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I. LITERARY.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

[Since the publication of my Father's sketches of Major James Morton in *The Union Seminary Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 2, (Nov.-Dec., '92) I have been so frequently asked if among my Father's papers there were any other memoranda of the men whom he knew in his early life, that I venture to send to you for preservation in a later publication, the accompanying article, giving his "Early Recollections of John Randolph." These recollections were published in the *Central Presbyterian* in 1859, and transferred from that paper to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then edited by John R. Thompson, Esq. (June, 1859, pp. 461-466). On p. 471 of same number and volume, Mr. Thompson makes the following editorial comment:

"We transfer to the pages of the Messenger this month from the *Central Presbyterian*, some pleasant recollections of John Randolph of Roanoke, which were contributed to that excellent paper by one who knew the gifted and eccentric orator and politician. As contributions to a work as yet unwritten, a full and impartial biography of one of the most remarkable men of his time, these sketches have a permanent value and it is with the view of placing them within ready access, as well as of presenting them to our readers, many of whom do not see the *Central Presbyterian*, that we surrender the space for their insertion to the exclusion of original material. It is a part of the Messenger's mission, which we never overlooked, to garner up all that relates to the past history of Virginia in the lives of her distinguished citizens, and thus give to the whole series of the Magazine a significance not possessed by periodicals devoted entirely to the literature of the day."

I take it, that it is also the mission of the *Seminary Magazine* as of the famed journal from which the extract is taken, "to garner up all that relates to the past history of Virginia in the lives of her distinguished citizens, and thus give to the whole series of the Magazine a significance not possessed by periodicals devoted entirely to the literature of the day." And specially to do this with reference to all that concerns the

III. MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

SOME CAUSES OF THE PRESENT IMPROVED HEALTH OF MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

REV. ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M. D., D. D.

[This paper was read before the International Missionary Union, held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 14-21, 1893. Thirty-two years ago, Dr. Nassau was sent out as a missionary by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., and, ever since, he has been doing faithful pioneer work in the Gaboon region on the west coast of Africa. Since the reading of this paper he has returned to his beloved field.—EDS.]

Undeniably there was great loss of life in the early history of missions to Africa. There is still much loss. But in the walks of commerce on the African coasts still greater loss existed and still exists. If you knew, as I do, how the majority of African traders live, you would not wonder at their mortality on moral grounds. Of course, the percentage of missionary deaths must be explained on other grounds.

1. *Hygienic.* Without wishing severely to criticise the noble men and women who first went out to Africa, I think a great cause of the former large number of early deaths on the field was a failure to recognize the limitations which climatic and other surroundings in a new country impose on the newly arrived foreigner. I sympathize with the earnest zeal of those brave men and women, burning to proclaim the gospel they carried as pioneers to Africa. But their zeal consumed them. Therefore, I think it wise to recognize and act on the limitations of one's environment, even if, as in Africa, in so doing, we become only half a man or half a woman. It is a painful situation for a zealous soul. But it is also simply one of the sacrifices we must make. I think that these pioneers attempted to eat, dress, live, act, work, and do just as they would have done in this country. Simply, we must *not* do so. Dress and food should be modified by the new temperature and vegetation; hours of work should not include the mid-day heat nor nightly damps; the number of hours of labor per day should be shortened, for the nervous strain of the somewhat wild life, and vigor should be governed by the general inability to per-

form accustomed tasks, under the debility that creeps over the African missionary's entire physical, mental, and even moral and spiritual nature.

2. *At present, the African missionary's surroundings are more comfortable than in the earlier days.* (a.) The journey to and from the field is shorter and easier. Where, formerly, we traveled by slow sailing vessels, of very limited accommodations, privileges, or comforts, we now travel by large steamers, more than comfortably equipped. (b.) Instead of the low bamboo-palm hut, on the clay floor, constructed under the missionary's personal superintendence, and by his own hands, that same bamboo-palm is built on a larger plan and elevated on posts above the damp earth; or, still better, houses are built of planks brought from Europe or America, or sawn from the adjacent forest, or of brick made by mission pupils, or of stone quarried on the premises. And in the erection of these better houses, we have the aid of native artisans, whose skill in carpentering, brick-making, or mason-work, is the fruit of the industrial schools of these earlier pioneers. (c.) While I deem it advisable to adopt in our food-list many of the vegetables and fruits of tropic Africa, a too sudden change, or an entire deprivation of previously accustomed food was severe. The churches now enable us to keep on hand most of the standard foods and even some of the delicacies to which we were accustomed before going to Africa. The necessarily increased cost in living and the slightly enlarged salary is compensated for by happier work and longer life. (d.) Native aid all through our school, church, and domestic work, is of better grade and in larger quantity than in former days. Our mission ladies reap to-day the benefit, in their household labor, of the assistance of men and women, who, when they were boys and girls, were taught by the pioneers, the mysteries of the pantry, kitchen, laundry, sick-room, and nursery.

3. *Diseases peculiar to Africa are now better understood.*—Bilious remittent fever, the specially dangerous fever of Africa, is not so frequently fatal as formerly. We are all subject to invasion by the ordinary intermittent fever, "the ague," of all malarial countries. But it, though a debilitating sickness, is not at all fatal, and need not stop more than a day's work. The real "African fever," called from one of its diagnostic symptoms, a hematuric fever, simulates, in many of its physical appearances, yellow-fever; and even has been mistaken for it, to

the extent of quarantining vessels coming from African ports, where it has happened to be epidemic. But it is neither contagious nor infectious. Prompt, vigorous treatment is reducing the frequency of fatal cases.

4. *Instead of being left to their own self-medication, blind, hap-hazard, or uncertain, reading medical books for the pressing occasion, missionaries now are being given the aid of the presence of trained professional medical associates.* The importance of medical mission work, forced on to the attention of the church in the light of its value as an arm of labor for the native heathen, is more than justifying its use, in the physical salvation it brings to the missionary himself.

5. *The solution of the family problem.* If ever it was right or necessary for the African missionary parent to part with his young infant, it is not now necessary. And I go so far as to believe positively that it is wrong. I speak from personal experience. When I went to Africa thirty-two years ago, I went as a celibate, being told by the public, and even by missionaries, that white maternity in Africa was fatal to both mother and child. There were those who called African missionary marriages "murder." Men and women gave up their work in Africa, unable to face this terrible problem. After I had landed in Africa, I changed my opinion as to the duty of celibacy. God never makes duties conflict. It was right, I was sure, for myself, for me to work in Africa. It was right, I was equally sure for myself, for me to marry. Carefully gathering about my wife even a portion of the hopeful surroundings accorded to expectant mothers in America, I proved that maternity in Africa was not necessarily fatal. It cost money and forethought, but it was worth more than money could buy. There still remained, however, another part of that family problem—children may safely be born, but can they reside in Africa with safety beyond infancy? So, for years, the sad tragedy was enacted of tearing out one's heart in sending away for training in America by other hands—hands not always loving or judicious— young infants, too young to remember the parent, who, (performing his part of the tragedy under a mistaken sense of duty), had to make the acquaintance of his child as a stranger if in some future day they should meet, sometimes not being allowed by the zealous hands that have done the training for him, to have even a share in it. The agonized cry of the mother at parting with her babe, "O Jesus, I do this for Thee!", if ever

it was more than a mistaken sense of duty,—heroic in its mistake,—I believe now to be uncalled for.

I proved, in my own family experience, that a child born even under circumstances exceptionally against hope for her life, could grow, and did grow, in good health for seven consecutive years in Africa. Even then she did not require to come to America for her health. I brought her simply because I had to come for my own health. Satisfied that now, at nine years of age, she will never cease to remember and love me, I leave her here, for her education, instead of taking her back with me, simply because I am going alone, and because, of all foreign mission countries, Africa is the only one that has not the educative element of some civilized society. This part of the family problem, *i. e.* the raising of the child, cost money and devoted care; but it was worth more than money can buy. In its accomplishment without white aid and alone, as at her birth, I was, I am debtor to the skill and devotion of a native Christian woman, for whose skill built on a character naturally royal, I am also debtor to the labor of the pioneer ladies of the mission who trained that woman when she was a child in the mission school and subsequently a teacher in the same.

6. *The sense of exile is less than formerly.* 1. Thirty years ago, so almost necessarily fatal was considered going to Africa, that even mission boards hesitated to direct candidates to go there. Most of those who went, offered voluntarily. They went expecting to die, for public opinion told them they would die. I went expecting not to return. In that state of mind, and with a combination of depressing circumstances that does not now exist, when the fever came with its well-known apathetic effect, the missionary often had not the *morale* left to fight the battle with disease, and he sunk under the expected inevitable. It is now neither expected nor inevitable.

2. Over the whole mission-life—its work, its points of daily contact, its methods, and its future—there is now a general hopefulness that tinges the still undeniably often dark cloud with bright lining, that lifts up from depression, and that puts into every sinking invalid's hand something more tangible and helpful than the traditional drowning man's straw. Every physician knows that if he can inspire his patient with hope, half the victory over disease is won.

3. Our mails are more frequent. This is not a small item. I have stood with men around the one-in-six-weeks mail-bag.

How much of joy or sorrow it represented to them! How much of intense longing for the love and comfort from hearts thousands of miles away! I have seen men turn away in tears, when that mail held no missive of affection and sympathy for them! Our African coast stations now receive mails thrice a month. Even our interior stations obtain, with some regularity, monthly mails.

4. It is not unheard of now in Africa that there is such a thing as a visit from a fellow Christian other than a missionary associate. In other foreign missionary countries this is not uncommon. In Africa, the only white men besides the missionary, were the foreign government official, the trader, and the occasional traveler in the interest of botany, zoology, or some other branch of natural science.

These, with the rarest exceptions, were antagonistic in their religious views and destructive in their moral life. Secretaries of our mission boards, in their occasional inspection of the foreign fields, rarely visited their African missions. Perhaps Africa was out of their line of travel; perhaps its malaria was forbidding.

Christian visitors on tours of pleasure, inspect the work, or comfort the hearts of missionaries in India, Syria, Japan, &c.; but, until very recently, none have come to us in Africa. That loneliness operated against the health of our former missionaries, but it is becoming less extreme.

5. I must give all praise to the various W. F. M. Societies for having made their home Christian sympathy *apparent*. Doubtless, the sympathy existed formerly. But the draft on the missionary's faith in its existence was so very great, that often either the faith died or became very tenuous. The new methods of communication with missionaries, especially the taking, by an individual church, of a missionary's name, making itself responsible for his or her salary, corresponding monthly and in other ways making their sympathy obvious to sight, have had a most helpful effect on the lengthening of missionary life.