ledge is probably more dependable than the theoretic and systematic classification of Samoan and West African tribes upon which we are wont to rely.

To some of our readers we commend "Animism" as a subject for study. It opens up a vast field of inquiry as to the "making of religions," which in a paper such as this we could not dare to touch upon, save in the most tentative and superficial way. Mr Harland, the ex-President of the Folklore Society, says truly of this religious evolution that "its attraction is perennial." Animism may be defined as the "universal attribution of souls to all things"; and that, we take it, involves a sort of "real presence" in inanimate objects. Close upon this conception follows the belief in "the awful," as Mr Marett calls it—namely, the existence of spirits, ghosts, witches, gods, and, by easy sequence, a belief in the transmigration of souls from one object to another.

To an "animistic-minded" tribe the terrors of what we call death are minimised on the one side and magnified on the other. The possibilities are certainly awful and infinite, but *there is no death.* As Miss Kingsley puts it, "You never get the strange idea of the differences between time and eternity—the idea, I mean, that they are different things—in the African, that one frequently gets in cultured Europeans; and as for the human soul, the African always believes that 'still the spirit

is whole, and life and death but shadows of the soul.'"

Apropos of this subject, Dr Nassau (the pioneer and explorer of the Ogowe regions) and Miss Kingsley were both agreed that "dead black men go white when soaked in water"; and it has occurred to us that this may have accounted for the fact that, when entering a village near Lake N'Covi, each child as soon as it saw her face fled headlong into the nearest hut; while she herself considered that her colour, or rather her want of it, was some protection even among the most savage tribes. Possibly they may have invested her with some ghostly attributes which rendered her an unfit subject for the omnivorous stew-pot.

Mary Kingsley had no sympathy for ordinary Christian missions, but she gives unqualified praise to the Mission Evangelique, which she considered the perfection of what may be called purely spiritual work, and the influence of which upon the natives was altogether for good.

An 'Academy' critic tells us that it will probably be found by-and-by that she "lacked the time to co-ordinate her facts"; but, on the other hand, may it not be found, with equal probability, that she understated those facts, and that could she, *and we,* revisit these glimpses of the moon hereafter, the "co-ordination," of which he rather patronisingly speaks, would have resolved itself into a scientific

certainty? Her intellect was not of the spasmodic order, either by heredity or development. Quick in observation, resolute in action, with a mental grasp rare in both sexes, and the intuitive insight and perception which is peculiar to a woman, it seems unlikely that she should have been mistaken in her estimate as to things African.

We have read somewhere that "literature is broader than sex," and this may be said most emphatically of Mary Kingsley's West African literature. It is "exceeding broad." No trace of femininity lurks in it, though, equally, there is no unwomanliness. It stands alone in its wide far-seeing intelligence. Keen common-sense prompts every theory that she initiates. For emotionalism that only "means well" her contempt is as sincere as it is good-natured, and she would have all men to "learn things *as they are,* and to keep their given word."

She spoke only of what she had known, and testified as to what she had seen, and we receive her testimony with hopefulness—nothing doubting, save of the slowly moving policy that takes years to realise that, at the back of all so-called heathenism, there is something that can be dealt with by common-sense methods, and not by the wholesale substitution of a lucrative cant for a sincere if mistaken superstition.

To adapt rather than to abolish is the keynote

of Mary Kingsley's message. To tell of a "more excellent way" is one thing, but to rub in the Gospel story with the point of the sword, or to dispense the balm of Gilead alternately with fire-water, is quite another.

Far be it from us to depreciate the work of the heroic missionaries who, taking their lives in their hands, have gone forth with the divine commission. But too often "sanctified common-sense" has been lacking; and heathens, like children, are quicker to see the weaknesses of their teachers than the value of the lessons which they fain would teach.

She insists most urgently on a detailed knowledge of tribal characteristics, and warns us, as a nation, of the danger of dealing *en masse* with West African races, the mental, physical, and moral capabilities of which are so numerous and so varied.

Lord Lawrence, in his celebrated despatch, speaks most strikingly on this point when alluding to the awful tragedies of the Indian Mutiny. He says: "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke, nor excite distrust, nor harden to resistance. It is when Christian things are done in an *un*-Christian way that mischief and danger are occasioned. The difficulty is amid the political

complications, the conflicting social considerations, the fears and hopes of self-interest, which are so apt to mislead human judgment, to discern clearly what is imposed upon us by Christian duty and what is not. Having done this, we have but to put it into practice."

To this high-souled dictum Mary Kingsley would unreservedly agree, adding, after her own experiences, "England has an excellent idea regarding her duty to native races in West Africa. She has an excellent actual in the West African nature to superimpose her idea upon. All that is wanted is the proper method; and this method, I assure you, that Science, true knowledge (which Spinoza termed the 'inward aid of God'), can give."

It is rather singular that, while Miss Kingsley continually exalts the *Erdgeist* and deprecates the claim of superior interest in human nature, she still is sufficiently under the influence of the latter to speak more fully of man than of matter. The aborigines clearly interested her more than their haunts, and she tells us that "unless you live alone among the natives you never get to know them. If you do this you gradually get a light into the true state of their mind-forest. At first you see nothing but a confused stupidity and crime, but when you get to see—well, as in the other forest—you see things worth seeing"; and again, while on Lambarene Island, she says, "Ah