

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW
IN NORTHERN NIGERIA



THE AUTHOR WITH A GROUP OF KANO FRIENDS

YESTERDAY AND
TO-MORROW IN
NORTHERN NIGERIA

By

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With a Foreword by

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STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT PRESS

58, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

First Published . . . December, 1938

*Printed in Great Britain by
William Clowes and Sons, Limited, London and Beccles*

TO MY WIFE

FOREWORD

IN their dealings with Tropical Africa the Administrator and the Missionary, however much they may differ from one another in outlook and ideas, have at least one point in common, and that a vitally important one ; their life's work consists in a continuous and unceasing effort to promote the welfare and happiness of the African. They have, in other words, the same goal, though the avenues of approach along which they both struggle, using the laborious method of trial and error, are different. The Missionary, it is true, has the advantage of living amongst the people and to a great extent sharing their lives. The Administrator's contact on the other hand is less intimate ; but for that very reason he may possibly obtain a wider view of the great problem which faces both him and the Missionary, namely, how to help the African to adjust himself to the strange new forces with which the impact of European civilization confronts him at every turn.

The welfare of the African in our tropical colonies and dependencies is not a matter of concern, however, to the Administrator and the Missionary alone. It is a matter of extreme concern

to every citizen of the Empire, on whom in the last resort, in a democracy like ours, the ultimate responsibility rests. Obviously, however, this duty cannot be properly discharged unless the general public has some knowledge of the conditions under which the African is living, and the means which the Administration is using to improve those conditions.

It is precisely this consideration which gives such value to a book like this. The author is one who has spent practically the whole of his working life labouring amongst and living with the people of the Northern Provinces of Nigeria. And his unstinted and self-effacing devotion to those people is widely known, more especially by those who, like myself, were privileged to see him at work in the early days of the British occupation and count him among their friends. The little vignettes drawn in this book by him of Kano before the advent of the British, and of Kano under present conditions, are fascinating ; and the contrast between the two will certainly enhearten those whose hope it is that contact with Western civilization will succeed in making the African more, and not less, happy than he was before.

Dr. Miller does not, however, by any means encourage that easy complacency in which many of us are only too apt from time to time to indulge. On the contrary, he has no hesitation in pointing out some of the errors which he regards as

having been made in the past, or which he thinks exist to-day. He is not afraid to put forward some rather startling and unorthodox suggestions for the future, with which his readers may or may not agree. In nothing is his strict impartiality more conspicuous than in his treatment of the Islamic creed, a treatment which is, indeed, a model of understanding and fair-mindedness.

For the sake of Africa and the African it is to be hoped that this little book will be widely read. In asking me to write this brief Foreword Dr. Miller has paid me a high compliment which I much appreciate ; but none knows better than he that my goal has always been identical with his, however wide apart the roads may be by which we have each sought to reach it.

CHARLES ORR

November, 1938

PREFACE

MY first book, *Reflections of a Pioneer*, was written under pressure. It had never been my idea to write books, feeling that I had neither the time nor the ability. But some of my colleagues in the Church Missionary Society and others who had known me during a long period of work in Northern Nigeria expressed a strong conviction and desire that I should put into print a record of events of which I was one of the few surviving eye-witnesses, and also relate some of the experiences and impressions of the country, people, and language which I had accumulated during thirty-five years of work as a missionary in Nigeria. This attempt met with a most favourable reception, and I was deeply touched by many of the delightful letters which I received from people of the most varied types, both in England and abroad.

Restrictions of space prevented me in that first book from including all that I had intended writing. My material was large and varied. Since coming home in 1935 the opportunity has offered of collecting this material and adding to it thoughts upon various matters which seemed of pressing importance to one whose whole life

had been largely centred in Nigeria, missionary work, and Muhammadanism in its relation to the Christian Faith. I have also been deeply interested in the social and political questions relating to Northern Nigeria—the value of our Colonies, and the nature of our claim to them ; the grounds on which we hold them ; and the character of our rule. These matters have concerned me more and more deeply.

In this book I have written for three classes of readers. First, my African friends. I often wondered how these would react to the many “wounds of a friend” which they received from me ! And it has not only been a source of pleasure to get their letters of sincere and affectionate congratulation, but a confirmation of what I have always held in relation to those friends—that they will take hard knocks well when given honestly and in sincere friendship. This book will afford another and harder test of the same character !

Secondly, for many friends in the administrative, educational, medical, mercantile, and other services in Northern Nigeria. From some of these has come a great deal of that encouragement which made it more easy for me to start a new book.

And, thirdly, for the far larger number of people in England, the majority of whom are entire strangers, some of whom I had never met, but who knew of me ; and a great many old

friends of the Church Missionary Society. For this third group I have specially written descriptions of Kano city, of village life in Northern Nigeria, and have related stories and experiences of my work in that country.

I have consulted other books but little and have had access to no Government files or documents. My material is culled from personal experience and is original. In the chapter "Suggestions" I am quite prepared to be considered preposterously foolhardy. So be it! Time will show. What is bizarre, theoretical, academic to-day becomes the commonplace of to-morrow.

I am, however, only too painfully aware how radically and quickly conditions change in a country like Nigeria. Political and economic conditions, and their rapid changes can be fully understood only by those living on the spot. It is therefore only fair to remind my readers that I am writing of the Nigeria which I knew in 1935, and although one is able, to some extent, to keep in touch with affairs through correspondence with many different types of people, one feels the limitations of this separation.

I wish to express most grateful thanks to my friend Mr. W. V. P. Hexter for the help without which this book would have been impossible: he has given time and patient work and criticism, for which I cannot sufficiently thank him; to those who have so kindly lent photograph plates; to my sister in Kano for suggestions; to my friend

Mr. A. M. Benson, who read the MS. and saved me from some foolish mistakes ; and to Miss Podmore, who most generously typed part of my manuscript.

Since writing this Preface I have again visited and spent four months in Northern Nigeria, and have found—so rapidly do events move—that I have had to alter a few statements in order to bring my material up-to-date. Some of the chapters in this book, finished early in 1937, have already been printed as articles in the *West African Review*. The photographs of scenes in and around Kano were given me by Mr. J. F. J. Reynolds. The groups were taken by native photographers in Kano.

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CHAPTER I

KANO

IN April 1900, at the height of the hot season, there slowly and wearily trailed its way into this great African city a straggling caravan composed of a score or so of donkeys with packs tied on their backs ; a far larger number of men carrying most unusual loads ; a few horsemen, temporary associates of the caravan ; and five tired but cheerful Englishmen, one a bishop, who as they entered the solid structures of one of the gates to the south of the city realized that the goal of their desire and ambition had been reached. This was Kano, the great metropolis in the heart of Africa—Africa's Manchester, with its thirteen gates, its massive wall surrounding a city of fifteen miles circumference—quite a good day's journey !—and with a population of from fifty to a hundred thousand people, varying according to whether a state of peace or war with the surrounding Amirates existed. Here lived the Amir of Kano, the proudest of the powerful chiefs of the Central Sudan, who sent his ambassador to Turkey and called himself by many high-sounding titles. He ruled over two millions of people

living in several hundred walled towns and countless villages and hamlets. Only Moslems or those who through peaceful or other means had been led to adopt the faith of the Prophet lived here ; the pagan kept his distance, for he did not want forcible conversion ; and not many Christians had yet fully realized the existence of Kano.

In July 1935, thirty-five years later, I stood on a large platform densely crowded with people, as the 11.15 a.m. train was preparing to leave the lofty and spacious station called "Kano," but far outside the walls of the city of that name. After saying good-bye to the people who had been my friends for many years, I entrained for Lagos, the same town from which we had started in 1900 on our three months' trek to Kano. But on this return journey I was to spend only thirty hours in a comfortable saloon carriage, with electric fans, food provided in a restaurant car, and sleeping accommodation—with an annexe where one was supposed to be able to get a bath, but the prospect was not too inviting ! So easily are we spoiled by luxury !

Inside Kano the ruling race, the Fulani, are distinguishable, unless inter-marriage has obliterated all the usual signs, by their fairer skin and straight hair, with various degrees of aquiline nose ; a far greater number of people are included under the one term "Hausa," a considerable proportion of whom, with thicker lips and flatter noses, betray a slave origin ; and there

is a fair sprinkling of the older families of true Habe, a species of people whom ethnologists rank as Hamitic or Berber. There is a large quarter where Arabs, mostly from Tripoli or other parts of the Mediterranean littoral, live. These, with some other strangers, make up the Moslem population of Kano.

Two large rocks, which are dignified by the name of mountains, are prominent features of the city, and are situated one in the centre, the other toward the western part. A friendly inhabitant will take you to the top of one of these "mountains" and point out most solemnly where the Prophet Muhammad alighted when, in a journey not recorded by history, he is said to have come to Kano. You are shown also the marks of his feet and the very spot where he performed the evening *Salla*.* Legend does not record the warmth of his reception at a time when the inhabitants of the rock were neither Believers nor Infidels, but only Jinns.

It was not at all a popular, though no doubt very useful, project which converted *Gwamron Dutse*, the biggest of the two rock-mountains, into the storing place of the water drawn from a river ten miles distant from the city, and carried by pipes from the river into reservoirs on the table-ground of the mountain. This scheme, which included the lighting of the city and Greater Kano with electricity, has been a great boon to

* *Salla*= Moslem prayers.

the people, but is a part of the process, scoffed at by superior people, which is everywhere transforming the old world into the hybrid admixture of picturesque and utilitarian.

From the top of either of these rocks one sees stretched out an extensive panorama of shady trees, including many kinds of palms; open ground containing farms and uncultivated park land, with everywhere the myriad brown outlines of walls of "compounds" enclosing the dwelling-places of Kano's thousands of human beings. To the north, and occupying a part of the centre of the city, is the great crowded market-place, containing at its western end a lake known as the Jakara, now drained and filled in.

Kano market is probably the most important in all tropical Africa; to it come Tuaregs, Asbens, Arabs, and other inhabitants of the Sahara; men from lands as far apart as Tripoli, Timbuktu, Omdurman, and Morocco meet here, as well as the natives of all the West African Colonies—Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Senegal, Gambia, and Liberia. Here Senegalese soldiers jostle Fulani, Syrian, Arab, and Fezzani, French, Italian, Greek, and English visitors; and all speak or try to speak the Hausa language which is the *lingua franca* of Africa north of the Equator.

To-day, where once the horse and donkey and camel were lords of the road and the sole means of transport, where goats meandered aimlessly

along eating every form of garbage, wheeled traffic is beginning the process which will end in driving all these others out. Bicycles ridden by boys of all ages steer their way miraculously between the sheep, goats, horses, and pedestrians, without accident, although there is no rule of the road ! Cars, driven by men who try to pass the five-mile speed limit but rarely succeed, get through somehow ! Along these narrow, badly made roads, often thronged with blind beggars, lepers, halt, maimed, and distorted shapes of humanity such as are never seen in European towns, pass rows of contemptuous-faced camels, with the tail of one joined by a short rope to the nose of the next, and *of course* occupying the centre of the road, till the distracted motorist wonders how he can escape being driven into the deep ditch on each side, which acts as sewer and water conduit for the carrying off of water in the heavy rains. At such times he feels he would gladly sacrifice the picturesque for the merely safe ! Changes are taking place so rapidly that visitors to Kano in the near future, finding the streets resounding with motor horns and klaxons and perhaps the loud roar of the aeroplane overhead, will feel pretty sure that writers about the city of the past drew heavily on their imagination !

The Arab quarter, composed mainly of Tripolitan Arabs who before the British occupation did a brisk trade with North Africa, has altered but little. Gone for them are the happy days

of making and selling slaves ; things seem to have left many of them in a backwater ; commerce has changed its routes ; political intrigue seems futile ; and they live mainly on the remembrance of past glorious days and the bare sufficiency of trade which remains to them—but enough at least to keep them in good cigars and enjoying their favourite game of chess ! They pay lavish presents to the Amir, to whom they are completely subject ; though their lot is a safe one now compared with that of days when an Amir of Kano occasionally executed an Arab to remind the others that, even though white, they were his subjects and he their overlord !

Kano, beside being a city of petty trading, has some very enterprising merchants whose capital is said to run into six figures. One of these I knew very well, and used to enjoy having talks with : an interesting, intelligent, much-travelled man with considerable independence of mind, whose ability and knowledge of the world might have been more utilized by our British Government. He is a devout Moslem, a generous benefactor of the poor, and much beloved by all classes. But a system of government which too often makes use of a puppet ruler to register the will of his European adviser is not conducive to the discovery of such independent minds ; they do not fit into the conservative scheme of things in African colonies, and are usually choked off, ignored, or merely frozen !

These Arabs, and other wealthy men, have large white houses, storeyed and with thick walls, making the rooms beautifully cool even in the hot season; the larger rooms lead into the smaller darker ones—often not much more than cells—of the harem. I have rented such a house and lived in it for a month in Kano.

In all parts of the city are large ponds, some of very considerable depth, filled with water in the rains, but with the exception of the deeper ones dry in the harmattan season and exuding a far from pleasant odour. From them in the past had been dug the mud of which the houses and the compound walls had been built. Dead donkeys, dogs, cats, etc., are not *supposed* to remain long in these, but such ponds are undoubtedly tempting receptacles for the refuse and filth of the neighbourhood—hence the smell!

Standing out from the typically African buildings, and separated from them not only by stretches of space on all sides but by the immeasurably greater distance of modern architecture and design, is the splendid block of buildings known as the Native Hospital, erected under European superintendency. One English doctor and an English sister, with a large staff of native nurses, a few women being included for the female wards, are carrying on a most humane and Christian work, and have gradually broken down the previous intense opposition to rational as opposed to empiric medicine and treatment.

In the city are the courts of justice, new buildings also ; though the law *schools* of Kano are many centuries old. Law is administered by African judges, who pass sentence and settle disputes according to the Maliki Code of the Moslem Shari'at. The stage has not yet been reached at which one can speak very highly of the justice or equity manifested in these courts. It takes a long time for bribery and the more subtle forms of maladministration to become rooted out ; but at present no other method has been found advisable, and unquestionably some progress in the right direction has been made. Nothing is so much needed, I believe, in Northern Nigeria to give confidence in the British Administration as a judicature which is fearless, uninfluenced by rank, colour, or religion, and free from the taint of corruption. But how hard to obtain !

In the Madaki's court all the business of the administration of the city is carried on under the control of a member of the Amir's Council, the Madaki, with a staff of trained native Hausa and Fulani clerks under a head clerk—the present one being a friend and old boy of mine. This also is a new block of buildings of European type.

The Education Department have put up a solid, well-built, attractive-looking building for the Middle School, where boys mostly of the ruling class are being trained to take their part later in the administration and various activities of the province. One hopes that these lads will

one day feel the same pride in *their* school that Gordon College boys and English public school boys do in theirs. But it is an alien, non-Moslem institution and this spirit will take long to develop : symbolically as well as geographically the school is just outside the city walls !

In a new gate to the Amir's Palace a very fine piece of workmanship was finished, and opened in 1935. While greatly valuing such artistic additions to the city, one reflects that the cost, several thousand pounds, of this beautiful gate—taken from the taxes—seemed hardly justified at a time when there were great poverty and extensive unemployment in Kano. One would like to see the Amirs of Northern Nigeria more ready to give up some of their over-large emoluments than to use the taxes of the poor for somewhat unnecessary ornament.

Dyeing is one of the chief industries of Kano, and the very beautiful dyes, specially indigo, are famous all over Central Africa and even in our own country. Scattered about the city, but more specially in two or three areas, are collections of these dye-pits, some of them eight to ten feet deep, and nearly full of a bad-smelling fluid of the fermenting indigo, into which the cloths to be dyed are put. They are quite open and the fluid is often nearly flush with the surface. Some other Kano dyes are known only to the natives of the country, and the secret has been well preserved so far. English people are

greatly charmed with the beautiful "pouffs" and other leather articles manufactured in Kano and Zaria from the many-coloured, dyed skins of the goat.

No quarter, not even the smallest in Kano, but has its mosque, where the Faithful come to perform their ceremonial ablutions and prayer five times daily, and from which the call to prayer never fails. The Great Mosque in the centre of the city, known as the Masalachin Juma'a, stands in a large open square, and here every Friday at 2 p.m. assemble devout Moslems from the city and surrounding villages and towns for the weekly united act of worship. In the immediate vicinity of this is a tower about sixty feet high, and of considerable circumference, built by a previous Resident of Kano, Mr. C. L. Temple, who intended it to be used as the minaret from which the muezzin would be sounded. But it has not functioned in this way, and the less melodious sound of myriads of pigeons' voices is heard instead, coming from their nests in the Tower.

The Amir's Palace is a large, rectangular enclosure surrounded by a high wall, behind which is a veritable town, the habitation of an extensive harem beside many old slaves and their families, with quite a thriving market. When one visits the Amir many ante-chambers are first passed through before arriving at the council and reception room where visitors are entertained. The only furniture in this spacious, lofty room,

with its beautifully polished walls and ceiling, is the Amir's throne and the chair for his visitor. The floor and ceiling are both mosaics of broken pieces of pottery, and the walls are polished with mica. I have been most cordially welcomed by the present Amir on several occasions, and at the end of each interview, taking my hand, he has escorted me through the various rooms, court, and open square to the gate of the Palace. The present Amir visited England in 1934, and has since accomplished the Pilgrimage to Mecca. He is a tall, good-looking man of about sixty, and has an enormous progeny, from which some day, though probably not immediately after him, will be chosen other Amirs of Kano.

As one gets toward the southern and western outskirts of the city the streets become fewer, the population thinner, and more of the space is taken up with gardens and irrigation plots, where tomatoes, sugar-cane, onions, etc., are grown ; and finally one comes to the gates of the city from which the various roads lead to the large towns and villages of the Province of Kano.

But the seeker after what is ancient, the real, old, untouched Kano; must go into the smaller streets near the Great Market, the crowded parts around the Bait-el-Mal or Native Treasury, and the market of Mandawari. Here he will find himself back a thousand years, seeing houses like those in Morocco or old Egypt, with trading and barter as in the days of the Patriarch Abraham.

If he is an artist he will find interest for hours of sketching. Mrs. Reynolds, a great painter, the wife of the Civil Engineer, Mr. J. F. J. Reynolds, M.Inst.C.E., who constructed and brought to a successful conclusion the great scheme of water supply for the Native Administration of Kano, often used to come into the city in the morning, and among the narrow streets with the curious old carved doors, women carrying their water-pots, and the gnarled remains of old trees, found subjects for many beautiful paintings, of which about thirty water-colours were exhibited for two years in the Imperial Institute, Kensington, three "oils" now being on permanent exhibition.

One sometimes wonders why this engineer-reformer of the economic life of Kano did not get far greater recognition for the magnificent effort which extended over three tours of very hard work, and gave to Kano what no other town in Northern Nigeria then had.

Only one Englishman has lived for any length of time in this old Moslem city ; for the Rev. G. P. Bargery was a privileged person, obtaining special permission in order that he might live in peace and quiet, and with his group of Hausa Malams prepare a dictionary of the Hausa language. This was completed in 1934.

But when from England we direct our letters to "Kano," it is not to *this* Kano that they find their destination, but to the various communities

of peoples living outside the city walls ! Fage (pronounced " Fuggay "), Sabon Gari, Bompai, Nasarawa, Tudun Wada, Kwarra, and various other strange names all make up Greater Kano.

The first of these which we approach as we leave the city is Fage. Dirty, picturesque Fage, where Asbens, Tuaregs, and other denizens of the Sahara tend their camels during the dry months of the year, using them as transport animals for loads of skins, ground-nuts, and cotton which are collected from the villages and brought into the commercial quarter. European firms purchase and store this native produce until the consignments are ready to be entrained and shipped for European markets. For Kano is a very big trading centre where many thousands of tons of ground-nuts alone are annually collected in enormous corrugated-iron sheds. One will not forget either the sight or the smell of a conflagration of one of these sheds, full of produce, which continued burning for many days.

In Fage you will see many groups of young men, members of a community which has become assimilated through generations of living here to a more settled, less nomadic condition of life, squatting together under flimsy sheds or by open stalls making silver ornaments from Maria Theresa dollars or working ornate patterns on cushions, pouffs, and other articles of trade made from carefully selected goats' skins.

But Fage is doomed ! It may be this year,

next year, certainly not never. For the threat of demolition is held persistently over its head and has already begun ! It is a storer of disease, a cesspit, a breeder of various kinds of bad mosquitoes, and the abode of all the unwashed, unkempt products of the desert, come to roost on the borders of civilization.

People who have antiquarian interests and who seek in places like the city of Kano and Fage to see what they like to call the " unspoilt native " should explore a little deeper, where possible, and then perhaps would come to them something of the heart-ache which the missionary feels, who thinks less of what is picturesque because he knows what lies behind, and realizes the power of sin and dirt and poverty ; the pain and suffering of stunted thwarted lives, starved under the degrading influence of vice untempered with love and holiness.

A half a mile away from Fage toward the south is the Syrian quarter, known as Kwarra. Here can be purchased exquisite silk stuffs from the Levant—or Japan ! Cloth is cheaper than elsewhere, for the Syrian and Arab traders love to cut down prices and undersell all rivals. The roads are broad and good, with bungalows on each side ; but they are not pretty ! Everything seems sacrificed to trade, with little desire for beauty ; except in one or two notable cases where perhaps as good a garden as one may look for in tropical Africa is to be found. The best cars in Kano

belong to the Syrians, for they are prosperous. I do not appreciate the cheap sneers always accorded to the Levantine, be he Syrian, Armenian, or Greek. The Syrians are often generous friends and most loyal relatives. When one member of a family has come to Africa and made his fortune—as most do—his first thought is to send money to bring out some brother, cousin, or uncle from Syria, starting him in business until he is able to stand on his own feet—or sit in his own car ! All affect European style, if not standards ; some are Christians, but the majority are Moslem, and in the homes of the latter are found the African woman and her pale Asiatic sister living as members of the one “ family.”

Sabon Gari—a title belonging to all similar townships that have grown up near big Moslem cities in Northern Nigeria, and meaning “ New Town ”—is the Babel of Kano ! In this polyglot, hybrid collection of peoples from all over West Africa are Government clerks, carpenters, masons, builders, contractors, blacksmiths, station officials, traders, mechanics of all sorts, and cooks, stewards or “ boys.” Some occupy bungalows—euphemistically so called—others, in long monotonous rows, the commoner type of compound which is not quite Nigerian, but like most other things here, a mixture ! The streets run parallel and at right angles to each other ; one endless similar type.

Originally, the needs of European officials, civilians, and merchants led to the formation of these townships, and the inhabitants coming from every part of the West Coast are largely the products of the mission schools of the Yoruba country, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast. All speak their own languages and most learn a smattering of Hausa, the common medium, while in English one hears everything from the cultured voice and idiom of the African Durham graduate to the barely recognized "Ingilishi" or "pidgin English" affected by those who have followed in the wake of the clerk-artizan-mechanic class.

As usual, the African Christians who have come into Moslem or pagan lands reproduce the Western religious divisions which mean but little to them; and we have Church of England, Roman Catholic, Methodist, two or three sorts of Baptists, Plymouth Brethren, Faith Tabernacle, Seventh Day Adventists, to mention only the chief religious communities. All have their churches or "Little Bethels" and the religious fervour is great, though sometimes exhibiting more of faith than works!

The Roman Mission, in dignified isolation, occupies its own grounds at a short distance from Sabon Gari, under the charge of two or three very devoted fathers, who, in addition to their other works, grow grapes, vegetables, etc., which they sell, as well as almost every kind of fruit possible in this climate. The father from Alsace

has been many years in Kano and is a well-known figure, whether cheering patients in hospital or on his round of visits.

By far the majority of the Christian population are connected with the Church Missionary Society, and under the energetic pastorate of a young Durham graduate, a Yoruba, the large and airy church is filled on Sunday for six different services, in three languages, attended by about seven hundred people. Schools, infant, primary, and secondary, containing about three hundred children, have most admirable new buildings and premises subscribed for and erected by the keen parents and under the management of this most progressive young clergyman.

Every morning from this alien quarter, Sabon Gari, swarm out clerks for the trading firms and Government offices ; motor and other mechanics, building and transport workers, domestic and hospital servants—all making for the various jobs in which they are employed ; while hundreds of children with slates and books are off to the various schools.

This is Christianized Africa as a suburb to Islamic Africa, and the problems connecting the two are weighty and difficult. Should these Africans of another civilization and alien education and religion be under the Moslem Amir, and tried in the native Moslem Courts if guilty of law-breaking? Should they, aliens to Islamic rule, be considered lawful subjects of the Kano Amir

and his Council, or under the immediate jurisdiction of the British Resident or his representative the Station Magistrate? Characteristically, there is at present a compromise: Sabon Gari elects its own council, containing Christians and Moslems, representatives of the various races, and these under a chief living in the township and appointed by the Amir generally administer justice and try all cases of law-breaking. It seems to work well in most cases, even to the collection of taxes, which is a good test!

Alcohol—that is, whiskey, gin, liqueurs, beer, wines, etc.—is allowed under the system of “permits” to all who came from countries where the sale was not prohibited. Unfortunately the drink is resold illicitly in quantities to Moslems who come from the city in numbers every evening to buy and drink it, as well as other native-brewed alcoholic drinks. They return considerably inebriated, but making futile attempts either to disguise the fact or to become sober before they reach the city, where all this is *haram*,* for there is risk of getting arrested and imprisoned by the city guard and police. This risk, however, becomes less every year, as the city by participation in the enjoyment becomes less intent on punishing the more flagrant offenders.

Constant fresh roads with ever-increasing lines of small houses are being added to Sabon Gari, which draws to itself the more sophisticated, less

* *Haram* = unlawful religiously.

orthodox, irregular members of other communities and African society in general ; and so the problem of unemployment, with its consequent increase of theft and burglary, is becoming acute. Sabon Gari is boiling over !

And yet one feels less hopeless here than in the city. There is life instead of stagnation and freedom even if it does lead to licence. Ideas are in process of formation ; men think and mix with others who think, and are not committed to barren traditions. Moslem, pagan, and Christian meet on a basis of equality ; each can contribute to the life and thought of the other. In spite of much that is squalid and amorphous, one yet sees something in process of birth ; greater mutual understanding leading on to a realization of African citizenship ; a unifying of type in this multi-peopled section of Africa where the will to advance and the intelligence of the people are working together for a better and a fuller life.

In the market-place of Sabon Gari I have often stood on Sunday afternoon when not far short of a thousand people, of various races and religions, had assembled, brought together by the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church and his congregation to an open-air service. Together, without a semblance of opposition, they have listened to me, and others, telling in Hausa the story of a Saviour who cared so much for us all, without discrimination, that He lived and died to save us. Moslems here have listened eagerly, because they were not

attacked on the ground of their faith, but just treated as men like the rest of us with common temptations and needs. Earthworks of defence were not thrown up, because there was no attack ! And I am convinced that the little group of keen Christians in Sabon Gari, if they will follow right methods, have a unique chance, not of proselytizing, but of winning men and boys by the sheer power of character and testimony to a life of victory which they have proved, and not merely to a creed of which they have little experimental knowledge.

Of the British commercial quarter one need not write much : it is similar to that in other parts of tropical Africa. Rows of unsightly premises, where great trade is done in native produce and English and other textiles, are thronged with buyers, and the temperature under the corrugated-iron roofs is such that one wonders how young Englishmen stand six and seven hours a day of work in them. Most of the firms are now amalgamated in the United Africa Company, a powerful monopoly which has its branches in other parts of Africa and has absorbed the old, well-known Niger Company and many other well-established firms. The Bank of British West Africa, a huge structure with a silver white dome, is a landmark ! In it, as well as in the Colonial (Barclay's) Bank, a constant stream of people, who have at last learnt the value of depositing money at interest rather than burying it in holes,

pass to and fro. One greatly admires the men who by their industry and enterprise have built up a colossal trade in these West African Colonies. In a bad climate, under difficulties not shared by other members of the British community, they have been pioneers of industry, and have contributed incalculably to the well-being of the countries where they have come. If some of the older men were hard-boiled and hard-living, the modern business man is often now the best type of English gentleman, keen on his work, devoted to every kind of sport, and truly kind-hearted and generous.

Fortunes are not easily made now, and in Nigeria the business man has literally to slave at his work, not without the haunting fear of a "slump" to come, when he may be "retrenched" and thrown back upon the life he left in England, and for which he has largely unfitted himself by living in the Tropics.

The women who join their husbands and make the homes comfortable deserve the thanks of the whole community. I would strongly advise them for their own interest *and even health* to throw themselves into closer touch with their African sisters—to visit and seek to help them in many ways and so find out what strong ties can be formed by sympathy and kindness.

The race-course, polo ground, aerodrome,* police court, and offices of the Station Magistrate

* Transferred now to a much larger site.

are all in this quarter, as well as the post office, water-works office, and the Kano railway-station with its extensive out-buildings and employees' houses. Kano station, on the Lagos-Kano-Hadejiya line, is an important junction, and probably more trade passes through here than through any other centre in Nigeria north of Lagos. The line will continue on towards Lake Chad.

Further out, passing through broad, modern roads which are kept constantly repaired, we come to Bompai, where the European Colonial Church is and the large Club House, with tennis courts and cricket pitches. This is the *rendezvous* of the European community, where all meet in the afternoon, "drinks" are had, and often balls, concerts and any kind of important meeting held. Here for over two hours "Tubby" Clayton once talked to nearly the whole European community, and showed pictures of the War and what led up to the foundation of Toc H. There is, of course, a Masonic Lodge. The C.M.S. is represented in Kano by one lady, who lives alone, and the Sudan Interior Mission has also quarters.

Bompai is the oldest European residential district, but is now only occupied by the army and police officers and their wives, and one other English woman, the oldest surviving European resident in Kano, Miss Ethel Miller. Some of the prettiest bungalows are here, and the gardens bear witness to many years of hard work and

devoted attention. The European hospital lies between Bompai and the larger residential district of Nasarawa, where most of the administrative, educational, and agricultural staff live. The Residency is an imposing massive building in large grounds. When receptions are given at night and these grounds are lighted with Chinese lanterns, the tropical foliage and beautiful flowering trees, with their delicious exotic scents intensified by the night air, produce an effect not easily forgotten.

Leprosy in Kano is very prevalent. A segregated area and buildings just outside the city were considered quite inadequate, as they were not meeting the modern requirement, which is to concentrate more on early cases which can be readily cured, and badly infective cases which are a source of danger. Hence a large leper settlement, with all the most modern treatment, was established sixty miles distance from Kano, and did great work under a European doctor and an enthusiast from Toc H, Mr. Lambert. This again has been moved to a better site and is being worked, under the care of the Sudan Interior Mission, much nearer the city. The work, travels, and great personality of the energetic Secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, Dr. Muir, are doing much to bring a really hopeful enterprise before the people of Great Britain, and show that we can conquer this evil thing, given the will and the help needed !

Educational work among young Moslem girls was started in Kano under Government ægis eight years ago, and several English women are doing their best to interest young girls in the city in new thoughts about life and its prospects. The leading chiefs, shy at first, are now keen on this experiment. It is certainly one of the efforts, too long neglected, which are destined to effect great things for the whole country.

Everywhere we have electric light along the streets and in the houses in all the native and European quarters of Kano ; the roads are broad and are gradually being macadamized ; good water is everywhere obtainable, and to crown all the genuine “ Reynard ” was discovered to be an inhabitant of the farms and country around Kano ! So the hunt started a few years ago, and several enthusiasts, with rather exotic energy for the roasting climate, have brought this British pastime into tropical Africa.

There are two cemeteries, a European and an African—sundered even in death ! Malaria, yellow fever, and dysentery have been responsible for most of the sickness and death of Europeans. Blackwater fever carried off some, more especially in the early days—I had a very severe attack of it myself in 1905—but it is not so much dreaded now, and where good nursing is to be obtained it is robbed of much of its old terror.

Wonderful memories come back of friends who lived and did their work for this land. Tragedies

there have been, and one passes by some of the graves with a sad heart. Few countries have taken such a toll of civilian, army, commercial, and missionary life as Nigeria. Pioneers all ! And still there is much work remaining to be done and to call forth self-sacrifice. These two cemeteries say to me : "They gambled nobly with their lives, and who can say which won and which lost ?" !

CHAPTER II

CONTRASTS : NOW AND THEN

ONE is frequently asked by people in England whether Nigeria is not now much more healthy than previously. It is a little difficult to answer in a sentence.

The temperatures do not seem to have changed! There are still those ninety odd days between mid-March and mid-June when a burning heat, dry from the desert and running a shade temperature of 100° to 112° Fahrenheit, is, to say the least, exhausting ; or a damp heat follows storms which have given a promise of the advent of the wet season only to deceive and lead to a sticky condition still harder to bear.

The harmattan * still pays its yearly visit, though not always regular as to time of arrival and length of stay ; it is welcomed by newcomers as a rule because of the greater coolness of the air, but to the older settlers it means colds, lips dried and chapped, sore eyes, and a nose perpetually blocked up. It is difficult to enjoy blustering north-east winds which bring dirt and dust into the best protected rooms, covering the

* See Glossary, p. 181.

furniture, food, and all else with a fine sand. There is not much change for the better here !

The insect and animal kingdoms are nearly as rampant as ever. Mosquitoes may now be less in number, but there are quite enough to go round and to spare. Each month seems to bring in rotation its new annoyances in the way of biting, stinging, buzzing, crawling, inquisitive, aimless, impossible pests. If there is any improvement here, it is small.

In addition to all the common diseases such as rheumatism, "colds," malaria, and prickly heat, with the more uncommon blackwater, yellow, and intermittent fevers, we have also to reckon with plagues that come from time to time, and from which the white man, though not often attacked, is by no means immune.

The fowls which we eat and so much depend upon—I really do not like to call them chickens—seem to run about as much as before in their desperate search for food, and develop hard, stringy, "tendinous" legs at the expense of what might possibly have been the softer parts of their body. And though eggs are certainly ten to the penny still at some seasons of the year, a large proportion of them would be hardly labelled "fresh" in England. If one gets meat from the local market it is still notorious for its lack of fat ; and as, owing to the climate, it may not be hung for long, even the best *kuku* * cannot do much with

* Cook.

it. Happy the people who are able to bake their own bread, for that obtained from Sabon Gari is neither appetizing nor nourishing.

Some of us—the rich and mighty Olympians—live in very good houses ; but those who, like myself, considered £400 a colossal sum to spend on a dwelling-place and had no kindly Government or Native Administration to put one up for us, lived in the coolest possible mud huts, made in the best native fashion that we could get.

And yet one always answers in the positive and affirmative the question asked at the beginning of the chapter. Living in Nigeria *is* better now. We do not die in such numbers. We are able to get home to England with care, and end our days there if we desire. And the doctors do not have the heart-breaking work of sending back so many of their nicest young people broken down in health as in previous days. What, then, is the reason ? Many things taken together. The houses are better, and we know how to adapt even the poorer type to the climate and keep ourselves as cool as possible in the hot season, and arrange for fire-places or electric stoves during the harmattan ! In many parts of Northern Nigeria draining operations have been carried out so that swamps and other mosquito-harbours have become comparatively innocuous. A great deal needs to be done in this direction, and even then we can hardly hope to be rid of the gnat while there remain large areas of native occupation, which

can only be dealt with by far greater co-operation than at present.

Refrigerators in the Inland Provinces enable meat, as well as butter, milk, cream, and other dainties, to be kept better than before. The boats from England also bring out far better supplies now, as well as larger assortment of health-giving foods. Electric fans everywhere help to make the heat more bearable for those who can afford them.

I should rate the greatly increased interest in every kind of game, sport, and athletics as the chief factor in producing a better health bill : there are tennis, golf, polo, and cricket for the more strenuously minded ; badminton for the less active.

Wireless, gramophones, and an endless round of wholesome diversions of varied type all tend to keep people's minds from the unhealthy forms of introversion. The old tendency to spend much time sitting in the veranda in the cool of the evening, with more alcohol than was advisable, has gone in most quarters. It would be a good thing for the Colony if, following the late Mr. C. L. Temple's suggestion,* it went altogether !

Perhaps the easy acquiring of a car, and consequent runs into the country, count as much as anything else toward better spirits, and hence greater resilience in warding off ill health.

Doctors take no refusal now when, at the slightest symptom of serious illness, they order

* *Native Races and their Rulers* by C. L. Temple.

anyone—and we are all their slaves—into hospital, where other gentle but autocratic masters, the sisters and nurses, await the patient, and by their devoted work prove to be some of the best fighters against sickness in the country.

Short holidays in the “bush,” week-ends arranged by kind seniors and local “leaves,” are other things which help to answer our question. Nigeria will not be a healthy country for a long time, if ever ; but I believe the day will come when many of the worst enemies will be laid low. Sanatoria will help toward convalescence and newer and better prophylactics be found to keep off the common and rarer scourges.

The Bank of British West Africa and Barclay's Bank have conferred a very great boon on the Colony and all its residents, African and English. The convenience of these banks is great for all white men, and it will be a veritable eye-opener to any visitor to the Colony who may go into either of these banks on a Friday in Kano to see the number of prosperous Africans putting in money, withdrawing big or small sums, and all so pleased and proud with their pass-books—which must by now have reached unprecedented numbers. On seeing these very fine buildings, so cool and spacious, it is difficult to realize that a mere twenty-five years has built up a solid business which keeps many clerks—English and

African—at work—in the busy ground-nut season for many hours a day ; sometimes, in fact, until nearly midnight. A few of us remember the days when a hefty African carried a load of twenty thousand cowries on his head, worth one pound sterling ! He was then our only banker. In laboriously counting out these and wondering if such an impossible system could last for ever, even in Africa, one did not, in wildest dreams, imagine *this* scene in the banks, redolent of opulence, where Arabs, Syrians, Fulani, and Hausas, as if to the manner born, saunter in to draw their cheques, or get a draft on some coast-port bank a thousand miles away, or send money-orders to England ! Monetary advance was at first by slow stages. First came Maria Theresa dollars, now relegated to the silver-smith's forge and only the property of rich men, all ultimately to be turned into horse bridles, pretty plates, even chalices, or ornaments for Europeans to carry home as souvenirs. Nickel coinage followed, and then currency notes, which are now as common as in England ; so that one almost forgets the frenzied arguments sometimes waged with supercilious Hausa Moslems, who were ready to tear up the "worthless" paper given them in exchange for hard-earned goods. "Why should I be forced to accept *this* because the all-powerful white man has declared it to be currency ? Paper indeed ! How can that be money ?" And in those early days cunning, far-seeing men

bought up large quantities of these "stupid" papers for a song, and became rich on their exchange before the white man awoke to what was being done and put down his foot heavily. Yes, this is a big change.

A "dug-out"! We have heard of old colonels, and slightly antiquated majors being called by this ugly name. But it is not they with whom we associate the name in Nigeria. It is a long canoe, very narrow and not too well balanced, hollowed out of a single straight tree, just broad enough to hold one man in the stern, another in the bow, a boy or two somewhere else, and the men with long poles, who punted us along the bends of the Niger or Kaduna or Binue Rivers. One day followed another of heat and some discomfort, in which one counted the hours to sunset, but enjoyed it in spite of everything. And then came the glorious calm and cool of the sandbank at night; the camp-bed was put up; the bath followed by dinner; and then to bed with the moon above and the river all around one. Those were nights worth remembering.

That is how we travelled, glad to do our forty miles a day! *Roads!* They may have been so-called out of courtesy, but they were the merest tracks in which snakes and ourselves travelled on equal terms. But the trek, as details of it now come back to mind, was full of intriguing inci-

dents : the army of black ants that crossed the path and made us beat a hasty retreat or jump clear of them. The rush of an antelope or duiker across the path, more surprised than we at the sudden meeting. A few roan or gazelle moving rapidly away to avoid us, and an occasional python stretched lazily on the path we wanted to pass, most likely gorged with his last meal. In an opening in the path could be spied little groups of the beautiful demoiselle crane disporting themselves in the grass ; and—if unlucky—the sudden whizz of a poisoned arrow and the sight of naked pagans on the war path, with chaos as the result !

Now it is *Dogo*, the “long steel line” from Lagos to Kano, on to Hadejiya, and soon to reach Chad ! Trains, both goods and passenger, connect these far-away regions with the rest of the world, and Northern Nigeria is no longer left behind, the land which forty years ago had never seen a wheel of any sort !

Good roads everywhere invite the owners of cars to travel as fast or faster than the trains, and scatter the herds of cattle as well as the silly goats who always think the otherside of the road is safer ! There were only two bicycles in Northern Nigeria in 1900, and they were objects of mixed abhorrence and wonder to the Moslem ; of worship to the pagan. It was abundantly plain to the Hausa *Malam* that anything which propelled itself and travelled without life must be of the Devil, and he told his people so plainly ; hinting also that those

who rode them might one day be taken away on them by the same power which dealt with the witch on the broomstick. It would not be kind—though very tempting—to remind some of those *malams*, still living, of their words ; for it would involve some of themselves and far too many of their relatives in the certain fate of Jahanama (Gehenna) !

Small boys of ten, and older, rush about Kano now doing a lively trade in hiring out bicycles by the mile ; and their owners soon get rich enough to buy one, two, or more new cycles. For the desire to be able to ride is universal and the rate of hire is low. The trade with the home country in cycles is a very large one ; quite recently I had the first instalment of money—seventeen pounds—to purchase, for an old friend and schoolboy, one of the new bicycles with adjustable motor engine.

The slow, petty trader is still to be found ; he is content with a tiny turn-over and small profits. In spite of this he somehow gets rich—“ for him ”—and is content ! But petty trading is being squeezed out ; the days of big business, the European companies and combines, the Syrian trader, money-lender, and hard business man have come, and these are bent on getting rich somehow and quickly.

Where there were previously a few score of

goat-skins to be seen in the market of Kano, roughly and carelessly prepared, now you may see a dozen warehouses in the British trading quarter in one road, with thousands of those carefully flayed and packed skins—all for export.

One wonders whether there are any of the present generation of Hausas who could tell, by putting their ears to the ground, that the sound they barely heard was a war drum. These things have passed ; but there were days when one saw men tremble at the sound—heard at a distance of ten miles—of the war drum of the Ningi cut-throats ; for it meant burning, torture, murder, and the destruction of a countryside.

War for them is a thing of the past ; and while we in Europe and in Asia kill from air and sea and land, the African—at least in the British Colonies—enjoys an eternal Pax Britannica ! Is that a small boon to have won for them ? Are we mistakenly going to sacrifice this by letting in those who will change the scene into bloody war, African against his brother African in no quarrel of his own ?

The slave raid, the slave market, the weary march of the herd of slaves just caught from the ruthlessly burnt village, and taken—half of them to die of thirst and weariness and hunger and wild beasts on the road—to be sold in another alien land, and never again see their wives and

children—these are past ! When that great Statesman-Governor Lord Lugard thinks sometimes of the land as we first knew it and of the little band of men whom he brought out to help in the seemingly impossible task, there must be a well-contented happiness in his knowledge of what now is ! In those quietly restrained letters of his to *The Times* also one realizes that if this man can prevent the sacrifice of Africa to the gods of hatred and war and Mammon, he will do it.

Here in Surrey most weeks I get an air mail from some boys I knew in Nigeria. Seven days from Kano to this Surrey village ! And this is only the beginning. Thirty-seven years ago a carrier brought us ours on his head, a journey of seven hundred miles from the coast, travelling perhaps thirty miles a day with a heavy load and running the risk of capture and death at many places on the route ! We expect soon to have a bi-weekly mail brought by Imperial Airway liners travelling *via* Dakar ! This may not be at all unlikely, and then all the excitement and pleasure of the fortnightly mail will have vanished !

A Punch-and-Judy show in an early Victorian village in England was not nearly such an exciting event as the arrival of a white man in a Northern Nigerian village in 1900 : for such a person had never been seen by the majority of the people, and the wildest guesses were made as to the nature of

his hair and skin, the flexibility of his joints, and whether he was a mermaid or not.

We had no knees and our legs were unjointed from the hip to the foot ! We were born already flayed, for had anyone ever seen a skin of the softness and colour of ours ? There were only adults in our country, for no white baby had ever been heard of, much less seen, even by the brave, venturesome spirits who travelled as far as the end of the earth—that was to Lagos.

The removal of artificial teeth, bad form though it may have been on our part, was undoubtedly strong confirmation of our sub-human origin, and the one man of our party who had accidentally lost an eye as a boy when shooting, and had an artificial one, gave certain demonstration of something less than an Olympian descent. Cyclops was likely ; a devil for one parent more probable ! So it came about that it was difficult to get any privacy when having our baths in the evening outside the village, perforce under a tree, as the desire to confirm several propounded but unconfirmed theories about our origin and form was insistent in the whole male population of the village.

We don't now cause a ripple of excitement in the remotest village ; a white man has ceased to be an object of interest. Aeroplanes have cut us out, and many of the populace even in remote parts of the Central Sudan are becoming quite blasé now even about that foreign monster.

We were in those days all supposed to have

come from one village in *Turai*, where Queen Victoria had the biggest hut in the middle of the rest of us. For several years I gave up trying to deny that I was her eldest son ! Fortunately—or unfortunately, according to the way one considers the matter—boys whom I brought to England from Zaria exploded that fable, and I was allowed to return to a more obscure and humble position in society. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The four-storeyed premises of the C.M.S. Bookshop in Lagos, with its dozens of clerks—white and black—and its equipment as good as anything to be found in our great stationers' shops in England, supplies to-day its goods to all parts of Nigeria. These shops were not needed in the Northern Provinces in early days ! The only books valued and read came from Beyrout ; paper was imported from Egypt, Morocco, and Tripoli, and was of the papyrus type. Pens were split reeds, and ink was obtained from local roots. Ledgers, account books, vouchers, income-tax forms, and " permits," even if their meaning had been explained, would have counted for little with the people then. But to-day in every provincial town there is the Treasury of the Native Administration, with its most up-to-date system of accounts, while clerks are taught the newest methods of book-keeping with the intricacy of detail belonging to a complete department of such

a Government office in England as Somerset House. These are under the control of Africans, and the whole system of ledgers, salaries, taxation estimates, accounts, and expenditure, with all their vouchers and receipts, are everyday matters of routine.

One language was spoken in most of the Northern Provinces, and the name of the people as well as the language was Hausa. The word *Hausa* means “*the language*,” implying that there is no other. I found it hard to understand, what every small Hausa boy took for granted, that Arabic was not a language,* but was “*religion*” ! To-day English, of a variety of forms, some quite unrecognizable to us—is running Hausa hard and may some day even supersede it. This is an important matter for education and literature—for one finds the most advanced thinkers among the people already saying that they find it easier to express all they want to say in English. This will become the case increasingly.

There were schools all over the Central Sudan when first we went there at the end of last century. Muhammadan Kuranic schools were teaching many thousands of children to repeat the Kur’an by heart. There was also discipline, not of the gentlest form, and memory was certainly strengthened by this daily committal to the child’s mind of

* Being the language of the Kur’an and worship !

lines of the Kur'an until the whole was known. But education there was not, except in so far as nature and tradition and folk-law and the wisdom of the sages gave it.

We have not brought the people of Northern Nigeria along the path of modern education as far or as fast as a great civilizing nation like Britain should have done. The will was there and the minutes written by the first great thinkers and rulers of the country are to-day monuments of the fine ideal we then had. But obstacles were great and much way has to be made up. It is being done ; and in Yaba, Zaria, Ibadan, Samaru, Katsina, and Kano may be seen the earnest endeavour to give of our best.

In the introduction of hospitals, asylums, and dispensaries throughout the country, if we remember that we had to start from nothing, there is no need for discouragement. But neither is there room for an undue optimism ; a terrible amount remains to be done before the town and village people of the Hausa states have one tithe of the medical and surgical advantages which we enjoy. The Missionary Societies at work in the country and the Government agencies have not sufficiently seriously dealt with the biggest problem, the villages, all of which ought to be regularly visited and to have some in-patient accommodation for bad cases readily accessible. In a later chapter I have put up a challenge to the Church at Lagos to hear the call to train men and

women for such a work, first for their own country and then for the lands farther afield. African missionaries, doctors, teachers, and nurses in large numbers should be ready from the great Yoruba and Ibo peoples to come as Christians and give their lives to such a work. After all, it was done by strangers for them! Practical exhibition in this way of the love of Christians for others less happily circumstanced than themselves will do more to meet the advance of Mohammedanism in Nigeria than all the sterile controversy and futile books that may be written.

The readiness of the Native Administration of the Northern Provinces to recognize that they have not dealt with the problem of leprosy themselves, and their appeal for help along this line make one optimistic that there will soon be far more of such a spirit of co-operation. The Christian Church must be fully ready to respond, not in the spirit of a greedy propaganda but with the unconditioned love of Christ to all in suffering and need. Nothing can be more encouraging to the student of the relationships of the two religions than to notice this beginning of a real tolerance and desire for understanding. Early antagonisms can be forgotten and present friendships welcomed.

From cotton-wool wicks burning in ground-nut oil, as the only lamp known to the African people

of the towns of Northern Nigeria, it is a far cry to the electric lamps everywhere seen inside and outside the city of Kano now. The Amir of Kano, who has shown himself in many ways a lover of progress, did a big thing not only for Kano but for all Nigeria when he determined to spend money available in the native treasury, and call out English engineers to give his city and immediate suburbs pure water filtered and conveyed through pipes, in addition to electric light over a quite considerable area. I used to sit in my veranda in the C.M.S. compound in Kano near Fage at night, and watch the lights starting from the city and spreading in various directions until the roads and suburbs of Kano were lighted. It was symbolic to me ; and as I contrasted the brilliance of this light with that of the old oil wicks, I could but take heart and project thought towards the assurance of the greatest Light which *was* to arise, not only in Kano but in all Nigeria.

When early administrators arrived for the first time in the city of Kano and saw the pits and underground prisons into which men were put to die, they felt sick at heart at the sight. I have known something of the horror of these, and thank God that one of the most cursed evils in Northern Nigeria is gone for ever. Would that one felt the same assurance about a speedier advance ; for we have not travelled consistently along the lines so

clearly laid down by the great discoverers of prison reform, and the psychology of emancipation from crime by greater, not less, humanity toward the prisoner. Cannot Nigeria become in this, as in so many other ways, a model to all our other Protectorates? There is scope for reformation in this, as well as in the treatment of insanity.

In all these matters of which I have written, and in many others, including some change in the attitude toward women; the growth of Sabon Garis—whose inception I believe was due to Sir Hesketh Bell, with their wider freedom and less cramped attitude towards many of the problems of life, there is advance—truly tremendous advance to one who looks back nearly forty years. But content with the good inevitably precludes striving for the best. Nothing less than the best can satisfy those who love Nigeria.

CHAPTER III

A VILLAGE IN NIGERIA

FEW men can have had the chance that came to me of *living* and becoming a part of the communal life of such a people as the Hausas—my household being in every sense an integral part of it, some of the boys, indeed, being children of the village. This chapter therefore relates what I have seen and known of the real life of the greater number of people in Northern Nigeria, obtained at close quarters and under happiest conditions. For I was not only a part of that community, but helped from the start in the making of it.

There were few secrets among these twenty-four households, who were in reality one big patriarchal family, having their separate compounds, it is true, but working, farming, learning, praying, and often eating in the closest intimacy. Everyone knew the amount of the other's income tax—for there was but little difference ; or into what family the next baby was to be born, such being matters of common interest. From birth to death, with the marriages thrown in, there was a sense of oneness and even closer familiarity than prevails in a typical English village. Well-under-

stood codes of morality and order there were, though these would not have suited English communities ; but the sanctions were usually carefully guarded and a breach was a very serious matter.

Curiously enough, and not at all as English people would expect for a hot climate like Central Africa, provision for protection against *cold* rather than heat was made in the dwelling-houses. I learnt to understand the reasons for this after some months living in the community. An African family lives almost entirely out of doors during the daytime, whatever the weather may be, and spends its time after sunset and before sunrise—that is to say, the whole twelve hours of night—in the sleeping accommodation provided. With the exception of the two months just preceding the first rains, when the heat is really excessive, the West African native feels the cold at night—intensely during the harmattan season, when the temperature may go down to 40° Fahrenheit, with a biting north-east wind—and to a less extent during the wet season, when the damp, chilly condition of the atmosphere and the sopping state of the surrounding ground everywhere, often accompanied by cold, driving rain, necessitate a nearly hermetically sealed hut with a bright fire to make comfort possible. Hence there are rarely windows ; and if, in deference to newer ideas of sanitation, *one* should exist, it will almost certainly be blocked up for quite half the

year ! The door is rarely more than three feet high, very narrow, and always closed with a thick mat made of corn stalks threaded together. The hut is usually circular, built of mud to the height of about six to seven feet, roofed with grass, and with its frame made of the same guinea-corn stalks built over a skeleton of bamboo poles. Thus every precaution is taken to keep out air ; and the stifling atmosphere, increased by a fire, with seven or eight people mostly unwashed and packed tight, is more easily imagined than described !

Most compounds have three or more such huts according to the wealth of the family—one for *paterfamilias* and his wife (N.B.—a far smaller proportion of men in the villages are polygamous than in the towns). Into this are admitted babies, small children of either sex, fowls with their progeny, and in pagan districts possibly a goat. Three or more of the inmates sleep on the raised mud bed, which is plentifully covered with rugs and mats, harbouring many things that Europeans do not like ; and there is a fire underneath and inside it, for the bed is hollow. The rest stretch their limbs, as they can, between pots, calabashes, farm instruments, and bundles of corn—all this in a hut whose diameter may be twelve feet. In another sleep the boys, with as many visitors—other boys from other houses in which there is not so much accommodation—as can be fitted in !

Grown-up girls are only a problem if the family is Christian, as was the case in the village in which I stayed, for such girls in non-Christian households are married off early !

There is usually a hut where the food is prepared and cooked, unless the family is too poor for this ; in which case the cooking is probably done in the sleeping hut. In our community there were, I think, two families wealthy enough to have a *Zaure*, that is, a large hut which serves as the rendezvous of the village, is situated at the entrance to the compound, and is appropriated to the use of a stranger should one come to spend the night.

All the salutations which are concerned with the weather in Hausa relate to cold, not heat—a great contrast with us Europeans in the same land, whose chief grouse is the heat : “ How do you feel the cold to-day ? ” “ Is the cold with you any easier to bear ? ” “ How did you pass the cold night ? ” (This latter to a person emerging from the hot, almost poisonous atmosphere of a sleeping-room !)

Beside cold, there is another urgent reason for making the huts secure at night : thieves are much feared, for they are many, often desperate, and armed with knives. The weird, dismal howl of the hyæna also would be far more frightening if the inmates did not feel fairly sure that there was no possible entrance for this dreaded animal !

English people have often two fixed ideas about

Africans : one that they are lazy (but why do we say, “ He works like a nigger ” ?) ; and that they have no order or method. It takes a very long time—perhaps some generations—for the people of one set of habits and culture to get accustomed to those of another, and a very great deal of rubbish is talked by casual observers who have never been initiated into an intimate experience of an African’s life ! We separate African boys from their own familiar surroundings and work ; bring them to act for us as soldiers, policemen, domestic servants, messengers, watchmen, chauffeurs, shop boys, etc. ; and then, because they try to get all the leisure possible to them and are not very efficient perhaps in doing the work *we* want, and for which *they* were not fitted, we call them “ lazy ” ! Put a white man, *ceteris paribus*, into their life to do their work, and I have little doubt that he will soon acknowledge himself to have been the laziest man on God’s earth !

Call on any village between 7 a.m. and midday and you will find the stillness of death ! The men and boys are all away in the farms ; the women and girls are out getting wood and water ; and if there should be an old woman in a hut, she will not respond to your salutation if you are a man, for this is not according to custom, especially if the man is a stranger. In the afternoon, again, from about 4 p.m. till sunset everyone will be at work, the women then making the food for the evening meal. There are two delightful social times of

the day, and in these the abandonment to rest and relaxation is complete. They are from midday to *azuhur*, the time of the early afternoon *salla*, which is the chief of the five times of daily prayer ; and the evening, after the big meal of the day has been eaten (some families only have one meal *per diem*), when with a sense of well-being and content all the men and boys assemble in the big *Zaure* of the village, light an enormous fire somewhere in the centre, and give themselves up to gossip, scandal, and chit-chat without limit, until gradually sleep drives them to their respective homes.

During the hot season the vast, spreading village tree takes the place of the *Zaure*, and a sense of bliss is only prevented by the attentions of mosquitoes and other insects ! There are no posts, no telephone calls, rarely visitors who worry, no lamps beyond a cotton wick immersed in ground-nut oil ; and if there should be any books in the village besides the Kur'an, the print would be probably quite unreadable at this time of night with the poor light available. The few cares and troubles are very ephemeral ; taxes are collected only once a year, the work of the day is finished, and calm, peace, and the opportunity for unabashed " slacking " have come.

The supreme moment of the day, of course, is the appearance of the mother of the family, and any little girls available, with the accompanying delicious (!) scent of the evening meal. How I have longed to share this ! But my nose has

been the first rebel and I am sure my stomach would have been the second had I tried. A very few Europeans have trained themselves by much discipline to eat this *Tuwo* and *Miya* ; I am ashamed to write that I have *not*, and have missed much fellowship thereby. That the food, as well as the customs, language, and religion of a people, may be a barrier or a means of communion with others is a platitude !

There are two periods in the year when the amount of work which needs to be put into a farm *at once*, and finished quickly, is beyond the capacity of the men of the family alone. Each family therefore in turn calls a *Gaiya*, which is a crowd brought together for a whole day on a particular farm, the women of the house meanwhile making quantities of food, *Fura*, and sour milk—a most delicious drink in hot weather !—as well as the more substantial *Tuwo*, a heavy, stodgy food made from ground corn, which one would have thought quite destructive of activity for work, though apparently it is not so. These *Gaiyas*, a nice form of community work, do much to keep up friendship and mutual dependence, and bind well the social fabric of the village. When my household, as part of the community, started sugar-making in the village, there were similar opportunities calling for united effort ; so my *gaiya* came off, conducted, as well as a bachelor could manage, in the orthodox fashion !

Many will remember the “ mutton clubs ” in

the small European communities of the Hill stations of India in Victorian days. So in Gimi news was brought to the twenty-four households if a goat or sheep or more rarely an ox was to be slaughtered ; and every family promptly sent for the portions which they desired, *some* paying for them ! Few accounts were settled in cash, most by barter. We were very self-contained ; the only things that an ordinary family would need, and could not get in the village, being kerosene for the very up-to-date hurricane lanterns, matches, salt, and perhaps a more refined type of tobacco than that grown on the farms ; in which case cigarettes from the canteen in the nearest big town were indicated and sent for !

But honey, milk, butter, yams, sweet potatoes, rice, chicken, red pepper, sometimes meat, and eggs (eight a penny !) were all available. What more does an ordinary human being need—especially when we made our own sugar from the sugar-cane ? We alone, being plutocrats, had a rather primitive *oil-lamp* !

Knowledge of woodcraft in these villagers and an uncanny sense of the presence of any unusual animal life in the neighbourhood surprise people only accustomed to the towns. The Hausa village man would undoubtedly become a great scout ! He has a very quick ear for all adventitious sounds and is invaluable for accompanying any one needing a guide in the maze of bush, where

game and birds are to be found if only one knows how to locate them. In the very-early-morning search for animal food, ear, eye, and scent in them seemed almost inconceivably intensified in faculty, due to their incessant close touch with nature. But there is a striking difference between the development of this intelligence in them and in the typical scout of, say, Canada or our own country. *These* have preserved a more friendly touch with nature, and there are links of sympathy between man and beast. In Africa all seems enmity, antagonism, and war. Can one wonder? The wild cat comes at night and kills the fowls; the hyæna prowls round the village, and, as often as not, picks up a goat or even a donkey. Less frequently, but with more terrifying effect, the leopard's snarl is heard at night and the watch-dog of the house may be found gone in the morning. Myriads of "driver" ants come, with irresistible warlike precision and deadliness, and fall upon fowls, chicken, and all other living things that cannot get out of their way quickly enough. The white termite silently infests the grass, bamboos, and stalks of the roof, and in a short time a new one has to be made—so much labour wasted! Snakes are never absent; and thus village life, especially when the bare-footed children tread the narrow paths in the dusk of evening, has this extra peril; and many a life is lost before remedies can be applied. The long-tailed bandicoot, digging its tortuous way by

tunnels underground, finds the heap of buried yams and sweet potatoes which were to have been the food of the family during the hungry weeks before the corn was garnered in. Mosquitoes, both the innocent variety and those dangerous to health, but all equally destructive to sleep, swarm at night, and from the peaceful interior of one's own mosquito net can be heard in the still night air the slap, slap, slap of the weary hands on face, body, and arms, till nature is worn out and sleep comes.

Patience, long-suffering, self-control—if these are the fruits of the spirit, then it would seem that the African may claim a royal share of them. *We* often tend to complain, ramp, and inveigh! The Hausa is satisfied with the one word, “Allah”! It is evading the true issue for us to talk in a superior way of “fatalism” and “Kismet,” as if these two words gave an easy explanation of all the phenomena of quiet patience. The white Christian must give some more convincing proof of his power to overcome irritability and discontent, and to show more calm in adversity about the small things of life, and even some of the great, or he must concede to the African, and specially the Moslem African, the claim to high rank in this hierarchy of virtues.

From the sowing of the cotton seed (*angurya*) to the fully made garment, every stage is the work of these village people. The farmers toil through the difficult life of the cotton plant until the whole

field is one glorious mass of the bursting pods with the snowy white of the cotton ball. This is then picked and spun by the women into cotton thread on their self-made spindles ; and nearly every adult person in a village, man, woman, or boy, is taught to weave. So the threads are put up, some are dyed indigo colour ; some remaining white ; and the native-made looms turn the cotton into beautiful, strong, well-made Hausa cloth. Cheap Japanese and English textiles are threatening to drive out this native industry. Is it worth preserving ? Mr. Gandhi will give an emphatic answer in the affirmative for more reasons than the economic. I think I wholeheartedly agree with him !

During the hours of rest from farm work or in the freer intervals between the wet and dry seasons one may hear the constant sound of the weaver's shuttle in many parts of the village. Finally, with their own village-made needles and the same cotton, the strips of woven cloth, usually about five inches broad, are made into trousers, loin-cloths, head-bands, and, at the top of the ascending scale, the magnificent garment known as a *riga*. Resplendent in all the glory of this garment, with its embroidery work, which in England would be considered exquisite, the heads of families prepare themselves for the annual festival (Moslem or Christian), the younger members being content with less elaborate and expensive robes.

Sewing-machines are rapidly taking the place

of all this hand-made work, and the same process of mechanization is being effected near the Sahara as in London. Village life in Northern Nigeria will not much longer remain isolated, but the invasion will be slower than in the towns. May it not be so destructive of much that is well worth preserving ! Motor lorries, though doing much to help the farmer transport his produce to the great business centres and so save him the worry and uncertainty of depending on hired or local carriers, are not an unmixed blessing ; there have been many accidents and deaths on the road to those whose slowly working minds realize with difficulty the pace at which a motor machine travels.

There are few men in a Hausa village who cannot dig a good well, though the fatigue of such work is about the most severe that I know. A man is a barber to-day, to-morrow he reads the lessons in church or calls the summons to prayer at the mosque ; and the next day he may be found weaving, farming, dyeing, making mats, or even carving up the lately killed sheep into its constituent parts for sale ! If the beauty of a thatched roof in a Devonshire farm-house is “ a joy for ever,” so equally is the skilled workmanship of a pagan or Moslem in Northern Nigeria on the same job ; for with few tools he will thatch the round village huts as neatly and skilfully as any trained thatcher in England ; and, more, the roof will not leak, but will stand tropical rains

such as we rarely get in England. The grass for this thatch is cut, collected, and plaited by the boys of the village, every lad knowing the name, suitability, and durability of all the kinds of grass to be found in the bush.

Mats turned out rapidly during the hours of leisure, to help by their sale towards the payment of taxes, are all woven by hand with various dyed grasses ; and with the accuracy and ingeniously designed geometric pattern which one associates with a more highly developed artist than one would expect to be found in village life in Central Africa. Baskets of all sorts, bags for catching fish, for carrying cowries or flour, door mats, and every other variety, suitable either for table in England or ornament in Africa, as well as every conceivable article that can be fashioned by skilled hands from " the grass of the field " are here made, and sold for an incredibly small price. The African villager is a genius with his hands, often reminding the traveller in these native markets that works of art and beauty are not created in so-called civilized lands alone.

Such villages provide a number of men and boys trained from their infancy in the art of catching river-fish. Groups of fishermen will start out every season from a town or large village like Wadil in the Kano Province on the banks of a big river stream, which becomes nearly dry in the hot season, but is a rushing, mighty river in the rains. With all their various appliances, of

baskets, hook and rod, and nets of an infinite variety of sorts and sizes, these fishermen follow the course of the river for many miles, travelling by day or night, catching fish at intervals and selling them. In this way a large part of the population of some villages will spend a few weeks at a time when their work in the home is not needed, and so earn quite a considerable sum of money, beside living on the bounty of all the villages through which they pass, saving the corn in their own bins. Such a piece of domestic economy, resourceful and wily in its purpose, is known as *chinrani*, which can be literally and euphemistically translated "eating the dry season," at other people's expense !

Less pleasant to describe is the hunt for game in the long grass at the end of the dry season. This is little less than a massacre, effected by a drive with dogs, boys, and men surrounding a particular area in which gazelle, duiker, antelope, and various other kinds of game are known to be resting or feeding in the grass, which may be many feet high. Fire is set to the grass, and as in the case of rabbits in a hayfield in England, so here the game will be driven nearer and nearer to the centre of the patch until the moment of the break-through, when there is an indescribable rush, the poor beasts trying to get away from the fire, only to find men, boys, and dogs barring their course and awaiting them with spear, and cruel jaw, and teeth. The kill does not take long,

and is not really more brutal than much of our so-called English "sport."

The principles of modern civilized life, which include the idea that each generation lives for the next and that we are responsible for the welfare and good up-bringing of our children, are somewhat reversed in Africa. Children are supposed at a very young age to work for their parents, in farm and market and home. Little girls of seven and eight in the big towns are sent to market for *tala*, which is the hawking round of their petty goods for sale. They may spend a considerable part of the day thus engaged before disposing of all their wares. Similarly, boys at a very early age are taught to cut grass, tend the animals, and help in the building and repairing of the houses of the family, besides performing many other less domestic duties. In this they are considered mainly in the light of an asset to the family for the work they do. It is therefore a considerable advance when we see in most Moslem communities that the boys and many of the girls also are sent to the Kuranic schools. Although the education obtained may not be, from our point of view, of any great value as education and does not involve more than three or four hours a day, still the principle of doing something for the next generation is established, and can be built on. Fees in money are not often paid to the *Mallam* who teaches, but the boys are considered as his servants for at least part of the day ; they cut

grass from the bush for his horse, goats, or houses ; do his errands, and generally treat him as their owner until the time when they have memorized the whole Kur'an, the last *Sura* * having been written on the Hausa slate and repeated so many times that it is now known by heart ! Then the happy father brings to the teacher presents in cloth or other valuables ; and a ram or even an ox may be slaughtered to commemorate the completion by the boy of an important part of his religious history !

When, therefore, a Moslem or a Christian convert has brought his boy, as so many have done to me, at the age of eight or nine, saying, “ I give you my boy,” he really means one to act for some years, until the training and education are complete, *in loco parentis*. It never enters into his head that after making the great sacrifice of surrendering to another the ownership of his son, with all that is implied of economic value, the new “ owner ” should expect fees for the child's education and support ! Hence confusion and misunderstanding often arise owing to a clash between their and our views of the same act. During my years in Zaria and Kano I have had such real friendship and confidence shown me by Moslems that people as unlikely as a *Liman* (religious head of a Moslem community in a province), a judge of Moslem law, and five members of ruling families have brought to me

* The name given to the “ chapters ” of the Kur'an.

their sons unconditionally to live with me and be educated. Six of my boys, had they not become Christians, might have considered themselves rightful aspirants to the rulership of first-class Amirates, and far the greater majority of the boys in my boarding-school in Zaria from 1913-1927 were pukka Hausa or Fulani boys from good Moslem families.

Living in such close intimacy with both Moslems and native Christians opened the mind to a new scale of values. I found generosity and hospitality very real and unostentatious ; patience, toil, and endurance are not less valuable because they seem to have so little result, from our way of judging. Faithfulness to those who have won love and friendship is, I believe, more markedly shown in an African than in any other race ; while I have seen and known acts of bravery as real as those which have won a V.C. Fighting a crocodile to save another's life ; going down into the deep, dark wells of the Hausa compounds to rescue a drowning child, whose life may already have been sped ; deliberately intercepting a poisoned arrow aimed at a loved master's chest, and dying from the wound ; holding by the horns a maddened bull until exhausted, so as to save a crowd of helpless people, of whom I was one ! Such qualities provoke respect and an ever greater desire to work for the overcoming of the admittedly evil tendencies which so seriously mar a most lovable race of people.

If one may fairly judge from the almost incredible results of good government in such a country as Nigeria in thirty-seven years, which are owing largely to the wise plans and directing capacity of the greatest ruler Tropical Africa has ever had, then an accelerated speed with geometric progression is not impossible ! Some of us who have spent much of our lives in Africa do not mind being laughed at for our exaggerated visions of the future.

CHAPTER IV

PATIENTS AND HEROES

PERHAPS no one feature of the great progress made in Northern Nigeria since the British occupation stands out in one's mind so prominently as the changed attitude of the people toward medical and surgical treatment at the hands of British members of the profession. One has only to recall the fear of sufferers forty years ago, and their great reluctance to allow themselves even to be touched, much less examined or treated, by white strangers, to realize the amazing advance made to-day. In the truly splendid Native Administration Hospital in the heart of the city of Kano and the well-equipped but now less used hospital outside the city wall, one may to-day see the modern apparatus, the quiet, easy, confident treatment, and willing co-operation between patient, dresser, and surgeon which one hardly dreamed of in the old days, or thought would ever be possible.

In the hospital of the Church Missionary Society at Wusasa near Zaria, as well as in the dispensaries under the same society in three other out-stations, the same readiness to come and trust

the hospital authorities even for major operations is abundantly evident. This spirit of intelligent faith in new and very strange methods is also spreading to the villages, and one has been glad to notice quite recently the great advance made in the acceptance of precautionary treatment, such as vaccination, serum injections, etc.

One finds it hard to reconstruct the scenes then burnt into one's mind and the consequent sorrow felt when unable to persuade sufferers to submit to simple treatment which might easily have resulted in complete cure.

Picture a little girl of ten brought to me by her father with such extensive ulceration of the legs that the bones were destroyed and rattled as one even touched the shrinking flesh of the child. One knew at once that nothing less than amputation could save the poor little thing's life, and not less did one know that there was no possibility of getting consent for this, however gently it might be urged.

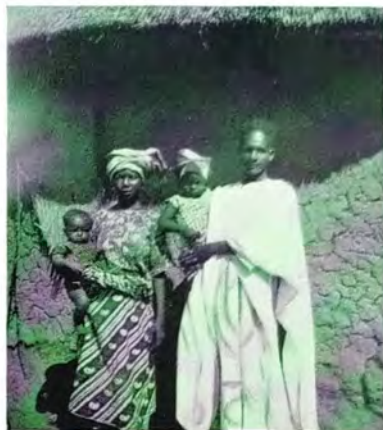
“O white man, give her something to drink that she may get well!” said the distracted but obstinate father; and in spite of all entreaties he finally took her away to die. Within a week she *was* dead.

Contrast this with the plucky little chap of seven who was the baby of our school in Zaria, and who we feared was dying of pneumonia. Seven days of ceaseless watching by day and night, and the little frame, worn out with fever

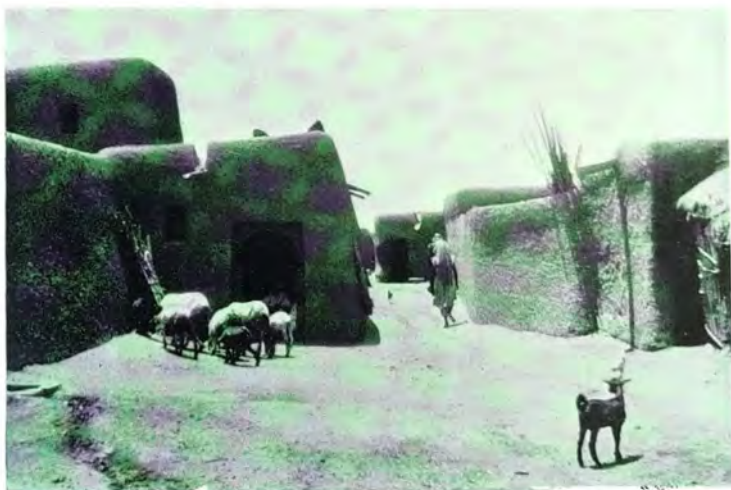
and breathlessness, still fought on. Going early in the morning of the seventh day, after a nearly sleepless night, and the day before the crisis, with little hope of saving his life, I saw the small, thin hand slowly lifted to his forehead, and with a wan smile the Cub salute was bravely made—his token to me that he knew a little of the fight we were putting up for his life. He got well, and is a man to-day. Nursing pneumonia in Nigeria was no picnic !

“He’s much better to-day, sir,” said an obsequious relative, who received my correct Moslem salute at the door of his hut one day ; “but just now you cannot see him, as some of his friends are with him doing *Salla*. Please come to-morrow.” The next day he was still “better,” but another excuse was found why I should not see my patient, and this continued daily for seven days, when, using a little extra force, I insisted on going in to see my patient. “Oh, but he died three days ago and was buried, sir.” In this way I was politely told that the patient’s relatives preferred their treatment to mine !

Practising the operation for cataract on dead pigs’ eyes in England and doing the real thing for a raw undisciplined pagan in West Africa are two very different propositions. One found, to one’s cost, that there were many more factors upon which success depended in the latter than the former ! My first and *only* operation for cataract was done with but little possible prepara-



A CHRISTIAN FULANI FAMILY



IN PAGE



THE NATIVE TREASURY, KANO



KANO RAILWAY STATION

tion in a very poorly-lighted grass hut in Girku in 1900. Pleased beyond words with what I thought had been a very successful experiment on bad material, I hoped for a good result ; it would have meant almost as much for me as my patient. The second morning, finding the bandages gone and a very dirty state of affairs only too obvious, I was told, " I felt my eye itching, so pulled off the bandage in order to scratch it ! " One could not blame the ignorant man, and tried to do some quiet philosophical reasoning instead. Disappointment was not the only reason why I performed no further cataract operations !

A man must have a quite unusually good constitution who, in spite of suffering from multiple arthritis, did not succumb when some murderous thieves broke into his house one night in Zaria, with cutlasses and knives, and did their worst to him. They had not reckoned, however, that there was a white man within a mile's distance who *might* get up even in the middle of the night and come to his rescue ! A terribly bruised body, hacked face, and broken ribs yielded, however, to treatment, and this scion of one of the most important families in the Central Sudan made an uninterrupted recovery, his face becoming only a shade uglier than it was before. One does not know what the thieves thought when they heard the unexpectedly sad news next morning !

A Gillette or any other sort of safety razor

would be certainly indicated in some parts of Africa if many cases similar to one I once treated are at all common. Two men having a serious quarrel decided late one evening to fight it out with *ordinary* razors, and were only brought to me when their vision was so obscured by the results of their folly that they could no longer continue to hack at each other's faces and necks! I wondered at first whether there was much face left to either; but soap and hot water and cotton wool having cleared up much of the mess, needles and catgut thread made a fairly good job of the rest, and two men, wiser, even if somewhat anæmic from loss of blood, went away far better friends than when they decided to settle their differences in such an inartistic manner. Beside the tragic side, there is always a touch of humour in such cases, and as we laughed together over their sorry plight I can't help thinking that the ludicrous as well as the serious view of the matter may have done something to show them a far better way of arranging a quarrel for the future!

Sitting one afternoon just outside the veranda of my grass hut in Girku with a friend, we were nearly petrified by the horrible, unearthly screams of a baby very close to us, and evidently in the last agonies of death. We both rushed out, to find an enormous python fifteen feet long putting the last rhythmic strokes of its horrid jaw and neck

muscles to the swallowing of the poor little victim not many yards from our hut. A few seconds were enough in which to fetch a rifle, load it, and shoot through the head of the python and the body, terribly mangled, of the "baby." We had seen the small horns of the young duyker protruding from the mouth of the python and did not feel that we were committing murder by putting an end to the dangerous life of the one and the already nearly finished existence of the other. I never heard a more agonizing sound than the death-cries of the poor little duyker !

Our medical service in Northern Nigeria is a very keen one, but it is not unusual to find a station quite under-staffed, where all the Europeans have to be looked after, as well as an African hospital and out-patients. Before our advent all cases of insanity, amongst which were indiscriminately included diseases of the brain and meningitis, as well as advanced cases of madness, were confined in the common gaol, with practically no hope of recovery for any. Even now no great advance has been made because of inadequacy of staff, and great suffering is unnecessarily endured by people with meningitis and allied complaints, who ought to be in hospital as patients, but whose relatives class them all together as *mahaukata*, that is, "mad," and even demon-possessed.

Passing through a village in a country which I did not know well, and having no time to stay there, I was told of a man who was said to have been violently mad for several days. From a stray word or two I felt that it was a nervous case, terribly exaggerated by cruel treatment. I determined to see him. He had been tied to a stake and confined in a very small hut into which no one had entered for five days, food being thrown in as to a dog. In spite of warnings that he would kill me, tear me to pieces, strangle me, etc., etc., I went to the hut and looked in. The stench from the inside, the unkempt, mad appearance of the poor fever-stricken creature, with red, blood-shot eyes, were quite enough to warn one off. Creeping into the almost dark room through a very small door not more than two feet high, I sat down by his side, put one hand on his naked shoulder, with my other taking his hand. A very slight tremor passed over the body, and then absolute stillness. The wild, incoherent talk ceased and he began to speak to me quite quietly. In a few minutes the tortured brain and spent body relaxed. I stayed with him for a few minutes, saying a few quiet, soothing words, and all the time keeping my hands in touch with his body. I had to go. Only absolute communion with Infinite Power could have effected healing here. I knew that I had the ability to convey sympathy and healing in my hands ; but that was not enough for such cases,

and intense longing to heal had to be satisfied with the only course possible to me at the time. I gave him an injection—only a small one—of morphia, and was told by a messenger who overtook me at the next village on the following day that the sufferer had had a peaceful night—the first for five days—and had quietly died in his sleep. How immeasurably different from the Divine Saviour who could lay His healing hand on the tormented Gadarene, and restore manhood, wholeness, and control where passion and sin had broken up and destroyed the being who might have had, because created in, the image of God ! I never felt the utter misery of failure as on that occasion.

On another journey, when similarly passing rapidly through a village, I was told of a little girl with violent fever. A very superficial examination was enough to show a clear case of pneumonia with somewhat high temperature. To the amazement of the parents the child let me sit by her side, not frightened by my white skin. Gently stroking her head, arms, and chest, one was able gradually to induce sleep ; the temperature came down ; and a long drink of hot lime added to the effect ; and I left the house feeling that the child would recover. It was quite delicious to hear her say in beautiful Hausa as I was leaving, “ White man, please stay with me ! ” On both of these occasions I had but a very small medical equipment available.

One has to be very careful not to attribute to cruelty or even callousness what may be only lack of imagination. I nearly got "scrapped" in a village in the Zaria Province once when I put a poor donkey out of its misery with one shot at short range! Worn out with heavy over-loads and no food, it had collapsed on the road, and was beginning to be attacked by the pariah dogs and vultures, who would have slowly brought its tortures to an end. "Who are you to usurp the powers of Almighty God and take life in that fashion? . . . As long as there was life who knows whether the power of Allah might not have healed the donkey?" There were obvious answers, connected with their eating beef and mutton, etc., not to mention hunting and shooting game, but this would only have exasperated a very excitable crowd, so I quietly ignored them and walked away. But with Hausa lads whom I have found jeering at lunatics and throwing stones at them till the poor creatures were goaded to fury, a fury which only brought more relentless persecution, I have found that a quiet explanation and appeal to good nature have led to some expression of regret and a pledge not to act so again. After long living amongst them, I do not think that the African is nearly so cruel as either the European or the Chinese, but he is terribly unimaginative! I have quite lost self-control on occasions when I have seen beautiful horses thrown on their haunches by the sudden applica-

tion of a cruel bit, and the mouth streaming with blood and foam ! Similarly, on another occasion, at the sight of a pack ox whose foot had been run over and cut clean off by the cart it was drawing, compelled to go on by the driver, the bleeding stump touching the ground at every step. But one learns slowly that the best response is obtained not to anger or fury but by the bringing out of the good feeling which is in all men if one knows how to get at it. Nothing has so convinced me of the power of Christ to redeem *all* nature as the change in disposition towards *animals* of men who seemed shockingly brutal before, but after receiving the new nature of a Christian became gentle and truly merciful and compassionate.

There are snakes which take mean advantages of dark corners, and from their vantage point spit a deadly poison directly into the eye of their victim, causing such agony that unless self-control and acquired discipline come quickly to the front, time may be lost and remedies used too late ! The late Dr. Norman Cook, of Zaria, C.M.S., probably saved his own eye on such an occasion by the rapidity with which he acted, and got others to act for him, in spite of the almost intolerable pain due to the poison.

I treated a Hausa once in this same predicament, and although I believe I saved his eye, he did not like my method of cure and substituted his own after a few hours, in spite of my warning that he would probably become blind or even

lose both eyes ! As so often happens and much to one's chagrin, though really rejoicing with the good fortune of the patient, they *are* right and we wrong—or at least their remedies suit them better than ours ; anyhow, they get well and come round to call on one afterwards so courteously, not to rub in facts, but to give gracious thanks for our share in the result ! Many old residents in Nigeria have been induced through seeing frequent instances of this sort to believe that there is much to be learnt by us from the empiric knowledge not only of the people of Northern Nigeria, but in all the accumulated wisdom of the sages and medicine men of more primitive peoples. An attitude of contemptuous scorn has given place to a belief that in sharing our knowledge the highest wisdom is shown in this as well as in other matters !

The Anglo-Saxon races have no monopoly of the heroism of the world. For quiet endurance and even apparent stoicism under great pain, it would be hard to beat some of the African people. To such an extent is this so that little-understanding cynics have thought them of a lower breed, not sensible to pain and suffering in the way that the so-called higher races are. I believe this to be a complete mistake. In all the world has there been found—with the one possible exception of the Jewish people—anyone who has suffered and gone on suffering torture, humiliation, the ghastly cruelties of slavery and the slave

raid, bitter separation from kith and kin and land and freedom, like the African? And yet he has preserved his virility, his steady determination, through all, to rise; and, above and beyond all, that amazing quality of forgiveness and readiness to forget the accumulated wrongs inflicted on him! There must yet be a golden age before such a people. Happy those who are working to bring the day nearer!

A lad of seventeen walked into my compound in Zaria one day looking as near death as I have ever seen a walking human being. For fifteen days he had tramped an average of over thirteen miles a day, seeking relief from almost intolerable pain, weariness, and discomfort, which he had been told could be found in Zaria at the C.M.S. hospital. He had fallen from a tree and received a compound fracture of the arm at the shoulder. Some attempts at setting the limb resulted in a worse condition than before. He knew of no one to help. The muscles rotted; and at last, failing to find a friend who would amputate the limb for him, he did it himself with a knife, so determined was the boy to live; and then walked the one hundred and eighty odd miles to Zaria. I found the wound indescribably bad; infested with maggots, extending into the joint, causing a fearful smell, and looking quite incurable. For three weeks I treated him, washed him, and dressed the wound, with at last the reward of seeing a perfectly cured patient, and one so

grateful that he became my shadow ! These are some of the things worth living in Africa for, and I have found few people more really grateful than the African if one will only take the trouble to try and understand his method of showing it.

Leprosy and other loathsome, disfiguring diseases are in Northern Nigeria considered as opportunities for the pious to win eternal reward by giving alms to those suffering from them ! There is one disease, however, for the victim of which little pity is felt—perhaps because it is usually associated with Satanic agency and has never yet been cured by Africans. Not uncommonly in the early days in Northern Nigeria one would come upon the prostrate, sleeping figure of one of these poor people slowly dying from sleeping sickness, thrown out into the bush by their relatives to die, or more commonly to be devoured by jackals or hyænas. A suggestion of mine to do something for such a discarded human being, a girl of about fifteen, perfectly naked and lying in a huddled condition in the open market of a village through which we were passing, only drew a vigorous protest ; so, being a complete stranger and at a time when English strangers were not too much loved, there was little I could do. In the streets of Kano, naked, demented, wandering about like an animal seeking some food to eat, there died not ten years ago a boy who would not have been recognized as the good-looking, light-coloured Fulah and perfect little

gentleman who was invited, with me, to stay with Colonel and Mrs. Acland Troyte at Huntsham Court in 1911 as a visitor ! Sleeping sickness had done its work ! Like so many others with this ghastly disease, he had disappeared, was lost sight of, and only after his death did I hear of the tragic end. *Now* this is another of the tropical diseases over which science has triumphed, or nearly so. The treatment is assured ; the bigger work of exterminating the cause is occupying the attention and energies of the magnificent body of men who are giving time, youth, health, and sometimes even life in their endeavour to obtain the mastery over these unconquered enemies of the human race. Leprosy, malaria, yaws, smallpox, dysentery, yellow fever, blackwater fever, and many another are yielding to the steady progress of modern investigation.

The governments of our colonies are alive to these things ; administrative and medical officers are ever advancing towards the removal of these plagues ; missionary societies now more than ever are looking upon such work as a very real part of their policy ; and young missionaries gladly respond to appeals in these directions. Other societies, like B.E.L.R.A. (British Empire Leprosy Relief Association) and Toc H, are enlisting the vigorous support of old retired Service men ; and many young men are found willing to give up good jobs and go out to take their share in such empire problems. None of

us dare say this question does not concern us. There *is* an awkward question which we are told will be asked some time ; and it concerns those who in their blindness to the sorrow and misery of others in hunger, sickness, thirst, prison, turned aside and inasmuch as they “ did it not to these His brethren—did it not to Him.”

CHAPTER V

PUT BACK THE WART

WAS there not some famous person whose portrait had been painted by an obsequious artist with the wart, a marked feature of the great man's face, carefully removed ; and the artist was told to put in the wart ?

I have been often criticized for drawing the Hausa racial face and leaving out the warts. My answer is an attempt to restore some of these, and at the same time seek to delineate more accurately the face as it is, indicating as well what are the causes of the disfigurement and what may be done by moral and spiritual massage to remove them, and so produce a really noble result. I have no fear of alienating my Hausa friends by such action, for they have a refreshing quality, the ability to enjoy a laugh against themselves, provided that the laugh is not venomous !

On more than one occasion I have been interested in the start of a new club or association in Nigeria, such as that of the old boys of a school. Long experience has cured me of being too

optimistic, and I have never given my name as the president—possibly because I was not asked to do so, the fear of a refusal being probably at the bottom of this lack of courtesy !

Prospective members arrive ; officers are duly elected and appointed. There is a patron ; a president and vice-president ; secretaries, treasurer, and other officials ; while the modest, ordinary members, usually in a minority, have to be content with a place in the inevitable photograph that is taken to celebrate the inauguration. Rules are drawn up, a high-sounding title chosen for the new society, and the annual subscription fixed. A hearty feast then launches the inception ; minutes of the first meeting are carefully made, with appropriate comments on the illustrious people selected for the responsibilities of office ; and this is usually the end of the whole matter ! One of the secretaries pays—somehow !—for the photograph and the feast ; the printing expenses will probably be a bad debt, and the new society and its honorary officials quietly fade away within the year.

A story is told and believed in Northern Nigeria—with how much truth I cannot say ; it is certainly inferentially highly probable. During the early years of the British Administration in Northern Nigeria, Mr. C. L. Temple, then Resident of Kano, was worried by a recrudescence of theft on a large scale, often accompanied by murder, in the city and province of Kano. It is

said, whether apocryphally or not I cannot affirm, that he devised a plan, knowing well the Hausa love for rank and high-sounding titles. It was quietly noised about at his instigation that the Resident had offered to appoint a *Sarkin barayi*, that is, a “ King of Thieves,” and was desirous of interviewing suitable candidates. Every other industry had its “ king ”—builders, blacksmiths, weavers, butchers ; even lepers had one. Hence what was more natural ? Falling neatly into the trap, one well-known cut-throat called at the Residency and was interviewed. A substantial present was given, his name and place of abode taken, and he was told to go home, be perfectly silent, and await the consideration of his claims. He, of course, as was anticipated, spread the news of his expected rise to high estate and showed the present which he had received in support of his story. Was it surprising that others of his kind, hoping for a similar reception, should make a call at the Residency and with the same result ? Mr. Temple, in a few weeks—so the story goes—had obtained enough information to rope in the whole of a large gang—victims to the desire for a title !

With some few exceptions, I have not found that the Hausa people possess enough intensity of character to “ live dangerously.” A Fulah has been known to commit suicide under stress of great mental suffering. I do not think a Hausa

would ! There have been very brave Hausa soldiers and worthy deeds have been done by civilians, but high living and high thinking for a high purpose are not common.

Some boys one day in Zaria, in response to a question, "What would you do if a hyæna attacked you and your little sister together at night in the bush ?" said: "Why, run away, of course ! What is the use of two people being eaten ?" Their voices showed surprise that there could be any doubt.

A care for animals as pets is uncommon. The Fulah may be devoted to his cattle, but it is their value as *goods* to him which is the chief consideration. Altruism, though occasionally awakened and even in quite a touching form, is not a common virtue. The most widely known and appreciated Hausa proverb is *Duk so so ne, amma son kai ya fi*, which is, being interpreted : There are many kinds of love ; all are good, but love of self is best !

While pity for suffering, both of human beings and animals, is found, any sustained effort to ameliorate the condition which produced that suffering would be rare. It is hard to awaken even the idea of sacrificing anything to save another from harm, either moral or physical. A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals or little children would awake a hearty laugh of derision, while the man who would suggest doing anything to humanise the lot of a prisoner would be considered merely mad.

There always has been and still is a very large criminal class in the Hausa Provinces, and especially in the Province of Kano. Highway robbery accompanied by murder is still not uncommon. Burglary is quite monotonous in its frequency, and few houses—even that of the Native Constabulary—are free from the depredations of these experts in crime. Petty theft is also terribly common, and the Hausa has a bad name throughout West Africa, and has certainly earned it. There are still to be seen men without hands and even feet, relics of the olden days before the British advent, when this cruel method of mutilation was the Moslem way of dealing with such offences against the community.

All kinds of deceit and mental dishonesty are almost universal. The smallest children are taught and become wonderful adepts in every form of lying and deception. But the Hausa, while efficient as a liar, lacks the artistic ability of the Eastern to convert his mental curves into fine art, and often in over-doing his subtlety is exposed. There is little mutual trust ; co-operation is rendered almost impossible so great is the fear of double-crossing. I have known quite severe torture applied under the Native Administration to even young boys to make them discover the secret place where their unlawful acquisitions had been hidden, and at the end of a long time only a small part of the stolen goods would be recovered ; for there was little likeli-

hood of another being able to give him away, the Hausa doing his criminal hunting usually alone and not being a good member of a team.

Until recently every Hausa compound in a city and many of the village houses had wells flush with the ground, often deep and quite unprotected, in the open space of the compound, in which young children and old people constantly moved. Accidents, with loss of life, specially that of little children, were common, until under somewhat forcible persuasion just lately, made as much for sanitary as for life protection, there has been a general tendency to cover all wells.

This is not the only example of a fecklessness which leads to bad results. White ants (termites) have from time immemorial been the scourge of the householder. His books, clothes, house-roofs, mats, and all he values are being perpetually destroyed by these pests, and he takes it all as inevitable, a calamity from which deliverance need not be sought. It is and always has been !

One of the commonest sights is to see a Hausa man or woman in his or her spare time assiduously hunting and destroying the lice that infest their clothes and body, and for which there is no excuse. In the past it was quite useless to expostulate against this dirty habit and point out ways of avoiding the nuisance. The answer was variously : " It always has been so ; they are

spontaneously produced from our bodies. Why, then, seek to prevent what is a law of nature ? ” Or, even more conclusively : “ They lived and bred in the clothes and body of the Prophet Muhammad—why not, therefore, in mine ? ”

It is an unfathomable mystery to us how people who have lived for endless time in a country where for several months in the year the mosquito has been the great preventer of sleep by night and, although unknown, the chief causer of disease should never have taken any effectual steps either to rid themselves of the gnat or to devise some way of preventing it from devouring their bodies at night.

Operations for cataract are still performed—the needling method being used—but whereas there are records of successful cases in past times, the present always result in total blindness, but are still done in pathetic hope. Examples might be multiplied.

It is exasperating to try and convince an obstinate young mother that it cannot be good for her new-born baby to be given no food for at least the first three or four days of its life. No ; this has been the custom of their people and they must continue it ! Such treatment was practised on herself, and was it not successful ? And so in spite of the death of a great many infants the custom does continue. Is this an unrecognized method of ensuring the survival only of the fittest ? And why are horrible ulcers covered with mud

or cow's dung or with filthy leaves, in spite of their always getting worse? Did they ever, in some remote past, get better under this treatment?

Broad, splendid rivers full of water in the rains run dry as soon as the dry season is far on; and yet no attempts have ever been made, as far as we know, either to dam up a stream or to dig parallel canals, which might have been easier. Herds of cattle, therefore, are seen wandering over the face of the land from December until May searching for water, while the poor animals get thinner and thinner until it would seem that they could scarcely recover.

Pettiness of outlook in the Hausa has enabled the Syrian, Yoruba, and even educated pagan of Nigeria to outstrip him in the trade and many other branches of life, in which he might have held his own at least in his own country. Farmers, although quite skilled in many branches of agriculture, are content with very small farms and a minimum of variety often in their crops. There is little idea of rapid turnover and small repeated profits. One has heard the almost unbelievable story of the old woman who sat in her market corner for untold years with her few ground nuts in front of her, the whole stock in trade not being worth a shilling each day; and yet in process of time she was able to gratify her one ambition in life—to buy a slave! This sounds like an alle-

gory, but it is typical. I have known men leave their families, go on a long journey, spend many days, some money, and even a rail fare to collect a debt of ten shillings, and come back quite content with only a part of it retrieved! Hiding money in secret places, mainly holes in the ground only known to one other person—and sometimes not that—is a variety of the same pettiness and secretiveness.

The Hausa, quite unlike the Yoruba or Ibo, is fatally ready to accept all the advantages that have been brought to him—and they have been many and varied—without showing any corresponding keenness to do something for himself or share his privileges with others. The contrast between great simplicity of living and even poverty with the sudden access of abounding riches to his country, though not necessarily to himself, has been too sudden. Real harm is resulting where responsibility and intelligent use of privilege do not accompany the acquisition of possessions. Good roads, electric light, clean water brought in pipes from rivers, hospitals and dispensaries and a new science of preventive medicine and healing, every kind of modern convenience and comfort to be purchased with money—all these things have come suddenly, and there seems no readiness to reflect on how they have come or desire to share in appreciative co-operation or extension to others.

The Hausa Moslem boy passes through a strange metamorphosis in the short period which leads from boyhood to early manhood, with marriage in the centre of his thought ; this change is not conducive to close friendship with other men. The home is not a place where male friends are invited to a meal or a social evening. Once he has passed the threshold of his house, the man or even lad is in a harem, and from this are shut out all men but himself. At a time when a boy's interests in England are in school, games, sport, and he is associating mainly with other boys and men, the Hausa lad has already had marriage put before him as an event to be realized very soon—as soon as possible. After marriage there emerges the cave man, or some relic of him, and the lad—little more than a boy—begins to look upon other men as potential rivals ; he becomes the owner of a house and something that other men may desire. The strong attachment or even deep affection which often exists between two boys or men in England, persisting from school-days on to college life, is almost unthinkable among Hausa Moslems. Youthful marriages and the type of marriage which prevails are not conducive to such friendships.

This serious lack of friendship between boys and men with each other, and of the even more impossible friendship known to us as platonic between a man and a woman not his wife, has been largely responsible for a real lack of power

of combination in the Hausa people, a defect which impresses white men, while they often do not realize its cause. All that we associate with school, athletics, university, and club life is not known or only beginning to be known. Such terms as "playing the game," "noblesse oblige," "the team spirit," "working for the good of the community rather than of the individual," could not be translated into the language, and would convey little meaning, anyhow. From this has resulted little love of country, village, or town in the way that Western nations think of that emotion. Hence also to think of suffering for the community is unusual. A John Hampden would be unlikely.

I knew a Hausa of unusually fine character, a man of considerable means and some independence of thought. He had been touched by the poverty of many of the people of his town and the surrounding villages. In company with a few other leading citizens he had appealed to the Amir against some unfair taxation, and had brought conclusive evidence of its evil effect at a time of grave depression in trade and farming. They were told to take the matter to the Resident and explain to him ; but *sub rosa* the lesser men were approached secretly and warned of the possible effect to themselves if they joined such a deputation. At the last moment they all failed him, and X went alone to the Resident, with, of course, an entirely unsupported case, and was

dismissed or, rather, unintentionally “flung to the wolves,” and succeeded in making his peace with the Amir afterwards in a somewhat expensive way ! This was only four years ago, and it opens a sidelight on other possible reasons for lack of combination, which will be more thoroughly dealt with in the next chapter.

There are certain menaces to the wholesomeness of the future social life in the Nigerian Hausa States which, while already inherent, have been accentuated by modern conditions.

There is an abandon to the pursuit of money which may well destroy the chance of better qualities—love of beauty, truth, and goodness—gaining the ascendancy. One generation has been all too short a time for a people entirely agriculturalists and petty traders to be confronted with the sight of the great wealth which trade and the opening up of the resources of the country have made possible.

The easy access of a few into a life of luxury obtainable through money alone, with little effort, even though it has come to but a few, is upsetting the stability of a people whose parents knew only a life of homely simplicity. *And because the Hausa is inherently unstable*, his reaction to this particularly subtle temptation seems likely to be catastrophic.

Similarly, the change from a rule of extreme repression and religious and social sanctions very

binding in their nature to one of great laxity, while not altogether deplorable, has yet brought into the open a great deal of moral evil which was formerly hidden. Judged on the plane of motive and by the standards of realism, the decline in morality is mainly outward and open, the standard having been already so low ! But along some lines there has been a more flaunting invitation to vice, not accompanied by any increase of personal self-control.

The compulsory restraint of the harem has largely broken down ; a real moral public opinion has not arrived as an antidote. Where religion had chiefly concerned the older people and had been kept up by other than moral influence, without powerful motives to right thought and action, old moral values have largely tended to disappear. There does not seem to be any active, healthy principle at work to leaven the community.

Theft has broken out with renewed intensity. Sexual licence seems almost unrestrained either by fear of results or by any sense of a strong moral code which has vitality. A new attitude, almost amounting to derision, toward religion and its expression is becoming prevalent even among a large number of Moslems. Drinking—a thing previously almost unknown except among the pagans—even excessive drinking, is now as common among Moslems as among pagans or Christians. Gambling, not at all an unknown or

new attraction, has enlarged its sphere as well as its power for evil. One might enumerate other causes of deterioration ; nothing would be gained by doing so. For the only thing that matters is that there are as yet few counter-forces of good at work which can make any effectual resistance. Religion, already emptied of most of its spiritual driving-force, has largely broken down in Northern Nigeria. This crisis was not unexpected. Islam is here a bar at present rather than a help. Too weak itself to stem any measure of the tide, it is yet strong enough to block the way to any other arresting power. The Hausa and Fulani people seem at present to be unable to throw up any leader with a message and a convincing moral appeal. There is a moral disintegration at work more complete than anything I had thought possible. It is not probable that those who have lived in close touch with the great Hausa race during the last few years will dissent from this or think it exaggerated.

If this description has produced a very sombre picture, it will now be the work of the next chapter to estimate the causes of such characteristics and seek to know if there are redemptive agencies at work and how these may be multiplied. The picture must have common features with those of other races, and in investigating the one we may find something of value for others.

CHAPTER VI

AND THEN . . . ?

AN administrator or a missionary, or, in fact, any lover of a people, must have an intimate knowledge of all the conditions of their life, because he should have always with him the redemptive idea prominent and the question uppermost, "What can be done?" For he is further bound to realize that it is mainly through contacts and through the impressions made by himself—his character, life, and personality—that the later history of any people amongst whom he lives and works will depend. He sees the power of the influences of the past for good or evil, and knows that he is largely responsible for the shaping of the future.

It will be in the right order if we first consider the special features of failure which we have noticed in the last chapter, tracing the influences mainly instrumental in producing them; and from this the process toward cure.

The desire for rank and positions of wealth and importance, for the sake of the display and luxury and ease consequent upon their possession, has always been common in the East and among

people who value ostentation and despise work. Amongst the Habe and Fulani people such exalted positions have usually been sinecures, bringing opportunity for self-indulgence and empty pomp.

The amount of work done has rarely been in proportion to the display and pretension shown. This tendency has been carried over, and has percolated through to lower and lower ranks of society ; and as new conditions have made it possible for an ever-increasing number of people in their own sphere to pursue these ideas, it is not surprising that to-day we find widely disseminated the lust for rank, titles, and useless dignity, emptied of all thought of the claim to service inherent in these things.

As public offices become less and less sinecures and the salaries of public servants more in proportion to the value of the work expected from them, so this foolish tendency will decrease. Hard work in an honorary capacity, the incitement to render arduous service in causes which give no pay, whether in Church or State—these are the methods by which will be lessened this rather laughable tendency among the Hausa youth. We must set ourselves to foster all public-spirited work without pay, beginning in quite small matters ; and not feel that some monetary reward is necessary for work which might well be done voluntarily.

It would be difficult to calculate the effect due to the stimulus of previous records of national heroes. The lack of such is an incalculable loss. There are not wanting in Nigeria instances of men who have been great servants of God and country and Faith ; but there is little historical record. One of the biggest things that can be done for the Hausa people now is to build up by research a true—not legendary or mythological—history of noble characters and deeds. Fiction, especially founded on fact, is important ; history and biography more so. Most junior civilians and missionaries might set themselves a share in this task. The Literature Bureau in Zaria would act as a centre and clearing-house for such efforts ; and there are few of the newer African colonies where such work would not be valuable.

Most of the petty theft and a great deal of that on a larger and more daring scale are due to the feudal system in vogue, in some form or another, before the Occupation, and still to some extent existing, though rapidly diminishing.

A number of the old retainers and hangers-on of the big Hausa chiefs of past days, who have now lost their connection with their previous masters, are not only without work but have little notion what to do or even desire to do anything. Many of them were not altogether unacquainted, even in former days, with robbery

and violence, and were often sources of wealth to their owners ; these are now reduced, through having little means of livelihood, to resort to burglary and high-handed robbery. In addition to this, as the railways and motor traffic on new roads increase more and more porters or carriers of loads are out of work. A certain number of the less reputable old soldiers, whose original motive for enlisting was the opportunity it gave for plunder and loot, must be added to the other out-of-works, and to this list of unfortunates must be attributed most of the theft.

The petty thieving among house servants and those generally employed by Europeans, though attributable to the same source fundamentally, must yet be classed and treated quite differently. To each of these " boys " his master is to him " father " and " head of his house." Much of what is in the house, of food, clothing, furniture, etc., is considered by him as common property. He would not ask permission from the head of his own native compound to eat, use, or wear them ; he considers that he has the right of a son of the house. Even petty cash would not be considered as personal, though larger sums would. There is no clearly defined margin between " mine " and " yours " in large Hausa families, for most is " ours." This idea is carried over to the house where the boy is working, and the more he cares for his master and his master for him, the more is he likely to feel that there is nothing

wrong in appropriating certain things in the former's property ! Hence sugar, sweets, cigarettes, and even whiskey may disappear. I have found that when clearly shown a limit, the same " boy " can be trusted ; for he has been treated with confidence. Trust is far better responded to than threats or punishment. It is the old story—nothing is harder to understand than the motives of action of members of another race ; and it is wise, while keeping the highest standard of honesty for oneself—mental as well as social—to make the most generous allowance for others.

But there is another and deeper reason which covers the field of mental dishonesty, habitual deceit, and apparently ineradicable lying in the Hausa. It is hard for us to realize what the petrifying and demoralizing influence of centuries of insecurity of life from tyrants can mean ; nor what it can induce of meanness in the character of a people. We have never had grinning at us the cruel stocks and the rhinoceros whip ; the filthy prison, to go into which was to die ; the old wells with men's bones in them, where human beings were thrown and left to rot at the whim of an Amir. We have not seen men dying of agony as the chiefs had them built up alive into walls, nor witnessed stalwart gaolers pound a man to pulp in a pestle and mortar. But many of them have seen and their fathers and ancestors lived accustomed to such sights, which brought a fine

people into craven, doddering submission and callous brutality. When the ignorant critic complains to-day of all the failures in the Hausa character, he should reflect that these vices, though only too clearly present, are often the result of fear and the over-mastering urge to avoid detection and unjust punishment.

As rulers, doctors, merchants, and missionaries we need to do everything possible, by kindness and trust and the *giving of security*, to break the last remnants of the power of fear, and beget trust and fearlessness and truth. Such treatment of children has had happy results ; the example of a meticulous standard of truth in ourselves, combined with justice and patience, will win men and boys also to lives of truth and honour. If we want to see the Hausa people freed from the last relics of the inherited fear of old days, it is largely in our hands to bring this about.

We are met with a strange paradox as we refer to the Hausa characteristics of fecklessness, lack of initiative, etc., already mentioned, and then think of the intelligent farmers we have met ; the clever builders, probably surpassing any others in all Africa except on the Mediterranean littoral ; the blacksmiths to whom we have taken our broken clocks, lamps, etc., with almost as great a certainty that they would put them right as if we were in England. We have marvelled at the

beautiful patterns of artistic skill and symmetry in their mats and wondered at the weaving and exquisite dyeing processes.

How do these apparently contradictory traits exist in the same race—nay, even in the same people? It is hard to fathom until we realize the power of an all-inclusive traditionalism, with its two laws or principles: “What has been inherited—whether good or bad—must be conserved and guarded without investigation or criticism”; and “Evils, not previously considered or recognized as such, should not be avoided, but endured without seeking a remedy.” This is of course stated in its bald extreme, but it is nevertheless in practice astonishingly true. Lack of energy in guarding against evils which bring trouble and loss; slow response to stimuli from without in all matters about which tradition has pronounced its verdict; patient endurance of ills that might with a little investigation be avoided—all of these can never be understood until these two paralysing dogmas are realized.

Long isolation from contact with other and higher races, distance from the sea, without means of rapid transit, a lack of all healthy rivalry with other more progressive races—these are some of the things which have led to the pettiness of outlook of far-inland peoples, and the Hausa in particular. This is being broken down gradually; freer contacts, easier communications, and the constant stimulus of meeting those whom he is

bound to recognize as superior, at least in some ways, is making the Hausa think and think deeply. Sports and team games, with the new healthy forces of education, are increasing the avenues of fresh thought and undoing the lone-wolf tendency of his nature. Association in trade, mechanics, government, simple scientific research—all these are leading to a feeling of fellowship and cooperation which will banish much that was bad in the old past and strengthen what was good.

The modern instinct in Islam to reconsider the question of giving and taking interest on money and loans, may do much to enlarge healthy business enterprises and act as a set-off to the movement towards larger and larger European combines. Bank loans may make possible the launching of larger schemes of land cultivation and mixed farming ; money will get into freer circulation ; and the old dread of big expenditure to obtain quick results will vanish. It will be good to see young educated Hausas working in equal association with expert Europeans, starting as employers of labour themselves and being assisted up to the hilt by the Administration.

Railways, roads, and good bridges have been given to the country by the splendid work of our engineers. Now, in the training of many young Hausas to be first-class engineers, we must associate them *on equal terms* with us, preparing

them later to take over this work in their own land and then farther afield for the advantage and blessing of others.

Doctors, nurses, hospitals' dispensers, and a new science of healing and preventive medicine have replaced the old crude empiric attempts at alleviating suffering. We must admit new Hausa students in ever-increasing numbers into the *full share* of this branch of science, later on to replace us and bear the whole burden themselves ; with the prospect of them training and sharing with others now far behind them.

As education is taking on new forms and is rapidly being appreciated we must open the road to the highest positions in this the most important vocation, seeking to get a band of keen Hausa educationists who will stress duty and obligation rather than rights and privileges.

From long experience in several parts of Africa, I am doubtful whether stark cruelty is a feature of the African character ; I certainly should say that the Hausa is not innately cruel. Callous and terribly unimaginative he certainly is, in common with most Africans, a fact which has earned for him the character of cruelty from the indiscriminating. The same causes probably explain the little interest in attempts at relieving suffering and distress. But all this can be explained by complete want of training and sug-

gestion. It has been found that a new set of emotions can be induced, and that these are not far from the surface, springing up and growing well under the right influence. One could wish—in passing—that Amirs and distinguished strangers from Africa when visiting England with their retinue were allowed to see more of this side of our English life—hospitals, homes for the blind, and incurables, etc.—instead of the invariable display of naval and military power, which is so far beyond their ken as to be largely incapable of impressing them.

The study of the right kind of biology in schools carefully taught by a wise and enthusiastic teacher is calculated to do much for young children, and *is* so doing in the schools where these subjects are taught in Nigeria. Allowing quite young children to *see* suffering in animals as well as human beings, and then be shown how to relieve it and actually allowed to help in doing so is another invaluable way of instilling sympathy. I believe that co-education is not only right, but one of the most valuable ways of overcoming the wrong side of the sex instinct and producing healthy friendships. Much progress towards these ideals may not seem possible at present, but right beginnings may be made. What has been done in Turkey, Persia, and Egypt amongst Moslems can be tactfully and even rapidly pushed in Northern Nigeria by those who from training and experience would know how to avoid the pitfalls. Such ideals can

be shown to be not against the best tenets of Islam or against a true exegesis of the Kur'an, but only against its perversion. Patient explanation of this to more conservative elements may be expected to lead to great changes, and these changes may come with surprising rapidity, all along the line and resolving manifold complexes. To facilitate such changes, younger men or old men who can be young should be put into positions of influence, and the type that is obscurantist, refusing change, must be metaphorically extinguished.

All these influences will do much ; but I believe they will fail of the highest. A religious revival in Islam, and at the same time an awakening of the Christian Church in Southern Nigeria and in the small groups in the north to what vital Christianity means, would effect the break-through. I see no other way or hope.

If there are any Hausas who love their country, who would be patriots and are willing for some self-sacrifice for the sake of their people, there is an amazing opportunity before them ; but they must wake up quickly and face matters. Conditions are serious and are getting worse. Every element of spiritual life must be utilized. The spirit which can be glad of any breakdown in Islam must be exorcised ! When all the tendency towards drift in moral and spiritual things is so obvious and a deadening of response to all that is good is so disheartening, all the forces working

towards righteousness must be co-ordinated and none seek to “down” the other. Cooperation is not compromise. Sharing is not losing, but gaining. The only enemy to whom a relentless opposition must be directed is the enemy who calls good, evil ; and evil, good ; and that is the one and unforgivable sin—for it is against the very spirit of holiness, the spirit of Christ.

CHAPTER VII

ISLAM AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH : * AN APOLOGY AND A CHALLENGE

Two religions and two only claim to be universal and have supported such a claim by missionary efforts to convert the peoples of the world to their faith. These are, of course, Christianity and Islam. Each has used means—spiritual and material—to obtain converts from the other ; but while the prevailing attitude of Christianity towards Islam has been one of defeatism, the militant energy of Islam has made great and successful inroads on lands where Christianity once held sway, and has had victories not to be despised over the Church of Christ during the centuries since Muhammad. This tide of victory, though lessening in volume and apparently arrested, has not yet quite receded ; and to-day in many countries of Europe, even among peoples who have been for centuries Christian, there is a constant though small stream of converts from

* To guard myself against charges of plagiarism may I say that most of this chapter was written before the publication of *Christendom and Islam*, by Dr. Cash, or of the recent article on a similar subject in the *International Review of Missions*, by Miss Padwick. I am naturally delighted to find myself on many points in such close accord with them.

Christianity to Islam. The writings and declarations of many such men make it quite clear that it is the religious appeal of Islam which has won their allegiance. In many lands of pagan and other faiths Islam is gaining adherents at a greater rate than Christianity.

Dr. Zwemer, an expert on the subject of Moslem literature and a man whose knowledge of Islam, its movements, and history up to date is unrivalled, has painted a somewhat different picture, and one which is certain to claim respectful consideration.

At the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society on May 4, 1938, at the Albert Hall he traced the gradual breaking up of Islam in most eloquent language, and likened it to Jericho whose walls had fallen flat before the hosts of Joshua, leaving the armies of Israel to march in. The Christian Church was to be spiritual Israel, and it seemed as if we had reached the last lap in a long struggle !

I am very doubtful of such statements and the consequences which are inferred. They seem to be negative, provocative, and not constructive. What gain is there to the Church of Christ in the collapse of the power of Islam ? At a time when a rampant paganism in some form or other is winning masses of adherents—when the creation of false gods and false values in Christian lands may quite likely bring the Church to face martyrdom or annihilation, is anything gained

by stressing the weakness of a once all-powerful Faith? Have we not to face far more vital questions?

Is Islam to-day more approachable to the teaching and Faith of Christ? Is the nationalism of Persia and Egypt less potent than the sword and cruelties of Abdul Hamid? If only spiritual values are worth considering, is the widespread looseness of morals and loss of religious restraint to-day in many of the lands of Islam due to its reactions to modern influences—many of them so-called Christian—something for us to congratulate ourselves on or to be profoundly sad about? May not an Islam, shorn of its political power, of many of its crude superstitions, and of its crippling union with Arabia, become far stronger than before in what really counts for strength in religion? Might not the Christian Church pray for such a pruning?

Has not the abolition of the Caliphate and of the Islamic Shari'at set her free from the fetters which hindered true growth? Freed from a literal interpretation of the Kur'an and a childish adherence to verbal inspiration, is she not less vulnerable to critics from within and without? She may have lost lands, temporal power, and dogmatic faith, but may not her increased flexibility and greater accentuation of spiritual truths be mighty assets? In the greatly increased and widely read literary output of the Ahmadiya sect, in the really scholarly and convincing apologetic

of such men as Sir Iqbal Ali Shah, and the passionate fervour and deeply spiritual devotion of some of the leaders of the Dervish orders, are there not stronger weapons than those of the Jihad and armies of empire ?

Far from thinking that the Church of Christ has compassed seven times—as Spiritual Israel—the walls of Islamic Jericho—and that these walls have fallen flat, one is convinced that all such similes should be avoided, and that the effort of the Christian Church and her prayers should have one aim, that Islam may be purified and led to see where her true hope is ; not weakened, demoralized, or stripped of her appeal to the primitive religious instincts of the East, which have always silenced the materialist and been a witness to the soul's longing after God.

In the Soviet Republics of former Moslem States we can see the baneful effect of a soul-destroying philosophy upon a people previously steeped in religious life, albeit allied with gross superstition.

In Turkey, while being deeply thankful for the sweeping away of many abuses and a derelict social system, one does not altogether wonder that there are some of the older inhabitants who long even for the old evil days of Armenian massacres, when at least men believed in God. In Northern Nigeria we are fast seeing money dethrone the Moslem Allah, and are frankly perturbed.

It may seem a bold thing for an unknown writer to have criticized any utterance of such a great servant of God as Dr. Zwemer. I can only trust that the succeeding pages of this chapter may be my apology.

Without following at great length the ground traversed by writers on this subject and with quite superficial appeals to history, we may first look at some of the origins of the two Faiths of Christianity and Islam, endeavouring to keep our minds open to any and every avenue of thought which may lead us to see the purposes of God in both. For can any student of comparative religion doubt that, in spite of all its wrong and failure, Islam has nevertheless given to the world great and profound truth, though not knowing Him Who was the Way, the Truth, and the Life ?

We shall study the similarities of these two Faiths, and, as we consider the reasons for their undoubted mutual antagonism and hostile reactions to each other, the need for a total change of attitude in Christianity toward her rival in Faith will seem to be insistent.

Both religions, Christianity and Islam, as well as Judaism, the precursor of both, are of Semitic origin—are spiritual faiths, not mere philosophies ; and both are inspired by intense devotion to their founders, the one seeing in Him an object of worship ; the other, while avoiding

that attitude, nevertheless gives to Muhammad the highest position of all created men, both on earth and in heaven. Both possess and revere a book which is to them holy, the guide of all mankind, a revelation from God, and inspired, albeit with differing degrees of inspiration—the Moslem holding that the Kur'an is uncreate, infallible, and from all eternity inscribed on the Holy Tablet by the finger of God ; a claim which is not made for the Bible by the most extreme fundamentalist in the Christian Church.

Both hold the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, and a revelation of God *in time*. With so much common ground of deep significance, beside many other points of contact, we must face the question, “ Why is there then such hostility and strong antagonism between them ? ” and endeavour to answer it honestly so as to carry conviction.

The early history of Islam, its relation to Christianity in the East, and the resultant permanent breach do no credit to the Christian Church. We may seek to hide the true reasons, we may seek to justify our own conduct by repeated *tu quoque's* ; but in the end I think we shall have the unavoidable duty of acknowledging to ourselves and to Islam, *peccavimus !* This will seem startling to those who have always put the onus of blame on Islam, and it will need justifying.

In the first place there stares the student of history in the face the demoralized character of large branches of Christianity in the East at the time of the first revelation to Muhammad. In Arabia, in Syria, and in Egypt and North Africa, as well as in the eastern countries of Europe in closest contact with Arabia, deterioration of a deplorable nature was only too obvious in the Christian Churches, while superstition, idolatry, schism, internecine struggles, and the loss of most of the spiritual teaching of its Founder had almost paralysed the witness of a Church whose faith had been nobly followed, even to death, by countless martyrs. Worldliness, pomp, and gorgeous ceremonial had largely sapped the strength of what had been the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

Muhammad seized his opportunity, and Abubakr and the succeeding Caliphs consolidated his attempts at world dominion at the expense of Christianity. Christ's friends and followers had proved His worst enemies! There can be little doubt that in his early years as a prophet and teacher Muhammad was alive and open to spiritual influences of the highest kind, and whatever may be our opinion of this wonderful Arabian, one thing is certain—Christianity lost a man who might have been at once a prophet to the whole East, as well as a humble follower of the Christ Whom he never really knew and Who was utterly misrepresented to him. And further, a

Church which had become little less than a caricature of the great and pure intentions of its divine Founder, actually and inevitably led to the inception of something hostile to, and stronger than, itself, though infinitely inferior to what that Church had been called to be in the plan of God.

Secondly, and this has been stressed in many writings, the Christian Church, with some noble exceptions, as in its early evangelism to Northern Europe, Great Britain, and some other spheres of amazing missionary work, had largely ceased to be a missionary church. Hence the field was open widely for the bold venture of a young and uncorrupted creed holding the Unity of God inviolate.

Failure of life, and failure of witness, then, are the two first counts against Christianity which led to the success of Islam.

When true spiritual fervour fails, its counterpart, a spurious fanatical crusade of violence, is likely to take its place. And this is what actually happened. There were among the leaders of the Moslem Faith at the time of the Crusades men of culture and learning, chivalrous and noble men. The Jews were protected by them, the arts and learning were patronized; and there was a civilization which culminated successively in Baghdad, Cordova, and Cairo. The period of the Crusades and the centuries antecedent and immediately following produced some of the greatest writers and saints of the earth, and they were Moslems! Whoever has read the lives of

the Sufi mystics and the writings of such men as El Muslim, Baidawi, and specially Al Ghazali will have felt and said to himself : “ Is it possible that a Faith despised by Christianity, the object of the most ferocious cruelty by Christian armies, had its origin in Arabia, and has produced pure and spiritual literature and good men like these ? ”

At the same time Europe was given up to wars. England passed through a period of chaos and misery. The barons were fast turning the land into haunts of demoniacal cruelty. The Jews were here and in most parts of Europe destroyed or degraded ; and a Church, false to the name and teaching of her Master, believed herself called to start wars of barbarism and fiendish cruelty against the Moslem, because he held the Holy Sepulchre of One Who died to save men from their sin and make them all brothers ! This was a very negation of all for which He stood, and it crucified Him again for the sake of His empty tomb !

We see, therefore, that failure to live and bear witness to Truth led to the attempt to recover by violence what had been lost through sin and disloyalty to Him who was the Saviour of Moslems as well as Christians. And as a result, throughout the centuries, in spite of some noble efforts truly to represent Christ, the Church persecuted the Moslem ; and the Moslem, brutalized by his contact with what should have been the highest

but had become the worst, ravished and slew Christians in North Africa, Bulgaria, Palestine, Syria, and wherever he had power. Spain had her Inquisition, by which countless numbers of Moors, many of them men of gentle life and culture, were done to death with inhuman cruelty in the name of Christ ; and a Church which worshipped the Madonna and her Babe brought scorn and loathing on all that the Man Christ and His mother represented.

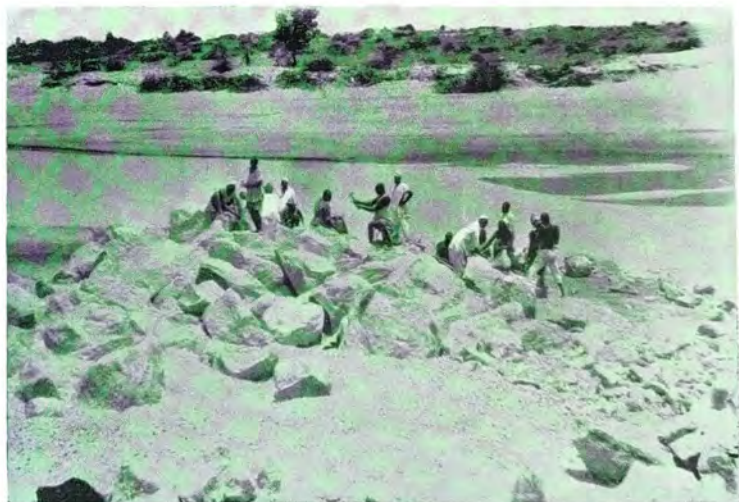
An unholy fusion of politics with religion—secular aims using religion as an aid to power, and the prostitution of the Church's influence to the realizing of worldly ambitions—this led to the loss, over and over again, of priceless opportunities for winning races and countries for Christ ; and Islam was the gainer !

Do we need to trace history any farther ? Christians, realizing the facts of history, can but feel ashamed of what has been done in the name of the Son of God ; while some enlightened Moslems in Turkey, Persia, India, and other lands of Islam, with the larger liberality which comes of a faith now often synonymous with Nationalism, seem more willing to bury the remnants of the old feud. But the mischief has been done and we have now to seek the cure.

But there is an even more serious matter to face. The simplicity of the creed of Islam—"There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Prophet of God" (or, with a more correct translation,



DYE PITS, KANO



LABOURERS BREAKING STONES ON THE RIVER BANK



A GROUP OF ZARIA CHURCH MEMBERS AND ADHERENTS, 1935.

“ the ‘ sent one ’ of God ”)—has ever been its power. It may some day become its greatest weakness ! The more profound and complex creeds of Christianity have suffered at the hands of ignorant professors. A crude tri-theism, in lieu of the doctrine of the Trinity so hard to define and explain, shocked Moslems who held most strictly and fervently the unity and indivisibility of God.

A material conception of the Incarnation, coupled with the idea which, not without cause, long prevailed in lands of Islam—and does so still among more ignorant Moslems—that the Christian worshipped three gods, Father, Mother, and Son, provoked Islam everywhere into calling Christians “ infidels.”

The sacrifice of the mass and all the teaching incidental to this was a horror to Moslems. Is it therefore to be wondered at that, when they conquered lands where the Church’s life was shown mainly by its ritual, they swept away altars and images and all that savoured to them of idolatry ?

Redemption through the Saviour Christ had been misrepresented to seem a cruel doctrine, unholy and unjust to those who had rejected everything to do with a crude sacrificial system. And so that which to the Christian most represented God in His love for man became to the Moslem a doctrine degrading and immoral. Muhammad denied the whole of the historical

crucifixion, with the result that, to Moslems, the Cross, the symbol of redeeming love at its highest, became something to be hated and then denied. Whose fault was this ?

Add to these the wealth and power of the Church allied to the State, as everywhere in Europe ; the terrible oppression of the poor ; the existence of a serfdom little removed from and not so well safeguarded as the slavery allowed by Islam ; the killing of witches ; the persecution to the death of heretics ; the immoral lives of priests and nuns and other professors of religion ; and do we wonder that the missionary societies of to-day find among modern enlightened students in Islam an attitude of opposition crystallized and their efforts to evangelize Islam to a Faith, the very negation of which shocked it, rendered terribly difficult ?

How are these barriers, erected in the past, and to some extent perpetuated by the Church to-day, to be broken down ? I believe the answer is this—if a community by its united acts, in the past and even up to the present, has alienated others by conduct which is at least sub-Christian, then when that community sees its fault there is only one course before it : confession and all the reparation that is possible.

Missionary societies, missionaries, all Christians, and writers of Christian apologetics in relation to Islam are the representatives of a community, the Church which in the past has

alienated Islam, and up to now has made no adequate reparation. Can it be done? Will more harm result by attempting this than any possible good that can accrue?

I do not think that these are questions a Christian may ask, for the duty is clear. Every Christian acting *personally* in his relationship with Moslems is in honour bound to take his share in that repentance for a bad past. The Church—chiefly through its missionary societies—must also make clear its attitude of a changed mind and desire for honest reparation. The whole method of Christian apologetic should be unbiassed, the past failure of the Church not being hidden or denied. Instead of attack will come humility and a desire to understand; we shall humbly share rather than proudly declaim; remembrance of past failure and its causes will lead the missionary always to be on his guard against the spirit which caused those failures: pride, intolerance, and misrepresentation of God by an imperious spirit.

Our Christian nation was once convicted of its crime in relation to African slavery, and made the most noble reparation. That act, more than any good government of Christian England, has appealed and will always appeal to the hearts of Africans everywhere. What we were willing and ready to do as a nation for the African slave, the Church should not show a greater reluctance in carrying out towards Islam, although the

responsibility may be less definite and the reparation more difficult to assess. The immediate result of such action, whether between individuals or communities, is invariably to soften relationships, to commence a reconciliation between those previously at strife, and to make new relationships possible.

Personally I believe this to be the outstanding challenge to the Christian Church in her mission of evangelizing Islam, and that God will give an amazing answer as soon as we do what is right and just, however difficult.

In my early years as a missionary to Moslems, trained in the only school of apologetics I then knew and trusting to argument and logic, I searched the Kur'an, not to find its beauties and truth, but to expose its errors. With literary dishonesty I seized on anything and everything in it which could be used to uphold my arguments for Christianity and refute the tenets of Islam ; only later to find with dismay that this could be done equally successfully against the Bible ! I sought to defeat and confound my opponent by arguments which I now know, and then guessed, were unfair and dishonest, utterly resenting his employing the same methods against me. I often used the ignorance of an opponent as an ally in the use of texts and fragments of the Kur'an deflected from their intended meaning, and useless against a well-instructed Moslem apologist. It was only in my later years that I

realized the futility and even worse of all this, and began to seek by friendship and on the basis of equality to commend my religion. I had to learn that the deep experiences and needs of life were common to Christian, Moslem, and pagan ; that together we could be sorry for failure and sin and seek the pardon and the victory which we needed. When treated as brother men and not subjects for propaganda, I found that some Moslems *were* seeking after God, and knew something of the meaning of prayer, and were willing to talk to me about these things. Where there was failure in my work I attribute it to my not realizing all this ; where there was success—and there was much—it was due to the friendship and understanding begotten of our common need, and the increasing knowledge which came to me that if I had much to give through my experience of Christ, I had also much to gain. I invariably found that converts won through methods of controversy—there were a few !—became hard and lacking in sympathy with other Moslems, and were not successful life-changers or soul-winners.

With such acts of confession and reparation behind us, what is the next step? Men are invariably antagonized by those who attack what is sacred to them or try to pour scorn and ridicule on their holy things. If, in addition to this, Moslems realize that the opponent is ignorant not only of their Faith but of their classics and

literature, the bad effect is intensified. How often teachers of the Christian Faith, in setting out to evangelize Moslems, have not carefully and with open minds studied the Kur'an and the Moslem classics, let alone the Shari'at and the less-known writings of the Sufis? Intelligent reverence for and appreciation of all that is good and noble in another's creed accomplishes more and is more Christlike than are ignorant, ill-mannered attacks.

Have we anything to learn from Islam and can a study of the character common to most followers of that religion help us in our approach? Very much, I think.

To the open-minded Christian the devotion to Muhammad of Moslems is deeply thought-provoking. I have been struck with the look of almost rapture which has come over the face of quite ordinary men in mentioning his name. Their loyalty to the Islamic conception of the one indivisible God, to Islam as His plan for men, and to each other is very significant; and it would be a mistake to disparage their attitude of complete submission—however fatalistic in its form—to the will of God. Uncomplaining resignation to suffering, loss, indignity, and oppression is so constant that a reflecting Christian will often have his own conscience stabbed.

To a Moslem his religion is paramount, something never to be ashamed of and a subject for conversation at once with any sympathetic

hearer ; there is a simplicity also which carries conviction in his certainty that this faith is perfect, worthy, and will prevail.

Englishmen who are not impressed with the greater freedom and quiet assurance of Christian natives will always draw attention to the dignity, courtesy, hospitality, and kindness to strangers of the Moslem ; while their gentleness and respect for old age, to relatives, and to the sick—in spite often of dire ignorance—have elements of real worth. The comparative absence of colour prejudice, the instinctive recognition of oneness and respect for all members of Islam, whatever their race, colour, or status, may have broken down under some conditions ; but it has been a marked feature of the Moslem creed in all countries, and is something which Christians may well study.

Islam has always been a lay movement, a religion which has never depended upon the existence of a priestly caste, but in which all its adherents have been professors and confessors of the Faith. This fact has been one of the main reasons of the success of Islam during the early years of its amazing conquests, and since then of its power to hold those who have become converts to the Moslem Faith—a success which is often in marked contrast with the experience of the Christian Churches, where it has, in fact, been often stated, and with some truth, that the power and keenness of a community brought over from Paganism to Christianity tend to get less in the

second generation, and the evangelistic fervour weaker.

There has never been any division into a lay and a priestly caste in Islam ; there are no Orders, no Sacraments, no priests ; but every Moslem seems to recognize his dignity and full right, *as a Moslem*, to be an agent in the spread and the building up of the Faith.

A Moslem trader, barber, or farmer will go to a pagan village, and ere long there will be some of the " Faithful " who have come over from paganism through seeing his religious life, and with him become " Musulmi." These, after a quite indefinite period of instruction during which they are taught the elements of the Moslem Creed, the forms of worship, and some parts of the Kur'an, are fully eligible to become teachers and preachers of Islam.

Herein has been the power of this religion that no man needs to abandon his ordinary duties or calling ; no one needs a special commission to perform any sacred rites pertaining to the Faith ; and that there are no ordinances or sacrosanct functions which can only be performed by a special caste of men.

To those who have witnessed the dignity, without presumption, of Moslems along such lines, there can remain little doubt that this basic fact, together with the simplicity of its creed, was the reason why Islam so soon swept through Syria, Arabia, North Africa, Egypt, and large parts of

South Europe, making vast conquests also in India, Persia, Turkey, Central Asia, and even China. Islam found a Christian Church in many of these lands with its multitude of bishops, clergy, and monks ; a priestly community leading a laity often densely ignorant, and useless as professors of their Faith in proportion to their ignorance and lack of spiritual experience. Islam with its armies of soldier-witnesses, all laymen, "loving death" as the Christians loved luxury, and power, and life, triumphed, and won the victory which must always go to the cause whose members are *all* practising witnesses to its attraction for themselves, and its power over their lives.

Over two hundred millions of our fellow human creatures hold the faith of Islam to-day. There has been wonderful success in the preaching of the Gospel among Pagans, and Animists, as well as followers of other religions ; yet to-day Islam presents a solid front against the Christian Church, and, with some few notable exceptions, there has been failure either in the Christian witness, or in the form of the Gospel preached. It is incumbent on those who would defend both the witnesses and their presentation of the Gospel to give some alternative explanation for the lack of success, the feeling of hopelessness in the Church's work among Moslems, and the very small results, comparatively, obtained by so many devoted, earnest missionaries and others in the past.

Must we come to the conclusion—a very weak one—that there is something peculiar to Islam in its antagonism to the Christian Faith which partially accounts for this failure ?

If the clergy are but representatives of the whole body of Christian priests, and are delegated to that position by the authority of the whole Church through “The laying on of hands,” then why should not the same representative power be non-mechanically conferred upon *every* intelligent spiritual Christian, man or woman, who is willing to devote all his or her spare time to God’s work for the changing of lives as well as society ? Why is it that in so many churches to-day laymen are given the offices of church-wardens, sidesmen, acolytes, “servers,” etc., while all that is essentially “spiritual” work is rigidly held in the hands of the clergy ? There is an earnest desire amongst thousands of cultured laymen to-day to engage in the highest form of spiritual work for God ; if the Church does not furnish the opportunity it will be sought outside. The Student Christian Movement, the Oxford Group, Toc H, the Crusader Movement, the Young Life Movement, and the Inter-University Christian Evangelical Fellowship, to mention only a few, are all showing what magnificent material the Churches might use. But it seems to be the fact that, with some marked exceptions, the Church is being drained of its very life-blood in the losing of so many young people who

are increasingly becoming alienated from the Church.

The Church of Rome on the Continent, and in South America, has largely lost her hold over the men of those nations which were once in her "Fold." The Greek Church, at least in large areas where she once held sway, is now discredited and almost non-existent. In all these countries a laity, too long held in spiritual bondage, has now broken away and refused allegiance to a Church which withheld from it some of the very elemental rights of human life. In others there is an ever-widening gulf between a clergy forming a separate caste, frequently celibate, and performing "mystery" rites, and a laity whose minds were to some extent under their control. There are a large number of English clergy who are sadly conscious of an appreciable measure of this alienation in Great Britain, and would do anything to heal it. Can it be healed?

When the majority of laymen were uncultured and ignorant ; when few could read or write, and minds were dense, there was the necessity for " Clerks in Holy Orders " ; but to-day when the average intellectual layman, although perhaps not trained in systematic theology, often reads as widely as many of the clergy along these lines, ought not all true keen Christian men and women to be " Clerks in Holy Orders " ? But the democratic spirit among young Englishmen to-day makes them less and less inclined to enter

an eclectic hierarchy of experts. Few ordinary Englishmen, except those brought up in a very narrow circle and inferior background, would wish to control the minds of others through solemn rites, hidden formulæ, and mysterious powers. There is a wide-spread dislike in Great Britain to all forms of authoritarianism, and when this becomes a marked feature in the spiritual realm it is simply discredited. Men shrug their shoulders and pass on, and the Church is losing its best ; not because the power of Christ to attract and hold men's allegiance is less to-day, but because professionalism is at a discount.

It cannot, however, be denied that there is a type of mind, and there are a large number of people now as in earlier days who always feel some satisfaction in throwing their own responsibilities, whether political or religious, upon a "superman." Some kind of relief and satisfaction has been felt in this attitude. But this is tantamount to an acknowledgment of individual and collective failure . . . the substitution of the control of the single expert mind for the freedom of the individual mind. This way leads to national and individual declension. Power rather than holiness is deified : false gods invade the sanctuary of the Most High, and man tends to become a mere assenting automaton to the power which he himself has created. I do not believe *that* stage has been reached in Great Britain yet ; a great multitude of men and

women still serve God loyally though not always in orthodox ways, but I think it will be generally conceded that the cleavage between irregular and organized Christianity is growing. For the sake of Christ's Kingdom in Great Britain and the Empire ; for the sake of the many millions of Moslems in India, Nigeria, and elsewhere, it is time this was healed.

Among all classes of society to-day are found an increasing number of thoughtful men and women who are tired of the "religious" voice, the unnatural concomitants of worship, the divorce between the "religious" and the "secular," which to them should not and does not exist. They feel that religion has been side-tracked, and is no longer for the free, the unfettered, and the strong, but for feeble minds and effeminate personalities. They are not basically irreligious ; indeed there is being experienced a strong reaction from the long reign of materialism, the later humanism, and the despairing economic determinism which had threatened to swamp religious life : they are not iconoclastic, but sanely revolutionary ; not sacrilegious but anti-sacramentarian. Ornate and stately ritual appeals to a few only.

But they cannot go back to the position of their grandparents ; the services and phraseology which suited the men and women of the Victorian period do not grip. Religious life and activity is seeking new channels and new methods of

expression. A new lead is needed ; has it been given in the Archbishop's recall to religion or do we look for another ?

There is but one hope for the Christian as well as the Moslem world to-day. It is a new understanding of Jesus Christ ; and if the Church of Christ wants to regain what it has undoubtedly lost, some drastic steps must be quickly taken. Are we vitally concerned with the particular doctrines of the Churches which have largely lost their hold on modern thoughtful men's lives ? Is it not more important to seek how best to bring back the men and women of our Empire, not to *this* Church or *that* ritual, or creed, but to the solid and simple spiritual heritage of all that comes to us from the Cross of Christ ; the following of the One who humbled Himself—even unto death—and the duty of the whole Church—every Christian member—to evangelize the world, not to propagate a creed ?

In this *all* Christians can unite, and then we shall regain the power to win Islam, as well as the other great religions of the world to our simple and Holy Faith.

It is an unfortunate fact that the Moslem and the Christian have some of the less creditable features of their Faith in common.

An infallible book, devils, eternal torments, taboos, can all be hurled at each other by Moslem and Christian without producing any result ; and if luridness of detail is effective the Moslem scores

every time ! Exclusiveness met by exclusiveness ; eschatological surmises only acting as boomerangs ; assurance of hell fire as a result of unbelief only meeting the same assurance oppositely applied ; these things are futile and evil in producing bad temper ! Comparing one book with another, unless there is the willingness to recognize all truth, and the "light which lighteneth every man" ; extolling one name only to pour contempt on another ; purchasing a temporary victory in an argument at the expense of love and friendship in the future ; these are the things which estrange and make the winning of Moslems to an all-attractive Saviour hard.

We need to lay aside all terms which stir up strife ; not because we do not accept them ourselves *in some sense*, but because we are out to win by love, and *Love is never rude !*

Such terms as "The Lamb of God," "The Son of God," "The Holy Spirit," "The Trinity," "The blood of Christ," "Sacrifice for sin," "Atonement," "God our Father," and many other terms should only be used to those by whom there is the most certain chance of their being understood without causing initial irritation which is never wanted. To the student and enquirer some tentative explanation will be given at a later stage, when their connotation is better known and understood.

There is a common basis, a wonderfully strong common foundation upon which a great super-

structure can be built up ; and it has this enormous advantage, that while using the methods and even words of our Lord Himself, it does not stir up the hostility of the hearer.

The unity and majesty of God ; His transcendent greatness, as Creator, preserver, and ruler ; these are fundamental to both.

The *fact* of sin, with its consequences ; the disastrous *results* of sin, and its penalty, here and hereafter ; but the assurance of forgiveness as a result of penitence, conversion, and the will to forsake sin ; “ God is a forgiving God.” These are accepted and believed by all Moslems not less than by Christians, and the story of the “ Prodigal Son ” belongs to, and transcends, all Faiths !

The call to, and necessity of surrender to God, of all life ; Man’s inability to save himself ; “ Salvation is of God.” God’s requirement of holiness from all men ; “ Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” These, although often seriously modified, and not always given their true value, are undoubted tenets of Islam.

The equality of all men before God ; His love and beneficence to all His creation.

Immortality ; the life hereafter ; the beatific vision vouchsafed to those who are surrendered to God.

To all these—and how rich is their volume !—Christian and Moslem with one heart subscribe.

From these it is the Christian’s work to lead on

to all the richer content in Christ. From the acceptance of these statements of faith, and the easily proved failure to carry them out, can be educed the necessity of some great power outside man to help him to reach the standard which in his heart he longs for ; hence the Christian message of the Gospel.

But there are inherent causes of failure also, from which the true Christian missionary must be willing to be stripped entirely, if his desire is only to magnify Christ, and lead men—Moslems and others—to know Him as the Redeemer of all life. All racial and false imperial pride must go. The arrogance which is so often a characteristic of Englishmen and Americans in dealing with so-called “inferior” races will effectually dam up the streams of God’s love which ought to flow through them. Preaching where the hearers have no opportunity of reply rarely produces any result ; and an utter sincerity of life is the only safe pulpit from which to utter challenges or appeals to others ! Moslems love to hear “khu-tuba” (sermons) ; but the effect on them, as on most people, is directly proportional to the known life of the one who preaches !

All temper, and hastiness of manner ; a fault-finding disposition ; lack of love and patience ; these are perhaps the causes of most of our failure.

To “preach Christ” has been the longing and must always be the claim of missionaries ; to “live Christ” in genuine humility and self-

effacing love is infinitely harder, but incomparably more effectual.

In all this there have been hard knocks dealt to Christians ; some may think also too high praise of Islam. I think not. For my object has been not to inhibit but to stimulate ; not to disparage, but to challenge to the highest.

We may be well aware as Christians how far Islam has fallen short of God's highest for men ; knowing Christ we can only be sorry for those who have no knowledge of Him as Saviour, and no higher example than the Prophet of Arabia. It is always easy to see the failures and sins of others ; but confessing other people's sins has never been found a useful occupation, nor does it take people far in charity ! Christ's method, to be most concerned about getting the glaring sins of our own life out of the way is the best ; for this ensures the clearer spiritual vision to help remove the failures of others.

There will not be any doubt in the heart of a true Christian that Christ is unique and sufficient for all the world, whatever Muhammad's claim for Arabia may be.

Seeing the failure of Islam will be a warning to him to avoid the pitfalls which led to that failure, but never an incentive to abuse or discredit what is good.

He will have found from his own experience that only Christ can give that deliverance from sin, and that motive for true holiness which

enables men to see God *now* as well as here-after.

And if convinced of God that it is his duty, he will be willing to scrap many of his pre-conceived ideas, and with a more powerful gospel, because thus pruned, will manifest more clearly a Saviour, who if lifted up will infallibly draw all men unto Himself. And if in addition he has acknowledged his share in the Church's failure towards Islam, he will develop a humbler and more consistent life of love and self-surrender, with no doubt of the ultimate victory ; all defeatism being cast out as unworthy of a worker with Christ.

CHAPTER VIII
SUGGESTIONS TO GOVERNMENT
AND MISSIONS

IN my previous book, and in some passages in the earlier chapters of this, it will have been obvious to readers that I look forward to Nigeria one day being amongst the self-governing members of the British Confederacy of Nations, and am keenly desirous that everything should be done as early as possible to prepare gradually for this consummation.

My first proposal then has to do with the formation of Provincial elected consultative Assemblies, which would later merge quite naturally into a National Assembly of all the Provinces of Nigeria.

It is often stated by those who have not known African history that the African understands only patriarchal and autocratic rule ; that his type of mind and method of life are inimical to anything like democratic ideas of government. I believe this to be the very reverse of the truth, and will give one example to show how a state of things savouring much of devolution and communal rule, already in existence in Northern Nigeria

before our advent, was unwittingly destroyed by a system introduced by the British Administration to obviate some of the abuses which undoubtedly did exist.

There were a number of men holding rank under each Amir in the provinces in Northern Nigeria who exercised very considerable influence and power. Their various ranks were known under such titles as "Galadima," "Waziri," "Makama," etc. The whole of these numbering, in some provinces, as many as forty chiefs, formed a consultative body under the Amir, and when I first went to Kano, three or four years before the British occupation, I was present at a formal assembly in which nearly all were present. Most of these were heads of districts in the Province, and each ruled over anything up to thirty walled towns with a large number of villages. But they had become absentee landlords, and their functions were fulfilled by messengers who exercised their authority, and often arrogated to themselves, in addition, most oppressive privileges. These latter were also the tax collectors, and were known as "Jekada," often being most rapacious extortioners.

The Amir had choice of two courses in his treatment of his big chiefs ; he might be a tyrant, and even execute some of them ! This almost always recoiled on himself, for his chiefs were men of great local importance, recognized by the paramount sovereign, the Sultan of Sokoto, and also

were heads of powerful clans or families, which could appeal to Sokoto, and did on more than one occasion secure the deposition of the tyrant. This knowledge led to the more usual method of preserving friendship with his chiefs, and ruling in consultation with them.

In all the large towns of the Province, and even down to the smallest villages, the local chief also had his own council, similar in function, and composition, and even in the names of the titles given to his associates. In just the same way as with the great assembly at the Amir's court, so the local chiefs had usually found it best to be friendly with their heads of families, men of substance and position ; and thus a system of rule had grown up (largely inherited from the old Habe dynasty before the Fulani conquest), which was consultative, though not elected.

Within a few years after the occupation of the provinces of Northern Nigeria by the British Government, it was decided that these absentee landlords, or chiefs, should no longer reside at the capital, but should go out to the districts of which they were the nominal chiefs, and, choosing a town which they preferred, live in it, be a part of it, and travel over their district. The object of this scheme was mostly beneficial, but undoubtedly it had two very unfortunate results. In the absence of these chiefs the Amir's council at the capital became very much smaller, and composed of men less powerful, mainly his slaves

or relatives, over whom he quickly obtained sufficient ascendancy to do pretty well as he liked. Similarly the town and village chiefs were so over-awed by the presence of a man of far greater power and rank than themselves, the district chief, that their influence gradually dwindled, any council they still retained had merely nominal functions, and the work of the headmen was mainly confined to raising the local taxes and keeping the roads in order, the district chief exercising almost all the rule which once belonged to them. In this way two sets of consultative assemblies practically ceased to function; the Amir's power over the whole Province greatly increased, and each district chief became, and still is, an absolute ruler in his district.

My suggestion is that both of these should be revived in their previous form, and that a new Provincial Council be elected *from among the town and village councils thus revived.*

Recognizing that such a system has been once in use, what I suggest is only an extension of what has already existed.

The advantages of such an experiment would be great; the people would take a far wider and deeper interest in the affairs of their country; and the tendency, so great in these isolated villages and towns, to a narrow exclusiveness and ignorance of the affairs of other towns and villages would yield to a more enlightened and national view.

There would be an opportunity of arriving at the real mind of the people through their representatives, without waiting for the usual method of intrigue and discontent.

It would lead to the emergence of a body of really capable men, whose value would not otherwise be known, and in them would be developed a fuller understanding of citizenship ; and the implications and necessity of such matters as taxation, education, sanitation, and transport.

The barriers between ruler and ruled would be broken down in a wise way ; and this in turn would lead to a system of devolution of function in the states of Northern Nigeria, which seems so very important if all the schemes needed for advance in social, political, and economic life are to be realized.

It is a fallacy which has yet to be exploded that in the Northern Emirates only the Fulani, and members of the ruling families, have the capacity for dealing with affairs of state. If we are honest in our expression of purpose to train up in the life politic a body of men, drawn from a wide area and a diversity of social strata, and prepare them ultimately for a democratic system of Government—though not at all necessarily one with the special features of Western democracy—then I hold that we are morally bound to initiate some such course as I am outlining.

The details as to electoral areas ; the method of selection of members, whether by ballot or not ;

the form which such an elected body would take ; and the powers delegated to it, do not come under the scope of a layman and writer of a book like this ; but a few suggestions, the result of long experience of the mind of the Hausa people, may not be quite out of place.

1. No European should ever be in the Council ; neither should the Amir, nor any member of his family, nor any district chief ; unless such latter chose to give up his rank in order to become a member. The motives which prompt such a decision are of the same nature as those which have led to the same conditions in our own House of Commons, and which I think would be even more definitely indicated among a people so over-awed by their present rulers.

2. Methods of procedure would have to be taught ; but if, as I should hope, a very limited number of delegates from the various " Sabon Garis " were eligible, this, on account of their greater knowledge of procedure would greatly facilitate bringing out the abilities of such Malams, merchants, farmers, and members of ruling families as would very soon be available for the proposed Assemblies. Groups obtained from these sources together with the wealthier landowners, and travelled men, such as returned Hadjis, would ensure a sufficient amount of stability to satisfy our most conservative upholders of tradition.

3. Taxation, salaries of native agents, civil

lists, and the expenditure in each Province would form subjects for consultation ; while some chance of regulating the duties of district chiefs, native police, tax assessors, and sanitary inspectors would be included. Questions relating to markets, public buildings, road-making, etc., would also be suitable matters for the consideration of the Assembly.

4. I would suggest that at first in each village and town only a few should exercise the right of vote, if that method is arranged, and that their claim be decided on grounds of age, character, and tax qualification. *Later* the ability to read well, either in Arabic or English, would be essential, and all proceedings would be conducted in Hausa.

5. The person of each member chosen would be secure from arrest for any but criminal charges, and there would be no discrimination on the ground of race, religion, or class. The majority would naturally be Hausa Moslems.

6. It would be quite clear that the Council was at first only consultative, and was called by the Amir to assist him. Powers and scope would increase in process of time. The present Conference of Amirs held at intervals at Kaduna would, of course, be unaffected by such a consultative body which would be to the former somewhat in the relationship of a House of Commons to an Interprovincial House of Lords.

I foresee only one risk—the failure to make use of the results of the deliberations of such a Council, leading to a natural death from being ignored.

Fear would have to be overcome gradually. A tendency to either too great reticence, or to undisciplined loquacity would probably be at first marked, but would soon find its remedy as the better trained minds asserted leadership.

There need be no fear of any so-called “Bolshivism.” The greater danger would be a too conservative fear of offending both the British Administration and the Amir.

We have in Northern Nigeria a country where there is not the complication of Black and White races living side by side as in South Africa ; and the people, markedly intelligent, have previously assimilated one culture—the Arabic-Moslem—and are now slowly assimilating something of our European idea of constitutional liberty. The bolder and more enterprising the experiment made now, the more proof we shall have to offer to all the peoples of Africa of our sincerity in the desire for their highest good.

Nigeria seems to be the Colony marked out for such an experiment because of its original application of the system of Indirect Rule, of which, surely, the above suggestion would be the natural development, if Indirect Rule means something more than the autocratic rule of chiefs.

MISSIONS AND NIGERIA

In the native agricultural system of Northern Nigeria the process known as "rotation of crops" is fully understood, as also are the reasons for allowing farms to have a year of complete rest, where possible, after four, five, or seven years of being tilled.

My second suggestion is that the Missionary Societies, following such a principle, decide to withdraw all their missionaries, both European and American, from the whole of Nigeria, and all funds as well, and to continue this measure of self-denial for seven years, with the prospect of permanency in the offing. The charge has often been brought against Christianity that it is not as virile as Islam. Moslems have no paid missionaries sent from other lands to proselytize; second and third generations of Moslems do not become less but rather more keen on their religion; they tend to spread by simple, automatic, self-propagating means. So it is said. Whether this be so or not, we have now the opportunity in the whole of Nigeria to test the accuracy or otherwise of these statements; and this proposal is put out more in the nature of a challenge to the African Church than as a measure of retreat for the alien missions.

In the Far East such a policy is to some extent being either forced on us or adopted voluntarily because of the intensely nationalistic feeling in

China and Japan, which is not confined to the state, but finds its reflection in the Church. The Churches of these lands, while loyal to Jesus Christ, do not want to be *western* Churches, but *Christian!* in fellowship with us on the common basis of a Faith in Jesus Christ.

Can we English missionaries withdraw now and leave the whole Church of Nigeria to develop on its own lines, without our money, or control ; no longer in leading-strings, and no longer with the stigma of monetary dependance? The West African Church has its bishops, its clergy and ministers ; catechists, schoolmasters, and schools ; churches, Synods, and ample wealth in its people, not only to continue the support of its own Christian régime, but also to evangelize the whole of pagan and Moslem Nigeria. There are thousands of Christian laymen also who are only waiting to be utilized in this great venture. Has the Christian Church in Nigeria, too absorbed in its own affairs, and weak through depending on outside help, lost the energizing vision of helping others? And is not the weakness of the Missionary Societies and of the missionaries themselves shown in the fact that we are so much "afraid for the ark of the Lord," that we fail to trust other men in God's hands to do what we call "*our* work," but which is really *His*?

I foresee some very great results which would accrue from the acceptance of such a proposal.

The acid test of the reality and virility of the

African Christian Church would be settled in this way, and in this only.

It would bring quickly to the front the real leaders of God's work as distinct from those appointed only by European missionaries.

It would give the opportunity for the sinking or scrapping of all the minor differences of the various religious communities, with the probability that Nigerians, left to themselves, would evolve—just as South India would if we could only get rid of the extremists—a living Church, comprehensive, self-supporting, and self-propagating.

A new impetus would be given to the missionary spirit, and the Church of West Africa would, I am convinced, become a great missionary Church.

We should know whether the Societies and their missionaries have a greater concern for the Kingdom of God, or for their own particular Church and creed ; if the former they will with more confidence be prepared to trust the Native African Church to the guidance of the Spirit of Jesus.

The very existence of the Church would depend on the determination of every member to give royally towards his or her own work. This they are doing in a very worthy manner at present ; and would do so increasingly liberally when no longer dependent on the Church at home. There are two possible amendments to this proposal that I would make.

The *first* is that if the work in any small district had but recently been undertaken, and would need more help than could be given by a newly-constituted and ruled African Church (I strongly doubt it!), then supplies might be given for a while to that district, but the work be put, with its workers, under the nearest Native African synod or church.

Second: that if any English-speaking missionary, invited by the Native Church to remain as its guest and worker, to work loyally under the authority of that Church, being paid by it, choose to do so, he would become one of the new Church workers on the same basis as the others. This would indeed be another acid test!

Let us give a time limit so as to enable the Church to get into its stride while help in prayer, experience, and counsel is being freely given, for, say, one to three years, and then clear out, lock, stock, and barrel—leaving of course, all premises, houses, property, schools, material, hospitals, drugs, churches, etc., absolutely in the hands of the whole African Church as a solemn Trust.

The final word—in the nature of a challenge—is to the Christian African Church in Nigeria: Are you prepared to justify and prove to other Africans your allegiance and loyalty to Christ and His Church Universal by a life and vigour exceeding anything ever shown by Islam; or are you content to remain “under tutors and masters” as spiritual children and minors?

ARMY AND POLICE

If it is decided on general lines of British policy not to use African troops for international purposes of war, nor for fighting between our own and other African Colonies, then it will follow that a Native Colonial army in West Africa can be dispensed with.

The ultimate fate of any African colony would be decided, not in Africa, but in Europe ; and even supposing that Colonies, such as Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, or Nigeria, were temporarily occupied by the troops or air force of another Power, that occupation would last only as long as the war in Europe ; and in the event of a victory in Europe for British arms, our Colonies would automatically revert to us. A period of great suffering, loss of life, and devastating destruction of country, as well as the dissipation of fighting energy would be avoided if it could be agreed upon beforehand by the Powers that there would be no fighting in Africa for possession of their Colonies or dependencies. Could we not unilaterally take the lead ?

I do not think it will be disputed that for internal purposes a strengthened Police Force, with the minimum of war material necessary for any sudden and unexpected outbreak, would be perfectly adequate for local defence and the enforcement of law and order.

If the present body of police officers were

strengthened by a certain number from the Regular army, seconded and temporarily taking civilian rank corresponding with that of the Police, then one force, costing the country far less, would take control of the necessary defences of the Colony.

It would be a useful and pleasing gesture to make the Amir of each Province Lord Lieutenant, or High Sheriff of the Province, and give him honorary rank of Inspector General of the Provincial Force. There has been an impression that the Native rulers of Nigeria have associated the army with hostility to themselves, a force kept up to overawe them. This is probably nothing more than a relic of the times of the Occupation, and would pass away before another generation even if the West African Frontier Force remained.

The disbanding of the Force, and the associating of the Amir with a new, very efficient Police Force, in which he himself would have the rank of an honorary Commanding Officer, would not only remove all such feeling at once, but also enlist cooperation in making the new Force a success.

If in addition to this, a cadet corps was started, on similar lines to that originated in 1936 by the Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, and parallel to the Officers' Training College for young Indian officers, open to boys educated in the schools, and taken mainly—though not at all

exclusively—from the sons of the ruling families, still further steps would have been taken toward conciliation and toward the success of the new Police Force.

I have little doubt that such a corps with an attractive programme of work, and promotion after a thorough apprenticeship in all the branches of police duties—routine, C.I.D., and defence—would soon become very popular.

It would then be possible to abolish the somewhat mediæval body of city police, thus forming one Force, by incorporating in it such elements as were thought useful from the less trained “Dogarawa” and “yan Gadi”!

Such a step, beside being an enormous economy to the Colony, would be a gesture of confidence which would be understood and appreciated not only by the Amirs, and chiefs, but by all classes of Africans, and would go far to ensure its success.

If the pay of all members of the Force were raised ; a real effort also made to attract a better type of boy—an effort in which all the educational services of the country gave their help—the new Service would soon be encouraged to have the same kind of self-respect which is so marked a feature of the London Metropolitan Police.

It has been advanced as a decisive reason against disbanding the West African Frontier Force that if even a temporary occupation of either of the West African Colonies and their

ports was effected by an enemy power, these Colonies and their ports would be invaluable to such an enemy as bases for submarines, and minor Naval units, beside being valuable starting places for an Air Force. Can it be seriously argued that with the British Navy as it is, and the present International alignment of forces—France being our ally—also as *it* is, this danger is really serious? It might be so under other circumstances, but surely one of the conditions indispensable to the restoration of Colonies to Germany would be an international agreement about this very question of armed African forces.

REFORMED LAW COURTS

Law and equity as component parts of the judicial system are recognized in the various codes of the Moslem system of law, though not equally parts of the Shari'at. The tendency to exalt law over equity is unfortunately a feature in many Moslem courts, though it would be quite unfair to consider this tendency as inherent.

There has been a previous reference in this book to the unsatisfactory administration of law in the Moslem courts of Northern Nigeria. I cannot discuss this now; my statements have been controverted, and will be so again; but I adhere to them from experimental proof, and am convinced that a considerable number of other

Europeans in Northern Nigeria, as well as the majority of Africans, would support my contention.

The alternative of abolishing the present courts and substituting courts administered by Europeans—either Residents, District Officers, or judges—does not commend itself at all ; it would be an abandonment of one of the main planks of Indirect Rule. A composite court—Europeans and African jurists sitting together—would seem to be unworkable. Is there another solution ? I believe there is.

If Turkey has given up Moslem law altogether, and Egypt is preparing to administer justice in such a way that the capitulation courts are to be safely abolished unregretted, and foreigners will be content to be tried in the newly-constituted courts ; then surely a change far less radical may be safely effected in Northern Nigeria.

Some new element is necessary in the Moslem Nigerian courts, which would at one and the same time partake of the nature of advocate, jury, and assessor. It is the side of *equity* which needs to be strengthened.

I suggest that there be attached to each Provincial and larger district court, two trained men to rank as assessors in the court in addition to those already acting, and to be integral parts of that court, under the Alkali, or judge. They would be appointed by the Native Administration, and paid by the Bait-el-Mal. Their functions

would be to follow the course of every case, to ask questions, and to form an independent opinion as to the justice and equity, or otherwise, of each sentence or decision. Their agreement with each sentence would be necessary before it could be carried out, and in case of disagreement they would be able to grant to plaintiff or defendant the right to appeal to a higher court, in every case giving their reasons.

For the training of these men, simple schools of law would be established in such centres as Lagos, Kaduna, and Kano. A year's course in such a school would give elementary training in the principles of the Maliki Code ; in addition, sufficient knowledge of English Common Law would be attained to enable the candidates to form a sensible decision as to the fairness of every sentence.

If the type of recruits entering the Police Force of Northern Nigeria were much improved ; if all were compulsorily educated, having to pass some simple elementary examination on entering, and the inducement to further advance stimulated by more rapid promotion, other things being equally satisfactory, then there would appear a body of men, some of whom ere long would be able to attain to the rank of Cadet Inspectors, and finally Inspectors.

From such a body of men, the necessary additions to the Law Courts might be recruited. If every man attaining to the rank of Cadet

Inspector were automatically seconded for one year and attached to some one of the Native Provincial or District Courts, in the capacity already outlined, the value of such an experiment to these men would be considerable, and, if already prepared for the type of work required of them, their value in turn to these courts, and more especially to the cases being tried, would surely be great.

Such men through their previous training, and picked for many outstanding qualities, would naturally be more broad-minded than ordinary Moslem jurists, and if in addition Christians were eligible for this position they would help to supply the element of equity where pagan or Christian cases were being tried. Bribery would also tend to be more easily scotched.

The previous training and tradition of a very good Service, under a capable body of officers, like the Nigerian Police, added to the honour of the position granted, and the hope of accelerated promotion due to such work would, one thinks, provide the antidote to any undue temptation to swollen head, liability to accept bribes, or lack of due respect for the Native court and judge.

If such an arrangement were followed, and then tested for a short period, might not another problem be solved at the same time? Here would be a court, through this slightly modified constitution, in which all Africans in the Province, of

whatever race or creed, education or position, could be satisfactorily tried, thus obviating the necessity for separate courts to try the Nationals of other West African Colonies, etc.

One sees at once obvious risks that might be adduced ; but if the will to overcome is present there can be no insurmountable obstacle, and the gain to the system of adjudicature in the Provinces seems undeniable.

WAR ON DISEASE

One of the greatest needs of Nigeria—as indeed of all Africa—is largely increased population. We have not one-quarter of the human beings in Africa to-day that the Continent could support ! Immense areas still remain forest or bush, wholly uncultivated, though perfectly cultivatable, and capable of sustaining great populations.

Diseases, including endemic, epidemic, and those previously alien to the country, are responsible for the low birth rate and also the high death rate, specially of young children.

I have no means of obtaining the necessary statistics, but I have not a shadow of doubt that venereal diseases, malaria, smallpox, and intestinal troubles, always linked with abysmal ignorance, are the main causes of death.

The return of cerebro-spinal meningitis to Nigeria again in 1937 reaping, as before, its holocaust of lives, must have brought home to all

who are interested the supreme need of an increasing effort on a large scale to combat this and other plagues, not only in Nigeria, but in other countries visited by this scourge.

What has been written above may so far seem confined to truisms and even platitudes ! What then are the suggestions ?

It is surely axiomatic in civilized communities that revenue obtained from the taxation of a country should be spent in ever-increasing amounts on the Services which are most essential to the well-being of that country ; in Nigeria, without doubt, the medical and educational.

As elsewhere there is a perennial struggle on the part of these two departments to get a grant adequate to their work ; and on the other hand there seems to be the difficulty with Government, not only to adjust the scales, but to grant even a tithe of what is required by either. Has not the time come when other demands, however worthy, must yield to this great insistent claim ?

A greatly increased and specialized department of the Medical Health Service is urgently needed. This special department should not be concerned with the ordinary work of sanitation and general health, but left free, almost exclusively, to attend to the investigation and prevention of epidemics, and of the scourges now most responsible for the death rate.

Could there not be an immediate appointment of extra medical officers to each Province, whose

work, pay, and scope would be different and quite separate from the other Medical and Sanitary Services ?

Just as through Toc H several men gladly responded to the special plea made by Padre Clayton on behalf of leprosy, so would be found, I am confident, a not inconsiderable number of men with medical qualifications, and others able to give their contribution of leadership, who would respond to an appeal for disinterested, altruistic service. The appeal would have to be definite, the conditions of service explicit, and not trammelled by too much officialism ; made also with the expectation of a generous response from men who will not put pecuniary considerations first. Altruism is not dead with us yet, and it is waiting for the right appeal among Africans as well. There are men and women in England who might not offer to a missionary society, but would gladly give themselves to supply a great need like this with as much abandon and sense of vocation as ever a missionary does : and, like him, be not greatly influenced by questions of salary.

But such a scheme would involve a trained body of African assistants also, men far better educated and of a higher grade than those of the present Sanitary Service. An appeal to the Missions to give special training to some of their boys and girls in *all* their schools for the work of such assistants would be gladly responded to, provided

that the conditions of the service were fully approved.

Further, there is always a difficulty in Moslem lands with regard to the harems and their inmates. And it is here that the most urgent need exists. There will be more difficulty in obtaining, but greater urgency for starting, the training of a body of African women and girls able to take up a work of this sort. It is somewhat alien to the genius of the country, and will need careful fostering. But I have little doubt that with wise arrangement by the Administration, and with the fully enlisted sympathy and co-operation of the Amirs and the *Native* Administration, it can be carried through. Then the work of combating disease in Northern Nigeria at its real centre will have been commenced ! There are Christian girls available who are not yet married ; there are not a few widows with children who would take up such a work as an honourable calling ; and surely we may now expect to enlist some girls from the education department of the Government of Northern Nigeria.

A body of such young women and girls, akin in many respects to Girl Guides, but with special training, would receive graduated salaries ; have suitable residences provided under efficient supervision ; and be available at any time and where needed. So constituted they would be a most valuable auxiliary to the Department, and make emergency work possible in town or village.

This would be a new “ West African Frontier Force ” of Health and Peace ; armed with all the most recent knowledge and with the appliances necessary to make war on all the foes of health.

Such a work is a Christian alternative to war. And it is an alternative which is making an ever higher appeal to brave and thoughtful men and women, as they see that *one* kind of war destroys all that is best ; bringing to an end all the accumulated fruits of art and science and civilization ; while the other makes possible conditions in which God’s children can live and serve Him with healthy bodies. It would be hard to think of a nobler vocation than this, or one more appealing to men and women—whether white or black—who want to make the best of their lives.

CHAPTER IX

VISITORS : METAPHORICAL AND REAL LIONS

SHALL I ever forget the outline of that *diminutive African* who staggered into our compound about September 1900 in Girku where I had existed for three months without a letter? I don't know his name—what's in a name?—or the cut of his clothes, I think they were very scanty; but I well remember that he was literally swarming with parcels, letters, papers, and everything that kind friends at home had conspired to send out to us. There was a load on his head; parcels slung round each arm, and a small bundle hanging round his back; he was almost buried in Bishop Tugwell's and my mails.

Who cared that he smelt badly, and looked filthy? Opportunities to wash were rare along those waterless roads. I have myself perforce been content to do my ablutions with a coffee-cup full of water two or three days in succession. But we never felt so much inclined to hug a disreputable tramp as we did this one; and he certainly went away later satisfied as regards food, and with an unusually big "dash" for all his

wear and dangerous work. Other visitors came and went, but *he* made an indelible impression.

Unexpected visitors—African runners—would turn up in a similar way, sometimes bringing a single letter, or “chit” as we called them, stuck in the cleft of a split guinea-corn stalk. One took these with mingled feelings. Once such a “chit” brought news of a white man sixty miles away dying, as he thought, of dysentery. The roads were almost impassable in the wet season, with five practically unbridged rivers—swift turbulent streams—to be crossed at the height of the rains. But the journey was imperative; so the Rev. G. P. Bargery made a very heroic forced march, and arrived the next morning, after spending the night in a tornado and in a tree, to find the said white man practically well!

Another “chit” brought the news of the arrival of a very welcome visitor, Captain Abadie, the first white man we had seen for some months; he had made a rapid ride of over one hundred and fifty miles, and effected a fine piece of work including the rescue of the whole Province and our two selves. The “chit” was a laconic announcement of his arrival, and invitation to afternoon tea in a place where such a function had certainly never taken place before.

Another “chit,” in Arabic, brought by a blind well-digger conveyed the request that I would assist the sender to become Amir of Zaria,

the throne having become vacant through the deposition of the last Amir !

A most perplexing visitor one afternoon in Zaria in the first decade of this century was a young English officer, who had forgotten where he was, whence he came, what he was doing, and even his own name ! Such a complete lapse of memory in a man otherwise apparently quite well I had never seen. A native clerk on a galloping horse, however, brought the explanation less than half a minute after the arrival of the first visitor. Captain Glenny had been sent on a very gruesome errand—the preparation of gallows for a native who had committed murder, and was sentenced to immediate execution. Whether the sun, or the unpleasant duty, or the horse, suddenly throwing up its head and hitting him, caused concussion and this sudden state of absolute break with the past, neither he, nor I, nor anyone else will ever know. It took him over a week to recover from some shock, and even then memory came back very slowly.

On another occasion thieves sent to curse and murder us, stayed to pray and bless ; and never afterward, satisfactorily to themselves or the Amir who sent them, could they give a reason for not bringing off such an easy *coup de grace*. They were five to our two, and well-armed men against people who carried Bibles more often than guns.

Strange people passed through and spent the night at our station ; and the most dangerous

and annoying were those who thought they knew "the native language," but were really as deficient in it as the babe unborn. One such, a subaltern, had got his orderly stretched out on the ground in the wrong position (!) and was preparing to thrash him severely when I intervened—for I *did* know the language, and felt that such a very polite, respectful, and efficient orderly was not likely to have committed an offence worthy of such drastic treatment. It was as I thought. Words used by the orderly—very correct ones, both in Hausa and style—had been misunderstood by the irascible subaltern, hence the dénouement. Relations were restored with difficulty, and a word of advice given to the great Hausa pundit.

But next to the mail-bearer I think the most welcome visitor was the unexpected *little black barson*, who when we were at our last ebb as regard stores, ran the gauntlet of murdering, thieving pagans on a very bad road between us and Lokoja, and brought us relief, though unfortunately at the sacrifice of his horse to the pagans. Only at night could he retrieve the tail when they had gorged themselves with the remainder.

The "stranger entertained," who became "an angel unawares," did once eventuate in the person of *C. L. Temple*, who afterwards became *Lieutenant-Governor of the Northern Provinces of Nigeria*, married a very charming woman, Miss

Olive McCloud, but died all too soon in Spain. Too ill to proceed on his journey, and utterly exhausted with a long trek, he had stopped at my collection of huts in the bush, and put up with me for a week. Temple never ceased to be a real friend, and one was shocked to hear of his death some years later ; it seemed a life cut off in its prime.

The animal kingdom in Africa does not worry most of us nearly so much as small boys at home think ! Unless one is a big game hunter there is nothing more dangerous or upsetting to life than the attentions of the infinite number of insects, veritable pests, which never cease to plague with their attentions. Even so it is useful to have a few *true* stories handy to tell to the “ nephews ” at home who are quite sure one must have lived a very tame life in Nigeria if not visited continually by leopards, tigers, lions, etc. (N.B.—There are no tigers in Africa.) I was pulled up rather quickly one night near Kachia when sleeping in the open, at some distance from the rest of the caravan, by hearing the low roar of a lion. The silly beast might easily have secured my horse, which he was undoubtedly after, if he had not lost control of his voice. It did not take many seconds to spring up, wake the “ boys,” get mine and the other horses into the centre of the camp, and light enormous fires. There were four of them—lions, I mean !—and they kept the night air lively with their disappointed growls.

We measured the distance the next morning and found that they had got to within forty yards of us. It was probably the youngest of the four who gave the others away, and so lost a meal.

But I think I was much nearer to an unpleasant end—for lions don't usually attack men—from far less exalted visitors late one evening when mending a puncture in the tyre of my bicycle, quite alone, and without any arms or lantern. I had not noticed that quite a small army of baboons had been quietly surrounding me. They had come down from some adjacent rocks evidently very angry about something, and were within fifteen paces off me when I sensed danger. A very quick intuition—or was it more direct guidance?—made me think of my bicycle bell, which was fortunately intact, and I rang it vigorously. The baboons had lived too far away from telephones and church bells to have been accustomed to such sounds, and they made quick tracks for the rocks again, leaving me to continue my journey on the now mended bicycle, and feeling that I had been in rather a tight corner.

But now I must get to the real purpose of this chapter which is to introduce my readers to some very interesting people who came to visit Nigeria in less recent days.

Were there ever in one human being so many diverse personalities inextricably mixed—the fascinating boy, the truly royal prince, the world's best international commercial traveller, and the

restless, indefatigable man with a face often troubled with the sorrow of others, and the determination to use all his powers to bring relief? How was the rapid transformation from absolute dignity to utter friendliness, with any and all, so easily made? The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was a source of anxiety and bewilderment to the Governor of Nigeria, Sir Hugh Clifford. The season was one of the hottest when he came to visit the Colony. There had been an epidemic of yellow fever in the Gold Coast, and it was uncertain whether the royal visit could be made. Arrangements were all suddenly cancelled, only to be again fixed.

The disappointment of the African people up-country was only too evident when they saw this very slim, short boy, who they hardly believed could be the eldest son and heir of the mightiest sovereign in the world! Sir Hugh Clifford, who usually accompanied him, was a giant, and for all the world the two looked like David and Goliath! His Excellency in his magnificent clothes and plumed hat looked such a striking figure, with a commanding presence, while His Royal Highness was just a nice-looking boy. But that prince, with the youthful form and boyish manner, left behind him a memory still treasured by Africans; and whether he was talking to a native sergeant about his war medals, or letting the African crowd throng him, to *their* delight and the horror of his English escort, he

was always the same considerate, kind Prince of Wales, whom English "Tommys" and miners had learnt to love as their best friend. Forty thousand magnificently mounted horsemen from all the Provinces of Northern Nigeria came to welcome the son of their King and Emperor, and were reviewed on the scorching plains outside Kano, which that day, by what seemed almost a miracle, were cooled by a harmattan wind, quite out of season. Here was a tribute to loyalty ! for no machine guns could have stopped a charge of such "cavalry" had there been the desire for mischief. The Prince always saw what he wanted to see, and not what was arranged for him. A very disconcerting royal visitor who made his own programmes, visited where and whom he wished, and did what he liked. (By a fortunate happening I was lucky to see a copy of some of the regular letters sent by the Governor to H.M. King George V about the visit. They were illuminating and eloquent of mixed feelings of devotion and worry.)

A very different visitor, though also a royal one, was the *Duchesse D'Aosta, an Orleans Princess*, who had married the famous Italian royal mountain climber. A very tall, handsome woman, whose age it would be hard to tell, was on her way through the Sahara to Italian Tripoli. She stayed some days in Kano to arrange for the camels which were to be her means of transport. Although French, she had a dislike for every-

thing French, and a passionate love for Italy and everything Italian ; hence the willingness to risk the difficulties and dangers of a Saharan desert journey into Italian territory with Tripoli as the goal. She was very interested in meeting someone who had lived in Tripoli when it was under Turkish rule, and sitting next to her at lunch at the Residency I was able to tell her some amusing stories of my stay there.

An epidemic of yellow fever broke out in Kano during the visit of the Princess ; many will remember the gracious kindness with which she showed her sympathy by calling on the husband of the first victim of this terrible disease in Kano ; he spoke of it afterwards as the most beautiful act of womanly understanding, and one which helped him greatly.

A third royal person, an African, whose royal lineage went back to the eleventh century, came to Zaria and won the respect of all those whom he met to an amazing degree. This was *Dr. Aggrey*, a member of a very old Gold Coast family, and Vice-Principal of the Prince of Wales College at Achimota, founded by the Rev. Alec Fraser. Dr. Aggrey came as a member of the Stokes Phelps Education Commission, and had not then quite made the reputation which he since earned, so that I was able to study and "place" him without any idea of his being a "lion." He had the knack of getting at all the essential facts of any question while ignoring the irrelevancies. His very attractive manner

won its way with White and Black, for he was natural, simple, and cultured. We had only one day together in my house at the C.M.S. in Zaria, but there was little in our work, either past or present, of which he did not try to learn something. One did not feel that he was going to write a book like so many people who came to Africa and bored one stiff. He just wanted to know. And one believed that the knowledge would be wisely used. He had a passion for making friends, and Nigerian Moslems recognized that here was a great Christian, whom they could understand and appreciate. He also joined the Great Majority when it seemed that there was an invaluable life work open before him.

White and Black Africans is the title of a book written and superbly illustrated by two Americans, a husband and wife, who travelled across Africa with the least luggage and impedimenta that I should think had ever sufficed for that journey. They had previously made a similar tour through China, during one of the most unsettled times in that country's history, so were accustomed to finding their way in difficult circumstances. Luck brought them to me ; or should I tell the sad truth—that they, being Americans, did not find too warm a welcome at the European station. No two visitors could have been more delightful. Their courtesy-call on the

Amir, and the horror of the royal eunuchs when *Mrs. Baldrige* held out her hand to shake that of their master was an amusing incident of which she has written, and her husband illustrated in their joint book. The British Administration never came in for such well-bred, ruthless, but pretty badinage as these two really great artists administered with exquisite finesse. To my great pleasure and satisfaction I received, nearly a year afterward, this handsome volume by two supreme artists. It was being sold in America and elsewhere for two guineas. I do not think that any other resident in Zaria or Kano was favoured with a copy, for I was besieged by people wanting to see it, and ultimately lost a priceless treasure through some borrower failing to restore my property!

Before my visitors left me, as I asked for their address, Mr. Baldrige in the simplest and most innocent way possible answered, "Oh, *Roy Baldrige, New York*"! I ascertained somewhat later that among the many great artists of America he was one of the most celebrated.

I was always glad to have Africans as my visitors, and never more so than when the courtly, scholarly, simple old man who was one of Africa's greatest bishops came to the C.M.S. at Zaria. *Bishop Oluwole* was a Christian statesman, who had learnt the value of being a mediator, and

reconciler. Few have done more to explain White to Black, and Black to White, in Nigeria, than he. His loyalty to both, and friendship with both, was a result of long acquaintance with Englishmen both in England and Africa, and as an African of Africans he could rebuke as well as challenge his own people. Staying with me at a time when a very delicate piece of work had to be done in our Church, I realized that the white missionary should stand aside and let this real "Father in God" act alone. The result was great beyond my expectation, and I have always felt a deep regard and respect for Bishop Oluwole. His son, Dr. Oluwole, is now Medical Officer of Health for Lagos, and is worthily carrying on the tradition of a great name.

The lepers of Kano, and all Nigeria, have a good reason to thank God for the visit of "*Tubby*" Clayton to Nigeria. They certainly cannot yet appreciate all that his efforts on their behalf have meant ; but should we get complete upper hand of this fell disease in Nigeria—and the prospect is now brighter than ever—much of the credit unprofessionally will be due to this unique little parson-founder of Toc H. On a hot day at the club in the evening at Kano he talked to a mixed crowd of English, French, Italians, Greeks, Syrians, etc. Tremendous energy, fearless courage, and a determination to get his way however

hard he might have to fight for it, have enabled this brave fighter for the under-dog to succeed in most things, with the possible exception of his own health ! He came ; he saw ; and in spite of opposition, lethargy, and almost every other difficulty in the way, he conquered, succeeding in lifting the whole question of leprosy and its sufferers up into the atmosphere of Christ-like love and pity. *Dr. Muir* is carrying on the work ; and *B.E.L.R.A.*, a really great Society with its president Lord Halifax, are out for something big in this old problem now rapidly getting solved. If “Tubby” goes out again he must revisit the many places where his Toc H men, led to that work and sacrifice through him, are now having great success.

For a “baby” Austin to run from Johannesburg to Kano, several thousand miles, would not be anything worth noting now. But it *was* a surprise and shock in 1930 to see a little man climbing up the steps of my flat over the C.M.S. bookshop in a manner somewhat reminiscent to me, as a Bart’s student, of the oft-time drunk Smithfield butcher, and then to hear in a cheery voice, in answer to my enquiry, “I’m *Hockey*, and I’ve just arrived from Johannesburg !” Plastered all over with the weirdest set of advertisements ever seen in Nigeria his “baby” car looked like a pack of cards illustrated from Limehouse and which might fall to pieces at any moment. He stayed

with me for three days, and in that time most of my first impressions were changed ; for I learnt to value the pluck and spirit of this diminutive man, small only in body. He was adventurer, record breaker, evangelist, missionary to Jews in Johannesburg, and smart commercial traveller all rolled into one very elastic body. I believe he continued his journeys—he told me he was going to visit every continent and major state in the world. Hockey must have been a great showman for Austin's firm. He was, by the way, a total abstainer ; fatigue, not drink, being responsible for his uncertain gait on arrival.

It has been an axiom with the Church Missionary Society that to attempt to educate, evangelize, or generally raise only the men of a country is about as rational as to expect a bird to fly with one wing. Dr. Aggrey used to say, in speaking of his own people of the Gold Coast, "Educate a boy and you educate a boy ; educate a girl and you educate a family." Many of us had felt for a long time that the Government of Northern Nigeria was failing badly in this respect. Difficulties with the Moslem harem and Muhammadan women were always adduced in extenuation. But one day a determined woman from Girton College, who had been a mistress at Cheltenham Ladies' College, came to Nigeria, and talked nicely to the authorities of what might be

done. She was as great a sportsman as her brother, the "rugger" international and captain of Blackheath; and she brought all the tenacity of the English football "scrum" into the starting of work which has now grown, and is recognized as having very great possibilities for the future not only for the *women* of Nigeria. For the Hausa and Fulani girls have abilities, and are not lacking in ambition once their minds are opened to think. They may yet be to Nigeria what their sisters of Angora have been to the Turkish nation, without the undesirable incidents.

Miss Fegan did not start her work until she was at an age when many women think they have earned a rest; but her sense, transparent honesty of purpose, steady humour, and all the qualities inherited from Quaker ancestors made her a success. She stayed with us in Zaria, and I have good cause to remember her determination to see and know everything about the people, and country: industries, arts, and crafts, etc. For this type of visitor has a way of exposing the ignorance of old residents, and I certainly felt that after thirty weeks in the country she would pass an examination on it far better than I could after thirty years. Long life to her! And to the new work which she has now begun; for she returned to Nigeria in April 1938 and is working in a Leper Settlement near Zaria.

Two members of the present Cabinet have been visitors to Nigeria. One sometimes wonders

what these great people, whose programmes are so full, and arranged with so much forethought, can possibly learn of the real conditions of the country. I believe *Lord Plymouth*, and *Mr. Elliot*, did pack a very great deal of information into the limited weeks at their disposal. Mr. Elliot's visit was several years ago, and I was invited to meet him at lunch at the Residency in Zaria with various other people representing different activities in the country ; one of those typical luncheon parties where after talking about matters of sheer triviality one awaits the inevitable process of being well pumped. I fell to the examination of Mr. Jones, the Liberal member of the group of three, of whom a Labour member and Mr. Elliot were the other two. But I well remember making a mental note at the time that the Conservative member of the trio would go the farthest. (I am not a Conservative !)

Lord Plymouth was very tired when he arrived at Kano just in time for dinner, and I fear I bored him badly ; for after dinner, being introduced by the Resident, I was left *tête-à-tête* with him for a full half-hour. Whether this was done with the idea of helping him to get a good night's sleep, or because I was the oldest member of the dinner party, I cannot say. I realized afterwards, however, that Lord Plymouth, not having caught my name, was guessing as to my identity. Asking the Resident afterwards who on earth I was—a Government official, or what?—he received the

apologies of the Resident, who confessed that I was—a *Missionary*! Poor Lord Plymouth!

No two people ever visited Nigeria, and were so deservedly popular, or left such delightful remembrances behind them, as *Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Wilson and Lady Wilson*. Here was no tyro, but an experienced colonial, and one who knew the ropes well. Long service in the army, and a Governorship of two Colonies, Trinidad and Jamaica, had given Sir Samuel a good start even before he came to us. As Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies also he had information not available to other men, and *used* opportunities which he knew how to *make* for himself. Men who are diametrically opposed to him in policy all acknowledge the charm of his character, and "Sammy," as his friends love to call him all over the world, and Lady Wilson won all hearts in Nigeria as in England.

Visitors like these can do a very great deal to encourage and cheer those whose lives are lived in greater monotony.

This chapter is already too long. I have deliberately left to its end the account of a visit of the *Rev. A. G. Fraser*, who brought the greatest possible encouragement to me in my missionary life in Zaria. We had been very close friends ever since we were little more than boys. Uganda, Ceylon, and then Achimota in the Gold Coast,

were only three of the scenes of this amazing man's work ; for the name of Alec Fraser is a household word in England and Scotland as well as among students, and all progressive men, whether in religion, politics, or education.

He is now, as everyone knows, at Newbattle Abbey, and will probably make the same success of his new work as he has of everything else.

He was on tour with the object of making a report on the educational work of all Nigeria, and stayed three days with me in my " native " house in Zaria early in 1927. He had a most difficult and unpopular job ; for education had fallen on bad times in many parts of Nigeria, and Fraser was not a man who could tell less than the whole truth, however much it cost. It did cost a great deal. His commission and its results, through the report made, were devastating, and hard things were said. But to-day Nigeria owes a great debt to an adverse report and the drastic proposals made by an honest reformer and great educational administrator.

In East Africa, in India, and in the Philippines he had investigated educational conditions for the Governments concerned, and his verdict was always one which, whether favourable or adverse, could not be neglected. In Kandy and Achimota his name will always be loved.

CHAPTER X

LOOKING FORWARD

KANO is but one of the cities of Nigeria, and Nigeria is but one, though a very important one, of the Colonies and Protectorates of the British Empire. There has been often a strange apathy and ignorance in Britain about the Crown Colonies. Some people have wanted to give them all up, looking upon them as a burden to be got rid of. Others have thought of them as lands obtained by wrong means, and that the wrongs could only be expiated by relinquishing the ill-gotten gains. Others again, as an incubus involving us at home in the upkeep of a larger Army and Navy than would otherwise be necessary, an unjustifiable expense. There is another group of people, with perhaps less thought and care, which thinks of these Colonies in terms of commercial gains, lands from which recruits for a colonial army can be obtained, produce to help our imports, and markets for exports ; including all in an indiscriminate category of assets, mostly having a monetary equivalent.

But there is an army of quiet, hard-working men, administrators, doctors, lawyers, educa-

tionists, agriculturalists, police, veterinary surgeons, etc., who are quite unostentatiously, and with little regard for the opinions of people at home, putting their backs into the problem of helping and raising the peoples of these nations. They are there to carry out the policy of the Colonial Office ; but the Colonial Office represents *us*, the ordinary common folk of Great Britain.

We who study our papers with a keen eye for news from over the seas, in addition to receiving frequent letters from many parts of the world, have had an increasing feeling of anxiety lately that things are not well, conditions not healthy in some of these Colonies and Protectorates of the Empire. We have read of riots in Trinidad, and deputations coming from Kenya, Bechuanaland, and the Gold Coast with burning sense of wrong, to seek redress at the heart of the Empire. We have read of risings in Jamaica and Barbados, and violence leading to serious casualties in dock, and factory, and plantation in Mauritius. We cannot fail to see a *connection* between these events in countries so far apart, and we know that it is futile, puerile, and simply silly to talk of "Moscow," and "Communism," as if we could throw all the blame for the troubles of the world upon these.

Sir Arthur Merchison Fletcher, the Governor of Trinidad, speaking of the land which he ruled, said frankly, "The standard of living, and the

state of malnutrition among many of the workers is the very lowest I have witnessed." Those who have lived in Nigeria and had almost ceaseless calls upon their pity and help from a large number of destitute men and boys, out of work, and without any means of support, have felt that all is not right. Workmen doing a hard day's work of seven or eight hours in the grilling sun were getting fivepence a day when I left Kano, and the daily wage, to my certain knowledge, had fluctuated only between fourpence and ninepence during a period of several years! It was almost impossible during most of that time to live on threepence a day, and such food as could be got for that tiny sum, even if it kept body and soul together, was lacking in most of the elements which would give reserve power against attacks of pneumonia, plague, and smallpox—hence the high death rate among men, specially with pneumonia.

I remember well the Great Dock Strike in London of 1891, when, as a medical student at "Barts," I used to go to Toynbee Hall, and there met some of the leaders in that memorable struggle. We have travelled far since then in Great Britain in the position acquired by organized labour, because of increased knowledge and the will to right wrongs. But these men and women and children in our African Colonies are made of flesh and blood as we are. They suffer hunger and thirst; they have aspirations and

desires on a plane higher than the beasts of the field. Through the cinema and books they have been acquiring an understanding of the great world, its wealth, ease, and prizes. A not inconsiderable number in the schools are being taught Constitutional History, and have learnt how we in Britain won our liberties. Many have entered the learned professions, and are proud of the fact that they are worthy members. Are the majority of these sixty millions of people, mostly coloured, now ruled by the Colonial Office, to remain voteless, unrepresented, and often exploited?

There is a rapidly increasing group of men and women, even amongst our administrators, who would express themselves something like this: "Repression is useless; crushing rebellion only brings about something worse. Shooting and imprisonment may stop the immediate riot, but tend to keep alive and fan the fire which will blaze later. Much has been done, but it has been as between ruler and ruled, servant and master. We have taken too much out of the country and not yet contributed enough to it. A new spirit is needed, a spirit of co-operation and brotherhood. We cannot be content while men in masses are suffering, are hungry, living stunted aimless lives. The wealth of our own possessions—the results of science, culture, and religion—constitutes a challenge to us to share these blessings more generously. It cannot be right that great fortunes have been

made, and are being made, in the Colonies, and dividends paid to shareholders in Britain while men, from whose lands this wealth comes, sweat and live like beasts, and even fight to obtain less than a living wage in the plantations, docks, factories, mines, and even fields of their own land. Are we Christian, sub-Christian, non-Christian, or anti-Christian in our attitude to all these matters? This grim current of discontent manifesting itself in many ways in various parts of the Empire just now is not going to be changed into tranquillity and loyalty by armed force, bombing machines, and imprisonment. We have better things than these to give."

If then so many men are giving of their best worthily and honestly, it behoves our Government, the Colonial Office, the people of Great Britain—that is, ourselves—to see that all this effort is not wasted, but co-ordinated for the highest purpose, so that men and women of the Crown Colonies may have lives of richer content, and may at least feel that we care for them.

We have held up a high standard; we have claimed to be the servants of the King who was a carpenter. More than is asked from us, including increased sincerity to be shown in detailed action. We cannot allow red herrings to be drawn across the track, false excuses made, and scapegoats sought whom we know in our hearts are not responsible. What blame there is let us bear: we can be indifferent to the rewards.

My purpose in writing this book has been to give an interest to those who have had but little before ; to awaken a sense of urgent need and a responsibility to supply that need in those who have, as yet, realized few of the implications of Empire ; to write with deep appreciation of that crowd of workers of whom I must always think as comrades, who are spending their lives in doing what they can, and doing it well, and if it may be so, to stimulate them to even better, nobler, more illuminated effort ; and finally to make an appeal to those in authority not to allow the fear of sedition, discontent, and criticism to warp their judgment ; not to attribute the evils of rebellion, strikes, disloyalty, and violence to those already over-weighted scapegoats Bolshevism, Communism, and agitators ; but to fear rather the *causes* which produce these symptoms, and to seek the cure for the disease rather than the symptoms. Can we not all be honest together and seek to undermine rather than fight these things : to provide wholesome sane treatment, the attitude of trust and friendship rather than of suspicion and repression ? Are we not more likely to win in this way ? As we believe and practise the methods of Jesus Christ shall we not obtain His results ? If we have to confess inability to do this, then, for Christ's sake let us give up our Colonies !

When a clearer idea of what stewardship involves has come home to us all there will be a

far closer inspection of the details of our life and conduct. It may be that missionaries will feel that large houses and comfortable furniture are not quite in harmony with hunger and poverty in their converts, and that some lack of success in work may be more due to social than spiritual causes. Closer scrutiny again of the details of all our work and methods may lead to some of that "healthy discontent" which is usually the precursor to the highest success.

EXPLANATION OF SOME HAUSA AND ARABIC WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

Harmattan. A dry wind blowing from the Sahara, from the months of October to the end of March. During the months of December and part of January this may be a very cold wind as the sand brought from the Sahara is sufficient to blot out the sun. During the months of February, March, and part of January, the heat may be intense ; temperatures in Kano running up to 110° in the shade.

Sabon Gari=New Town. A settlement outside and at some distance from a large Moslem city, occupied mainly by aliens from the coast or other parts : many are Christians. They are the people who minister to the wants of Europeans chiefly as clerks, mechanics, stewards, carpenters, masons, etc. Their town is not under the control of the city authorities entirely. In Kano the population is about four thousand (wives and children included).

Malam, sometimes *Mallam*. Of Arabic origin, and means a learned man, or more generally a title of respect ; " Mister."

B.E.L.R.A. British Empire Leprosy Relief Association.

Madaki. A Hausa word. Short for *Madawaki*, and is the title given to one of the principal chiefs in an Amirate, often the brother or son of an Amir.

Hadj. The Pilgrimage to Mecca, enjoined on all Moslems.

AlHadji. A pilgrim. Pilgrim "so and so."

Dogari. Plural *Dogarawa.* A policeman under the control of the Native authorities of a city, not a part of the Constabulary under a European Officer.

Yan Gadi. Similarly.

Bait-al-Mal. Arabic. The Public Treasury.

Maliki Code. There are four codes of the Moslem *Shari'at* or Law. These are, Maliki, Hanbali, Shaf'i, and Hannafi.

THE END