get some sleep. The mosquitoes were so bad here that we dreaded the night, even though we had mosquito nets.



OUR HOME AT EDOGI.

One of the natives had a small monkey in his house, and this fellow would spend most of his time looking at us strangers. When we took this photo, the next morning, we did not forget to have our friend the monkey on it. He may be seen sitting on the log in the centre of the picture.

BUILDING STRAW HOUSES AT PATIGI



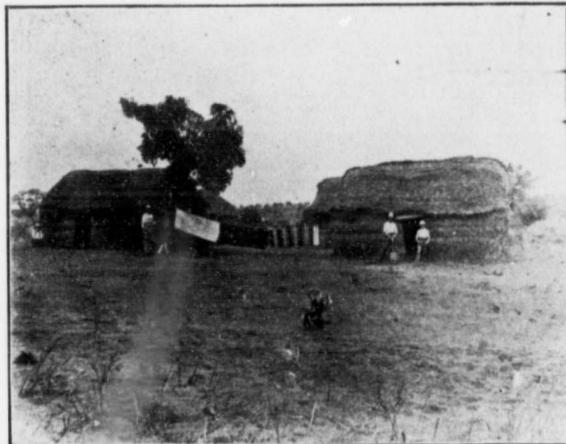
OUR next step was to see about getting grass houses built at Patigi, which was about three miles in from the river. As the rainy season was on, we decided not to try to build a permanent station, but to wait till next year. We therefore went to see the King of Patigi, and after we had about exhausted our means and signs to make him understand what we wanted, he finally got an idea of what we were trying to tell him. So going out to the farm we chose a place that we thought would be suitable for a mission station. The reason why we decided to build on the farms was because of the unhealthy state of things in the cities. The natives have no sanitary laws and the stench from their villages is something awful, and it is hard to keep healthy while living in such a place.

The king treated us very kindly, and did all he could for us, and we left the building of four grass houses to his charge. Well do I remember the size of the first house that he built for us, the roof was only about seven feet from the ground, and we would have had to crawl in and out of the opening made for a door. We however, would not let him proceed. The photo shows the king and his court out to see how the work is progressing.



BUILDING STRAW HOUSES AT PATIGI.

OUR HOUSE AT PATIGI.



OUR HOUSE AT PATIGI.

under the bed, while we ourselves would dress in our rain coats, put up our umbrellas and try to keep ourselves dry. Altogether we lived one year in these houses, and though called to go through many trying experiences, we can look back to many joytul hours spent, knowing that it was all done for the salvation of souls.



WE had to wait three weeks before our houses were ready for us, and being anxious to get a place that we could call our own, we moved up at once.

Our houses were made of straw mats tied to poles stuck in the ground, and on these poles rested the straw thatched roof. The floors were made by sprinkling some gravel on the sand, and after water had been freely thrown on this, it was beaten together with a small pounder. After this floor dries it becomes hard, and with care will last for some years. We built three houses for living and eating in, and one for a cooking house.

Many were our experiences in these houses during the rainy season. Often we were awakened out of sleep at night by thunder and lightning, and knowing that a storm was coming, and our houses would surely let in the rain, we would at once make preparations to meet it.

All our bed clothes were rolled up and put under



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A TERRIBLE TASK.

A TERRIBLE TASK.



VERY little needs to be said about this picture, as it will explain itself. In Africa one soon grows tired of condensed milk and longs to be able to get some fresh milk. At last we decided to try to supply this want by buying a goat. This picture was taken while one of the party was engaged in trying to milk the goat. The goat who had never been accustomed to such treatment, was, I can assure you, milked against her wish, while the natives, who had never seen such a task undertaken, were quite as much astonished.

Sorry to say, the experiment did not prove as good as we had expected, for the goat would not give more than half a pint a day, and we had so much trouble keeping the hyenas and other wild animals away, that we decided to get rid of her.

There are very few cows in the country, and what there are belong to a tribe of people known as the Fulahs. These people are the cattle herders of the country, and never live very long in one place, therefore they have no home. They herd their cattle through the country, and are especially busy in the dry season as the grass has all dried up and can only be obtained around the creeks. These people would not sell a milking cow at any price; to try them one day I offered them about six times its value, only to be refused.

HOME IN A STRAW HUT.

WHEREVER one may go, and under whatever circumstances you may be placed, one of the first thoughts is to make the surrounding home-like. The photo shows one of the party sitting in his room, which he had fixed up, and over which he felt quite proud. Most of the material used was of the roughest nature. The walls of the house are straw mats fastened to posts which are stuck in the sand. These posts were soon eaten out by the white ants. The shelves and cases were made from boxes that had been used to pack goods in, and came in very handy to the missionary to use as he has done. Later on, nearly all of this had to be taken down, as the white ants had found it out, and were busy eating the missionaries' books and other articles. The photo shows some medicines which were used in the dispensary, an account of which will be given with the following photograph.



HOME IN A STRAW HUT.

One may be struck with the attire of the missionary seen in the picture, but when we consider the heat of such a climate where the thermometer often rises to 106 and 108 degrees in the shade, and where there is no winter, but a continual summer, one cannot blame him for trying to keep cool.

DOING SOME MEDICAL WORK.

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It is not long before the missionary's heart is drawn out to the people to try to alleviate their sufferings. Great open ulcers, running sores, sore teeth, and the such like creates in him a longing to be of some practical blessing to the people, even before he can speak to them. In the photo is to be seen one of the missionaries doing a little medical work. Not that one needs to have a full knowledge of medicines, but just to wash and dress the wounds, and to use any simple things that will keep the wound healthy. Naturally, the natives look to the white man as one who has much knowledge given to him by God, and therefore when he comes to be treated, he comes in great faith in any simple prescription, and he does not go away without leaving some token of his gratitude. Some of these patients seen in this picture continued to come for treatment every day, till the sores were entirely cured, which in many cases lasted over four months.

The natives have not the same diseases that we have, but what they have are of a very loathsome nature. Leprosy is one of the diseases that is spreading rapidly among the people, so also is syphilis and consumption. The people have nothing that will cure them of these diseases, and our heart does ache as we see them thus without help.



DOING SOME MEDICAL WORK.

BUILDING A MUD HOUSE.



BUILDING A MUD HOUSE.



THE photo shows a round mud house, eighteen feet in diameter, with a wall ten feet high. The wall has just been finished and the men have called me to look at it. I have pronounced it a good job and that pleases them more than anything else I could say, as they are always glad when any one tells them they have made a good house.

The Nupe people are so good in building these round houses, that the Government has sent for Nupe men to come to other parts of the country to build houses for the Hausa soldiers.

We made the walls of these houses about eight inches thick, so that they would be cool and also stand the weight of a large roof that we intended putting on. The native does not always make the walls so thick, for I have seen

many houses being built where the walls were not over one inch thick. It requires a good man to build a wall that thin so that it will hold up the roof.

We had other reasons also for building thick walls; one other was that when it rained our house would not wash away. The natives do not build any foundation when building a house, but just start right on the sand. Often when there is a heavy rain storm we will hear a heavy crash, and can depend on it that the water has washed down a house. The natives do not mind the loss of a straw house, but when they lose a mud house it is harder, as a mud house cannot be built in the rainy season.



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MAKING A ROOF.

ends being joined together as it was put on the roof. It was not long before this roof was ready and placed on the house, then running over to the next one they soon had it under way.

This photo was made while they were thatching the last roof, and I may say that they were finished before the sun went down.

BINDING A ROOF TOGETHER.



NE can hardly imagine what a fine job the natives can make out of rough material. They seem to have a place for everything. If they have a bent pole, they put it in a place where the bend just answers the purpose, and better than a straight one.

In the photo we see them binding a roof together. The poles have been brought in, and are now being put into the house.

In case the roof is a large one it is built right on the house, as it would be too heavy to lift on. First they bind four poles together, and then spread the legs, making the four corners of a square, they then draw a circle on the ground the size of a wall, after this they fill in with other poles, keeping the poles about six inches apart. When they have sufficient to hold the roof together, they place it on the walls, and then fill in the rest.

After this, these poles are all bound together with vines which are laid across them. When this roof is finished, it much resembles the frame of an umbrella. The roofs are all bound together with the raw hemp that grows in the fields, and are very strong. I have seen a roof that was strong enough to hold twelve or fifteen men.

These roofs will last for years, but about every four or five years the roof needs to be re-thatched, as the grass becomes rotten. Sometimes a strong wind will unwind the straw from the roof.



BINDING A ROOF TOGETHER.

MAKING A ROOF.



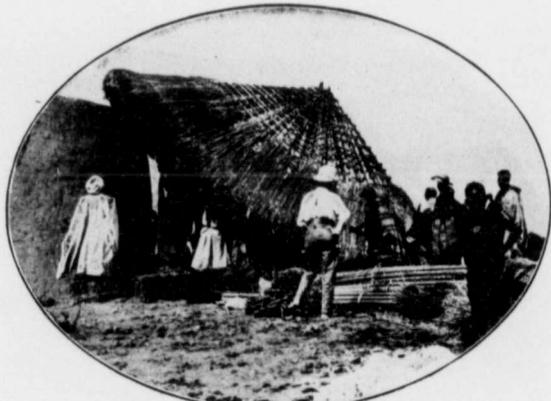
UST to find out how quickly our men could make and thatch one of these roofs, we gave them the contract of doing two one Saturday afternoon, telling them that we would pay them a right price, and then whatever time they finished they could go home. Everything they needed was provided, so they agreed to try and do what we wanted. We then chose six of them whom we knew to be good workers and who promised to do their best. Just after lunch they started, and it did us good to see the way they stepped around. It seemed as though they were working like a machine, for each man placed his pole to the roof just when it was needed. In a short time the frame work was made and then they brought along the grass, which was rolled on in one length, all the

PUTTING THE ROOF ON A HOUSE.



HIS photo was made just as the men were lifting the framework of a roof on to the walls. The roof has not been completely thatched, but it will be just as soon as they have placed it in position. The reason why they put this roof on before it was finished, was because if they had left it till all the grass was on, it would have been too heavy. One bundle of straw does not weigh very much, neither does one bamboo pole, but two hundred bundles of straw and about one hundred bamboo poles will weigh much more than any one has any idea of. Then again, when a roof is so heavy the chances are that when they are lifting it up, it will break in half, for they have no nails to nail the roof together with, but it is all tied with green hemp string. When a roof is ready to be placed on the walls, about forty men get around it and lift it up bodily, half of the men then go under the roof and place one side on the wall, then coming out from under it they go into the house and take hold of the roof again, then "all together" they slide it across over the walls, where it stays.

The cost of these roofs is not very much, for the natives go into the fields and get straw, and to the bush to get bamboo poles. During the rainy season dry thatching grass often sells at two cents a bundle.



PUTTING THE ROOF ON A HOUSE.

PUTTING IN THE LOCK STICK.



PUTTING IN THE LOCK STICK.

straw off the roof. Just below this stick the natives put in two other sharp sticks which they call the "vulture piercer." The reason they do this is because of the large vultures and other birds sitting on the roof of the house. When a bird goes to light on the top, these sticks which are pointing out will pierce him.

For a vulture to sit on the roof is not a very good sign, as it looks to the natives as though some one was going to die, and the vulture is waiting to eat the carcass.



AFTER all the straw has been put on, the ends are then plaited together. This is very nicely done, and when finished a neat cap is plaited with straw and placed over the ends of the straw top. These caps are made in many designs, some are made like a heart, some resemble a harp, and others as may most delight the builder. When this is all finished a hoop is made from some vine and placed over the top and pressed down tightly. The hoop is then pinned by passing a stick through the straw just above it, sometimes three of these hoops are used. Only one thing now remains to be done, and that is to fasten in the lock stick. This stick is about two feet long and is sharpened at one end, and pressed down through the centre of the roof, to keep the top firmly in its place, for should a heavy wind blow, and this stick not do its work, the wind will unwind all the



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A COMPOUND ON A HILL.

A COMPOUND ON A HILL.



THIS picture is a photo of all the houses seen in the preceding cuts after completed. The situation may look lonely, but one is willing to put up with this, that he may be quiet, and this is very desirous when one is living in a heathen village. Then from a health standpoint it is very necessary that one choose out a position where he will not get the impure air from the village. This compound is outside of the city walls, and was only built as temporary, therefore the houses were put up very cheaply.

It is always necessary to build a wall around the houses for different reasons. First, because it is the custom of the country, and then because of wild animals. Even though a wall has been built, it is hard to keep out

such things as snakes, wildcats and hyenas. The latter prowl around as plentifully as cats do at home. We have never had a hyena come into our house, but we have had them come near the door.

One night we were awakened out of sleep by a terrible noise in the hen house, and getting out of bed and running down to the house in the darkness of the night, yelling as we went, we succeeded in scaring away the hyena that had come for a meal. Often the hyena will wait around till we have gone back again, and then when we are heavy with sleep, will come and get the meal that he was determined to have.

BAKING BISCUITS.



ONE of the first things that a person needs to prepare is his meals, and often it did seem as though we were at it all the time. For a man who at home did not know how to bake bread, nor how long to boil an egg, it is quite a task to start in and cook meals, with only a few of the staple articles; but there is no telling how much a man can do until he is put to the test. One of our party made a capital cook, and he seemed to take such a delight in it, that nearly all the day he was engaged in this work. In this photo you can see how we got some biscuits, even though we had no oven. Some of you may be placed in the same position and you might like to make some, so I will tell you how we baked them. We got a large native water pot, laid it on its side on the ground, built about six inches of mud around it, and when this dried, it was ready for use. When wanting to bake, we just had to build a fire in the pot, and when the whole body had become heated, draw out our fire, put in the biscuits, and close the door. In about twenty minutes they were ready for the table. We also used this oven for baking other things, such as pot-pie, pudding, and the such like.



BAKING BISCUITS.

LUNCH IN THE WOODS.



PEOPLE do not have the opportunity of lunching in the woods every day, even though they may live quite close to them, and so when they do, they take as much pleasure out of the trip as possible. The scenery in these bushes is very pretty, large shade trees, palm trees, bamboo poles, and the such like are to be seen in all their beauty; vines also that have fastened themselves around trees in the most curious ways, and other creepers that when only small twisted around some tree and grew together with it, till now the once small creeper has grown to be a large vine six or eight inches in diameter, and as the tree grew it lifted up the vine, which can be seen as a mighty cable stretched between two trees sixty feet from the ground.

On the left of the picture is Mr. Anthony, who has been out with Mr. Ball of the Church Missionary Society for a stroll around Lokoja's hills. Lunch time has come and they are far from home, but they made provisions for this by bringing with them a small lunch. They also took with them a tin of English biscuits, quite a treat out in Africa.



LUNCH IN THE WOODS.

BUILDING A MISSION STATION.

DIGGING OUT CLAY IN THE PIT.



DIGGING OUT CLAY IN THE PIT.



AFTER we had decided where we were going to build our new station—for the time had come when every one was building, and we knew that if we did not build in the dry season we would have to wait till the next, and we did not want this, as we had had enough of grass houses for a while—we set to work on it. We did not have to go very far for some of the material, especially for the clay, but when we wanted to get lumber—and straight pieces at that—we found we had quite a task before us. To get out clay for our houses we had only to clear away the sand on the surface, and found some fine red clay which the natives said would make good building material. We started our men at digging it out, and after they had dug out enough for one day's work they took sticks and broke up all the lumps. Water was then brought and mixed with the clay, and in this

way it is left for two days. After that time it has become very sticky and stringy. We found some of this clay so hard that in less than three months we had worn our picks down to the handle.

Then come the sun-dried bricks. These are made by rolling clay into a ball and letting it fall to the ground to flatten. They are then left to dry in the sun for three days, and turned to dry three days more.



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MIXING MUD.

mile away, where they could obtain plenty of water. This clay would not be used for two days so that it had time to soak properly. Just before using the men would mix in some straw that had been prepared by being cut about three inches long, so that when the clay dried the straw would help hold it together.

When we had finished our compound and had got out all the clay we needed, we had dug a hole six feet deep and over fifty feet in diameter.

MIXING MUD.



HE photo shows some of our men in the pit mixing the clay. After a lot of clay had been dug out, the task of mixing came. The natives have no patent clay mixers, such as are to be seen in brick yards, but they mix it with their feet. Many times have I seen the clay so deep that the men would sink in it above their knees. With such an amount of clay to mix, one can easily see that we would require very much water, and this we did, but luckily for us we had a good well close by, that we had dug for this very purpose, and for over four months we drew something like five hundred gallons a day from it. On special days when we would mix an extra lot of clay our well would run dry, so we gave every man a pot which they would place on their heads and walk off for the creek about a quarter of a

OUR MEN IN THE CLAY PIT.



HIS photo was made after our houses had been building about three months, and we had got to know each one of our men. On the right at the bottom of the photo is Eleazar, who was the foreman over the natives, and the second one from the right is Lemung, who was the builder.

These men worked all day at this work for three thousand coweries, or about eighteen cents and were well paid. They were a happy lot, and knew no worry or trouble. Many times have we thought over those days when we worked side by side with these men, from mixing mud to putting on the finishing touches. The native is a man who does not worry about small things, and we often found that such a small thing as being in a hurry would never bother them. Well do I remember one day when we were anxious that they should finish a certain lot of work, and after telling them that we wanted it done for sure that day, we left them. Looking we saw that none of our twenty men were working, so going up we found them all sitting in the pit, eating some roots that they had got in the fields. We spoke to the head man who replied that they were hungry. We told them to eat plenty now. I assure you they did, and they also finished the work.



OUR MEN IN THE CLAY PIT.

LAYING THE CORNER.



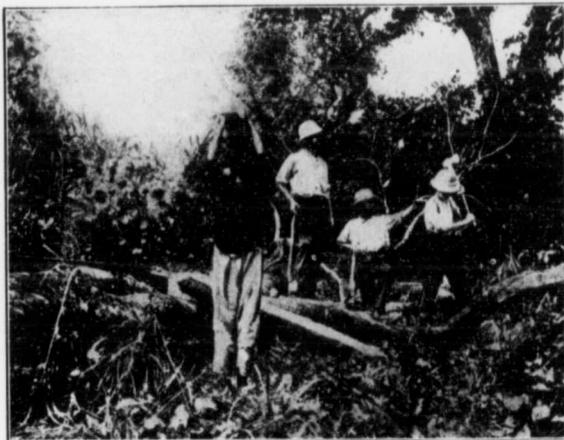
HAVING made a good supply of sun dried bricks, (some of which may be seen in the picture,) and plenty of mud mixed, we began to build our house. The natives do not build any foundation underground, but we thought it best to dig one a foot deep. The bricks and clay are now carried to the place where we are to build, and a row of bricks are first placed on the ground, these are covered with a layer of mud about four inches thick, and another layer of bricks is placed on the mud, and then these are covered with four inches of mud, and so the building goes on. Only about two layers of mud can be laid in one day, as it has to be left to dry for a day. As our building was a large one, it took them three days to lay the three rows of bricks completely around the walls, so we could continue building all the time, as the first would be dry by the time we came around again. We stretched a line for our man to build to, but at first he would build inside or outside of it, but after a few lessons he saw what we wanted and built very well.

The walls of this house were made twenty inches thick. In doing this we got a house that kept an even temperature both day and night, which is something to be considered in Africa, in order to be free from fever.



LAYING THE CORNER.

GETTING OUT LUMBER IN THE BUSH.



GETTING OUT LUMBER IN THE BUSH.

woods, but it seemed that that tree was too hard for us to split. Often when working at this wood I have seen sparks fly from it when we tried to split it. This wood is a bright red, and if it could be worked into furniture and polished, I am sure it would be valuable in America. I have not as yet got the English name for this tree, but as the country opens up and trade increases, we will get the name.



HAVING lived at home can hardly realize what it means to build a mission station where there is no prepared lumber. Lumber such as is used in making door frames, window sashes and house furniture, had to all be taken out of the raw material.

In the cut shown, we see a pioneer party who have just cut down a tree, measured out a beam, trimmed off the sides, and have now placed it on the native's head, to take it to the mission station three miles away. The difficulty of getting straight trees was the hardest part of the work, as most of the trees start to branch out only a few feet from the ground. Then again, all African woods are very hard, and it requires much labor and patience to make anything out of them. There was one tree that we especially wished to make beams of, as we felt sure that the white ants would not be so apt to eat it as other soft



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CUTTING PLANKS.

CUTTING PLANKS.

THE work of sawing out planks was far more difficult than that of getting out beams from the raw material. In the above cut may be seen the missionaries' first experience with a pit saw. As the natives had never seen one of these before, much less used one, one will have some idea of what it meant to work with him. It would have been far easier for the missionary to do the sawing himself, but as the climate will not allow much of this, his next best plan was to teach the natives. The natives not having any interest in the work, and thinking it a great joke to just pull up and down on the saw, he was more apt to run off the line than on it while sawing, but with teaching and much patience, he soon got quite handy in the work.

One day we sent two of our men out to cut down a tree, and told them to be careful with the saw. The tree was a very large one and not standing perfectly straight. Our men thought the best way would be to saw the tree down, so they put in the saw and commenced work. They had not gone far till the saw got bound. They came and told us and on going over we saw that they had put the saw in from the wrong side and the tree had leaned over on it. Many hours of hard work were spent before the saw was released.

DINNER IN THE WOODS.

AFTER working under a tropical sun from day-break until noon, with a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, one is very glad for the noon hour, when they can have a short rest. Leaving the mission station at four in the morning, we arrived at the woods where we were to cut our lumber at day-break, and as we did not intend to return for dinner, we brought our cook, and one of our boys, and some provisions with us, which the cook prepared for us at noon. This snap-shot was taken just as we were enjoying our meal in the thick of an African forest. Often while on such trips we had the privilege of shooting game, which we gave to our men. Sometimes we did not shoot any game, but found the gun came in very handy in keeping the monkeys away. These fellows would sit in the trees overhead and chatter away at a great rate, one would almost think that they were telling one another what we were doing.



DINNER IN THE WOODS.

There are many kinds of monkeys in these forests, and one soon learns to distinguish between them. The smallest one is found mostly on the farms where he lives on the corn and peanuts that the farmer has planted. This monkey is very destructive and causes the farmer much trouble.

PIT SAWING.

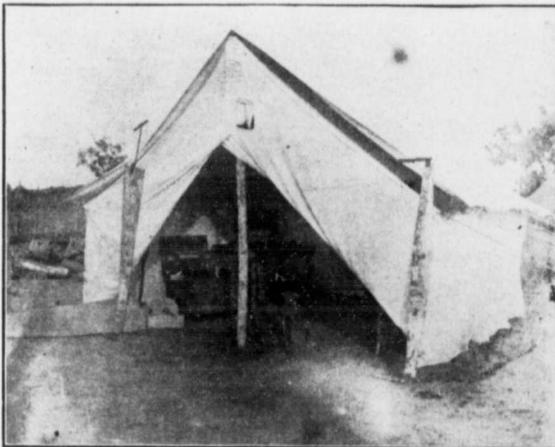


THIS cut very much resembles the one in which we were cutting planks, there need be very little said about it. When we left England we expected that we would have to get out lumber for our mission station, therefore we brought out such tools as would be useful to us. These large saws were a great curiosity to the natives, even the king and his men came to see them, and of course had to be shown how they "eat wood", as the native said when he saw the saw-dust flying. In our attempts to get out planks, we had to use all kinds of means. Sometimes when we wanted one limb off a tree, we were obliged to cut the whole tree down before we could get what we wanted. The picture shows where we dug a pit under the tree after we had cut it down, and in this way we were able to get out some planks. In many cases these planks warped so much after they were cut that they were almost of no use to us at all. With many of these trees the grain winds around the tree, and so terrible are some of them that in a log six or eight feet long, the grain will have made one complete turn around the tree. Trees like this are no use for lumber and were used as fire wood. The man in the pit sawing the tree got quite good at it, and took great delight in showing the saw when any of the chiefs came to see it.



PIT SAWING.

A CARPENTER'S WORK SHOP.



A CARPENTER'S WORK SHOP.

work in it very long. We brought out with us a full set of carpenters tools, and these we found to be very useful in making the many things that we required. Many of the native carpenters would come and watch us working, and with mouth and eyes wide open they would watch us boring a hole. This seemed to be the greatest wonder they had ever seen, but when I drilled a hole in a piece of iron, the native went backwards saying: "It's enough, it's enough, the white man can do anything, even iron is as soft as wood to him."



WHEN the planks and beams that had been cut in the bush were brought to the mission station, they were piled away and left to dry for some time. This part of the work did not take very long as the heat is so intense that the planks were dry before we were ready for them. After being dried they were made into window frames, door frames, and the many other articles that would be required in the building of the new station. However in less than one year, most all of the frames made had been eaten out by the white ants.

The picture shows the shop where the work was done by the missionaries. This tent was brought out to be our home till we could build proper houses, but on coming to Patigi the king was kind enough to let us have some grass houses, which were much preferred to the tent, the tent being so close that one would almost faint when they had to



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SETTING UP THE DOOR FRAMES.

SETTING UP THE DOOR FRAMES.



BY the time we had the lumber out and made the door and window frames, our building was ready, so we at once put them in position. The natives had never seen anything like this before, and wondered what all these things were for, but they never said much only continued to watch, and looked eagerly for the completion of the building. We also were anxious to get our house built, as we could see that we would have better health when we moved into a good building.

As one of our objects in building this mud house [was] to have a cool home, we put in more windows and doors than would have been necessary otherwise, so that we might have plenty of cool air all the time. Window

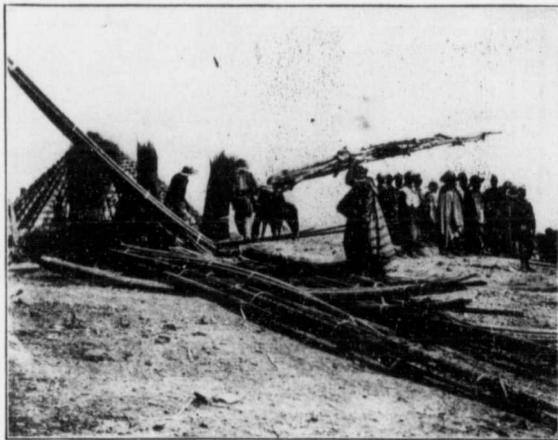
glass and such like is entirely unknown to the natives, and even we ourselves became natives in this respect, for we did not put in glass in our windows neither did we hang doors, but instead put up a large door mat made by the people. Often when it was raining the wind would open the straw mat and send in a storm of rain and wind, or else it would tear the mat away altogether and leave us to the mercy of the storm. The mosquitoes are so plentiful at Patigi, that we were obliged to make screens for our doors and windows.

BRINGING IN POLES FOR THE ROOF.



AFTER the mud walls of the new house had been finished, and the bamboo ceiling put on, which we made by laying bamboo poles across the walls so closely together that they touched each other, heavy straw mats were placed on these poles, and over the mats was a layer of mud three inches thick. Should the grass roof above catch fire, the fire would not spread to the inside of the house as it could not burn through the mud ceiling. This being all completed, our next work was to make the roof.

Knowing that I could get bamboo poles from the natives just as soon as I said I wanted them, I did not trouble myself much about this part of the work, although we would be needing some thousands of these poles to make the roofs of our houses. One day I sent for one of the chiefs and told him I wanted two thousand bamboo poles, some twenty feet long and some thirty feet long. Next day every man in the village who had heard that the white man was wanting bamboo poles had left for the bush. These poles grow in the swamps, and at certain times of the year are hard to be got. They grow in bunches and each pole grows from its own roots, and grows straight from the ground. When green they are very heavy but soon dry in the sun after being cut, and are then very light. The natives brought all the poles that I needed in a few days.



BRINGING IN POLES FOR THE ROOF.

THATCHING THE ROOF.

DURING all the time that the building was in progress we had been buying the different things needed for its completion. One of the most needed of these was the grass to thatch the roof. This grass can only be had in the dry season. Not all grasses are good for thatching a roof, but only those that do not dry brittle and are of a soft nature and will not rot. The price I paid for these bundles of grass was about two cents each, and these were quite large. These bundles had to be plaited so that the straw would hold together, and could be rolled on the roof.

After the framework was completed we were then ready for the grass. Telling our head man that we needed some fifty men to help us put the grass on the roof, we made ready to do it on the morrow. The grass has to be put on the house in the morning before the sun is hot, otherwise it is liable to break when it is too dry.

This photo was made while the men were thatching the roof and had been at work about three hours. The time taken to completely thatch the roof was about six hours, and during that time the men put on eight hundred bundles of grass, or in other words they rolled on about twenty thousand feet of straw. One of these straw roofs should, with care, last about five years. But many times the wind so breaks up the straw that in a year or two the roof begins to leak.



THATCHING THE ROOF.

BUYING OLD POTS.



BUYING OLD POTS.

buy these from the native women. They would try to get the very best price they could, and as time was no object to them, they would keep me so long from my work that I would pay them the price rather than lose any more time. After I had bought all the old pots in the village, I had not enough for our floors, so I had to buy new pots and break them up.



NE will wonder what we would do with old pots, and you will surely say that they can be of no use. They may be of no use in this country, but they are very useful in Africa. These pots are made from clay and are thoroughly burned in a fire. They are used for cooking, for holding water, and in fact for every kind of house work where vessels are required. After the pot has become cracked, or old, it is placed away to one side, to be used later on.

Our houses were now ready for the floors, and we desired to make a good job of them. With many of the natives, they only use gravel, but we thought to use old broken pots, as it would make a more even floor, and look and last much better.

To make a floor the size of our house, we needed something like one thousand old pots, and one can hardly realize what it meant to



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PREPARING TO POUND THE FLOOR.



PREPARING TO POUND THE FLOOR.

a right price with her majesty. At last we did come to something definite, and she accepted, saying that she would have all the women in the town at work next day. This head woman did not come alone when she came to look at the houses, but she brought with her just such women as could advise her in regards to the work, and these seemed to cause additional trouble to us, for they kept telling the head woman that she was not getting enough for the work, that the work was more than all the women in town could do, and many other such excuses. All this was done to try and show us how great was the work that they were going to do for us, and how little was the pay that they were receiving. It is strange that the natives consider everything they do for us a favor, and even though we pay them a good price, they still tell us it is for our sakes that they are doing it.

POUNDING THE FLOORS.



o have been at our compound that day, you would have thought that the whole town had turned out to work for the white man. Women, children and babies were there. The first thing to be attended to was the carrying of water, and about one hundred women were at once appointed to this part of the work, and returning from the creek would empty the water into large earthen pots brought for the purpose. The next thing to do was to carry in earth to fill up the floors. This was the hardest part of the work, as we wanted our floors about one foot higher than the ground, so that they would be dry in the wet season.

About two or three hundred women were set at this work, each going to the farm and bringing back a load of earth in their calabash. When the floors were level, everybody was set to work to break up the old pots, and lay the pieces on the floors. When this was done, water was freely sprinkled on and then about fifty women would crowd into a house each with a little pounder in her hand, such as is seen in the photo, and with these they would beat the floor for hours, until it became one solid piece, with the pots beaten well into the earth. Needless to say that the women were spattered with mud from head to foot, but as can be seen they only wore old clothes on such occasions.



POUNDING THE FLOORS.

INSPECTING THE WORK.



AFTER a floor had been pounded, the head woman would call me to come and inspect it, and how eagerly the women would stand around to hear what I said. If it had not been pounded enough, I would tell her so, and she would start them at it again. If it was all right and I told her I was satisfied, why the women would cheer and sing and say all kinds of nice things about me, and then to show me how glad they were that I was satisfied with their work, they would go in again and pound it for a little while longer.

Now that the floors have been pounded, there remains nothing more to be done till after they have dried, so the photo shows the women preparing to go home. I learned that all the women who had come to pound the floors of our house, had been compelled to come by the head women. It will take these floors three or four days to dry, and after that they are sprinkled with a preparation made from the pod of the locust tree fruit. This preparation is very sticky, and after it has been sprinkled on the floor three times a day for four days, the floor becomes glued together.



INSPECTING THE WORK.

STUDYING THE LANGUAGE.

A MORNING LESSON IN NUPE.



STUDYING THE LANGUAGE.

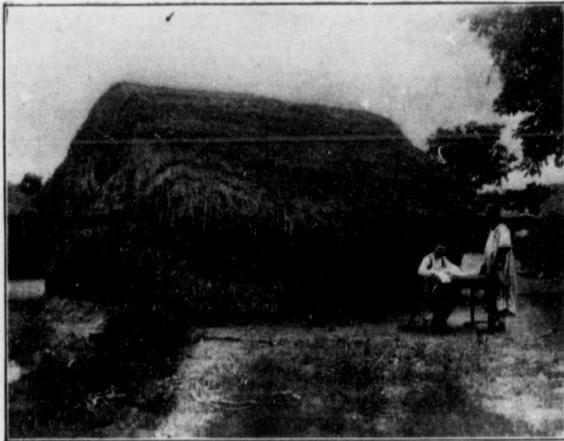


WID you ever try to get a foreign language from one who did not know one word of your language? If you have never tried you can hardly realize what a task it is. Add to this then the task of getting it from a native who knows nothing of what you are trying to do, and with no idea of what you want it for. In studying this language I had to use all kinds of ways. If I wanted the word for tree, I would point to one, and when he said it, I would write it down as I had heard it. When I wanted the word for pinch, why I would pinch my teacher, and then listen to what he would say, thinking that he would say, "Why did you pinch me?" So I kept on till I got what I wanted. The matter of getting nouns was comparatively easy, but when one had to find out the verb in the sentence, it was another thing; and then when every verb is divided and the phrase put in be-

tween, it makes a very difficult task. Try one. *Ki ji we ei gba mi dgu o?* What is the matter that you hit me? Which is the verb?

In America we have all kinds of text books and dictionaries which one can refer to, but in Nigeria there are no books like these. As the natives do not know how to read or write, they have no books whatever. Nor have they any characters which they could use to write their language.

STUDYING OUTSIDE.



STUDYING THE LANGUAGE.



HIS photo was taken just in front of my home. It was taken some time after the preceding cut, and by that time I was able to speak a few simple sentences to my teacher. I could then ask questions and also answer others. One of the greatest tasks in studying this language was to be able to distinguish between the different sounds of intonation given to each word. For instance, the word Kara when said by raising the voice, means a crab; when said by lowering the voice, means a load; when said by raising the voice on the first syllable and dropping on the last, means never; when said by raising the voice at the first, and coming to the natural at the last, means a wall; when said by speaking just naturally, means to be caught; when said slowly, it means to sur-

round; and so on till you get about fifteen words spelled the same, but pronounced differently. This is not the exception but the rule, and each word has its peculiar intone. We soon found that a person with a musical ear, had no trouble in distinguishing between the sounds, while one who had no ear for music, would be very slow in getting the language.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

TEACHING MY TEACHER.



HIS picture was taken a little over a year after I had started to study the Nupe language. My teacher who was a Mohammedan is seated in front of me, and now the tables are turned, for I have been teaching him. Many times during our hours of study, have I turned the conversation to spiritual things, and have taught him regarding the new birth and holy living. Later on I had a new teacher who was a Mohammedan also when we first met him, and a strict observer of the fast of Mohammed. Every morning we would have prayers together, and he has now become a believer in Jesus Christ. Many times have I given him a banana or a piece of bread after the sun had set so that he would not have to walk home hungry to his village about five miles away. This was while he was a Mohammedan, but I would never tempt him with the like during the fasting hours, for one cannot help but admire their zeal. After he had become a Christian and had denounced the fast, I thought I would try him. So during the fast of the following year, I offered him a banana at noon, and asked him if he would eat it, thus showing to me that he was a Mohammedan no longer. He said he would, and took and ate the banana.

"Why," said I, "you don't keep the fast now?" "No," said he, "Jesus Christ is my righteousness now."



TEACHING MY TEACHER.

SPEAKING TO OUR LABORERS.



DURING the time in which we were building our mission station, we had over fifteen men working for us. Being desirous to give them the Gospel even though not able at that time to speak much of the language, we arranged for a short service one quarter of an hour each day. I believe the men enjoyed these short talks, for even while I was speaking to them, if they saw any one passing they would call out to him to come and hear the Word of God. It was during these meetings that Limung's heart was opened to see the truth, and also another of our men named Alie, who is seated to the left, beside the post. Preaching was held under a straw shed, used by the men during noon hour.

These people are very simple in their manners, and one finds much encouragement when speaking to them. During the meeting everyone was allowed perfect liberty, and I rather enjoyed having them ask me questions. In this way I got such an insight into their religious life and how they looked at such things. That greatly helped me in my work. I found that in many ways they expressed things quite different to us. For instance, we speak of people having black hearts, and the heart being black with sin. This sounds very ridiculous to the natives. They speak of a thief or sinner as one who has a black, dirty stomach, and needs cleaning out.



SPEAKING TO OUR LABORERS.

GOING ON A PREACHING TOUR.



GOING ON A PREACHING TRIP.



THE time now came when we thought it advisable to make a trip through part of the Nupe country, and give them a chance to hear the Gospel. Many of the villages passed through had never seen a white man before, and none of them had ever heard the Gospel. The trip lasted one month, during which time we spoke at every town and village on the road. As we knew we would be well received by the natives, we did not trouble taking many provisions along. In every village we were given a hearty welcome, and the best in the place was at our disposal. The number of fowls given to me were more than I could use, and many times after giving my men what they needed that day, I was still able to give one or two fowls to my host who had shown us so much kindness. The

party consisted of two carriers, my teacher who acted as cook, and myself.

As to the spiritual result of this trip, I can say that in every way I was greatly encouraged. Every town I passed through seemed interested enough to come and hear what was said. Many of the villages were real anxious that I should not pass on but stay and live with them, and teach them about God and Christ. This I was unable to do, and had to many times with a heavy heart leave the people to grope in darkness.



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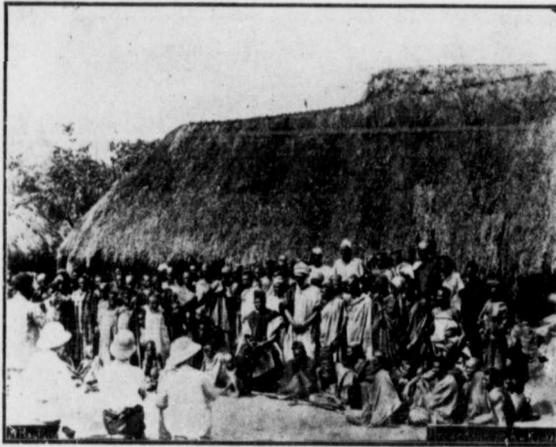


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SPEAKING AT KAKUMA.



SPEAKING AT KAKUMA.



HIS photo was not made while out on the trip spoken of in the preceding cut, but on another occasion, when we were invited to accompany Rev. J. D. Aitken of the Church Missionary Society. One can see what an intelligent crowd we had to speak to. Their king is seated in the centre, and during the talk was intensely interested. Just as soon as the speaker was through, the king asked to be allowed to ask some questions. He said that he had enjoyed all that had been said to his people, and he believed it was just what they needed. "Of course," said he, "one of you will be staying at our village to teach us, for unless you do, we will soon forget." When we told him that we could not stay, neither had we any one to send, then said he, "I want to know something about

this truth, as I intend to have my people observe what you have told us."

His first question was, "What day is Sunday? for you have said that God will bless us if we keep this day, and we want God's blessing."

Is not this cry of the heathen a great challenge to the Church of Christ to be up and doing ere the night cometh when no man can work?

SPEAKING AT KABBA.



INTO whatever town the white man may enter, he is always sure of having a crowd of people around to look at him. We reached Kabba at about two o'clock, and after saluting the king, we asked him for a house to sleep in, as we did not intend to move on till the morning. The king then showed us to our quarters, but one glimpse was enough for us, as the place was very dirty. So we told the king that we would sleep under this tree, as we intended leaving very early. If you have read the account given of the town of Kabba, you will not wonder that we chose to sleep out in the open.

We spoke to these people twice, once in the king's compound, with all his people gathered around, and once to the crowd who stayed around all day, to watch how we ate, and also to ask for such things of ours as they might fancy. During the night we left our lantern lit to keep away prowling animals.

On our return to this village, we had considerable trouble in getting men to carry our loads. The men who had come with us had returned to their village, and we expected to get men here to bring us on to the next village and return from there. The king told us he could not help us, and said the best thing we could do would be to go to the market and catch some men and compel them to carry our loads. We were not willing to take such steps as these, but after waiting around for some hours, we had to do as he advised us.



SPEAKING AT KABBA.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR THE CHURCH AT GBADO.



WHILE we had been studying the guage at Patigi, we would go out on Sunday mornings and preach at three small villages about four miles away. This we continued to do for some months, and we were always repaid for our work by the interest the people at one of the villages showed in the preaching. One day the chief sent to say that they wanted to build a small church where I could speak to them, as before I had been used to sitting under a tree, or in a yard, or any place where I could get the people gathered together. The next week I went down and chose out a spot for the church just outside of the town, and marked out a round house eighteen feet in diameter. I was assured by the chief that they intended to build this place themselves, and I was not to pay anything for it. Later on, when they had the bricks and clay ready to build, they sent for me to come and lay the first mud of the building.

I need scarcely say how thankful to God we were for this small beginning in our work. The picture is dear to us, as it is the first clay laid for the first church built by the natives in Northern Nigeria.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR THE CHURCH AT GBADO.

THE CHURCH AT PATIGI.



THE CHURCH AT PATIGI.

big straw roof set up on poles. We made the one door at the end, so that we would not be troubled with them running in and out. We also put a straw fence around it, so that those who had come, would not be attracted by what was going on outside. There are no pews or seats in this church, so that the preacher and congregation alike, all sit on the floor. This church only cost fifteen dollars to build.



REACHING at Patigi had been carried on under all circumstances. At first we had the people come to our compound, and there we would speak to them. Many times have we had over two hundred present, but later on the attendance was not so good. We next went to the market and spoke to the crowd that gathered around, but this did not prove so satisfactory as we would have liked it to, for we only got a moving crowd. As the teaching was all new to them, we desired to have the same people every meeting so that they might learn what we were telling them. We next got the use of a gate-way, which was a round mud house, but this did not accommodate one half of our people, and became so close and hot, that the natives would not attend. At last we decided to build a straw church large enough to seat two hundred people. The one we built is just like a

A MISSIONARY'S HOPE.



ELEAZAR, WIFE, AND SILAS.



ELEAZAR, WIFE, AND SILAS.



o matter where the missionary may go, he will always make friends of some before others, not because they are men of position, nor because they are the opposite, but somehow or other, they seem equally as much drawn to us, as we do to them. We first met Eleazar (the man in the center), when we began to build our mission home, and we found him a very useful man. He not only did his work in the building, but on Sunday he would accompany us to the villages where we were to preach, and would also take part in this work. Eleazar was trained by the Church Missionary Society at Lagos for an evangelist, but this position he did not fill because he left the Mission and went to other work.

When we found that he could read his own language, the Yoruba, we sent for a Bible for him, also for a pair of glasses, as his eyes were very poor. Sitting on his right side, is his wife Zenabu. The boy to the left is our boy Silas who was rescued from slavery, and has since been given to us by the Government. Silas although not a very smart boy at learning to read or write, is a very bright fellow in many other ways. He seems to make up for his dullness by work.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS AT PATIGI.



his photo shows a group of the children who belong to the Sunday-school at Patigi, and who meet every Sunday in the large straw church and learn verses. It was taken on Christmas day, and gives one an idea of the great difference between our climate and theirs. It cannot be cold when the boys and girls do not wear any clothing, and I guess I can tell you that it never has been cold enough to wear clothing. The boys in America feel quite proud when they get a new suit of clothes, and when the pants have pockets in them, and our girls look very pretty when they get a new hat or a new dress. Maybe it would be well for us to think about these poor children in Africa at that time. These boys and girls do not know what it is to have a nice new suit or dress, for from the time they are born till they are about fourteen years of age they never wear anything, but just run around all day as you see them in the picture.

In Sunday-school these children are very bright, and we are surprised at the way in which they remember their verses from one Sunday to another. These verses are not taught them in English, but in their own language, so that they can understand them and learn that Jesus wants to save them from their sins.



THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS AT PATIGI.

AN ADOPTED GIRL.



AYBE I could not write a more interesting story on the photo herewith, than an account of how I came in touch with this girl. I was sitting in my room studying the language one day, when I was startled by the cries of a woman close by. Going to the door, I saw that the woman who was yelling so terribly was in our compound. I at once went to her and tried to question her, but she continued screaming. After a while however, I managed to get a few words out of her, and to understand that a man had caught her daughter, and was going to sell her as a slave, and that she herself had been caught, but had managed to get away. I assured her that she was safe in our compound, and no one would harm her, and asked her to tell me the story.

She said a man named Makum had caught her girl, and was going to sell her. As I was personally acquainted with the man, I at once sent for him to come to my compound. In about half an hour he came riding on horse-back, with his followers bringing up the rear. He was as you might say "walking delicately." I told him I only wanted to see him, and asked him to dismiss the crowd following him, and only to keep four of his men as company. He willingly did so, and I then brought him into my house. I asked him if he knew this woman before him, and he said he did not. He said he had been away from the town for three days so knew nothing about her. The woman however said she knew him, and only this morning he had caught her girl. He then asked his men if they knew her, and they said no. I had found out before this though that some of these chiefs are terrible liars, and was reminded again of this in my talk with him. We talked for over one hour, and I saw that I was not gaining anything, and that the woman would lie now and then, and in so doing would mix me up worse than I had been before. I decided that the only thing to do was to ask him for the girl at once, and not listen to any other story. To my surprise when I did, he at once turned to one of his men, and told him to go and get the girl, and in about half an hour he returned with the girl. When I saw her I at once knew that she belonged to the Yagba tribe, and that I could not speak to her, but he said she spoke Nupe, so I asked her some questions. She said she had run away from her former slave master, and finding this woman living in a farm village near Patigi, who had been a slave to her master also, and had run away some years ago, she came and lived with her. Makum had got news of this and was going to sell her into slavery again, and receive a good fat sum. I asked her what she wanted me to do for her, and she said, "I want you to save me." I then turned to Makum and told him that I would write to the Government, and tell them what he had been doing, and that he might get into trouble, and as to the girl, I would inform them that she was living with us, and await orders as to what was to be done with her. Makum then went home, but returned in the evening to tell me that what he had been telling me all morning was a lie, but now that I had found him out, he was going to tell the truth.

He said that one of his men had fallen in love with the girl, and wanted her for his wife, but this woman would not consent. He therefore went to her village, and when he saw her go out for water, he caught her and brought her back to his village and was going to marry her. When I heard this, I at once told him to go home, for what he had just told me was the lie, and I had got the truth that morning. His plan was to deceive me and escape punishment. On writing to the Government I applied for the girl, and she was given to me, and I have adopted her and given her my name. Her first name is Wusa, and she is about fourteen years of age.



AN ADOPTED GIRL.



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ON THE TRAIL OF A WORD.



LEMUNG AND SEWU.



WHILE studying one day, I turned to my teacher and told him that there was a word in our language that I had not, up to the present, found in theirs. He at once desired to know what it was. "Well," I said, "there is a word which we apply to a man who says there is no God and no hereafter, and I have not found what your people call him, but I want to find out to-day." He assured me that if I would only tell him what it was more fully he would give me the word. So I said, "Look here, Lemung, what do you call a man that says there is no God and no hereafter, and all this business of doing prayers is only a farce?" He said, "I would call him a fool." I said, "I know he is a fool, but that is not what I want. What would you call him in your language? Now wait and I will tell it to you again, and I want you to think, and then tell me what you would call him."

"But we have no people that say there is no God and I do not know what we would call him," he said.

"Well," I persisted, "suppose a man came to your village, and when he saw you saying prayers, he asked you what you were doing it for."

"Oh," you say, "we are praying to God."

"Did you ever see God?" he asks.

"No," you say.

"Well, did you ever see anybody else that ever saw God?" he questions further. Again you say, "No."

"Well, what are you praying to some one that you have never seen for? Don't you know that this is all foolish. There is no God, when a man dies he dies like a dog, and is dead.' Now, Lemung

there is no prophet—there is no hereafter. what would you call that man?"

Again he replied emphatically, "I would call him a fool."

But this was not what I wanted. "I know he is a fool, but I want to find out what name you would give this man in your language."

"We haven't any like that," he said, "I never saw one, and I don't know what we would call him."

"Well then, Lemung," said I, "let me give it to you in another way. Take for instance myself. I do not want you to call me a fool. But suppose I said to you that there is no God and no hereafter. (Now wait a minute, don't call me a fool!) What would you call me?"

"Say," he asked, and he threw the question at me, "have you any of those people in your country?"

I told him we had. "Well," said he, "there are lots of fools in your country then." I assured him there were. Persistingly I continued, "Don't call me a fool, but what would you call me if I told you there was no God?" For awhile he thought, then turning to me he said, "Oh, I know, I know now! Dubon-dubo." That was just the word I wanted.

Repeating the words I asked, "What is dubon-dubo?"

"Where do the palm trees grow?" he queried. "By the water," I answered.

"And where do the trees grow?" he further asked. "They grow in forests," I replied.

"And what is between the forest and the water?" I said, "There is generally open field."

"Well," he said, "dubon-dubo is a palm tree that is growing in the centre of this field. It is not by the water where palms grow, neither is it in the forest where trees grows. It is not here nor there. So is the man that says there is no God—he is not with men, neither is he with God. He is nowhere."

In the Nupe no word has yet been found for conscience, soul or atonement, as well as many other key words to the Christian faith. Such experiences as the above enable us to understand the difficulties of pioneer work in a new field, for not only has the language to be learned, but new words must be introduced in association with ideas of which the native mind has hitherto had no conception.

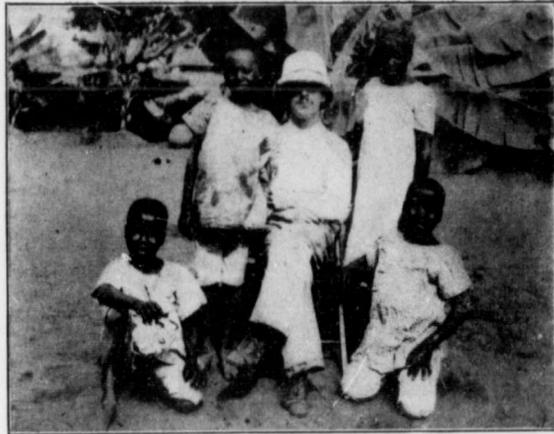
THE MISSION BOYS.



THESE are the children who are the life of our Mission station, and to whom we look to be leaders in the Nupe church if God wills. These boys were given to us by the Government who had rescued them from slavery a short time before. One can see at a glance that the features of these boys are not the same as those of the girl standing on my right. The reason of this is that they are not of her tribe. The girl is a Yagba, while the boys are Laka. The home of these boys is away up the Binue river, and from what I can learn from them they wear no clothes whatever, neither men nor women.

Slave traders have gone through their country and carried off many of the boys and girls and were bringing them to the slave market where they would sell them for large sums of money. To reach the slave market they had to pass through Nigeria, and while doing this they were stopped by the English, and the boys and girls who were going to slavery were set free.

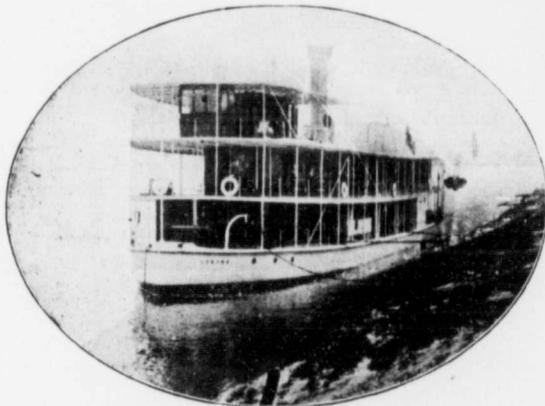
The girl standing on my right is Wusa, the girl that I saved from slavery. On my left is Charlie, with Paul kneeling in front of him and James in front of Wusa.



THE MISSION BOYS.

IMPROVEMENTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT.

S. S. CARONA.



S. S. CARONA.

As the Niger river is very shallow in some places during the dry season, these boats are made with a flat bottom and do not draw much over three feet of water. The engine and boiler are the very best that can be had for such boats. The paddle-wheel instead of being on the side, is at the stern, which gives the boat a strange appearance to those who have been accustomed to seeing boats built otherwise.

The Carona is Sir F. D. Luggard's private boat and is fitted with every convenience—electric lights, bath room, dining room and many other modern improvements which help to make the voyage pleasant.



THE British Government is deserving of much praise for the developments that have been made in Northern Nigeria since 1900.

What a help it is on arriving at the mouth of the Niger river, to find a large steam boat waiting to take you over seven hundred miles up this great river, where formerly you would have been obliged to use native canoes, and it is a question whether you would have reached your destination or not.

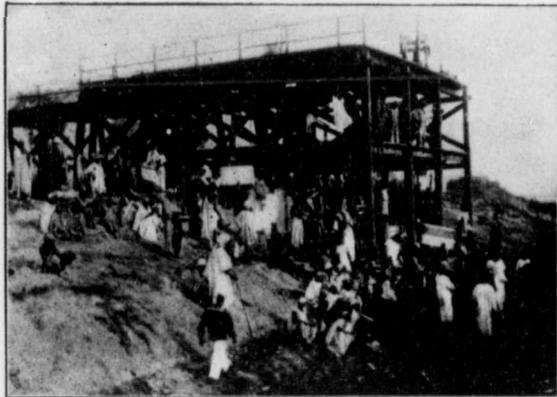
This latest boat, the Carona, was put on the river in 1904, and it is the best boat that the Government has. It has a capacity of carrying about twenty European passengers, besides cooks, boys, and many natives who travel on the lower deck.



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THE LANDING STAGE AT LOKOJA.

THE LANDING STAGE AT LOKOJA.



Since the natives have no wharves, quays, or landing places for boats, the Government had to make their own. For a long time before they built this wharf, they used to run the boat as close to the bank as they could, and then put out a plank and land their goods. During the rainy season it was very difficult to find a good landing place, as the river had overflowed its banks. Just lately, the Government have added to their many improvements this fine wharf. It may not look like a wharf to us, but it does serve its purpose as nothing else could.

This photo was taken when the water was falling, and one would wonder how you

could tie a boat to this, but in the rainy season the water rises to near the top of the wharf, and then they use the upper part, later on it falls and then they use the lower part, then from the lower part there are concrete steps away out into the river, and as the water dries up these steps serve as a place to land the goods.

During the rainy season of the year 1900, the Niger rose over fifty feet at this point. In rising that height, the river overflowed its banks for miles on either side and put the country lying within three or four miles from the river under water. During the rainy season the people grow their rice and when the river dries they harvest it.

A POST OFFICE.



To see a post office and telegraph station in full sway away off in Africa, seems a strange thing, but such is the case. The mail boats from England arrive at the mouth of the Niger river every week, and the mail for the interior is put on steam boats, and brought up as far as Lokoja, where it is sorted out and sent out to the different Government stations, some in native canoes, others in mail bags carried for days and weeks on the heads of natives, and so Nigeria is kept in touch with the great outside world. Almost every place where the white man goes, he drags the wire cord along behind him, sometimes laid on the ground, other times tied up to trees, or any stump handy, and in this way, only the touching of the magnetic coil, connects him with the whole world. Especially does it seem in Northern Nigeria that great progress has been made along this



LOKOJA POST OFFICE.

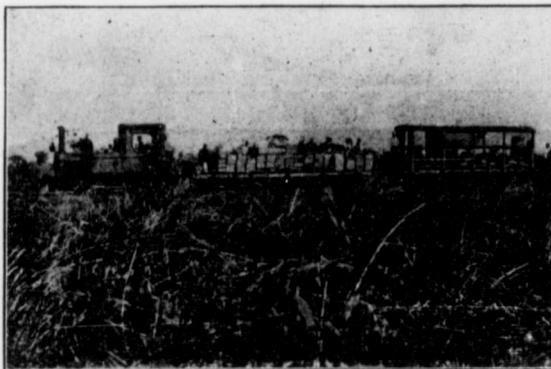
line, for when the troops went to take Kano, the capital of the Hausa states, the linesmen followed close after them laying the wires. A cablegram can be sent from the heart of Africa to America for two dollars a word. Native clerks who have been educated in schools are employed by the Government to fill the positions in these offices. The photo shows the staff of the Lokoja post office.

THE BARIJUKO AND ZUNGERU RAILROAD.



GOVERNMENT men leaving England can now have a through ticket to the capital of Northern Nigeria without having to spend weeks of tiresome travelling overland. Arriving at Farcadas, the mouth of the Niger river, the passenger is transhipped from the large ocean liner to a river boat. After four days' sailing he reaches Lokoja, where he rests for a day. Proceeding up the river he reaches the Kaduna in three days and after two days he is landed at Barijuko, where he and his goods are put on the Zungeru Express. When the road was first built such things as coaches were unknown, the passenger generally sat beside his goods on a flat car, and was glad for the ride. Lately a coach has been made by putting a canvas cover on one of these flat cars, which makes a good shelter from the sun, and adds considerable to the pleasure of travelling. The tracks are laid on the narrow gauge and the monotony of a level ride is overcome by the occasional climbing of a hill, and descent of the other side.

The train runs daily from Zungeru to Barijuko, a distance of 22 miles, which is made in about two hours. The natives have learned to patronize such a comfort as this, and the train is crowded daily. The fare from one point to the other is twelve cents.



THE BARIJUKO AND ZUNGERU RAILROAD.

TRAINED HAUSA SOLDIERS.



TRAINED HAUSA SOLDIERS.

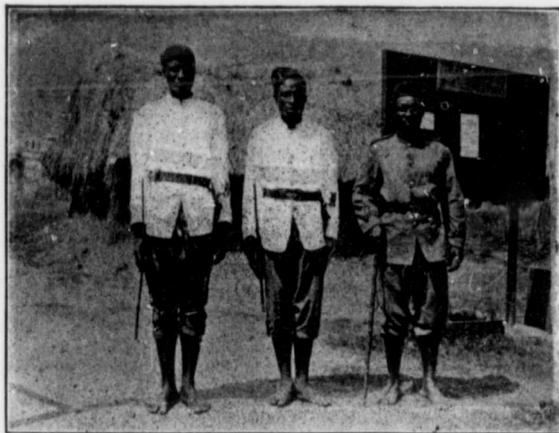


THE Government have proved many times that the Hausa is by far the best soldier and adapts himself to his work more quickly than any other native in Nigeria. These men have come to the Government capital and offered themselves for service in the army, have been accepted, dressed in uniform, given a gun, trained how to use it, and then have been taken back by the Government, and have fought against their own people and villages. One cannot think it is done because they have no love for home, but because they are now the "white man's soldier," and there is a terrible lot of power in that name. Should one of these men return to his village, dressed in the soldier uniform, everybody from the chief down would bow on the ground to him, and he would be the greatest man there. This has been practised so much by discharged soldiers that the Government made a law,

that anybody who was not actually in the service and wore any part of the uniform would be arrested.

The Government have about five hundred trained Hausa soldiers in Nigeria. These are not all stationed in one town, but are scattered throughout the Protectorate.

THE NORTHERN NIGERIA POLICE.



NORTHERN NIGERIA POLICE.

These men are also placed on the roads to collect taxes from the traders, and to see that none pass without showing their papers. To be a policeman in Nigeria is quite an honored position, and the Government are never short of men when these are wanted. The amount of money paid to these fellows is twenty-five cents a day. With this amount they are able to live like a prince, as the ordinary native does not spend five cents a day for his food.



ONE of the first things the British do on entering a new country is to organize a police corps to preserve order and enforce the laws of the Government.

The photo shows three policemen in uniform, but unlike the soldiers, these fellows are not Hausa, but Yoruba men, as the Government have proved again and again, that these fellows, although not good soldiers, are better men for police than the Hausa. When any Government officer makes a trip from one city to another, he is accompanied by a dozen policemen who act as an escort, in case of danger and also to bring in any prisoners needed at the Capital, who have rebelled against the Government, or who are carrying on a slave trade, which is not allowed in Northern Nigeria.

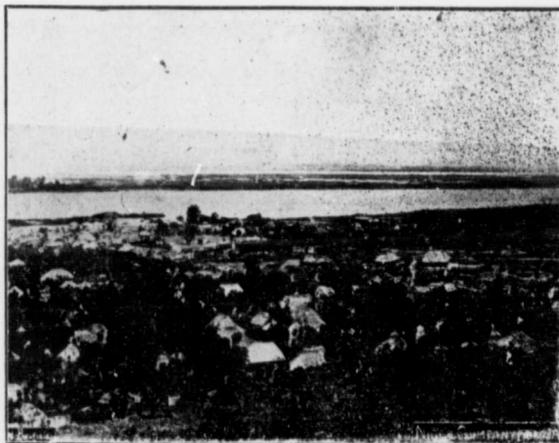
THE NIGER COMPANY'S STATION, LOKOJA.



OKOJA at the present time is one of the headquarters of the British Government in Northern Nigeria, and although not the capital of the Protectorate, it has always held a prominent place in the country, and we believe will continue to. Owing to its situation it is bound to prove a great commercial centre, as nearly all the surrounding tribes pass through on their way to different market towns.

Lokoja has a very large native market, where all kinds of native articles can be found for sale, while the Niger Company are importing vast quantities of English cloth, salt, clocks, cooking utensils, and other articles, all of which can be seen in the market.

This cut shows the stores of the Royal Niger Company close to the river. This company have many stations on the river where they trade with the natives, receiving from them rubber, palm kernels, pea-nuts, shea-butter oil, and in return give them cloth and salt. Of late the company have not had the same amount as they had at first, the reason being that the natives do not bring in articles as they did. We cannot believe that the country is not producing as much as it did, but that the inducements offered by the Company are not enough to induce the natives to grow things for trade. For one dollar and fifty cents worth of pea-nuts the natives receive in return a fifty-four pound bag of salt.



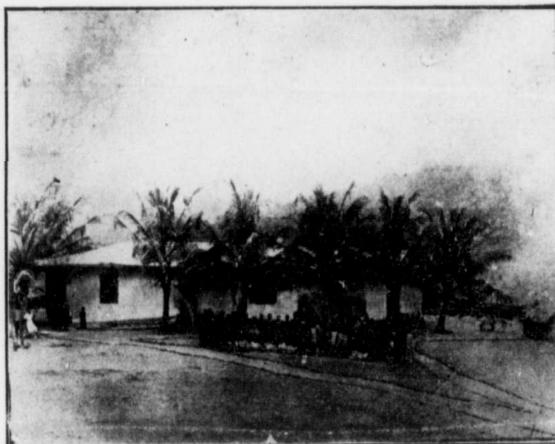
THE NIGER COMPANY'S STATION, LOKOJA.

THE FREED SLAVES' HOME AT LOKOJA.



THE British flag wherever it goes brings freedom. So the coming of the British to Nigeria meant freedom to thousands of slaves. Many slave-trading caravans having children for sale, have been stopped, and the children released and taken to Lokoja. The number of these children grew so fast that the Government had to find some place to put them. So they at first put these children under different women to take care of them and feed them. This plan did not prove satisfactory, as the children were nearly starved and the women lived in luxury.

They then decided to build a large house, and keep the children there, putting native women to look after them, with a white man in charge. This plan proved satisfactory, and later when the capital was moved to Zungeru, a large slave home was built, where they have some two hundred children. The children are taught to read and write English. The boys have drill and other work, and the girls are taught to sew, and wash clothes. Two ladies have been brought out from England to look after this work, and the Government have hopes that these boys will yet fill Government positions.



THE FREED SLAVES' HOME AT LOKOJA.

THE PREPARANDA AT LOKOJA.



THE PREPARANDA AT LOKOJA.

THE floors dry. These houses answer very well for the tropics, and also make a very fine house. The roofs of these houses are made of sheet iron, and as good water is one of the hardest things to get, those living in the house put large iron tanks under the eavetroughs to catch the rain water from the roof. This water is kept and used for drinking purposes.



THIS fine stone building with large verandah and fine cement floors was once the home of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and was used by them as a home where young native converts were taught the Bible and trained as evangelists to go and tell salvation to their own countrymen. The home was used as a school for many years but afterwards was sold to the Niger Company who turned it into offices, and later on when the Government came they sold it to them. The garden in front of the house was very pretty. Native ferns and shrubs were scattered here and there, while the tall or bushy palm added such a beautiful effect that makes one feel that they are enjoying the best that the tropics can afford. Since the English Government have come to the country, they have brought out a great many bungalows which are nothing else than frame houses set up on cement pillars to keep



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A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.



HE above is a photo of a native clerk employed in one of the Government offices where they receive fairly large salaries, considering the small amount they require to live on. These men belong mostly to the Yoruba tribe and have been taught English at either the mission schools or through private tuition. Many of them have received a good English education and are able to take charge of books or other office duties.

One of the first ambitions of the native clerk is to mimic the white man, and in doing this they often pass beyond the reasonable and modest, and enter into the extremes and ridiculous.

This is especially noticeable in the matter of dress. The white man in the tropics goes in for such clothing as is cool and light, but not so with the natives. They get hold of an English catalogue and see in it the latest styles and fashions, and because the Niger Company do not handle goods good enough for them, they send to London and Paris for such articles as they want. To see a native clerk wearing an evening dress suit with high white collar, long cuffs, and patent leather shoes, is something that one does not see every day. Not only have they copied the white man in dress, but in habits also, and the use of tobacco and liquors among these clerks is increasing every year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NECESSARY ARTICLES FOR A FEAST.



AS Christmas day is unknown among the heathen tribes of Africa, and not desiring to introduce a day when the natives would be expecting great presents from the missionary, we let Christmas pass by quietly. But we thought, we would give our men who were working in the new home a feast. So on New Year's day, one of the party went out with the gun, and in a few hours he returned heavily laden with game. It was quite a sight to see a whole procession of native boys each carrying some kind of a bird, and those who had none to carry were following up the procession. On reaching the home and spreading out the different birds, we thought we would have some that they would not eat, but such was not the case, for the native will not allow any meat to go to waste. We had hawk, heron, crown birds, and many other birds of which I do not know the English name. When we spread them out on the ground and saw the number that had been shot, we at first thought that we had altogether too many for our men. Our men however assured us that we had not shot enough for them, as they had counted on having a big feast and hoped that we would not let them go away dissatisfied.



THE NECESSARY ARTICLES FOR A FEAST.

PREPARING FOR A FEAST.



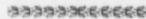
JUST how we were to cook such a meal was quite a question, for we had only a small charcoal stove, and this we knew would not do, so we concluded the best way was to cook as the natives do. Telling one of our men what our plans were, he said that he would have his wife come, and also some other women, who would do all the cooking. This pleased us, as we would then be free from such a job. Soon after we had spoken to him, we saw some women coming with large clay pots on their heads, and in a short time our compound was a busy scene. Holes were dug in the ground to act as fire-places. After this the large pots filled, some with rice, some with yam, and others with sauce, were placed on the fire, and were soon boiling. As

the native throws very little of the chicken away, it did not take long to clean them, and it was comical to see one fellow picking his teeth with a hen's claw, and another one with a heron's bill. In a short time all was being cooked and the smell of things cooking not only reached our noses, but many from the village had smelt the meal, and were very anxious to become our laborers just for that day.



PREPARING THE FEAST.

OUR MEN AFTER THE FEAST.



OUR MEN AFTER THE FEAST.



ONE can hardly realize what a sight it was to see some thirty natives sitting on the ground with large pots of good rice, yam and meat before them. Many of these had never had such a feast before. We had thought that we had prepared plenty for the number who were to eat, but at one time we saw the meat was running short, and telling them to go and catch some of our chickens and cook them, so that they would have plenty, we stood aside and watched these fellows go after a few small fowl as though they were gold. I need hardly say that in ten minutes those chickens were caught, killed, plucked, cleaned, cooked and eaten. Some of our men had eaten that much that they could hardly get up, and so as not to spoil the spell, they asked to be allowed the following day also, in order that they could more fully appreciate the feast.

On enquiring how they liked the dinner, they said it was good, but would have been much better had they ended up with monkey chops. We remembered this and on another day a monkey was shot and brought to the compound. Our men were so anxious to get this meat that they tore it to pieces trying to get it from one another. After this they were given a monkey nearly every time we went to the bush.



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AN OSTRICH.

These ostriches sleep in the towns, and although there are many hyenas prowling about, one would not dare to go near him, for should the ostrich kick the hyena, the chances are he would kill it the first kick, so powerful are they in defending themselves in this way.

The natives believe the only way an ostrich can be killed is by touching it on the head. I do not know their reasons for believing this, probably because it is too high to be reached with the hand.

A MEDICINE MAN AND TRAINED HYENA.

IN Northern Nigeria we are not troubled with medicine men and witch doctors as much as they are in other parts of Africa, but still we see one now and then, and they do not pass through without leaving some impression on the people. The picture shows one of these fellows with a hyena. He had been going all around the village, until at last he ventured out to our compound, and it was during his visit that I made this photograph.

The purpose of this medicine man as far as I could find out, was not to frighten or exact money from the people, but simply to make a living by showing his trained hyena. He claimed to have a peculiar medicine that he made himself, and that when he drank it and rubbed it on his body, no animal would come near him to hurt him. Good as the medicine may have been we could not help but notice that he kept the animal muzzled. By twisting the animal's ear so that it would yell, he said it was singing, and by pulling it around with a chain that answered as a dance.

The hyena is a very vicious animal, and one of the hardest to be tamed. These animals are the great scavengers of the country, and in many ways are a blessing, as they eat up all the dead animals, and many times not only dead ones but live ones also, which they catch as they go prowling through the village.



A MEDICINE MAN AND TRAINED HYENA.

AN OSTRICH.



AFRICA is the home of the ostrich, and here this monstrous bird can be seen in its natural state. In the city of Bida there are many of these birds which belong to the late king's son, who keeps them for the feathers, just as many of the American farmers do. But here they are allowed perfect liberty so that they can go wherever they like. Some days they will walk into the country for miles, just to get some new food, or to visit some nice farm, and feed on the best that is to be gotten. The bird in the picture is not an extra large one, but his head is over eight feet from the ground. One cannot help but be struck with the gracefulness of their step. It would seem that their legs were on springs, for they step so easily.

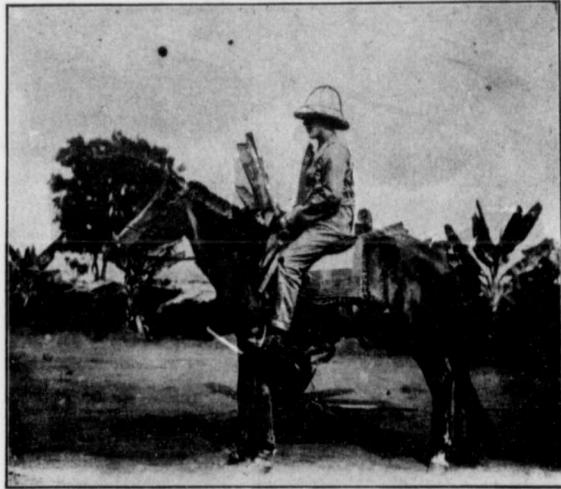
A NUPE HORSE.



WE can hardly call this a Nupe horse as it was not born in the Nupe country, but because it has lived among the Nupes we have given it that name. Most of the horses brought into the Nupe country were born in Hausa land and brought down and sold to the Nupe.

The Hausa horse is by no means the animal that our Canadian horses are, but is much inferior in every way. There are many reasons why this is, and when we consider it we will not blame it all on the country. Hay, wheat or oats do not grow in Nigeria, and therefore the horse has not the food that is necessary to make him strong. Horse feed consists mostly of green grass cut in the swamps and brought home every day and given to him. Occasionally the horse will be given some corn, but as this is very dear he does not get enough to keep him strong.

Another great drawback to the Nupe horse is the large number of flies and insects which bother the horse continually and do not let him feed. The Testese fly is also to be found in the Nupe country, and so dangerous is this fly to horses and cattle that when they have been bitten by it they die between six weeks and two months later. In seven months I lost three horses by these flies, and I noticed that in the month of November the natives of Patigi lost twenty-three. All these horses died with the same disease.



A NUPE HORSE.



CHARLIE BANFIELD.

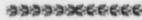


S. S. KAMPALI.



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THE STORY OF ETI ABUNU.



“**W**ELL, Eti a Bunu here is one cowery shell, and may God do to you as you have done to others.” Such is what I heard as I passed by a poor leper man sitting by the road-side begging. I had often seen this man before, and had been specially drawn to him as I saw him plead for help, showing to the passers-by his arms with the hands rotted off by that loathsome disease. On hearing the above salutation I asked my teacher why he should have such a cruel thing as that said to him. He said, “The story of that man's life is a very strange one and when we return home I will tell you all about him.” I was curious to hear about my friend, as I had noticed how earnestly he pleaded for help, and how so many seemed to pass him by without giving him any alms, something rarely done by these people.

On returning home I said to my teacher, “Well, I am ready now to hear about Eti a Bunu, so come and tell me.” He said, “When Maliki was king of Bida, this man was one of the king's right hand men, and although not a rich man, he had by his sly ways and deception won a very close place in the old king's heart. The king gave him a wife, some fine horses and many slaves, and when the king would go out on special occasions Eti a Bunu would accompany him. This man brought more money to the king than all the other king's friends combined, so that he became one of the most influential men of the city.” “How did all this happen,” I asked. “Well, Eti a Bunu had such a two-faced character and was so cruel that only those who loved tyranny would have anything to do with him. I assure you that while he was the king's friend he was no friend of the common people.”

This very same man became such a dread to the people that they were afraid to meet him in the streets, and only those who could measure arms with him would be allowed to come near him.”

“Why this is all very strange about my friend,” I said, “will you not tell me what he did to the common people that they were so afraid of him, for I know the people did not dread the king so much.”

“Very true,” he said, “but this man became a tool to the king, so that with him the king did some of the cruelest acts that a man could do.”

“This poor leper you saw sitting by the road-side begging, was the most inhuman man that ever lived in Bida, and to-day God is punishing him for all his evil deeds. For instance, when Eti a Bunu was in his strength and wanted to gain special favor for the king, and found that to hold his position he would need to bring in a large sum of money to the king, he would go to him and say, ‘Sir, I hear that Kolo who lives next the gate leading to the city of Wuyu has an enormous amount of money hid away, and that only yesterday in conversation with another man he was heard to say that Your Majesty had not enough money to be his small boy, and that he did not care for any law that you might make.’

“‘What,’ said the king, ‘Am I a dog that Kolo should talk of me like that. Without further delay saddle up your horse and take ten of your men and bring that man's head to me in a bag. Will a child say oh to his father? (a native proverb).’ With such an order as this from the king, Eti a Bunu would hasten to perform his cruel act which he himself had devised. Coming in royal pomp to the house of Kolo he asks if the good man of the house is in, and being informed that he is, he asks permission to speak with him. Kolo comes and half afraid invites the visitor to dismount his horse and come in and rest. This he does, and for the next half hour or so friendly salutations are exchanged and the host is beginning to feel quite safe.

“‘What may be your errand,’ inquires the host, ‘have you good news from the court? Does all go well with our king and his family?’

“‘All is well with the king and his family, and your inquiring after the king just reminds me that he has sent me for your head.’

“‘For my head,’ exclaims the man.

“‘That is the king's order, my friend, and may you not delay me in the fulfilling of my business, that I may return to my king at once.’

“‘But is there no mercy with my king? may I not know the cause of the king's anger?’

“‘You may,’ answers Eti a Bunu, ‘the king's anger has been aroused by court news that two days ago you called our king a pup, and now nothing will pacify him until he receives your head in this bag.’

“‘Could it be possible,’ exclaims Kolo, ‘that I would call my lord the king, a pup, far be it, my traitor is alive and this is my fate.’

“‘I know nothing of that,’ says the visitor, ‘let us be going.’

“By this time all the neighbors had gathered around and are pleading for mercy and testifying to the truthfulness of Kolo and his respect to the king and all in authority. The wife is crying, the children are pleading for the life of their father, but all to no avail, the hard heart of Eti a Bunu is untouched by their cries and pleadings.

"Bring my sword here till we get his head, and let us get away from all this noise, the king will surely be sending after us to know what has caused such delay."

"There is only one plan left that Kolo knows he can save his life by, and that is to offer a large sum of money to the king. So gathering together what life he has left he begins to barter for his head."

"I will give the king one hundred thousand coweries (the currency of the country, one thousand is equal to one dollar) and may my lord be pleased to accept this from his poor servant."

"You and your money will die together if you think our king can be called a pup and then quieted for such a paltry amount. Come on, my men, tie the dog down and let us do our business."

At this, the men take hold of the poor man and though his wife, children and relatives plead for mercy, he is tied down and a sword held over him. If he is to save his life he must be quick about it.

"I will pay two hundred thousand coweries to my king."

"Away with him now. Any man who would call our king a pup should not be let live. The king did not send us for your money, but for your head. If we take your money you still live to insult our king."

"Oh, have mercy with me," cries the half-dead man, "I will pay you four hundred thousand coweries if you will but pardon me."

"At this point Eti a Bunu sees that he has now got his man, and that he can obtain any amount of money from him that he may ask. If you will make it worth my while I will go and plead to the king on your behalf. I assure you I have no delight in carrying out the king's orders, and my heart has been touched with the cries of these children and your wife."

"A ray of hope has now come into the heart of the man lying bound on the ground."

"Six hundred thousand coweries, and do thou plead for my life and spare me. My fate will be turned and I shall yet live."

"Bring on the money, and then thou shalt be loosed, I am sure the king will be displeased with me, and call me a weak-hearted woman for listening to you at all, but you are a friend of mine and I will take my life in my hands and plead for you, but I must have the money before I leave here."

The bound man then pleads with his friends and neighbors who are standing around, to help him in the matter, he does not ask them to give him money, but to lend to him what they can spare. The one hundred thousand coweries that he had hid away are brought and with the amount raised by his friends he is able to give the man four hundred thousand. Eti a Bunu refuses that amount, and orders the men to take not only his head but the money also. The poor man has nothing left to him but his wife and three children.

"Sell those children and your wife, and pay what you owe and let us be going, for should the king find us here he will kill both of us."

The three children are sold, and the amount raised, and the once happy free man is loosed from the ropes, and rises not a free man but the most wretched man alive, without his family, his money or his courage to go forward again and try and redeem himself from the awful debt. The visitors leave the house with many friendly salutations and the assurance that God will help him in his struggle.

Coming to the king Eti a Bunu goes in and salutes him, and after many salutations have been exchanged, the king enquires how he fared with Kolo.

"You see, my lord, the length of time I spent with him trying to get some money from him, but I had to return home almost empty."

"That was hard luck," says the king, "but how much did you get?"

"Well, my lord, after tying him down and drawing the sword over him, he began to offer me money, and knowing that my king wanted money more than the dog's head, I let him barter for his life. But when he reached the four hundred thousand mark, he refused to give any more, and I thought to take that while I could get it, and here my lord is the money I have gotten for you."

"Well done, Eti a Bunu, you are my best man and I will be able to get you another horse after you have made a few more trips like that. Four hundred thousand coweries for half a day's trouble is very good pay. Look here," says the king, "don't go away without taking a few of these coweries with you, so that you can buy some salt for your porridge. Will one hundred thousand be enough? All right, take them and may God lead you to success in all your undertakings."

Eti a Bunu takes the money and goes home and puts this with the two hundred thousand that he had kept back from the king, making his amount equal to that received by the king.

"That is the story of Eti a Bunu and what he did for years to the people of Bida."

"But how is it that he has to beg now," I asked.

"Well, when King Maliki died, his son had no use for this fellow, and had him put out of the court and took away from him everything that his father the king had given him. His horses were sold, his fine garments were given to another, his wives were taken from him, and his children were sold to strangers."

"That was terrible punishment for him," I said.

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"Yes," he said, "that is what man did for him, but God has punished him worse than that. God has made him a leper, and to-day he sits by the wayside and begs, having no hands or feet, only the stumps are left, and the hands that once murdered innocent men and women have by God's power rotted away."

Many of Eti a Bunu's friends will come now and spit in his face as he begs for help, and tell him that God is doing to him as he did to others. You see Eti a Bunu means "shiny head," and when he was first called by this name, he used to say, "Eti za ala," or in other words, "some one's head had to be broken to make this shine."

The foregoing is a true story of what happened every day in one of the large cities of Northern Nigeria, and what still continues to happen to some extent even now.

It is to these people we expect to return this fall. Our hearts yearn for them as we realize how much they have suffered, and we desire to tell them of Jesus who alone can make them free and heal all their sore hearts. Dear reader, does your heart not yearn to do something for them? If it does when will you? Do it while you have the opportunity.

For Christ and the Soudan,

A. W. BANFIELD.





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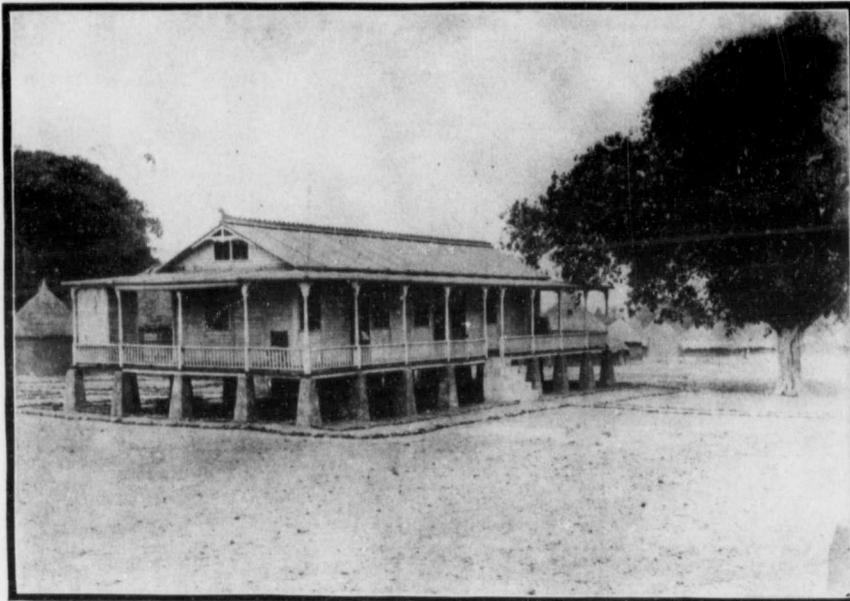
M. B. C. MISSION BUNGALOW, Shonga. Northern Nigeria, West Africa.



WE feel that all of our people will be interested in our Mission Home. This nice little Bungalow was given to us by the people of the Canada and Michigan Conferences who subscribed money to it over and above their Missionary Offerings. The house was bought in Michigan and was taken out with me when I returned to Africa in 1905 and I am sure that if all those who had a share in buying it could only know what a blessing it has been to their Missionaries on the field they would feel repaid for what they gave.

The Bungalow is made entirely of wood, and is so constructed that it can be taken down and put up again, if necessary. The walls, roof, floor, etc., are all made in sections, so that the whole is readily fitted together.

The house rests on forty-eight cement pillars four feet high, thus keeping the house off the ground, so that it in no way can become damp, also protecting it from the white ants, who would eat up the entire house in less than a year if they could get at it. The house by being raised from the ground also keeps out snakes, scorpions and such like that are always around. The Bungalow has two bed-rooms, one dining-room, and a bath-room which has pipes laid in it bringing water from the well-house.

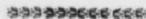


M. B. C. MISSION BUNGALOW.

There are also in connection with the Mission Home twelve mud houses, which are used for different purposes. For instance, we have a cook house thirty feet away where all our food is cooked. One reason why we build our kitchen away from our bungalow is because of any accident in the case of fire, and another is that we might not be troubled with the heat from the stove, for the climate is quite warm enough. Then there is a store house which contains all our provisions; a work shop where the tools are kept and where work is done; a well house, containing a well 41 feet deep, and the necessary pump and tank in connection with the water system; a boys' house; a laborers' house; a teacher's house; a house for the cook; a church; a hen house; and a wood house. Many people may think that there are too many houses, but when they see our large family, and consider that it is cheaper to build small separate houses than large ones, and also that a mud house only costs from five to ten dollars, they will see that we have done the best we could, and have followed the best plan in so laying out our compound.

The Mission Compound occupies one acre of land, and is surrounded by a wire fence, which takes in all of our mud houses, including the church. This compound is built in the center of the native village of Shonga, which has a population of about five thousand people, and is about seven hundred miles up the Niger River. Shonga is a walled city and has a mud wall fifteen feet high all the way around it. This wall was built in the old slave raiding days to keep the slave raider out, but since the coming of the white man, slave raiding has almost ceased, and as there is no more need for the wall it is not kept in repair, and is being washed down by the rain during the rainy season.

THE M. B. C. MISSION FAMILY, SHONGA 1907.



THE M. B. C. MISSION FAMILY, SHONGA.

fellow has not much to do, but is being trained. The little girl in front of Sister Pannabecker is her girl Salamatu, who also is in training for a useful girl. The next in the row is Sister Hostetler, then Bro. Sherk, and standing beside him is Mamudu. This young man has been with us over five years and has become a Christian, and is soon to go into training for an Evangelist. Mamudu is the husband of Wusu whom I saved from slavery. He can read and write Nupe very well, and shows every sign of becoming a very useful worker. The little boy standing beside Sister Hostetler is her boy Tiny, he was lent to us by another Missionary till he returns from his furlough. At present Tiny helps in the house work and is in training. The person in white on the bottom row is myself, next to me is Mrs. Banfield's girl Zanabu. This little girl helps Wusa in the house work and is in training. Next to Zanabu is our girl Wusa. Many of you know that Wusa was saved from slavery and has now been with us over five years. Her duty is to see that our Bungalow is kept clean, washing and scrubbing and such like. Wusa has proved herself to be a very faithful girl and we have hopes for her in the near future of becoming a Bible woman. The boy sitting next to Wusa is the cook's helper. His name is Akade, and then last of all comes my boy Buliki who helps wait on the table and keep things tidy.

People may wonder why we need so many children on one station; the answer is, we don't need them, but that we may have direct influence over them and train them for Evangelists. We take them and find some little work for them to do; and when one considers that these children only get from twenty-five to forty cents a week, they can readily see that our time devoted to the language and spiritual things is worth more than that, thus setting us free from such work to put all our time on spiritual work and the training of these children.



THIS picture shows our large family who all live in our compound, and who are directly connected with the Mission at Shonga. I believe that every reader would like to know each member of the family and in what capacity they are connected with the work.

Beginning with the top row and reading from left to right we have first Agibade who is a house boy, and whose duty it is to see that the house is kept clean. He also helps set the table and clean knives. The sister sitting beside Agibade is sister Florence Overholt. Sister Cornelia Pannabecker is sitting in front of Agibade. In the next row and standing on the outside is Kasala who is our cook. His duty is to make the fire and cook what food we need, and also to help wash the dishes. The old man standing beside Kasala is our Nupe teacher, Shaba. This old man has been with us nearly two years, and has proved very faithful. By a teacher we do not mean one who knows how to teach us his language, but simply anyone who will repeat Nupe sentences to us, and try and make us understand what they mean. This man does not know one word of English. Sister Banfield is in front of the teacher. The little boy in front of Sister Overholt is her boy Damadu. This little

THE M. B. C. NUPE CHURCH, SHONGA.



HARDLY think it is necessary for me to say that this is the first M. B. C. Church in Africa, for many have already realized this. This mud church was built when the compound was built, and is used also as a school. The first cost of the church was twenty dollars. The church is built entirely of mud, including a mud floor, and is thatched with grass. The capacity of the church is 175 people. It must be remembered that there are no pews or seats in the building, every one sits right down on the floor.

There is a public entrance into the church from outside, so that those who come to worship have no need of coming into our compound, but can enter and leave by this public entrance.

Many will remark: "What a beautiful tree," and truly it is, but the picture does not do it justice, in that it makes it appear very small. This is a wild fig tree, and every year bears abundance of fruit, but as it is bitter it cannot be eaten by any one, and is left to the birds and monkeys. At mid-day the tree offers a shade one hundred feet long. The Nupe Conference of 1907 was held in this church, and it was here that the Gospels were translated into the Nupe language, which have since been printed in England and sent back to be a blessing and the means of salvation to many. One by looking into the picture can see the native houses outside of our compound, also some of the people standing around, and our wire fence.



THE M. B. C. NUPE CHURCH, SHONGA.

There is a Sunday-school for the boys and girls of Shonga in connection with the church; these come and are taught a verse in the Bible and given some simple instruction in holy things. The children have wonderful memories. Since they have no written language, and are unable to write down anything that they wish to remember, they are obliged to commit it to memory; thus they have developed wonderful memories. All the history of the country is kept in this way, the old handing it down to the young from generation to generation. It might be of interest to mention that the very site on which our compound is built was the home of a most notorious slave raider, and the very site on which this church stands was that of his house, and this large tree was planted by him some seventy-five years ago. We are thankful to God that slavery has give away to liberty; cruelty and oppression to justice; a heathen temple to a Christian church; darkness to light even in this day. The village of Shonga, only a few years ago was the headquarters from which slave raiding parties left to scour the country in search of villages that they could surprise and carry away as slaves, but those days are fast dying, and we have every reason to believe that the ones who made slaves of others, will become slaves of Jesus Christ, and the villages that lived in fear may yet dwell under the banner of peace, and own none other as their Master, save Jesus Christ. To this end let us work and pray for the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom in the Soudan.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME, SHONGA.



LETTERS from loved ones are always welcome in the home land, but they are more so in a foreign land, therefore mail day is a day that is always looked forward to.

The picture shows the arrival of the mail at the Shonga station. We had waited six weeks for this mail, and when it arrived we were glad to receive a good batch of letters from loved ones. The mail carrier in this country is not the post man of America, who goes from house to house distributing his letters, but a sturdy African who has just returned from a weeks absence going for the mail.

There are two post offices in Northern Nigeria; one at Lokoja and the other at Zungeru. Shonga Mission Station is two hundred miles from Lokoja; but through the kindness of the post master our mail is left off at Patigi a village sixty miles from our station. To get our mail therefore we are obliged to send this sixty miles. It takes our man one week to make the round journey of one hundred and twenty miles, for often he has to wait till the mail boat passes up the river.

The man standing with a staff in his hand is our mail carrier, he has just arrived from Patigi, and our other children knowing that mail brings us good news from home, they come to see if it has brought them any thing, for often they receive small things from interested ones in the home land, and moreover they are always pleased to know how our fathers and mothers and loved ones in far America are getting along.

Mrs. Banfield is opening a package containing a lovely motto from a dear sister, while I am trying to sort out the letters to read first.



GOOD NEWS FROM HOME, SHONGA.

Since this photo was taken, I am glad to say that we have a better mail service, for we now have another European living only eight miles away who sends in the sixty miles every week for his mail, and he is kind enough to take our letters for the home land to be posted, and bring back the ones that are waiting at Patigi for us from friends in America.

Mail from any part of Canada is sent out to our station for a two cent stamp.

It takes a letter after it is mailed in Canada, about six weeks to reach us, so no one need look for an answer to their letter in less than three months, and often it takes longer than this for in dry season it is very hard for the mail steamer to get up as far as Patigi, and the mail has to be put in a canoe and poled up the Niger one hundred and forty miles which takes about eight days.

Many of the natives who can read and write are taking advantage of the mail service and are corresponding with their friends in different parts of the country, where in old days they were obliged to send a special messenger or commit their business to some one whom they trust will deliver it when they reach that place in their travels.