exception of English settlements. This, however, in Calabar, is now much mitigated. Those entering the Church who are in the position of slaveholders give up all claim of property in their people; but beyond these, and throughout the territory, the condition of the slave is ameliorated. The King Eyo I have named frequently urged this fact upon his people as a reason why they should attend to the teaching of the mission, as they, of all people, had derived most benefit from its location amongst them. The circumstance that we are living in their midst and moving amongst them, that the mission-house is recognised as a house of refuge, and the humanizing effect of the truth even where the whole of the life is not given up to its influence, have produced this happy result, and will eventually do away with this state of society, which, though existing in native Africa in quite a different and far milder form than that it assumed in our West India colonies and in the Southern American States, is always, and necessarily, wherever present, destructive of manhood in the individual and in the community.

"The power of Egbo is gradually diminishing, and as it disappears will make room for a juster system of general government. As in patriarchal times, every man is king in his own house, and has theoretically absolute power over his dependants, who are bound together, even the purchased slaves, in a close clanship. Every village, moreover, has its king or head-man, who is supposed to attend to all the interests of the town, a great part of his time being given to the administration of justice, or, as our countrymen phrase it, settling palavers. When any matter of general concernment, however, is to be settled, the heads of the Egbo fraternity meet, and determine what is to be done. The society consists of several grades, admission to each of which is got by purchase, not by right of birth. Egbo himself is supposed to be a supernatural being, who resides in the forest, and is brought into the town, carefully concealed, only on great occasions. His *idems* or representatives, however, are frequently seen running about the street in hideous disguise, and, in the higher grades, armed with a formidable whip, which they lay mercilessly on any not free person of the grade he represents whom he meets. He has a pretty large bell attached to his back, which as he walks gives notice of his approach, so that all may keep out of his way. By sending out Egbo, a tumult can be quelled speedily; and, in fact, the institution is an exceedingly rude form of general government, and is made the instrument of much oppression. To resist Egbo is death, and most Egbo laws have this terrible sanction. A man of influence can at his pleasure send Egbo to destroy the house or even village of any who may have excited his wrath, and this spoliation must be submitted to; the only redress to be had, moreover, being retaliation in the same way on the spoiler. Whatever Egbo does must be unquestioned. Every member of the society can employ its power at his pleasure, and one not free of it can, by bribe or payment to one

who is, get the use of this power to enforce any claim, just or unjust, or wreak out his malice. This instrument of oppression is gradually decaying, and the 'reign of law' in a more righteous form will by degrees take its place.

"In connection with this I may notice another step in advance, in the abolition of substitution in the case of capital punishment. Formerly, an individual having forfeited his life by breach of Egbo law could give one of his own people to die in his room, or purchase a victim for execution, and Egbo, having drunk blood, was satisfied. This custom is now abolished; every one must answer for his own deed—a happy change, which will tend to make the Egbo code less bloody. A formal pledge to abolish it, I may state, was given in writing to the representatives of the British Government, who, it is but right to say, have always been ready to second our efforts to induce Calabar to do away with its customs of blood.

"The heads of the country have laid aside the poison ordeal in the administration of justice. The people, in the depth of their ignorance not knowing God, did not recognise His hand in the visitation of sickness or death, but 'living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another,' on such an occurrence attributed it to the malice of some one, wrought out by the dreaded power of witchcraft or wizardy, and the individual on whom suspicion fixed itself, or whom the juju man on being consulted accused, was subjected to the ordeal. The method of administering it was to pound the *esere*, a kind of bean, throw it into water, and make the accused drink it. If the stomach rejected the poisonous draught, he was acquitted; if not rejected, it was sure to issue in death, and the accused was held for ever guilty. Many perished through this superstition; but now, even the appeal to the ordeal by individuals anxious to vindicate themselves from suspicion or charge of evil, is discountenanced.

"An effective breach is made in that most unnatural of their customs, infanticide. They are desirous of having a numerous offspring, and in his prayer which the patriarch of the town made on sacrificing the goat to Ekpo before the palaver-house to provide an Egbo feast, he supplicated that children might be given them, that their town might increase. The dark superstition which Satan had taught them led them in certain cases to destroy their infants, and the strongest feeling which God has implanted in the human breast, that of the love of the mother for her new-born babe, was turned by it into hatred and loathing. Children, rescued from the terrible doom to which this superstition devoted them, are now growing up amongst us; and though the crime, I am sorry to say, is still too often committed, it no longer has the force of a country custom, the observance of which must be observed in its integrity.

"The practice of human sacrifice for the dead, which ever filled the land with blood, has for several years been abolished. The immediate occurrence

which, by Mr. Anderson's united action, seconded by our countrymen in the river, secured this took place at Duke Town. On the death of an individual of some note, a number of victims were slaughtered and buried with him, and others were penned up for slaughter. This information Mr. Anderson got from refugees who took shelter at the mission-house; and asking the aid of our countrymen, which was heartily given, he charged the authorities of the town with their deed, and demanded that those shut up should be let go. The facts, as usual, were denied; but Mr. Anderson was sure of his information, and proposed that the grave should be examined in order to test the matter. They then confessed what had been done, liberated those in bonds, and, after the heads of Duke and Creek Towns had consulted together, they resolved to accede to our constant remonstrances, and the remonstrances of our fellow-countrymen, official and otherwise, and with much ceremony proclaimed the abolition of the custom. We rejoiced in this happy issue to our efforts to bring to an end this custom of blood, which no longer pollutes our land.

"Such changes, irrespective of the higher influences of the gospel, have passed over the native community, and in themselves amply repay the Home Church for all she has expended on Calabar. The gospel has much more to do amongst the intertropical tribes of intertropical Africa than among the semi-civilised Asiatic nations. Their customs of blood, for the most part a legacy of the slave-trade, have to be extinguished; and the broken fragments of nations left by the devastations of that terrible scourge have to be united, their tribal antagonisms removed, and formed by the peace-making power of the truth into civilised commonwealths. This great work the gospel will gradually accomplish, and make a people of such as are now no people.

"To a certain extent the governmental power of Britain can aid in this result; and holding this view, the policy which the present Ministry has adopted on the Gold Coast has given me much satisfaction. There are wise and good men who would have us abandon the coast, and leave the natives to themselves, so far as our governmental influence is concerned. But for what purpose is our great power in the world given us, if not that we may exercise it for the benefit of such degraded portions of our race? Non-intervention as regards civilised nations may be a sound political creed, but surely it is misapplied when quoted to rule our conduct towards these negro tribes. If we use our great wealth, to which every clime contributes, and our great influence, which every country acknowledges, as if all owed loyalty to the British crown, merely for our own aggrandisement, do we not act much in the spirit which dictated the response, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Moreover, these tribes have a claim of justice at our hands, and that of the strongest. Britain, in by-past times, took the lead in the slave-trade. She was the principal criminal in perpetrating that crime which devastated Africa,

and sunk her tribes into the state of savagism in which we now find them. Would it be righteous in her to turn away from them, and leave them to welter as best they may out of that state of darkness and blood into which she exerted her power formerly to sink them? Surely common justice requires that she endeavour to undo the evil she has done, and use that power to save which was formerly used to destroy.

"Around our older stations, the Sabbath is now as well observed outwardly as it is in most of our British towns. Frequent meetings are held on that day and throughout the week, as most of the instruction received by the people is through the ear. We have therefore to give 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' To Sabbath school and church service the regular attenders are seen wending their way, having now assumed a decent covering of their nakedness, and many of them with their Bible and hymn-book. In Duke and Creek towns especially, being the chief seats of population, are there respectable congregations as to number and appearance. In the latter, the audience ranges from one hundred and fifty in the season of farm-work, when the people are scattered into the country, to two hundred and fifty, when gathered into the town during the rains; in the former, the attendance may average from three hundred to six hundred. These higher numbers are about a tenth of the population commonly attributed to these towns respectively.

"Of those regularly waiting on the means of instruction, a number have come forward to profess the Christian faith, and have been received into the Church by baptism. These have been formed into four churches at Duke Town, Creek Town, Ikunetu, and Ikorofiong. The native converts in these four churches may number one hundred. A falling away from profession of the truth, or a lapse on the part of one numbered in the membership of the Church, is so detrimental to the cause of the gospel in the midst of heathenism, where Christianity is necessarily judged by the conduct of those who profess it, that a long period of trial and preparation is, as a rule, imposed on all offering themselves for baptism, that their sincerity may be tested so far as may be, and that they may thoroughly understand that which they wish to profess and the duties they desire to assume. Our congregations also regularly contribute, as an act of divine worship, of their substance. This we have to go about awkwardly, as we do not understand coin. The articles of trade brought out by European ships are our money, and these are deposited in the somewhat capacious receptacles placed to receive the offerings. It is not so much the amount contributed, as the inculcation of the duty, that is our care at present; but even the former is very creditable to our native churches.

"Of that of Creek Town, where my sphere of duty lies, I may speak more particularly. The native members number upwards of fifty, and the

congregation proper, including individuals of all ages who are in any way connected with the church, numbers two hundred and fifty. These are regularly organised, having their elders and deacons. One of the latter has lately been crowned King of Creek Town and its dependencies, under the title of Eyo VII. He long declined the dignity, fearing that, as the heathen party is still the stronger in the community, he might be drawn into something which would be inconsistent with his profession as a Christian; but as no one else could occupy the position, and as much inconvenience resulted from his declinature, he has at length yielded to the importunity of his fellow-countrymen, and accepted the honour, on the condition that he discharge the duties of his office on Christian principles. At his coronation by the British Consul, that there might be no misunderstanding, he announced in English and in the native tongue that only on these principles would he administer the power given. On the following Sabbath he was at his post in the Sabbath school as usual; his wife also, who is likewise a member of the Church, and has been advanced to the status of teacher. Let the prayers of the friends of missions be offered, that he may be enabled to make good all that he has purposed and spoken, and that his influence may be extensively for good throughout this district and in the country at large.

"All, male and female, who are received into the membership of the Church, are instructed that it is their duty to disseminate the knowledge of divine truth which they have acquired amongst their heathen neighbours, and endeavour to draw them to Christ. This duty on the whole is very well attended to. Our young men, when going to tribes beyond us in pursuit of their traffic, carry their books with them, and on Sabbath lay aside their business, and read and speak to any who may be disposed to listen. But besides this, there is a number of our young men, about sixteen, who have given themselves, as a native agency, entirely to the work of the mission, teaching school during the week, and holding meetings on the Sabbath. These are located in out-stations, and have on the whole proved themselves worthy of their office. One of these, Esien Esien Ukpabio, was some time ago ordained to the office of the ministry. Our first native convert, he became our first native teacher, and is now our first native minister. For a good many years he has commended himself as a consistent professor of the faith and an efficient instructor of his countrymen, securing the respect of those without as well as those within the Church. We expect that he will enter into a new field, among a tribe where we have yet no station.

"The last formed of these out-stations has been thrown into the Uwet tribe, beyond which Mr. Edgerley has been of late penetrating. The people of this locality were gradually disappearing from the face of the earth by the frequent recourse they had to the poison ordeal, the whole population of a village occasionally taking it, in order to destroy the dreadful power of *Ifot*

amongst them. Those who survived joyfully proclaimed themselves pure. They were thus destroying themselves, and in some places mounds of clay only remain to show where hamlets once stood. The gospel may yet be in time to save them; but they sometimes resent the interference of our two native agents, Efium Otu and Eyo Ekanem, to prevent the administration of the ordeal; and having all faith in their dark superstitions, accuse us of shielding murderers in the perpetration of their secret deeds. We trust that ere long their eyes will be opened to see that these superstitions are their destruction and to receive in the gospel light and life, temporal and eternal.

"But these native superstitions are not the only means by which the kingdom of Satan is upheld, and the evangelistic efforts of the Church opposed. The flood of strong drink poured upon the coast by our traders builds a wall of 'triple granite' in defence of that kingdom, and a formidable barrier in the way of the spread of the power of Christ. Now that, happily, the slave-trade is extinct on the West Coast—a great fact, which I think has not been sufficiently recognised, so that God may have the praise which is His due—European commerce should be only a blessing to the poor tribes. As it is, it would be well for them that they never saw a European ship. A great part of their industry is exchanged for that which is their destruction, soul and body, and which our merchants, if they were wise, must see will be a preventive to the advancement of the tribe in commercial prosperity as in everything else which is good. This traffic in the 'fire-water,' while it renders missionary operations doubly necessary, doubles their difficulty, and consequently their expense in money and life. When will Christian men lay to heart their conduct in this matter? and when will the Church affix her stigma to such merchandise, which, as much as the heathenism of the natives, stands in the way of the successful accomplishment of her great work in the world?

"The fact that the people among whom we labour are not homogeneous as to nationality, is another circumstance which impedes the realisation of the immediate results so much desired. Our population is made up of the representatives of about thirteen different tribes, the Calabar people proper being a minority in the land. These being constantly brought in from the interior, bring with them their different tongues, their maxims, superstitions, and their tribal antagonism, and cannot be operated on as one people. In our Creek Town church, nine different tribes have representatives, and the tribe most numerously represented in our little Christian community is that not of Calabar, but Mburukom, the locality of which, in the heart of the continent, we do not yet know. But this circumstance, which in the meantime delays the much-wished-for success, will, we trust, eventually be, by the divine blessing, made conducive to the more extensive and rapid diffusion of the gospel in the unknown interior behind us. Such is the happy experience of the older

missions on the coast similarly circumstanced, especially those of Sierra Leone. There, where all the intertropical tribes are represented in those rescued from slave-ships or their descendants, a native agency of teachers and ministers has been raised up, not only to supply the schools and pulpits of the colony and its dependencies, but to enter those countries whence they or their fathers came with the light of divine truth. The Niger mission, the nearest to us on the coast, is entirely manned by a native agency, and superintended by Bishop Crowther, himself rescued from a slave-ship in his boyhood. At Sierra Leone we have just learned that he lately took from there thirteen additional native agents, to plant in the various mouths of the Niger. Such, we trust, will eventually be the experience of the Calabar mission. The natives of distant interior tribes, brought into contact with the gospel in Calabar, receiving it to the salvation of their souls, and instructed so as to be able to teach it to others, will, we hope, be raised up as an agency, and that the most effective, for evangelising the unknown regions whence they have come. May God graciouly grant our prayer, and accomplish our hopes in this, that so His own promise meets its fulfilment, and 'Ethiopia soon stretch out her hands to God.'

"Situated on the margin of an unknown continent, where the power of Satan has hitherto been unquestioned, our position does not resemble that of the missionaries of the South Seas, who can stretch their influence around their little insular communities; nor of our brethren in south Africa, where long-established missions have planted their stations thickly throughout the land. We stand and gaze on a vast field, into which we have recently entered—a field which would more than absorb all denominational effort, and which, moreover, is left entirely to ourselves. Realizing these facts, let us redouble our efforts, and with all prayer and patience and perseverance address ourselves to the work, until the true light shine throughout all these widespread regions."

The Rev. Dr. Robb, of the Calabar Mission, Ikorofiong, in writing home on the subject of African Evangelisation, remarks:—"To Christianise Africa is one of the hardest tasks before the Church of Christ. The negroitic races have been allowed to sink to the lowest depth. There are greater facilities for spreading the knowledge of God among the peoples of Asia than can be found in Africa. The former is healthier far than tropical Africa; its greater populations can be largely reached by Christian literature at the very outset; and a higher class of native Christian labourers is furnished even by the first generation of its converts. We have now obtained pretty extensive information about the negro tribes, and never yet has one been found possessed of a literature, or that could be influenced or instructed beyond the reach of the living voice of the evangelist.

"When the Hamites entered on their inheritance—the African conti-

nent—after the flood, as they advanced into its virgin areas, what a herculean task lay before them! What a struggle had they with their surroundings! With miasma from its low, damp, alluvial fringe, like wet, green wood, making the fire of life to burn low—with a prodigious vegetation, which to this day they have never conquered, and with the other varied difficulties which the people of such a region have to encounter!

"There need be no doubt that much of this dispersion into the unhealthy tracts has been due to mutual violence, and not to a healthy emigration. Within small areas, as in the region of the Old Calabar and Cross Rivers, we find ten or twelve different languages, showing a jumbling together of tribal fragments, which must be due to a violent disruption and dispersion.

"And to these internal conditions we must add all that the superior races have done for so many centuries to degrade and destroy the negro tribes. Mahommedans, spreading themselves from the Mediterranean shores, from Egypt and from Arabia, have overrun the healthier regions of the large northern and central sections of Africa, inserting themselves like a wedge far to the south, preying upon the Pagan tribes, crushing them piecemeal, enslaving and selling vast numbers. And the Christian nations of Europe have come on to the scene with a busy commerce, not to bless and save, but with the offer of conveniences, ornaments, luxuries, and intoxicants, tempting them through their intense avarice to prey on one another, in order to supply the materials of the slave-trade. If we take a comprehensive and a fair view of the history and circumstances of the negro race, we shall not be surprised at their present and their past degradation.

"Now these very difficulties, these causes of negro wretchedness, are also very serious obstacles to the evangelisation of Africa. Look at the climate. On the extensive western fringe, and in many interior parts, and not less in large tracts on the eastern coast, the conditions are such as to make good working health in Europeans the rare exception, while they intensify the effects of the moral causes which make the natives inert and sluggish, without pluck, and without enterprise. Vast uncultivated alluvial tracts, in which heat and moisture force a most luxuriant vegetation; extensive lagoons of half-stagnant water; a sparse population, confining agriculture to limited areas, while the rest of the surface is covered with dense jungle and forest; and mud-laden streams, flowing lazily over long levels—all tend to produce an atmosphere laden with miasma. And no improvement can take place until the population becomes numerous enough to occupy the soil, and intelligent enough to grapple with the difficulties of the situation.

"Yet commerce faces all this peril to gather wealth. Europeans are found willing to go for trade to every part of this region of 'proved pestilence.' They have long been living at places where no missionary had ever ventured for the kingdom of the Lord. Our commerce is gathering profit where the

Church has not yet sought to gather souls. Our commerce is spreading, our manufactures and our intoxicants, among barbarians to whom the Church has not yet imparted the knowledge of salvation.

"And is it to be said that missionaries cannot go where merchants go? And that men expose their lives for commerce, but there are not zeal and conscience in the Church of Christ sufficient to carry the light of the gospel into the darkness, but that the dread of contact with men so debased and vile, and of breathing an atmosphere so pernicious to health, terrifies the soldiers of the cross of Christ? There are those who say that it is wrong to send missionaries to pestilential shores, so long as there are healthy regions that have not been fully Christianised. Christ's commission does not except unhealthy climates. If Christ's servants were expected to face other dangers —those arising from the hostility of the devil and his brood—are they to shrink from the perils of unhealthy climates? The 'wisdom of the serpent' was to guide Christians in taking proper measures to cope with the former; and may the same wisdom and good sense which we use in directing our others affairs in these regions, not serve to guide us in our evangelistic enterprises in the same? Nothing in the life and labours of our Lord and of His apostles warrants us to expect that we can escape every sort of peril in advancing His kingdom. And such dangers as these do not warrant Christ's servants to refuse the knowledge of God to any people that does not drive it away by violence.

"Our commerce instructs us. It works by relays; it studies the health and safety of its agents; it does not overwork them; it does not doom them to protracted service; it tries to alleviate the discomforts, and to lessen the dangers, that must be faced on the coast of Guinea. It profits by the teachings of experience, and is ready to adopt any expedient that will facilitate its aims. Many die in the service of commerce, but still others have hitherto been found to take their places; and we never hear the critics of commerce condemn men as foolish in risking their lives for profit, as some would blame us because we risk them for the kingdom of Christ and the salvation of the elect, that they may obtain the 'eternal glory.'

"The Church should select the fittest men and women for such a climate, and the best means known should be used to preserve them. The laws of health should be ascertained and obeyed; and the fact that there are those who have laboured steadily on the coast of Africa for fifteen, twenty-five, and even thirty years, shows that others may still do the same until the divine blessing so prospers the work of their hands, that eventually Christian churches shall have been formed, and native Christian teachers raised up, to maintain and extend the enterprise.

"There can be no doubt whatever that Africa within the tropics is most unfavourable to European health. I would not say a word calculated to

produce the impression that it is not pre-eminently unhealthy. Its native people—in this region at least—are a weak and short-lived race. The 'bush' has conquered them. They seem helpless in the presence of the rank vegetation of the jungle and the forest. Too few to possess their own land, they have not the industry, intelligence, and vigour that are necessary to subdue the earth, and make it minister to their own uses and those of other countries beyond the merest fraction of its possibilities. Except the palm, whose sap is their favourite drink, and a few cocoa-nuts, our natives plant no trees. The *Elæis Guineensis*—the oil palm—which is the wealth of the region, has never been cultivated or even planted by their hands. Europeans are competing with one another for the seven or eight tons of produce obtained from this river. There are thousands of acres covered with useless vegetation, which might be planted with palm-trees so as to increase that produce; but the people laugh at the suggestion that they should plant them. This shows the utter want of industry, intelligence, and docility on the part of the people. And their region cannot be bettered in climate until a new era of intelligence and industry dawn upon it.

"If it be among the divine purposes that this most debased and grovelling race shall become a Christian people, and that this land shall smile with homes of purity, and goodness, and peace, how otherwise can the purpose pass into fact than by our facing the present peril, and going among its populations with that truth of the gospel by which the Spirit of God works His miracles of mercy?

"I look upon European and American missionaries on this coast as pioneers. Our enterprise could not, in the nature of things, be originated by its barbarous tribes, without this aggressive foreign agency. And the day is not yet come when the freed Africans of America and of the West Indies may take the work in hand, and do it as it ought to be done. Let them come—men and means—in adequate numbers and fitness, and amount, and we will gladly give them the vantage we have gained, and bid them God-speed. But we must see them, and measure their promise, and gauge their fitness in mental and moral thew and sinew for the warfare, before we can feel justified in giving over to them the conduct of an enterprise that involves such momentous issues for God's glory and man's salvation. And therefore our own Church and the other Churches into whose hands Christ has put the commencement of this evangelisation of Africa must renew rather than relax their efforts, and send the fittest men to the field, and use the best methods to preserve them and make their agency effective.

"The difficulties we have referred to should have no effect, except that of making us the more docile to the teaching of experience. We who spend our lives here, and risk them for the kingdom of Christ, are not the silly fools that some insinuate we are. The Christian Churches that send us hither with

their benediction, and follow us with their love and prayers, are not deficient in brain and sense; and this alleged deficiency is not the cause of their sending us. The true Israel must not get ashamed of the warfare with which the great Captain has charged them, by either the irony or the banter of certain literary or even ecclesiastical sceptics.

"The remarkable and preternatural greed, selfishness, and jealousy of heathen negroes on the west coast also oppose serious obstacles to our work. These ill qualities have split them into these numerous fragments, ever ready to prey upon and oppress one another. And knowing only the outcome of the bad that is in man, they regard strangers with suspicion. Their greed overmasters the consideration of what is obviously for their true advantage. This leads the tribes near the coast, with whom Europeans come into contact, to bar access to those beyond them. It leads them to oppose the advance of missions. Many years ago, the heads of the Efik people declared that they would make war on any tribe farther up the Cross River that should receive us to settle among them. They fancy that the trader will endeavour to follow the missionary, and they are jealous of the barter necessary for the existence of our agents and the on-carrying of our work. Where the British Government rules, religious liberty is secured, as far as Government influence can secure it. But in regions like the one under consideration we must conciliate the heathen; for his opposition cannot be overcome by any other force at the command of the missionaries of Christianity. It might be expected that all officials entrusted with the power of Britain and allowed to wield it, and those who handle her commercial might, should always stand by the cause of the kingdom of God. But we dare not count on this; we cannot always count on having their sympathies on our side, and therefore the agents of Christian enterprises must be careful what position they take up.

"The superstitions of Africa are an enormous hindrance to the reception of the truth. These superstitions are of the most puerile character, but they lead to bloodshed and barbarities of a shocking character.

"Although he cares nothing about the living God, the heathen fancies magical and supernatural power in others, or in some inanimate thing prepared by the hands of a professor of the black art. He can furnish you with a charm by which you can shoot a person without any kind of visible missile; or one which will destroy any person that may attempt to steal the fruit from your tree or the produce from your field, or who may break into your house in your absence. He can prepare what shall preserve life and health, or destroy it. He can discover who has committed a theft, or caused sickness and death. A man belonging to a village near this had to leave it recently to preserve his life. He was accused, along with a man of another village, of having caused the small-pox which recently devastated this region, by

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some evil practices of a magical kind. Superstition in this fetish form pervades the whole mind and being of these heathens, and it pollutes and shapes their whole life. It is not a harmless folly this, but acts as a barrier to truth, shuts God out of their world, and occasions shocking atrocities. If a woman bears twins, this monstrosity will bring similar and other mischief upon the whole neighbourhood. If they work in their farms on certain days, the tutelary will be offended and their farms prove worthless.

"Every district has its tutelary—in some cases invisible; at another, a stone; here a large tree. These they call *idem*. Some preside over the farms or jungle land, some have power over fish. Those towards the mouth of the river, who live by fishing and shrimping, offer human beings to their *idem*. The same was done this year, a few months ago, by our neighbours. A man was purchased, and laid down, bound hand and foot, at the mouth of a small creek, half a mile hence, to perish by inches, in order that the fish *idem* might cause their fishing to be successful. These are a few specimens of the many superstitions with which heathens are deeply imbued, and by which their whole social life is shaped. It is easy to see that such superstitions are powerful obstacles to the truth of God; and they have enslaved the whole being of these people, and made them truly children of the devil.

"Lives thus shaped, and habits so gross and vicious as these, make men very bad, and produce a field which does not welcome the holy religion of Christ, but repels it with instinctive stubbornness. What changes are needed in such a field! What slavery to evil has to be overcome among such a people! A sensual life has irresistible attractions for men of our own country, and how much more for them! They do not feel the galling burden, and they desire no higher or better life.

"Such is a very imperfect sketch of the heathen Hamite. It is not surprising that those who have no faith in the promises of God look on the attempt to raise him into a Christian man as all but hopeless. Travellers, hunters, expeditioners, political, military and naval officers, and traders, all agree in picturing him as embruted, selfish, inhospitable, intensely avaricious, treacherous, and addicted to every vice. I consider that the picture is true; and my own experience has often led me to paint it in colours of equal or of deeper darkness. I do not wonder at the contempt and disgust with which such men are regarded, or the despair of many respecting their future. 'Can these dry bones live?' Scepticism asks this in mockery, and piety in sadness. I know no strength and no hope but in the command and promise of God. But these supply all the strength we require. These degraded races are among the 'all nations' whom we are commanded to disciple; they are of the 'every creature' to whom we have to preach the gospel; they are of the heathen whom Jehovah bids the Son ask as His inheritance. This is enough to warrant our efforts. We dare not mock God, and we dare not

think that God mocks us. It is well that no room is given us to debate or to hesitate. To all our doubts and difficulties, honest or pretended, there is the one plain answer, 'Go thou and preach the gospel!' It seems a hopeless task, you say, especially among the barbarous blacks of Western Africa. No doubt it seems so, and that so much as to try the confidence of the most hopeful. But, as a believer in God, and in the Bible as His word to His servants and their rule of duty, I have no choice but to go on in the seemingly hopeless enterprise. But it is the very reverse of hopeless. Unless the Bible is intended to mislead, to conceal God's thoughts instead of revealing them, the enterprise that aims at the conversion of the world is the most hopeful and the most certain of success of all enterprises to which we can put our hands. The Ethiopian is included in the promise of blessings to our race from the extension and universal establishment of the kingdom of God. And past experience, while it shows that the task of evangelising Africans on their own soil is most arduous, also assures us that there is nothing in them and in their surroundings that will refuse to yield to the steady and persevering zeal of Christians, and to that divine power that works by their agency."

Perhaps there is not to be met with, in the annals of missionary enterprise, anything more romantic than that of a gentleman of high professional standing and Christian worth, surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of a happy home, and in the enjoyment of the sympathy and society of a wide circle of admiring friends—relinquishing them all, in order that he might go forth into one of the most unhealthy and uninviting fields of missionary labour, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which beset the path of the Christian missionary in Africa, and to consecrate his time, his talents, and his substance, to the amelioration of their lot, and in making provision for those frequent visitations of sickness and disease which have operated so fatally in the removal of many of our most promising and distinguished Christian labourers in the African mission field. Surely such an instance as the following is a sufficient answer to those who would lay an embargo on the Christian Church from sending forth labourers to the benighted children of Ham. Whatever may be the perils arising from the unhealthiness of the African climate, or the barbarism of many of its most degraded tribes, the Lord is able to devise adequate means, and to raise up an efficient instrumentality for successfully carrying out his great purposes of mercy to the inhabitants of the African continent. "Mr. John Thomson, for many years an architect in Glasgow, and an elder in Gordon Street and St. Vincent Street churches there, went out to Africa nearly four years ago to do what good he could in connection with mission work. It was especially his desire and purpose to erect on Cameroons Mountain, which rises to the height of twelve thousand feet, a sanatarium or health-station, similar to those which have been found so beneficial in India at Simla and on the Neilgherries,

where missionaries and other Europeans might be able to recruit their health without taking a long sea voyage. Besides incurring large personal expenditure, which he asks and expects no one to refund, in order to promote an enterprise on which he has set his heart, Mr. Thomson has exposed himself to toil and trouble in countless forms, and has undergone more than usual risk to health and life in the explorations he has undertaken with a view to the completion of the task he has set before him." In writing from Cameroons Mountain, July 14, 1874, he says:—

"It is now over three years since I left home, and in that interval it has been my lot to see a good deal of the strange and, to me at least, interesting. From an early period of my life Africa has had a strange fascination for me. The strength of this attraction has not diminished with advancing years, nor has actual contact dispelled its force; on the contrary, the little knowledge I have acquired has increased the desire to know more. Although I cannot boast of having travelled much in Africa, still, being untrammelled by any definite line of duty, I spent the first nine or ten months of my residence in it in visiting the various mission fields cultivated in this corner of the continent, making a longer or shorter stay at each according to circumstances, and making several short journeys into the interior. In this way I have been privileged to see more of the country and its people than others who have been long resident on the coast, but whose duties confined them more to one district.

"Two serious obstacles present themselves to those who would penetrate beyond what may be called the coast-line: first, the extreme jealousy of the native traders; and, second, the great diversity of languages. The first-mentioned has arisen out of the system of trading which has sprung up between the coast tribes and Europeans. The people occupying the coast and the banks of the large rivers, a short distance from their entrance into the sea, receive the goods from the ships in exchange for produce, convey them to the tribes immediately beyond, who pass them on again to tribes dwelling more towards the interior, and they again to people more remote, each set claiming the monopoly of trade in their own range. This system is defined, both in regard to white traders and the native tribes. At first, when our missionaries sought to penetrate into the interior, they were prevented, sometimes by force and sometimes by craft, the native traders not being able to comprehend that any white man could have other motive than that of trade; and now even, when they are somewhat better informed, they fear that if the missionary is allowed to get in, others may in course of time manage and 'spoil their trade,' as the saying is. Besides this fear as to trade, the feeling of jealousy operates seriously against white men getting much beyond the seaboard, the coast tribes having come to consider it an honour pertaining to them, to have white missionaries residing in their own

country. Hence, while in general willing to have missionaries themselves, in order to increase their importance in the eyes of the bush people, they wish to control their movements, in so far as to prevent them from residing permanently among the people of the interior. Although the missionaries may be allowed to make a journey of a few days, they cannot remain for any length of time. Were they to attempt to settle down, means would easily be found to compel them to return; supplies would be cut off, or the superstitious fears of the bush people would be so cunningly wrought upon as to make continued residence impossible; or failing these, violence would be resorted to even by those otherwise friendly. In this way many attempts to get beyond the unwholesome swamps of the seaboard have been frustrated. The whole seaboard of the West Coast of Africa, with little exception, may be said to be a region of swamps, the malaria arising from which is so deadly. Far away, ranges of hills or mountains may occasionally be discerned, and the poor missionary, enervated and dispirited, longs to go there, to be refreshed by the bracing upland breeze; but he must toil on where he is, or, in very favourable circumstances, he may be privileged to visit the desired region, and wander for a few days over hill and dale, every now and again coming upon some gushing brook or stream of pure, limpid water, reminding him of his 'ain countrie.' But he may not remain; he must return again to his home among the steaming swamps.

"The other obstacle to getting into the interior which I have mentioned is the wonderful diversity of tongues which exists in this part of Africa. A thorough knowledge of any one of the languages spoken on the coast is available for but a limited distance on either side or towards the interior. From my residence at Mapanja, about two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, a pretty extensive view is obtained of the country lying to the south and east; and I believe it is not going beyond the truth to say, that in that visible region seven or eight different languages are spoken, or dialects so widely different as to render oral communication very difficult. The distance of Cameroons from this is somewhere about sixty miles; there the Dualla is spoken. At Bimbia, about ten miles from this, the Isubu is spoken. Another language is spoken by the fishing tribe close by us; and here, on this side of the mountain, the Bakwelli is spoken. As to the other side of the mountain we are ignorant, except that some other language or languages are in use there. I have been informed of another small tribe of fishermen, inhabiting the skirt of the mangrove swamp lying between Bimbia and Cameroons, who have a distinct language of their own, and are otherwise quite a distinct tribe. The seaboard and the country for some distance inland seems to be peopled by detachments of tribes, or by remnants of tribes that are passing away.

"Such influences as these have hitherto prevented progress being made,

not only in extending missions inland, but in knowing anything reliable about the interior. On one occasion I met with a very intelligent native trader at Benita, who had travelled farther inland than most; and being desirous of gathering information on the subject, I questioned him regarding the tribes occupying those parts. Having not long before been travelling myself along the valleys of the Sierra del Chrystal mountains, I knew something about the inhabitants, but wished to know what people were behind these. He told me of several tribes occupying belts of country beyond each other, and parallel with the coast, all which were noted down. 'And what tribe beyond these?' 'The people with the two toes,' was the answer. 'Two toes?' 'Yes.' 'Like cows' feet?' 'No, just two toes.' Had he seen them himself? 'No; but had heard of them.' The man seemed quite serious, and did not mention the thing as a marvel, but as an unquestionable and well-known fact. Having got thus far, however, I closed my note-book. Africa is a strange, mysterious land! All along the coast commerce has been carried on for centuries, and yet little is known of that wide region within. It still remains a mystery. From my eyrie on the mountain I can see in clear weather a long range of mountains beyond Cameroons, stretching away towards the south; but what is beyond that mountain barrier is all unknown to me.

"In consequence of their being thus confined to the seaboard, West African missions are, humanly speaking, carried on at a great disadvantage, and at much cost of life and money. Of course the work *has* to be done, at whatever cost, but still economy should be aimed at. Besides loss of life, there is much loss sustained in consequence of the interruptions caused by the necessary absence of white agents in quest of health. During these absences active operations are in general carried on very feebly, if not altogether suspended; and as may be supposed, much of what has been done becomes undone, and requires to be re-done, while a great deal may be irrecoverably lost.

"In speaking of African missions, my remarks have reference to those which I have visited, although they may be very probably applicable to other missions on the West Coast as well. The missions to which I refer are those carried on by the American Presbyterian Board at Gaboon, Corisco, and Benita; by the Baptist Society at Cameroons and at this place; and by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland at Calabar. Roughly speaking, these three missions may be said to be about the same age—a little over thirty years. By referring to a good map or chart, you will see that Gaboon is the farthest south, and almost on the equator. The others are all to the north of that, and may be said to be contiguous to each other, in so far that no other mission intervenes. To begin with the American mission, and at its most southerly station. Gaboon was at one time well supplied with agents, but

has been for several years in a languishing condition from want of these. Much good work has been done, but a great deal, too, has been lost for want of being sustained, especially in connection with the out-stations. The principal station, Bavaka, is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell. It had fallen back sadly during their last absence at home; but a very cheering revival was experienced soon after they returned, and many members were added to the Church. This mission has been subject to peculiar vicissitudes. The Bible has been translated into the language of the leading tribe, the Mpongwi; but this tribe and two others, the Skekanis and Bakellis, among whom mission work was carried on, have been rapidly dying out, and are being supplanted by a powerful tribe from the interior, detachments of which have been for the last twenty years or so coming down the river and occupying its banks. Fresh interest in this southern portion of the mission has recently been awakened by the discovery of a large river, the Ogoveh, to the south of the Gaboon, on the banks of which a considerable branch of the Mpongwi tribe is located, and it is hoped that by this river access may be got to the interior, which is not unlikely if immediate advantage be taken of the opening, before the obstructive trade system becomes established. About the time of my coming to Africa, the American Mission received a considerable accession of agents—two married missionaries with their young wives, an unmarried male, and an unmarried female; of these six, not one is in the field now. All of them have gone home, some of them, I understand, not intending to return, having found the climate unfavourable to their health and consequent usefulness. With a few exceptions, the operations are being carried on by agents of long standing, some of them advanced in life and worn out with long-continued service, and who cannot, humanly speaking, continue many years longer.

"The Baptist mission occupies the Cameroons river, where two ordained missionaries are located. Not long since there were four married missionaries; at present there is only one actually on the ground, two being at home, and one having removed to the mountain here, to begin work among the Bakwellis. Another agent is located here in Victoria, as pastor of the little flock of settlers who came over from Fernando Po some fourteeen or fifteen years since, in consequence of the persecution to which they were subjected by the Spaniards. This mission was commenced with great spirit, but the result has come sadly short of what might have been expected. Not only was there a large force of ordained missionaries, but a small vessel was employed in connection with it, which brought about forty settlers from Jamaica, consisting of mechanics and persons versed in cultivating the soil. A settlement was formed at Bimbia, about ten miles eastward from this, where suitable buildings were erected and machinery for making sugar put up. Nothing was spared to make the undertaking successful, and yet little, very little, has resulted from that part of the scheme. Several of the missionaries and almost

all the settlers returned to Jamaica, the buildings fell into decay, and Bimbia has long ceased to be the merest out-station. It has lapsed to heathendom. Ultimately the school, which was continued under the care of a native agent, was given up, and the few converts removed to this place.

"For many years a good work was carried on at Fernando Po—chiefly, however, among the semi-civilised settlers, who had been drawn thither from Sierra Leone and other parts of the coast at the time the British held possession of the place; but after it was handed over to the Spanish Government, who had established their claim as owners, persecution broke out, the mission was broken up, and a few of the stauncher members of the Church, much to their credit, migrated here, and established the settlement of Victoria, in many respects a most interesting little republic, of which I have the distinguished honour of being chief magistrate. We owe allegiance to no earthly power, for Britain has disowned us, and we care not to seek the protection of any other government; and so we must fight our own battles with such weapons as we can muster, the most formidable consisting of two Martini Henry rifles and a revolver pistol. Besides the pastoral and educational work carried on here by the Rev. Mr. Pinnock, a native of Jamaica, and educated there, a mission has recently been commenced among the Bakwellis inhabiting the mountain by the Rev. Quintin W. Thomson; and higher up I have a catechist engaged, who, besides his teaching and other mission work, keeps my house at Mapanji open, and looks after my interests there. Although paid by me, he is, in so far as mission work is concerned, entirely under Mr. Thomson's control. He is a native of Bimbia, and the most thoroughly qualified for his position of all the native converts in this portion of the field.

"Cameroons has for many years been the chief seat of the Baptist mission, and a greal deal of good work has been done; but unless more effectively supported than it has been of late, I fear there will be a sad falling back. Mr. Saker, the senior missionary, has finished the translation and printing of the Scriptures in the Dualla tongue, and has, besides, done a good deal in training some of the young men as mechanics; but there are few capable of carrying on mission work—at least such is my impression. There is a large population at Cameroons to work upon, but trade influences are very powerfully antagonistic. There is only one ordained missionary at present at work —Mr. Fuller, a native of Jamaica, who came when a youth with his father and others to form the settlement at Bimbia, and is, I understand, the only one of them that has remained in Africa.

"The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland mission at Old Calabar has suffered much from such evils, but not so much as other missions. The progress made there is much wider and deeper than in those other fields. More extensive work has been done in translating and in education; but the most

hopeful feature is the great number of native agents engaged, by whose means the population is more thoroughly laid hold of. I am more and more convinced that little real progress in evangelising Africa will be made until native agents are employed to do the work, under the close superintendence of European missionaries. This method is being carried out most encouragingly at Calabar, chiefly under the oversight of Mr. Edgerley, whose taste and ability for travelling about, with other necessary qualifications, mark him out as thoroughly adapted for such kind of work. I need not dwell much upon the Calabar mission; but I may state, that although from special circumstances I was pretty well posted up in regard to it, still actual contact with the work and workers there tended much to strengthen any favourable impressions that had been formed. A good solid foundation seems to have been laid; or, to use another figure, Christianity has got rooted in the soil, and is showing signs of vigorous life, putting forth branches, leaves, and fruit, and gives every promise of becoming a goodly tree in due season. Still it should be for a long time yet carefully nourished.

"From what I have seen of African missions, it is my decided opinion that the time has come for inaugurating a new method of working, the principal feature of which should be the employment of native agents, which demands a more systematic mode of training them than has yet been attempted, except, probably, by the Church Missionary Society's Educational Institution at Sierra Leone. It must not be supposed, however, that fewer agents will be required than hitherto from home. A much larger force than ever will be needed effectually to carry on the work, although it may be in another way than heretofore; a much larger amount of money must be expended, and a much greater number of lives given, in order to win Africa for Christ. I trust that the martyr spirit is not yet extinct in the churches, and that there will be no lack of brave hearts ready to respond to the demand. Many young men have perished on this deadly coast in the pursuit of a very questionable kind of commerce; and if the lust of gain lead so many to risk their lives, surely the love of Christ and of the souls of fellow-men will yet draw many more to the glorious work of proclaiming the glad news, 'God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'"

The following account of a conference of native Christians in South Africa, is full of interest. Major Malan, accompanied by Mr. Robert Radley, has been engaged for about two years in evangelistic labours, at Mbulu, with the most gratifying results. In writing to the "Christian," of 19th November, 1874, he says:—"I desire to praise the Lord for His presence and blessing in a conference of Christians held at Mbulu, the centre of this mission field, on Sept. 22 and 23, 1874. Very marked was the presence of the Lord in our midst. There is an annual Missionary Conference; but that is a busi-

ness meeting, and not what Christians in England understand as a conference. Like Hezekiah's conference (2 Chron. xxix. 36), the thing was done suddenly. But the Lord had prepared all our hearts, as he had theirs. I believe it was His will that I should leave the Mbulu for some months to preach His word to other tribes. I wished before leaving to gather my people *for special waiting upon the Lord.* I therefore invited them to a *two days' conference.* My field, containing *seven churches*, is about forty miles wide. We have neither post, bridges, railways, nor clocks; but as I tell my people, we have the Lord! He always arranges when His servants obey His word. He had put it into my heart to hold a regular Tuesday mid-day service for believers, so that the elders and members of the other six churches could join us once a week in prayer. This weekly meeting He had greatly blessed. The members of out-churches attended it well. Many women walked over the hills sixteen and eighteen miles to be present. I called a special meeting for prayer on Tuesday, Sept. 15, and invited all the churches to a conference of two days for the following week.

"The Lord gave us lovely weather. Our first meeting was held at one o'clock, some of our members having to come about twenty-five miles. The subject for this meeting was 'Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' There was no difference between this conference and the Mildmay Park Conference, except in the numbers, the size of the building, the colour of the skin of all the saints, except two, and the tongue in which it was conducted. He who presides at conferences in England presided at the Mbulu Conference. The subject chosen of course drew all hearts to the Lord Jesus, to His person in glory, to Him alone, and round Him this band of Caffre Christians were drawn by His word and Spirit.

"'We numbered about 150 or 200. I explained the command for conferences (Heb. x. 25); how they are generally conducted in England; and then I addressed the churches on 'the words of the Lord Jesus.' Addresses were alternated with prayer and praise. The selection of appropriate Caffre hymns was wonderful. The elder who spoke after me followed on the words, 'Come unto me.' He is a faithful brother, an earnest labourer for the Lord. Another faithful elder followed him, speaking on John vi. 51. I never saw such marked attention. I would gladly have continued, but many had come from far, and needed food. So, after about three hours' conference, I closed our first meeting. Many had been deeply affected. When all had gone out but one woman, who was crying strongly, I said to her—

"'Sister, there is crying for joy as well as for sorrow; are you crying for joy?'

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'for joy, for joy!' And then she told me, that although she had known the Lord Jesus long, she had never seen Him so clearly as to-day.

"After the meeting I entertained them. Two sheep of my flock, a goat, meaties, and tea, provided for all. I made the men serve the women, a thing quite contrary to the Caffre custom; but I told them it was according to God's word, giving honour to the weaker vessel, and as we do in England. Then the younger men waited on the elder. At sun-set we met for prayer before the evening meeting.

"The portion of the word for the second meeting of the conference was, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Silent prayer opened it. Then a hymn. I pointed out what I believe is a deep truth hidden in this whole utterance, that the first rest offered by the Lord Jesus is rest of heart in Him to the heavy-laden sinner. The rest of soul, the second rest, is the blessing of humble discipleship, obedient learning of Him. Many Christians get rest of heart in forgiveness who never find rest of soul, because they will not become humble pupils of the Lord Jesus.

"Three of the elders addressed the churches; others prayed. I had previously given out the subject, and invited those who felt led by the Spirit to speak and pray to let me know. One of the elders spoke on John xv. 4; another on the yoke of pupilship to the Lord Jesus; the third on His meekness, and our obligation to be like Him in heart before we can enjoy rest of soul.

"It was after 10 P.M. when our happy meeting ended. The members all went to the houses of friends. I had put up my elders and two teachers —seven on the floor of my drawing-room, three in my study, and one in the dining-room.

"The third meeting took place at noon on the 23d of September. It was preceded by a prayer meeting. The portion of the word was, 'My yoke is easy, my burden is light.' After silent prayer and praise, I opened the subject. 'My burden,' 'Abide ye in my love.' Is it heavy?—does its weight overpower?—this His burden? He knows that as His love abides in our hearts and we abide in His love, we shall keep His commandments, and not find them grievous.

"Several of the elders and members addressed the conference, or led in prayer.

"As many had long distances to return, and many were women, I was obliged to close, after more than three hours' delightful communion around the person and concerning the love of our Lord.

"The last address by one of my evangelists, an elder, a poor, humble Caffre, was most beautiful. He took John xiv. 1, and referring to the call the Lord had given us, 'Come unto *me*,' 'Learn of *me*,' he added His command, '*Believe in me*.' He dwelt on the love of God, the love and power of the Lord Jesus, the gift of God, the Holy Ghost, by whose power Satan was

driven out of the heart. The word of Jesus alone powerful; His word enough; believe it. 'It is written,' enough for us. He spoke earnestly, with great power.

"I gave them some refreshment—meaties and tea—and then assembled them in the garden for a short meeting of praise and prayer before parting. I told them of praise meetings in Mildmay Park garden at Beckenham; and as I looked at the glorious rocks around Mbulu, I felt there could be no fitter place for our parting.

"One of the elders then spoke. No sooner had he finished than a Caffre woman burst out into the most perfect praise that I ever heard issue from human lips—'*Egive, Inkosi,*' 'Yea, Lord, we praise Thee.' In the simplest language, so that I could understand, she blessed and praised the Lord for the joy and peace which had come into her soul in these two days' conference. For quietness, melody of voice, simplicity, perfect punctuation, and fulness of praise to the Lord Jesus, I never heard anything among Christians in England, America, or Asia, equal to the praise-giving of this Caffre sister. Yes; the Lord had come into our midst, according to His word. I felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost in this conference as I never felt it before in my life.

"All the churches have been filled with joy and the Holy Ghost. The change in many of the faces was most marked. All said that they had never received such blessing to their souls as during these two days' gathering together round the person of the Lord Jesus. For my own part, though I never doubted the call of the Lord to me to watch over this field, I never expected such marvellous tokens of His presence and blessing as He has given me here, and I praise and adore Him the more.

How full of encouragement to every one like-minded, and with the means at his disposal, to go and do likewise. "My prayers," says he, "have been most manifestly and abundantly answered; and I find, by experience, that the more closely preachers of the gospel live, act, and speak like the Lord Jesus in all things, strictly obeying his least commands and God's word, and live a life of prayer before the natives, the more they draw them to Him and to themselves.

"And who is my fellow-labourer? On the 11th of July, 1866, I was with three companies of my regiment at Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland. I invited my soldiers desirous to hear the word to come to me without the town, to an old Roman camp there. At the appointed time one redcoat, a private soldier, Robert Radley, came. We read the first chapter of 1 Peter together. It began to rain. We knelt bareheaded, and prayed before parting. This was the first time I ever met him. Now we are companions, fellow witnesses for the gospel of Christ.

"May I ask the earnest prayers of my brethren and sisters in Great

Britain? When they are reading this, I shall probably be hundreds of miles away from Mbulu, preaching among another tribe, the Basutos. I hope to return from the Basutos, and go to another tribe, the Galekas, about the end of the year. I entreat your prayers, that the Lord will quicken me mightily for His service, give me utterance by the Holy Ghost, power in prayer, and physical strength; for my body is weak, and nothing but the manifest life of Jesus has upheld me so far. Pray for me, my beloved friends, as I do for you, and then I shall hope by and by to have some other news to give you from Africa which will cause you again to praise the Lord."

"The following additional incidents of missionary work amongst the Caffres, furnished by the Rev. John Davidson, who has just returned from an evangelistic tour among the natives, present a faithful portraiture of the mode in which aggressive missionary work is carried on in South Africa. In giving an account of his work (in which he was assisted by Ishuka and Mr. Robert Balfour), he says:—"In these days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, when so many are daily being added to the Church of such as shall be saved, and when the tide of Christian life has risen so high as to break every barrier down, we are fondly led to cherish the hope, that ere long the blessed influence will extend in copious measure to the sable tribes of Ham. The accounts of the revival which we read from time to time are very cheering, and beget the secret wish to be in the midst of it for a little, to receive a fresh baptism of the Spirit. In the prosecution of our mission, our visits were principally to those living in valleys and cloughs, difficult of access by waggon or on horse, and were therefore principally travelling on foot. The country in this part is very similar to the Highlands of Scotland. We lived among these barbarians six days, teaching and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. During that time we visited forty kraals, each having from twenty-five to thirty inhabitants. Everywhere we were well received, our message respectfully listened to, and hospitality shown us of the very best, and somewhat after the style of that shown by Abraham of old to his visitors.

"In visiting the Caffre in his native, rude, barbarous state, one cannot help observing oftentimes a striking resemblance in their manners and customs to those of the ancient patriarchs—such as killing a kid of the goats on the arrival of strangers; offering of sacrifice; practising the rite of circumcision; giving a dowry, like David or Jacob, for a wife; making the father responsible for the actions of his family, and the son doing all legal actions through the father; settling all principal questions at the gate of the kraal. As in the case of Job, one special institution is that of comforters, ariving from far and near to soothe those in affliction.

"Physically, the Caffre is a good specimen of humanity. He has a great idea of honour and dignity about him, and is very intellectual; but rigidly

conservative, awfully lazy, trained from infancy to tell lies and to deceive, morally corrupt to the very core, and superstitious to such a degree as to justify us in saying that the nation is ruled by superstition. I met with a witch doctor in my visits; I came upon him in the very act of finding out the *ubuti* (poison) that had bewitched some people. On seeing me he fled into his house. We followed and told him to proceed with his work. 'No; do not speak to me, I will not dispute with you. You are the servant of God.' 'And you,' I said, 'are the servant of the devil, I think.' I made him ashamed of himself before all the people, and saved some poor innocent soul from the rapacious grasp of the vile wretch.

"When we have taken possession of our hut for the night we have plenty of visitors, many looking for a little of the fat sheep they have just given us. About eight o'clock all, young and old, assemble for worship. This over, we converse with those interested to all hours in the night. The most good is done by these conversations. One man said on leaving us, 'I am thankful that you have come to my kraal, and I will be very happy to entertain you again. I do think that if I were near any preaching place I would soon be among the professors.' And I believe that many feel in the same way; but they are ignorant of the way of salvation, and are far from any regular place of worship, and must be taught before we can expect to see them brought in as a nation. At one kraal we came on the grave of a chief who had recently died, and two men were seized and compelled to watch that grave for at least twelve months. The poor creatures complained that it was very hard to be taken from their families, and never permitted to see them. I reported the matter to the Government agent; but when he sent, the men were frightened to speak, and said that they were contented.

"At one place three persons gave themselves to the Lord—husband, wife, and eldest son. The son has been attending school for some time, and is doing well, and I believe that it is through him that the parents have been moved. We joyfully gave thanks to the Lord that even these three had been willing to say that they wished to be instructed in the way of salvation. It seemed like a pure beam of heavenly light on the dark cloud, assuring us that the ear of Jehovah is still open and a voice saying: I will give the heathen to my Son for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.'

"You will be glad to hear that a few Sabbaths ago I baptised eight persons, admitting them to the fellowship of the Church here. One man, recently from the ranks of the heathen, was among the number. He had two or three little children, who were baptised at the same time. His wife, who still holds out against the gospel, was present, and very nearly broke down when handing her baby to her husband to be baptised. It was a solemn and joyful sight to the whole Church; even the heathen present seemed to be im-

pressed, and to feel that it was good for them to be present to see eight souls publicly renouncing the world, and giving themselves to the service of God. But still all this is only like a drop in the bucket; thousands and thousands are sinking into perdition unsaved. The fields are white to the harvest, but the labourers are few. Oh, in these days of revival, surely some will be found ready to come to Africa with their simple but effective instrumentality—their sling and their stone from the brook, to help us to slay this Goliath of heathenism!"

In the foregoing accounts of missions and missionary work, we have an amount of interesting and valuable information, from which many important lessons may be derived in the further prosecution of missionary labour in Africa. Amidst many failures and discouragements, there is much to be grateful for, and much that is fitted to stimulate and encourage all who are engaged in the great work of African evangelisation. It is with much pleasure we learn from accounts just to hand, of the encouraging prospects of the Church of England Mission at Zanzibar, in reference to which Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the "New York Herald" and London "Telegraph," says:—

"As we have arrived at the English Church Mission buildings, what shall I say about the mission except the honest, truthful facts? The Right Rev. Bishop Tozer, 'Bishop of Central Africa,' in priestly purple and fine linen, is no more to be seen here, and it really appears as if the mission had opened a new life, and had begun to lift its head among the useful societies of the world. As yet I have seen no great increase of converts, but fair promise of future usefulness is visible everywhere. As a friend to the Church which has sent this mission out, I was formerly restrained from saying much about it, because I knew very little good of it; and had I not seen the erudite but undignified prelate exhibiting himself in such unusual garb to the gaze of the low rabble of Zanzibar, I would certainly have passed the Church Mission and its mistaken ways of converting the heathen in silence. Now, however, I may speak with candour. The great building at present known as the British Residency, was, in 1871 and 1872, the Episcopal Palace and Mission House. After its sale to the English Government, the missionaries removed their school to their country house, a half mile or so beyond the extremity of Malagash inlet. With the money obtained by the sale of the Mission House the superintendant purchased the old Slave Market—a vacant area surrounded by mud-huts, close to the cattle-yards of the Banians and the ooze and stagnant pools of the Malagash. On the site of so much extreme wretchedness and crime the Church missionaries have commenced to erect structures which, when completed, may well be styled superb. These buildings consist of a fine residence, a school, and a church, which, with another building, just begun by Lackmidoss the Banian, will surround an irregular square, in which palms and flowers and fruit trees will be planted.

"A view from one of the windows of the unfinished residence gives us a clearer idea of the locality the missionaries have chosen, and suggests grave doubts of the wisdom of its selection. Looking at it from a sentimental point of view, the locality is, no doubt, very appropriate, and a certain fitness is also seen in it. The British Government denounced the slave trade, and made a grand effort to crush it; and the market for the sale of slaves in old times was purchased by the mission, on which the missionaries erect a church wherein peace and goodwill and brotherly love will be preached and taught. The neighbourhood also is one of the most miserable quarters of Zanzibar; but the missionaries convey with them the power to improve, refine, and elevate, despite its extreme poverty and misery. It is all very well, we think; but if we look from the windows and examine the character of the ground into which the walls of the building have been sunk, we must see that it is a quagmire of putrid heaps of refuse and circular little pools of sink-water, which permeate through the corrupting soil, and heave up again in globules and bubbles, exhaling the vilest odour that ever offended the civilised European's sense. And if what we have seen below is not enough to conjure up in the mind a dismal prospect of sickness, pain, and sorrow, for the unhappy missionaries who may be appointed to live here, the view of the long and broad stretch of black mud, which the shallow waters of the Malagash leave behind them for hours night and day, will certainly do it. It would require the treasury of a Government to redeem the ground from its present uninhabitable state. All I can say, however, is that I can only hope that the dismal future suggested by the scenes near the mission buildings may never be realised, and that the worthy missionaries may be prosperous in the new field before them.

"Dr. Steere, lately consecrated Bishop of Central Africa, is about to arrive here, as successor of Bishop Tozer. If report speaks correctly, he intends to establish mission buildings near Lake Nyassa, in which case he will have the hearty sympathy and support of every good man; and, were Livingstone yet among us, Bishop Steere would depart with his blessing and best wishes for success. The very name of Bishop Steere suggests success. He is a practical and an indefatigably industrious man. He is devoid of bigotry, but, while devoted to his Church, he does not neglect the great fact that conversion of the heathen means more than the mere teaching of the dogmas of the Church of England. In short, he is a fit leader for the new Christian mission, because of his plain, practical good sense, his industry, his intellectual acquirements, and religion, and I heartily congratulate the Board of the Church Mission upon their selection of such a man. While we are almost certain that Bishop Steere will be able to show results worthy of him, it is absolutely necessary for the cause of religion throughout Africa that he should be properly supported by his friends at home. There must

be no niggard supplies sent to him, for the establishment of such a basis as will ensure success requires considerable resources, and the Church Mission should this time make a supreme effort worthy of their great Church."

There is nothing more characteristic of the great missionary traveller than his unwearied application and utilisation of every spare moment at his command. Nothing escaped his observation; and everything which might prove of use was carefully noted. The following suggestions on the establishment of a mission near Zanzibar, we extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Diary" just published:—

"No great difficulty would be encountered in establishing a Christian mission a hundred miles or so from the East Coast. The permission of the Sultan of Zanzibar would be necessary, because all the tribes of any intelligence claim relationship, or have relations with him; the Banyamwezi even call themselves his subjects, and so do others. His permission would be readily granted, if respectfully applied for through the English Consul. The Suaheli, with their present apathy on religious matters, would be no obstacle. Care to speak politely, and to show kindness to them, would not be lost in the general effect of the mission in the country, but all discussion on the belief of the Moslems should be avoided; they know little about it. Emigrants from Muscat, Persia, and India, who at present possess neither influence nor wealth, would eagerly seize any formal or offensive denial of the authority of their prophet to fan their own bigotry, and arouse that of the Suaheli. A few now assume an air of superiority, and would fain take the place of Mullams, or doctors of the law, by giving authoritative dicta as to the times of prayer—positions to be observed—lucky and unlucky days—using cabalistic signs—telling fortunes—finding from the Koran when an attack may be made on any enemy, etc.; but this is done only in the field with trading parties. At Zanzibar, the regular Mullams supersede them.

"No objection would be made to teaching the natives of the country to read their own languages in the Roman characters. No Arab has ever attempted to teach them the Arabic-Koran; they are called *guma*, hard, or difficult, as to religion. This is not wonderful, since the Koran is never translated, and a very extraordinary desire for knowledge would be required to sustain a man in committing to memory pages and chapters of, to him, unmeaning gibberish. One only of all the native chiefs, Monyungo, has sent his children to Zanzibar to be taught to read and write the Koran; and he is said to possess an unusual admiration of such civilization as he has seen among the Arabs. To the natives, the chief attention of the mission should be directed. It would not be desirable, or advisable, to refuse explanation to others; but I have avoided giving offence to intelligent Arabs, who have pressed me, asking if I believed in Mohammed, by saying, "No, I do not: I am a child of Jesus bin Miriam," avoiding anything offensive in my tone,

and often adding that Mohammed found their forefathers bowing down to trees and stones, and did good to them by forbidding idolatry, and teaching the worship of the only one God. This, they all know, and it pleases them to have it recognised.

"It might be good policy to hire a respectable Arab to engage free porters, and conduct the mission to the country chosen, and obtain permission from the chief to build temporary houses. If this Arab were well paid it might pave the way for employing others to bring supplies of goods and stores not produced in the country, as tea, coffee, sugar. The first porters had better all go back, save a couple or so, who have behaved especially well. Trust to the people among whom you live for general services, as bringing wood, water, cultivation, reaping, smith's work, carpenter's work, pottery, baskets, etc. Educated free blacks from a distance are to be avoided: they are expensive, and are too much of gentlemen for your work. You may in a few months raise natives who will teach reading to others better than they can, and teach you also much that the liberated never know. A cloth and some beads occasionally will satisfy them, while neither the food, the wages, nor the work, will please those who, being brought from a distance, naturally consider themselves missionaries. Slaves also have undergone a process which has spoiled them for life; though liberated young, everything of childhood and opening life possesses an indescribable charm. It is so with our own offspring, and nothing effaces the fairy scenes then printed on the memory. Some of my liberados eagerly bought green calabashes and tasteless squash, with fine fat beef, because this trash was their early food; and an ounce of meat never entered their mouths. It seems indispensable that each mission should raise its own native agency. A couple of Europeans beginning and carrying on a mission without a staff of foreign attendants, implies coarse country fare, it is true, but this would be nothing to those who, at home, amuse themselves with fastings, vigils, etc. A great deal of power is thus lost in the Church. Fastings and vigils, without a special object in view, are time run to waste. They are made to minister to a sort of self-gratification, instead of being turned to account for the good of others. They are like groaning in sickness. Some people amuse themselves when ill with continuous moaning. The forty days of Lent might be annually spent in visiting adjacent tribes, and bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace. Considering the greatness of the object to be attained, men might go without sugar, coffee, tea, etc. I went from September, 1866, to September, 1868, without either. A trader at Cazembe's, gave me a dish cooked with honey, and it nauseated from its horrible sweetness, but at one hundred miles inland, supplies could be easily obtained.

"Expenses need not be large. Intelligent Arabs inform me that, in

going from Zanzibar to Cazembe's, only three thousand dollars' worth are required by a trader, say between £600 or £700, and he may be away three or more years—paying his way, giving presents to the chiefs, and filling two or three hundred mouths. He has paid for, say fifty muskets, ammunition, flints, and may return with four thousand pounds of ivory, and a number of slaves for sale—all at an outlay of £600 or £700. With the experience I have gained now, I could do all I shall do in this expedition for a like sum, or at least for £1000 less than it will actually cost me."

The perfect unanimity which characterises the experience of all who have been engaged in missionary labour in Africa, as to the necessity for special attention being given to the training of native converts for the work of the Christian ministry, is a subject of vital importance to the future welfare of this great Continent; and it is to be hoped that it will receive that attention from the Churches at home which its importance demands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journals"—Enthusiastic Reception—Eulogistic Reviews by the Secular and Religious Press—Founding of an Industrial Mission at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone.

WHILE the concluding sheets of this work were in the press, "Dr. David Livingstone's Last Journals" have been published. The enthusiastic reception which has greeted them from all grades of society throughout the civilised world, and the eulogistic tributes which have been paid, by the leaders of thought in all lands, to the memory of the heroic traveller, and to the work which he has accomplished in Central Africa, attest the depth and the sincerity of that sympathy which has been so widely felt and expressed. At a period when Materialism is making such rapid strides, and when many scientific minds are turning aside from the great truths of Revelation, it is refreshing to meet, in the columns of one of our most influential leading Journals, with such a hearty appreciation of Christian character and work as that which is evinced in the following exhaustive review of the last scenes in the life of the lamented Dr. David Livingstone. In noticing his "Last Journals," the "Daily Telegraph" observes:—

"These long-looked-for volumes are now placed in our hands, and a sentiment new to the critic, the geographer, and the journalist, must pervade the mind in opening them. Never did book of travel come before the public under circumstances of such pathos and dignity; never were any preserved so strangely, and, we may surely say of David Livingstone's work, so providentially! We have here a wonderfully rich and full narrative of journeyings accomplished over an enormous space of the unknown portions of Africa, page after page disclosing to us—for the first time, be it remembered—mighty rivers, majestic lakes, great ranges of mountains, nations of men unknown before, with a thousand strange productions, customs, rites, objects, novelties of the floral, the zoological, the mineral worlds—all so thickly cropping up in the Diary of this great Explorer that the language of wonder entirely departs from him. He has evidently lost the habit of being astonished long ere we travel in his society a hundred miles up the Rovuma; the only things

which never fail to excite his enthusiasm are the signs of good in the poor heathen people, and the hope perpetually renewed and expressed, that his lifelong labours may benefit them. But it is when we reflect upon the double chance which has preserved for us the present minute and inestimable record of these labours that the book becomes thus almost sacred—stamped as it is with the character of a treasure rescued from oblivion by what cannot but appear the direct will of Heaven. These two volumes embrace the painstaking and faithful day-by-day register of all the immense travel from the mouths of the Rovuma to Lake Nyassa, thence to Tanganyika, thence again to Lake Bangweolo, after that to the labyrinth of inland waters tied together by the Lualaba, across Tanganyika once more to Ujiji, and yet again away upon the final journey which, commenced at Unyanyembe, terminated in the Explorer's death at Ilala. Merely to name the stations along this amazing route makes a long sentence—and day by day, until his last hour, the steadfast Livingstone noted down for us everything he saw and heard of import upon that vast path, the result comprising two copious volumes, from which African geographers may drink deep for many a month to come. And all this precious treasure-house of research, from 1865 to 1873, has been saved by two memorable incidents—the happy rescue effected in the first place by Stanley, and the bold and loyal behaviour of the negroes, Chumah and Susi. To the American—now pursuing under our joint Commission the task of his friend and master—the public owes the first portion of the journals which Mr. Waller has edited so lovingly, for it was Mr. Stanley who brought down Letts' Diary, containing all the story of these marches from the Rovuma to Ujiji. The second, and if possible, more precious part, has been redeemed from the loneliness of the wilderness wherein the traveller perished, by nothing except the splendid fidelity of those very negroes for whose sake Livingstone lived and died. Could he have wished a nobler testimony to his labours? Could there have been a more eloquent comment upon this great pioneer's work? It is as if Africa herself had, from her 'darkest places, presented these precious records to us, saying, 'Do not forget him or me!' It is as if the Power whom Livingstone served had chosen this plain means of signifying approval of his labours, and stamping them as far too pure and noble to be lost—putting it into the hearts of poor, ignorant blacks to risk all in the self-imposed task of bringing back to us in England the body and the books of their Leader. Is it chance which has preserved for us every note of these brave years of toil? We might say so of other strange events, but not of the extraordinary incidents which have secured to us the possession of what we have here—the complete narrative, namely, Livingstone's last six years of wanderings.

"The exceptional character of the book as regards its origin extends to the manner in which it will be read. Who will not turn at once to the latter

part of the 700 pages in order to glean new and minute particulars of the last hours of the great and good Traveller? Obeying that impulse ourselves, we search the close of the Diary, and towards the end of the second volume the mournful chapter duly comes, which all will be most anxious to peruse. The entries in the note-book have gradually grown shorter—the mention of pain and mental weakness is frequent—the narrative brings the reader finally to Ilala; and then two pages present us with the fac-simile of the last—the very last—words legibly pencilled by Livingstone. He was unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was constructing the streams which enter the lake as he crossed them. From the 22nd to the 27th April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. Fortunately Susi and Chumah give a very clear and circumstantial account of every incident which occurred on these days, and Mr. Waller therefore adds what they say, after each of the Doctor's entries:—

"'21*st April. Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.*—The men explain this entry thus: This morning the Doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chumah threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood, there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently left. It was necessary to let the Chief Muanazawamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone despatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march. The answer was, "Stay as long as you wish, and when you want guides to Kalunganjovu's you shall have them."

"'*22nd April. Carried on kitanda over Buga, S.W.* $2\frac{1}{4}$. (Two hours and a quarter in a south-westerly direction.)—His servants say that, instead of rallying, they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable another blanket was suspended across a pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. The start was de-

ferred this morning until the dew was off the heads of the long grass sufficiently to ensure his being kept tolerably dry. The excruciating pains of dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village in two hours and a quarter, having travelled S.W. from the last point. Here another hut was built. The name of the halting-place is not remembered by the men, for the villagers fled at their approach; indeed the noise made by the drums sounding the alarm had been caught by the Doctor some time before, and he exclaimed with thankfulness on hearing it, "Ah, now we are near!" Throughout this day the following men acted as bearers of the kitanda: Chowpere, Songolo, Chumah, and Adiamberi. Sowfere, too, joined in at one time.

"'*23rd April.* (No entry except the date.)—They advanced another hour and a half through the same expanse of flooded treeless waste, passing numbers of small fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake, but seeing nothing of the owners, who had either hidden themselves or taken to flight on the approach of the caravan. Another village afforded them a night's shelter, but it seems not to be known by any particular name.

"'*24th April.* (No entry except the date.)—But one hour's march was accomplished to-day, and again they halted amongst some huts—place unknown. His great prostration made progress exceedingly painful, and frequently when it was necessary to stop the bearers of the kitanda, Chumah had to support the Doctor from falling.

"'*25th April.* (No entry except the date.)—In an hour's course S.W. they arrived at a village in which they found a few people. Whilst his servants were busy completing the hut for the night's encampment, the Doctor, who was lying in a shady place on the kitanda, ordered them to fetch one of the villagers. The chief of the place had disappeared, but the rest of his people seemed quite at their ease, and drew near to hear what was going to be said. They were asked whether they knew of a hill on which four rivers took their rise. The spokesman answered that they had no knowledge of it. They themselves, said he, were not travellers, and all those who used to go on trading expeditions were now dead. In former years Malenga's town, Kutchinyama, was the assembling place of the Wabisa traders, but these had been swept off by the Mazitu. Such as survived had to exist as best they could amongst the swamps and inundated districts around the lake. Whenever an expedition was organised to go to the coast, or in any other direction, travellers met at Malenga's town to talk over the route to be taken; then would have been the time, and they, to get information about every part. Dr. Livingstone was here obliged to dismiss them, and explained that he was too ill to continue talking, but he begged them to bring as much food as they could for sale to Kalunganjovu's.

"'*26th April.* (No entry except the date.)—They proceeded as far as Kalunganjovu's town, the chief himself coming to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume and wearing a red fez. Whilst waiting here Susi was instructed to count over the bags of beads, and, on reporting that twelve still remained in stock, Dr. Livingstone told him to buy two large tusks if an opportunity occurred as he might run short of goods by the time they got to Ujiji, and could then exchange them with the Arabs there for cloth, to spend on their way to Zanzibar.

"'To-day, the *27th April*, 1873, he seems to have been almost dying. No entry at all was made in his diary after that which follows, and it must have taxed him to the utmost to write:—

"'*Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.*—They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows: Salimane, Amisi, Hamsani, and Laede, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavour, if possible, to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story, the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some Mapira corn pounded up with ground-nuts, the Doctor gave instructions to the two women, M'sozi and M'toweka, to prepare it for him, but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.

"'*April* 28. Men were now despatched in an opposite direction, that is, to visit the villages on the right bank of the Moliamo as it flows to the lake; unfortunately they met with no better result, and returned empty-handed. On *April* 29, Kalunganjovu and most of his people came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything should be done for his friend," he said. They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitandi, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was. This was done, and he was gently placed upon it and borne out of the village. Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the numerous little islands which stood partly in the river and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintending the embarkation, whilst

Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid and the bed also on which he was carried. The passage occupied some time, and then came the difficult task of conveying the Doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitandi to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitandi, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chumah, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp both his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back; in this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Molilamo by Chowpere, Susi, Farijala and Chumah. The same precautions were used on the other side; the kitandi was brought close to the canoe so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking. Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo's village and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two they had to carry the Doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last. It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chumah, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot, where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and, on stooping down, he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitandi, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately for once, not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of being too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some, which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo's village. Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their task, for again, at a clearing, the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let him stay where he was. Fortunately, at this moment some of the outlying huts of the village came in sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house

that the others had gone on to build, but they were obliged as it was to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town. On reaching their companions it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary therefore to lay him under the broad leaves of a native hut till things were ready. Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass their time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night; thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter ready to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood round him, resting on their bows. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready, and banked round with earth. Inside it the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut; in the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy, Majwara, slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night. On *April* 30, 1873, Chitambo came early to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's presence, but he was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand, that it might lie in the palm whilst he slowly turned the key.

"'So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 p.m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi; "I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, "Is this the Luapula?" Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, "Sikun gapi kuenda Luapula?" (How many days is it to the Luapula?) "Na zani zikutatu, Bwana" (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

"'A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, "Oh dear, dear!" and then dozed off again.

"'It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, "Bwana wants you, Susi." On reaching the bed the doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire

outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring him his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, "All right, you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak. It must have been about four a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chumah, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut. Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

"'A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold; Livingstone was dead.

"'His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed, then carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night-air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May. It has been thought best to give the narrative of these closing hours as nearly as possible in the words of the two men who attended him constantly, both here and in the many illnesses of like character which he endured in the last six years' wanderings; in fact from the first moment of the news arriving in England, it was felt to be indispensable that they should come home to state what occurred. . . .

"'The men have much to consider as they cower around the watch-fire, and little time for deliberation. They are at their furthest point from home, and their leader has fallen at their head; we shall see presently how they faced their difficulties. . . . Several inquiries will naturally arise on reading this distressing history; the foremost, perhaps, will be with regard to the entire absence of everything like a parting word to those immediately about him, or a farewell line to his family and friends at home. It must be

very evident to the reader that Livingstone entertained very grave forebodings about his health during the last two years of his life, but it is not clear that he realised the near approach of death when his malady suddenly passed into a more dangerous stage. It may be said, "Why did he not take some precautions or give some strict injunctions to his men to preserve his notebooks and maps at all hazards, in the event of his decease? Did not his great ruling passion suggest some such precaution?" Fair questions; but, reader, you have all—every word written, spoken, or implied. Is there, then, no explanation? Yes; we think past experience affords it, and it is offered to you by one who remembers, moreover, how Livingstone himself used to point out to him in Africa the peculiar features of death by malarial poisoning. In full recollection of eight deaths in the Zambesi and Shire districts, not a single parting word or direction in any instance can be recalled. Neither hope nor courage gives way as death approaches. In most cases a comatose state of exhaustion supervenes, which, if it be not quickly arrested by active measures, passes into complete insensibility; this is almost invariably the closing scene. In Dr. Livingstone's case we find some departure from the ordinary symptoms. (The great loss of blood may have had a bearing on the case.) He, as we have seen by the entry of the 18th April, was alive to the conviction that malarial poison is the basis of every disorder in Tropical Africa, and he did not doubt but that he was fully under its influence whilst suffering so severely. As we have said, a man of less endurance in all probability would have perished in the first week of the terrible approach to the Lake, through the country and under the continual downpour that he describes. It tried every constitution, saturated every man with fever poison, and destroyed several, as we shall see a little further on. The greater vitality in his iron system very likely staved off for a few days the last state of coma to which we refer, but there is quite sufficient to show us that only a thin margin lay between the heavy drowsiness of the last few days before reaching Chitambo's, and the final and usual symptom that brings on unconsciousness and inability to speak. On more closely questioning the men, one only elicits that they imagine he hoped to recover, as he had so often done before; and if this really was the case, it will, in a measure account for the absence of anything like a dying statement; but still they speak again and again of his drowsiness, which in itself would take away all ability to realise vividly the seriousness of the situation. It may be that, at the last, a flash of conviction for a moment lit up the mind. If so, what greater consolation can those have who mourn his loss than the account that the men give of what they saw when they entered the hut? Livingstone had not merely turned himself—he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head: when they approached him he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no

change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forwards of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveller's perfect rest had come. Will not time show that the men were scarcely wrong when they thought "he yet speaketh"—aye, perhaps far more clearly to us than he could have done by word or pen or any other means. Is it, then, presumptuous to think that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more—that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his "loneliness" David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he laboured to break down the oppression and woe of the land? . . . . . Before daylight the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened.'

"Thus, then, amid many another touch of pathos which this complete narrative brings, we learn that the hero died upon his knees—that he rose from his couch of mortal anguish, like the gallant and pious soldier of God that he was, to give up the ghost, praying to Heaven for Africa, for us, for himself. The attitude of David Livingstone's death-moment speaks of a faith in Heaven unchangeable, of a joy in Heaven's service supreme, of tenderness of love, of trust, of hope, of prayer for all his fellow creatures, of a mission perfected in agony and surrendered in supplication, but never so nobly triumphant as in that last crowning minute of his lonely life. The Cæsar who proudly staggered from his bed, exclaiming that 'an Emperor should die standing,' is outdone in majesty and becomingness by the attitude of this grand Scotchman who passes away in the solitude of the African wild on his knees. In days when the fruits of Livingstone's labours are gathered, and Africa, emancipated and happy, shall know all that she has owed to her friend and martyr, this beautiful and solemn thing will not be forgotten in song and picture; they will remember, when she has her poets and sculptors at last, how he 'died upon his knees,' 'witnessing' for the Africans. Notwithstanding what has been said above there do occur some tender last messages in this Diary. One is the following:—

"'My daughter Agnes says—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, "She is a chip of the old block." My blessing on her and all the rest.'

"After a passage of such transcendant human interest as this, which we have not hesitated to quote at length, geographical disquisitions would come like something out of tune. We prefer to confine our remarks to some of the personal traits and memorials which occur in these volumes—all of them agreeing with that impressive final scene, in portraying to us the perfect Explorer; dauntless, indomitable, sagacious, patient, gentle, intelligent, keen-eyed, full of confidence in his mission and himself. We have spoken already

of the absence of all extravagance or expressions of surprise in these Journals. It is a consistent feature in them. There is plenty of warm appreciation of natural beauty, of vivid description, and lively interest displayed in the strange spectacles and curious people visited. But the narrative goes calm and stately as a great river, which sparkles and winds indeed about every little and large thing in its course, yet without fret or turmoil. He loved travel. At setting forth upon the Rovuma he says:—

"'Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives every act becomes ennobled.

"'Whether exchanging the customary civilities on arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food for the party, asking for information, or answering polite African inquiries as to our objects in travelling, we begin to spread a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade.

"'The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

"'We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from man or beast.'

"But of this danger he always makes pretty light either in expectation or arrival; and he knew, with that same quiet courage, how to impress and govern his followers far better than all the brow-beating and violent sorts of travellers. On one occasion, when the bad conduct of a sepoy, Perim, tempted him to strike the man with a cane, he enters the incident in his Diary with a 'black mark' against himself, says that it 'is degrading,' and scores up the resolution, 'I am not to do the punishment myself again.' At every other page his passion for African scenery comes out quietly but strongly; as when he reaches the Nyassa, and writes, 'It is like coming home; it is so pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, to hear the roar of the lake and dash in the rollers. I feel quite exhilarated." But Nyassa saddened him too. He says:—

"'Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake slave dhows prosper! An Arab slave-party fled on hearing of us yesterday. It is impossible not to regret the loss of Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shire, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the

advantages of the Shire route by the Bishop's successor I shall ever bitterly deplore, but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even the commencement of better times.'

"He notices with kindly appreciation everywhere the good traits of the negroes at Mokomba:—

"'The population is very great and very ceremonious. When we meet any one he turns aside and sits down; we clap the hand on the chest and say, "Re peta—re peta," that is, "we pass," or, "let us pass." This is responded to at once by the clapping of hands together. When a person is called at a distance he gives two loud claps of assent; or if he rises from near a superior he does the same thing, which is a sort of leave-taking.'

"And again at Mapuio's village:—

"'Clapping the hand in various ways is the polite way of saying, "Allow me," "I beg pardon," "Permit me to pass," "Thanks;" it is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave-taking, and also is equivalent to "Hear, hear." When inferiors are called they respond by two brisk claps of the hands, meaning, "I am coming."

"'They are very punctilious. A large ivory bracelet marks the head man of a village; there is nothing else to show differences of rank. . . . The morning was lovely, the whole country bathed in bright sunlight, and not a breath of air disturbed the smoke as it slowly curled up from the heaps of burning weeds, which the native agriculturist wisely destroys. The people generally were busy hoeing in the cool of the day. One old man in a village where we rested had trained the little hair he had left into a tail, which, well plastered with fat, he had bent on itself and laid flat on his crown; another was carefully paring a stick for stirring the porridge, and others were enjoying the shade of the wild fig-trees which are always planted at villages. It is a sacred tree all over Africa and India, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as medicine—a universal remedy. I like to see the men weaving or spinning, or reclining under these glorious canopies, as much as I love to see our more civilised people lolling on their sofas or ottomans.'

"He laughs pleasantly at Zeore's people, who pity England so much because there are no chilobe-peas in that benighted land; and who but Livingstone, after the hardships and provocations of the year 1866, would close his journal and begin a new one with words so gentle and child-like in their faith and purpose as these?—

"'We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Amighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"'1*st January*, 1867.—May He who was full of grace and truth impress

His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His mercy's sake.'

"And when he loses his medicine-chest in the forest near Lake Liemba, by the desertion of two of his men—a tremendous disaster—we find the incident—which, as he says, was almost like sentence of death to an African traveller—lightly and bravely disposed of by the remark that nothing happens except by God's permission, and, 'perhaps this, too, may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-fearing people further south.' And then he adds with a sigh, which is as naive as it is touching, 'I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen.' When he is very ill indeed, as at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, he hardly mentions his sickness in his daily jottings, or does so with some gracious word for the attention of his followers. These qualities, it is true, were well known of him, and equally well known is that righteous indignation against the cruelties which he was obliged to witness, travelling so constantly amid the horror of the slave traffic. On the Luongo he describes an incident in words which show what was his foremost purpose in all his African wanderings:—

"'Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea "of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them." Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words "to haunt and kill by spirit power." Then it was, "Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and if on the side of the oppressors there was a power, there be higher than they!'

"A little further on we encounter an entry of strange interest; it is where Livingstone speculates on his last resting-place. He writes:—

"'We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way; it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it; a little path showed that it had visitors. This is the sort of grave I should prefer—to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be so miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die.'

"And to this he adds, 'Poor Mary sleeps in Shupanga brae, and beeks forment the sun.' Strange, and sad, and glad at once must appear the way in which the wish of the good Livingstone has been half granted by Heaven, half refused. His bones repose at home with the noblest of his native land

in the shadow of the Royal Abbey; and yet Africa, which holds the dust of his beloved wife, possesses his heart! That the negroes buried at Ilala; and it is quiet enough, 'after life's fitful fever,' in the gloom of the 'still, still wood,' near the great lake. Africa had his heart always; we scarcely possessed the right to take that from her. Subjoined is a specimen of the traveller's tender quickness of gratitude, even to an outcast and in the bad Manyema country:—

"'A woman (he says) with leprous hands gave me her hut—a nice clean one—and very heavy rain came on. Of her own accord she prepared dumplings of green maize, pounded and boiled, which are sweet, for she said that she saw I was hungry. It was excessive weakness from purging she mistook, but seeing that I did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed me: "Eat, you are weak from hunger; this will strengthen you." I put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart.'

"Further on, when Livingstone has suffered for eighty days from ulcers in the foot, his medicines gone, his force failing, and, one would think, even his great heart breaking—as the hearts of the slaves do when they see the last of their native hills—we have him extracting humorous solace from a review. He copies a favourable notice of his last book from the 'British Quarterly Review,' and labels it 'A drop of comfort.' It is a little bit of well-deserved praise which the traveller has found quoted on the fly-leaf of one of his travelling-volumes, and he turns it gallantly into a moral tonic. The reviewer is happy, indeed, whose pen can thus boast that it has reinforced David Livingstone in one of his sorest straits. Yet what straits are sore for a man whose one thought and hope are thus expressed in the beginning of his Diary for 1871: 'O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honour'? Such natures may suffer, but they cannot despair, and cannot be defeated.

"With one citation more we close our present notice. It describes, from Livingstone's own hand, that thrilling and happy hour of glad surprise when, at the end of all his resources, the traveller was lying at Ujiji in a state of illness, poverty, and depression, which probably would soon have put an earlier end to his journeying than that fixed by natural decay. It was the 24th October, 1871, and, while Livingstone was as near to despair as such a man could go, Mr. Stanley was already within a morning's march of his hut. The Doctor writes:—

"'My property has been sold to Shereef's friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef; but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come

by on either side; but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, "Now, this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you." This was encouraging; but I said, "Not yet, but by-and-by." I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end like me." The visitor was no other than Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, jun., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead, bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid on the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and, instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles.'

"After this there is a happy silence of many days in the journals, and we all know that the rescue gave Livingstone means to renew his strength, while we owe to it the larger portion of these valuable memorials. Yet one little record more, inscribed just when Mr. Stanley has taken his departure, for it possesses an almost prophetic character. It runs:—

"'15*th March*.—Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.'

"With this solemn and affecting passage we close our present notice of these volumes. Of David Livingstone it may, indeed, be truly said, 'being dead, he speaketh,' and the real significance of this notable publication—which

in itself is a monument of honour to the country from which the traveller drew his blood—is in the reflection that it is the last appeal of Livingstone to the British people, and the legacy to them, as his heirs, of undying hostility to slavery, of love and pity for the African continent, and its suffering, unfriended, desolate children."

The following appreciative notice of "Livingstone's Last Journals" by the "Christian World" affords another specimen of the manner in which the religious as well as the secular press delighted to do honour to the memory and to the work of the great Philanthropist:—"There was perhaps no man in whom so large a proportion of the English-speaking race took such an affectionate interest as in the heroic traveller, and to whose researches men of so many different classes and characters looked for the information which specially concerned and moved them. The trader listened eagerly to hear from him of new staples for manufacture—of new openings for commerce; the statesman watched to see whether he might discover lands suited to receive the surplus population of old and densely-crowded countries; the man of science scanned his account of new plants, new fish, new apes, new mountains, lakes, and rivers; and that portion of the community—a portion which cannot be called small—which desires beyond all else that the good tidings that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners should be carried to the utmost corners of the earth, expected from him full and trustworthy information upon that matter which, to them as to him, was the impelling motive and grand object of African exploration. . . . . Not a single entry in Dr. Livingstone's journals has been lost from the time of his leaving Zanzibar in 1866 until 'his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873.' He had always been careful and diligent, and it was his custom to post up at moments of leisure in the large Diary the daily jottings entered in metallic note-books which it was his custom to carry with him. But in the last three or four years of his life he had been unable, through toil, exhaustion, and distressing illness, to carry out this rule. His note-books, besides, as well as his ink and pencils, ran out, and he had to resort to various shifts to supply the deficiency. At last 'old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and his notes were written across the type with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree.'

"The faithfulness and courage of Chumah and Susi, the native attendants upon Livingstone in his last moments, entitle them to a place in one group with the master whom they so devotedly served. Africans have an intense horror of dead bodies, and it is often difficult to get them to carry corpses to the grave. But Chumah and Susi, and about half-a-dozen other followers of Livingstone, including two native girls, Ntoaeka and Halima, not only overcame this horror, but carried his remains from 'the banks of

the Molilamo,' in the centre of Africa, to Zanzibar. They were under no small temptation to bury the corpse where Dr. Livingstone had died, for the superstitious terror of the tribes on their way to the coast, all of which look upon the dead as haunting and injuring the living, would, they knew, increase their difficulties in the journey. They never wavered, however, and no company of Europeans could have conducted the matter better than those unsophisticated creatures. Chumah and Susi were appointed leaders by consent of all, and were not only appointed, but obeyed.

"David Livingstone died like a soldier in battle, 'falling on the foe-man's ground.' His constitution was naturally so strong, and he had so often rallied when death seemed to have got hold upon him, that, after he was unable to stand or to sit upon a donkey, he still pressed on, carried in a litter. Through flooded country, under a continual downpour,' which 'saturated every man with fever-poison,' on he went, clinging to the hope that he might yet reach Luapula, and solve the problem of the sources of the Nile." How touching is the following entry in his Diary:—"In this journey I have endeavoured to follow, with unswerving fidelity, the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil, were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other. I had a strong presentiment, during the first three years, that I should never live through the enterprise, but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me—spell-bound me, I may say; for, if I could bring to light anything to confirm the Sacred Oracles, I should not grudge one whit all the labour expended. I have to go down the Central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, then up the Western, or young's Lake River, to Katanga head waters and then retire. I pray that it may be to my native home."

"Among the last words he uttered was a question to Susi, 'How many days to the Luapula?' 'I think it is three days, master.' 'O dear, dear!' said Livingstone, fearing that after all he would be too late. He then dosed off, his comatose condition being a presage of death, and at the same time obscuring his consciousness of its approach. Next morning before cock-crow he was found dead.

"The specific problem on which, perhaps, more than on any other, Livingstone set his heart in his last days was not solved. The sources of the Nile have not been indisputably ascertained, or rather it has not been settled

whether and in what manner the waters of the Nile are connected with that system of lakes which Livingstone explored. A passage in Herodotus is believed to have exerted an undue influence upon his mind, sending him in search of a mountain from which flowed four streams, when mere myth and legend had suggested the existence of such a scene. But that his life was well and gloriously spent—that a rich harvest has been the result of his exertions —admits of no question. The civilised and Christian world knows now, as it never did before, what manner of land the great African continent is, with its broad plateaus of wood and swamp, its entangled rivers, its systems of lakes, its singing birds, its musical frogs, its fevers, its leprosies, its eaten ulcers, its insects, whose mysterious nature prompts them to bury themselves in horse, camel, ox, or ass, and to kill the thing they fix on, its animal races which seem to border on humanity, going about erect in companies of ten, male and female accurately matched, and its human races, strangely near the brute, living on roots and bulbs. There are, indeed, African races which stand high in the scale among savages, stalwart men and comely women, who would not, said Dr. Livingstone, be physically unworthy of England; but one of the most remarkable facts connected with those mysterious regions is that the human and the animal tribes approach so near each other. The native African modestly pronounces the Soko—something between a gorilla and a chimpanzee—a man without the badness that is in man."

One on occasion, Dr. Livingstone received the present of a very interesting young Soko, which he describes as follows:—"Katambo presented me with a young Soko or gorilla that had been caught while its mother was killed; she sits eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands; in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her. If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws round her to make a nest, and resents any one meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothes, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on

being interfered with by a man looked daggers, and screaming tried to beat him with her hands: she was afraid of his stick, and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. She holds out her hand for people to lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf."

"On behalf of mankind, however, Dr. Livingstone finally attests that, if one is but civil, he can traverse Africa unhurt from shore to shore. The simple African races would, to all appearance, be reasonably happy were it not for the unmitigated and poisonous curse of slavery," of which the following charming picture of the simplicity of African village life by Dr. Livingstone affords abundant proof:—"We came to some villages among beautiful tree-covered hills, called Basilange or Mobasilange. The villages are very pretty, standing on slopes. The main street generally lies east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drained off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the door, and here at dawn the family gathers round a fire, and, while enjoying the heat needed in the cold that always accompanies the first darting of the light or sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air, and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all around their village and near their nestlings are bespangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle: the kids gambol and leap on the backs of their dams quietly chewing the cud; other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new clay pots in a fire, made by lighting a heap of grass roots: the next morning they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this morning scene of peaceful enjoyment is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers, and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the finest and fairest they have known They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless to the charms of hard work and no play which we think so much better for them if not for us." How sad the contrast:—

"In some cases we found all the villages deserted; the people had fled at our approach, in dread of repetitions of the outrages of Arab slaves. The doors were all shut: a bunch of the leaves of reeds or of green reeds placed across them, means 'no entrance here.' A few stray chickens wander about wailing, having hid themselves while the rest were caught and carried off into the deep forest, and the still smoking fires tell the same tale of recent flight from the slave-traders."

"To the last the great heart of Livingstone was fired with inextinguishable, immeasurable wrath against this diabolical system. He gives the lie to much thoughtless talk by declaring that slavery is *not* good, *not* natural, in any state of society. The man who finds himself a slave often loses his hold on life, and dies with his hand on his heart where the death pain struck him. Is it not pathetic that Homer should have said something very like this nearly three thousand years ago? We have advanced, however; for it never occurred to Pagan Homer to denounce slavery, or to plead for the slave, whereas Christian Livingstone was glad to give his life to break his fetters.

Of all the tributes which have been paid to the memory of Dr. Livingstone there is none which reflects greater lustre on his Christian heroism and self-sacrificing labours, and which is more likely to produce important results in the regeneration of Africa, than the founding of an Industrial Mission Station at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, in connection with the Free and Reformed Churches of Scotland, as a Memorial to Dr. Livingstone! The project has not only been definitely adopted, but an expedition will shortly be equipped to proceed by the Zambesi under the command of Mr. Young, the successful leader of the Search Party to the same region in 1867, who will make the commencement of a town to be called "Livingstonia," with the view of encouraging trade, suppressing slavery, disseminating the arts of industrial civilisation, and opening the southern interior of the Lake country to commerce. At a meeting recently held in Glasgow, liberal subscriptions were made towards this good purpose, including the following:—Mr. James Young, of Kelly, £1,000; Mr. Jas. Stevenson, Glasgow, £1,000; Mr. W. Mackinnon, of Balmakill, £500; Mr. P. Mackinnon, £500; Mr. Geo. Martin, of Auchendennan, £500; Mr. Jas. White, of Overtoun, £500; Dr. Joshua Paterson, £100; and Dr. Hugh Miller, £100. Five thousand pounds of the ten thousand required have already been collected; and it is to be hoped that all the Christian Churches and the British public generally will gladly take part in furthering so promising a work, for which purpose we give the following interesting particulars.

The locality of the proposed settlement will be at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. Probably on the promontory known as Cape Maclear. At this point the Shire River leaves Nyassa at a distance of about sixty miles above the Murchison Cataracts. The distance to the sea is about three hundred miles; there is also water communication for flat-bottomed vessels, drawing from two to three feet, all the way, with the exception of these cataracts, which extend over a distance of between thirty and forty miles.

With regard to the nature of the proposed Mission—In addition to the ordinary evangelistic or preaching work directly connected with the formation of such a project, it is intended to establish an industrial institution similar to that already existing at Lovedale, in which the arts of civilised life as well

as the truths of the Gospel would be taught to the people of the region. It is believed also that such a place would speedily grow into a native town, and would become a centre towards which the native population would steadily gravitate. Wherever there is protection and security the African tribes take advantage of it.

As to the method of carrying out the work.—At first there will be little demand, doubtless, for either educational or industrial teaching. After a time this will arise. The first work to be done by those who go there is to gain a footing in the country, to obtain the confidence of the natives, to become acquainted with the surrounding district, to establish communication on the river, and to acquire a knowledge of the native language. This would be work enough for a year or two. But while it is going on, if there can be secured one or two native interpreters from Cape Town or elsewhere, the teaching of the truths of the Gospel can be commenced at once from day to day as well as on Sundays.

After a little also a small school will be opened, and the work of education would be begun. Slowly the influence of this teaching, of various kinds, will begin to spread, and though no converts might be seen for some considerable time, yet afterwards, if God blesses the undertaking and no serious disaster occurs to the mission, these would make their appearance. The work would then have taken root. But it should always be remembered that progress at first in such directions must be extremely slow.

With reference to route.—The party will proceed to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, either by the Red Sea or *via* the Cape by steamer. They would carry with them two boats, one the size of a ship's cutter. It would be formed of iron, made in sections to take to pieces by screws, and similar in construction to that used by Mr. Young in 1867. The boats and goods having been landed at the Luabo mouth, they will proceed to put together the iron boat and load their goods. They would then hire fifty or more natives from a village about a mile south from the river mouth, and with their assistance as paddlers or otherwise would proceed up the river. At the lower end of the Murchison Cataracts they would leave one boat, and unscrew the sections of the iron boat, and carry it and the goods by means of porters over the cataracts, then put the boat together again and sail upwards to Lake Nyassa, and commence their work by selecting a suitable spot, either side by side with a native chief or headman who might be willing to receive them, or in any other suitable place. They will then proceed as above described. At first, and for some time to come, no other building will be wanted than huts, square or round. The latter can be built by the natives, and the former by them under the direction of Europeans.

As to the number of Europeans.—Four at least or, better, five will go—two of them being artisan and one a doctor, who will act as a medical