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school program and threw himself into the new work with enthusiasm. Within a few weeks his influence was being felt, for one bright Sunday morning thirteen of his schoolboys took their stand for Christ.

Mvondô gave two years of devoted service to the Metet and Yebekolo fields, serving fearlessly in the midst of the cannibal country, notwithstanding the threatenings of the many tribesmen who remained hostile to the mission program. With him in that far country were his wife and children, who endured the hardships of a strange and primitive land as good soldiers of the cross. But there was an adversary in the field. Sleeping sickness had laid its scourge on the eastern area of Kamerun and swept like a flame over the swampy land. In stricken towns victims died by the score, and among those to contract the disease was Mvondô. Far away at Efulan the tidings started a revival that flooded the forests about Nkoñemekak with what has been called "The Great Awakening." Christians of the Efulan church, in memory of Mvondô and for love of the Christ he served, pledged hours or days of personal work in an evangelistic campaign, of which one missionary wrote:

It has come like an immense flood and we have felt as helpless and as impotent to control it as if we were tossed upon the billows of a mighty ocean. We have been awed and humbled as we have witnessed this wonderful revival, and to us who have not been long on the field, and who know little of the hard days of beginnings, it has seemed as if God had waited until these days to make bare His strong right arm.

A total of 4,700 days of personal work was pledged, and hundreds were born into the Tribe of God throughout those days when Christians were stirred to take up the torch that had dropped from the hand of a tribal brother.

23. Of Motors and Babies

The London School of Tropical Medicine is the best of its kind in the world. When Dr. Silas left Africa for furlough in 1912, he stopped off in London to take advantage of a two months' course offered there. The curriculum was stiff, and he was very tired from his strenuous three years of pioneering in the new Metet field, but by digging hard he kept up with others in the course. The certificate he received was to him a prized possession, but the practical knowledge he had acquired, making him more able to alleviate the ills of the African, he counted of more value still.

Christmas of 1912 was the first in ten years that he had spent with Mary and Lois. Little time was granted him for the pleasures of home, however, so great were the demands made on him for speaking throughout California. "I do not wish to shirk my duty," he wrote to his brother, "but I begrudge every hour I am away from my girls."

One of the important incidents of this furlough was the acquisition of a motorcycle. The new roads in Kamerun, even though rough and rocky, would now permit its use, and Dr. Silas had made this known to his friends in Immanuel Church. The money was at once forthcoming; the motorcycle was purchased, driving lessons began, and by the end of furlough the doctor was able to handle the new vehicle of travel.

It was on April 13, 1913, that he and Laura and little Silas set out once again for Africa, leaving Herbert, Mary, and Lois with a sister of Laura's in San Jose, California.

During the year of the doctor's return to Kamerun, two of the mission doctors had been sent home on health leave. On top of the responsibilities to other stations thus thrust upon him

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by this shortage of medical personnel, three maternity cases awaited him at Metet, one of them his wife. The doctor's new motorcycle had been left at Lolodorf, heavy rains making it inadvisable to try to drive it to Metet. In view of possible emergencies at the other stations of the Mission, he now realized that he must be ready with a quick means of transportation in case of call, and so felt impelled to make a trip to Lolodorf and at least attempt to bring the motorcycle into the bush. That trip provided the emergency, for on his way back to Metet while yet thirty miles from his destination, he was met by a runner with a message urging him to hurry, as one of the patients at the station was having convulsions.

Dr. Silas looked up at the sky. A tornado was gathering; the rain had already begun, and because of the heavy black clouds, he had just decided it might be good judgment to spend the night on the road and continue to Metet in the morning after the storm had cleared. Now there was no choice. He must go on. Just as he stepped on the starter, the storm broke in a torrent. Within minutes the dirt road was flooded; it became a river of sticky mud, unfit for travel. But the doctor pushed on through rushing water, soft mud, and slippery ponds of slime. The motor kept skidding out from under him, and his pet ex-postulation "Thunder and mud!" was appropriate indeed. Time after time he would fall, struggle with the heavy motor, mount it again and plow ahead, breathing a prayer of thanksgiving that the fall had not injured him.

After six precarious spills, darkness overtook him. Then one more fall followed; the motor turned over on his leg and the hot engine burned him badly. The machine, gummed up with sticky mud, proved unusable in the Stygian darkness, so he left it in a hut by the side of the road and pressed on afoot. Wading through mud and rain-filled gullies, he covered the remaining miles in the dark and arrived utterly exhausted, but in time to help the patient. The following morning he went

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back for his motor and managed to ride it to the station. It was badly bent and battered; broken parts required replacements which would mean a wait of several months, and the burn on his leg developed into an ulcer that bothered him for weeks.

Fortunately, both for the doctor and for the three expectant mothers, a trained nurse came to Metet. Christine Suderman arrived from Lolodorf to lend aid and comfort. It was well that she did, for one of the most difficult deliveries Dr. Silas was ever called upon to perform was that of his own husky, twelve-pound girl. It was a breech case, and labor lasted two days. These meant anxious hours for the doctor and the nurse, but "Tiene" as her friends called her, remembers how strong the doctor's faith remained that all would be well. His calm cheerfulness, with his ready jokes, carried the women through until at length, on August 11, the cry of the baby, Ruth, brought them all glad relief.

Although the doctor was worn out with the strain, he turned at once to his unfinished job of building. The house in which the Johnsons were living, new baby and all, was the one for which the boards that had been burned in the dry-shed were intended. It had only one finished room, the bedroom, aside from which only uprights for walls and loose boards for floors gave any semblance of a dwelling place. In the midst of this situation came another hurry call—to Elat. Again a baby! As the motorcycle was still laid up, he made the long trip by bicycle.

"So you see, the old man is not all in yet," the doctor wrote his brother. "Now I wish this lady would get a hunch on her and let me get back home!"

When finally the parts came for the machine and it was put to use again, it carried a double load. A sidecar had been added to its equipment.

At the mission meeting in December, 1913, Dr. Silas was



chosen permanent secretary for the Mission. Among his duties was the receiving and answering of all government communications. Although Dr. Silas was a prolific letter writer, who wrote regularly and at length to his family and friends, he disliked intensely the writing of reports. Yet these letters and reports to the officials had to be taken care of, and he did the job well. But he did not anticipate that this task was soon to involve communicating with governments of nations at war with one another.

In January of 1914, Dr. Silas once again traveled with a site committee of the Mission, appointed to decide on a place for a station in the Yebekolo area. Although the war which soon began delayed the opening of this new station for many years, he never lost his enthusiasm for the project. He wrote to his brother:

I am just back from a five weeks' trip with the site committee into cannibal country 250 miles east of Elat. We do not expect to do anything very great or extensive just at present, but it is up to us to get an outpost started at Lomié. Some of us see this so clearly that we are ready to put in any little contribution that we may, rather than see the project fail for lack of funds. We are making a start, and, God willing, it will not fail. This is the crucial time for it, and God will put it into the heart of someone to give the necessary money. The people are still cannibal at heart, though they act only on the sly, fearing to be caught at it, but there are many among them who want the Mission to come to them, and surely they need us.

In regard to this new outreach on the part of the Mission, the Board made this report: "At Lomié, 250 miles east of Elat, the West Africa Mission has opened a new station. The missionaries at their own expense explored this inland territory and decided on the site for the work." The report continued: "Never have the records of any one year surpassed those of 1914, over 5,000 souls confessing Christ, vast numbers in attendance at services, and steady progress in systematic giving and consistent Christian living."

Elat was then reporting 8,000 in attendance at Sunday services; Metet's congregations were averaging 1,000, and the new station of Fulasi, 5,000. Just the year before, The Rev. William Dager, pastor of the Elat Church, had held a remarkable service in which, at a single meeting, he had baptized 1,079 adults and 200 infants. At the seminary at Elat, taught by Dr. Melvin Fraser, eleven young men were studying for the ministry.

Only twenty short years had now passed since the first white man had been seen in the Bulu bush. Nothing short of the glorious power of God himself could have wrought this miracle.

24. White Man's War in Black Man's Land

July of the fateful year of 1914 found Dr. Silas at Buea, the official seat of the German government, high in the mountains towering above Victoria. Delegates of the Gossner Mission, the Basle Mission, and the Baptist Mission were meeting together with the Presbyterians in a conference of all the Protestant Missions operating in Kamerun. The future strategy of advance was outlined: all were to press toward Yaounde, the geographical center of the colony, even though occupation of the area by any one of the Missions appeared remote at that time.

Three weeks later the forty-five Presbyterian missionaries who had convened at Batanga for annual meeting learned of the outbreak of hostilities on the Kamerun northern frontier, where British troops from Nigeria had begun the attack. Almost simultaneously all movement of ships ceased along the equatorial coast. Immediate concern was felt for twenty missionaries who were now due to leave on furlough. When it was further realized that all telegraphic communications had been cut, the Mission was forced to face the probability that for an indefinite period there would be no mail for them, no imported provisions, no reinforcements, no contact with the outside world.

Cheerfulness prevailed, however, for no one thought that this state of affairs would last long. In Africa every missionary pantry is, perforce, stocked with several months' supply of provisions, orders being placed in advance of immediate need. There was, therefore, a reasonable supply of the essentials on

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hand at the various stations. Surely, in a few months, all would be over, and conditions would return to normal. As it turned out, for eighteen months this far-away colony in Equatorial Africa was embroiled in the quarrel of the nations of Europe. Within weeks, thousands of men, women, and children of the beautiful villages, half hidden among the coconut trees along the rocky shore, were languishing in detention camps hundreds of miles from their homes, many of them dying of dysentery or malaria.

For twenty years missionaries had been preaching to these Africans the Gospel of Peace. In response to the mandates of the Prince of Peace they had laid down their crossbows, their knives and poisoned spears, ceased their tribal wars and had begun learning to value human life. Suddenly they were confronted with the bewildering spectacle of white men who, although exposed for centuries to that same Gospel of Love, were at one another's throats, and black men who had been taught to lay down their arms were commanded to take them up again in the white man's defense. This was a blow from which the black man was never to recover, nor, indeed, be given a chance to recover, since thirty years later the next generation was again asked to participate in the white man's struggle in World War II.

During the greater part of the Kamerun campaign most of the mission stations existed outside the direct lines of hostility; only one was closed for the entire period of the war. Two were temporarily closed and one, at the last of the campaign, was requisitioned. However, all were subject to shortages of provisions and of staff, since the missionaries on furlough were unable to return on schedule to relieve those whose furloughs were due. In view of the prolonged fighting, and the suffering inflicted on the Africans, it is a miracle that during two years of strife, confusion and upheaval, the Church, scarcely fourteen years old, should have persisted on its way triumphant, with

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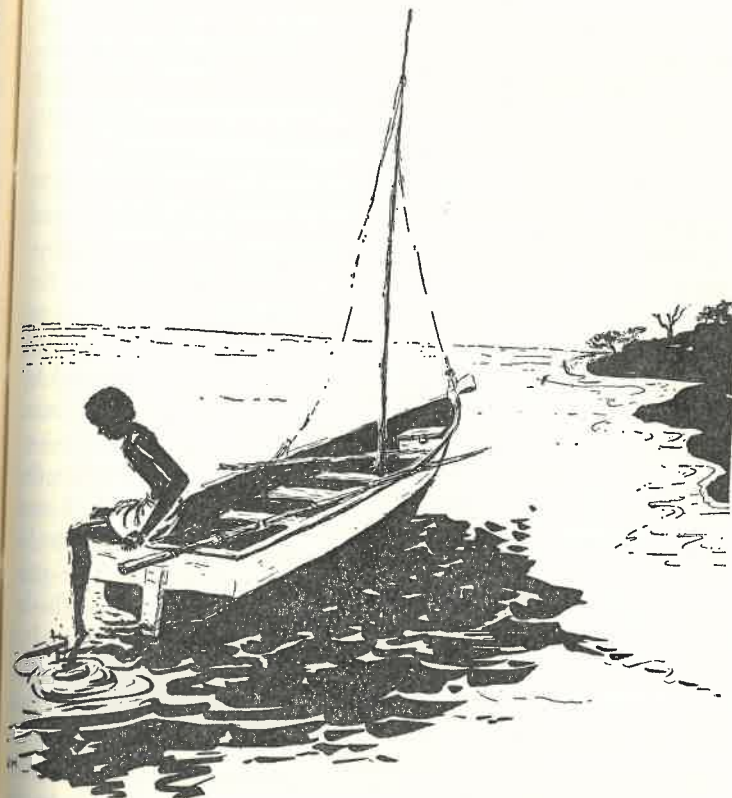
congregations growing, schools continuing, and thousands of sturdy Christians holding fast to their faith in the midst of exile, bereavement, illness, and the loss of possessions.

As soon as news of the outbreak of hostilities in Kamerun reached the Board in New York, Dr. A. W. Halsey wrote to the Mission admonishing all missionary workers to observe the strictest neutrality in speech and in writing, and to show all possible kindness to the missionaries representing the warring nations. These things Dr. Silas and his colleagues earnestly strove to do during the difficult years ahead.

There is no space in this narrative to give an ordered account of the military operations of the Kamerun campaign conducted by the Allied and the German forces. Only a few of the events of three war years which touched the life of Silas Johnson can be mentioned.

The little neutral colony of Spanish Guinea, with its capital on the island of Fernando Poo, west of Douala, was destined for the duration of the war to be a refuge and a lifeline to the Mission. Through Bata, her port of call, passed all mission cargo and personnel. Hundreds of cases of provisions discharged from neutral ships were landed by surf boats and dumped onto the beach. The cases had then to be broken up into headloads, which were carried inland by long caravans of men who walked for days and even weeks by devious trails through the jungle across the border into Kamerun and on to the various mission stations. Inversely, by this same route, weary missionaries, with furloughs long overdue, departed on foot from Kamerun and walked to Bata to await any neutral vessel available to take them to Fernando Poo, the Canary Islands, or to Spain. This often meant long waits and uncomfortable delays, and for one party it meant a child's grave on the island. Nevertheless, had there been no neutral port of call near Kamerun, the plight of the missionaries and the refugees would have been infinitely more grave.

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Hostilities took place along the coast during the fall of 1914, and in December French forces landed on the Kribi shore and occupied the town, forcing the Germans to retreat. Six miles back in the forest the Germans dug trenches and made ready to hold the line. Three weeks later a company returned and surrounded the mission station at Batanga, saying they had come to remove the villagers to the interior. In a state of panic

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the people came crowding into the mission house seeking protection; by morning there were a thousand milling around the premises. The compound was jammed. There was nothing the missionaries could do to help them; before dawn all had fled to the bush and hid themselves so well that only a few were taken by the soldiers.

By January of 1915, since hostilities continued in the vicinity of Batanga, the missionaries realized it would be unwise and futile for them to remain there longer. As much mission property as could be removed was hid in the bush, after which the party accepted the British offer of escort to Benito in a naval tug.

A few weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Adams returned by native sailboat to Kribi to ascertain what damage had been done at Batanga. They also hoped to be of some assistance to their friends. As they approached the mission beach, they observed a steamer anchored offshore and were told that it was ready to sail with 3,000 African passengers who were to be detained at Victoria for the duration of the war. The missionaries went out to the steamer and were hailed with delight by hundreds who crowded to the rail to greet them, but they were saddened to see the ravages of hunger and disease already on the faces of their friends. Still, they realized that although it was heartbreaking for these helpless people to be rooted up and carried away from home, it was really an act of wisdom and mercy on the part of the British to get them out of the danger zone. Already their gardens for miles around had been stripped of food, while on the plantations at Victoria the refugees would be able to work, eat, earn wages, and fare better by far than in their stricken homes.

Among the deported were two African pastors, Eduma and Ndenga. These faithful men shepherded their flock all through the period of their exile. Barely escaping death from attacks of dysentery, both eventually returned home and continued

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their ministry. Years later Ndenga Pipa contracted leprosy, and yet he continued his pastoral service in the mission leper colony till his death.

Except for the lack of communication and the shortage of supplies, the inland stations of the Mission were little affected by the fighting at the coast and on the northern frontiers. Every effort was made to maintain a normal activity in all departments so that the Africans would feel reassured.

As chairman of the mission Executive Committee, and later as secretary for the Mission, Dr. Silas bore the responsibility of receiving all communications from the government and of carrying on whatever negotiations were necessary for the maintenance of friendly relations and of strict neutrality, but as the Allied troops advanced into Mission-occupied territory, it became increasingly difficult to maintain this delicate balance. That the Mission was permitted to continue its activity in all branches of the work, with a minimum of interruption throughout the military occupation of Kamerun, speaks clearly of the respect in which both the program and personnel of the Mission as a whole were held.

In all this Dr. Silas played no small part. His frank, open manner, his personal charm, his earnestness, and his unfailing tact and integrity, won for him and for the Mission a high degree of trust and a courteous consideration on the part of both the German and the Allied officers, many of whom had become his personal friends.

One instance of this manifest trust on the part of the officials was the request that came to Dr. Silas from the German government to provide a place of safety for some thirty-five refugee women. Thirteen of these were missionaries from five different missions whose work in Kamerun had been closed down for the duration of the war. Accordingly, a little village was constructed on the compound at Metet and for many months this "Kleine Berlin," as the huddle of small bark cottages was

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called, was a refuge for the lonely women. With the occupation of Yaounde by the British early in 1916, orders were given for the evacuation of Metet and the immediate transfer of all persons living on the compound to a camp eight miles distant. Here again, however, good will toward the Mission prevailed, and upon the earnest request of Dr. Silas and Gayle Beanland the American missionaries were permitted to remain at the station. They were grieved to be unable to do anything for the women and children in "Kleine Berlin," all of whom, with the exception of one expectant mother, were taken prisoner the following day.

The fighting continued in Kamerun until February, 1916, by which time the German forces had either been captured by the Allied troops or crossed the border into neutral Spanish Guinea. On February 22, the British General Dobell received a telegram from King George V:

"I heartily congratulate you and the naval and military forces under your command on the successful termination of the operations in the Cameroons and the occupation, in conjunction with our allies, of that country."

At the end of the campaign the British and the French governments made a provisional settlement of the conquered territory. With the exception of certain districts on the Nigerian frontier, including Mt. Cameroon, Buea and Victoria, the territory was to be governed by the French for the period of the war in Europe. This temporary disposal of the country was the basis for the division that was ultimately accepted at the Peace Conference of 1919. Henceforth in this narrative the French spelling "Cameroun" will replace the German "Kamerun."*

* Both French Cameroun and British Cameroun are scheduled to achieve their independence in January, 1960.

25. Aftermath of War

In the year 1916 the entire Johnson family was in Los Angeles. Mary, the oldest daughter, was taking her nurse's training at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, Lois had entered Occidental College in the fall, while Herbert and Silas were still in grade school. Only three-year-old Ruth spent carefree hours at home with her mother and baby William Moser, who was born in Los Angeles on November 17, 1916.

That same year, Dr. Silas, who had "never bought a beef-steak or a necktie without paying cash down," invested his modest savings in a lot near the campus of Occidental College on the north edge of Los Angeles, and built on it a small bungalow, into which his family moved in December. The uncertainty of the future status of Cameroun, together with the varying needs of the Johnson children, made it seem advisable for Laura to remain at home in the United States when Dr. Silas should return to the field.

The family enjoyed this snug little home, but as usual, the doctor was seldom in it for any length of time. His days were mostly spent traveling up and down the state, speaking in churches and colleges, or at synods, presbyteries, and conventions. The effort thus expended was, however, most profitable. Not only did he influence many young people to dedicate their lives to full-time Christian service, and win many new friends for the cause of missions in general, but at the end of the furlough he was able to report gifts totalling close to \$7,000 for the field so near to his heart.

Dr. Silas' furlough was due to end in April, 1917, but on February 3 the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Submarine warfare had been declared, and

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Dr. Halsey wrote to Dr. Silas that the Board would not consider sending out any missionaries under the prevailing hazardous conditions.

Realizing all too well the difficulties through which the Mission must be passing in readjusting all its work and its educational system to the French regime in Cameroun, the doctor chafed at the long delay. When at last word came that a party of seven would sail in October of that year, he threw his hat into the air and let out a loud "hurrah."

In France a delay of one month occurred while the party awaited a steamer that would take them to Africa. But this afforded Dr. Silas a brief opportunity to begin his study of French, which was now the official language of Cameroun.

"I want to get a bit of French under my noodle so I will not be so helpless," he wrote in his homely way.

The party arrived at Batanga the day before Christmas, 1917, grateful to have passed through all the danger zones on the high seas without incident.

Two years had elapsed since January, 1916, which marked the end of the German occupation of Cameroun—for the Mission, difficult years of transition and adjustment to the new regime. One of the first measures taken by the French government was to require that all schools teach French, but without French-speaking teachers this was obviously impossible. Accordingly all the hundreds of mission schools were closed, to the consternation of the people. Only one missionary in the field was qualified to teach French, Miss Marie Gocker. A small class of nineteen African men, chosen from among the younger of the former German teachers, was begun at Batanga. Miss Gocker had not only to conduct classes but to prepare textbooks and lessons as well, and these were hastily printed on the mission press at Elat by the new mission printer, Mr. John Bradford. After only two short months this class was examined and highly praised by the French governor.

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That a friendly and cordial relationship between the Mission and the new government had at once been established, is evidenced by the following reply to the mission's telegram of greeting to Governor Fournieu:

The Commissaire of the Republic thanks the American Mission for their warm wishes for France. The Commissaire of the Republic will not forget the loyal cooperation given by its members to the work in Cameroun. The entrance of the great America into the struggle of right and liberty against barbarity is the best guarantee of complete and final victory. He begs the members of the American Mission to accept his good wishes for themselves and for their families.

Difficulties in the educational field were matched by those in evangelism, though for different reasons. The school problem was one of a new language requirement and scant personnel. The evangelistic problem was one of unparalleled opportunity on all sides, with doors swinging wide, but with both funds and personnel lacking to enter it. The withdrawal of the Germans from Cameroun had left unshepherded the vast work of the Swiss and German Missions in an area of 290,000 square miles, populated by three and a half million people, 4,000 of whom were baptized Christians. The Yebe-kolo field, into which the Mission had been about to enter when hindered by the war, was impatiently calling for help. The Mission was impoverished. Money had all but disappeared in the colony. Trade was at a standstill. European articles were at a premium. The Africans had gone back to wearing bark cloth and grass bustles. They were making their own clay pots and extracting salt from ashes. The Mission was forced to cut the meagre wages of evangelists. And yet, what was the result? A greater wave of loyalty and interest in the Church of Christ than ever before! The very absence of counterattractions, and the enduring character of "the things of God," in contrast to conditions of the war days, fixed the



mind of the African Christian on the one thing that remained unchanging, stable and sure—the gospel. All the evangelists accepted the wage cut, in fact many of them voluntarily took more than the allotted cut, while not one of them reduced his tithe. Congregations met their pledges somehow. In one church alone, which included several outposts, the treasurer had the task of counting 15,000 collection envelopes each quarter. But not all offerings were containable in envelopes. At Metet a missionary reported the Sunday offering as follows:

We smiled as we saw in the collection basket three smoke-dried rats, with hair singed off, their skinny tails tied together, and the donor's envelope fastened to the trio. They were put in by a small boy, and what reasonings and threats he had put up to himself ere he parted with them can only be surmised by those who know how scarce meat is among these people. Poor little fellow! He ate dry cassava that night, and so contributed his mite to the cause.

The Church in the United States was well aware of both the problems and the opportunities confronting the work in

Africa. The year 1918 was designated as Africa Year, and the Church was urged to study and acquaint itself with the needs of the field. A book by Jean Mackenzie, *An African Trail*, set forth the new scene in the African forest.

Dr. Silas wrote from Metet to Dr. Halsey, "You speak of our looking for larger things for the Mission now that the war is over. These larger things are already forcing themselves upon us thick and fast, and find us very weak in personnel. The work is going as well as one could expect, considering it is not even half-manned."

In Bululand the year 1919 is known to this day as *mbu okon*, the Sickness Year. Influenza, which swept through the greater part of the world, reached the forest villages of Cameroun as well. The Bulu people, who seldom know the exact ages of their children, are still apt to tell you that their child "was born in the *mbu okon*:" it has become a dividing line of "before" and "after" that will never be forgotten. The mortality was appalling. The ignorance of the African in regard to health measures, coupled with the complete lack of sanitary facilities, fanned the flame of the epidemic.

Dr. H. L. Weber and Dr. Silas were the only two physicians on the field during those tragic months. The governor of the Cameroun gave orders that whatever instructions the mission doctors should give in an effort to check the epidemic must be carried out. Schools were closed, church services were discontinued, and for a short period the missionaries were quarantined.

At Metet, Dr. Silas began systematically to train all his medical assistants in the care of influenza patients. In an effort to enlighten the people in the area as to the nature of influenza, letters were typed containing simple instructions for the care of the sick, and these were sent out to all the local headmen. Periodically the doctor was seen going from village to village astride his motorcycle, shouting out orders

along the way, warning the people to isolate the patients, and not to immerse them in the cold streams of running water as was their custom. Upon returning from his visits to the villages, and before entering his home or contacting other missionaries, the doctor bathed and changed his clothes, a precaution which bore fruit, for happily none of the missionaries at Metet became infected. Although there was a shortage of drugs at the station, the two hundred influenza patients within a two-mile radius of Metet were cared for and the mortality was remarkably low.

In the fall of 1919, Dr. Silas was elected chairman of the executive committee, which carried with it the title of Advisory Superintendent of the Mission. In addition to the duties of this office, he found himself the only doctor for the six stations of the Mission since Dr. Weber had gone on furlough. Dr. Silas wrote to his brother, "I trust that not more than four or five of the stations will send hurry-up calls at once, as the Mission has given me a few other jobs to do besides medical work." In order to facilitate matters he was transferred to Elat.

Halfway there he was met by a missionary with an urgent message from Mr. Fred Hope of the Frank James Industrial School in Elat, stating that Mrs. Hope was in labor. The Hope baby did not wait for the doctor to negotiate his motorcycle over the crooked slippery road; she arrived before he did. The other members of the family, however, made good use of the doctor during his sojourn at Elat, for one after another they came down with the "flu," and for many days Dr. Silas was the only nurse for Father Hope, Mother Hope, and the new born baby.

At Metet another confinement case had been left in the care of Nurse Christine. It had been planned that the patient should be taken to Elat in time for the delivery. But this baby, too, refused to conform to schedule. Two days before the date set for transferring the expectant mother to the hospital,

the nurse sent an urgent summons to the doctor. All day Saturday and Sunday she anxiously strained her ears to hear the awaited sound of the motorcycle, but not until late Monday afternoon did she hear the welcome sound of the Johnson motor horn. The moment Dr. Silas entered the room the weary nurse collapsed. Two days later baby Philip Good arrived. The Africans straightway named him *Meyange*, meaning "Waiting."

"Tiene," the nurse, wrote later about Dr. Silas:

My thoughts of him are always of a man who somehow transferred his strength, cheerfulness, calm, poise, faith and confidence to me in every situation—and so many of the situations in which I found myself were difficult and confusing, tight places where I was trying to get along without a doctor. He never failed me. How many times I waited, "holding my heart in my hands," till I heard the chug of his motorcycle or his cheery, booming voice, and then collapsed for sheer relief, because when he took over, my worries were gone.

There was ample reason for the delay in the doctor's arrival at Metet. The summons had overtaken him on his way to Efulan to answer an urgent plea to attend the Heminger children. It so happened that the earth at the base of the posts supporting the Heminger house had been mixed with arsenic to protect the floors above from termites. The children, unwittingly, had ground clumps of the dirt to make flour for their make-believe cakes. That evening the cook, innocently using the same grinder, ground corn for muffins. All who ate the muffins were poisoned. The cook, to prove his innocence, ate one too, and straightway became ill. It was when Dr. Silas had traveled one third of the hilly way to Efulan from Elat on his bicycle, in response to the call from the Hemingers, that Ted Cozzens overtook him with the urgent plea to hasten at once to Metet.

"Thunder and mud!" exclaimed the doctor. But he turned

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back and retraced the slippery trail, figuring that Mrs. Reis, at Efulan, a trained nurse, would know what to do in case of poisoning. She did; she administered a strong emetic, and all survived.

A few weeks later, Dr. Silas wrote home the following letter which reflects the strenuous temper at that period:

It is likely that a couple of doctors will be coming out in a few weeks, and I sure will be glad to see them. Two bad cases of strangulated hernia of several days' standing—one of them the size of a small keg of lead—were brought in last night. I am not equipped here—no proper hospital, no operating room, no supplies, and I am refusing all but emergency cases, but I operated on those two men and they were out to church today.

I have had several difficult confinement cases lately, and one of the last ones was the kind that takes all the tuck out of a doctor—a string of complications that try a fellow when he is alone without professional assistance. There being no nurse available, I slept on a cot at the patient's bedside and hardly left her room for two weeks.

A cargo ship has arrived with one hundred tons of supplies for the Mission. I hope, first, for medicines and school supplies, and then I have visions of such luxuries as toast for breakfast, with butter on it, and some sort of cereal with cream and plenty of sugar, and maybe a crisp piece of bacon.

For some months now I have been the only M.D. on the field and I am thankful to have been able to respond to every call, though in this response some rides have been taken that will never be forgotten.

I wish to thank my Heavenly Father for so graciously answering the many prayers for some who were in great need, and for sparing the lives of all of us. Other duties were not fulfilled as well as they should have been, but I tried to do my best.

26. A Harried Doctor's Dream

In March of 1919, Dr. Silas wrote in a jocular vein to his brother about a new and important project—the building of a modern hospital in the Mission.

At annual meeting I instigated a plot which resulted in the Mission asking the Board to grant fifty thousand dollars for a new hospital, to be centrally located, up-to-date in equipment, and to be manned by two doctors and an American nurse. If you hear of any of the members of the Board dropping dead, you may be able to furnish a clue. The Governor is strongly in favor of the plan and is urging Paris to give us permission to build.

A more serious letter went to Dr. A. W. Halsey of the Board.

Ever since I sprang the Central Hospital plan at mission meeting and it met with unanimous approval, I have been wishing for time to write. You will remember I wrote you some months ago about my plans and hopes for a better day for the thousands of people who are looking to us for relief from their suffering, and whom we are unable to care for in a manner at all satisfactory to us. The grade of work we are able to do with our present equipment is no longer justifiable in this day and age, and should not be continued in Mission under the care of the great Presbyterian Church.

I used to think that there was not such pressing need of a force of doctors and well-equipped hospitals in the West Africa Mission as in other Missions, but the large numbers now coming to us constantly show that since the people have come to know us better their eyes have been opened. When these African friends of ours, and His, are brought to the door of our poor little bark hospital, many of them in such pitiable condition as people in the good old

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U.S.A. have never dreamed of, and one can read hope and confidence in their faces—faith that you can do all that they want done, and that very quickly and easily—it is nothing short of torture for the doctor to know that if he had a good hospital, proper equipment and supplies, and another doctor or a competent nurse, the hopes of the poor sufferers might be realized.

There is not a hospital in the Mission that should not bring a blush of shame to the face of any self-respecting person. In my nearly twenty-five years of service I have never made a plea for a decent hospital, but I am yelling it out now that we want one—a good one.

Once the hospital is in sight, there will be no trouble getting good doctors and nurses. This field has been far from attractive to young doctors of ability and high attainments. Our Church at home has come to believe that the West Africa Mission runs without money, without buildings, without much of anything; in fact it believes we don't want anything or need anything. Perhaps no one has done more to give them that impression than I have, but were I at home now I would tell them that we need a good medical plant, and that for once we are going to give them the privilege of getting in on this choice investment.

That the Lord "moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform" is evidenced by the following reply from Dr. Halsey to Silas Johnson's letter:

If ever a letter was timely, yours of March 12 could be put under that category. As you know, some time ago Mrs. Russell Sage died. She left a large estate. A goodly sum was left to the Women's Board of Foreign Missions. The women are already planning how the money shall be spent. They asked what object in the West Africa Mission I thought would be most needed. I replied, "A Central Hospital." This is put down as one of the things to be considered at the final meeting of their committee.

I doubt whether they could give, or the Board would sanction the spending of \$50,000 for a hospital. This is much more than any one of our hospitals has ever cost. I think it would be well for

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you, however, to push the matter at your end of the line and start the ball rolling.

I certainly think it providential that you wrote your letter at the time you did.

The outcome of this effort was that the New York Women's Board granted \$25,000 for the proposed Central Hospital, and the Board put the remaining amount requested in the New Era Expansion budget, giving the West African missionaries freedom to solicit gifts from individuals.

Dr. H. L. Weber, during his furlough that same year, vigorously applied himself to the solicitation of such funds. A very generous donation came through his friend, Mr. C. Culbertson, and other gifts formerly designated for improving the Schaffler Hospital at Efulan were applied to the new project.

Slowly the funds accumulated. A committee appointed by the Mission to choose a site selected a high hill half a mile distant from Elat Station, a location which afforded a view of the surrounding country and overlooked the Government Hill of Ebolowa, the original mission site.

It was a complicated procedure to get the land grants cleared up and the title secured, but in September, 1922, the Mission was happy to be able to write to the French Commissaire: "For the gift of the land—seven hundred acres, for the recognition of the right of our American-trained doctors to practice their profession in relation to their hospital and in Cameroun, for the concession of the land and the use of the water from the nearby falls, the Board expresses thanks and best wishes for the success and happiness of your administration."

At mission meeting in 1920, Dr. Silas made a stronger plea for the assignment of a missionary to open up a station among the Yebekolo tribe, the project nearest to his heart. During his furlough in 1916 a sum of \$1,500 had been granted by the

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trustees of the million dollar "Milton Stewart Fund for Evangelism," for the purpose of establishing a new outpost in this pioneer field. To Dr. Silas' delight the Mission chose him to be the one to go. Other doctors had returned to the field, thus relieving him of many of the medical responsibilities that had tied him down. It was the opinion of the Mission that he was unquestionably the one best fitted for the task. He wrote home:

I am glad to do what I can to get the work going. I have had a hand in starting several stations and am the one who is always urging pushing on. I presume my days of actual pioneering such as I hope to do this year are likely to come to an end before long, so I hope and pray I may be permitted to do this job well, the Lord willing. I am not in the pink of physical condition, but I hope now that the strain of many responsibilities is off, I may pick up; if not, His will be done.

The doctor's estimate of his physical condition was correct; a stomach ulcer and anemia shortened his term of service in the new field. However, for five months he lived alone, except for faithful Zambo, among very primitive conditions, seeing no other missionary and eating mostly native foods. Twenty-eight village schools were started under his supervision, and during the months he was in charge he inspected them regularly, with the help of Nkulu Ndibi, a young teacher from the Bulu field, whom he later installed as superintendent and to whom the entire supervision of the region was committed.

Dr. Silas had now been on the field twenty-five years, a span of service still considered unusual in 1920. In that year Dr. Halsey sent the following letter in recognition of the services of two members of the Mission:

Permit me in the name of the Board to extend congratulations of the Board as well as my personal felicitations to Dr. Melvin Fraser and Dr. Silas F. Johnson in rounding out twenty-five years of continuous service in the West Africa Mission. In their special lines of

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service I know of no two men who have been more efficient, faithful, devoted, and loyal to all that the Mission stands for and to all the great things of the Gospel, than these two brethren whom I have known well for these many years and whom I esteem highly.

In behalf of the Board I extend to them both our congratulations as well as our hope and earnest prayer that many more years of efficient service may be granted to them. It is a rare spirit of consecration that will lead men to separate themselves, as both these brethren have done, from their loved ones in the homeland in order that they may extend the Kingdom in lands beyond the seas. As they have sought to bless others, may a double blessing come to them both.

Dr. Silas' diary contains a characteristic note regarding this event.

The Mission made and recorded a resolution of appreciation of my twenty-five years of service. It was a pleasant thing, but the Master knows it has not been such service as it should have been. May my children do better than I have done. I pray that my health may hold out.

Meanwhile the effects of the European war were still being felt in Cameroun. Not only the Mission, but the government and the traders as well, were out of basic commodities. Lack of medicines and surgical supplies had brought medical work almost to a standstill. Food was still scarce; bread was rarely seen. But the greatest shortage of all was in personnel.

Efulan Station, which was without a doctor, witnessed a tragedy in the death of the Rev. Mr. Heminger. A leopard had been prowling about the Hill, carrying off goats and chickens. Mr. Heminger set a trap, and in testing it, was fatally shot. Before Dr. Lehman could get to him from Elat, gangrene had set in; help had arrived too late.

Dr. Silas, tired, thin, and with much of his usual vigor gone, went home to America to recuperate and to rejoin his family from whom he had been separated for three years.

When, after furlough, he returned again to the land of his adoption, Laura, Ruth, and William went with him. At Cherbourg they were joined by Lois, who after teaching for a year in the Indian Government School at Ft. Mojave, Arizona, had received her appointment to the West Africa Mission. She had been studying in France for six months. Within a year Mary also was appointed. Mary was now a registered nurse, with hospital experience at the U. S. military camp in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was assigned to the MacLean Hospital, while Lois was sent to Efulan. It was with a very great sense of privilege that Lois traced and retraced the steps up and down the steep Efulan hill, along the path so often trod by those who had gone on before.

The doctor noted in his journal, "I have never by any word of mine sought to direct any of my children to Africa, but I *have* done a lot of praying. It is a very great joy to see Lois and Mary take up the torch laid down by their mother many years ago."

27. Changing Africa

It was a changing Africa to which Dr. Silas returned in the year 1922. Cameroun had been formally pronounced a French mandate under the League of Nations. Yaounde was made the official capital of the mandate, and the French were applying themselves vigorously to the development of their territory. Work was begun on the lengthening of the railroad eighty miles farther into the interior, to connect Yaounde with the

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port of Douala, an ambitious undertaking that entailed hewing through tracts of jungle, bridging turbulent rivers, filling in swamps, and blasting through rock. Very little machinery was used. Rather, thousands of native laborers were drafted for the project, many of whom lost their lives during the months of enforced labor and crowded camp conditions. Hundreds fled the country to avoid the required service. But when at last the road was open, and the tiny engine began puffing and chugging and whistling its leisurely way through the hills and forests, the benefits to the country become manifest. Europeans and Africans alike profited by the many blessings it was able to provide.

As for the missionaries, the extended line marked a new era. No longer was it necessary for them and their baggage to be rowed over the treacherous Kribi Bar and carried through the pounding surf to the beach. It was now possible to disembark at Suelaba, in the Wuri River, and be transported by tender twenty miles up the river to Douala, there to board the train which would arrive in Yaounde some twelve hours later. Dutch and German steamers, however, continued to call at Kribi.

Gradually, with improvement in gravel roads and the importation of trucks and motor cars, the long, picturesque caravans of carriers began to disappear from the African trails. Porters laid down their head loads; "chair men" dropped the shafts of the one-wheeled chairs in which European travelers for decades had been wont to travel. Within a few years extensive itineration in areas inaccessible by car was brought almost to a standstill by the refusal of African men to burden themselves, even for a price, with the white man's indispensable impedimenta. Gradually the wives of the missionaries resigned themselves to remaining at the stations while their husbands, with a minimum of camp equipment, went afoot into the jungle outposts. Fortunately, dirt roads have since so

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multiplied that the majority of church centers can now be reached by car or pickup truck.

The new development posed other problems for the Mission, among these the spiritual one which was to mark the gradual ending of an era in the history of the African Church. As commercial men and traders poured off the trains, drove their trucks off into the far reaches of the mandate, and set up their shops and markets along the crooked trails that criss-cross the Cameroun forests, the glitter of their gaudy wares quickly caught and dazzled the eyes of untutored Africans, bringing in materialism with a crash. Mission employees, such as trained teachers speaking excellent French, able medical assistants, industrial men, young catechists, found themselves in great demand for government and commercial service. Enjoying a good reputation for honesty, morality, and exceptional ability, they were sought after as clerks, office boys, interpreters, teachers, carpenters, mechanics and "motor boys," at wages far above what either the Church or the Mission could pay. As a result a craze for fine clothes, bicycles, phonographs, lamps, watches, flashlights, jewelery—a thousand and one things that only money could buy—swept the country, and the eyes of Christian converts, whose gaze had long been fixed on things eternal, swerved to temporal novelties which could be seen, coveted, and handled. The day of mass conversions appeared to be over. Days of testing and trial, and of personal sacrifice, had come.

To the glory of the Cameroun Church, the record shows that hundreds of loyal Christian men remained faithful in their service to the Church and to their Lord. Resisting the lure of the franc, they contented themselves with little of this world's goods, and sought to store up treasures in Heaven. Still, the turnover in trained mission employees became an ever-increasing problem in the years that followed.

Despite these circumstances, however, great advance had

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been achieved for the Mission. The difficult task of making the transition from a German to a French educational system was successfully accomplished by newly-assigned French-speaking missionaries, most of them Swiss, and excellent schools were again operating throughout Cameroun. Among pupils and teachers many young men who had begun their education in German were forced to switch, mid-stream, to the French tongue, a feat that demonstrates beyond question that the African has extraordinary linguistic ability.

The Mission kept pace with governmental developments of the capital by establishing a new station at Yaounde. A beautiful site was chosen on a hill some distance from the metropolis, a location which today affords a magnificent view not only of the surrounding hills, but also of the sprawling city with its large airport, its busy commercial center with modern shops and markets, its well-planned residential district, and the crowded slums, together with cathedrals and churches, a large tobacco factory, hospitals, schools, parks, clubhouses, and miles of good motor roads.

Located at Metet, Dr. Silas wrote to family and friends that he was, as usual, "Jack of all trades":

The schools are all in session; we are putting in the crops; the building program is continuing; tax gatherers are pestering the people for money they do not possess; many sick await me at the hospital; and I must get a sermon ready for tomorrow morning.

The "sick awaiting at the hospital," always presented a wide variety of ailments. One man had been attacked by a wild boar, having both his arms and knees ripped by the tusks. Another had been mauled by a gorilla so that in many places his flesh was torn to the bone. A workman who had been bitten by a horned viper, died nine hours later. Palm wine containing poison from the bark of a tree caused the death of another patient. Once a man staggered to the hospital door

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with a deep gash in his abdomen which had been inflicted by his angry wife. A missionary drove in from Yaounde with an injured foot, his motorcycle having turned over when he hit three ostriches asleep on the motor road.

The pitiful lot of African mothers tore at Dr. Silas' heart, as the following entries in his diaries disclose:

A woman was just carried in from a town fifty miles away. She had been three days in labor and the baby was long since dead. It was a difficult case, but the patient is now doing nicely.

I have just discharged a case of snake bite—a girl of about seventeen years, and pregnant. She was in great pain; the bite was a nasty one, and her whole abdomen was quite distended, but she made a good recovery.

Today I treated a girl who had been given native medicine and had been unconscious for days. There is another woman in the same ward who has been crazed by native medicine.

Such cases as these would be admittedly difficult, even with proper facilities available for caring for them. But, although the dispensary building at Metet was in fairly good condition, the wards were exceedingly primitive and unsatisfactory, bark and mat structures, where fifty or sixty might find a place to lie down, but with accommodations no better than those found in village huts. "Large numbers coming to the hospital for relief must go to the nearby villages for such lodging as may be found," wrote the doctor. "There is no lack of patients, medical or surgical; one is ever allured by the limitless opportunity of the field, and appalled by the meagre force of workers available here as at all interior stations."

In 1922 the Mission, and the Johnson family in particular, enjoyed the visit of Mrs. William M. Weller, then president of the large missionary society of Immanuel Church. Not only did Mrs. Weller's blithe spirit greatly refresh and encourage the missionaries, but her enthusiastic report upon return to her home church resulted in a special gift of \$1,500 for work

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among the Yebekolo and Mekaé tribes to the east of Metet.

In February of 1923 the doctor's daughter, Lois, was married to the Rev. Joseph McNeill, who was then in his fourth year of service in the West Africa Mission. After a civil ceremony at the government post of Ebolowa, the bridal pair put-putted by motorcycle over the rough trail to Metet. There, in a secluded clearing in the forest, beneath a towering kapok tree whose flying buttresses formed a silver-gray alcove in the jungle cathedral, the family and friends gathered at the sunset hour for the religious ceremony. Little five-year-old William stepped forward to the Rev. Harry C. Neely, proffering a ring hidden in the heart of a rose, the same golden circlet which, nearly thirty years before, the father of the bride had slipped onto the slender finger of his Mary. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, the party adjourned to the Johnson house to complete the festivities.

This Johnson house at Metet was shortly to become the scene of a new experiment in the Mission. The problem of the primary education of missionary children had long baffled busy mothers, not all of whom were fitted to teach their own children, even with the detailed help of the Calvert Correspondence Course, and few of whom could find the time to undertake the task in addition to the heavy burden of missionary activities. Therefore it was felt by many that the time had come to establish a small boarding school on the field, with a missionary family in charge of the dormitory and a qualified teacher for the classes.

The experiment began with a teacher borrowed from the mission staff, and with Dr. Silas and Laura serving as "house-parents" to their own two children and to two children from other stations. The trial was quickly pronounced a success. A regular teacher was procured; the school grew; and soon it was felt that a larger residence should be made available for the dormitory. That same year Dr. Silas was left with the re-

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sponsibility for a large area of the Mission. A more central location was desirable, so the Johnsons and the school were both moved to Elat.

Within a few years the little school became well established in a large two-story brick dormitory dubbed *Ononobete* (Bird Perch) accommodating twenty to thirty boarding pupils and a missionary family, and two teachers. Classes were conducted in a little red brick schoolhouse called "Hope School," named for the donor, Mr. Fred H. Hope. A building erected in 1956 houses the classes of the junior high school. Scores of missionary and European children have passed through these portals, and Hope School alumni cherish happy memories of their "Mish kids" pals, while today's families are spared, or may at least postpone, the pangs of separation till a later date than was imperative in former years.

But let us return to the year 1924. As the Central Hospital building on Enonga Hill was as yet barely begun, Dr. Silas carried on his medical work in a temporary shack at Elat, which meant a long climb up and down the hill each day, and a struggle to carry on clinical work with meagre equipment. Besides what limited medical work he could do, he shared in the activities of the station, supervising the schools, teaching Sunday school classes, and taking his turn in the pulpit. Only after the stars came out, the workmen had ceased their hammering, and the children had been tucked in bed, could he turn to the exacting work that had occupied his evenings for so many years—the correcting of Bulu manuscripts.

One painstaking job of proofreading, however, lay forever behind him. In 1925 the first shipment of New Testaments in Bulu arrived in the African bush. At every station in the Bulu-speaking part of the Mission, eager hands pried open the large wooden cases, tore off the waterproof wrappings, and brought to light the precious volumes, which were snatched up by Christian Bulus as drowning men grasp at a lifeline.

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This complete edition of the New Testament was the composite work of several missionary translators, of whom Dr. Silas was the only layman. He also assisted in the preparation in Bulu of portions of the Old Testament, which were printed on the mission press.

28. Gorilla-Built Chapel

During his furlough in 1925, Dr. Silas again faced the necessity of returning to Africa alone, leaving Laura in Los Angeles to care for the children who were now too far advanced for Hope School. Accordingly, he purchased a modest cottage on Ettrick Street in Los Angeles, and installed the family there.

The Mission was now expanding and lengthening its stakes. Yaounde station having been established and manned, another long step one hundred miles northward into the grassland was taken by opening a new outpost at Bafia, where the tide of Islam was sweeping down from the north. Dr. Silas rejoiced in having an indirect part in this new venture through his two daughters: the McNeills pioneered in the field in 1925, while Mary, who in 1927 married the Rev. W. Darst Newhouse, went that year with her husband to the new station.

In the eastern part of Cameroun the doctor's dreams for the founding of a mission station among the Mekaé and Yebe-kolo tribes at last came true with the assignment of missionaries to Abong Mbang, 350 miles inland, and 150 miles from Yaounde. As with several other stations of the Mission, Abong Mbang received from the Africans a new name, Nköl Mvolan

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(Hill of Help), a fitting tribute to the missionaries who first went there to serve, but a greater tribute still to the gospel the missionaries proclaimed.

This new field presented problems, among them the scourge of sleeping sickness, which swept over the country to infect an estimated 100,000 of the population. Mention has already been made of Mvondo Ngbwa, one of thirty-two mission teachers who died in the area. One missionary, Mrs. Philip J. May, contracted the dread disease and was sent home to the United States, but subsequently recovered. By dint of heroic effort, in which the mission doctors shared, the government at length succeeded in checking this scourge. Dr. Jamot, whose prodigious labors were largely responsible for the victory, was honored by a special issue of French postage stamps.

In December of 1927 a great joy came to Dr. Silas, that of speaking at the dedication of the new brick chapel at Central Hospital. The building had been made possible by a gift from Mr. Culbertson, who had been a guest of Dr. H. L. Weber and the Mission. During his visit he had gone elephant hunting, and had brought back a baby gorilla which became much attached to him, clinging to him, riding on his hip in true African fashion, or sitting on his motorcycle. Mr. Culbertson eventually sold the baby, and with the sale price as a starting point, built the much-needed chapel.

After the dedicatory service, Dr. Silas remained at Elat for five months. "I am busy at this big hospital," he wrote, "but I seem to be keeping up with the job pretty well for an old codger. I have not missed a whole day's work this term. This morning Dr. Austin R. Wolfe and I did five operations, besides the regular clinic work and examination of patients."

This brief period at Central Hospital was perhaps the only time in all the years of his medical labors in Africa during which Dr. Silas enjoyed the facilities of a really good place in which to work. The new U-shaped building, of brick,

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cement and tile, had two well-equipped wings on either side of a central court—one with classrooms, examining rooms and laboratory, the other with a large operating room, a dental parlor, and supply rooms. Already in 1928 Central Hospital was being proclaimed far and wide as one of the finest on the entire West Coast. Running water, steam boilers, electric lights, X-ray machine, refrigerating units, sterilizers, and other modern equipment lent to the medical work an efficiency that was a far cry from the primitive makeshift practices of former years.

A short distance from the hospital plant, overlooking the western hills and Ebolowa, an attractive brick residence was built for the physician in charge. Connected with it by a long veranda, a four-room ward was erected for European patients. This was later named the "Silas F. Johnson Pavilion." In its quiet rooms countless missionaries have been nursed back to health, scores of infants have been born and given loving care, and patients of many nationalities from the four corners of Cameroun and its neighboring territories have received expert treatment.

Down on the slope a little below the crest of the hill, during that year of Dr. Silas' sojourn at Elat, an attractive U-shaped bungalow of brick and tile was built. It was named the McBurney Nursery, in honor of the doctor's friend who had given the money for it several years before.

It is well to go ahead of our story and describe Central Hospital at Elat as it has developed, since Dr. Silas had so much to do with its founding. The original one-room dental department of the hospital burst through the walls of its early confines and sprouted a full-fledged *Nda Mesôn* (House of Teeth) of its own, between the nursery and the hospital. The fine building, the gift of Irvin L. Young of Chicago, is dedicated to Dr. H. L. Weber, the mission's first dentist, and to Endelemang, the chief African dentist. In its shining rooms a score of ap-

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prentices and African dentists under the supervision of two missionary dentists care for hundreds of African and European patients each year.

In 1957 a modern post-operative unit and a large up-to-date surgical pavilion were erected on Enonga Hill. In keeping with the modernization of the hospital, brick and cement residences were built for the medical and dental assistants and their families. Two additional residences house fraternal worker personnel. The hospital wards, which in former years were replicas of village huts, were replaced by neat brick houses with cement floors and wooden beds. The patients still provide their own bedding, food, and care, bringing members of their own families to cook for and nurse them. For the increasing number of patients who can afford better quarters, there are rooms supplied with spring beds, mattresses, and furniture.

In spite of the high salaries offered to medical employees in government service, there are many Africans who have served Mission or Church for thirty years or more. Several have been decorated by the French colonial government for meritorious service. The veteran African medical assistant, John Bulla Mfum of Central Hospital, served more than forty years in mission hospitals. In 1955 he went by plane to America for treatment following a leg amputation, which had been performed at Central Hospital, but he died shortly after his return to Africa.

Central Hospital recently reported a missionary staff of three doctors, three nurses, and an African staff of thirty-seven medical assistants. The hospital, with 250 beds, cared for 1,760 major operative cases and 4,136 hospitalized patients, and in the same period 200 persons, during their stay at Enonga, made confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as Savior.

To return to Dr. Silas: in 1928 he took on an added responsibility, that of monthly trips to Foulassi Station, where a large

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dispensary was operated, in charge of a missionary nurse. It was not unusual for him to find 150 patients lined up waiting for "the needle," and fifty women waiting for pelvic examinations. These trips afforded also a brief visit with the McNeills who were stationed there at that time, a visit doubly enjoyed because of little Mary Louise McNeill, the doctor's first grandchild, then one year old.

In June of that year 1928 Mary Lou and a second grandchild, Lois Margaret Newhouse, made history in the Mission when their parents held them up for baptism during the Sunday vesper service of annual meeting. The officiating minister was the Rev. W. Reginald Wheeler, Secretary for West Africa, who, together with the Rev. Robert M. Russell, a member of the Board, was then visiting the Mission. This double baptismal service for two third-generation missionary babies was an episode without precedent in the West Africa Mission.

Before leaving for his furlough and a reunion with his family, Dr. Silas made another visit to his beloved Mekaé, and wrote as follows:

I have just made a delightful trip to the region where I made the first visit of a white man to the cannibal tribes in the east. For sixteen years I have worked and planned and prayed for this field, and will continue to do so while I live. We are building a new station there. For the first 180 miles I rode my motorcycle, and then went fifty miles on foot, enjoying it all immensely. The villages were swarming with people, among them many young men I had taught in Metet schools. I stood the trip all right, but found lots of work stacked up when I got back, having been gone sixteen days, a long vacation for me.

This Mekaé-Yebekolo outpost work was being supported largely by gifts from Immanuel Church in Los Angeles, where a Metet Committee had been formed. On each annual "Metet Day" thousands of dollars were contributed for the frontier

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work, until ultimately the Mission was able to include the project in its annual budget.

Dr. Silas arrived in Los Angeles just too late for the dedicatory service in Immanuel Church's beautiful new sanctuary on May 5, 1929. A few Sundays later he spoke in it for the first time, and the collection taken that morning for Africa passed the \$1,800 mark.

On July 30 the church gave a beautiful reception to honor Dr. Silas and Laura on their silver wedding anniversary. A few months later the doctor made this entry in his journal:

I am still in the hands of the dentist, the doctors, and the specialists, but hope to be quite a decent guy by the time they are through with me.

The return to Africa after their furlough of 1930 was a new experience for both Dr. Silas and his wife, for they went for the first time alone, as all the children were left in high schools and colleges in the United States. It gave them a strange feeling of incompleteness, a feeling shared by missionary parents everywhere, not to mention their children.

Another new experience was in store for them upon their arrival. At Sakbayeme, in the Basa-speaking field formerly cared for by the Basle Mission, the mission doctor had resigned, and Dr. Silas was asked to take over until a new appointee could reach the field. This assignment meant working with medical assistants and patients whose language he did not understand. Not only this, but once again he found himself in objectionable surroundings and with no adequate equipment. "Rotten operating room, and instruments—horrible!" he wrote tersely.

And yet, within a few hours of his arrival, after a truck ride over atrociously rutted roads, he operated on two strangulated hernias that seemed hopeless. "But God helped, and the men lived," he recorded gratefully.

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Until his own instruments could arrive from Metet, the doctor began turning away as many operative cases as his tender heart could resist. However, his diary reports in that interval the saving of a mother and child in the hardest obstetrical case that he had ever seen, a difficult breech presentation that had been imminent for several days. A simpler case was that of a mother who, having walked ten miles through the forest, arrived at the hospital a few minutes before her baby was born. One hectic night, it is recorded, an army of driver ants and three baby cases arrived all at the same time. One day the interim doctor reported 384 intravenous injections of Neosalvarsan given in a single morning clinic.

Many times a day Dr. Silas interrupted his strenuous medical program to supervise the work gang that was making extensive repairs on the dilapidated buildings, or to oversee the work of the schoolboys in the gardens, or inspect the brick kiln where bricks were being made for a permanent hospital plant. And even here at Sakbayeme this chairman of the Literature Committee spent long night hours poring over Bulu manuscripts of *Cowen's Church History*, the Psalms, and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

It is small wonder that the rugged physique of the physician who, for thirty-six years had given every ounce of his strength to Africa, began to show signs of strain. Providentially, the new doctor, Walter H. Clothier, M.D., arrived at Sakbayeme in time to put his senior colleague to bed after his first heart attack in August, and to keep him there during the subsequent periods of irregular pulse and high blood pressure.

Providential it was, too, that Dr. Clothier was present in October when Dr. Silas suffered the painful accident described in a letter to his brother:

I have my head and right hand all bandaged up so that I look like a deep sea diver. Yesterday I went to light the alcohol lamp to test some urine, and no sooner did the lighted match touch the wick

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than it exploded with a loud noise, and the fluid, all aflame, was thrown over my face and neck. I rushed out into the operating room, and my African nurse, Eyinga, grabbed a sheet from the operating table and wrapped my head and neck tightly, and the assistant nurse poured a pail of water over my head. Fortunately, Dr. Clothier came in a few more minutes and gave me first aid dressings.

I walked a quarter of a mile up to the house, where they removed the outer layer of skin from my face and bandaged the dressing on, leaving eye holes, and one hole for my mouth. For an hour I was in such pain as I never experienced before, but it is no longer painful. There will not be much, if any, scarring, and I am thankful to God and Eyinga that my eyes are all right. I am able to attend to the brick yard and the oil press and the work gangs.

As if to add insult to injury, an "eye worm" (*Filaria Loa*) took up residence in the doctor's bandaged arm. These dreaded parasites, which enter the skin through the bite of a yellow fly (*ôsun*), are one of the most painful and annoying pests with which residents of West Africa have to contend. The germ develops into a thread-like worm an inch or more in length and causes swellings so distressing that the sufferer may be incapacitated for a season. Only in recent years has a partially successful remedy, Hetrazan, been found. Through the years Dr. Silas had removed many of these worms from his wife's eyes and had even, with the help of his medical assistants, taken them from himself when they were visible under the skin of his body.

29. Deliverance Day

In 1930, after seven and a half months in Sakbayeme, Dr. Silas and Laura were happy to return "home" to Metet. They were welcomed noisily and heartily by their African friends, and by daughter Mary and her husband and the two children, who were then members of Metet station. They found the historic "paper house" of 1908 torn down to make way for a new brick residence. Using discarded material, a small temporary cottage was built for the Johnsons, into which they moved in time to celebrate Dr. Silas' sixty-fifth birthday.

Metet now boasted a fine new school compound consisting of eight brick dormitories and classrooms. The new motor road from the beach passed through the station grounds and connected with the railroad, the terminal of which was the capital city of Cameroun.

During the following months, the Metet hospital was enlarged by the addition of a new obstetrical ward, while the dispensary building shed its mat covering in favor of a new roof of zinc. Before long the old church building of bark and thatch was also torn down, and for many weeks services were held in the open, the congregation worshipping in the shade of the tall palm trees, while the task of rebuilding was undertaken. The new building then erected was the last structure of native materials that was to occupy the site. In 1957 a beautiful large church of brick, cement, and tile was completed. In the shadow of the old dispensary building stands a modern brick hospital with a surgical unit, a dental department, examining rooms, and supply rooms. And in the center of the compound, easily accessible to staff and patients alike, is a beautiful little white chapel where services are held daily, as they were once

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held in the shade of the flamboyant trees Dr. Silas planted so many years ago.

For many years mission doctors had been doing what they could for the hundreds of leprosy patients encountered in their clinical examinations. Near Metet, Dr. Silas conducted an out-clinic where about one hundred patients who were able to walk from home received regular treatment. But he was anxious to establish a colony where the patients could be isolated and given better care.

In March of 1931 the government had given permission for such a colony to be established, and granted a tract of land for that purpose about one mile from Metet Station. The doctor at once set about clearing the land and all leprosy patients who were able to handle a cutlass were put to work. Trees were cut to provide timber for houses, for a chapel, and a school. Palm leaf mats were woven for roofing. Those who could do so built their own homes; those whose ravaged bodies were incapable of such labor were given small dwellings in which to live, houses that were constructed at the cost of five dollars apiece.

The funds for the treatment of the patients came partly from the American Leprosy Mission and partly from private gifts. A personal friend offered Dr. Silas a car to facilitate his work, but he asked if the gift might not be applied instead to the building of the leprosarium, and the request was granted.*

Within a few months the colony grew from thirty to seventy-seven patients, which was all the doctor felt should be accepted

* The leprosy work thus begun at that early date developed through the years, but became more centralized. The largest concerted effort was made at Ndjazeng, a colony built and maintained by the American Leprosy Mission, and staffed by Presbyterian missionaries, The Rev. Albert E. Whiley and his wife Helen, a trained nurse. Here a beautiful modern hospital building, dedicated in 1955, ministers to 1,400 patients from all parts of Cameroun and Gaboon. Scores of patients are released every year as "symptom free," and are returned to their villages cleansed, not only in body but in spirit as well.

Deliverance Day

until the gardens began to bear and more houses were built. The patients received regular treatment and gradually began to show improvement.

Similar camps were springing up all over the Mission. In 1929 five colonies were caring for more than 1,000 leprosy patients. In August of 1931, after Dr. Silas visited the colony at the new station of *Nkól Mvolan*, he wrote home:

Today was "Needle Day" at the mission leprosarium, and I wish all Immanuel Church could have been there to see what I saw, one hundred lepers who were also victims of sleeping sickness. A most pitiable sight! We gave them intravenous injections of trypanamide for the sleeping sickness, a treatment that must be repeated weekly for twelve weeks. After that they will be given an interval of rest during which time they will be given injections of Chaulmestral for the cure of leprosy. These treatments must be continued for several years. Fairly mild cases of leprosy in an otherwise healthy person usually yield to constant treatment in four or five years. Many of the patients at *Nkól Mvolan* were children from five to twelve years of age, but the disease is not confined to any age. My heart greatly rejoices as I see the great progress being made in this Mekaé field. May God bless everyone who has had any part in it.

After that visit to *Nkól Mvolan*, Dr. Silas pressed on northward to the grasslands of Cameroun. He visited the government hospital at Batouri, and also the new mission station there of the Seventh Day Adventists. He walked across the flat plains broken here and there by low hills, and visited little mushroom villages almost hidden in the tall cane grass. The largest of these, a town consisting of scores of circular thatched huts built around a central cluster, was the royal domain of the King of the Kaka tribe, one of the most primitive tribes of Cameroun. The Kaka king had a large harem; tall, shapely women of darker hue than the Bulu, and completely nude, their sole attire being a short stick thrust through one nostril, and old coins woven into their hair.

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Many years passed before a missionary was sent to the Kaka tribe, but at length a flourishing station has developed, complete with church, hospital and wards, schools and dormitories and missionary residences, all built of permanent materials. One section of the field became the scene of the first missionary outreach into a pioneer field through the sending and supporting of a Basa pastor and helpers by the Basa Synod, with no financial help whatever from America.

September 8, 1931, a unique celebration was held in the large thatched church at Elat. The Africans, having seen French celebrations on the fourteenth of July, and having heard of the American holiday of July 4th, conceived the idea of a celebration to commemorate the coming of the Gospel to their country. They named their festival *Evamelunga* (Deliverance from the Curse of Sin). The date set was the day which had marked the arrival of Dr. A. C. Good in Bululand. Dr. Silas, the only white man in Cameroun who had seen Dr. Good before he died at Efulan, was invited to take part in this first celebration at Elat. The church was crammed with 3,000 persons. An African choir sang some original numbers. The Rev. A. I. Good, who in 1909 had taken up the torch dropped by his pioneer father, spoke fittingly of the progress of the gospel in Cameroun since those beginning days. The most impressive part of the service, however, was the period thrown open for general participation. Men and women rose in their seats and one after another gave thrilling personal testimony to the power that had freed them from their former fears and degradation. Gray-haired women dwelt dramatically on the brutalities of *melu mvus* (the old days), on the indignities heaped upon them as slaves and chattels, the abuses practiced upon them by heathen husbands. One oft-repeated plaint was, "In the old days, if a man saw a woman standing in the street, and asked another man, 'Za le?' (Who is that?), the reply would be, 'Te ke'e mô't' (No one). Women were nothing but

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a *jôm* (a thing), not worthy to be counted human." Among the hundreds of mature women seated in that assembly, few there were who had not experienced these indignities in their lifetime, and as their sisters spoke, there went up from the floor an assenting chorus: "Ya! A ne nalé! Nalé fo'o! Akeval!" (Yes! It was thus! Thus indeed! Thanks be!).

Evamelunga is still celebrated throughout Cameroun, but those who can speak from personal experience of the horrors of heathen practices grow fewer in number, while those who can give personal testimony to the power of Christ as they have known it throughout their lives now number tens of thousands.

A little more than a year later, on New Year's Day, 1933, the large new brick church at Elat was dedicated to the Lord. Dr. Silas and the many missionaries present thrilled at the sight of the vast crowd of 12,000 men, women and children which assembled for the occasion. It was necessary to hold three successive services, each attended by more than 3,000 persons, who packed to capacity the main floor and the three large balconies.

The missionaries were saddened by the thought that the young mission architect, Jim Allen, who had supplied the plan so beautifully materialized before their eyes, was not present; he had died suddenly only three months before. Ted Cozzens, with the able and enthusiastic support of the Rev. D. Coe Love, then pastor of Elat Church, had brought the project, the largest building project ever attempted within the Mission, to a successful conclusion. Although financial aid had been received from America for construction costs, all of the borrowed money was eventually returned and the edifice stands today as an achievement of the Elat Church, which was for many years (until its division into several congregations) the largest Presbyterian church in the world, with a membership of over seven thousand communicants.

30. The Homegoing

Time was now running out for the veteran doctor of the Mission. Dr. Silas was increasingly conscious of his physical limitations, having been repeatedly warned by his fellows that he must slow down. His letters made frequent reference to the swift passage of time. He wrote:

It will not be many years before we will all be through with this life and enter into that better one, along with our dear ones who have gone before. With this in view I hope to give myself, more and more, to doing all I can for the cause of our Lord while I have the chance. . . . I presume it is doubtful if I will be allowed to come out another term, but that is in God's hands and is not my "palaver." . . . I find I cannot do as much hard work nor keep it up as long as I used to. I do hope, however, to do a good lot before I go home, as the chances are I will be put on the retired list and have to stay in the U.S.A. I think I have preached every Sunday but one since I came back to Metet. The harvest is great and the laborers few—and on the jump. . . . Our paths of service may differ widely but they will all terminate at the same beautiful gate, and then what joy in His presence! I am so glad for the promise that His servants shall *serve* Him there. Could there be a greater joy?

But the final voyage home was not to come quite so soon as the Johnsons had expected. When the pantry was down to its last row of provisions, and trunks and boxes were packed, there came a surprise; the doctor promptly called it a "break."

In 1932 the Board of Foreign Missions suffered a \$300,000 deficit, and the Mission was sorely affected by the depression. Missionary salaries were cut ten per cent. "We do not mind in the least," Dr. Silas wrote. "God is still our God, and we expect to keep on eating three times a day." The cut in ap-

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propriations for institutional work and the cut in salaries for African workers was a serious handicap, but somehow the work continued.

By the following year, however, the deficit had increased to \$600,000. Salaries were cut another ten per cent and the Mission wrote to the Board expressing its willingness to help by deferring furloughs. The Johnsons and others were asked to remain over for a fourth year, if necessary. Dr. Silas wrote home the following note:

I thought we had written our last letter home; we had our trunks and boxes packed, and steamer passage engaged; but God has allowed us the privilege of remaining for another year.

Our salaries have been cut twenty per cent but we shall not suffer; we will just trust God and go forward.

When I had expected to go home in April, I was happy that Austin R. Wolfe, M.D. had been assigned to Metet Hospital. When we were asked to remain over, there was a lusty plea for us to spend the rest of our time in Africa at Efulan Station, among old friends and sweet memories. So that is the plan.

When it was drummed out into the villages of Metet that their beloved Nnôm Ngee was to leave for Efulan, the wailing went up as for one dead. On that last Sunday the drum beside the church throbbed out the message that the "Dokita" would *ya'an* (say good-bye) at the morning service.

The new Metet church was packed with hundreds of sorrowing Africans who had known and loved their "Dokita" for more than twenty years. Tears trembled in dark eyes and a sigh went up like a soft wind over a troubled sea. "We knew we would never see him again on earth. He died to us that day, and we buried him deep in our hearts."

There were tears in the doctor's eyes, too, as he spoke his final words, "*Taba'an mvo'é*" (Abide in peace).

August found the Johnsons unpacking their loads in the house on Efulan hilltop. Old friends of former days welcomed

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them with open arms, wrinkled brown arms which had grown thin and weak through the intervening years.

Efulan was not the same, however; the old Efulan was vanishing from off the Hill. The long steep incline had been deemed too tedious to climb, and the whole station was being moved down to a new site in the valley, where a new church, school, missionary residence, and small brick dispensary had

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been erected. The big bark house on the Hill was being dismantled and moved to the new compound.

If the doctor's heart was heavy at the thought of abandoning that lone grave where he and his colleagues had stood to bid farewell to that valiant pioneer, A. C. Good, nearly forty years before, he did not show it. With characteristic practicality he admitted that in many ways the new site would be better and entered into the task of demolition and rebuilding with zest.

When for the first time a Sunday service was held in the new chapel in the valley, it was Dr. Silas who preached the sermon. The following Sunday he rejoiced to see 2,240 persons gather for the first communion service there. His mind kept going back to that first little company of six believers gathering about the Lord's table so long ago.

On March 4 he preached his last sermon in Bulu, his final message to the Africa he loved. His text was: "Behold I go to prepare a place for you." Already he was looking Heavenward. Already he was longing for the Metet friends he would see no more until they met in the "place prepared."

On Saturday, March 17, he lifted his eyes for the last time to the Hill of memories, then, bidding farewell to Efulan, he turned away. The following day he attended the Sunday morning service in the great Elat church and offered the closing prayer—his last prayer in Bululand.

On March 27, 1934, at four in the afternoon, he stood motionless on the deck of the SS *Maaskerk* as the anchor was pulled up and the ship began to steam slowly northward. *Dokita Nnôm Ngee*, his eyes blurred with tears, watched the blue hills and the silver sands of the Cameroun coastline recede from view, and when there was nothing left but a thin dark line between sky and sea he said softly, with aching throat, "*Me keya. A bone bam, taba 'an mvo'é.*" ("I have gone. Oh my children, stay in peace").

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At home in California once more among old friends the doctor rested and relaxed; he was very weary. But as the months wore on, and he realized more and more keenly that his active service in Africa was ended and that he was never to return, his spirit flagged. True, he could still tell the churches about the triumphs of the gospel in Africa, and he did; he could still pray for his African friends, and this, too, he did. But his heart yearned for his brothers across the sea. During his last illness he spoke constantly and longingly of "going home," and on the 19th of April, 1936, God granted his wish and took him to Himself.

The atmosphere of the farewell service held in Immanuel Church on April 22 was not one of sadness, but rather of triumphant joy in the recent promotion of a beloved and faithful messenger of the King, a personal pride and satisfaction in the honor that had come to an intimate friend.

From the platform, Dr. Hugh K. Walker, former pastor of Immanuel Church, spoke feelingly of his long association with his friend, Silas. "To me he seemed the greatest of all men I have known during my forty years in Los Angeles," he said.

A tribute given by Mr. Glen Huntsburger, who had known Silas since their early days in Los Angeles, was the most touching part of the service:

Our Dr. Johnson, raised in and sent out by our Immanuel Church and its progenitor, has represented us in Christianity's fight in West Africa. We have remained here in our comfortable homes and beautiful climate while he has carried on in Africa. Our contribution has been financial and it has not hurt us to give it; but he gave his life. Already the wooden drums have beaten out their doleful message to his African brothers. His heart was with them, his friends of forty years, and his spirit will brood over them throughout their lives. Not only the sands of time bear the footprints of Dr. Silas Johnson, but the sands, the bush, the grasslands of the Cameroun today bear innumerable footprints of this hero of the Cross.

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If the life of Dr. Johnson means anything to us, it must be a tremendous inspiration for us all to carry on what he so nobly began.

I say now to my friend, as he so often said to me, *Tabé'e mvo'é* (Rest in peace).

Postlude

Twenty years had passed.

On New Year's Day, 1956, Mary Newhouse and I, her sister Lois, stood on what to us was hallowed ground: Efulan Station, where our father last preached and healed and served. The Sunday morning service in the large concrete church was impressively conducted by a dignified young African minister, a second generation Christian, and the son of a pastor. After the benediction, at our request those in the congregation who had been present in 1900 when Efulan Church was organized, remained to greet us.

They stood in a line out under the blazing sun, thirty gray-haired men and women, and as we clasped their hands in ours, we were overwhelmed with the wonder of the miracle we saw mirrored in their dark eyes, the miracle of the Tribe of God that in the brief lifetime of these "children of the forest," had grown from six to 83,000 communicant members in 155 organized churches served by 86 African pastors, organized in an independent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Cameroun.

Gradually the group drifted away until only four remained, three men and one blind woman. We led them back into the church for a longer visit. How can one tell of the joy that throbbed like an African drum in our hearts as we learned that this sightless woman was none other than Mezene, the first Bulu girl to be taken into the little bark home of Mary

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Johnson on the top of old Efulan Hill? Mezene, who in the early days had caused heartache and despair; Mezene, the forerunner of African womanhood redeemed and made free to walk in the new Pathway of Life!

The men? There was old Nkôm me Tembe, who was just a small boy when first taken into the house to help as steward. Five years old, he says he was, and too young to know what it was all about, but he remained faithful through many years and came to know whom and what he believed, and he has remained true to this day.

The second, and eldest of the three, was Monembama, who said, "Ah yes, we knew and loved your father well. I was his right hand man in the compound, the overseer of the workmen and the schoolboys, and he trusted me much."

But it was Nsomoto Obam, the big man with the jolly fat face and the rollicking laughter, who captured our hearts and whom I shall remember as long as I live! This was the one-time "wash-boy" . . . and could we doubt it when he turned to my sister and declared with emphatic pride, "It was I who washed your diapers!"

We led him on, encouraging his memory, and little by little he warmed to his subject until at length, in response to my plea for a demonstration of the drum name and the drum call of the old "Ngees," he rose slowly to his feet, left the pew and walked to the broad aisle at the back of the church. He needed room for that big body of his. While we looked, the silence of the church was suddenly shattered by a low growl that rose, increasing in volume, to an unearthly howl that sent chills racing down our spines as he reached the climax and then began the low menacing growl again. Before he ended, startled black eyes were peering through the windows of the church. Nsomoto's fat figure began to twist and curve and writhe in fantastic convolutions; he waddled and joggled his hips and torso in a fantastic dance movement. Then dramat-

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ically he stopped and burst into a wild song—the call of the Ngee. He sang with unrestrained arrogance:

A yeme ne se se!
A fetane mváe;
A sene se. Be wu'a mekoñ
Ko na a ñwu
Nde a nke ja.
 Wo ô ne koko
 Wo ô ne koko.

He stands firm, unflinching
He girds up his loins
 He crouches.
They throw their spears
Thinking to kill him,
 But he is gone!
Gone to his village.
 You, you are fearsome!
 You, you are fearsome!

The song ended. The singer's face crumpled. He spat contemptuously and sat down.

The church was silent. We were stunned. Hot tears stung my eyelids; my throat ached. It was too much, that awful picture of the past projected startlingly into this modern setting of a church with arched windows and familiar furnishings, the young pastor still in his black robe, and the rows of empty pews so recently filled by a large congregation. Nso-moto had plunged us back into the darkness of the jungle six decades ago, and a chill of horror still quivered in the air. The life of Silas Johnson, as the Christian Nnôm Ngee, never seemed more vivid to me, nor his years of ardent service more worthy, than in that revealing moment when the black with-

Postlude

ing shape of Yesterday stood so clearly revealed against the growing light of Today.

"We see the shadows gathering for flight,
The powers of Dawn dispel the brooding night,
The steadfast march of the triumphant light,
 Alleluia!

* THE END *

