

The Great Ngee

except that now he was contentedly eating sardines out of a tin.

Two weeks later, when the missionaries returned to the town, they found a little school of twenty-four boys assembled, and the building of the schoolhouse well under way. The real aim of this journey, however, was still fifty miles away. The little school described had been planned as a half-way post between Metet and the next outpost among the Yebekolo.

The German governor of the Kamerun had repeatedly warned Dr. Silas against trying to enter the Yebekolo without an escort. He assured him that missionaries would be no more welcome than had been the native evangelists the previous year. Undaunted, and certain that with God all things are possible, the party declined the offer of military escort and pressed on. As they drew near to the large town that was the stronghold of the great chief Olinga Beyale, they suddenly rounded a curve in the narrow road and came face to face with the chief himself, accompanied by his drummers, his wives and children, and a long line of carriers taking loads to market. The white men stopped, dismounted, and greeted the big chief cordially, saying that they planned to visit his illustrious town. Olinga assured them that he was most unhappy to be absent on such an occasion. Dr. Silas declared in turn that they would be delighted to await his return. And so the two parties went their separate ways.

The town was a large one, beautifully situated to command a magnificent view of distant mountains. The son of Olinga provided a house for the missionaries to stay in for a time, and Dr. Silas at once unpacked his medicine kit. Setting up his instruments on a packing case, and displaying an array of bottles and bandages, he began talking to the villagers in his inimitable "joshing" manner. In minutes he had them laughing, delighted with his antics and surprised to be able to understand his speech. Within an hour he was washing ulcers, ap-

A Clinic for the Yebekolo

plying sulphur to itchy bodies, doling out Epsom salts, or administering quinine. All he asked in return was a little food—bananas, cassava, plantain, peanuts. Soon piles of these products accumulated in the street, enough for all the caravan.

Mr. Beanland called one of the porters and gave him a gun and shells. Before nightfall the hunter was back with monkeys and an antelope. These were offered to the villagers in return for other food. That night groups of meat-hungry men, women, and children, many wearing bandages that gleamed white in the firelight, squatted around great black kettles of steaming meat, while the smoke went up as from a peace pipe. Everyone slept well that night, not excepting the missionaries. On the following day the cases of school equipment that had been carried by the porters were opened. The teacher hung up charts on the wall of one of the bark houses, and all and sundry were invited to attend class, to learn how black marks could talk. Meanwhile, the white men searched the locality for a suitable site for a school compound. Finding one, they returned to the town satisfied.

Sunday morning the doctor explained why there would be no clinic that day. The day belonged to God and was meant for worship. But they would hold a meeting and tell them about God. The whole town turned out. It was a street meeting in the strict sense of the word as there was no chapel and no house large enough for the crowd. Nearly three hundred people sat cross-legged in the dust, while they that had "sat in darkness and in the shadow of death" had the Gospel preached to them. Afterward, the missionaries pushed on to a village ten more miles away and spoke the message of love and salvation to another hundred Yebekolo who had never heard it before.

Five days later Chief Olinga returned to his home town . . . or was it his town? He scarcely recognized it. The wide street was full of baskets of food which the women, with noisy bar-