Missionary Sketches.

FIRST SERIES.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

Methodist Church of Canada.

PRESENTED TO

William Ramsden

a Scholar in the Methodist Sunday School at

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as an acknowledgment of diligence and fidelity in collecting Funds for the Missionary Society.

A. SUTHERLAND,
General Secretary.

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
TORONTO, 188

J. G. Shuff
Superintendent of S. S.

Graham's Town, South Africa.

SKETCHES

FROM

MISSION FIELDS.

FIRST SERIES.

"An Ambassador is sent to the heathen."—JER. xlix. 14.

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PREFACE.

THE growing interest in Missionary work felt by all sections of the Christian Church, has led to a demand for fuller information on the subject, especially such information as will show the practical results of Missionary effort, in the enlightenment and conversion of the heathen.

The first three Sketches in the following collection are from a volume entitled "South African Mission Fields," by Rev. J. E. Carlyle; most of the others are from "Missionary Stories," and "Missionary Anecdotes," by the Rev. Wm. Moister. They will be found both interesting and profitable, combining, as they do, the historical, biographical and experimental aspects of the work. Though designed more particularly for the youth of the Church, they will interest "children of a larger growth;" and it is hoped their perusal may kindle a more fervent Missionary spirit in the Church at large.

MISSION ROOMS,
TORONTO, Feb. 10, 1881.

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I.

THE KAFFIR OR BANTU TRIBES.

A MORE careful study of these races and their history is needed than of the Hottentots or the Bushmen. The future of South Africa must in large measure depend upon their civilization and Christianization.

These tribes are by far the predominating race in South Africa. If we take the River Limpopo, the northern frontier of the Transvaal, as the boundary, they are probably as six to one to the Hottentots and Bushmen unitedly, and they stand in nearly the same ratio to the colonists. If we include, again, the Kaffir tribes farther north up to the Zambesi, they may be reckoned, perhaps, in round numbers at three millions. But the same race stretches also widely east and west in Central Africa, and they have been reckoned as numbering some eighteen millions. According to other calculations, the

whole of these Bantu tribes, allied in language, usages, and origin, may form fully one-fourth of the inhabitants of Africa. If this estimate be correct it would raise their numbers to forty or fifty millions. But I shall not attempt so wide a survey; my limit will be South Africa; only the fact deserves to be noted from its bearing on the future civilization and Christianization of Central Africa.

I can glance only at some leading facts connected with these tribes, such as their distribution, origin, tribal characteristics, history, and probable future. The present sad crisis in South Africa may well suggest that some careful study of the Kaffir tribes is due, on the part of the British politician and the Christian philanthropist. It is, indeed, one of the greatest problems, we may say, that has ever arisen in our British colonial rule, how to put an end to these barbarous, sanguinary raids, so ruinous to life and property in South Africa, and how to educate and to elevate the Kaffir, so that he may be fitted to enjoy ultimately all the benefits of self-government. The Boers, indeed, cut the Gordian knot by enslaving or exterminating the aborigines; but this is a solution which England will not adopt, first, because it is opposed

to that humane policy which has been nowhere more conspicuous than in our past relations with South Africa, and also because the Kaffir is not so readily to be extinguished. On the contrary, the black population is growing. In Natal there has been, indeed, an astonishing increase, far exceeding that of the European colonists, not only by natural growth, but by an immense black immigration into its territories. What are we to do with this growing population of semi-savage tribes? It is a question most hard to answer. Let me illustrate its difficulty. In the old Roman empire, which, in many features, had its analogies to our own, there was the *Colonia* and the *Provincia*, the former occupied by Roman citizens under Roman law, the latter governed by native law under Roman rule. We have the same thing in the British empire—the Colonia, as in Canada, Australia, or New Zealand; the Provincia, again, in India. But South Africa is not as in India, where the native population is governed, if wisely and justly, yet absolutely, by a superior race; South Africa is, on the other hand, colonial in its institutions, while yet the vast majority of its population is very far below the Indian standard of culture and civilization. And yet the very idea of a colony

must rest on the assimilation in culture of its races, without which there cannot be self-government. It may be said this problem is being solved in the United States as regards its southern negro population, but with what advantages? First, an overwhelming American civilized population, and then a black people, Christian, and trained in civilized usages. In South Africa, on the other hand, we have to do with races degraded, barbarous, polygamists, with the power of Christianity as yet imperfectly developed. Mr. Trollope, in his recent work on South Africa, has very well seized this point and illustrated how arduous must be its solution.

We would now glance at some leading facts relating to these tribes. There is their origin. All their traditions point to the north-east—Egypt or the sources of the Nile—as the cradle of their race. It is thus, for instance, as we have already noticed, that the Bechuanas still bury their dead with their faces turned in this direction. Mr. Merensky observes :—"The houses of the natives in Abyssinia are almost exactly the same as those of the Bechuanas or Basutos in South Africa. When we saw pictures of Magdala and other villages of the Abys-

sinians during the English campaign in that country, we had quite as correct pictures of the villages of our Basutos." I may add that the same applies to many of the photographs Mr. Stanley gives of East Africa in the "Dark Continent." Mr. Merensky further observes: "Many of the usages of the Kaffir tribes point to Egypt or its influence. In the same way it has struck us that the brown people, which are found painted on the walls as in battle with the Egyptians, or as prisoners, bear throughout the stamp of the Kaffir tribes. The weapons, the form of the shields of ox-skin, the clothing, the type of race are surprisingly like those of South Africa." The Kaffirs seem gradually to have emigrated to South Africa rather than to have approached it as conquerors. The Amatongas, or Knob-nosed Kaffirs, have probably occupied the low-lying country between the Zambesi and the Limpopo since three centuries ago; other races, as the Matabeles, followed them. The Amaxosas of Kaffraria, tribes which have come into greater prominence during our Cape colonial rule, probably reached the Kei, where there has been so much recent fighting, about 1670. The Bechuanas, among whom Moffat and Livingstone had their mission work, were probably

among the last arrivals. It has been supposed by some that the Kaffirs are of Shemitic origin, and there are certain of their usages which seem remarkably to favour the idea: as, for instance, circumcision, the law of marriage and the widow, the distinction of clean and unclean animals; and one of their tribes towards the north, the Makalakas, seems still to hold sacred a seventh day. The structure of the Kaffir language does not, however, support this idea, which is now abandoned. It is probable, at the same time, that in their southern wanderings there may have been added a considerable mixture of Shemitic blood, as Arab rule long prevailed on the east coasts of Africa; and this may in part account for these usages. It is a question of greater difficulty how far the Kaffirs are a Hamitic race. Much mystery still hangs around that great people whose history begins for us at the time of Babel, and culminates in the early splendour of Egyptian civilization. It was they, too, whose races aided so powerfully the great Shemitic invasions of Europe by Hannibal, and in the middle ages by the Moors. There is every likelihood that the affinity is close of the Kaffir to the Copt and the Berber of North Africa, the ancient Numidian, and to those warlike tribes

represented, for instance, still by the Turcos in the French army.

Passing from the origin to the distribution of the Kaffirs in South Africa, to enumerate all these tribes would be beyond our limits, and would scarcely interest our readers. Those who care for the study will find a very complete classification of them in the pages of Dr. Fritsch, an eminent German anatomist and anthropologist. For the practical purposes of this paper, the following enumeration may be enough. There are the Amaxosa tribes of Kaffirland, the Galekas, Tambookees, Slambies, with the Gaikas. Kreli, with whom we have been at war, and with whom originated the late struggle, is the paramount chief of these tribes. There are also the Fingoes, Pondos, and Griquas in the same region. If we go farther north, and pass Natal, we have the warlike Zulus, of Zululand, with Cetywayo, their chief, whose present attitude to our colonial governments gives cause for just alarm.* Farther inland, again, on the south, beyond that great range of the Drachenberg, separating Natal from the lofty plateau of the interior, there are the Basutos, of Basutoland. These are located near the sources of the great

* This was written before the late Zulu War.

Orange river. Farther north than these, on the other side of the Vaal, we have in the Transvaal, kindred Basuto tribes, of which Sekukuni, lately at war with the Boers and now with England, may be regarded as the leading chief and representative. If we go still farther west, again, than these, we have on the confines of the Transvaal the Bechuana tribes, whose territories stretch on to the great Kalihari desert. And still west of these, on the other side of the continent, we have the Hereos. If we advance still farther north, beyond the South African colonies and the River Limpopo, but to the south of the Zambezi, we have the Matabeles, Makalakas, Banyai, and the tribes on the east occupying Umzila's kingdom.

And now to notice some of the Kaffir characteristics. Their language, for instance, may deserve a moment's notice. It is of a high character, melodious and soft; its grammar is marked by its regularity, with comparatively few exceptions. The forms of the verb are so varied that its paradigms would almost fill a book. It is a language nearer to the Shemitic than the Indo-Germanic, but it has still marked features of its own. "The development and beauty of the Kaffir languages," says Merensky, "which surprise every one who has really insight into them,

have been to many a ground for supposing that these people must have originally stood on a higher platform of culture. We hold this for a false conclusion, for when the mental and intellectual culture of a people declines, its language declines all the more that it does not possess written records, and on this account the language, as it lives in its tongue, is always the exact expression of its mental and intellectual force. As, then, the development and beauty of the Kaffir tongue is not to be ignored, we believe that we are justified in the conclusion that the mental powers of the Kaffirs are greater than we are usually inclined to admit."

Another characteristic of the Kaffirs is that they are physically of a higher formation than the other South African races. We agree, indeed, with Dr. Fritsch, who has described with great care these tribes physically, that there has been exaggeration in some accounts of them, as if they were Herculeses in strength or Apollos in symmetry. This is quite an exaggeration. The European is generally their superior, both in muscular power and in proportion. Still the Kaffir is a well-built and muscular man, with good features, and were he civilized he might be more nearly on a level with the Europeans. His

mental capacities, as we have noticed his language implies, are considerable. He has undoubted sagacity in counsel and ready eloquence in the Pitso, or tribal assembly, where war and tribal questions are settled. He differs also from the other South African races industrially. He is not like the Bushman, a mere hunter of the wild, and a child of the rock or the desert, without a home, without cattle, without knowlege of agriculture, living on roots which he digs out of the ground with his rude stone hammer. Nor is he like the Hottentot, a mere herdsman of cattle. On the contrary, the Kaffir cultivates the soil, and he understands so well the growing of Indian corn and millet, and other vegetables, that he has little to learn from the European. It is somewhat curious the division of labour among the Kaffirs. The man is the hunter, and also the herdsman ; he tends the cattle and milks the cows, the women not being admitted usually into the cowstall. The woman, on the other hand, with her rude hoe, aided by her children, digs the soil and plants and reaps its fruit. She not only thus, indeed, grows the corn and the vegetables used, but she prepares the food for her husband and makes the Kaffir beer. The life of woman among the Kaffirs is thus a great

drudgery, and she is reduced almost to the rank of a slave. The Kaffir is a polygamist, more so, we may say, than even the Mohammedan, both because he can marry more wives, and especially because he can gain more profit by them. The more wives he can obtain the more land he can cultivate and the more wealthy he can thus become. The wives are purchased by cattle, a degrading usage, which has been a real obstacle in mission progress. Such a life as that of the Kaffir woman sadly crushes and terribly degrades her. The daughter of Africa is, we may almost say, the lost sheep of her sex, far from the fold and the shepherd, and from all that love and gentleness that should encompass her.

There is another difference betwixt the Kaffir and other South African races. They are far more of a people than the Bushmen or the Hottentots. Their organization is tribal ; their condition is not unlike that of our Scottish clans two centuries ago. All rally round their chieftain, who allots the lands of the tribe, decides with his counsellors judicial cases, and is, besides, supposed to possess supernatural powers. Dr. Wangemann, superintendent of the Berlin Mission, justly says on this subject: "The Hottentot has no feeling for nationality ; even with

the 350,000 of his people they are in no respect a race; while if but a few hundred Kaffirs live together they feel as Kaffirs. The Hottentot, too, is of a slavish mind, who sees in the white man his master; the Kaffir, on the other hand, looks on the European as an encroacher, whom he fears and hates, whose yoke he would willingly fling to the winds, to whom he can never resolve to submit himself slavishly as his master." We think the latter statement, although true to a certain extent, yet somewhat exaggerated. The Kaffir will certainly never be a slave; hence his hatred of the Boer. His tribal organization will serve, too, as a rallying-point; so that, if oppressed, he will again and again revolt. But the language is inaccurate as regards the feelings of the Kaffirs towards British rule. It is just as regards, perhaps, many of their brutal chiefs, but not of the tribes generally, who have learned to appreciate the rectitude and mildness of our rule. Even as regards the heads of the tribes, we have Moshesh, the great Basuto chief, placing himself under British protection. Perhaps a still more decided proof of this native feeling may be gathered from the words of Moselekatze, the rude yet able chief of the Matabeles "These," he said of the English, "are the mas-

ters of the world. When the great men in the white man's country send their traders for the ivory, do you think they give me beautiful things in exchange because they could not take my ivory by force? They could come and take them by force and all my cattle also; and yet look at them, they are humble and quiet and easily pleased. The Englishmen are the friends of Moselekatze, and they are the masters of the world!" We believe that such impressions of our colonial policy are largely held among the Kaffir tribes, especially among those under our direct rule. It is by cultivating such feelings that our hold on Africa can alone be made secure and honourable, alike to the natives and ourselves.

We shall only add here, as regards the characteristics of the Kaffirs, that it is quite an error to suppose they have no religious ideas. What they possess, indeed, are probably only fragments of purer earlier traditions of Divine truths, but still they indicate a certain feeling after God and of the need of mediation. The Kaffir proper name for Deity signifies the highest existence, dispensing fate, giving life, sending good and bad fortune. But still their deity can scarcely be regarded as having any likeness to the God

of Christianity. There seems to be no doctrine of faith in him nor of love towards him. He is destiny alone. In place of him the true objects of worship appear to be the manes of the dead, especially the dead chiefs of the tribes. To them offerings are brought, the priest praying after a certain ritual over the animal slain. There are traces also of human offerings being made, as, for example, the Zulu chief Chaka sacrificed ten of the virgins of the tribe, whom he buried alive at the grave of his mother. This was indeed but a small part of the holocaust offered by that savage chief to the manes of his mother. With the dead it is supposed also intercourse can be held. As in the Greek play of the Persians, Darius, emerging from the tomb, tells of the destinies of Xerxes his son, Chaka held thus that he had converse with the Induna, or minister of his father, and received inspirations from him. Then the dead were supposed by some of the Kaffir tribes, as the Zulus, to live in serpents; and hence a form of serpent-worship like that of the Gallas in North Africa. But we do not dwell on these religious rites and ceremonies further than to show, what has been sometimes denied, that there is a religious element in the Kaffirs' nature. Christian Kaffirs, when asked

what they thought of God as heathens, have answered, "We never thought, only dreamed of Him." Their religious ideas were vain and fantastical; still it is important to know, if we would understand the Kaffir, that these have been wrought into a compact and powerful religious system. They have their holy places, their holy mountains, holy springs, and their magical waters, by which they purify the tribe or strengthen it for the battle. One strong form of their superstition is the dread of witches and of witchcraft—a belief of which, it is to be remembered, Christendom has only lately, if now, even got rid. The chiefs and their Indunas turn this credulity frequently to their own advantage as a means of plundering the rich native, or of getting rid of those they hate. Cetywayo, the Zulu chief, has thus, we have reason to believe, sought to free himself of the Christian Zulus. Kaffirs have, again, their sacred animals, as, for instance, the crocodile, a relic probably of their old Egyptian or Hamitic worship. We have already noticed how in circumcision and other usages they approach Shemitic forms of worship.

II.

OUTLINES OF KAFFIR HISTORY.

AND now to glance at the history of the Kaffir tribes. We shall do so mainly as it may elucidate the present great crisis in South Africa, and its relations to the future. Two Kaffir races stand out prominently at present: the Kaffirs of Kaffraria, and the Zulus of Zululand. As regards the Kaffirs of Kaffraria, their later history is that of a long series of warlike conflicts with the Cape Colony. These began in 1811, not many years after our possession of the Cape, and the end is not yet, although it seems approaching. The uprising of the Kaffirs we have lately witnessed is the sixth in the long succession. The wars of South Africa almost recall to us those of the French in Algeria, although they have not been on the same scale. The resemblance is not wonderful, as in the Kaffir we have to do with a kindred, warlike,

and obstinate race, with a similar strong tribal organization. The Kaffirs have, during the course of these conflicts, been gradually driven back on the East Coast, first from the Fish River to the Keiskamma, and latterly the Kei has been the boundary. We presume it will be now the Bashee or Umtata, but a cession it seems has also been made of the western bank of St. John's River. This has always been hitherto resisted by Umgekila and the Pondos generally; and it may issue in another struggle. But perhaps it is better at once to take a step of this kind which ultimately must be necessary for the security of our South African Colonies. This step brings the Cape Colony nearer Natal, and is thus some guarantee of the safety of South Africa. Within the Cape Colony, thus extended as we have said for more than a quarter of a century to the Kei, there has been naturally a larger Kaffir population under British rule. These were permitted to remain in their old locations, but subject to our control. Sandilli the Guika, chief of a tribe closely allied to the Galekas, has thus been allowed perhaps too much independence of action, and the result has been his recent fierce struggle with us, which has ended so disastrously for himself, his family, and his tribe.

We do not enter on the history of their long conflicts : we shall mark only the more important facts bearing on the present state of South Africa. One of these was the wise resolution, after a second severe struggle with the Kaffirs in 1818, to introduce into the East Cape Colony, British settlers. These arrived in 1820, and have infused quite a new life and enterprise into the Colony. We have already referred to the honourable place which the Wesleyans have occupied in this. These British Colonists, and we may add, some more recent bands of German settlers, have done much for the progress and development of South Africa. The Eastern Cape Province well deserves an honourable place in the future Federation that is contemplated. Another fact which stands prominently out as we review this Colonial history, is that a firm, while yet a mild policy, is the best in dealing with the Kaffirs. It is necessary while cherishing the more benevolent sentiments, to act with firmness, for a savage interprets anything else as weakness. The administration of Sir Benjamin Durban was an honourable instance of this ; and his ablest successors have followed the same policy. This intermediate course did not go far enough, however, for many British philanthropists, nor for

Lord Glenelg, at the time of Sir Benjamin's administration, the secretary for the Colonies. The whole native settlement, proposed by Sir Benjamin, was rebuked as unjust, and was unwisely reversed. New concessions proposed in favour of the Kaffirs were loyally tried and carried out; but the result was a miserable failure. The Kaffirs simply availed themselves of these to renew their depredations, until these became intolerable. A furious war broke out again in 1846; the Colony was boldly invaded, much booty was seized, many homesteads were ravaged and destroyed, many missions broken up, many valuable lives were lost. This policy, which had in the end to be quite reversed, not only inflicted terrible hardships on the Colonists, but untold miseries on the Kaffirs. We may notice another feature in the later colonial policy. It is the wise effort of the Colonial Government to educate the Kaffirs, and to train them to industrial habits. We may say here that it was under the able administration of Sir George Grey this plan was mainly instituted, in which his successors have energetically followed him. Very many thousands of the natives are thus being annually educated with the help of the Government, chiefly we may add in the mission schools. A large

staff of native teachers are being trained up with care. Establishments are being formed with a special view to industrial training. Lovedale, a Free Church institution, receives thus aid from the Government, we believe, to the extent of some £2,000 a year. With its large staff of missionaries, teachers, and European masters of industrial departments, and with its some 500 pupils and boarders, it is quite a model institution of its character in South Africa.

Another fact to be noticed, in its bearing on the present and future, is the strength of the superstitious element in the Kaffir character. We shall have this great difficulty to grapple with until by civilization and Christianity it be removed. We may take as instances, the fact that the prophecies of a reputed Kaffir seer in 1850, chiefly led to that disastrous and deadly struggle. A still more striking instance of this fanaticism occurred in 1857. The Amaxosas then perpetrated a deed of madness scarcely to be rivalled in history. A prophet foretold to them the resurrection of all their dead warriors and chiefs, vast herds of cattle were to issue from the ground, corn without their culture was to spring up, the living were to be clothed in new beauty, and the white man was to fade away.

Only this must hinge on a heroic faith—they must kill all their cattle, and destroy all they possessed, save the arms of the warrior. This almost incredible prediction was accepted, with the connivance of their chiefs, who probably acted for their own purposes, to rouse their tribes to the last effort against the colonists. But if this were their policy, it turned out a futile one. The Kaffirs destroyed their corn and killed their cattle, and then nearly 50,000 of them perished of hunger, and famished thousands invaded the Colony, not as conquerors, but as beggars.

It would be beyond our limits to attempt any description of the events of the late insurrection, now, we trust, happily suppressed. The full materials for such a narrative are scarcely yet to be had. But from the numerous blue books on "the affairs of South Africa," recently published, some correct general ideas may be formed regarding it. The occasion of the insurrection was evidently an obscure brawl betwixt the Galekas and the Fingoes; but its real cause, as is well known, was the intense jealousy of the Galekas at the prosperity of a rival race occupying what was formerly their territory, and who had, at no distant period, been their serfs or slaves. The truth is, the Cape Colonial Gov-

ernment is partly to be blamed for this. They allowed Kreli, some years ago, to attack with impunity the Tambookies, another Kaffir tribe, and he probably fancied he might act in the same way as regards the Fingoes. But the latter owed, we may say, their very existence to us, as a people, and we were pledged to their protection.

The history of this insurrection is another instance of the need of energy and promptitude in grappling with native difficulties. Sir Bartle Frere, from his large Indian experience, at once saw his position, and we cannot indeed read these South African blue books without observing in how many ways the experience of Indian Administration is invaluable, in the treatment of native races. Had Sir Bartle Frere been supported by his Cape Government as Sir Benjamin Pine was by Natal, in suppressing the insurrection of Langalibalele, probably the struggle might have ended in a few days or weeks ; but the Cape ministry did not at first realize the peril. Even when fully aroused to a sense of this, and when they had taken energetic measures for the suppression of the insurrection, they still showed an unworthy jealousy of Her Majesty's military forces, and attempted to put

down the rebels by their Colonial troops alone. This they succeeded for a time in doing, and the greatest honour is due to the volunteers, police, and native forces for their valour and discipline. Unfortunately, a premature disbandment nearly made shipwreck of the enterprise. The ministry seemed to have lost their heads, to have got perplexed in the mazes of constitutional puzzles, and but for Sir Bartle Frere and the commander of the British Forces, Sir A. Cunningham, the Colony might have been exposed to the greatest danger. The result might have been as disastrous to the Colonial Forces and their military prestige, as that which happened two years ago to the Boers in the Transvaal, when they were so ignominiously repulsed by Seckukuni. An attempt was made by Mr. Molteno and his Cabinet to call in question the rights of Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor and High Commissioner, and as from his office, the Commander-in-chief of the Forces in South Africa. To have conceded this would have been to disturb, if we may so speak, the whole hierarchical order of the British Army. This is a position which Sir Bartle Frere occupies, not only as Governor, but as High Commissioner, having entrusted to him not only Colonial interests, but the protection

and defence of the native tribes of South Africa. The theory of the Colonial Cabinet was, that they were at liberty to supersede the Commander of the Forces, at least as regards the Colonial Forces, and to take them under their own exclusive management, and they practically acted upon this. This was a clear invasion of the Royal prerogative, and would reduce the executive power of the Empire to a position inferior to that of the President of a Republic. It would strike, in fact, at the whole unity of the British Colonial Empire, the connecting link of which consists for the present, at least, in the constitutional rights and authority of the Crown. Practically, also, this division of the military Forces under two separate commands was most injurious in the Campaign. and but for Sir Bartle Frere's obtaining additional forces from England, and for the successes they won in the field, the state of the Colony might still be precarious. Fortunately, the British Cabinet gave their sanction to this ruling of Sir Bartle Frere, and the majority of the Cape Parliament have, after a long and somewhat embittered discussion, also acceeded heartily to it.

III.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Wesleyan Missions are the next which claim our attention. Their strength, it may be said, still lies in the Cape Colony, although their stations stretch widely beyond. With its usual Christian zeal and enterprise, the Wesleyan body was early in the field in South Africa. In 1814, they sought to begin a Mission at Cape Town, but permission was at first refused by the Cape authorities. This led them to enter on Mission work in Lesser Namaqualand, which is still continued with success. At last, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw obtained permission to open services in Cape Town itself, and one of his colleagues, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, began to preach there. It was at first the day of small things with the Mission. The first place where worship was held was an empty

wine-shop—where service was held in the Dutch and English languages; later two churches were built in the town. Now, by the last Wesleyan returns, there are seven chapels. The work of the Society gradually from this centre spread over the Western Colony, where now there are many chapels, and the attendants number nearly 10,000.

But it is in the East Cape Colony that Wesleyanism has struck its deepest roots. It is, we may say, since 1820, and its settlement of British emigrants in the Eastern districts, that the Wesleyan body has achieved its most remarkable successes. This plan of colonization was doubtless intended by the Government mainly as a defence of the Colony against Kaffir aggressions. But it has issued in nobler results in the extension of the gospel among these warlike tribes. It is one of the finest instances we know of colonization speeding the cause of Christianity. The East Cape Colony, now the most thriving, populous, and enterprising Province of South Africa, owes a great deal, as we have already said, to the Wesleyans, not only religiously, but materially and morally. It has had a number of eminent and successful Missionaries. The Rev. William Shaw, who is not to be confounded

with the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, of the West Cape, who came out as one of the Colonial pastors, was in every way fitted to be a Christian pioneer, distinguished by his great ability and sagacity, his power of organizing, his deep Christian interest in his work, and his sincere piety. He has left his mark in the district, especially, we may say, in Graham's Town, the very centre we may call it of the Eastern life of the Colony. The story he has himself written of his Mission is a work full of interest. The Rev. Mr. Shepstone, the father of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, now the Governor of the Transvaal, occupied here also an honourable place with Mr. Ayliff, whose family have since taken distinguished positions in the Colony and Natal. Nor should Alison be overlooked, to whom we have already referred, first as a Wesleyan Missionary, and then as joining the Free Church of Scotland. His earnest Mission work will ever merit honour in Natal.

The Wesleyan body has taken a large part in promoting Colonial Christianity in South Africa. This, I may say, is in part owing to its organization, which has so far a certain analogy to that of the S. P. G. (Society for the Propogation of the Gospel). Its Missionaries are in many in-

stances also Colonial ministers, or, we might express it *vice versa*—its Colonial ministry is also missionary. This is a question of Mission polity which is not unworthy of serious consideration. For my own part I should think it preferable that the Missionary should be mainly a Missionary, and the Colonial ministry Colonial. They are separate vocations needing different gifts and mental habits, while their work will at the same time meet at many points; and if they are men of a right spirit they will be mutually helpful and valuable coadjutors. In point of fact, it is but rarely that the great Missionary will be found the acceptable Colonial or home preacher. And even if he had the gifts, it is doubtful, from the whole setting of his habits, if he would find himself quite at home in such work. On the other hand, still more rarely would the brilliant, Christian orator, who wields such power over his audiences, be found to possess the gifts which would make him a successful and great Missionary. Doubtless, instances of such distinction have been found, but it is as rare as a double first at the University.

At the same time, I must own that weighty opinions are to be found on the other side. The Rev. Mr. Calderwood, an able and experienced

Missionary of the London Missionary Society, and afterward a Government Commissioner, writes: "The Wesleyans have understood this subject better than any of the kindred Societies, and have acted accordingly. They have throughout the Colony, especially in its Eastern Province, a large number of European members who take a deep interest in Missions to the heathen." Mr. Shaw, again, the Superintendent of the Mission, whom we have already noticed, observes: "It is a great charity to take the Gospel to our emigrant population. How many professed Christians and their children have thus been saved from degeneracy into heathenism." On the other side, however, it may be reasoned that the course pursued by the London Missionary, the Presbyterian, the American, and the Foreign Societies, has issued in greater Missionary results. This is a matter, of course, of appreciation. But however this may be, may not these words be addressed, if not to the Foreign Missions in South Africa, yet to other British Mission Churches: "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Have not your Colonial fallen countrymen, your kinsmen according to the flesh, a strong claim upon you? If formed by you into Christian Churches, would

not their Colonial aid powerfully help you? Be this as it may, Wesleyanism thus occupies, Colonially, a position of the highest importance, in which we cannot indeed but rejoice. She is, along with the Dutch Church, a stronghold of defence against that Ritualism which threatens South African Evangelical Christianity. Another valuable result has been that the Wesleyan Colonists are increasingly interested in Christian work. We say increasingly, because it is an interesting fact that some at least of the original Colonists were drawn to South Africa as a Mission field of work. But now they have many of them considerable means at their disposal, and this is their resolution according to a late report: "Our friends will rejoice to hear the evidence of the fact that the African Mission Churches are becoming more and more *missionary* in their spirit and action. Our churches are aware of the danger of Colonial self-sustaining churches settling down into quiet parishes, and their pastors into easy chaplaincies wherein all local resources are consumed within the area of the several churches." "The organization of a Missionary Society for South Africa was a step in the right direction, a platform on which we may raise broad expectations." "The work is

expanding—new ideas are spreading—Christian public sentiment is maturing. The relations which Colonial Churches bear to surrounding heathen populations have of late been more distinctly apprehended, and the numerous obligations arising from these relationships have been more clearly recognized and more cheerfully responded to." "If rightly worked, we are persuaded that this will prove one of the most powerful means possible for the evangelization of the millions of that great Continent."

As regards Mission work more especially, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, like the London, has been a pioneer in the field. It is inferior to the latter only in the extent of its exploration, and the only other Mission which is perhaps abreast of it in this, is the Berlin Society. It had, as we have observed, early Missions in Lesser Namaqualand, which were gradually extended to Greater Namaqualand, from which it has since retired. Its work has embraced Orlams, and Bastards, Griquas, and Barolongs, Fingoes, and Galekas, Pondos, Zulus, &c. Like the London Missionary Society, it has indeed wisely receded from some of these extended positions, when other societies were prepared to occupy them ; but as regards most of the South

African races—the Hottentots, the Kaffirs of Kaffraria, the Zulus, the Barolongs—it has firmly kept its hold on them, gradually but vigourously extending, indeed, its operations. As regards the last race, the Barolongs, we may single out one of their stations, Thaba Nchu, as in extent and evangelistic progress belonging to the first order of South African Mission Stations. Thaba Nchu is an enclave of the Free State surrounded by it on all sides. To the honour of that Republic it has never made any encroachment on the Barolong territory. This has been doubtless owing to the prudent conduct of Maroko the chief, and the counsel of the Wesleyan Missionaries. The Barolong population amounts to some 20,000, the number of members is above 1,000, and of church attendants 4,500. Mr. Trollope, in his South African Tour, gives an interesting and friendly notice of this station. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has since 1863 a station here. It seems strange that they should plant a Mission on ground preoccupied by another Christian Society during so many years. They say, indeed, that "in the face of the vastness of heathendom, the Wesleyan and Church Missions do not clash in any offensive way." The comment of Grundemann,

the able German Mission historian, on the subject, is this (we translate it): "It is to be regretted that there should be such encroachments on the work belonging to others in the Mission sphere."

The circuits of the Wesleyan Society in South Africa are large and well arranged to support one another. An unbroken chain of stations stretches along the coasts, beginning in Lesser Namaqualand in the West, extending over the South and only terminating on the East at the boundaries of Zululand. All the circuits represent very considerable bodies of Church attendants; the Cape district which comes first, some 10,000; the district of Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth on the south-east, some 23,000; the Queenstown district, including British Kaffraria and most of Kaffraria beyond, 21,000; Natal, including the Pondos, but exclusive of the Coolies, nearly 16,000. Then inland there is the vast circuit of the Free State and the Transvaal with some 13,000.

To give a summary of the general statistics for South Africa, there are 240 Wesleyan Chapels, besides other preaching places, 102 Missionaries and assistants, 17,233 members, 83,602 Church attendants, apart from Coolies.

198 Day Schools, and 11,552 Day Scholars. I regret that it is impossible to gather from the Wesleyan returns the number separately of native Mission adherents and members. I can only offer as an approximation, partly based on the last Cape Colonial statistics, that its native adherents may amount to some 28,000, and its native members to some 5,500. In connection with the Day Schools it is to be observed that at Heald Town there is a Collegiate Institute of a high character for the education of the native ministry and for educating native teachers.

As regards Central Africa, the Wesleyan body is not yet prepared to follow in the course indicated by the Free Church Mission and the London Missionary Society. "The Committee," the Wesleyan report says, "rejoice in the Mission of other Churches to the Central Lakes, but while there are such dense masses in the North-Eastern frontier of the Colony, easy of access, the Committee feel it their paramount duty, in the first instance, to care for them." It is satisfactory to gather from this that the Society intend to pursue an evangelistic and advancing work in the North-East. We may add that they have given still more definite expression to this in their Report for this year.

They propose that a strong and effective Mission should be commenced in the Transvaal without delay, and that the South African districts should take an active part in this. Arrangements are suggested also for practically carrying this into effect. With its usual catholicity of spirit we have no doubt that this purpose of the Wesleyan Society will be accomplished without, in any way, trenching on the work of other Missions, which now occupy in part the Transvaal. There is wide room for all. May we regard this resolution of so important a Missionary Society as the Wesleyan, as some pledge that speedily all the native tribes south of the Zambesi will be brought within the joyful sound of the Gospel?

IV.

MISSION TO WESTERN AFRICA.

HAVING been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in early life, and called to the work of the Christian ministry, I was accepted as a probationer for the sacred office, by the Wesleyan Conference of 1830. In the autumn of the same year I was instructed to proceed to London, for examination with reference to the Missionary department of the work, for which I had from the beginning felt and expressed a decided preference. There I met with several other Missionary candidates, to whom I became united by the strongest ties of Christian affection, and with whom I had many blessed seasons of social prayer and holy fellowship, in the well known upper room at the old Mission House in Hatton Garden. Most of those dear brethren, and other associates of my

youthful days, have gone the way of all flesh; and, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I hope to meet them in heaven.

After our examination was over, and several of us were anxiously waiting for further information as to the probable sphere of our future labours, a little incident occurred which unexpectedly led to my appointment to Western Africa. One cold morning in the month of October, 1830, a Negro girl presented herself at the door of the Mission House, carrying in her arms a pale, sickly-looking white child. This little infant was the orphan son of the late Rev. Richard Marshall, who had died of malignant fever at the Gambia Station, Western Africa, on the 19th of August in the same year. Mrs. Marshall had embraced the first opportunity which presented itself, and embarked for England two days after the funeral of her dear husband, bringing with her their infant son, and the African girl Sally to wait upon them during the passage. When they arrived in Bristol, Mrs. Marshall found herself in a state of great bodily weakness, as well as extreme mental suffering; and was naturally anxious to proceed at once to her friends in the north. But, in the order of Divine Providence, this was denied her. She

became suddenly worse, being seized with convulsions; all hope of life now vanished, and she expired about forty-eight hours after she had landed on the shores of her native country, before she had an opportunity of seeing any of her relatives, leaving her helpless orphan and his African nurse strangers in a strange land. Sally had been faithful to her precious charge; and, having proceeded to London immediately after the funeral of her beloved mistress, she brought the little boy to the Mission House.

As candidates for the foreign work, we all felt deeply interested in the little Missionary orphan boy; we crowded round him and his Negro nurse, and eagerly listened to the affecting story of their sad bereavement as related by Sally, with much feeling and pathos, in her own sweet, broken English, while big tears rolled down her sable cheeks. It had been stated by the Committee that a Missionary was required immediately for the Station left vacant by the death of Mr. Marshall; but that any one willing to go must make a voluntary offer of his services, in consequence of the great mortality which had taken place on the Society's Stations on the Western Coast of Africa. I had felt disposed from the first to volunteer for the Gambia; but

still more so when, soon after the arrival of the Missionary orphan boy and his coloured nurse, the General Secretaries directed my attention to the subject, from an impression that my type of constitution was well adapted for the climate Therefore, after sincere prayer to God for Divine direction, and consulting with my friends upon the subject, I felt it upon my heart to say with the prophet, "Here am I, send me;" and I was at once appointed to St. Mary's on the river Gambia, as successor to the lamented Mr. Marshall.

Although I was not favoured with a ministerial colleague on the occasion of my first Mission to Africa, I was kindly permitted to be united, in a closer relation, to one who was willing to share with me the joys and sorrows, the difficulties and dangers, of Missionary life even in the trying climate of the Western Coast; female influence and effort being considered essential to the success of the enterprise. The necessary preparations having been made, we took an affectionate leave of parents, brothers, sisters, and Christian friends, without much hope of ever seeing them again in this world; and, accompanied by our dear friend Dr. Hoole, on Saturday, the 12th of February, 1831, we went

on board a steamer at London Bridge to join our ship at Gravesend. The vessel not having as yet come down the river, we were permitted to spend the Sabbath on shore; and I preached in the Wesleyan chapel morning and evening to a loving people, in whose sympathies and prayers we obtained an interest which, in our peculiar circumstances, we highly prized. On the follow-day the brig "Amelia," on board of which our passage was taken, having arrived, and the wind and tide being favourable, we embarked, and proceeded on our voyage, trusting in Him who said, for the encouragement of His Ambassadors, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Our voyage out was on the whole favourable. Captain M'Taggart and his officers were kind and attentive, and our fellow-passengers were affable and agreeable. When sea-sickness had in a measure subsided, and we had become somewhat accustomed to the motion of the ship, we spent our time pleasantly and profitably in reading, conversation, and prayer, and in preparing, as best we could, for the great work which was before us. When we had been about a month at sea, we heard one morning the welcome sound of "Land ahead!" and were soon gratified with

a sight of Cape Verd and the Island of Goree. The following day, the 10th of March, we took a negro pilot on board from Bird Island, entered the mouth of the Gambia, and in a few hours came to anchor off St. Mary's, with the coast of Africa stretching itself before our view.

It was on the afternoon of a beautiful day for the tropics, although the sun poured down its fiery rays upon us, that we stood upon the deck of the "Amelia" as she rode at anchor before the neat little town of Bathurst, on the Island of St. Mary, and contemplated with peculiar feelings the novel scene which was before us. The Government-house, military hospital, soldiers' barracks, and the houses of the principal merchants and other European residents which faced the river, appeared to be good buildings, being constructed chiefly of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, and were generally two or three stories high, with neat verandahs in front, and jalousie windows. Each house being detached from the rest, and surrounded with a yard, garden ground, or shrubbery, in which grew various kinds of tropical trees, as the palm, cocoanut, and banana, with their rich foliage gracefully waving in the breeze. The scene was of a most charming character, and

scarcely harmonized with our preconceived ideas of the "wilds of Africa." The native huts, which were chiefly built of a circular shape, with sides formed of bamboo-cane wattled work, the roof thatched with long grass, stood in the back part of the town, so that we beheld the settlement to the best advantage in viewing it from the river.

Whilst the sailors were preparing the boats for our landing, I observed a number of negroes assembling on the beach, and watching our movements with apparent interest. These were natives connected with the Mission who had heard that a Missionary and his wife were on board the brig from England; and such was their anxiety to welcome us that several of them actually plunged into the water to meet the boat as it approached the land; and having dragged the boat partly out of the sea, they carried us on shore in triumph in their arms. This they did to express their gratitude and joy at our arrival, as well as to save us from being wet with the surge, which was dashing violently against the sandy beach. We had no sooner set our feet on the shores of Africa than we were surrounded with a large concourse of natives, some of whom had received the Gospel at the

hands of former Missionaries, ere they were smitten down with fever, and found their early graves in African soil. Many wept for joy at our arrival. They kissed our hands again and again, and bedewed them with their tears, exclaiming, "Tank God! tank God! Mr. Marshall die; but God send us 'nuder Minister." The scene was most affecting, and it brought tears from our own eyes to witness such manifestations of love and deep feeling on the part of these untutored Africans. With some difficulty we passed through the crowd, and were conducted to the residence of Charles Grant, Esq., a kind-hearted Christian gentleman, well known as a friend to the Missionaries, to whom I had letters of introduction. Mr. Grant received us with a kindness and cordiality which made us feel quite at home; and, having invited us to remain with him at his hospitable mansion till the Mission-house could be prepared for us, we spent the evening in interesting conversation on the circumstances connected with Mr. Marshall's death, and the affairs of the Mission.

The next morning we arose early, and I can scarcely describe the sensations with which we reflected upon the fact that we were really in Africa. On looking round, we were surprised

and delighted with the various objects which attracted our attention. Everything appeared strange and new, and totally unlike what we had been accustomed to in our native land. The bright blue sky above was without a cloud; the sun shone brilliantly upon the placid waters of the broad river; Mandingo traders were dragging their frail canoes up the sandy beach, having just arrived with their produce for the market from the other side of the river; native servants and mechanics were bustling about, or attending to their respective callings, with remarkable intelligence; and all was life and activity among the sable aborigines. At the same time there were pale-faced Europeans, here and there, with their broad-brimmed straw hats to screen them from the fiery rays of the sun, superintending or giving directions to the natives, who were thus pursuing their various avocations.

After breakfast we gladly availed ourselves of the kind offer of our friend Mr. Grant to take a walk with us as far as the Mission-house. As we proceeded along the outskirts of the town, new objects arrested our intention at every turn; and we were especially amused with the wild but apparently good-natured noise and con-

fusion which prevailed at the native market-place through which we passed. This scene forcibly reminded me of the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel; for the clatter of discordant voices was almost deafening, and I was informed that the concourse of persons composing the heterogeneous mass of human beings were actually conversing in more than a dozen different languages!

We found the Mission-house situated in one of the back streets of the town of Bathurst, surrounded by native huts with their small plots of garden ground. It was a plain and humble building, with a large hall for chapel and school on the ground floor, and rooms for the Missionary's residence above. On entering the yard, we observed growing at the foot of the steps leading to the dwelling-house a beautiful wild flower—a kind of jessamine. "There," said I, "that little flower seems to smile upon us, and to welcome our arrival. If I were inclined to be superstitious, I should say it is a good omen." "Let us take it for a good omen, at any rate," said my dear wife; "but let us not forget, at the same time, that its very situation shows that the hand of death has been here; for, had not the house been unoccupied for several months,

the pretty little intruder could not have retained its place, overhanging the steps." In the interior of the house every thing wore a gloomy aspect, and we were naturally led to speak of the early removal of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall from this the interesting sphere of their hallowed labour. Whilst thus engaged, it is not surprising that a feeling bordering upon sadness should steal over our spirits at the thought that we also might ere long be smitten down, and laid in the silent dust by the side of those devoted servants of God who had so nobly fallen in the work of their Divine Master in this unhealthy climate. We strove to suppress this melancholy train of thought, however, changed the subject of conversation, and lifted up our hearts in silent prayer to God for His protection and blessing. After giving directions to the people engaged in whitewashing and cleaning the house, we returned with Mr. Grant to his residence, according to his kind invitation, till ours should be ready for our reception.

In the course of the day I called upon His Excellency the Governor to pay my respects and to show him my credentials. He received me most courteously; wished me much success in my important undertaking; and kindly invited

us to dine with him in the evening, and to meet a select party of friends at the Government-house. We cordially accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was given, and spent a very pleasant evening. Thus I had an early and favourable opportunity of explaining the object of my Mission to the principal gentlemen of the settlement, and of bespeaking their kind co-operation in my humble efforts to elevate and improve the condition of the natives, and to benefit, as far as possible, all classes of the community. To the credit of the Government authorities, the naval and military officers, the European and native merchants, and the inhabitants generally, I may say that from that day, to the time of our departure from the coast, we lived in much peace and harmony with them all, while, of course, we gladly availed ourselves of every opportunity of doing them good.

The first Sabbath we spent in Africa was a day never to be forgotten. At dawn the native prayer-meeting was held, in which public thanks were presented to Almighty God for our safe arrival, and His special blessing was implored upon our future labours. In the forenoon I read prayers, and opened my commission by preaching from that delightful text, "This is a faithful

saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The people heard with marked attention, and the appearance of the congregation was truly pleasing. It afforded an interesting proof that the labours of my revered predecessors had not been in vain in the Lord, although some of them had been called hence at an early period after the commencement of their work. The natives who had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, both male and female, with their children, came to the house of God neatly clothed; and in their general aspect they presented a striking contrast to their fellow-countrymen who still remained in heathen darkness. They sang the praises of God most delightfully, and altogether they exhibited a state of intelligence and progress far in advance of what I expected to see as the Mission had only been commenced a few years before. Another service in the evening, conducted partly in the native language and partly in English, closed the exercises of this memorable day, and we retired to rest truly thankful to God for what our eyes had seen and our hearts had felt of His goodness, whilst engaged in the services of the sanctuary.

On examining the state of the Mission I was

happy to find that the few native converts who had been united in Church-fellowship—about forty in number—had been kept together by their Leaders since the death of Mr. Marshall; and that, during the time that they had been left as sheep without a shepherd, their meetings for prayer and Christian worship had been regularly held in the chapel, both on Sundays and week-nights, in confident expectation that God in His Providence would remember them in mercy, and dispose the hearts of their friends in England to send them another Missionary.

When we had become in a measure settled in our new and interesting sphere of labour, the arrangement for the weekly services in our chapel at Bathurst was nearly as follows:—Every Sabbath morning I read prayers and preached in English, for the benefit of the European residents and intelligent persons of colour who understand our language, who used to attend our chapel in considerable numbers. To this was added another service in the church at the barracks for the troops and others, after I had received the appointment of "Acting Colonial Chaplain," there being no clergyman of the Church of England resident in the Colony. In the afternoon we held Sunday-school both for

children and adults. On the Sabbath evening I delivered a short discourse in English, the substance of which was afterwards repeated in Jalloff by one of the native exhorters. As a preparation for this service we generally fixed upon a subject beforehand, and made it a matter of special conversation and study. On Wednesday night I preached by an interpreter, every sentence being rendered into Jalloff as it was uttered. On the other evenings of the week we had Prayer-meetings and Class-meetings, in which the English, the Jalloff, or the Mandingo language was used according to circumstances. The congregations were generally good; a gracious influence frequently rested upon the people; and a goodly number of natives were, from time to time, brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and received into Church-fellowship by the sacred rite of baptism; whilst we were favoured to witness their marked progress in general knowledge and civilization.

At the same time we directed our attention to the education and training of the rising generation. The Mission day-school, which had been given up on the death of my predecessor, was re-established, and the former teacher, an intelligent young man of colour, having also been cut

down by fever, and no other help being available, we undertook the instruction of the children ourselves, in addition to other duties; Mrs. Moister taking charge of the girls, and I of the boys. The bell was rung every morning at six o'clock, when the school exercises commenced, and they continued, with a short interval for breakfast, till two in the afternoon. By this arrangement we were able to get through the heaviest part of our school-work before the heat of the day fairly set in, which was so oppressive that we soon found it render both scholars and teachers incapable of close mental application. In this department of our work, as in every other, we met with much encouragement. The children in general made rapid progress in learning; a few were brought under the influence of Divine grace in early life, and two or three promising youths in the higher classes soon became useful as assistant teachers in the school, and were ultimately called to preach the Gospel of Christ to their fellow-countrymen.

These labours at the commencement of our career were very arduous in a tropical climate; but we were young and healthy and strong, not having as yet been enfeebled by repeated attacks of fever, and we felt a real pleasure in devoting

the strength and energy which God had given to His blessed service. We soon found ourselves so thoroughly interested in our beloved work, and so busy with our every-day duties, that we had actually no time or leisure to speculate on the future, or to concern ourselves with anxious thoughts about the probability of sickness or health, life or death,—a circumstance which I have since regarded as highly favourable to health and success. We were, moreover, gratified with tokens for good on the Station, and led to expect still greater results in the future; so that we were truly happy in our work, and the time passed "sweetly and swiftly away."

When two of the native Teachers, who had been raised up by the Providence and grace of God on the Station, were sufficiently advanced to be efficient helpers in the work, I felt an earnest desire to plant the standard of the Cross in the regions beyond, where the name of Christ was unknown. Having heard of a favourable opening at Macarthy's Island, nearly three hundred miles from the coast, I left my dear wife in charge of the schools, and commenced my first voyage up the noble Gambia. This magnificent river follows a serpentine course. It is twelve miles wide at its mouth; but it speedily

contracts to about three miles. It is navigable for vessels of several tons' burden for some four hundred miles from the coast; for which distance, after it has begun to narrow, its breadth varies from one mile to three. After sailing day after day, and night after night, as the wind and tide would permit, for more than a week, I reached my destination.

The scenes through which I passed in the course of my first journey into the interior of Africa, and the various incidents which occurred when calling at the native towns on the banks of the river, and when brought into close proximity to wild beasts and savage men, were too numerous and diversified to admit of being dwelt upon here. In this short and hurried sketch all that I can do is briefly to indicate the steps which were taken at this early period to promote the extension of the work of the Mission, and the immediate results which we were favoured to witness by the blessing of God upon our humble labours.

On my arrival at Macarthy's Island I was much impressed with the spiritual destitution of the natives, and the great necessity for some effort being made to raise them from the deep moral degradation in which they were involved.

Drudgery of African Women.

On ascending the river, I found that the natives on the northern bank, whether Jalloffs or Mandingoes, were chiefly Mohammedans, whilst those on the other side were mostly Pagans; but, as far as spiritual enlightenment was concerned, they were equally "without God and without hope in the world." Arriving late in the evening, I obtained a lodging for the night in a native hut; and when I awoke next morning and saw, by the light which penetrated through the wicker-work of which the hut was formed, that there were suspended over my head bows and arrows, spears, greegrees, fetish, and other implements of war and superstition, I felt as I had never done before, that I was indeed in a heathen land. I took a lonely walk by the river side, and if ever I prayed in my life I prayed then, that God would have mercy upon this people, and make my coming among them the beginning of good days to them and their children. Nor was this prayer offered in vain, as subsequent events proved.

On the occasion of this my first visit to Macarthy's Island I spent two Sabbaths and the intervening days in preaching to the people, and in collecting information with a view to future operations; and, by the blessing of God on the

means employed, the impression made upon the minds of the natives was such that they were unwilling that I should leave them, till I promised that, if spared, I would return and, if possible, bring them a Teacher, that they also might be taught the Word of God as well as the people at St. Mary's. Having so far accomplished the object of my journey, I gladly turned my face homeward, and descended the river in a small sloop laden with corn, calling at the native towns on the way, and trying to do good as I had opportunity. By the good Providence of God I reached home in peace and safety, truly thankful for preserving mercies, and especially that my dear partner had been kept in tolerable health and comfort during my absence.

As the work of the Mission at St. Mary's proceeded satisfactorily, I should soon have visited Macarthy's again according to promise, but was prevented from doing so by the occurrence of a very painful event, which for a time made travelling impracticable. This was the sudden and unexpected breaking out of war between the Mandingoes, on the northern side of the river, and the English settlement. This war continued for five months, during which we were

exposed to much discomfort and many perils; but as soon as peace was once more restored to the land, and the country was again open, I commenced my second voyage up the Gambia. On this occasion John Cupidon, a native Teacher, accompanied me; we took with us school requisites, and everything necessary for the commencement of a Mission Station at Macarthy's Island. We ascended the river in the same way as before, calling at the native towns as often as we had opportunity, to make known the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted inhabitants, and to do all the good in our power. On the tenth day of our voyage we reached Macarthy's Island, where we met with a cordial welcome from the people, and began at once to carry out the object of our vist. Having obtained a suitable plot of ground, we proceeded to erect a rude native building to answer the purpose of a place of worship and a school-house, with two small rooms at one end for the Teacher. It was a humble structure, formed of posts planted in the ground, and wattled bamboo-canes, roofed with grass; but it was the first Christian sanctuary ever built in that part of Africa. When finished, it was soon filled with a congregation of humble worshippers on the Sabbath; and,

during the week, a goodly number of little black children were collected together for instruction, —a scene never before witnessed in that country.

After thus hastily organizing this important out-post which I hoped would be the first link in a chain of Stations that would ultimately stretch far into the interior of the vast continent, I committed it to the care of Cupidon and returned to St. Mary's, where I had left my dear wife in charge of the schools, and for whose welfare and safety I felt much concerned, as she was at that time the only European female in the country. Through a kind and gracious Providence I was again allowed to meet her in health and comfort, and we continued to labour during the following year on our principal Station with a cheering measure of success.

When the new Mission at Macarthy's Island had been established about twelve months, during which the native Teacher had been instrumental in winning souls for Christ, and successful in teaching both children and adults to read the Word of God, I was earnestly requested once more to visit the Station, and I commenced my third voyage up the river

Gambia. This journey was marked by many interesting incidents, which cannot be here narrated in detail. Suffice it to say, that on reaching the new Station, after a tedious and perilous voyage, I was delighted to behold the great change which had taken place in so short a time. The Sabbath which I spent at Macarthy's Island at this time will never be forgotten. The native chapel was filled with a congregation of devout worshippers, many of whom had been converted and were ready to be united in Church-fellowship. Believing parents with their children were on that day dedicated to God in holy baptism, and several couples were religiously united in marriage, who had previously been living together in the darkness and degradation of heathenism. In the Mission-school I found children who in the short space of twelve months had learned to read easy lessons in the New Testament Scriptures; and the people generally had rapidly advanced in knowledge and civilization.

Having held several delightful services with the people, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, regulated the affairs of the infant Church, and given directions to the native Assistant in reference to the carrying on

of the work, I commenced my journey homeward. On descending the river I was attacked with fever, as I had frequently been before, and suffered much from the want of proper medicine and attention, although the little black boy, who waited upon me, did every thing in his power to alleviate my distress. At length I reached St. Mary's, thankful to God for His preserving goodness, and that we had succeeded, with His blessing, in planting the standard of the Cross in the distant interior.

There were several circumstances connected with the establishment of our new station at Macarthy's Island which clearly showed the interposition of Divine Providence on our behalf. Having undertaken this extension of the Mission without waiting for the formal sanction of the Committee in London, I was not without my fears as to whether the expense which it involved would be allowed. But before I had time to suffer much anxiety on this account, supplies came from a quarter little expected. At an early period I had been requested by His Excellency the Governor to accept the office of Acting Colonial Chaplain, during the absence in England of that functionary. The performance of double duty which this arrangement involved

was, in that trying climate, very arduous; but, as compensation, I received half the Chaplain's salary, which enabled me to purchase land at Macarthy's Island, build a native chapel, pay the salary of the native Teacher for the first year, and to hand over the new Station in thorough working order to the Society, without the cost of a single shilling to their funds. When this source of supply was no longer available in consequence of the Colonial Chaplain's return to his post, the Lord raised up friends in England to relieve the Society from the expense of carrying on the work. A Committee was formed in Southampton, which guaranteed the sum of £500 per annum for five years, for the extension of the Mission to the Foula tribe, which was numerous in that part of Western Africa, and in the welfare of which the members felt a deep interest. Substantial buildings were, moreover, soon erected, chiefly at the expense of the same kind friends, in the place of the frail tenements that we had first put up, and the Mission was placed upon a sure and permanent basis. More than forty years have passed away since this humble beginning was made, but ever since that time Macarthy's Island has been a centre of light and influence to all around, and there are

now nearly two hundred native converts united in Church-fellowship there, who, for their piety and intelligence, would be a credit to any Christian community.

Whilst the good work was thus advancing at Macarthy's Island, the cause was not less prosperous at St. Mary's. The congregation and school at Bathurst soon recovered from the effects of the Mandingo war, the services at Jollar Town were resumed, and the blessing of God attended the word preached, both in English and in Jalloff. The consequence was a considerable addition to the number of our Church members, and a manifest improvement in the moral and social condition of the people generally. The success of our efforts to train up the rising generation in the way they should go was also cause of gratitude and joy, as it afforded ground of hope for still greater prosperity in time to come. Our labours had often been prosecuted amid affliction and trials, known only to those whose lot has been cast on solitary stations, in unhealthy climes; but during the period of our residence at the Gambia, we were frequently cheered by clear indications of the presence and power of the great Head of the Church, which more than compensated for all our toils.

For further details of my first Mission, and for ample particulars in reference to the country and the people,—their character, superstitions, and general features, I would refer the reader to a volume entitled "Missionary Labours in Western Africa," &c., published some time ago. In bringing this brief narrative to a close, it may suffice to say that, having been mercifully spared to complete the term of our appointment to the Gambia, we were relieved by the arrival, in April, 1833, of the Rev. William and Mrs. Fox, and the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Dowe,—one of the Missionaries to take my place at St. Mary's, and the other to occupy the new Station at Macarthy's Island. When we had seen our successors comfortably settled, I and my dear wife embraced the first favourable opportunity of returning to England, our health and strength having become considerably impaired by repeated attacks of fever. We had often been brought to the verge of the grave, and as often raised up again to declare the goodness of God and to prosecute our beloved labours. We embarked for our native land, truly thankful that our lives were spared whilst so many had fallen, and hoping that when our health should be recruited we might be allowed to labour in some

other part of the Mission field, which hope was happily realized. Other devoted labourers succeeded us at the Gambia in after years, besides those already named, many of whom, alas! fell in the glorious enterprise; but their reward is with the Almighty. There has been ample evidence from time to time that the faithful servants of God were not permitted to labour in vain, or to spend their strength for nought. It is to be hoped that many souls won to Christ through our humble instrumentality in Western Africa will be our joy and the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord. Encouraged by this feeling, we proceeded to other scenes of hallowed toil, trusting in the promised presence and blessing of Him who had hitherto been our never-failing Friend and Saviour.

"Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care."

V.

BURNING OF THE "TANJORE."

IN the early records of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, we notice many striking instances of the special providence and watchful care of the Almighty over His servants in times of imminent peril. Of the numerous instances which might be given none excited more interest at the time it occurred, than the burning of the "Tanjore" East Indiaman, when almost in sight of her destined port, with two Missionaries on board, who, with many others, narrowly escaped the fire.

The beautiful ship "Tanjore" sailed from Gravesend for India on the 19th of May, 1820, with the Rev. James and Mrs. Mowat and the Rev. Elijah Hoole on board, who had been appointed to preach the Gospel to the heathen at Bangalore. The young Missionaries were highly favoured in having for their fellow-

passenger Sir Richard Otley, who had been a steadfast friend to Missions in the West Indies, and who was now proceeding to Ceylon to fill a high judicial situation in that country. Sir Richard acknowledged himself to be unspeakably indebted to one of our Missionaries in the island of Grenada for having guided him to a clearer knowledge of the way of salvation than he ever realized before; and in token of his gratitude, as well as from the spontaneous promptings of a naturally benevolent heart, he was ever ready to show kindness to the faithful servants of the Lord. There were also on board as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of the Church Missionary Society; and two Singhalese converts, who had been educated in England under the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, and who were now returning to their native land.

Nothing very particular occurred during the principal part of their passage out, which occupied between three and four months, and which is stated to have been "very pleasant and agreeable." It was when the voyage was almost completed that the sad calamity was experienced. On Sunday morning, the 3rd of September, they made the Island of Ceylon, to the eastward of Point de Galle. Not being able to

reach the port, the wind and the current being against her, the gallant ship steered for Batticaloa. On Tuesday, the 5th, she came to anchor off the river, and landed Sir Richard Otley and suite, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and the other Ceylon passengers. On the following day about noon, after landing the last of the luggage, and finishing her business with the port, the "Tanjore" weighed anchor, and stood away for Madras; the Missionaries, Messrs. Mowat and Hoole, feeling keenly at parting with Sir Richard and their other friends, in whose company they had spent so many happy days. They seem to have had a strange presentiment that the pleasantest part of the voyage was ended, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

The ship left Ceylon with a light breeze and fine weather, but at sunset the sky had assumed a threatening appearance, and, as a precaution, the captain gave orders to shorten sail. About seven o'clock heavy squalls commenced, with rain and vivid lightning, far surpassing anything which the passengers had ever witnessed in England. About half-past eight, while some were at supper, and others retiring to rest, the noble ship was struck with lightning and immediately set on fire. The consternation caused

by an event so appalling in its nature, and so sudden and unexpected in its occurrence, may be more readily imagined than described. The captain and crew used every exertion to extinguish the flames, which first appeared in the main hold; but as the fire and smoke increased in all directions, and indications showed themselves of the ship being on fire in almost every part, orders were issued for the boats to be got ready. With considerable difficulty, the men succeeded in hoisting out the yawl, which was stowed in the long-boat; and other preparations were made for leaving the burning vessel with all possible haste. The confusion which ensued no words could paint. The vessel was all on fire below, and sent forth at the hatchways a volume of heat and smoke that was almost suffocating. The darkness of the night, relieved only by vivid flashes of lightning—which had already proved fatal to two of the seamen—added to the general terror. The flames soon took hold of the long-boat and rendered it useless. The only other boat available was a small one for four oars on the larboard quarter. At length this was lowered; and, with great difficulty, the passengers and seamen made their way over the side of the

vessel through the smoke and flames, which were now burning out on all sides.

So rapid was the progress of the conflagration that there was no time to secure many articles which were desirable. A binnacle, a compass, a tin case containing the ship's papers and a box of dollars which was in the cabin, were all that was saved. An attempt was made to obtain a little fresh water and bread; but the violence of the flames made this impossible. Except the two sailors who were killed by the lightning, all the ship's company, forty-eight in number, got into the boats, every soul being obliged to leave the vessel to save his life. Unfortunately there were only three oars for the two boats, and no rudder to the largest one. By and bye they secured several pieces of wood, of which they made paddles as substitutes for oars, and obtained candle sufficient to give them light till daybreak. Having done everything practicable in the circumstances, they moved off as best they could; but the death from which they were attempting to escape still threatened them. For the wind, changing several times, together with the force of the current, drifted the vessel after them; and obliged the boats frequently to alter their course, to avoid being run down by

the burning ship, which seemed to pursue them like a thing of life. When thus tossed on the mighty deep in open boats, exposed to the most imminent danger, the necessity and importance of true religion was acknowledged by all; and the Missionaries, whose confidence and courage were unshaken, were earnest and incessant in their spiritual counsels and in their supplications to the Almighty that He would be pleased to interpose on their behalf.

At length the boats succeeded in getting a considerable distance from the burning vessel; and through that gloomy night the people on board contemplated, with peculiar feelings, the awfully grand spectacle which was before them. When the conflagration was at its height, it illuminated, with a strange lurid glare, the surrounding sea for several miles. About ten o'clock they saw the main and mizzen masts fall overboard with a tremendous crash; and in half an hour afterwards the foremast followed, nor was the fire extinguished till four o'clock on the following morning. After pulling incessantly all night, on the return of daylight land was discovered at a distance,—a circumstance which filled every heart with gratitude and joy.

The prospect of reaching the shore in safety was truly cheering; for the whole party, having

been obliged to make their escape so precipitately, were in poor plight with respect to clothing, and ill prepared to endure protracted exposure on the open sea. There was but one person among them who was at all decently dressed; and the pitiful, not to say ludicrous, appearance of the rest might have excited a smile in other circumstances. About seven o'clock A.M. they discovered a native boat off the shore; and, by a diligent use of their oars and paddles, about ten o'clock they came up with her, and the whole party were taken on board. It was now ascertained that Trincomalee was only sixteen miles away; and as all were much fatigued and almost exhausted, it was considered best to steer for that place, and so get on shore with as little delay as possible. An arrangement was accordingly made with the master of the native boat; and, in the mean time, the shipwrecked voyagers refreshed themselves by partaking of a mess of cocoanuts and milk, the only food which was to be had.

About eight o'clock on the following morning, September the 8th, being in sight of the Trincomalee flagstaff, with a contrary wind which kept them from entering the port, the chief officer was sent on shore to report the occurrence and the situation of the Missionaries and their

fellow voyagers. On receiving the intelligence about noon, Mr. Upton, the Commissioner of the Government Dockyard, immediately sent off boats to land the whole party. Having literally "suffered the loss of all things," and escaped from the burning ship with nothing but what they happened to have on at the time, the Missionaries landed in a miserable plight. Poor Mrs. Mowat was without bonnet, or anything of her own to cover her, and Mr. Hoole was without a hat; but they were truly thankful for life, and rejoiced to be permitted to set their feet on the shore of India, after such a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence on their behalf. They were kindly received by the Rev. Messrs. Carver and Stead, the Missionaries at Trincomalee, who promptly supplied them with a few necessary garments, and did everything in their power to promote their comfort. After resting a few days they proceeded to Madras, and ultimately to their appointed Stations, where they entered upon their Missionary labours in the spirit of their Divine Master.

It is pleasing to be able to add that these two earnest servants of God were spared for many years after this affecting incident, and were honoured to render important service in the cause of Christ both at home and abroad.

After labouring faithfully for nine years in India, Dr. Hoole returned to England; and occupied, with credit to himself and advantage to the cause, the honourable position of General Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the long period of thirty-eight years, being highly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He finished his course with joy, in London, on the 17th of June, 1872, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Mowat also returned home after an honourable service of ten years in the East, and was spared to labour with acceptance and success in several English Circuits. In 1862 he retired as a Supernumerary; and, at the present writing, although very feeble, he still lives, much beloved by his friends and brethren, and calmly waiting the summons of the Master to join the company of those who have gone before to take possession of the better land. How diversified are the dealings of God with the children of men! and yet all His ways are marked by wisdom and goodness and mercy and love.

"With even mind thy course of duty run:
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He."

VI.

EARTHQUAKE IN THE ANTIGUA DISTRICT.

ONE of the most disastrous earthquakes ever known in the West Indies in modern times, and one which involved the Mission Stations in the largest amount of loss and suffering, occurred in Antigua and neighbouring islands on Wednesday, the 8th of February, 1843. A few brief extracts from the communications of the Missionaries will show in some measure the nature and extent of this dire calamity.

Writing from Augusta, a few days afterwards, the Rev. H. Cheesebrough gives the following account of what happened in that island: "At twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the 8th instant, Antigua was visited by a dreadful earthquake. The business of the District Meeting had closed the day before; some of the brethren had already left

us, and others were in the act of bidding us adieu, when the Mission-house began to reel beneath our feet. This was attended by those indescribable subterranean noises which usually accompany violent earthquakes. We stood looking at each other in mute astonishment for a moment; but finding the motion lasting and getting worse, we rushed into the streets, where we were joined by hundreds of persons running together from all parts of the town, pale with fear, and rending the air with their cries, prayers, and lamentations. At this moment I looked at our fine large chapel, which shook like a leaf, and then gave way; all the upper parts of the building descending first, and being instantly followed by the hewn stones which form the facing of the front. Simultaneously with this sad event there arose clouds of dust from every part of the town; and the crash of falling buildings was heard, blended with the piercing shrieks of the people, and accompanied by that horrid heaving and trembling of the earth beneath our feet, which awakened a general apprehension that we were all about to descend into a common grave. But God had mercy on us, and restrained the power of the mighty agent, after it had been at its work of ruin about two minutes and a half.

"On the dust clearing away we saw the extent of the mischief which had been wrought. Almost every piece of masonry in St. John's is in ruins. The parish church is totally destroyed. All the stone-built stores and dwellings are either entirely level with the ground, or left in such a state of dilapidation as to require immediate demolition in order to public safety. Our noble Ebenezer chapel is so far injured that it is doubtful whether it can ever be used as a place of worship again. Our Parham chapel is not much injured; but the Mission-house is seriously damaged, and the out-buildings and fences are all down. The Willoughby Bay chapel, a large stone building, is totally ruined, and the Mission-house is also much injured. English Harbour chapel is damaged, but not much, being a wooden structure. The Bolan's chapel is level with the ground, and the Mission-house is so far injured as to be incapable of repairs. Sawcotts is badly injured; and the Point chapel, St. John's, will require extensive repairs.

"Our desolations are great, but not so great as God's mercies. He hath shaken the earth terribly, and made of the city a heap; yet, amid an overthrow so general, not more than a

few lives have been lost. He has taken our property, but preserved the souls of the impenitent from going down to perdition. May the deep religious impressions which appear to have been made result in the unfeigned repentance and salvation of all the people! The Mission families are all safe. We were separated from our children, but God took care of them; and when we found them they had narrowly escaped destruction by the falling of the chapel, but were unharmed. To God be all the praise! We have taken refuge in a small house of two rooms, the one we previously occupied being untenable. We have held prayer-meetings in different parts of the town, and on Sunday we shall worship God under the broad canopy of heaven."

Writing from St. Kitt's the Rev. James Cox says: "On that fatal day, Wednesday, February 8th, we left Antigua, having closed our business the preceding evening. The last service held in that chapel I shall never forget. Mr. Horsford preached to a large congregation on Col. iii. 4. The brethren and their wives then united in partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; a custom we have always observed in this District on the eve of our separation. The

overshadowing presence of the Lord was felt in our midst, and we separated, uncertain of ever assembling again on earth, but in joyful anticipation of a reunion in heaven. At a quarter past eight next morning our vessel, containing the Montserrat and St. Kitt's Missionaries, was under weigh. The day was beautifully clear. Not a cloud was to be seen on the Montserrat or Antigua; when, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, *we felt the earth quake!* Our vessel trembled and creaked in every timber! It lasted more than a minute: and if so violent on the sea, we feared much for the land. Lurid smoke covered Montserrat immediately, and some parts of Antigua. Our captain exclaimed, 'See the cloud of smoke on Guadaloupe,—a volcano!' On arriving at Montserrat, about four hours afterwards, we heard dismal tidings of cliffs falling, houses rent, estates prostrated, four lives lost, our Mission property seriously injured, &c. After landing Mr. Leggatt and family, and Mr. Hawkins, we hastened away to our own Circuit, to know what had befallen us here. The moon shone in silvery brightness, smiling on the scene of desolation. O how grateful to God did we feel on learning the *comparative* escape we had had here! for,

though our island has suffered, it is nothing compared to Antigua. While several stone buildings have been thrown down in Basseterre, and others fractured and seriously injured, it is with unfeigned gratitude that I am enabled to report that our large chapel, though slightly cracked above the arch of each window, is not seriously damaged, and its state excites no alarm. This is the case also with our chapels at Palmetto Point, Old Road, and Sandy Point. This is a most serious dispensation for the District; but we submit. 'Thy will be done!' 'Clouds and darkness are around about Him:' but He is good, infinitely good, still. Such a tremendous visitation has never been known in these islands before. We are endeavouring to improve it."

In reference to Nevis, the Rev. J. Pilcher, after describing the sudden, hollow, rumbling sound with which the earthquake commenced, says: "Putting my hand upon our newly-arrived brother Steele, I said, 'This is an earthquake!' thinking it would be over in a second or two; but, no! it increased in violence; and I instantly proceeded to my wife and children, who were in the sitting-room. We hastened out of the house as soon as possible, scarcely

able to keep upon our legs; and when we got out, O, what a scene! The roar, the trembling, the awful rocking to and fro, the falling walls and chimneys, boards literally thrown off the pile, the general cry, especially of our two hundred school-children, in the school, altogether beggars description. Thank God, not a hair of our head is injured! Though greatly shaken, we are well.

"As soon as we had a little recovered we hastened to look to our premises; which, we are thankful to say, though injured, are not irreparably so. Happily for us, neither the new stone-house nor the new stone-chapel were finished, or they must have come down. In town the destruction of property is considerable; nor is it less in the country. The earth opened in several places; but there has been no sinking. Our poor chapel at Gingerland is all but down: nothing saves it but the new addition in course of erection. I fear it must come down. The chapel at Newcastle is rent and shattered, but I do not yet know to what extent. Thank God that the earthquake occurred in the daytime, that we were here, and that no life was lost! On the fearful morning many ran to the chapel; and at twelve o'clock we had public prayers, and also at night. On Wednesday we

intend holding a day of humiliation and prayer; and we trust that God will hear and save us. O that this visitation may be sanctified to the awakening of sinners! But how are we to build our waste places, seeing our people are so impoverished, and our financial resources cut off?"

Other Missionaries besides Mr. Pilcher made similar inquiries, and appealed to the Missionary Committee for help to rebuild or repair the chapels destroyed or injured by the earthquake.

The appeal was promptly and cheerfully responded to, and, although the damage done to Mission property in the Antigua District amounted to more than £10,000, assisted by the friends of the cause in England, the Committee were in a position to make such grants in aid as enabled the Missionaries and their people to repair the waste places of Zion, and the work of evangelization in all the islands proceeded as before. Thus did Divine Providence work in wisdom and goodness, for the defence of His servants and for the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy, in a manner far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

"Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear."

VII.

THIRST IN THE DESERT.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone returned from his famous journey across the Continent of Africa in 1856, he recommended the establishment of a Mission among the Makololo, an interesting tribe on the banks of the Zambesi. An expedition was planned and equipped accordingly by the London Missionary Society, and the enterprise was undertaken with a hopeful prospect. The young Ministers and their wives sent out by the Society for this special work were as fine a Mission party as ever landed on the shores of Africa, and I have a vivid recollection of a grand social meeting which was held in Cape Town to welcome them to the Cape of Good Hope, and of happy personal intercourse with them for several weeks previous

to their departure for the interior. But promising as was the prospect of the Makololo Mission in its commencement, there ultimately fell upon it a series of trials, difficulties, disappointments, afflictions, bereavements and disasters which have scarcely a parallel in the history of the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands. Passing over the incidents of the earlier stages of their long and weary journey which were marked by almost constant suffering and privation, we propose, in this brief sketch, to view their position in the desert far beyond the colonial boundary, and to indicate what they endured from the want of water, in addition to other untoward circumstances.

Mrs. Helmore, the wife of the senior Missionary, who had previously had considerable experience in African Mission work, writing to her sister in England gives the following touching account:

"We are expecting rain this month, and are longing for it as those only can long who have travelled through a dry and parched wilderness where no water is. Our poor oxen were at one time four, and at another five, days without drinking. It was quite painful to see how tame they were rendered by thirst: they crowded

around the waggons, licked the water-casks, and put their noses down to the dishes and basins, and then looked up to our faces as if asking for water. We suffered very much ourselves from thirst, being obliged to economize the little we had in our vessels, not knowing when we should get more. Tuesday, the 6th instant, was one of the most trying days I ever passed. About sunrise the poor oxen, which had been dragging the heavy waggons through the deep sands during the night, stopping now and then to draw breath, gave signs of giving up altogether. My husband now resolved to remain behind with one waggon and a single man, while I and the children and the rest of the people went forward with all the oxen, thinking that we should certainly reach water before night. We had had a very scanty supply the day before: the men had not tasted drink since breakfast till late in the evening. We divided a bottleful among four of them. There now remained five bottles of water. I gave my husband three, and reserved two for the children, expecting that we should get water first. It was a sorrowful parting, for we were all faint from thirst, and of course eating was out of the question. After dragging on for four hours, the heat obliged us to stop.

"The poor children continually asked for water; I put them off as long as I could, and when they could be denied no longer, doled the precious fluid out a spoonful at a time to each of them. Poor Selina and Harry cried bitterly. Willie bore up manfully, but his sunken eyes showed how much he suffered. Occasionally I observed a convulsive twitch of his features, showing what an effort he was making to restrain his feelings. As for dear Lizzie, she did not utter a single word of complaint, nor even ask for water, but lay all day on the ground perfectly quiet, her lips quite parched and blackened. About sunset we made another attempt and got on about five miles. The people then proposed going on with the oxen in search of water, promising to return with a supply to the waggon, but I urged their resting a little and then making another attempt, that we might if possible get near enough to walk on to it. They yielded, tied up the oxen to prevent their wandering, and lay down to sleep, having tasted neither food nor drink all day. None of us could eat. I gave the children a little dried fruit, slightly acid, in the middle of the day, but thirst took away all desire to eat. Once in the course of the afternoon, dear Willie,

after a desperate effort not to cry, asked me if he might go and drain the bottles. Of course I assented, and presently he called out to me, with much eagerness, that he had 'found some.' Poor little fellow, it must have been little indeed, for his sister Selina had drained them already.

"The water being long since gone, as a last resource, just before dark I divided among the children half a teaspoonful of wine and water, which I had been reserving in case I should feel faint. They were revived by it, and said, 'How nice it was,' though it scarcely allayed their thirst. Henry at length cried himself to sleep, and the rest were dosing feverishly. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the air was hot and sultry. I sat in front of the waggon, unable to sleep, hoping that water might arrive before the children awoke on another day. About half-past ten, I saw some persons approaching; they proved to be two Bakalahari, bringing a tin canteen half full of water, and a note from Mrs. Price, saying that having heard of the trouble we were in from the man we had sent forward, and being themselves not very far from water, they had sent us all they had. The sound of water soon roused the children, who had

tried in vain to sleep; and I shall not soon forget the rush they made to get a drink. I gave each of the children and men a cupful, and then drank myself. It was the first liquid that had passed my lips for twenty-four hours, and I had eaten nothing. The Bakalahari passed on, after depositing the precious treasure, saying that though they had brought me water they had none themselves. They were merely passing travellers. I almost thought they were angels sent from heaven. All now slept comfortably except myself; my mind had been too much excited for sleep. And now a fresh disturbance arose; the poor oxen had smelt the water, and became very troublesome; the loose cattle crowded round the waggon, licking and snuffing, and pushing their noses towards me, as if begging for water. At two o'clock I aroused the men, telling them that if we were to make another attempt to reach the water no time was to be lost. They were tired and faint, and very unwilling to move; but at last they got up and began to unloose the oxen, and drive them off without the waggon. I remonstrated, but in vain; they had lost all spirit.

In the course of the following day the sufferers were supplied with a more ample stock of water

by their friends Mr. and Mrs. Price, the junior Missionary and his wife, who were in advance of them, and who had providentially met with a small fountain. The first supply was brought in a calabash on the head of a native servant girl, who had walked with her precious burden four hours. Then came a pack-ox with two kegs of water, and at length the whole Mission party reached the fountain, where they were joined by Mr. Helmore, who had been left behind in the desert, and they all united in sincere thanksgiving to Almighty God for having once more graciously interposed on their behalf.

The "perils in the wilderness" of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, with their dear children, who were veterans in African Mission work, and of Mr. and Mrs. Price just arrived from England, did not terminate here. They nobly pushed forward through every difficulty to their destination in the Makololo country, where they were one after another smitten down with fever, till in a few short months they were all laid in their graves in the interior of Africa, with the exception of Mr. Price, who was alone spared to return to the Cape Colony to tell the mournful story. The feelings of this bereaved Mission-

ary, as he wended his solitary way towards the nearest Station, after having laid the remains of his beloved wife in her lonely grave in the desert, all the rest having died some time before, may be better imagined than described. But he was Divinely sustained in his sorrow, and, possessing the heart of a true ambassador of Christ, when the Makololo Mission had failed through these and other adverse circumstances, he nobly turned his attention to other heathen tribes in the interior of Africa, among whom he still labours as a faithful Missionary of the Cross. Little did I think, when I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and their children, and of dear Mrs. Price, on their departure for the interior, that they would so soon be numbered with the silent dead, and that I should see them no more in this world. I hope to meet them in heaven, where the conflicts and sufferings of earth will be known no more for ever. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." (Rev. vii. 16.)

"There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

VIII.

REVIVALS ON MISSION STATIONS.

WHEN the self-denying Missionary, or those who went before him, have laboured long and faithfully in the Lord's vineyard, it is truly delightful to look forth and to behold "the fields white unto the harvest." And it is still more pleasing to see the precious grain gathered in, and the beautiful figure fully realized in the accession of faithful living members to the Church of Christ, through the regenerating power of the Gospel. From peculiar circumstances it has sometimes happened that the faith and patience of the Missionary have been severely tried by the absence of any specific and tangible results after years of unwearied toil; but when the first visible fruit appears the man of God

rejoices as one who has found great spoil. Many touching incidents, illustrative of this, might be given; but it may be more to the point to take a brief but general view of times of refreshing with which some portions of the Mission field have been visited.

At an early period of the Wesleyan Mission to the West Indies the work assumed the character of a continuous unbroken revival of true religion. Without any particular excitement or outburst of feeling, beyond evident manifestations of half-suppressed emotion under the influence of the word preached, sinners were convinced and led to seek the Saviour at almost every service. Scarcely a week passed on some Stations without inquirers being gathered into the Classes, and added as probationers to the Church of Christ. This was the case especially after the emancipation of the slaves, when in the course of a single year more than a thousand new members joined the Society in one Circuit in which I laboured. The joy with which my dear colleagues and I ministered to attentive and attached congregations in the West Indies during those years of special blessing and unparalleled prosperity, left an impression upon the mind never to be obliterated.

In the Friendly Islands also a very remarkable revival of religion occurred in 1834, which greatly cheered the hearts of the Missionaries who had been toiling for several years without seeing much fruit of their labours. It broke out on Tuesday, the 23rd of July, while a Native Local Preacher was preaching in Vavau at a village named Utui. The word came with such power that the whole congregation was moved to tears. All confessed themselves to be sinners; and many cried aloud for mercy. They were unwilling to leave the place without a blessing and actually reminded together most of the night in humble prayer and supplication; and many of them before morning found peace in believing. On the following Sabbath, at another village similar results followed the ordinary services of the day. Five hundred persons, the whole of the inhabitants of the place, from the least to the greatest, joined in earnestly seeking salvation. The Missionaries and a few of their faithful people who had been praying for the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of souls were amazed. They had asked largely; but God had given them more than they asked or hoped to witness. In a single day during this movement there is reason to believe that

more than one thousand souls were truly converted to God. King George and his Queen Charlotte, who were then staying at Vavau, were among the saved, and were ever afterwards exemplary Christians and faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

The revival soon spread to Haabai and Tonga and to the whole of the Friendly Islands, and there was a general turning unto the Lord. The Rev. Charles Tucker, who was then stationed at Lifuka, gives the following account of the commencement of the work there: "As soon as the service began on Monday morning the cries of the people began. They were melted into tears on every hand, and many of them cried aloud by reason of the disquietude of their souls. O, what a solemn but joyful sight! One thousand or more bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus, and praying in an agony of soul. I never saw such distress, I never heard such cries for mercy, or such confession of sin before. These things were universal from the greatest chiefs in the land to the meanest of the people. The Lord heard the sighing of the prisoners, He bound up many a broken-hearted sinner in that meeting, and proclaimed liberty to many a captive. We were filled with wonder and grati-

tude, and lost in praise, on witnessing the Lord making bare His arm so gloriously in the sight of the heathen. We met again about nine o'clock, and had a similar scene; hundreds wept aloud, and many trembled from head to foot, as though they were about to be judged at the bar of God. We were engaged the whole day in this blessed work. I attended five services, and saw hundreds of precious souls made happy by a sense of the Saviour's love. There never was such a Sabbath; it was indeed one of the days of the Son of Man. Many will remember it with pleasure throughout eternity, as the day of their adoption into the heavenly family. During the following week the concern of the people was so great that they laid aside their work. We had service twice every day but once, and the chapel was always full. It was a week of Sabbaths and of much prayer and praise. Not a day or a night passed but some were disburthened of their load of guilt and sin by believing with their hearts unto righteousness."

The result of this glorious revival in the Friendly Islands, and of the faithful labours of the Missionaries generally, was the conversion of thousands of precious souls to God, the entire overthrow of idolatry, and the subjugation of

the whole group to the authority of Christ, so that now an idol is not to be found in the land, and the population are all nominally, and a large proportion of them really, Christians.

In 1866 a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit was vouchsafed in Southern Africa, where the Missionaries had been sowing the good seed of the kingdom for many years, hoping and praying for a glorious harvest. The chief instruments in the hands of God in bringing multitudes of both colonists and natives to religious decision were the Rev. Wm. Taylor, an earnest American Missionary, who was on a visit to the country, and Charles Pamla, a devoted Native Evangelist. The meetings held by these two eminent servants of God in various parts of Albany, Kaffraria, and Natal, supported by the resident Missionaries, were seasons of wonderful spiritual power and blessing; and it was estimated that nearly eight thousand souls were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in the short space of seven months. Nor were the results of this movement transitory. Ten months after Mr. Taylor had left the country the Rev. Peter Hargreaves, writing to him from Clarkebury, bears the following testimony to the permanency of the work: "Here we have

Christian Women, South Africa.

abundant cause to remember your visit, and to feel grateful for the 'showers of blessing' which accompanied and followed your faithful and zealous labours among us. Grace has made a great and happy change in the moral and mental habits of the people around us. The blessed revival of religion did not cease when you left us. It continued, and continues even to this day. When it commenced there were scarcely one hundred persons meeting in Class on this Station; now we have more than four hundred and sixty persons in Society with us." Another Missionary says: "We rejoice over the souls brought to God when you were here, as those who have found great spoil. Heathenism then received a great shock, and a few more would make the powers of darkness tremble to their foundation."

In the months of July and August, 1869 special services were held in several of the Wesleyan Circuits of the South Ceylon District, which likewise resulted in the gathering of many precious souls into the fold of the Redeemer. An interesting account was published at the time. At Kandy "thirty-five persons professed to receive a sense of God's pardoning love: of these ten were Singhalese.

At a band-meeting held on the Sunday following about forty persons stood up and spoke of what God had done for their souls." In another Circuit at one of the services, "fourteen souls tasted of the joys of salvation." After another meeting it was found that "seven others, including a Buddhist, had experienced a saving change." At another place "every house was open for Prayer-meetings, and seventy-five persons were made to rejoice in knowing that God for Christ's sake had pardoned their sins." From another Station it was reported: "Ten persons have found Jesus, and one or two Buddhists have joined the Society." At Pantura there were "sixty-six persons who found peace in one week." At Galle there were "seventeen penitents, of whom twelve obtained the blessing." A Love-feast on the Monday following concluded the services, at which "fourteen spoke, giving a clear testimony as to their acceptance with God." The special services at Matura were also said to have been "very successful."

Nor should we forget or under-estimate the great and wonderful changes which have been effected by the faithful preaching of the Gospel and the successful training of the rising generation in the knowledge of God's holy Word, in

countries where revivals of religion have been unattended by outward demonstrations of deep feeling. In Tahiti, Fiji, Madagascar, and other places, after long nights of toiling, and waiting, and watching, the day dawned and the light of Divine truth shone upon tens of thousands who were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, to the unspeakable joy and delight of the faithful men who had so long and so faithfully laboured in those parts of the Mission field.

We can testify from experience that the success of the enterprise in all or in any of its forms is a source of unspeakable joy to the Christian Missionary. When we have discovered unmistakable signs of religious impressions in individual seekers of salvation, and still more when we have seen multitudes gathered into the fold of Christ, and our places of worship filled with happy joyful Christians, won by the power of the Gospel from the territories of heathendom, we have felt our hearts glow with a joy more elevated and more pure than that of any earthly conqueror, and have been more than compensated for all the trials and conflicts which attended the work in its earlier stages. This joy has been enhanced by the confirmation of our faith in the truth of prophecy and the

approach of the time when it will be said, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.)

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

IX.

AN IDOL PUT TO GOOD USE.

YOU have often heard, dear children, of Serampore, where Dr. Carey, Dr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward laboured.

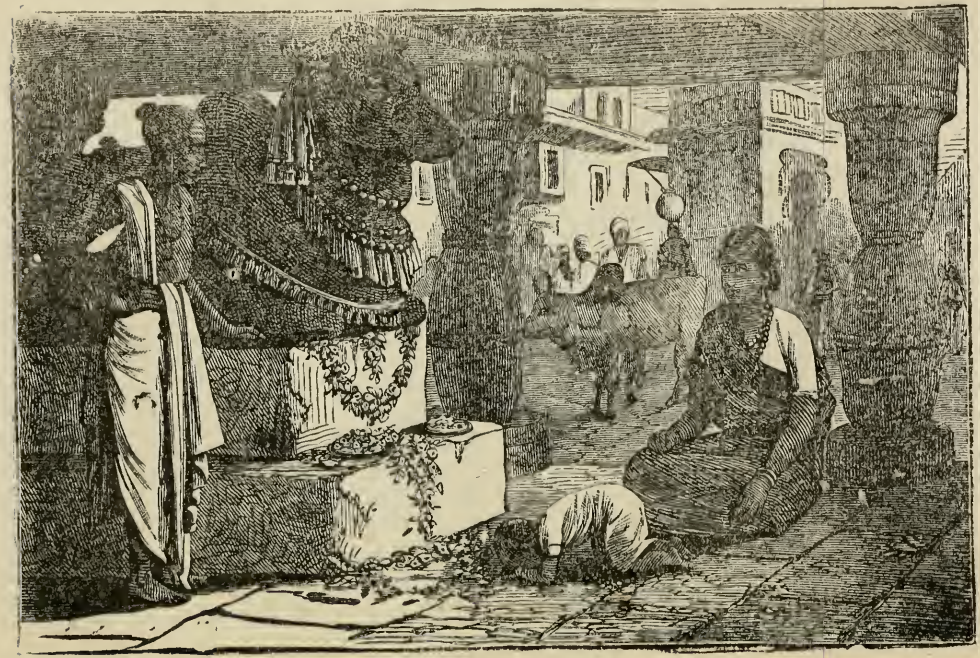
Many converts lived in the town and neighbourhood, and were accustomed to worship at Serampore. But many others lived in villages more distant, and only came into headquarters upon special occasions, and when extraordinary services were to be held. Then the Christian brethren and sisters held pleasant fellowship together, and the kindness and hospitality of the converts in the town towards the strangers from the country were very great indeed.

Among the converts in Serampore there was a man named Narayana and his wife Lutchmee, who, in the days of their ignorance, were accus-

tomed to worship Juggernaut, whose festivities at Pooree used to be celebrated with so much blood and cruelty. Their household deity was called after this gigantic murderer, and was kept in the interior of their dwelling, and received their domestic worship and offerings. As soon as they were converted to Christ, and felt the power of his love, the question with Lutchmee was, "What shall we do with Juggernaut?" "Oh," said Narayana, "I have got a place for him." "Where will that be?" said his wife. "I mean," said Narayana, "to dig a hole in the garden, and plant him there as a scarecrow to frighten away the birds and the fowls from the grounds, and defend its produce from their dishonest propensities."

Well, Juggernaut was planted accordingly, and performed his business well, and gained much credit in driving away the crows and other birds from the rice-grounds, and in preserving the crops to be gathered into the garner.

But, on one of the occasions to which I have alluded, many converts from the country stations were expected, and as Narayana was very hospitable, he said to Lutchmee, "Come, dear, to-morrow is to be a high day, and we must entertain a good many brethren and sisters. I should like



A Young Idolater.

twenty at least to come and dine with us, and I hope you are well prepared to give them a feast." "Well," said Lutchmee, "there is rice enough and curry enough and vegetables enough, but there is very little firewood with which to cook the food, and I must look to you, Narayana, to find more." "Oh," said the husband, "we shall not want *for that.* Here is old Juggernaut in the garden; I shall pull him up and chop him to pieces, and he will make a capital fire to make the pot boil." So he went and pulled up the idol, and Juggernaut was turned into firewood, and did good service in cooking the rice for the Christians' dinner.

I cannot but hope and pray that the old, cruel, and monstrous idol who is worshipped at Pooree, and who delights in the blood of his victims, will one of these days meet with a similar fate; but are there no Juggernauts amongst ourselves who deserve to meet with the same destruction? Have you not heard of old Self, and grasping Mammon, and furious Bacchus, and raging Pride, whose devotees are under a yoke as galling and as cruel as those of the heathen deity, and to deliver us from whose power and despotism it well becomes us to cry to the living God:—

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
  And worship only Thee!

That was a very good use to make of Juggernaut; but let me tell you of another idol, and how he was used in a good service.

After living a long time among Hindoos, and returning from India, a military gentleman and his lady brought over a number of idols, and among them a very large one, whom we shall call Krishna-swamee. After their settlement at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, they put their residence into beautiful order. Norton Cottage was the name of the house. The grounds were green and verdant, and the gardens abounded with fruit and flowers. A summer-house in the distance they determined should be ornamented, and should serve a missionary purpose. What do you think was done with the idols? They were ranged in a row, and Krishna-swamee—the large idol—stood in front and held a missionary-box, on which the words in large capitals were engraved, as though they were his own effusion, "Pity the poor heathen." Visitors were taken to see the gardens, and the museum, and Krishna-swamee was a very efficient collector for the

Missionary Society. A ministerial friend who once beheld this scene was so much taken with the arrangement that he wrote the following verses on the use to which the idol was appropriated:—

AN IDOL WELL EMPLOYED.

Aha! an idol god! why this is moving!
The world, at length, must surely be improving,
When such a thing as this, an utter folly,
Can be devoted to a use so holy.
Scarcely should we have dreamt, thought, or asserted,
That idol gods themselves could be converted.[3]

'Tis something new to hear an idol preaching,
A metal god, now lecturing, now beseeching;
Yet sure I hear this say, "While some men slumber,
And care not for the heathen without number,
E'en stocks and stones themselves arise and pity,
And idol gods proclaim the mournful ditty!

Stand, Krishna, stand, and help the cause of Jesus,
For in no other service canst thou please us;
Continue with both hands to hold the basket—
The cause wants help, and you can ably ask it;
A face of brass, a never-tiring pleader,
Is well employed for Christ, our glorious Leader.

If idols can thus be turned to use in the missionary cause, what may you not do, my dear children, you who have eyes to weep, and

hearts to pray, and lips to plead, and hands to labour, and a life to spend in the advancement of Christ's kingdom? Let me entreat you to pray with all fervour and importunity for the conversion of the heathen and the establishment of Christ's cause in every land, till every heathen temple is destroyed, and Christ's name is exalted throughout the earth!

X.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

THE year 1835 was very memorable in Bangalore and in the Madras Presidency for a spiritual revival both among Europeans and among the natives. As the Germans as well as the Americans began to look for missionary fields in India, the society at Basle sent out four of their brethren to the western coast, and appointed them to labour at Mangalore. That district was Canarese, like the Mysore, and what was the first movement of these brethren thus settled in Canarese territory? It was to appoint their senior missionary, Mr. Hebic, to visit our mission at Bangalore, to consult with us on the best plans to be adopted, and how difficulties are to be overcome, and what our experience was in our undertaking. I never met with any

man to whom God had so much granted the gift of bringing home the truth to every man's conscience as in the sight of God, as to Mr. Hebic. It mattered little to him whether he met his neighbour on board of ship or on the shore, whether in the way or in the house, whether at home or abroad, he felt under the necessity of addressing him on his eternal interests. He became quite a lion at Bangalore. Dear Christian friends used to come in their carriages to take him to visit their worldly friends and acquaintances, for what purpose? That they might not only have the pleasure of introducing him to them, but that he might have the opportunity of speaking plainly and faithfully to them on the concerns of their souls. It was, in reality, "*A house to house visitation*," as proposed under the present revival.

After breakfast and family prayer we were sitting together conversing about mission affairs, when I thought I heard the sound of a carriage coming in the distance. I looked out and recognized it to be the carriage of our superintending surgeon. "Here is a gentleman coming to visit me, Mr. Hebic, with whom I have often conversed on the concerns of his immortality, but I am afraid he is still a very self-righteous man.

Now, I should like to leave him alone with you this morning, and I hope your conversation will be blest to his soul." In came the doctor. I introduced him to Mr. Hebic. "How do you do, sir?" said the missionary. "Thank you," replied the doctor, "I am much better since my return from the Neilgerry Hills," where he and his family had been on a visit for the sake of his health. "Ah!" said the missionary, "it is but comparatively little to be well in the body; I should like to know how you are in the soul." "Well, sir," replied the doctor, "I am afraid I can say little about that matter, Mr. Hebic." *The Bible* was lying upon the table. "Why not?" said Mr. Hebic; and laying his hand upon the Bible, "Do you believe this Bible to be the Word of God?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "but if it be a divine revelation, I am sometimes inclined to wonder why it has not been circulated all over the world before this time." "Well," said the missionary, "leaving that objection for the present, do you believe this Bible to be the Word of God?" "Yes," replied the doctor, but brought up some other objection that was evidently rankling in his mind. "I shall leave you," I said, "for the present, and hope you will enjoy your conversation," and I retired to the library for a time.

In about half an hour or less I heard there were signs of our good doctor taking his departure. I went out to bid him "good-bye," and see him into his carriage. "Have you heard the news," said he, "of this morning, Mr. Campbell?" "No, sir," I replied; "what is it, doctor?" "The races, you know, commenced yesterday morning." "Yes," I replied. "Well, the horse of Captain B—— was to run the first race. This gentleman, given up to sporting and to amusements of all kinds, became possessor of the prize. Amidst his triumph and prosperity he was so uplifted with joy that there was a rush of blood to his heart, and he fell in a fit upon the ground. He was carried in great distress to his home, and he is dead this morning. But alas! Mr. Campbell, it was such a dreadful death! I have never witnessed such a scene!" "Ah, doctor," I said, "we must, sir, be prepared to die. Just think of that poor man yesterday morning on the race-course, exulting in his sports; but where is his soul to-day? We must, my dear sir, we must be prepared to meet our God." The doctor acquiesced in the truth of the remarks, and bade me farewell.

On my return to the hall, there was Mr. Hebic, who was now joined by two missionary brethren,

holding up his hands, and was exclaiming, "Who among you will go with me, and pray for this poor infidel!" "Oh!" said I, "not so bad as that, Mr. Hebic." "Do you know," said the missionary, "I have not met with such an infidel before. Now, it is declared in the Scripture by our Lord himself, 'Verily I say unto you, if two of you agree upon anything that they will ask, it will be done to you by my Father who is in heaven.' Here is just a case in point. Who of you will go with me and pray for this man?" "I shall go with you, Brother Hebic," I replied; and we went into the library, and poured out our hearts unitedly and severally that God would extend his mercy to this unbeliever; that He would convince him of the evil of sin, and the necessity of being born again of the Spirit; that He would bless, to the impression of his mind, the conversation which had been held with him that day; that He would dispel those horrid doubts and frightful delusions which seemed to have obtained a predominance over his mind; and that He would not leave him till He had brought him to the foot of the cross, and to the foot of the throne! We left him in the hands of a merciful Creator.

Mr. Hebic very soon returned to Mangalore

and I very soon embarked for England. I had only been at home a few months, when at Clapham, as a deputation preaching for the Missionary Society, I met with a young friend whom I left behind me at Bangalore, who was numbered among the pious officers of that day, but who had just returned to his home. Very long and very interesting that morning was our conversation about Bangalore, and about those special interests and friends whom we had left behind. In due course, up came the names of Dr. and Mrs. Underwood. "Have you anything," I asked, "to tell me about them?" "What," he replied, "have you not heard?" "No; not a word since I left the station." "Oh!" said he, "the good people are all rejoicing at the mercy and grace which God has shown to them; their conversion has been most striking and remarkable; every one is filled with praise and thanksgiving to God for their deliverance and their decision! They who were once so worldly and so carnal, to have become so devout and spiritual; they who were so penurious and so illiberal, to have become so kind and benevolent; and they who were once such stumbling-blocks to many to have become such strong and zealous supporters of the faith, is really the joy and

rejoicing of all." "Thank God," I replied; "is this true that I hear from you? I, too, rejoice and give praise to the Lord." This was the physician on behalf of whom Mr. Hebic and myself had poured forth our supplications, and who now with his lady had become the subject of Almighty and regenerating grace.

XI.

LITTLE BENOMÊ.

THE method of capture and the treatment of African slave-children is touchingly illustrated by the story of little Benomê, a liberated African girl, as related by herself many years afterwards, when an inmate in the writer's family as a free domestic servant.

Benomê was born in the interior of Africa, at a place called Radda, in the Elo country. When about seven years of age, she went one morning with another little girl to the well for water, and on looking round they saw a neighbouring village on fire. This was evidence of the approach of a slave-hunting party, of which there had been some rumour before. The girls ran home and reported what they had seen; and the people of Radda, knowing what to expect, fled

into the woods for safety, cherishing a faint hope that their enemies might perhaps pass up the country in another direction. It was not long, however, before they saw their own village on fire, and were themselves pursued by the merciless man-stealers. Little Benomê, with her mother, brother, and elder sister, together with others, were captured by the ruffians, tied together two and two, and marched off towards the coast like a flock of sheep for the market, whilst nothing was heard on every hand but mourning, lamentation, and woe.

The sufferings endured by the poor captives while travelling through the desert, as related by little Benomê, were distressing in the extreme. On coming to a large river which crossed their path, the sister of Benomê was one of the last to ford the stream, being occupied with a little child which she carried in her arms. Annoyed with her delay, the cruel monster in charge of the slaves came and snatched the infant from the arms of its mother, and threw it into the jungle, where it was left to perish; and with oaths and curses urged the poor captives onward in their march. After travelling for several weeks in succession, they came in sight of the "great salt water," which they beheld with dismay, know-

ing well that they were to be carried beyond the foaming billows to some unknown country. When they reached the coast, all the little people were sold to a certain "black lady," by whom they were kept for a length of time, till they were considered old enough for the foreign market. They were then resold, and shipped for the West Indies.

Long before the period of embarkation, little Benomê had been separated from her mother, sister, and brother, whom she was never again permitted to see in this world. When the vessel in which they sailed got out to sea, according to the account of Benomê, the slave children were occasionally allowed to come on deck to dance and "straight their legs." One night, when they had finished their exercises and gone below, before they went to sleep, they heard strange noises on deck, with the trampling of feet, and the firing of guns, the meaning of which they were at first unable to comprehend. Next morning, however, the hatches were removed, and when the slaves looked up from the hold in which they were confined, they saw several strangers, "gentlemen with fine blue coats and caps, with shining gold lace and bright buttons." These were the officers of the British man-of-war who had captured the slaver during the night, and

who called upon the negroes to come up on deck, assuring them that they were now all free.

The liberated slaves were brought to the Island of Trinidad, where the writer laboured as a missionary, and where little Benomê was introduced into his family to be trained in knowledge and industry, by an arrangement with the Government authorities. The little negro girl soon learned to read and write a little, became pious, was baptized by the name of Betsy, and grew up an affectionate, honest, and industrious servant. She continued with us for nine years, till we returned to England, after which she faithfully served other missionaries till her marriage in 1854. She never forgot the kindness shown to her in her youth, and occasionally sent us letters full of affection and love, telling us how her first-born son was called "*William*" after her dear old master, and her little daughter *Jane*, after her loving mistress. In 1873 we received a letter from her bereaved husband, informing us that Betsy had died in peace, June 12th, 1872, leaving him with one son and two daughters, one of whom also wrote a beautiful letter, which showed not only that she had been taught to remember her mother's benefactors, but also that she had received a good education in the mission-school.

XII.

NEGRO WITCHCRAFT.

WHEN Christian Missionaries first entered upon their labours in the West Indies, they found the negro slaves, to whom they were more especially sent, in a very low and degraded condition. In addition to the gross ignorance and stupidity which was no doubt the result of their long-continued bondage and oppression, they had brought with them from Africa many superstitious notions and usages, which proved serious barriers to their religious instruction. The principal of these was a species of witchcraft known as obeism and myalism. Connected with these was a practice of numerous foolish and senseless magical rites, ceremonies, and incantations, by professed obei-men, the influence of which on the popular mind was extensive and powerful. These systems of witchcraft were employed avowedly to revenge injuries, and as a

protection against theft or disease, &c., and were almost identical with *fetish* as practised on the west coast of Africa. The materials employed, after they had been consecrated by various magical rites, were generally a calabash or gourd containing pieces of rag, cats' teeth, parrots' feathers, toads' feet, egg-shells, fish bones, snakes' teeth, lizards' tails, and such like. These were hung on trees in the gardens, or attached to the doors of the parties against whom the spells were directed. Terror and dismay immediately seized the individual who first beheld this array of well-known rubbish for the practice of obeism, and when he regarded himself as the victim, he would frequently give himself up to a feeling of fear and despondency, and pine away till he died, from the influence of imagination, if poison was not secretly administered through the agency of the obei-man to hasten his death, which it is feared was often the case. We have sometimes known a whole village or estate, where the gospel had been but recently introduced, thrown into confusion by the discovery of obei-matter, and it has required our utmost influence to induce the people to resume their work and attendance on divine worship. In proportion as the people become spiritually enlightened these superstitious notions lost their influence, and died away.