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STORY OF MY LIFE -- PART B (CHAPTERS 22-48)

By William Taylor

Bishop of the M. E. Church for Africa

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An account of what I have thought and said and done in my ministry of more than fifty-three years in Christian lands and among the heathen -- written by myself.

"I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." -- Psalm 2:8

"The World Is My Parish." -- Wesley

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PART V -- MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA -- (CONTINUED)

22 -- FORT BEAUFORT, HEALD TOWN, AND SOMERSET EAST

Sketch of Fort Beaufort -- Beginning of Services in that Place -- My Discourse on Drinking -- Crowds of Seekers and Converts -- Illustrations of the Powerful Work -- Alfred White Arranges My Tour into Natal -- War Jeopardizes Our Mission -- I Write for Stuart and for Charles Pamla -- Wilson's Letter About the Work in Fort Beaufort -- That Shawl I Bought at Mullett's -- Sketch of Heald Town and the Industrial School -- The Day Schools -- Impey Finds a High School and Theological Institution -- Lamplough for a Principal -- William Sargent -- The Country Around Heald Town -- The Monkey Population -- Barnabas a Poor Interpreter -- I Choose a Boy for that Office -- Siko Radas Becomes My Preacher -- Great Rush for the Kingdom of Heaven -- Assistant Preachers Lend their Help -- Whites and Natives Converted -- A Sweeping Revival -- Great Power and Results in Heald Town -- The Notable Day of the Lord -- Ethiopia Stretches Out her Hand -- Nearly Four Hundred Souls Saved -- Sargent's Letter About the Work -- Black Converts for Our Escort -- Enthusiasm of Mrs. Guard -- The Work Not Evanescent -- Sermon at Adelaide -- Davidson's History of Himself -- The Missions at Bedford -- Preaching for Mr. Solomon -- The Family of Kings -- Francis King and his Story of Namaqua Land -- Peril from the Bushmen -- Arrival at Somerset -- History of the Place -- Nash, of Ebenezer -- Siko Radas -- Penitents and Converts -- Edwards' Report

* * *

Fort Beaufort, situated on the lower part of the Kai River, was first established as a military post soon after the Kaffir war of 1835, and has gradually developed into a good average African town. It is in the midst of a good sheep farming country, and some of the valleys produce good crops of maize and tolerably fair crops of wheat. The district, including the town, contained a population of 13,048, of whom 2,648 were whites. The Wesleyan Church was organized there in 1837, and a chapel was built the same year, which was a few years later superseded by the present chapel, which has sittings for about four hundred persons.

My home was at the house of the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. John Wilson, a man of an excellent spirit and an earnest minister, who, with his truly missionary wife, had been in the South African work for many years. Two of their daughters, who had long been seeking, were saved during our series of services. I was agreeably surprised to meet a large force of my Graham's Town workers and friends who had come forty-seven miles to Fort Beaufort to attend our services.

On Sabbath morning, the 17th of June, we commenced our services at Fort Beaufort. The place was too much crowded to be comfortable, but there was a gracious manifestation of the Spirit to the hearts of believers. As we were returning from chapel Dr. Exton said, "I went into chapel this morning a moderate drinker, but came out a teetotaler." His decision on that subject

was occasioned by some illustrative narrative bearing on another subject, and but incidentally reflecting on drinking customs. At 3 p.m. we had a good time in preaching to the children. In the evening, after preaching, we invited persons awakened by the Holy Spirit, who wanted to know what they must do to be saved, to come forward, that we might tell them. The altar rails were soon crowded, and a good number were saved that night. I found there were a few good workers belonging to the Fort Beaufort society, and the Graham's Town friends were fully equipped for the war.

On Monday, at 11 a.m., I preached to believers and we had a gracious season. On Monday night the work went on gloriously. A number of leading citizens, under the smitings of the Spirit, were down among the seekers. On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., I preached at Heald Town, seven miles distant. On Tuesday night I preached again at Fort Beaufort. Nearly all our early seekers were now rejoicing in the pardoning love of God, but the altar was as greatly crowded as ever with new seekers. On Wednesday, at 11 a.m., I preached to the church on Christian perfection, with blessed spiritual results in the experience of believers, and on Wednesday night closed our special series of preaching services at Fort Beaufort. After preaching we had a great breaking down among the sinners and some very striking cases of conversion to God. During our brief service sixty-five whites professed to find peace with God. Some of them gave promise of great usefulness to the Church. Many interesting examples might be given, but one or two illustrative cases may suffice.

Mr. E., a very large man, who had been forward several times as a seeker, exclaimed with tearful eyes as he entered into liberty, "Talk about sacrificing all for Christ! What had I to sacrifice but my sins and all my wicked abominations? A sacrifice indeed! Why, it's a glorious riddance! And in return I have received in Christ the priceless gift of eternal life. Glory to God!"

Mrs. D. had heard a great deal said against that foreign preacher, and she never would disgrace herself by going to hear such a man.

A friend said in reply: "Well now, Mrs. D., you see that the most respectable people do go to hear him, and would not miss a subsequent opportunity on any account; and for you to form such an unfavorable and unjust judgment of a servant of God without even hearing him for yourself is alike discreditable to your intelligence and your honesty. Now, Mrs. D., go and hear him tonight, and then we will talk about the preacher tomorrow."

She consented, and that night the Spirit's two-edged sword pierced her heart, and she wept aloud and begged us to pray for her. She soon afterward found her Saviour and became a happy, intelligent witness for Christ.

While I was working at Graham's Town, Mr. Alfred White, one of the oldest pioneers in the country, who lives on the Umzimvubu River, in Kaffraria, nearly four hundred miles east of Graham's Town, persuaded me to go overland through Kaffraria to Natal, instead of by sea, as I had contemplated. I did not then hope to be able to do much good, but I wanted to see the practical working of the mission stations among the heathen in their own country and learn what I could.

I knew not how I should go, but Mr. White said he would meet me thirty miles west of the Umzimvubu and convey me hence across the river and give me any assistance I might need in

getting on thence to Natal. He also made me a plan of travel, embracing the whole of the Wesleyan missions in Kaffraria. A few days later we learned that Dumasi, chief of the western tribe of the Amaondo, and Umhlonhlo, chief of the Amapondumsi, were at war, and the Shawbury station was just in the midst of it, and that the missionary and his family were in great jeopardy; we learned further that the eastern half of the Amaondo nation, under Chief Faku, were at war with the Amabacas, and that Osborn mission station, under the superintendence of Rev. C. White, was the scene of great slaughter. So Mr. White said I could not travel through that district, and planned for me a more southerly route, leaving out the two troubled stations. I wrote to Cape Town to have my son Stuart, who was recovering from his Australian illness, join me and bear me company. I then expected to have to buy horses and go on the independent line.

When I was at Annshaw I made arrangements with Brother Lamplough, to have Charles Pamla go with me through Kaffirland as my interpreter. My friend, Mr. James Roberts, hearing of my contemplated trip, asked me to allow him the pleasure of furnishing conveyance and horses and of driving me to Natal. Under the circumstances I could not deny him the pleasure, and thankfully accepted his kind offer.

An extract from a letter written me by Rev. Brother Wilson, dated November 14, 1866, may serve to illustrate the further progress of the work of God in Fort Beaufort:

"The work in this circuit has been great and glorious. At our last quarterly meeting we had a net increase of thirty-eight members and sixty on trial. Besides there has been a very delightful work among the natives here, and many of them have been enabled to rejoice in Christ their Saviour. The testimony of some is exceedingly pleasing. A case or two were rather striking. Two native girls, who were servants in the same family, were convinced of sin. One of them came to my house to receive instruction; I talked to her and prayed with her, but she got no rest for her soul. I left her, and Mrs. Wilson went to her, and while she was praying with her the poor girl found Jesus. Her joy was unspeakably great. She fell on her knees and kissed Mrs. Wilson's feet, and then crawled to the young woman who came with her and kissed her feet, and when I came she fell down and kissed mine. She was so overwhelmed with rapturous joy, and so humble, that she knew not how to express it. Her fellow-native servant was in great distress, but did not get relief so quickly. I found her in an agony at the penitent rail, and in her bitter confession of sin she said, 'That shawl I bought at Mullett's-that shawl! that shawl!'

"What about it?" I inquired.

O, sir, part of the money for that shawl was stolen; I stole one and threepence of it from my mistress. I'll pay my mistress, I'll pay her all, I'll pay her double!

Her mistress, an unconverted woman, would receive no money, but forgave her freely. Then the poor girl took the shawl, tore it to shreds and burned it. She had a hard struggle, but at last the dark cloud of guilt and sin rolled away, and she was made happy in Jesus her Saviour.

"We have formed two extra classes here among the English and two for the natives."

Heald Town, called in honor of James Heald, treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is a large Fingo settlement and mission station, six miles distant from Fort Beaufort. This is the site of the largest industrial school established under the patronage of Sir George Grey. The accompanying cut, from a photograph taken on the spot, will represent, on a small scale, the school buildings and mission chapel. " The principal building is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and fifty in width; there are also two wings extending to the rear, each ninety feet in length. It is built of brick, on a stone foundation; the roof is of slate from Wales. The floor of the verandah, which extends along the whole front of the building, is several feet above the ground. The internal arrangements afford spacious apartments for the governor, chaplain, and their families, with large and airy dormitories, school and work rooms, refectory, kitchens, etc., for the accommodation of a large number of boys and girls who were boarded, clothed, educated, and trained to various industrial pursuits." The exact statistics of the cost of these buildings, the annual appropriations, and the number of pupils trained in this establishment, I have not been able to get; but the following figures, furnished me by Rev. William Sargent, Wesleyan missionary, in charge of it when I was there, will furnish the facts with approximate correctness. The cost of the buildings, paid by the government, through Sir George Grey, was about seven thousand pounds. The government appropriation was about one thousand pounds per annum for nine years.

A day school has been kept up with success. It contained, at the time of my visit, two hundred day scholars, conducted by Mr. T. Templer, head teacher, a fine-spirited brother, and I believe a successful educator, assisted by Siko Radas, a young native teacher. They have also three schools taught by native teachers at three different out-stations connected with this mission establishment. The whole cost of these schools at the present time is three hundred and twenty-two pounds per annum, of which the government pays two hundred and fifty-two pounds, and the society seventy pounds. Some thousands of natives have here, from first to last, been taught to read their own language, as well as the elements of an English education.

Rev. William Impey, during his recent visit to England, appealed strongly to the Missionary Committee, and not in vain, to authorize the establishment of a high school and theological institution at Heald Town. James Heald, gave five hundred pounds toward the enterprise, and Mr. Impey's success was such that the district meeting in Graham's Town last January resolved to carry it into effect. The following is a statement of their action furnished to me by Rev. William Sargent in a recent letter, as follows:

"Our district meeting decided to form a training institution at Heald Town to include two or three classes of agents:

"1. Men for the full work of the ministry and pastorate.

"2. Native evangelists who shall have no fixed pastoral rate, but be employed in going from place to place preaching the Gospel.

"3. Young men as schoolmasters for the native schools.

It was also agreed to move the press from Mount Coke to Heald Town. Mr. Appleyard goes to Heald Town in charge of the press. Mr. Lamplough was appointed to superintend the

institution and take charge of the native agents; a better supply could not have been got in the district. Brother Lamplough possesses peculiar abilities for such a work; his whole soul is in it."

I firmly believed myself that Brother Lamplough was the man for that responsible post; that he would teach them how to win souls to Christ and administer good discipline in the Church of God.

I prayed that the Lord would help him, and make of him an Elijah, and make his school of the prophets a hundredfold more effective than that of Bethel or Mount Carmel!

Rev. William Sargent, the missionary at the time of my visit, was brought up in the colony, and having been in the mission work for many years was quite at home in the native language, manners, and customs; he was a true friend to the natives and an earnest missionary. He removed his whole family to Fort Beaufort so that they all might enjoy the benefit of our week of special services there. He had written me requesting a visit to his natives in Heald Town, but, not having the natives in my plan of appointments, and having engaged to labor with the whites for weeks ahead, I could not promise, but at our first interview I arranged to give them a week-day service.

So on Tuesday, June 19, Brother Sargent took me up with his cart and pair, and set off for Heald Town. As we pass the lines of Fort Beaufort we at once see the white mission buildings before described, six miles distant. It is a beautiful sight, through a narrow valley, bounded by high hills on each side, rising to the altitude of respectable mountains; but the town itself, which, besides the school buildings and chapel, is composed almost entirely of native huts, is perched above the head of this beautiful vale on the plateau of a transverse range of little mountains. The scattering huts seen in the cut represent but a small part of the native town, the body of which is hid from view by an intervening hill.

In our little journey we pass over a broad, undulating valley, rich and grassy. To our left are several native kraals, surrounded by fields of maize, pumpkins, and Kaffir corn. Ascending the narrow vale, we cross many times a bold mill stream, the banks of which are lined with wild olives, willows, and a great variety of shrubbery and vines, forming in some places a dense jungle, which furnish a grand retreat for the monkeys. Half a dozen of them made a stand in the road before us long enough to inquire, "Who are you, and where are you going?" and then scampered off into their native wilds.

The mountains to our left are partly cultivated by the Fingoes, and we see some fine herds of their cattle. The mountains to our right are rugged, but beautified by a thick undergrowth of the wild African aloes just coming into bloom, with stately sentinels of the euphorbia tree. We have a long, rocky steep ascent from this valley to the high land of the town; the surrounding scenery, with the high cliffs at the head of the valley just below the town, is not only beautiful but grand.

When we arrived, a little before the hour appointed, the chapel, with sittings for about eight hundred, was packed with about one thousand natives and twenty whites.

The head teacher, Mr. T. Templer, met us, and said: "We have Barnabas here, from Graham's Town; he is a splendid interpreter, and we'll get him to interpret. He says he would

rather not, as he's here on business, in his working clothes, but I'm sure he'll consent if we press it."

"Give me anybody else," I replied. "I tried him in Graham's Town, and he got his voice up an octave too high at the start and sang out the whole sermon in two or three monotonous tones that did not suit me at all. He is a good fellow, and we must not hurt his feelings, but if you are not committed to him, and can give me any other Kaffir who can talk English, don't engage Barnabas."

"We are not committed to him, but consider him the best we can get. We have a Kaffir boy, my assistant teacher, who understands English, but he is not a professional interpreter."

"He's my boy; send him to me quickly, as our time is nearly up and the people are waiting."

Brother Sargent immediately sent for him and brought him into a private room in the institution, a real black boy, about twenty years old, five feet six inches in height, prominent forehead, good eye, pleasant countenance, a quiet, unobtrusive youth, a good singer, can write music and play on the harmonium, but rather a feeble voice for addressing a large assembly -- Siko Radas.

Brother Sargent said he had to celebrate a marriage either before or after preaching. We at once arranged that Brother Sargent should open the service in the usual way and attend to the marriage and allow me that time for drilling my young interpreter.

I preached my sermon to Siko and gave him a lecture on naturalness. We entered the church before the marriage ceremony was over. The bridal party were all black, but well-dressed, and presented a very genteel appearance, and signed their names to the marriage records with self-possession and neatness of execution. The bride was covered from head to foot with a fine white veil.

The bridal party sat in the front form, just before us. I did not occupy the little pulpit, but stood beside my interpreter in the altar. Siko put my sentences into Kaffir very rapidly, but distinctly, and, as I learned, correctly. There was evidently an extraordinary power of the Holy Spirit resting on the audience during the preaching, but silence reigned, except the slight murmur of suppressed sobbing and tears. At the close of the preaching we dismissed the assembly, giving all who wished an opportunity to retire. The bridal party and a few others left.

Before we proceeded further with the prayer meeting I explained in Gospel simplicity the way of salvation by faith, so that the seekers might intelligently come to Christ without further personal instruction. We then invited the seekers to come forward and occupy the forms from the front, as far back as might be necessary. They rushed forward with that violence which the kingdom of heaven suffereth, and many of the violent took it by force that day. At least three hundred seekers were down on their knees within a few minutes. They were all praying audibly, the floor was wet with tears, yet none seemed to be screaming louder than his neighbor. Brother Sargent seemed for a few moments fearful, thinking it might lead to confusion; but I reminded him of the undeniable evidences that God the Holy Spirit was moving in the matter, and however much of human dross and infirmity might be mixed into such a mass of superstition and sin the people

had been well instructed, and the Holy Spirit was fully competent directly, and through the agencies available, to manage the business, and we would work with him, not interfere with his work.

Brother Sargent at once and heartily acquiesced in my views, which were supported so thoroughly by Scripture teaching and precedent, and by the logic of facts before our eyes, that we could do but little else than stand still and see the salvation of God. We had Brothers Janion, Atwell, Webb, Roberts, and other Graham's Town brethren present. They seemed a little confused at the first shock; for my meetings at Graham's Town, as in every other place among the whites, were conducted in quietness; but in a few minutes they were reassured by their faith in God and the power of his Gospel, and entered into the work 'with their characteristic earnestness. In the recess there were fourteen whites down on their knees as seekers; so that the brethren who could not speak Kaffir found ample employment among them.

As fast as the seekers entered into liberty they were conducted to seats, first in the right wing of the chapel and then in the left, and then in front, where they gave their testimony to their minister, Rev. Brother Sargent, who wrote down their names in his pastoral book. The services closed at 4 p.m., having extended through five hours. Some of us, however, went into Brother Templer's house about 2 p.m. and took in haste an excellent lunch which good Sister Templer had prepared for us, and immediately returned to the front. Seven whites reported themselves among the converts, having, during the service, embraced Christ and found salvation in him. Six of them were one whole family, a grandmother, her daughter, son-in-law, and three children. It was a touching scene to see the poor old woman in the center and her children and grandchildren embracing her with flowing tears, praising God, telling her how happy they were in the love of Jesus.

Of the natives, Brother Sargent recorded the names of one hundred and thirty-nine who professed to find peace with God during our service of five hours. We then hastened back to Fort Beaufort, where I preached, and had a glorious work among the whites that night.

On Thursday morning, the 21st of June, Brother Sargent, in company with Mrs. Rev. T. Guard, drove me again to Heald Town, according to the announcement made the preceding Tuesday.

We went before our crowded audience fully equipped, trusting to the immediate presence and saving power of the Holy Spirit. The prayer meeting was conducted as on the first day. Among the seekers were many aged persons. The awful presence and melting power of the Holy Spirit on this occasion surpassed anything I had ever witnessed before. I tried to find an illustration of what I saw and felt by the historic fact that on creation's morn the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters and brought order out of chaos; I thought of what Ezekiel saw, and thus described, after giving an account of his vision of the valley of dry bones:

"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking,

and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

I thought of the waiting disciples in that upper room on Mount Zion, when "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting," and the glory that immediately followed. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

The atmosphere, the symbol of the Holy Ghost whom God hath sent to administer the bounteous provision of salvation to a perishing world; the air, everywhere present, enveloping the world, mysterious, invisible, yet always abiding with us, now at rest, then moving in the gentle zephyr, then in the breeze, then in the gale, then in the hurricane such is this mighty Spirit of God abiding with us, and to abide with us forever, and yet adjusting his mighty power to the laws of the human mind and moral nature.

I realized by faith on that occasion what I never can explain, even with the help of this Scripture teaching. If the dispensation of the Spirit is to extend to "that great and notable day of the Lord when he shall judge the quick and the dead," and if the ever-abiding Spirit is as available now, and as willing to fulfill his mighty mission now, as he was on the day of Pentecost, why is the world not saved? I wept over the defective faith and ineffective methods of the Church, and thought how the Holy Spirit is grieved in not having suitable agents for the successful prosecution and consummation of his work, according to God's purpose and adequate provisions in Christ. As I saw dead souls by the score stand up by the power of the Spirit, till they became like an army around us, and heard them witnessing to the saving mercy of Jesus in their hearts, I felt the keen retort of the South Australian black fellow at Lake Alexandrina, on the Murray. A man whom this native had known for twenty years was warning him for the first time against the danger of losing his soul, and the sable son of nature said with vehement indignation, "If you know all this time that black fellow going to hell, why you no tell black fellow tilt now?"

A majority of those before me, to be sure, had been born and brought up under Gospel teaching; their old friend Ayliff, who led them out of Kaffir bondage, had lived and died among them at that very spot; in the chapel before us was a slab to his memory, on which it was stated that the last prayer he ever offered, just as he was stepping into death's dark river, was that God would bless and save his "dear Fingoes." His prayer was now being answered among the ones to whom he last preached; but I thought of the millions beyond, who have not to this day heard of Jesus O, I felt that, dearly as I loved my country, my Conference, my home, and, above all, my dear family, if it were the Lord's will to adjust my relations satisfactorily in regard to those sacred interests, and call me to this work, I would hail it as a privilege to lead a band of black native evangelists through the African continent till Ethiopia would not only stretch out her hands, but embrace Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean!

At the close of this second service at Heald Town, Rev. Brother Sargent reported the names of one hundred and sixty-seven native and three European converts during the service of five hours, making an aggregate for the two services of three hundred and six natives and ten whites saved "by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, shed forth abundantly upon us, through Jesus Christ our Lord." These, added to the sixty-five Europeans at Fort Beaufort, made a total of three hundred and eighty-one souls brought to God and justified freely by his grace during our brief ministry of only five days.

An extract from a letter I received from Brother Sargent, dated July 17, nearly a month after I left, may serve to illustrate the continued progress of this work in Heald Town:

"I am thankful to say that the good work of the Lord is still progressing favorably at Heald Town. About sixty more have found peace since you left, and I have no doubt but that there would have been a much larger number but for the fact that I have had to be away so often that the penitent meetings have not been held so frequently as I could wish. There is much earnestness manifested among the people, both old and young. You would be amazed and delighted to hear their cries of a night till after nine or ten o'clock, and in some cases till daylight in the morning, pleading for the pardon of their sins. The valleys and rocks below the mission house are literally vocal with the cries of penitents, morning, noon, and night. You will be glad to be informed that last Saturday, in our local preachers' meeting, the local brethren, in receiving several new candidates on the local preachers' plan, passed a resolution that no one using Kaffir beer or any other strong drink shall be allowed to exercise the office of local preacher among them. Next Saturday the class leaders intend passing the resolution respecting themselves, not allowing any to exercise the office of class leader in Heald Town who will not give up the drinking of Kaffir beer and all other intoxicating drinks."

As we returned from Heald Town to Fort Beaufort, accompanied by a large number of Europeans on horseback and many natives on foot, though we drove rapidly, to be in time for the evening appointment, some of the black fellows, happy in the Lord and ran on foot as Elijah before the chariot of Ahab, ran so fast as to keep up with us most of the distance of six miles.

Passing a jungle we saw a mob of monkeys perched on the thickly matted tops of the trees, clearly defined above the branches. They seemed surprised to see so many persons in their unfrequented woods, and stood erect, looking at us till we passed out of sight.

Mrs. Thomas Guard witnessed all the scenes of that day, and, possessing a very refined taste, a nice sense of propriety, and not favorable to noisy religious exercises, I was a little surprised to find her enthusiastic in her expressions of admiration of all she had seen and heard. I had observed that she looked on and wept and smiled alternately during most of the service, and as we drove along she said, "I have seen most of the crowned heads of Europe, was at the opening of the great exhibition in 1851, have witnessed and felt the thrilling effects of the most imposing pageants of royalty, but I never saw anything for sublimity and soul-stirring effect to compare with the scenes of this day. I would not have missed the meeting of today for anything that could be offered."

But dear me," says one, "such sudden work as this must be very transient-over three hundred persons professing conversion at two days' services, and working week days too; why, it must have been a straw fire that will soon die out."

Indeed, after so long a preparation, why should not "the Lord whom ye seek come suddenly into his temple?" Was not that the way the Holy Spirit did it when he first entered on his great work in Jerusalem? If he hath changed his methods of working it is a wonder he hath not informed us, so that we may adjust ourselves to them. That was a quick work by which three thousand souls were saved in one day under the first Gospel sermon they ever heard in their lives, and yet thirty-three years afterward St. Luke testified to their steadfastness, saying, "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."

On Friday morning, the 22d of June, Brother Sargent, in company with his son and daughter, drove me twenty miles with his cart and pair to the village of Adelaide, on my way to Somerset, which is about eighty miles distant from Fort Beau fort. At 2:30 p.m. I preached at Adelaide in the Presbyterian church, Rev. Peter Davidson, pastor, with whom I dined. I had dined with his brother, the Rev. William Davidson, at his own house, in the town of Clare, South Australia, and had become acquainted with another brother, Rev. James Davidson, King William's Town, British Kaffraria; so, instead of strangers, we, seemed to meet as friends. The Wesleyans had no society at Adelaide, but we had a few good men there, who, in the absence of their own Church, united with Mr. Davidson.

Mr. Francis King sent his cart and pair and driver to convey me that afternoon to Bedford, twenty miles further on my way, Brothers Sargent and Davidson accompanying. I was weary and allowed them to do all the talking. Brother Davidson gave us an interesting history of himself and brother ministers and their widowed mother, and how they struggled up the hill of difficulty in acquiring an education and preparing for the ministry. It was altogether a very interesting narrative. Brother Davidson was a very genial Scotchman and, I was told, an earnest evangelical minister of the Gospel. The Dutch Reformed Church in Adelaide were building a church edifice there which would cost twenty-five thousand pounds, and a minister's house to cost three thousand pounds. The village was very small, but it was the center of a large Dutch farming community. The Dutch, being the first European settlers in South Africa, owned the majority of the best farms, and built very large churches in accessible centers, and put up small houses contiguous, for temporary home comfort during their sojourn at their nag mals. The nag mal or night meal, is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is administered at their churches quarterly. The farmers within a radius of twenty or thirty miles attended on those occasions with their families and spent several days in religious duties, embracing the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, preaching the Gospel, and confirmation, and a social reunion.

Bedford was a small village with one little church, which was under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Solomon. Mr. Solomon was for many years a missionary to the Griquas, Adam Kok's Hottentots, and Dutch Bastards, then near the Orange River, now in No Man's Land, Kaffraria. They were then, and ever since their removal to their new home, without a missionary. Yet under the effect of former missionary teaching they had their chapels and regular services. The Wesleyan missionaries occasionally visited them..

Mr. Solomon, after a separation of several years, had just returned from a visit to them of several weeks. He was greatly interested in their welfare, and said that but for his family relations he would go and live with them. Rev. Mr. Solomon was a brother of the celebrated Saul Solomon of Cape Town, celebrated for his littleness of stature, about three and a half feet high, and for his greatness as a politician and member of the colonial Parliament, for literary and commercial enterprise, conducting a large paper in Cape Town, and a variety of business pursuits; the greatest man of his size, I suppose, in the world. I preached for Rev. Mr. Solomon that night. His church, being the only one in the place, was made up of all denominations, among whom were some excellent Wesleyans, especially Francis King, his brother, and their families.

The Kings were of the Graham's Town stock of Wesleyans, where their good old father then lived. They were sheep and cattle farmers. Being native-born African *das*, as the native Europeans are called, they had had many adventures both in times of war and peace. Francis King said he and another young man were once traveling together to Namaqua Land to explore the copper mines (three hundred and fifty miles west of Cape Town). They were on horseback, but were unarmed. Away in the wilds two hundred miles west of Cape Town they were suddenly surrounded by a dozen Bushmen, who seized the bridles of their horses and stopped them.

"I knew," said King, "from their general character and their movements that they designed to rob us, and perhaps kill us too; but fearing that we had concealed weapons they offered no violence except to hold us fast.

"My companion was greatly alarmed and said, 'We're sure to be killed.' But I said, Jim, don't show the least fear, keep perfectly cool, and we may providentially find a way of escape.' After we had waited some time a square, burly-looking fellow came up having six toes on each foot, and joined the rest in holding on to our bridles and stirrup leathers. I soon found that this six-toed fellow could speak a little Dutch, so I said to him, 'Take us to the water, we want to drink.' They immediately set off with us, holding our bridles on each side, and took us a mile or two to a spring. We dismounted, and holding our horses with one hand managed to get a little water, for we were nearly famished. I talked to them familiarly all the time, as though I of course thought they were our friends. I told them I wanted to buy ostrich feathers, and I wanted them to go and get me some. Two of them ran away, and after an absence of nearly an hour came back with a few feathers. I paid for them and said, 'This is not half enough; I want you all to go and bring me all the feathers you can get, and I'll pay you a good price for them.' So they all started off under the impulse of the moment to get feathers.

"As soon as they got out of sight we mounted and rode off for life. That was in the after part of the day. We traveled all that night and till late in the afternoon of the next day before we stopped long enough to make a cup of tea. That afternoon as we passed along I discovered a bees' nest in the rocks. Near sunset, over forty miles from where we left the Bushmen, we encamped for the night. We had just taken a cup of tea and were talking of our narrow escape, when lo! the six-toed fellow and his party were upon us. They came and seated themselves in a circle around us without saying a word. I talked Dutch to Sixtoes, but he made no reply. I laughed and talked as though nothing had happened, or was likely to happen, while I was trying to invent a method of escape. I knew if we showed fear, or if they should find out that we were unarmed, it would be all up with us. All at once I thought of the bees' nest, and I said to Sixtoes, 'Wouldn't you like for me to show

you a bees' nest? You all must be hungry after your journey, and I'm sure a little honey will do you good.' Then he began to talk a little, but in a very surly spirit. I said, 'Come with me and I'll show you a bees' nest, and you can get a good feed of honey.' I got up and started, and they followed. Jim said, 'Frank, you are not going to trust yourself alone with those savages, I hope.'

I replied, 'Get the horses ready and take them to the other side of the ridge beyond the bees' nest, and wait there till I come.' I took the Bushmen to the nest, and they all at once began in great haste to work their way into the rocks to get the honey; finally one of them drew out a fine piece of comb, full of bones, and I ran up and snatched it and began to eat. They looked at me and began to mutter; but said I, 'Dig away, you'll find plenty of honey in there.' So they went to work with greater eagerness than ever, while I began to walk backward and forward eating a little honey and humming a tune, watching my opportunity.

"While their attention was taken in their scramble, each trying to get his full share of the honey, I got out of sight and ran for life. The horses were ready and we put them up to their best speed for about thirty miles. In almost utter exhaustion we then off-saddled and knee-haltered our horses, and half buried ourselves in the sand and soon fell asleep.

"We had not been long asleep, as I afterward found, when I was awakened by something cold touching my toe. It was a bright moonlight night, and I instantly recognized the dog of those Bushmen smelling my feet, but was glad to see him trot away without barking at us.

"I shook Jim and whispered to him to keep a sharp lookout but not to move a muscle unless attacked. In a few minutes I heard our pursuers run past but a few rods distant from us. They lost their scent, we took another direction, and saw them no more."

This is one of many tales I heard by the way, which I relate to illustrate the adventures of pioneer life in South Africa.

Rev. John Edwards, Superintendent of Somerset Circuit, met me at Bedford and drove me thence nearly forty miles in his cart and four, to his own house in Somerset. Brother Edwards was sent as a missionary to Africa in 1831, and had had a great variety of missionary life in the English, Dutch, and Kaffir work on the frontier and the Bechuana work in the interior.

Somerset was visited by Rev. William Shaw as early as 1822, on the invitation of R. Hart, who had been an officer of the Cape regiment. He was a good man, and though aged still lived near Somerset and took a great interest in the work of God. At that early day Somerset was simply a government farm under the superintendency of Mr. Hart, to raise supplies for the frontier troops, but when the general farming interests of the colony were sufficiently developed to supply this demand the farm was converted into a township. The district of Somerset at that time had a population of 10,022, of which 3,784 were Europeans. The village had probably one third of the whole population of the district.

The Wesleyan Chapel for the whites had recently been enlarged to double its former size by the addition of a transept as large as the old chapel; altogether it would then seat over three hundred and fifty. The native chapel was about the same size.

A number of persons had come fifty and others seventy miles to attend the meetings. Among them was a Mr. Nash, from Ebenezer, fifty miles distant. He was a good farmer, a kind-hearted man with an interesting family; but I was told that he was given to drink, so that his life and all that he had were in jeopardy. He called to see me on Saturday evening soon after my arrival. Said he, "I never would have thought of coming to this meeting but for Hon. Mr. Burch, of Uitenhage. He used to be my neighbor before his removal to Uitenhage, and recently he was in our neighborhood and was telling myself and others about your preaching in Uitenhage, and what surprised us most was that he said that he had found the pardon of all his sins at your meeting."

Nash attended all the services, but did not yield till Wednesday, when he surrendered to God, accepted Christ, and was saved. Nearly all those who came so far, through the testimony of Mr. Burch, went home happy in God.

At each native service the chapel was crowded. I was greatly favored in having Siko Radas, from Heald Town, to interpret for me. He was having a holiday during his vacation, and spent it in riding nearly eighty miles on his own hired horse to help me at Somerset, and thence eighty miles to Cradock to help me there. We had not such a mass of people to preach to in these towns as at Heald Town, but, in proportion to the population, we had a blessed harvest of souls. At the two native services in Somerset over fifty natives were examined by their minister, Brother Edwards, and reported converted to God. Over twenty-five whites were saved at our series for them. In a letter from Brother Edwards, written the following week, he says: "On Sunday, July 31, both at the preaching and at the prayer meeting in the evening, the power of God's Spirit was graciously manifested in a way I never felt before. A great concern is found among the English families; many have yielded, others are deeply awakened. Many natives belonging to other Churches have found peace. They will be lost to us, but not to God. The young converts are happy and are working well; among others, none more so than my son Walter. To God be the praise. Fully one hundred have found peace.

In another letter from Brother Edwards, four months later, he says: "Most glad .to hear from you and of the prosperity of God's work. God hath blessed us much here. Those brought in remain steadfast. Mr. Nash is a miracle of grace; he holds on his way and is very happy."

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23 -- CRADOCK AND QUEENSTOWN

The Trollip Family -- My Journey to Cradock -- Sketch of the Town and its Institutions -- First Sermon There -- Crowd of Seekers and Converts -- I Preach to the Dutch through an Interpreter -- Conversion of William Webb -- The Converts Testify -- Preaching in the Open Court -- The Kaffir Congregation -- Question of Interpreting into Dutch and Kaffir -- A Three-bladed Sermon -- A Triumphant Scene -- A Woman in Despair is Converted -- En Route for Queenstown -- Village of Tarkisstaat -- Situation and Sketch of Queenstown -- Visitors from Other Places -- Letter from Jakins -- Joyful Tidings for Tasmania -- A Blind Woman and her Son -- Converts at Queenstown -- Dugmore at Kamastone -- Makes Me his Text -- His Summary of Practical Results

-- Charles Pamla Rejoins Me and Makes his Report -- Dugmore's Account of the Work He had Witnessed -- I Set Out for Natal

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On Friday, the 29th of June, Mr. Sargent, brother to Rev. W. Sargent, one of the principal Wesleyans in Somerset, drove me, in company with his wife, from Somerset, forty miles on my way toward Cradock. We spent the night and preached at the house of Mr. John Trollip. The Trollip family is a very old and numerous one, very well-to-do, respectable, and everywhere known as Wesleyans; but they were not all saved. We were hospitably entertained at Mr. John Trollip's for the night, and took breakfast with his aged parents in a separate house on the same premises. They have had their share of the sweet and the bitter of old pioneers in a new country. In their family burying ground, surrounded by a stone wall, I read on a tombstone the following: "Sacred to the memory of Henry Trollip, aged twenty-eight years, two months, and ten days; and his brother Edward, aged nineteen years and five days, sons of William Trollip, who, on returning home, were waylaid and shot by a band of rebel Hottentots, on the 31st of December, 185 I. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided' (2 Sam. 1, 23)."

Rev. W. Chapman, Superintendent of Cradock Circuit, met me at Mr. John Trollip's and drove me in his cart and pair, through a gale of wind and blinding clouds of dust, a distance of about forty miles to Cradock. Brother Chapman spent a number of years in the mission work in that charnel field of martyr missionaries, the west coast of Africa. When his health failed there he was transferred to South Africa, where he recovered his health and had for some years wrought successfully as a missionary.

Cradock is located near the Great Fish River, five hundred and fifty miles east of Cape Town and one hundred and seven miles northwest of Graham's Town, in a fine sheep-growing country of extensive valleys and mountains. The mountains do not rise in regular ranges, but stand out in every direction, clearly defined in the peculiarly transparent atmosphere of that region, in isolated grandeur-huge granite mountains, with many perpendicular lines, especially near their summits, shaped like the roof and gable ends of a house, yet rising to an altitude of six or seven thousand feet. Cradock was originally established as the seat of a magistracy, and was also the center of a large district of wealthy Dutch farmers. Rev. John Taylor, the Dutch Reformed minister there, had the reputation of being a very liberal and useful man. The town grew up to a place of considerable commercial importance. In 1866 the population of the district amounted to an aggregate of 12, 136, of whom 5,84; were whites; a good sprinkling of these were English. "Rev. Thornly Smith was the first resident Wesleyan minister appointed to Cradock, which was in 1842. He was soon succeeded by Rev. John Edwards, who could preach in both Dutch and English. The first Wesleyan chapel there was built in 1842. That was subsequently given to the Kaffirs, and the present commodious chapel, with sittings for about five hundred, was built under the superintendency of Rev. G. H. Green."

I commenced my work in Cradock on Sabbath morning, the 31st of June. My first service was to preach to the Kaffirs, through Siko Radas, at 7 a.m. There was a gracious moving of the Holy Spirit, but we had no time for a prayer meeting.

I preached to the whites at 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6:30 in the evening. We had the altar crowded with seekers, and twelve persons professed to find peace with God at our first prayer meeting. I had two successful services for the whites Monday; at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., I preached to the Dutch-speaking natives. About one half the natives of Cradock speak Kaffir and the other half Dutch, making it necessary to have two native chapels and separate services in each language.

Mr. H. Park, a discharged old soldier and Dutch interpreter in the magistrate's court there, was my interpreter. The language is not nearly so euphonious as the Kaffir, but I was interested in marking its near relationship to the English. Our principal difficulty on that occasion was the want of room to accommodate the multitude who wished to hear. During our prayer meeting, after the preaching, over thirty persons gave their names as new converts to Jesus. On Tuesday night and Wednesday, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., I preached to the whites, followed in each case by a prayer meeting and the salvation of souls. On Wednesday night, during the prayer meeting, Mr. William Webb, who had come from Graham's Town to attend our meeting, and who had been forward a number of times as a seeker, was suddenly delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of Jesus. He arose and addressed the audience, testifying intelligently and clearly that, after forty-six years of rebellion against God, he had now obtained reconciliation and unspeakable joy.

When we had sufficient time at command we often gave the young converts an opportunity to testify publicly, and, rising one after another, they witnessed distinctly to the facts in their experience, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel and the saving power of Jesus in their own hearts. Many doubting ones have thus been convinced and led to decision for God.

It was arranged that I should preach again to the natives on Thursday, but their new chapel, which will seat between four and five hundred, was not ready, and it was finally announced that I should preach to the natives and whites together in the court, back of the mission house.

At 11 a.m., the heterogeneous mass nearly filled the court. We take our stand on the back verandah of the mission house. The court is bounded on our left by a wall, in front by a carriage house and the garden fence, on the right by the stables and a wall, God's most reliable record concerning his Son. 'If what God says about him is true, then Christ is worthy of your confidence, and if so why not receive him now? You cannot improve your case by anything you ever can do, and you cannot add anything to God's ransom and remedy. Then, on the faith of God's testimony, receive Jesus now as your Saviour from sin. You must say, 'I accept him; I accept him on his own terms, I accept him on God's recommendation, I accept him now, I accept him; ' say it till your heart says it, and in that moment God will justify you freely by his grace, and his Holy Spirit will bear witness with your spirit to the fact and fill your heart with his pardoning love.'

Finally she began to say, "I accept Christ, I accept him" and in a few moments she received the witness of forgiveness and was filled with joy unspeakable, and O, how she wept and talked of the amazing love of God!

My Dutch interpreter's wife and daughter were saved that day, and a large number of whites, Dutch, and Kaffirs. I have given but an inadequate glance at the scenes of that day. The

pastor reported one hundred and fifty whites and one hundred and sixty colored justified by faith, besides a number wholly sanctified to the Lord.

At early dawn on Friday morning, the 5th of July, I was seated beside Brother Tucker, my host, in his splendid carriage, behind his two flue gray Arab steeds, en route for Queenstown, over eighty miles distant. Brother Tucker accompanied me thirty miles on my way, where we dined at the house of his brother, and I bade my dear friend adieu. Mr. Hines was in waiting, and drove me that afternoon twenty miles in his cart and four to his own house in the village of Tarkisstaat. The Wesleyans had a small chapel there, but no society. The Dutch Reformed church being a little more central, and having been kindly offered for our use, I preached in it that night. We did not hold a prayer meeting, but a respectable citizen of the town, Mr. J. F., called next morning to inform me that, after preaching the night before, he went home and wrestled in importunate prayer, till he was enabled to submit to God and accept Christ, and was made happy in the assurance of pardon.

On Saturday, Mr. Hines, accompanied by his daughter and son, drove me thirty-five miles to Queenstown, where I put up at the house of the resident Wesleyan minister, Rev. H. H. Dugmore

Queenstown is situated in the midst of a beautiful and fertile district of country composed of beautiful vales, extensive plains, and sublime mountains. It was formerly occupied by Bushmen and Tembookie Kaffirs, but after the war of 1850-52 it fell into the hands of the government and was added to the colony. The Wesleyans for many years before this had two mission stations among the Tembookies in that district, and the natives of those stations proving true to the government, as usual, the governor, Sir George Cathcart, allowed them to remain in undisturbed possession of their lands, on which were the flourishing mission station of Lesseyton, eight miles distant from Queenstown, and that of Kamastone, twenty miles distant. The government also presented a good lot in Queenstown to the Wesleyans for church purposes. A church and mission house were soon after built and a Wesleyan society organized by the present incumbent, Rev. H. H. Dugmore. The first chapel, near the mission house, was given to the natives, and a spacious and beautiful chapel more centrally located in the town was erected for the whites. The population of the district amounted to an aggregate of 44,542, but 3,632 of whom were Europeans. The white residents of Queenstown, as in Graham's Town, were nearly all English.

We had a number of visitors at our services from different parts of the colony. Messrs. Shaw, Barnes, Elliott, and others recently converted to God at Fort Beaufort, were there and rendered us good service. Mr. Shaw is a Fort Beaufort merchant, who has since become an exhorter and class leader. Mr. Elliott was a hotel keeper who gave up his canteen. We had a few from Graham's Town, and Mr. Jakins, from Salem Circuit, one hundred and twenty miles distant.

Brother Jakins was an old pioneer Wesleyan who had been very useful, I was told, as a local preacher for many years. He called on me soon after my arrival in Graham's Town and said: "About a year ago I received a letter from my sister in Launceston, Tasmania, stating that she and her two sons and two daughters had found peace with God and had united with the Wesleyan society at a series of meetings recently held in their town by the Rev. William Taylor, from America, and gave me a glowing account of a wonderful work of God which had spread throughout the colony of Tasmania. When I saw your name announced in the Cape Town papers it

struck me that you must be the same minister mentioned by my sister, and I have taken the liberty to call on you to ascertain whether indeed that is so.

When he learned that he had thus strangely met with the man whom God had used in saving his kindred in a remote colony in the Indian Ocean he wept in gratitude.

At our Graham's Town series two of Brother Jakins' daughters and a son-in-law were saved, and now he had come one hundred and twenty miles to attend my Queenstown meeting with the hope of seeing his two sons, who were farmers in that district, brought to God. He did us good service at our meetings, and had the happiness of seeing his sons happy in Jesus before he returned. "Now," said he, with tearful eyes, "I will have joyful tidings to write to my sister in Tasmania, that all my own family, too, have been converted to God at your meetings."

Some whole families were saved at our Queenstown series, and many sweet surprises and affecting scenes were witnessed. A dear mother in Israel, named Turvey, had two grown-up sons, both unconverted; but one was 56 years old in his career of sin that she almost despaired of ever having him brought back to God. The mother had brought up a large family of children in affliction and darkness, for she was blind and had not seen the light of the sun for many years. She was a real daughter of sorrow, but a patient Christian. The great grief of her heart was her prodigal son.

One night during our series a brother went to her and said, "Mrs. Turvey, your son is at the altar of prayer among the seekers, and wants you to come and talk to him."

Her gushing tears were the index to the unutterable emotions of joy and grief which thrilled her heart as she exclaimed, "O, I thank God that my dear George is coming to Jesus; but my poor prodigal! I'm afraid he'll never be saved!"

She was then conducted to the place, and feeling her way down to her penitent son she cried, "O, George, my dear son, I'm glad to find you here; but poor Edward! Would to God he were here too!"

"Mother," exclaimed the young man, "you are quite mistaken; it is not George I am indeed your prodigal son, and I want you to forgive me and to pray that God will forgive me."

The prodigal returned that night and was admitted into the royal household of faith. George, who had always been a comfort to his mother, was not saved till the following week, at Kamastone. When the mother got the joyful news she rode twenty miles to Kamastone to greet her dear son and rejoice with him in thanksgiving to the God of the orphan and the widow.

Our services at Queenstown extended through five days, from the 8th to the 12th of July—three sermons on the Sabbath and two each week day, except Tuesday, when I preached at Lesseyton. During this series of services about one hundred Europeans were reported by the minister as new witnesses for Christ.

My next field of labor was Kamastone. On the Sabbath I spent at Kamastone, Rev. H. H. Dugmore preached a sermon in his own pulpit from the text, "Stand still, that I may reason with you

before the Lord." The subject of his discourse, singularly enough, was, I. The American Preacher. II. His Preaching. III. Its Effects.

He was, no doubt, prompted to deliver such a discourse by the active efforts of a clergyman of the town in trying to prejudice the public mind against our meetings, and more especially to vindicate and extend the work of God. The sermon was published in Queenstown, and as I was leaving the colony a few months afterward a few copies were sent to me. In glancing over it, I think a few extracts from the third division will serve to illustrate some important phases of the work of God in connection with our series of services there, and generally in other places:

1. The Awakening Effects. Some thirty or forty persons came forward on the first evening to request the prayers of the ministers in their behalf. The numbers increased on succeeding evenings. Now, among these were persons of every age, from ten years to sixty. There were the married as well as the unmarried, fathers and mothers of families; persons constitutionally calm and impassive, as well as those of excitable temperament. There were persons who had a strong instinctive horror of making fools of themselves; persons who had resisted most strenuously their own penitential impulses; persons who, in the first instance, had swelled the ranks of the revilers; persons who knew that the penalty of their procedure would be the ridicule and scorn of their former associates; persons of nearly every social grade that Queenstown affords. They came not under the impulse of terror, for nothing had been said to excite it. They avowed themselves suddenly made sensible—vividly and sorrowfully sensible of the sinfulness of their hearts and the evil of their ways. I ask, Could the grief of such persons be unreal? But so much of the feeling was unnecessary, it has been said. The feeling was awakened by a consciousness of having violated the most sacred of obligations -- those of duty to God. Will anyone dare to say that such sorrow ought to be less poignant than that awakened by any human ills? Is deep, impassioned grief allowable when earthly sources of sorrow are opened, and yet not to be warranted when the exceeding sinfulness of sin is felt? But its manifestation was violently unnatural. Let us look at the facts. I stood in the midst of forty or fifty persons who were sorrowing unto repentance. I did so from evening to evening, and this is my testimony concerning them: The grief of two thirds of the number was silent grief, or expressed in whispered earnestness; of the rest one half wept audibly, and a few, chiefly youths from the country, were in a state of mental distress still more loudly manifested. Now, was there anything unnatural in this? Various temperaments were variously affected. Had all been demonstrative alike it would have supplied a plausible objection.

"2. The Comforting Effects. Most of the persons who had been brought into mental distress obtained, after a shorter or longer period of penitential earnestness, not merely a sense of relief, but a gladdening consciousness of pardon, accompanied by a peace which, to their own minds, passed understanding. They felt their souls brought out of a state of deep, distressing darkness into one of marvelous light and joy. They experienced an inward assurance of personal adoption into the divine favor which they believed to be the inward voice of the Spirit itself bearing witness with their spirit that they were now the children of God. This assurance produced at once a feeling of grateful love to God for his mercy. The manner in which this change of feeling was manifested varied with the various temperaments of the persons who experienced it. Some sank into silent adoration, some looked around in wonder, as though they were then for the first time conscious of real existence; some smiled with an expression of indescribable rapture; some practically adopted the language of the psalmist, "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with

singing.' Many began at once to speak to those who were kneeling in the distress from which they had themselves just escaped, to urge them to exercise the appropriating faith which they had found so efficacious in their own case. But amidst these diversities of outward expression the language of all was virtually this: 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'

"3. The Practical Effects. This religious excitement does not evaporate in mere feeling, but manifests its divine life in the fruits of the Spirit in their scriptural order. The joy that springs from the love is succeeded by the peace, which becomes the settled habit of the soul, and though less ecstatic than the first gush of rapture rules in the heart and mind. And from the love, joy, and peace which thus lie at the root of the Christian life spring the other graces of the Christian character in due order-long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Now, in strict accordance with this newness of life, which thus affords a test of the reality of conversion, the change in feeling, in manners, and in action displayed by those whom God hath brought to himself by this man's instrumentality has astonished and confounded their former associates. Leaders in vice have become 'champions in defense of the religion they had reviled. Men of profligate lives have, with bitter shame, made confession, and are endeavoring to repair the evil of their former courses by zealous and courageous activity in a new one. Drunkards, who were the terror of their families and the pest of their neighborhood, have renounced the use of intoxicating liquors, and the very alteration in their outward appearance proclaims the change within. Profane swearers are shuddering at the recollection of their favorite oaths and blasphemies. Frauds and wrongs have been acknowledged and restitution made. Men who had taken advantage of the detected villainy of others to escape from their own responsibilities have come forward and paid the demands which they had asserted were forgeries. Long-standing family discords have been healed, and quarrels that had lasted for years ended in the overture for reconciliation by the parties most aggrieved. These are specimens of the practical effects of this man's preaching. They tell their own tale."

While at Queenstown, Charles Pamla joined me, bearing a letter from his pastor dated July 9' which read as follows:

"My Dear Brother: I just drop you a line by our Brother Charles Pamla, who leaves here today for Queenstown. I have not time to enter into many particulars about the work since I last wrote to you at Beaufort; but I may just say that altogether since your coming to Annshaw about six hundred profess to have found peace with God, and after careful examination into every case I cannot doubt the reality of the work in any of those who profess to be justified.

"We have now about twelve hundred in this circuit, formed into about eighty classes. This is by far the largest number of any circuit in South Africa, and I rejoice to say the work is still going on. Last week was a glorious one; more than one hundred and ninety entered into liberty. God is greatly honoring our Brother Charles Pamla. He has been the means of the conversion of about three hundred souls during the last six weeks.

"Others of our native brethren are also very useful in this good work, and it seems to me that God is plainly showing the Church that this is the instrumentality that he intends to employ in converting this continent."

During our week of special services in Queenstown I had no opportunity of preaching to the Kaffirs there, but arranged to hold a service for them on Wednesday afternoon of the following week on our return from Kamastone, a report of which Mr. Dugmore appended to his published sermon before noted, as follows:

Mr. Taylor preached to the natives in their own chapel here. He took for his text the Ten Commandments, explaining and applying them, and dwelling specially on the evils to which the natives are specially addicted -- theft, falsehood, and licentiousness. Persons who listened to the discourse remarked that had the preacher been twenty years among these people he could not have preached a more suitable sermon. The usual effects followed. Over one hundred came forward as seekers, and a fair proportion of them received Christ and were saved."

James Roberts, with a light gig which he had made to order, and four draught horses, to convey me through Kaffraria, seven hundred miles to Natal, joined me at Queenstown. He was accompanied by my son Stuart, from Cape Town, where his mother and two little brothers, Edward and Ross, were sojourning.

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24 -- KAMASTONE, LESSEYTON, AND WARNER'S

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Having closed our week of services in Queenstown on Saturday, the 14th of July, Mr. William Trollip, who, with his wife, found peace with God a couple of days before, took me and my son Stuart up into his carriage and pair, with his good wife, and drove us twenty miles to Kamastone mission station. We were cordially received and kindly entertained by the missionary,

Rev. William Shepstone, who had been actively engaged in the missionary work through a period of more than forty years. He was then not only the missionary of this large station, but also the Chairman of the Queenstown District, which embraced all our Kaffrarian missions west of the Umzimvubu River. The stations of Palmerton and Emfundisweni, lying east of that river, belonged to the Natal District. Brother Shepstone was a very kind, cheerful, earnest brother, thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit of his Master.

After a good tea and a social hour with Brother and Sister Shepstone I strolled through the mission grounds by the light of the moon with my son Stuart, a youth of nineteen years. Owing to his absence from me at school a couple of years before I left America and my absence abroad for several years, and his recent illness so prostrating him as to preclude a searching conversation, though the son of my youth, my first-born whom I had carried on my heart to the mercy seat every day of his life, he was almost a stranger to me. I knew he had joined our Church when a child, and at the age of eleven years professed to receive the regenerating grace of God, and that his teachers and his mother had always given a good report of him; yet the details of his inner life had been a sealed book to me, but in our walk that night he unbosomed his heart and gave me the history of his life.

It was an event in my life never to be forgotten. He had suffered great religious depression, had encountered great trials, but had held his ground all through from the time of his conversion. In the exhilaration of his returning health he had said and done many boyish things which led some to misjudge and misrepresent him and cause anxious solicitude on the part of his parents; but his afflictions had been sanctified to his good, and he was now cleaving to the Lord and happy in the love of Jesus. As I listened to the narration of his experience I shed grateful tears and praised God on his behalf. During my long providential separation from my family, laboring for the salvation of strangers and their children, I had maintained an unwavering faith that God certainly would not allow my children to perish, but would, through the agency of their dear, godly mother, fully supply the lack of service occasioned by my absence. Now I received a practical support to my faith, which greatly cheered me in my work.

Kamastone Mission was commenced by Mr. Shepstone in 1847. The mission house is plain, but spacious and commodious. Coming out on the front verandah, we see below us a large orchard of well-grown apple, pear, and other varieties of fruit trees. To the right, distant perhaps a hundred yards, is the shop which furnishes supplies for the neighborhood, kept by a good brother who sold me a Kaffir pony, a superior tripler, for thirteen pounds, which carried my son Stuart seven hundred miles through Kaffraria and Natal. On each side and in the rear of the mission house we see the huts and cabins of the natives, their gardens and cultivated fields, with their herds of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, and naked children. On the opposite corner of the mission house from the shop and about the same distance from it was the chapel, a cruciform, plain, and substantial building, with sittings for about six hundred persons.

On Sabbath, the 14th of July, at 10 a.m., we commenced our work there. Every square foot of space in the chapel is crowded. The space right and left, from the pulpit and altar back to the side walls, is filled with the white colonial farmers from a radius of twenty miles. Next to them, on the right and front from the pulpit, are nearly one hundred bastard Hottentots. Opposite to them on the left and through the whole body of the chapel, back to the door and round the doors and

windows outside, are all the varieties of Fingoes and Kaffirs. Christians in European dress and heathens in their native costumes and trinkets are packed together almost as snugly as herrings in a barrel.

The preliminary service is conducted by the venerable superintendent; then he is seated in the altar, while I and Brother Pamla take the pulpit. While we explain to them God's provision of salvation, the personality and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, and his methods of saving sinners through human agency, you feel and see the indications of a rising, swelling tide of the Spirit's power, and you wonder that, under the pressure of such pent-up mental and emotional action, there is not a single audible response -- all faces upturned, smiles, tears, distorted features, trembling limbs, but not a murmur. Lo! there's a man back near the door who cannot longer restrain his feelings, but with one burst of half-smothered emotions see him try to rush for the door, to take himself away, and not disturb the umfundisi or his hearers. In his attempt he falls down, but keeps moving on hands and knees through the packed masses in the aisle; out at the door he rushes, and away where he can roar till his overcharged soul is relieved. All this we see from the pulpit; but nobody is disturbed; all remain quiet and catch every sentence and drink in the Spirit as the thirsty land drinks the rain. We close the service with singing and prayer by Brother Pamla.

At 2 p.m. we again stand before a packed audience in the same order as in the morning. In the morning the preaching was to the believers; now we open a Gospel battery upon the ungodly, and the shafts of truth directed by the Spirit's unerring aim pierce the hearts of hundreds. At the close of the sermon we proceed with a prayer meeting. We invite the white seekers to kneel at the altar rail and the Kaffirs to commence with the front forms and kneel at every alternate form back to the door, thus leaving space for their instructors to pass through them and get access to every seeker. Soon the altar is crowded with whites, and about two hundred natives are down as seekers of pardon. Now their pent-up feelings get vent, and amid floods of tears, sighs, and groans they are all audibly pleading with God in the name of Jesus Christ for the pardon of their sins. No one voice is raised much above the rest, so that it seems to create no confusion.

Charles is a general in conducting a prayer meeting, judiciously arranging everything, rightly employing every worker under his command, and setting all an example by working most effectively himself. A large number embrace Christ and find salvation at this service. Giving a little time for refreshment, we commenced another preaching service at 7 and continued the prayer meeting till 11 P.M. It was a day never to be forgotten by any who witnessed its scenes and felt the power of the Spirit as manifested. at the three services.

On Monday, at 11 a.m., the chapel was again greatly crowded. Brother Shepstone, as usual, conducted the opening service. As I always preached my sermon to my interpreter alone, and as most of our time was occupied in public, we often took the time of the opening service for our preparation for the pulpit. At the Monday prayer meeting the crowd of seekers seemed almost as great as it was the day before, though several scores had been saved. Many whom we saw yesterday in their penitential struggle, apparently suffering the agony of death, weeping and piteously pleading for release from Satan and the death penalty of the law, are now with shining faces singing and witnessing for Jesus.

My son Stuart was greatly blessed, and for hours we see him laboring with a party of young men, several of whom he won to Christ.

See the altar crowded with whites; one after another they receive Christ and are filled with unspeakable joy! Fathers and mothers embrace their saved prodigal sons and daughters in their arms, kiss them and weep tears of gratitude and praise God.

There's a heathen doctor among the seekers decorated with strings of beads, shells, and all sorts of trinkets and charms. He feels that these things are hindering his approach to Christ, and now he scatters them. Nothing has been said about these things in the preaching or personally to the seekers. These are not simply the ornaments of their half-naked bodies, which might justly claim a little covering, even of heads in the absence of something better; they were the badges of their heathenism, their gods and charms, in which they trusted for health, good crops, good luck in hunting, deliverance from their enemies, and all those demands of human nature which God only can supply. Hence in accepting Christ they violently tear these idols off and cast them away.

We see women tearing open the brass bands on their arms and throwing them down. They were great treasures before, but now they hate them. Many of those who an hour ago were roaring in the disquietude of their souls are now sitting quietly at the feet of Jesus with tearful eyes and smiling faces. Many, however, exercise their first new life in witnessing for Christ.

See that Kaffir Boanerges; how he talks! I wish we could understand his language. "Charles, what is that man saying?"

"O, he says, 'I never knew that I was such a sinner till the Holy Ghost shined into me; then I saw that I was one of the worst sinners in the world. O, I cried to God, gave my wicked heart to him, and received Christ. Glory to Jesus! He has pardoned all my sins!'

We'll look after the white seekers. There's an old man who has had a hard struggle. He was at it all yesterday; but now he has accepted Christ and rejoices in the love of God. There is a little boy who was forward yesterday, but his countenance is bright; we'll see what he has found.

"My little brother, have you given your heart to God?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you received Jesus as your Saviour?"

"O, yes, and he has forgiven me all my sins."

"How did you feel when you came forward?" O, I felt nasty."

"How do you feel now?"

"O, I feel nice."

A few feet from this boy we see a large, fine-looking Kaffir woman, well dressed in English costume, wearing a large scarlet shawl. We saw her bow down calmly as a seeker; with flowing tears and subdued utterances she gave herself to God and received Christ, and obtained salvation in less than fifteen minutes. Now her countenance is beaming with joy unspeakable.

"Charles, ask that woman where she belongs? " With what marvelous grace and eloquence she talks! "What does she say, Charles?"

"She says she walked from Heald Town, forty-six miles, to get to this meeting. She could not get to your meetings in Heald Town, but heard of the great work of God there, and has come here to get you to tell her how to come to Jesus. She says she believed what her friends at Heald Town told her about the great salvation, but now she has found it herself and says the half had not been told her."

There's a grand pantomime. We don't know what that Kaffir man is saying, but really his action is most earnest and graceful. "Charles, what is he saying?"

He says, 'I was going on in my sins, and did not know that I was in any danger till today. But today the Holy Ghost shined upon my path. I saw hell open just close before me, and I was rushing into it; but I turned to God and laid hold on Christ, and he has saved my soul from hell.'

See that old Kaffir woman supporting her withered frame on sticks as she moves up and down the aisle in a regular Kaffir dance, and talking so earnestly. A more comical-looking old creature I never saw. "Brother Shepstone, what's the matter with that old woman?"

"I don't know; she looks like a crazy person. I'll go and hear what she's saying."

Down the aisle amid the struggling masses of the seekers and the saved the old missionary goes to hear the talk of the old woman. Returning with a smile, he says: "She's not crazy at all, but has just come to her right mind. She has obtained salvation, and is exhorting the people to go on and tell everybody about Jesus. She is in a transport of joy. I know her now. I have seen her at a heathen kraal in the neighborhood, but I never saw her in the chapel before."

Her age must date back a long way toward the flood."

"I don't know how old she is," replied the old missionary; "but her son, whom I know, is seventy-five years old."

I look again at the old creature and laugh and weep. She seems to be related to the antediluvians; whether this seventy-five year old lad was her oldest or youngest son I did not learn, and yet she is as but today born again and has become a babe in Christ!

These are mere bird's-eye glances into a scene that cannot be described. We had a grand service on Monday night. On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., we preached on Christian perfection, went into the philosophy of the subject and of the Spirit's gracious adjustment to the instincts, appetites, and passions, and explained clearly, even to Kaffir minds, God's purpose as to their existence, proper

discipline, and appropriate exercise. The whole thing was simplified, so that every believing Kaffir could see it. Brother Shepstone said he never supposed before that the Kaffir language could be used to convey so perfectly the whole Gospel, and had never conceived it possible for an interpreter to put such a variety of English words and ideas into Kaffir. He expressed his surprise repeatedly that Charles not only put my ideas into Kaffir in their nicest shades of meaning, but did it with such masterly facility. The fact is, though I gave him every statement of truth and illustrative fact in a sermon, just as I would give them in preaching directly to an English audience, yet I had always gone through each subject of discourse beforehand with him alone.

If he did not understand a word I at once ignored it and substituted one that was familiar to him; but he was so thirsty for knowledge himself that, if possible, he always preferred to learn the meaning of my words and to select new Kaffir words to fit them, and the exact meaning of a foreign illustration he would give through a corresponding figure familiar to the Kaffir mind. For example: "An ivy crawled out from between the roots of a beautiful sapling and entwined itself around the trunk of the young tree. It gradually absorbed the strength of the soil and moisture that the tree needed for its life, and tightened its many-folded girth till it obstructed the sap vessels of the tree. The tree had grown tall and mighty, but the deceitful ivy did its deadly work. The noble tree declined, lingered long, but finally died. When I stood by the grand old tree it was dead, and all the dews of heaven, and the fruitful supplies of the earth, and all the skill of all the gardeners could not cause that tree to bud. It was dead. Application: the deceitful ivy of sin in the souls of all sinners."

There is no ivy in South Africa; therefore the literal base of that figure would be utterly lost on a Kaffir, but the milkwood of South Africa furnishes a figure quite as forcible. It entwines itself around a tree as gently as the ivy, its hundreds of delicate tendril feeders encircle the tree, mat together, and then unite in solid wood, until it completely envelops the grand old tree. The foreign thing at first simply seemed to hang on as a loose, ornamental foliage, but in process of time the tree within its folds is choked to death, and its gradual decay supplies nourishing food for its destroyer for generations to come.

I have often seen noble trees of different kinds in all stages of this deadly process, and could not restrain a thrill of sympathetic horror of being thus hugged to death and devoured piecemeal.

When I first introduced my ivy illustration to Charles he said, "The Kaffirs don't know what you mean by ivy."

"Very well," said I, "we'll not use it."

"No," said he, "it is too good an illustration to lose; since you have explained it to me I understand it well, and if you will give it as the ivy I will give it exactly by the milkwood, which every Kaffir knows."

We closed our special series of services at Kamastone at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, the 17th of July. Just before we closed Charles gave them an account of the great work of God at Annshaw, and told them how they had battled for years to put away all heathen customs from among them,

especially the drinking of Kaffir beer, with all its attendant abominations, and that the work of God never prospered among them till they had put away all these things and come out fully on the Lord's side, and then the Holy Spirit came among them and saved hundreds of their friends and of wild heathens. That was the beginning of the total abstinence movement in South Africa. At present (according to reports of 1893), "there are over thirty thousand members in the Wesleyan missions in South Africa, and they are all professed abstainers from intoxicating liquors." While Charles was speaking Brother Shepstone became so interested in his narrative that he got up from his seat and stood before the pulpit, looking up at my man, and finally, seeming to forget himself, he shouted out, "Hear! hear! hear!"

During our series of two days and a half, in which we preached six sermons and held five prayer meetings, Brother Shepstone took the names of two hundred natives and twenty whites, who professed, at those services, to find the pardon of their sins through an acceptance of Christ. In a letter I received from Rev. Mr. Shepstone, dated November 13, four months after our departure, he says: "Since your arrival on this station up to the present we have added about two hundred and fifty to our society at Kamastone. On the 28th ult. I baptized from among the heathen one hundred and sixty individuals. About twenty of these were infants, the others have embraced Christianity, and almost all of these profess to have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. When I met the society last quarter for the renewal of tickets there was such a union of love and Christian feeling among the members as gave me great pleasure. I was rejoiced to find that they had risen up into a higher region of Christian experience."

An eyewitness to the baptismal service, admitting one hundred and forty adult heathens to the Church, as above stated, writing to a local journal in Queenstown and quoted by the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, says: "Many of the candidates for baptism were gray-headed men and women. In one instance we saw an aged man and his wife, tottering on the verge of the grave, who, a few months ago, were walking in the paths of sin, but now clothed and in their right mind. Women who, a short time ago, were found at the dance, besmeared with red clay, and indulging all the licentiousness of those abominable scenes, now were clothed in decent European apparel, not only being baptized themselves, but bringing their infants also. The large church was crowded with attentive observers, and no one could view the scene unmoved or without feelings of deep gratitude to the great Head of the Church. In several instances these converts have suffered considerable persecution from their heathen relations; some have been driven from their homes, some have been severely beaten, others have been tied fast to the pole of the house and watched, that they might not go out and pray to the Great Spirit. Yet in almost every case persecution has only produced the same effects it did in days of old, to make the objects of it more determined than ever to serve God rather than man."

The following extract from a letter from Brother Shepstone, published in the Wesleyan Missionary Notices for December, will illustrate the further progress of this work of God, and how the old missionary hero was renewing his youth:

"In this district we have had a share, but the full results have not reached me yet. The Queenstown Circuit will have had about one hundred Europeans added, besides colored men. Here at Kamastone we have added three hundred and forty, and, thank God, the work is still going on at both places. Besides this it has spread to Hankey, a station of the London Missionary Society,

about twenty miles from this, where I am informed that one hundred and fifty have become earnest seekers for salvation; and to Kai River, where three hundred are said to have been added. Some of these people from Hankey were at Kamastone and found peace. I desired them to go back to their own minister and tell him what God had done for them, and I hear that they have been in no way ashamed to do this. It does seem that the seed of former days is being harrowed in by our American brother, and that God's Spirit is working in such a way as none have previously seen. We are all bowed down by a sense of God's condescending mercy, while we are lifted up with a thankfulness we cannot express. Some of us would grow younger at once (but nature will not alter her laws), that we might enjoy the progress of the Gospel in this long-benighted continent for another generation."

Charles and Stuart were not quite ready when Brother Trollip and I left Kamastone. for Lesseyton, and our hope that they would soon overtake us was not realized.

When the darkness of a moonless night settled down upon us we had about six miles yet to drive to reach Lesseyton. In working our way through the mimosa scrub we could not from the carriage see the road, and had to get out and walk. When we arrived the chapel was crowded, but Charles had not come, and there was not a man who could interpret for me. I knew Charles would certainly come if he could find his way, but as he was a stranger in those parts that seemed very improbable. We waited anxiously for him for about an hour, when I heard the rattle of horses' hoofs in a neighboring scrub, and hailed and got a response from his familiar voice. Some one had recommended him to come by a more direct path, in taking which he lost his way. We commenced preaching about half past eight and continued the prayer meeting till 11 p.m.

The Spirit of the Lord was present and wrought wondrously. About one hundred and fifty seekers of pardon came forward, and about twenty of them professed to obtain it that night, but the mass of them were slow to accept Christ. Brother Bambana, the Tembookie headman of the station, at the close of the service conducted us to his house. Brother Trollip, being a merchant, and having always been greatly prejudiced against the blacks, would not have consented a week before, on any account, to lodge at the house of a colored man; but now he and his wife had the humility and simplicity of little children. They had entered into the kingdom of heaven and were fellow-citizens with the saints and the household of God, to which fraternity our sable host had belonged for many years, and it was their privilege to enjoy his simple genuine hospitality. He gave us good food, good beds, and good cheer. Mrs. Bambana would command respect among any class of sensible, discriminating people as a person of good common sense and great kindness of heart. She was a class leader, I was told, of rare excellence. They had two adult sons, who had received a fair education and could speak English sufficiently to enable us to converse with them a little. They were both seekers of pardon that night. Brother Bambana was greatly interested in the account I gave him through my interpreter of the four millions of Africans whom God had delivered from slavery in America, and of the efforts being made by their friends for their education and salvation.

The next day, Wednesday, the 18th of July, at JO a.m., we were again in the chapel with a crowded audience. Besides Brother and Sister Trollip, and one white man, who followed us from Kamastone, there were no other whites present except a Dutch family, and they could not understand anything that was said; but the truth went home to the consciences of the Kaffirs, and nearly two hundred came forward as seekers.

There we see them down in every alternate seat back to the front door. The struggle is long and hard; now they begin to get into the liberty of the sons of God. How the new converts do talk and exhort! They are unusually demonstrative. See them with uplifted hands and streaming eyes telling the wonders of the Holy Spirit's work in their hearts. There is a Kaffir woman, with painted face, covered with heathen ornaments, but O, how she talks! "Charles, what is that woman saying?"

"She says she has been a very great sinner, but she has got all her sins forgiven; she says Jesus has saved her soul, and she doesn't know what to tell him to let him know how thankful she is for his kindness. She wants all her friends to come to God. They are heathens; not one of them knows Jesus, and she never knew him till now. She says she knows her friends will persecute her and try to make her give up Jesus, but she is going to cleave to him till she dies. She is begging all her Christian brothers and sisters to pray for her, that she may not only stand firmly, but lead all her kindred to Christ."

Many of the converts, as soon as they get pardon, come up the aisle, telling me and Charles what God has done for them. A young Kaffir man who came up and told us that God had saved him then fell down and, swinging by the altar rail, wept for an hour. "Charles, what's the matter with that poor fellow? He don't look as if he was saved."

Charles questions him, and replies, " He used to belong to the school here for two years, and was taught to read God's word; but he says he was a scabby goat and was turned out of the flock and became a heathen. He says he has received pardon for all his sins, but has been so wicked and ungrateful he cannot forgive himself."

There are Bambana's two sons down, pleading for pardon. They were there last night. Now one of them enters into liberty, runs and kisses his mother, and the father and mother embrace him and weep and thank God. Now the other accepts Christ and joins in the family bundle of grateful embraces.

A fine-looking Kaffir woman walks up to the front, and, in a most emphatic yet most grateful manner, is telling Brother Pamla some marvelous story. "What is all that about, Charles?"

"She says she once knew the Lord and was a class leader, but had wickedly fallen away. Says she, ' I was so foolish and false to God that I went away and left the oxen, wagon, and precious cargo standing in the road; but O, how wonderful is the love of God! He has forgiven all my sins and restored me to my place in his family.'"

See an old man away at the lower end of the chapel. He has just found Jesus. He mounts a form and talks to the people. Now he comes up the aisle, weeping and talking. Brother Bambana has seated himself at the end of a form near the altar. The weeping old man suddenly seizes Bambana's foot and, nearly jerking the old man off his seat, kisses the bottom of his boot. We have heard of washing the disciples' feet and of kissing the pope's toe, but to kiss the sole of a Kaffir's boot is a new idea. On inquiry we learn that this old man, just converted, is Bambana's shepherd, and because his master was so faithful and kind as often to talk to him about his soul he was very

angry with his master; but now that he has found salvation he sees that his master was the best earthly friend he had, and he has taken that method of expressing his humiliation and gratitude.

These are but glimpses of the indescribable scenes of that day. The trouble was that, having to preach at 3 p.m. to the natives in Queenstown, eight miles distant, and conduct a fellowship meeting for the whites at night, our time in Lesseyton was too short. During our two services there, however, the names of fifty-eight new converts had been recorded, and about one hundred seekers left. Many of the young converts were aged persons.

At the close of our last service an old man stood up and made what seemed a most earnest yet very dispassionate speech, which was, in effect, as Charles interpreted, " I cannot let you go away, sir, without acknowledging the great obligation we are under to God and to you, his servant, for these services. In these remarks I know I but express the heartfelt gratitude of all the people on the station."

We bade adieu to our dear friends at Lesseyton and hastened on to our appointment in Queenstown. That was my last night in Queenstown. The next night I expected to preach at Warner's, fifty miles distant on our route through Kaffraria.

We had completed our arrangements and were ready for an early start next morning. Our party consisted of my friend, Mr. James Roberts, and myself in the cart, Charles Pamla on a bay pony which had carried him over one hundred miles from Annshaw, and my son Stuart on a sorrel tripling Kaffir pony I bought for him at Kamastone.

It was hard to part with such dear friends as Brother and Sister Dugmore. 'Two of their daughters and a son had been saved at our series, and three other sons were among the seekers. Up to that time twenty-three sons and daughters of our missionaries, in different parts of the colony, had found peace at our meetings. At our final farewell Brother Dugmore, a man who gives to God all the glory for his work, but a dear lover of the brethren, hung round my neck and wept, and said, "God bless you, my dear brother; you have brought salvation to my house."

By letter of October 27 Brother Dugmore writes: "The results of the awakening which God vouchsafed to the three circuits of Queenstown division [Queenstown, Kamastone, and Lesseyton] while you were among us we cannot even yet fully estimate, but I think that not less than six hundred have been received into the societies. God has enabled me to lay hold again of the blessing in which I rejoiced in years past. I walk in the light, I feel that my soul has returned to her rest, and that it is glorious to have an abiding sense of that presence which makes the Christian's paradise. Glory be to God for full salvation!

On Wednesday, July 18, we left Queenstown to travel fifty miles that day to Warner's. The residence of J. C. Warner, known by the name of Woodhouse Forests, is the head of a new mission, embracing a portion of Tembookie territory and a part of Fingoland, under the superintendence of a very active, promising young missionary, Rev. E. J. Barrett.

Brother Warner is British Resident for Kaffraria and the representative of the English government to all the tribes living between Cape Colony and Natal, and being a Wesleyan preacher he is in a position of great responsibility and usefulness.

From Queenstown we traveled that day over a hilly, rough road forty-six miles, and had yet four miles of our day's journey to make in the darkness of a moonless night.

Rev. B. J. Barrett came to meet us and to be our guide. We had a pair of horses that had been sent on thirty miles the day before, and they were fresh and fiery, and not so manageable as they became a couple of hundred miles further along. Descending what appeared to be a smooth bit of road at the rate of about eight knots, a sudden jolt sent us both over the larboard [archaic for "starboard"], head foremost down the hill. We thought the thing had upset, but, relieved of our weight, it righted up, and when we got our bearings we heard the rattle of the horses' hoofs and the cart wheels away in the distance.

Brother Barrett, who was a few rods ahead of us, came rushing back, crying out, "Are ye killed?"

"Not dead yet; pursue the horses as fast as you can.

Away he galloped in pursuit.

We gathered ourselves up and found that, though our clothing was torn and we were scratched and bruised considerably, there were no bones broken; so we picked up a load of rugs and coats cast out of the cart and worked our way in the dark to Mr. Warner's. About an hour later Mr. Barrett arrived, telling how many miles he had traveled in different directions, but could get no tidings of the runaway horses and cart. A company of Kaffirs were then sent out in all directions. Different parties up to midnight reported no success. We had comfortable lodgings in Mr. Barrett's Kaffir hut, built by himself. It was eighteen feet in diameter, seven-foot walls, with an elevation at the apex of about fifteen feet. The British resident and his family lived in a larger but more rustic Kaffir hut near by. He was building a good dwelling, which was nearly ready for the roof when we were there. At the dawn of next morning Brothers Warner, Roberts, and Barrett went to the place of disaster and saw where the upper cart wheel had struck a large ant-hill, causing our ejection; hence tracing the spoor, they found that the horses had run down the hill a distance of a quarter of a mile and turned at a right angle away from the road. Further along the cart spoor was within three inches of a precipice, overhanging a little lake deep enough to have drowned the horses had the cart gone over and drawn them in. About a mile from the road, in the veldt, they found the horses standing still, attached to the cart as when we were driving them, everything right; even the whip stood erect in its place. I was thankful, though not surprised, for I had said the night before that as we were doing work for God, and could not replace our conveyance nearer than Queenstown, and as our engagements demanded haste I did not doubt that He who takes care even of the sparrows cared much more for the souls we might be instrumental in saving in Kaffraria, and would see to it that our animals and conveyance would be preserved from harm and that we should pursue our journey in safety.

Rev. E. J. Barrett is a young man of great industry and useful missionary talents. He has been but three years in the work of the ministry, but has so far learned the Kaffir language as to preach through it fluently without an interpreter. He has no family, and while his headquarters are at Brother Warner's he is almost continually traveling and preaching among the Kaffirs and lodging with them in their huts. His circuit, though on the borders of Fingoland, lies mainly among the Tembookie tribe of Kaffirs. He is preparing to build a chapel at Woodhouse Forests and another near a beautiful grove of timber five miles distant.

On Friday morning, the 20th of July, I selected a suitable place for our preaching and prayer meeting in a beautiful grassy vale about four hundred yards from our hut. I took some healthy muscular exercise in rolling a large boulder to a suitable spot for a pulpit or platform from which to preach.

The population of this region was rather sparse, and the notice of our coming was very short, so that we did not see the crowds we had been accustomed to see in older communities. At 11 a.m. our service commences. Circling in front of us, seated on the grass, are first the women and children, and next the men; on the outer edge of the circle, to our left, are a lot of painted heathens, with their red blankets thrown loosely round their naked bodies. The congregation numbers about two hundred persons. Our first sermon is to the believers, unfolding to them God's provisions and plans for the salvation of the world, administered by the personal Holy Ghost, who employs believers as his visible agents. We close by singing and prayer, and advise them to think much and pray much alone, take some refreshment, and come again at 3 p.m. At the close of the afternoon sermon we invite the seekers of pardon to kneel down on the grass. About one hundred and forty bow before the Lord and enter into a penitential struggle, with a general wailing of lamentation and tears, which cease not for three hours, only as they enter into liberty. We see among them several of the red heathens.

"Do you see that tall, well-dressed Kaffir down on his knees as a seeker?"

"Yes."

"That is Matanzima, a Tembookie chief, a brother of Ngangelizwe, the paramount chief of the Tembookie nation."

We see Charles bending over the chief for half an hour, trying to lead him to Jesus. Poor fellow! he seems to be an earnest seeker. Near the close of the meeting Charles brings the chief to me, and I explain to him the way of salvation by faith, and beg him to surrender himself to God and accept Christ as his Saviour now. He seems very teachable and anxious to know God. Among a number of questions I put to him, that I might ascertain the obstructions in his way and help him to consent to their removal, I said, "Matanzima, how many wives have you got?"

"Two," said he.

"How many children have you by them?"

"Two children by one wife, and one by the other."

"The laws of Jesus Christ will allow you to have but one wife. Are you willing to retain your first as your lawful wife and give the other one up?"

"Yes," he replied, promptly; "but what shall I do with her?"

"You must explain to her that you do not put her away in anger, but because you have consented to obey the laws of Christ, which allow a man but one wife; you must not send her away in poverty, but give her whatever she needs for herself and the support of her child, and let her go home to her own people."

"Well," said he, "I'll bring her to Mr. Warner and let him settle it."

"Yes," said I, "that will be the best way. Now, having settled that matter in your mind, and consenting to give up all your sins, you need not delay your coming to Jesus Christ, but embrace him as your Saviour now."

But, instead of a present surrender and a present acceptance of Christ, I saw from his face that he was considering the wife question and wavering in his purpose to give up the sin of polygamy, and soon began to put on his gloves, for he was a fine-looking, well-dressed man, and said, "Now, I must go home."

He did not tell me that he could not consent to Gospel terms, yet I felt but little doubt that, like the rich young man who came to Jesus, and hearing what he should "do to inherit eternal life," he declined and went away sorrowful in his sins. I was very sorry to believe, and to say to the brethren, that the chief wavered, and would not long remain a seeker.

I mention this case to illustrate one of the most serious difficulties to be encountered in bringing the Kaffirs to God -- their ancient system of polygamy.

Meantime, about sixty persons of all ages professed to obtain the pardon of their sins. As fast as they got the witness of forgiveness they were conducted to a place to our left hand to be examined by the missionary.

"Now, Brother Barrett," said I, "you will please to hear the experience of these new converts and get their names and addresses, so that you may know where to find them, and get them into class and under good pastoral training for God. If any are not clear in their testimony to the fact of conscious pardon through the Holy Spirit's witness with theirs, kindly advise them to go back among the seekers and seek till they get it."

It was too cold to preach out that night, so we had a fellowship meeting in Brother Warner's stable specially for the young converts. Over thirty of them arose voluntarily and promptly, one after another, and in great simplicity told what God had done for their souls. The experience of every one was clear except one man, who told about some great light that he had seen some months before and heard a voice telling him that he would be saved. Brother Barrett challenged his experience and asked him several close questions. Charles also questioned him to

draw out of him a testimony to a genuine experience of salvation, if he was in possession of it; but his tale was ignored and the people warned against seeking to see sights and to hear audible voices, for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits -- not to our eyes or ears, but to our spirits -- that we are the children of God. It was a very profitable service for mutual edification.

In a subsequent letter Brother Barrett confirmed my fears in regard to the chief

"I am sorry to say that Matanzima, the Tembookie chief of the right-hand house, has not retained the religious impressions produced on his mind by your preaching, and has not even permitted me to hold service at his place." (Herod heard John gladly, and did many things, but did not give up his stolen wife, and soon after cut the preacher's head off.) "How can he be a Christian when his powerful counselors are heathens. I think the chiefs will have to be moved by the nation, and not the nation by the chiefs. A Kaffir chief possesses power only for evil, to fight, to eat up and destroy, but not to improve the condition of his people."

I felt very sorry to leave Woodhouse Forests so soon. We had seen a good work indeed during our one day's services, but if we could have spent a week among them a great work might have been wrought; but my limited time and preannounced appointments forbade. On Saturday morning, the 21st of July, we bade adieu to this new and interesting mission station and commenced a journey of fifty miles that day to Butterworth.

Brother Warner furnished us a pair of horses to take our conveyance twenty miles, to the Tsoma River, and accompanied us on horseback several miles. At the Tsoma we overtook our horsemen, who had gone on early with the horses, so as to give them a little rest while Brother Warner's pair were doing the work for us. There is an old military station at the Tsoma, and at that time a small detachment of British soldiers, under Colonel Barker, who received us into his hut with a cordial greeting, and entertained us with a good lunch with genuine English hospitality. Rev. John Longden, the missionary at Butterworth, had been there a few days before and prepared the way for us and provided a relay of fresh horses at the Tsoma, which, however, we did not need and respectfully declined to use;

The Tsoma, which is a fine African river, is deep, rocky, and dangerous for travelers, but the water being low we crossed without difficulty. On we go, over high hills and across deep valleys, through a country abounding with grass, from one to two feet high, ripened and dried into a rich orange color. This wavy ocean of grass, which stretches out in every direction into the immeasurable distance, is interspersed with occasional groves of timber and island-looking rocky hill peaks and cliffs. About fifteen miles from the Tsoma we met a Kaffir boy, who said, "Mr. Longden has sent a pair of horses to Captain Cobb's for you," pointing across the hills toward the captain's house, nearly a mile off the main road. So we out-spanned our horses and walked over. The captain, a dashing but generous pioneer Englishman, gave us a cordial welcome. He was a magistrate, under Mr. Warner, over a portion of her majesty's Fingo subjects.

Captain Cobb gave us all a good dinner, and showed us his new house, orchard, and garden. It was really surprising to see such improvements, such beautiful beds of flowers, and flourishing fruit trees, where, but eighteen months ago, the wild deer roamed without disturbance. The last eight miles of our long day's journey were made after the day had departed. The road was

rough and dangerous, but our trusty guide rode before and. shouted, "To the right," and "To the left," alternately, turning us away from rocks and gullies which might have cost us an upset, at the peril of our necks.

By the mercy of our Master we reached Butterworth about 8 p.m., and were welcomed, and kindly entertained by Rev. John Longden and his excellent missionary wife.

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25 -- BUTTERWORTH, CLARKEBURY AND UINGWALI

Butterworth Mission Station -- A Cake of Bread from the House of Kauta -- Davis' Account of Ayliff's Escape -- Scene at Hintza's Great Place -- Debate with the King -- Fidelity of his Wife -- Ayliff Leaves Hintza's Country -- Subsequent History of the Mission -- Humbug of the Rainmakers -- The Missionary Takes the Part of Elijah -- Elijah's God Sends the Rain -- Destruction of the Station -- Charles and I Before a Motley Crowd -- Our Exhortation -- Penitence and Struggle -- Pamla's Wisdom -- Many Conversions -- How to Feed the Throng -- My Hope of Mastering the Kaffir Mind -- Studying the Laws and Customs -- A Great Harvest of Souls -- History of Umaduna -- The Martyr Spirit in a Region of Darkness -- Umaduna's Story of Himself -- From Butterworth to Clarkebury -- W. Shaw's Account of the Work There -- Missionaries Lose their Lives -- "Davis, We have Come for that Pot." -- Question of Love and Fear -- A Sick Cart Horse -- Crowded Chapel at Clarkebury -- Coming of Ngangelizwe -- Character of Big-as-theWorld -- Our Sermon to Him -- Warner Interprets to the Crowd -- Bowing Down of Sin-sick Souls -- What the King's Counselors Said -- Not a Question for the Majority -- Preaching the Unknown God -- What Happened in Navigator's Island -- King George Kneels Behind the Screen -- Falsity of Evil Prophets -- Duty of All Men to Repent -- Concern of the King -- Charles Exhorts Him and his Brother -- He Tells the Story of Kobi, Pato, and Kama -- The Chief Goes Away Unconverted -- Number and Character of the Saved -- Their Testimony -- They Name Me the Burning Fire Stick -- Davis' Rendition of "The Eden Above" into Kaffir -- At Morley Station

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The Butterworth mission station was established in 1827 under the superintendence of Rev. W. Shaw, by Rev. Mr. Shrewsbury, assisted by Rev. W. Shepstone. The great chief Hintza, of the Amagealeka tribe, had not given his consent for the establishment of the mission in his country, but had not refused, so Mr. Shrewsbury proceeded in the work by faith. "But a few months after," says Mr. Shaw, "with great Kaffir ceremony he sent to the station one of his brothers and a company of his counselors, mostly old men (counselors of Kauta, his father), with the following remarkable message: 'Hintza sends to you these men, that you may know them; they are now your friends, for today Hintza adopts you into the same family and makes the mission the head of that house. If anyone does you wrong, apply to them for redress. If in anything you need help, ask them for assistance;' and as a confirmation of the whole, pointing to a fat ox they had brought, 'There is a cake of bread from the house of Kauta.'"

The mission, thus placed under the protection of law by the blessing of God and the fostering care of several successive missionaries, grew and prospered for six years, when its

harmonious relations were disturbed by the Kaffir war of 1833-34. Hintza joined in the war against the colonists, "behaved treacherously toward certain European traders, who were at the time in his country; and it was believed, also, that he contemplated the murder of his missionary," Rev: John Ayliff, and the destruction of the station.

Rev. W. J. Davis gave me an account of how Brother Ayliff escaped, and, as it will illustrate a phase of missionary life in this place, now sacred in my own memory, I will give the substance of his narrative: " Hintza's purpose to kill Mr. Ayliff was revealed to him by Hintza's 'great wife,' Nomsa. All the trails and roads were guarded by spies, so that there was no possibility of his escape, but he managed to get a letter conveyed about fifty miles to Brother Davis, at Clarkebury. Mr. Davis sent to Morley mission station, thirty-five miles distant, and got the missionary there, Rev. Mr. Palmer, to join him in a trip to Butterworth to try and rescue their brother missionary from the murderous designs of Hintza. On their arrival at Butterworth, after consultation with Brother Ayliff, they resolved that they would go and see the chief himself, and thus take the bull by the horns at once. They immediately sent out runners, and collected a party of men as guides and guards, and set off to Hintza's 'great place,' about sixty miles distant. They rode boldly into the chief's kraal, and found him seated in council, surrounded by his amapakati.

"Having gone through all the ceremony common in approaching such a dignitary, Brother Davis, addressing the chief, said: 'Hintza, we have come to talk to you about your missionary. We have heard that you have given orders to kill Ayliff, and now he has come, and we have come with him to see what you have against him. We know that you are at war with the English, but we are missionaries; we have nothing to do with the war. If Ayliff has done anything worthy of death he doesn't refuse to die. You can try him and put him to death in an honorable way, but it doesn't become a great chief like you to way-lay him like an assassin and kill him behind a bush. He is your missionary. He came into your country with your consent, and put himself under your protection, and you should deal honorably with him. If he has done wrong, then tell him so to his face; if guilty of anything worthy of death, convict him and kill him. Or, if you want to get rid of him, give him a pass out of your country, and he will at once go away and leave you; but it would be a great injustice, and a disgrace to you as a great chief, to kill your missionary behind a bush.'

"Hintza seemed greatly agitated while Davis was talking, and was silent for some time. Then he ordered food for the missionaries, and told them to sit down for the night and he would meet them in council the next day.

"That night, after the missionary party had sung and prayed in their hut, Nomsa, the chief's 'great wife,' came in and said, 'Sing again.'

"'Why should we sing again? We have just had singing and prayer.

"'I have a word to say to you, and I don't want anybody but you to hear it. If you sing they will think that after the singing you will be praying, and they won't come near So they sang again.

Then said she, 'You have done well to come to the chief. It will be all right to morrow. Ayliff will be allowed to remain and get promise of protection. But if he remains he might tramp on a snake in the grass, and he had better not remain.'

"The next day they met the chief in council, and Hintza said, 'You have done well to come to me. Some miscreant might have done Ayliff harm, but it will be all right now. Ayliff may go back to Butterworth and sit down in peace, and it will be all right.'

"They returned and soon ascertained that there were no more conspirators in the way seeking Ayliff's life, and as the way was now open the missionaries unanimously agreed that it was better, in view of the war troubles and all the circumstances in the case, that Brother Ayliff should take Nomsa's advice; so he made' arrangements as early as convenient, and, with his mission people, left Hintza's country."

The chief complained afterward of Ayliff's want of confidence in him, but his own subsequent record proved the wisdom of Ayliff's departure. Soon after the mission premises and village were plundered and destroyed, and before the war was over Hintza himself was killed.'

The mission was reestablished after the war, but was destroyed again in the war of 1846-47.

Krielie, the son and successor of Hintza, was anxious for the rebuilding of the mission house and chapel, and gave for the purpose as many cattle as, when sold, were necessary to cover most of the expense of erecting the mission buildings and compensate for the personal losses of the missionary.

At one time, when Rev. W. J. Davis was stationed there, the country was dried up, the cattle were dying, and there was a general apprehension of famine. The chief Krielie assembled a large body of rain-makers near to the mission premises, and with a great gathering of the people they went oil' with their incantations and vain repetitions daily for a week.

Brother Davis kept himself advised, through his agents, of all their proceedings. Finally, the rain-makers said they could not get any rain, and had found out the reason why and the cause of the drought. When the attention of the people was fully arrested by such an announcement they told their anxious auditors that the missionaries were the cause of the drought, and that there would be no rain while we were allowed to remain in the country.

That brought matters to a very serious crisis, for the rain-makers are generally very influential, usually being doctors and priests as well. When the chief wants rain he sends some cattle to the rain-makers to offer in sacrifice to Imishologu, the spirits of their dead, who are presumed to have great power with Tixo (or God), who will send rain. If they do not succeed the rain-maker returns answer that the cattle were not of the right color, that cattle of certain peculiar spots were necessary. The details of these spots and shades of color are so numerous that the rain-maker cannot only drive a good trade in the beef line, but stave off the issue till, in the natural order, a copious rain descends, for which he claims the credit, and it is known all over the country as such a rain-maker's rain. Thus they maintain their influence, and when a number of such men combine against a missionary it becomes a very serious matter.

So when Brother Davis heard of the grave charge brought against the missionaries, and specially against himself and family, as they were the only missionaries there, he saw that he must act in self-defense at once. So the next morning, which was Thursday, he rode into their camp while they were in the midst of their ceremonies, and demanded a bearing. They stopped their noise and confusion to hear what he had to say, and he proceeded as follows:

"I shall give you a very short talk. Your rain-makers say that the missionaries are the cause of the drought. I say that the rain-makers and the sins of the people are the cause of the drought. The missionaries are as anxious for rain as you are, and our God would give us rain but for your wickedness and rebellion against him. Now I propose that we test the matter between your rain-makers and the missionaries. They have been trying here for one whole week to bring rain, and have not brought one drop. Look at the heavens, there is not even the sign of a cloud. Now stop all this nonsense and come to chapel next Sabbath, and we will pray to God, who made the heavens and the earth, to give us rain, and we will see who is the true God and who are his true servants and your best friends."

Then Nomsa, the "great wife" of Hintza, who had interposed to save the life of Brother Ayliff a few years before, and the great chief Krielie, her son, and their amapakati, held a consultation, and decided to dismiss the rain-makers at once, and accept the issue proposed by Brother Davis.

The next day was observed by this missionary Elijah and his Christian natives as a day of fasting and prayer. On Sabbath morning the sun, as for many months past, poured his burning rays upon the crisp Kaffrarian hills and valleys, with their famishing flocks, without the shadow of an intervening cloud. At the hour for service the usual congregation assembled, and besides them the great chief and his mother, and many of the heathen people from their "great place." There was a motley crowd of half-clad mission natives, a not of naked heathens, the great chief in his royal robe, consisting of a huge tiger skin, his queen mother, with beaded skirt of dressed cowskin and ornamental brass wristlets, armlets, and head trinkets, and there, at their feet, the missionary and his family -- a grand representation of Church and State, all sweltering with heat, all uneasy, all anxious to see a little cloud arise; but not one, even of the size of a man's hand, appeared when the service commenced.

After some preliminaries Brother Davis asked the people to kneel down and unite with him in prayer to the Lord God of Elijah to send them rain from heaven. The man of God pleaded his own cause and that of the people at the mercy seat, and importuned. No man was sent to look toward the sea; but while they remained on their knees in solemn awe, in the presence of God, they heard the big rain drops begin to patter on the zinc roof of the chapel, and lo! a copious rain, which continued all that afternoon and all night. The whole region was so saturated with water that the river near by became so swollen that the chief and his mother could not cross it that night, and hence had to remain at the mission station till the next day.

That seemed to produce a great impression on the minds of the chief, his mother, and the heathen party in favor of God and his missionaries, and Brother Davis got the name of a great rain-maker; but signs, wonders, and even miracles will not change the hearts of sinners, for Nomsa lived and died a heathen, and her royal son remained an increasingly dark and wicked heathen.

The Butterworth mission station was destroyed the third time during the Kaffir war of 1851-52, and lay waste about ten years. The mission was established the fourth time, and promised to be more flourishing than ever before, under Rev. John Longden, who commenced operations there about 1862.

We were comfortably quartered in the mission house, and Brother and Sister Longden, with good fare and good cheer, rendered our sojourn with them very pleasant. On Sabbath morning, the 22d of July, I walked round about their little Zion to find the most suitable place for open air preaching, as we anticipated that the chapel accommodation for about four hundred would be inadequate. We selected a beautiful spot, a quarter of a mile distant, on the bank of the river, richly carpeted with grass.

At 10 a.m. Charles and I stand before a motley crowd of about five hundred natives and a dozen whites. To our left is the river, in the rear a little cliff or point of rocks, jutting down to the water's edge; to our right a high rocky hill, at our feet the tongue or wedge point of a valley, which rapidly widens and opens the prospect to the mission buildings on a high hill beyond; just in the rear of us are our European friends, who had come over forty miles for this occasion, and the mission family; just in front are the native women and children, next to them, in a circling mass, the native men; to our right and front, perched on the side of the hill, are about one hundred wild heathens, painted with red ochre and greased till they glisten in the sunlight. Their clothing consists simply of a blanket painted red with the same native dye which covers their bodies. I greatly feel the embarrassment of the situation. I must preach to these believers to adjust them to the Holy Spirit's methods, so as to work together with God effectively in the salvation of sinners, and yet I must arrest the attention of the heathen and interest them in our work, or they will go away and we shall not get another shot at them, and there is scarcely time in one service to secure well these two ends, but we go on and combine the two objects as well as we can. All are quiet and attentive, and a great interest is manifestly awakened among the mission people.

"Now we invite all who fully understand the subject, who feel the burden of their sins, and have made up their minds to give themselves to God and receive Jesus as their Saviour, to stand up. Let each one think well and act for him or herself. Let no one stand simply because another does. Let no one be afraid to stand up because of the presence of another. As we shall answer to God for ourselves, so let us say, ' Let others do as they will, but as for me, I will serve God.'"

In about a minute we see about one hundred on their feet, including half a dozen whites. We now invite them to kneel, surrender to God, and receive Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent into the world to save sinners. An earnest struggle ensues, and a few enter into liberty and witness to the fact in the story of their salvation to the missionary, who examines each one personally. After a service of three hours we dismiss them and invite them to meet us there again at 3 p.m.

"Charles," said I, "the campaign of last week at Kamastone, Lesseyton, Queenstown, and Warner's has nearly used us up. We are not up to our mark today. I don't feel the Spirit's unction as I usually do in going into the battle."

"No," replied Charles; "your Father sees that your body can't bear it. He means to give you an opportunity to get back your usual strength of body. He does not want to work you to death."

I said in my heart, "Good for my Zulu! Many a European or American enthusiast might learn lessons of wisdom from you."

At 3 p.m. we had about the same audience as in the morning. The preaching goes home to their hearts with increasing power. Many of the people are immigrant Fingoes, from Cape Colony, where they have been accustomed to hear the Gospel for years, and the station people have long been under the instruction of Brother Longden. These heathen know nothing about it, or, what is worse, they have heard more against the Gospel by the carnal opposition its glimmer of light upon their minds has provoked than they have learned of its power. After the sermon we call for seekers, and over a hundred go down on their knees, and an earnest struggle against the powers of darkness ensues. The heathen look very serious, but the most of them refuse to yield; a few of them are down among the seekers. A much larger number are saved at this service than at the first. Among the converts who report themselves we see two old heathen men.

"Charles, what has that old red blanket to say for himself?"

"He says he has been a very great sinner, but that he has found Jesus, and Jesus has saved him."

"What has that other heathen to say about it?"

"I have been the greatest scoundrel in the world, but the umfundisi says that Jesus came to save the very worst sinners, and I have taken him, and he has pardoned my sins, and I feel him now in my heart."

Many of our hearers had come twenty miles to attend our services. They are not a people to carry food with them on so short a journey. They had now been with us all day, and were hungry, so we began to inquire if there were any loaves and fishes that we could set before them. After consultation we announced to the congregation that all who had come from a distance, and were hungry, then, or at any time during our series of services, should go to the missionary, who would give each one a quart of mealies (Indian corn). daily. Brother Roberts and I proposed to bear two thirds of the expense, amounting to a few pounds each, for the mealies thus consumed; but at the close, when we came to settle, Brother Longden would not allow us the privilege of helping him.

My labors with the heathen that day caused me to feel keenly my inability to penetrate their heathenish darkness and grapple successfully with their prejudices and superstitions, from my want of an acquaintance with Kaffir life and customs; so I determined, by the help of the Lord, with the best sources available, though I should not have time during my brief sojourn to master the Kaffir language, I would master the Kaffir mind. I at once enlisted Charles in the work of studying native Kaffirism. At suitable times he got the oldest men together and questioned them about the customs and faith of their heathen fathers, and wrote down their statements; by this means, and by what we could learn from the missionaries and from Kaffir Laws and Customs, a book compiled from the experience and testimony of several of the oldest missionaries, specially for the benefit of the

government, we made progress in the acquisition of useful knowledge, which could not be obtained in any college in Europe, and knowledge that we both turned to good account by the help of the Holy Spirit.

We had preaching that night in the chapel and a glorious harvest of souls. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday we preached in the forenoon by the river, and at night in the chapel. On Thursday and Thursday night there was a great marriage feast in the neighborhood, which had been postponed several days on account of our meetings; so we took that day and night as a season of greatly needed rest. We resumed again on Friday, and closed our special series Friday night.

We shook hands with a distinguished old heathen at Butterworth. His fame was based on two adventures of his life. One was, according to the account in Kaffraria, that on one occasion when Rev. William Shaw was trying to cross a swollen river the current was too strong, and carried him down the stream, greatly imperiling his life; this heathen man plunged in and assisted the umfundisi in getting safely to land. The other was, that in his early life he killed a boa constrictor. That will give undying fame to any heathen Kaffir, as one of the greatest men in the nation; indeed, so great that his skull is, above all others, selected as the medicine-pot of the great chief. If such a distinguished individual, however, is allowed to die a natural death the charm is lost, and his skull is unfitted for such distinguished royal purposes. But the great snake killer, on the other hand, must not be surprised and murdered. He must yield himself a willing sacrifice, and abide in quietness for ten preparatory days, and then be murdered decently, according to royal decree. Many, I was told, had thus given themselves up to die and be canonized among the most honorable Imishologu. This old fellow, however, was not as yet sufficiently patriotic or ambitious of glory for that, but chose rather to retain his skull for his own personal use, and let old Krielie, his master, get on in his medical arrangements as best he could, and hence took good care to keep himself beyond Krielie's dominions.

We were introduced to a much more remarkable character at Butterworth than the killer of the boa constrictor.

Brother Longden gave us in substance the following history of Umaduna. He said that some months before, in visiting some heathen kraals, he inquired at each one if there were any Christians among them. Coming to a kraal containing about three hundred souls, he put his question to many in different parts of the kraal, and received from all the reply, " Yes, there is one Christian in this kraal. He's a little one, but he is a wonderful man. He has been persecuted, many times beaten, and threatened with death if he did not quit praying to Christ; but he prays and sings all the more."

Mr. Longden was greatly surprised and pleased to learn that such a martyr spirit was shining so brightly in a region so dark, and sought diligently till he found the wonderful man of whom he had heard such things, and to his astonishment the great man turned out to be a naked boy, about twelve years old. Upon an acquaintance with him, and the further testimony of his heathen neighbors, he found that all he had heard about him, and much more, was true. Hearing these things, we sought an interview with Umaduna, for that is his name. He had attended our meetings from the first, and I had often seen him among the naked Kaffir children in my audiences, but did not know that I was preaching to such an heroic soldier of Jesus till the last day of our series. That day we sent for the lad to come into the mission house, that we might see and learn of him how to suffer for

Christ. He hesitated, but after some persuasion consented and came. He was small for a boy of twelve years, and had no clothing except an old sheepskin over his shoulders; quite black, a serious but pleasant face; very unassuming, not disposed to talk, but he gave, in modest and firm tones of voice, prompt, intelligent answers to all our questions. The following is the substance of what we elicited from him, simply corroborating the facts narrated before by the missionary:

I said to him, through my interpreter, "Umaduna, how long have you been acquainted with Jesus?"

"About three years.

"How did you learn about him and know how to come to him?"

"I went to preaching at Heald Town, and learned about Jesus, and that he wanted the little children to come to him. Then I took Jesus for my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven and my heart filled with the love of God."

He was not long at Heald Town, but returned to his people, and had since emigrated with them to Fingoland.

"Was your father willing that you should be a servant of Jesus Christ?"

"Nay; he told me that I should not pray to God any more, and that I must give Jesus up, or he would beat me.

"What did you say to your father about it?"

I didn't say much; I wouldn't give up Jesus. I prayed to God more and more."

"What did your father do then?"

"He beat me a great many times."

"Well, when he found he could not beat Jesus out of you what did he do next?"

He got a great many boys to come and dance round me and laugh at me and try to get me to dance."

"And wouldn't you dance?"

"No, I just sat down and would not say anything."

"What did your father do then?"

"He fastened me up in the hut, and said I must give up Jesus or he would kill me. He left me in the hut all day."

"And what did you do in there?"

"I kept praying and sticking to Jesus."

"Did you think your father would kill you?"

"Yes, if God would let him. He fastened me in the hut many times and said he would kill me."

"Umaduna, are you sure you would be willing to die for Jesus?"

"O, yes, if he wants me to." "Are you not afraid to die?"

"No, I would be glad to die for Jesus, if he wants me to."

Brother Roberts gave him a copy of the New Testament in Kaffir for his use after he should have learned to read, and said he had intended to speak some words of encouragement to the boy, but on hearing him talk he found the rustic little Christian so far in advance of himself, who had been but a few months in the way, that he could not say anything to him.

On Saturday, the 28th of July, we traveled nearly fifty miles from Butterworth to Clarkebury, our next field of labor.

"The fifth mission station established by our society in Kaffraria," said the old pioneer, Rev. W. Shaw, "was in the country of the Amatembu, under the great chief Vossanie.

"My first visit to this chief was during the journey of observation, which I performed in April, 1825.

"We reached the chief's kraal on the 9th of that month, and on the next day we had an interview with him, when Vossanie, in the presence of his counselors and chieftains, promised that if a missionary came to them they would receive him kindly and give him land on which he might form a station. It was not till April, 1830, that we were enabled to commence this mission.

"The chief faithfully kept his word, and received Rev. Mr. Haddy, our first missionary there, with evident satisfaction, giving him leave to search the country to find a suitable site for the proposed station."

This mission station was called Clarkebury, in honor of Dr. Adam Clarke.

The only Europeans killed by natives in connection with our Kaffrarian missions lost their lives in connection with this station. The first was Mr. Rawlins, an assistant, who was killed by a horde of marauders, not far from the station. The other was the Rev. J. S. Thomas, a thorough Kaffir scholar and an energetic, brave missionary. It should be said to the credit of the Amatembu nation, that they as a people, had nothing to do with the assassination of these good men, but deeply

regretted their fall, which was by the murderous hands of a band of robbers. The missionaries, however, have suffered endless petty annoyances from the heathen chiefs and people. The following story, told me by Rev. W. J. Davis, may serve as an illustration of this:

"When I was stationed at Clarkebury, in 1832, the Tembookie or Amatembu chief Vadana coveted a pot we daily used in our cooking. He came and begged me every day for that pot for a long time. I gave him many presents, but could not spare the pot) and positively refused to give it up.

"Finally the chief said, 'Davis, I'll have that pot!'

"The next day Vadana came with thirty of his warriors, all armed with assagais, a kind of javelin, their principal war weapon.

"They stood in defiant array before me, and the chief said, 'Davis, we have come for that pot.'

"'We need the pot,' I replied, 'for cooking our food, and, as I told you before, I won't give it to you.'

"'You must give it to us, or we'll take it.'

"'With thirty armed warriors against one unarmed missionary you have the power to take it, but if that is the way you are going to treat your missionary just give me a safe passage out of your country and I'll leave you.

"'Davis, are you not afraid of us?' demanded the chief, sharply.

"'No, I'm not afraid of you. I know you can kill me, but if I had been afraid to die I never would have come among such a set of savages as you are.

"'Davis,' repeated the chief, sternly, 'are you not afraid to die?'

"'No! If you kill me I have a home in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

"Then, turning to his men, the chief said, 'Well, this is a strange thing. Heres a man who is not afraid to die, and we will have to let him keep his pot.'

"When the chief was turning to go away he said, 'Davis, I love you less now than I did before, but I fear you more.'"

The chief never gave his missionary any further trouble about his pot, but showed greater respect to him than ever before.

On our journey from Butterworth to Clarkebury one of our cart horses got sick, and was scarcely able to travel, causing us much delay, so that we did not arrive at Clarkebury till nine o'clock at night, and having no moon we had to travel a couple of hours more by faith than by sight.

They have capacious and comfortable mission buildings and a beautiful garden containing fine oranges and other varieties of fruit trees at Clarkebury, and a chapel to seat about five hundred persons.

My purpose was to remain there only till Wednesday morning, but Brother Hargraves said that he had sent a messenger to Ngangelizwe, the great chief of the Tembookie nation, inviting him and his counselors to attend our services, and that the chief had returned answer that they could not be with us at the commencement, but would come on Wednesday. So we consented to stay at any rate till after Wednesday. On Sabbath morning, the 29th of July, we had the chapel crowded, and had about one hundred and fifty penitents forward that first night, and many souls were saved during our series of services.

On Thursday morning, the day appointed for the chief to come with his counselors to our services, a messenger arrived, according to Kaffir custom, to announce that "Ngangelizwe is in the path."

He had but fifteen miles to travel from the "great place" to Clarkebury, and we thought he might arrive by midday.

About 3 p.m. his vanguard appeared on the high hill half a mile east of the station and took their stand. Half an hour later another party came in sight and halted in like manner. It was then nearly an hour before the great chief, with the main body of the royal cortege, appeared. The cavalry of the train, consisting of about forty counselors, fell into line single file, the chief being about the middle, and all came down the hill at a full gallop. Arriving, they at once dismounted, but all remained outside the mission yard with the horses except the chief and his brother Usiqukati, who came directly in. Brother Hargraves met and shook hands with them at the gate and introduced them to me and my party. All the ceremony required on our part, I learned, was simply to pronounce the name of the chief and shake hands, and so with his brother.

The name Ngangelizwe means "Big-as-the-World."

He had a very extensive, rich, grassy, well-watered, undulating, beautiful country. His tribe numbered about one hundred thousand souls, of whom fifteen or twenty thousand were warriors. The chief was nearly six feet in height, straight, well-proportioned, of the copper Kaffir complexion instead of black, a smooth, pleasant countenance, a sweet, charming voice. The two chiefs took tea with us in the mission house, while the amapakati (his counselors) and their attendants went to the huts provided for them.

The chiefs were well-dressed, in English costume, but their men had each simply a kaross of dressed skin or a red blanket.

Soon we are all in the chapel for the evening service. Charles and I stand side by side in the altar; to our right and left sit the missionaries; in the front seats before the Altar railings sit the king and his brother, and on the same seats in front about a dozen Europeans, including several British soldiers from Fingoland. Then we see next the body of the chapel halfway down filled with these heathen counselors and attendants and a lot of red heathen from Fingoland, making, perhaps, one hundred and fifty of this class; then in the rear, and at all the doors and windows outside, are the regular worshipers to whom we have been preaching twice a day for four days.

We close the preaching service and dismiss the congregation, to give an opportunity for all to leave who do not prefer to remain for the after service. No one stirs to get out. We call for the seekers to kneel before God, surrender to him, and accept Christ. Many of our former hearers fall down on their faces and worship God, and soon report from a blessed experience of pardon that God is in them of a truth.

The chief and his people sit and gaze and wonder. During the prayer meeting Brother Henry B. Warner stands up near the window to my right, and by his commanding appearance, good voice, and eloquent, euphonious ring of the Kaffir language at once arrests the attention of the whole assembly, and, addressing the chief and his counselors, tells them the story of his own conversion to God; they all knew him well from of old and knew what a sinner he had been, and now learned the details of God's saving mercy to him, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel news they heard that night, followed by an earnest exhortation to them to seek God without a moment's delay. Then we all kneel down in solemn silent prayer. Nothing is heard now but the suppressed sighs and sobs of wounded souls in the different parts of the house, pierced by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

The presence of God the Holy Spirit moving perceptibly among the prostrate mass of men before us becomes awfully sublime beyond description. The salvation of these heathens now hangs in the scales of a poised beam; many of us feel that the Spirit hath clearly offered to them the gift of eternal life in Christ. They are almost persuaded.

They have reached a crisis. Let any one of these old counselors avowedly take a decided stand for God, and the whole of them will follow his example. Unable to get beyond that point, we close the service at 11 P.M., and all silently retire from the field to come up to the work again in the morning.

Early the next day Brother Warner had a long talk with Ngangelizwe's counselors. They admitted to him that what they had heard at the service the night before was true, and that they were conscious of an extraordinary influence on their minds, and that they believed their chief wanted to accept Christ; but, said they, "Ngangelizwe cannot act alone, for he is bound by solemn promise not to be a Christian; and none of us can act alone, because we exacted that promise from him, and we are bound in honor to stand to our own position. We cannot go and do ourselves what we have bound the chief not to do."

One of them proposed, and nearly all the rest concurred, that they should call a great council of all the chiefs and leading men of the nation and debate the cause, and see if they would consent to abandon their old customs and adopt the religion of Christ as the religion of their nation.

Brother Warner came at once to me with their proposition to inquire whether I thought we had better entertain it.

I replied, "It may be a trick of Satan to keep some of them from a personal acceptance of Christ today. If not a device of the evil one, but, as I hope, a sincere expression of new desire kindled in their hearts by the awakening Spirit, it is a proposition that we cannot turn to account, as we will be leaving tomorrow; and unless a much larger number of the counselors and chiefs of the nation were brought under the awakening power of the Spirit than we have here, it would be hazardous to submit such a question to a national council, as they would be sure, by majority, to decide against Christianity and thus lengthen and strengthen the wicked alliance already formed against it. Such a proposition, however, originating with the amapakati, should be kindly entertained, and the spirit prompting it encouraged; but action in that direction now would be premature. We must urge them to accept Christ today, each one for himself, and take the consequences."

That day we had the chiefs and counselors in chapel in the same order as the night before. We preached from St. Luke's abstract of St. Paul's preaching to a heathen audience on Mars Hill, on the Unknown God. We traced the parallel between the moral condition and superstitious worship of the literary heathen of Athens and the illiterate heathen Tembookies. We have clear indications in Kaffir traditions, sacrifices, and devotions of the struggle of their moral nature to feel after the unknown God, and to find a supply for the conscious woes and wants of their souls. Having dug down effectually into the regions of their beliefs and conscious experiences, and having brought out their admitted facts demonstrating the truth of Bible delineations of human corruption, guilt, and bondage, and their vain efforts, by their sacrifices and sufferings, to atone for their sins, or give rest for their souls, we declared to them the unknown God and his glorious provision of mercy for them in Christ. We then pressed home the fact that God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Illustrating the work of repentance wrought by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of sinners, resulting in their acceptance of Christ, I gave, among other examples, the cases of Thakomban, King of Fiji, and of George the Third, King of the Friendly Islands. I showed that their complications in the sin of polygamy, and all forms of heathenism, were quite as bad as anything in Kaffirland, but that yielding to the Spirit they had triumphed and had become Christians. I gave them the story about King George, as given me by the old apostle to the Friendly and Navigator's Islands, Rev. Peter Turner. When their first chapel was opened, and the king came in and saw the preacher in the pulpit -- a man higher up than himself -- he was displeased. But instead of making any trouble about it he had a pulpit built for himself the next week in the opposite end of the chapel, a few inches higher than the minister's pulpit. When the king saw the missionary ascend to his pulpit he went up and seated himself in his pulpit!

After a while the missionary and his leading men united together daily to read God's book of instructions to see how they were to proceed in their work, and prayed daily for the Holy Ghost to come and abide with them and through their agency do his mighty work of saving the king and his people. After continuing thus to wait with one accord for many days, the Holy Ghost came in mighty power.

The news ran all over the island that the Holy Ghost had come and was waiting to lead them to Jesus and save their souls. The people flocked together from every direction, and while

they listened to the words of God from his book they were pricked in their hearts, and many cried out in the agony of their souls, and were so affected by the awakening power of the Spirit that to the number of from two to three hundred at one time they lay apparently dead for hours, but all came up rejoicing and praising God for his great salvation.

The king himself was awakened, and came down from his high pulpit and sat in the dust. His proud heart yielded to the Spirit's power. He told the missionary he wanted to give up his sins and seek God, but did not want to bow down with his common people, and asked the missionary to allow him to pray behind the altar screen, which was a network of young bamboo rods, and would conceal him from the eyes of his people.

Brother Turner said, "Yes, King George, you may kneel down wherever you like and give your heart to God." The king went behind the screen and fell down on his face and cried to God to have mercy on his poor soul. He is a man six feet four inches high, and rolling in an agony of soul he kicked down the screen and lay full length before his people, and cared for nothing but how he might be saved.

His pride was broken, and he fully felt the burden of his sins, but got no relief till after he went home that night. About midnight he gave his wicked heart to God and received Jesus, and got all his sins forgiven and received a new heart. He wrote a letter to Brother Turner that night; telling him that he had found Jesus and that his soul was happy. Some days after he had a great many of his people together, and told them that he had embraced Christ and was happy, and said to them, "Do you see that post?" pointing to a post of the chapel building; "now, just as certain as you know that you see that post, just so certainly I know that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins and made me his child."

"Many wicked people said," I continued, "as such will say about Ngangelizwe, that if King George embraced Christ he would lose his kingdom, just as though the great God of heaven and earth, to whom all power belongs, could not, or would not, maintain the rightful authority of a ruler because such ruler became loyal to God, his divine Sovereign. Did King George lose his kingdom by becoming a Christian? Nay; many who were not his people have come under his authority because he was a Christian, and he became a greater king than ever before; he also became a preacher, and is employed every Sabbath in preaching Jesus to his people. A man forfeits no rights by accepting Christ as his Saviour, but he cannot accept Christ until he consents to give up all his sins, and consents that Christ shall take from him, or return to him, anything and everything he holds dear. A man who would not, if necessary, give up a kingdom to receive Christ will, for the sake of a little bit of authority, which he can hold but a few years at most, reject Christ and perish!

We explain, in simplicity, the duty of repentance and an intelligent acceptance of Christ by faith in God's own record concerning him, and the Spirit's witness and renewing work, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel and the saving power of Jesus. At the close of the sermon we proceed as usual with the prayer meeting. A large number of seekers come forward, and a similar struggle to that of last night, between the powers of light and darkness, ensues. Ngangelizwe shows great concern; his brother is evidently in an agony of awakening; some counselors seem in great distress; others of them, by their looks and a scoffing display of their great teeth, are using their influence against the work. One fellow, with a large cowskin kaross over his shoulders, is a child

of the devil, an enemy of all righteousness, as full of all subtlety and mischief as Elymas the sorcerer.

In the midst of the prayer meeting Charles rises from his knees and stands within an arm's length of the chief and his brother, and exhorts them personally for half an hour. You see at once that my Zulu is master of the difficult situation. The natural gracefulness and perfection of his action, and the power of his logic, told manifestly on the trembling Felix before him. The missionaries and others who understood the Kaffir said afterward that they never heard such a display of Kaffir oratory in all their lives. He explained to Ngangelizwe that the powers that be are of God, and hence it was for God, and not a lot of wicked counselors, to put down one ruler and set up another, and that a man who will reject the counsel of God and follow the counsel of wicked men shall as certainly come to grief as that the righteous God rules in the heavens.

"Kobi and Pato," continued Charles, "were great chiefs. Kama, their brother, was a boy, and had no people. These three chiefs had the offer of Christ; Kama was the only one that accepted him; Kobi and Pato rejected Christ and called Kama a fool, and said he would be a scabby goat and never have any people. Their wicked counselors told them if they received Christ they would lose all their people, all their cattle, and have nothing, like poor Kama; but what was the result? God gave them up to follow their wicked counselors, who advised them to go to war with the English. Kobi died a miserable refugee and got the burial of a dog. Pato has spent many miserable years a prisoner on Robin Island. Kama remained true to God and kept out of the war against the English, and now all the people of the Amaxosa nation, once ruled by Kobi and Pato, belong to Kama, who is going down to his grave in honorable old age, in the midst of peace and plenty, full of a glorious hope of a blessed home in heaven. More than one thousand of his people have accepted Christ, and all of them abide in the peaceable possession of their homes, under the protection of the British government."

This but indicates the range of Charles' inimitable discourse to Ngangelizwe, and he appealed most solemnly to Usiqukati to submit to God and receive Christ, whatever the chief and his counselors might do.

Our time for such a work was too short. I felt sure that they could not stand many such shocks of awakening truth, applied by the Spirit's power, as it was on the two occasions when we had them before us. Ngangelizwe afterward shook hands with Charles, and they had a friendly private interview. The political league seemed to be the principal barrier.

Ngangelizwe said he would stay and hear us again that evening; but about sunset a man came dashing down the hill at full speed, his horse in a foam of perspiration and panting for breath, and announced that one of Ngangelizwe's children was dying, and that the chief must return to the great place at once. The chief said he was very sorry to leave, but that he was obliged to go.

I learned some weeks afterward that Ngangelizwe invited one of the local preachers to preach at his "great place," and after he had preached told him to come every Sunday and preach to him, for he wanted to have preaching at his place, whatever the amapakati might say. The missionaries believed that all that ado about the dying child was a ruse got up by some of those wicked counselors to hurry Ngangelizwe away for fear he would that night become a Christian.

Having thus lost the heathen portion of our audience, instead of preaching that night, as we intended, we had a fellowship meeting. Up to that period of our series of services one hundred and eighty-five persons, on a personal examination, had professed to have obtained the pardon of their sins. About seventy, principally the young converts, spoke at our fellowship meeting that night. I sat beside Brother William Davis, who interpreted their talk to me. It was marvelously interesting. I can give but a few specimens, and they are as weak as water compared with their native Kaffir originals, accompanied by graceful action and tears and the peculiar idiomatic force of their language. A woman said: "I have for a long time been a member of the Church according to the flesh, but now I am a member of the Church according to the spirit. Last Sunday in this chapel the light of God shone into my heart and showed me my sins. I was stricken down by the power of his Spirit, but I cried to God and received Jesus Christ, and he lifted me up and made me his child."

A man stood up and said, "I always hated the mission stations, and I hated all the people who went to them. Often when I have seen them going to chapel I got so angry I wanted to kill them. But I heard that Isikunisivutayo was coming, and I came to see what was to be done. I stood outside the chapel last Sunday and laughed and mocked. On Monday night I came in and Isikunisivutayo set me on fire, and I felt that I was sinking into hell. I left as quick as I could and started home, but my sins were such a load on me I could not run, but fell down and thought I was going to die. The next morning I felt very glad that I was not in hell. I came to the meeting that day and received Jesus, and my soul is full of glory."

Isikunisivutayo means a burning fire-stick or torch. In the fall the whole country is covered with a thick growth of brown grass from one to two feet in height. As spring approaches, to get the full benefit of the new crop for their cattle, they take their burning fire-sticks and soon set a thousand hills in a blaze, spreading and sweeping in every direction to prepare the way for the new harvest of grass. It is common with the Kaffirs to give every distinguished stranger some characteristic name, by which, instead of his real name, he is known among them.

I was told beforehand that I would get a new name, and there were not a few European conjectures as to what it should be. Some thought it would be Longbeard, which bears no comparison to the appreciative, poetic, descriptive name which the Kaffirs gave me, The Burning Fire-stick, which the Lord was using to set the whole country in a blaze, burn up all their dead works, and prepare the way for spiritual life, verdure, and plenty. Among the converted heathen at that fellowship meeting, one old man arose, threw his kaross gracefully across his breast and over his left shoulder, and told a marvelous story about his heathenish prejudices against the mission stations and the missionaries. "My heart," said he, "was as tough as the hide of a rhinoceros, but last night the Spirit's sword cut right through it and let in the light of God. I received Jesus Christ and he gave me a tender heart filled with his love."

These are mere specimen illustrations of the experience of over sixty persons who spoke, and nearly all they said was repeated to me in English, sentence by sentence, by Brother William Davis. Brother Davis is a native of Kaffraria and a fine Kaffir scholar. He is the translator of the Pilgrim's Progress into Kaffir; also Dr. Hunter's hymn, "The Eden Above."

I introduced this hymn into Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Rev. W. Moor took it from Sydney to Fiji, and Rev. Brother Calvert inserted it into the new Fijian hymn book, so that it is being sung all through those portions of the Southern World, and now the mountains and vales of Kaffraria echo its measures, as sung by the pilgrim bands of the sable hosts as they march along to the Eden above. I will first insert the hymn as we have it from the author, and then in the Kaffir, accompanied by a literal rendering of the Kaffir into English, which will illustrate the idiomatic difficulty of translating an English hymn into Kaffir. As I before stated, while we have many good Kaffir hymns, mostly composed by Rev. Brother Dugmore, we have but one of Wesley's incomparable hymns in the Kaffir language. Yet it will be seen that Brother Davis not only put the poetic thought of "The Eden Above " into Kaffir, but in some cases strengthened it, especially to a Kaffir mind. The possibility of doing so depended not a little on the sympathetic genius of the translator. As an illustrative specimen I insert one verse in the two languages:

THE EDEN ABOVE

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

ICULA ELITETA NGELIZWE ELI PEZULU A HYMN WHICH TELLS ABOUT THE LAND WHICH IS ABOVE.

Sikuyo indhlela yelizwe lobomi,
"We are in the path to the land of life,"

Ikaya labantu bahleli ngenyweba.
"The home of the people who dwell in happiness."

Bahlukani no Tixo, endhleleni yokona,
"Rebels from God, in the way of wrongdoing,"

Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?
"What do you say? Will you go, will you go above?"

Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

Hambani bakonzi, elozwe, leletu.
"Go on, pilgrims, that country, it is ours."

Sonqina, sinqina inyameko zalo;
"We will prove, and prove again, the delights all;"

Eweke, sohamba ngapezu kwentaba
"Yes, we will travel upon the hills"

Sisele amanzi ovuyo pezulu.
"And drink the water of joy above."

Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

Kantike, moni, asikulahlile,
"Yet therefore, sinner, we do not throw thee away,"

Simil' umzuzwana, simle kwa wena;
"We stand a little time, standing for even you;"

Yizake ku Tixo, akusingate,
"Come then to God, He will take you in his arms,"

Akuse kwangoku, ekusa pezulu.
"And take you even now, taking you above."

Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

Our next station was Morley, thirty-six miles distant from Clarkebury; the missionary in charge was William Rayner. This station was named in honor of Rev. George Morley, Missionary Secretary in London. It was founded by Rev. William Shepstone in 1829.

* * * * *

26 -- MORLEY

Chapel West of Morley -- Mode of Trial and Conviction in Kaffirland -- Reign of Superstition -- The Umhlahlo -- Ceremony of Ukwombela -- How the Wicked are Found Out -- The Ant Torture -- Prevalence of Horrid Practices -- Superstition Relative to the Lung Sickness -- A Doctor Glorifies Himself -- Horrible Torture of a Woman -- She is Cured by Brother Rayner -- I Mend My Coat and Preach from a Stone -- Charles also Preaches -- Method of Butchering and Eating -- "As Stingy as a Missionary" -- Case of Ndunyela -- The Mission at Buntingville -- William B. Boyce -- The Amapondo and Pondo Nations -- King Damasi and his Rule -- His Great Place -- The Tiger Skin -- Where the Bad Fellows Go -- Question of the Blankets -- "Is He your Father?" -- Affairs in Damasi's Country -- Cake of Bread for Me -- Sermon to Damasi -- Questions and Answers -- A Kaffir Infidel -- The Counselors Discuss the Discourse -- Damasi Professes Christianity, and has Eight Wives! -- Pushing on to Shawbury

* * *

Brother Rayner, with his own hands, assisted by his natives, had built a large, comfortable mission house and a pretty chapel which would seat about four hundred persons, and had built also a small chapel in a village five miles west of Morley. That part of Kaffraria was a famous place for smelling out and the convicting of men by their witch doctors, for the crime of having cattle enough to excite the covetousness of a chief, or political influence enough to render one an object of fear, or from any cause laying him under suspicion.

Their mode of trial and conviction is thus described by J. C. Warner, in Kaffir Laws and Customs.

"Kaffirs are firm believers in sorcery, or witchcraft, and they consider that all the sickness and other afflictions of life are occasioned thereby, and that were it not for the evil influence of the amaggwira none would die but in good old age. This universal belief in witchcraft has led to the almost entire neglect of the art of healing by medicines, and to cause them to trust wholly to the power of charms, incantations, amadini, or sacrifices, etc. Hence their priests have little or no knowledge of the virtues of medicinal plants, and they trust entirely to such remedies as may be revealed by the Imishologu (the spirits of their ancestors), and if, as is sometimes the case, they do make use of herbs, etc., they are always used in conjunction with charms and sacrifices, to the efficacy of which their virtues are attributed.

"They have, however, a few very valuable medicinal plants among them; but the knowledge of these is as frequently found among other classes as among the priests. When all ordinary charms and other means have failed to remedy sickness, etc., an application is made to the chief for permission to try the umhlah/o (smelling out for witchcraft); for no person can have the umhla/ilo performed without the express sanction of the chief. When this has been obtained the people of the kraal in question, together with their neighbors of the surrounding kraals, proceed in a body to the kraal of the priest whom they intend to employ.

"The people belonging to the priest's kraal, with those of surrounding kraals, then assemble. Two semicircles are formed, one of the party of the kraal seeking assistance, and the other, of the adherents of the priest. These semicircles are so arranged as nearly to meet at their points, thus forming an almost perfect circle, leaving only just sufficient space between them to admit the priest and his assistants.

The ceremony of ukwombeta (the first process for detecting the witch) is now commenced; the hide drums are violently beaten, the bundles of assagais are struck together, accompanied by the well-known humming and clapping of hands by the women. By and by the priest rushes out of his hut, springs into the midst of the circle of human beings assembled, and commences jumping about in the most frantic manner and performing all sorts of extraordinary gesticulations. This is called ukuxentsa.

"The men now beat their drums and strike their bundles of assagais together more violently than ever, and the women hum their exciting tunes and clap their hands in an increasingly agitated manner, vociferating all the while for help and demanding who has bewitched them. This is continued until the priest is wrought up to the proper pitch of inspiration, when he suddenly ceases and retires to that part of the circle formed by his own adherents. He then names the persons who

have bewitched the afflicted party or parties. On their names being pronounced that part of the circle where they are sitting rises simultaneously, falls back, and leaves the devoted victims sitting alone.

"This is the exciting moment, and all eyes are fixed upon them, while the priest describes their sorceries and the enchantments used by them for their diabolical purposes. A rush is then made upon them, and every article -- their kaross, ornaments, etc. -- is torn off their bodies. They are then given in charge to certain parties appointed for that purpose, and led away to their respective kraals, there to be tortured in the most barbarous manner, in order to make them reveal the materials by which they performed their enchantments.

In the bush country, where the tree ants are plentiful, their nests are sought for; the poor wretch is laid down, water thrown over his body, and the nests beaten to pieces on him. This irritates the ants and causes them to bite furiously; they also creep into the nostrils, ears, eyes, mouth, etc., producing the most excruciating pain by their bites. Sometimes a large fire is made, and the poor wretch is tied up to a pole, so close to it as literally to roast him alive. Large flat stones are also heated red hot and placed on the groins and applied to the soles of the feet and other parts of the body. Another mode of torture resorted to is the binding of a string so tight around the thumbs as to cause the most acute agony, and unless the poor creature does confess something, and produce some kind of ubuti, or bewitching matter, he must eventually sink under the torture."

As many as eight cases of smelling out and murder had occurred there during the space of a Year just preceding the time of our visit, the details of which were given me by the missionary. A horrible case occurred near the station in 1864. The "lung sickness" happened among the cattle of a native near Morley, who immediately employed a doctor to smell out the man who had bewitched them. The usual ceremony of smelling out resulted in the conviction of the man's own nephew. He was at once seized and tied to a post near his own hut, when a large fire was made in front of him, by which he was slowly roasted. After enduring those excruciating tortures for twenty-four hours he was induced to confess his guilt. He told them if they would take him to the brook he would show them the poison by which he had bewitched the cattle. The poor fellow was made to go to the water. When dragged to the place he pointed out the ubuti, a little root in the edge of the water, which caused the death of the cattle. Then the doctor jumped round and shouted glory to himself. The power to smell out the witches and the righteousness of his decision was demonstrated before all the people. Then his poor victim was dragged back and tied to the same post, the fires were rekindled, and while he for twelve hours more yelled in agony his friends and relations were smoking their pipes and taking their pleasure. The tortures of that poor fellow commenced at noon and terminated in death at the middle of the second night. No doubt the relations of such victims manifest their indifference and often their zeal in the execution to avoid suspicion of complicity with the witch. The father of the poor man fled to the mission station for refuge, and Brother Rayner asked him if he really believed that his son had bewitched his brother's cattle. "O, yes," he replied, "I believe he was guilty because the doctor said so."

A heathen man's wife near the station was suspected of witchcraft. After being duly smelled out the penalty doomed her to be eaten alive by the ants. Her own brothers took her out

according to the judgment of the doctor, and, driving down four stakes, stretched her out by an ant-hill and lashed her wrists and ankles to the stakes, to be devoured by the voracious insects.

The ants preyed upon the poor woman all that day, but her sucking child cried so for its mother that, I suppose as a matter of economy, they went out and untied the mother, who came home and took care of her child for the night. In the morning she was staked down among the ants as before, and at night was released again.

Such torture will ordinarily terminate life in a couple of days, but the respite of each night prolonged this woman's agony, and after enduring this for six days her tormentors said, "We can't kill such a witch; she won't die;" so they loosed her and threw her away, which, with the Kaffirs, means such an anathema maranatha that their faces must never be seen by any of their people again. In that dreadful condition she came to the station. Brother Rayner told us that such a sight he never saw before. The surface of her whole body was lacerated and swollen, but her wrists and ankles were eaten down between the tendons, in some places to the bone. Her struggles caused the straps by which she was bound to chafe her wrists and ankles and render them specially attractive to the little tormentors that were feasting on her. By very special care Brother Rayner and his kind-hearted wife succeeded, by the mercy of God, in restoring her.

That very woman was converted to God during our series of services at Morley, and lived afterward at the station a free woman in Christ.

On Sabbath morning, the 5th of August, I selected a small level plot of ground by a little stream at the foot of the high hill east of the chapel. In turning up a large flat stone for my pulpit I tore my coat. I got a few heathen Kaffirs then to help me, and prepared a good stone pulpit each for Charles and myself. I then slipped down the deep ravine and prepared for the public service by doing a small job of tailoring, which closed the rent in my coat which I thought might be damaging to my usefulness, and hence made a necessity of it. When I got my coat mended I buckled on the armor of God and returned to the field of action. Our audience contained four whites and about four hundred natives. We stood on the precipitous bank of the stream and cried, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is Christ come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The preaching occupied about an hour and a half. About one hundred and fifty fell down on their faces and worshipped God, and many of them that day drank freely and were saved. That night we preached in the chapel and had a glorious work of the Spirit. On Monday Charles preached in the chapel. He preached once at Butterworth and once at Clarkebury, to the great astonishment of the missionaries.

On Monday night we preached again, and a great work was done. On Tuesday we had the chief of that part of Ngangelizwe's dominions, Ndunyela, twenty-five wives and women of his court, and about one hundred and twenty of his warriors. Ndunyela was a broad, thickset man of about forty years, fine open face, not black, but a reddish bronze. Some of his copper-colored ladies had a fine Jewish physiognomy, and all were well attired in native costume. His warriors were naked, except a blanket or kaross thrown loosely round their shoulders. Brother Rayner made them a present of a "cake of bread," namely, a bullock, which they slaughtered and devoured in the afternoon. They are very expert in butchering a beef with their assagais, and in cutting out all the fleshy parts into strips; these they broil on the fire till about half done, and the smoking strips of

rare roast are passed among the long circle. One fellow seizes it and clinches one end of it with his teeth, and with his assagai cuts it off an inch or two from his mouth, just as much as he can get between his teeth, and passes it to the next, who follows his example. So on it goes round, strip after strip, a mouthful at a time, till nothing is left but the skin and bones of the beast. Every man has a right to a seat at such a feast. Whenever any Kaffir kills a beef all the men within several miles round will assemble as promptly as birds of prey, and any one of them will eat as much as the owner. If a man should refuse to make it a free thing he would be branded as a man too stingy and mean to live among them, and would be in danger of being smelled out as a witch. It is not easy for such people to appreciate English economy. To see a missionary kill a beef, and carefully cut it up and carry it into his house, and keep it to be eaten by himself and his own family, along at different times, as may suit his convenience, why, to a lot of hungry Kaffirs it is the most shocking piece of business imaginable. Hence, if they want to berate a mean fellow, after exhausting their old stock of opprobrious epithets, they cap the whole by adding, "Why, you are as stingy as a missionary."

Brother Rayner gave the chief Ndunyela his choice, to take his people home in the afternoon, after they had eaten their "cake of bread," or to stay for the evening service. We were anxious for them to stay, but wished them to act with entire freedom of will. He sent his women home, but he and all his men remained. They occupied the front seats in the chapel; we gave them the Gospel message in all plainness, and they seemed deeply impressed but did not yield.

During the prayer meeting Charles had a close talk with the chief. He admitted that what he had heard during that day and evening had convinced him that he was a poor sinner, that Jesus Christ was the only Saviour of sinners, and that he and his people ought to receive him, and when Charles urged him to surrender to God and accept Christ he replied, "I made Ngangelizwe promise that he would not be a Christian, and I am in honor bound to stand by our old customs, having compelled him to do so."

After the prayer meeting we had a fellowship meeting, and those heathen heard the distinct testimony of more than thirty witnesses to the saving power of Jesus in their own hearts. The pastor reported that one hundred and fifty were converted to God during our three days' meeting. On Wednesday morning we set out for Buntingville.

Our next mission field was Buntingville, thirty-six miles from Morley Station. This mission, named in honor of that renowned patron of missions, Rev. Dr. Bunting, was established in the year 1830, by Rev. William B. Boyce, so well known as a missionary in Africa, general superintendent in Australia, and as Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London.

It was here that Rev. Mr. Boyce devoted himself so assiduously and so successfully to the philosophy of the Kaffir language, and discovered an essential key to it, which he called the euphonic concord of the language. He had the assistance of Theophilus, son of the old missionary, Rev. William Shepstone, in this important work, which furnished the basis of the subsequent grammars of the Kaffir and other languages which have been produced.

This mission belongs to Damasi, son of the great chief Faku, who, though legally the king of the whole Amapondo nation, has for many years allowed Damasi the sovereign rule of all the

Pondos west of the Umzimvubu River, and the two governments are so distinct that each can make war or peace with other tribes without involving the other. For example, when we were there Damasi was at war with Umhlonhlo, chief of the Amapondosi, but Faku's people were not; at the same time Faku was at war with the Amabacas tribe, but Damasi was not; so that Damasi, though not strictly in law, was in fact a great paramount chief. It was difficult to get anything like a reliable census in Kaffraria. We were told, on what seemed good authority, that Damasi had fifty thousand warriors under his command; but we learned from Rev. Mr. Jenkins, who had been among the Amapondo for over thirty years, that the entire population under Damasi was about fifty thousand, and that under Faku about one hundred thousand. Damasi had furnished most of the funds by the sale of cattle for the erection of the new mission house at Buntingville, and paid a large proportion of the funds necessary for the erection of the new chapel they were preparing to build.

We reached the "great place" of King Damasi about 4 p.m. Our horsemen had been there some time before us, and had a hut arranged for our accommodation. Brother Hunter introduced me to Damasi as Isikunisivutayo, a new umfundisi from the other side of the great waters. The chief was over six feet in height, large and corpulent, of a copper complexion, a generous, open countenance, and altogether a fine specimen of a heathen chief. He took us into his palace, which was a round hut about thirty feet in diameter, the wall about six feet high, made of clay, with a round roof of thatch, about twelve feet high at the apex. He introduced us to his "great wife" and some of his daughters, and showed us his fine store of firewood neatly piled up to the left as we enter, and his great earthen jars, cooking utensils, milksack, his royal robes or tiger skins, and his tiger tails. If any Kaffir kills a tiger he must at once inform the chief, to whom all the tigers are supposed to belong, who has the skin taken off with great ceremony, and dressed for himself.

None but a royal Kaffir is allowed to own or wear a tiger's skin. A tiger's tail stretched over the top of a stick about five feet in length is a formidable sight before the hut of any Kaffir. When the chief wishes to call a man to answer for any offense, especially when a fine is to be imposed or his property confiscated, he sends one of his imisila, or sheriffs, to set up a tiger's tail in front of the offender's hut. When the poor fellow comes out in the morning and sees the dreadful summons -- for it is usually served when the man is asleep -- he is filled with consternation and must go at once and reckon with his master, who has the power to take his property or his life.

All the documentary details and process necessary to arrest and arraign a civilized man are here accomplished at once by the magic spell of a tiger's tail.

The chief pointed to a high perpendicular cliff, half a mile from his hut, and informed us that he threw his bad fellows over that precipice and dashed them to pieces. Many a poor wretch, no doubt, has found a quick passage out of the world from that cliff, and yet Damasi's appearance was not that of a tyrant, but of a kind-hearted, generous man, and he was free from that mean spirit which most chiefs evince, of begging a blanket of every stranger who may visit them. When we subsequently sent word to the great chief Faku that we expected to visit him he replied to the messenger, "Is Isikunisivutayo traveling with blankets?"

His more noble son, Damasi, supplied us with new, clean blankets for our use, and everything we needed for our comfort during our sojourn with him, and scorned even a hint at pay in return. I was told of a clergyman who visited a neighboring chief, who at once asked the

umfundisi if he had brought him any blankets? " No," said he, "but I have brought you something better. I have come to tell you the good news about the great God, who made the heavens above us, and who made the earth, who made us, who gave you 1 your lands, your mealies, Kaffir 'corn, and pumpkins, and who gave you your cattle, goats, and sheep. He is our Father, d-

The chief, interrupting him, said, "Is he your father?"

"Yes," replied the missionary; he is my Father, and has sent me to tell you good news.

Well," said the chief with a grin, "if your Father is so kind as to give us all these good things for nothing, and if you are a true son of his, can't you give me one blanket?"

After Damasi had shown us the things in his house, his bloody cliff, and his great cattle kraal, said to be a thousand yards in circumference, and the largest one in Kaffraria, he said, "I am glad to see you, but the most of my people are gone. I will call all who are near to come tomorrow, but we are only a few now;" and then went on to tell us that, owing to the drought the preceding year, their stores of food were nearly used up, and that a large number of his people had gone to the Umzimvubu to get supplies of food, and that last night Umhlonhlo's people had attacked his son's kraal and driven away a large number of cattle and horses, and that the war cry had called a large number of his warriors away in pursuit.

It was during this lull in the storm, for Umhlonhlo's marriage to his seventh wife, that we came into Damasi's country; but now hostilities had been renewed, and the whole region was in a war panic. Rev. Mr. Hunter had told us that at Damasi's "great place" I should have a congregation of at least one thousand heathens, and we had made up our minds to tarry there some days if the Lord should open for us a door of access to them. This sudden turn of events was saddening to our hopes, but we arranged to spend the Sabbath and do the best we could under the circumstances.

While we stood talking to Damasi we saw a lot of young Kaffirs in pursuit of a bullock. Down the hill they came at full speed, and fetched up in front of us.

"There," said the chief, pointing to the panting bullock, "is a cake of bread for you." It was driven to the back of our hut, assagaied, skinned, and quartered with great dispatch. The whole of the beef was hung up by quarters in our hut and the skin laid in a roll near the door. According to custom, the whole belonged to the strange umfundisi, who is expected to make a present of the hide to the chief, and also to send a forequarter to the chief's "great wife," and take the chief as his guest during his sojourn, all of which we performed with due ceremony. We had brought with us a supply of bread, coffee, and sugar; so with the beef broiled on the end of a stick we entertained his royal highness in good style.

On Sabbath morning, the 12th of August, our congregation assembled behind a hut near the chief's mansion, consisting of Damasi, his eight wives, and thirty or forty children (Damasi said he did not know how many children he had), and about one hundred warriors, armed with their assagais and shields, ready for war emergencies. Damasi came out in state. 'Instead of the red blanket he had worn the day before he had a large tiger skin over his shoulders, which constituted his entire dress, except a pair of rustic slippers on his feet. They all listened with great attention,

but no decisive result was reached. Preaching to heathen, beginning with first principles, and leading them on to a living Saviour required at least an hour and a half, but we seldom failed to reach the salvation of souls on every such occasion. However, some of our friends thought we preached too long; so on this occasion we agreed to try a new plan, which was to preach half an hour, and then have a little talk with them personally and draw them out, and after a brief recess resume the thread of discourse and go on for another half hour, and so on.

We got into the subject very satisfactorily. They appeared to understand it, and nearly all seemed to agree that our words were true, but we had not reached the vital point of convincing them of their lost condition and of offering a present Saviour when the time came for recess. We then asked them to talk and ask any questions they wished on the subject of discourse. Some questions were asked and answered, when one of the counselors said he "did not believe in a future state, or in Imishologu; that we all die like a pig, and there is no more of us." The chief replied to him, saying, "The man could not be such a fool as that, for all our fathers believed in Imishologu, and so do we, and our people."

The Kaffir infidel then got up and went away, and, seeing that they all were getting restless, we thought it best to dismiss them and have them assemble for another service in the afternoon. We felt that service to be very unsatisfactory. Charles seemed really discouraged, the first and only time I found him so. I assured him that the result was what we might have expected; having opened our Gospel battery against such a strong hold of wild heathenism we should have fired away till they should at least feel the weight of our heaviest metal; but instead of that we had called a parley. Charles cheered up, and we agreed that in preaching to the heathen, no matter what others said, we would never stop short of giving them the whole plan of salvation.

In the interval Damasi's counselors gathered round him in a circle and discussed the exciting topics of the day, especially the war with Umhlonhlo, and when we assembled for a second service a number of the warriors who were with us in the morning found it convenient to be absent. The chief said their duties called them home. We did the best we could to make up for our failure in the forenoon, and at night we had a prayer meeting in our hut. We had as seekers that night the three white traders, Mr. Straghan, son, and son-in-law, two Kaffir men, one of Damasi's eight wives, and two of his daughters. Mr. Straghan, his son-in-law, and a Kaffir man professed to obtain peace with God. Next morning, before breakfast, we had a fellowship meeting, during which Damasi came into the hut. Chief Vava, and two or three of his party, and the white men gave their testimony to the saving grace of God. Then old Damasi said, "I and my people are all Christians. We have all been Christians ever since Mr. Wakeford came among us.

A hard old Christian, we thought, with eight wives; but he had received the missionaries, had helped liberally to build a mission house, and was engaged in building a chapel, and when Brother Hunter's congregations fall off he has only to inform his great chief to get a large audience of heathen; and why should he not have as much claim to be a Christian as the formalists in Christian countries, who do less for the cause of Christ?

We felt very grateful for the old chief's kindness, and very sorry that he did not so feel his need of Christ as to accept of him as a Saviour from his sins. On Monday, about 10 a.m., we bade adieu to Brother Hunter and his party, and to Damasi, and received his "kühle hamba," and under

the conduct of our former guide, Brother Morrison, pushed on in our journey toward Shawbury, distant about thirty-six miles.

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27 -- SHAWBURY AND OSBORN

Situation of Shawbury -- Fingo Population Predominates -- War Troubles of the Tribes -- Jeopardy of Mr. Gedye -- Escape of the Missionaries -- Trying to Settle the Difficulties -- Our Journey from Damasi's Great Place to Shawbury -- Charles White Comes to Meet Us -- A Crowded Chapel -- Plain Preaching to Sinners -- Success at First, and Coldness Afterward -- Visit at Tsitsa Falls -- Kaffir Method of Storing Corn -- Stuart's Description of Our Trip to the Falls -- Zeal of Charles Pamla -- A Diabolical Spell -- Serious Trouble with the Official Members -- Elijah and Job have their Say -- My Argument with the Malcontents -- Citation of the Case of Paul -- God's Way of Spreading the Gospel -- Real Cause of the Trouble -- "That is All True," said Job. -- Dishonorable Dealing with Damasi -- Elijah Declares My Words True -- Job Retorts on Brother White -- I Make Confession for the District Meeting -- Full Explanation of the Difficulty -- Elijah and Job are Content -- Success Prevented by the Misunderstanding -- Shepstone's Letter About the Subsequent Work at Shawbury -- Osborn Station -- Fako's Warriors There -- Defeat of the Pondos -- White Defends the Fugitives -- Spoils of the Battle -- Stoicism of the Vanquished -- Disposal of the Dead -- Stirring up the Kraals -- Charles Acts as Our Herald -- I Preach to the Kaffirs of the Unknown God -- Extracts from My Argument -- Illustrations Drawn from Nature of the God Person -- Nature of Spirit -- Origin of Satan -- How God Supplies Our Wants -- Food for the Body, Light for the Eyes, Laws for Society -- Communion of Adam and Eve with the Almighty -- Reason of their Expulsion -- Impotency of the Imishologu -- Sin the Cause of Our Pollution and Downfall -- Folly of Sacrificing to Imishologu -- How God Made Himself Known to the Patriarchs -- Story of Moses and the Exodus -- Giving of the Law -- Nature and Exemplification of the Commandments -- What the First and Second Commands Teach -- The Third and the Fourth -- Nature of the Interdict Against Profaning the Sabbath -- Thou Shalt Not Kill -- The Seventh Commandment, and its Application to All People -- Thou Shalt Not Steal -- Good Name and Reputation Must be Regarded -- Interdict Against Covetousness -- The Commandments Reach the Heart -- He that Hateth his Brother is a Murderer -- How Can We Obey God's Law? -- How his Laws are Lost Out of the Heart -- All Violation of Law Flows from a Corrupt Nature -- All of Us have Gone Astray -- All are Under Sentence of Death -- The Second Person of the Godhead -- How God Gave his Son to Die for the Sins of the World -- The Promised One -- How Jesus Fulfilled the Prophecies -- Nature of the Hebrew Sacrifices -- When the Fullness of Time was Come -- How Christ Fulfilled the Law and the Prophets -- Many Witnesses Understand These Things -- Coming of the Comforter -- He is Unseen, but Not Unfelt -- Satan and his Hosts Stirred Up Against Us -- These are the Words of Glad Tidings -- Many have Proved their Truth in Experience and Life -- Much of What We Tell You, You Know to be True -- Jesus is the Only Friend -- He has Sympathy and Salvation for Each and All -- He was Rejected and Slain, but has Risen to the Right Hand of God -- How My Sermon was Received -- Added Remarks on Circumcision -- On Baptism Also -- Origin of Kaffir Sacrifices -- Why the Bullock is Slain and Divided -- Kaffirs have Many Things from Abraham and Moses -- Sacrifices to Icanti an Abomination -- How We Must Come to God -- Many Converts Under this Preaching -- "Choose

Ye this Day Whom Ye Will Serve." -- Folly of Charms and Amulets -- What a Poor Pondo Got -- Fetishes are Nothing -- Converts at Osborn

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Shawbury was named in honor of the old pioneer who planned and superintended the founding of the whole line of old Kaffrarian missions, the Rev. William Shaw. For picturesque scenery-hills, dales, mimosa groves, cataracts, deep gorges, and precipitous cliffs, overhanging the Tsitsa River, a bold and beautiful stream-the site of Shawbury surpasses all the rest. It was established amid great hazards and difficulties by Rev. William H. Garner, who was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1837; his widow then lived at Alice, near Fort Beaufort.

This became the most populous, and was hence thought to be the most promising, of any of the Kaffrarian stations; but while it reached a population of three thousand souls its actual membership of professing Christians never much exceeded one hundred. At the time of our visit the number was about ninety-five, and the whole station involved in war complications jeopardizing its existence. It is located within the lines of the Amapondumsi tribe, but the Tsitsa River near by is the boundary between that tribe and Damasi's Pondos, with whom they are at war; yet the most of the mission station people are Fingoes, and don't really belong to either of those tribes, and should not have been involved in the war at all, and would not if they had improved their opportunities and become Christians. As they did not belong really to either party they were under no legal obligation to fight, for both belligerent parties were bound by promise to the missionaries not to interfere with them; but those three thousand natives had their beautiful lines of huts on the mission station, their fields of corn, and cattle, enjoying the ministerial and magisterial care of the missionary, released from the iron rule of Kaffir law and the terror of the witch doctor, and yet, the mass of them refusing to submit to Christ, they "waxed fat and kicked," and God gave them a little leeway to themselves, and they soon got themselves into an awful complication of war troubles.

While I was laboring in Graham's Town I first heard of their sad state by a letter from their missionary, Rev. Mr. Gedye, to Rev. W. J. Davis, in which Brother Gedye stated that he had received notice from Damasi to leave the station, as he would not be responsible for his life or that of his family; for he meant to destroy Umhlonhlo and take his country, and the mission station was right in his warpath. But Umhlonhlo, on the other hand, had forbidden him to leave the place, so he and his family were in jeopardy of life. Our sympathy was greatly enlisted for him and his family, and also for his native teacher, whom he was protecting in a locked room in the mission house against the threatened vengeance of Umhlonhlo, and earnest mention was made of them in our private and public prayers.

Some time after that Rev. Mr. Solomon, on his way to No Man's Land, spent a night near Shawbury, and, hearing of the position of Mr. Gedye, sent for Umhlonhlo to visit his camp next day, and thus obtaining an interview with the chief persuaded him to release his missionary and let him go away. Soon after Mr. Gedye took his family and went to Clarkebury, where I met him; his native teacher escaped also and went to Natal. Brother Hargraves, from Clarkebury, and Brother Rayner, from Morley, had gone to Shawbury, and had a council with Umhlonhlo and his leading men, to try to settle the difficulties between the chief and his missionary and prevent the total wreck of the station, which was hard aground in a place where two seas met; but I believe they

considered their mission a failure, and brought away the impression that the mission people were so demoralized that there was but little hope for them politically or spiritually, for after their missionary left they had a Kaffir beer feast, got into a great fight among themselves, battering and cutting each other, and had actually killed one man. This briefly, leaving out many details, was the state of the case so far as we had learned it before our visit to Shawbury; but we learned much more before we got through. On the last Friday preceding our visit Umhlonhlo's marauders had invaded Damasi's country and driven off a lot of horses and cattle, and on the Saturday night preceding the Shawbury mission people had rescued a lot of cattle which a band of Damasi's warriors were driving away from Umhlonhlo's dominions; so they were now in the midst of wars almost daily. There was but little danger to white travelers in the daytime, but at night it was not expected that warriors should readily distinguish the color of a man's skin, and Umhlonhlo had issued an order that no one should travel within his lines after dark.

We left Damasi's "great place" on Monday, the 13th of August, and it being but thirty-six miles to Shawbury we hoped to reach there before night, not only on account of the chief's orders and the danger of traveling after dark, but also because of the very rough traveling near Shawbury and the dangerous ford of the Tsitsa; but unhappily we got a late start, so that five miles of fearfully steep, rough roads, and the rocky diagonal ford of the river of about a hundred and fifty yards, had to be made in the darkness of a moonless night, through the lines of Umhlonhlo's armed sentinels.

We worked our way slowly along, and told all the warriors we met about the great preaching services to commence next day at the station, and to be sure to come and bring their friends. When we got to the drift it was so dark we could not see the line of the ford or where we should land on the other side; but we got a native guide, who piloted us through and on to the station. Our guide was not troubled to take off his clothes to wade across the river, for he had none on him, and had probably never been burdened with an article of clothing in his life. Neither he nor any of his compatriots have any laundry bills to pay.

To our agreeable surprise we found that Rev. Charles White, missionary from Osborn station, thirty-five miles beyond, had come to meet us, and was waiting to receive us at the mission house. There was a white trader still remaining on the station, a good man with a pious wife, who did what they could to supply all that we needed for ourselves and our horses. A kind native Christian woman did the honors of the kitchen for us, and with Brother White for our priest we were all right, unless we should be surprised by a night attack from the Pondos, which we felt assured would not be ordered by our friend Damasi while we were there.

On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., we had the chapel crowded with five or six hundred hearers. From our standpoint we preached to them plainly but kindly, illustrating from Jewish history the parallels of their own, and showed them that when the Jews were true to God they enjoyed the peace of God in their hearts and his protection against their enemies; but when they despised and abused their mercies they brought guilt and remorse upon their own souls, and God in such cases, after bearing long with them, and doing everything possible to bring them to repentance, delivered them over to their enemies and all the horrors of the most desolating wars, and their only remedy was a return to God. They sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron, chained in dungeons, approaching death casting its dark shadow upon them, and why? "Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High: therefore he

brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help." Poor sinners! What did they do? "They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" There was deliverance and a shout of victory and praise to God for his wonderful works.

"Now see how this fits the facts at Shawbury. Here you have had the Gospel preached for thirty years. You have come to this beautiful spot from all parts, and have been living under the shade of God's missionaries. Besides a preached Gospel every week you have had schools for the education of your children, and many of you have been taught to read God's book; the blessing of God has been upon your fields, your cattle, your children, your homes, even your dogs have been exempt from the curse of the witch doctors of the heathen! What have you done in return for all these mercies of God? Of three thousand souls on this station not quite one hundred of you are connected with the society at all -- one hundred and six a year ago and now about ninety-five members on this whole station, and but a small proportion of them true disciples of Jesus; and because ye have rebelled against the words of God and contemned the counsel of the Most High, therefore he is bringing down your hearts with labor, you are falling down, and there is no man to help you. We are not here to upbraid you, or mock you in your misery, but to pity you and beg you to consider your ways and turn away from your sins, and cry unto the Lord in your trouble, who may save you out of your distresses."

This is a mere illustration of the general drift of a discourse of an hour and half, which Charles sent home with the unmistakable ring of Kaffir periods which seldom missed their aim. We then called for penitents, and about fifty at once came out avowedly as seekers, and a small number were saved. We did not consider it safe to hold meetings at night, as they had to stand by their assagais to guard their homes; but we announced for preaching again in the afternoon.

To our surprise, at the next service our congregation did not exceed one hundred and fifty persons, and they seemed more dead than alive. We had about thirty seekers, and they were in a gloomy, unbelieving state, and but few accepted Christ. On Wednesday we preached twice, but only had out about one hundred and fifty, and it was a hard drag. An invitation had been sent to Umhlonhlo to attend the services, and on Wednesday he came to the trader's shop, but did not put in an appearance at the chapel, giving as a reason that Adam Kok, with eight wagons, and many of his men were passing through his country, and he had to go and meet them; so he went to meet Captain Kok, and took with him the headman of the station, whom we hoped to lead in a different direction.

On Thursday we left Charles to do the forenoon preaching, and Brother Roberts, Stuart, and I set out for a visit to Tsitsa Falls, five miles distant. As we were passing the line of huts eastward from the mission house we had an opportunity of seeing the Kaffir mode of storing away their corn. Gideon of old threshed wheat by the wine press to hide it from the Midianites; so for a similar reason the Kaffirs hide their corn. They dig holes in their cattle kraals from eight to ten feet deep and from six to eight feet wide, lined with waterproof cement. The shape is that of the old Hebrew cisterns in Palestine, drawn in at the mouth to the diameter of about a foot, leaving space for a small Kaffir to descend to get out their hidden stores as they are needed. Their women carry

the corn in large baskets on their heads. Kaffir corn grows like broom corn, with a seed of double the size; and mealies, a staple with them, is simply maize or Indian corn.

We saw them, on this occasion, pouring in turn after turn, till the hole was nearly full of clean corn in good order. Those holes are thus filled and covered with a broad flat stone and then with the debris of the cattle kraal, and no stranger can tell from any outward indications whether there are any such deposits, or where hidden. During the wars the colonial soldiers used to thump over the cattle kraals with their ramrods, sounding for corn. If such a hole was partly empty it returned a hollow sound, but if full they were hard to find.

Stuart, in his journal, thus describes our trip to the falls:

"We left our horses near the falls in care of a Kaffir while we took another Kaffir as a guide and descended to the river below the cataract. The walk around was very long and the descent very steep, but we were well repaid for our toil by the beautiful view we had below. Having gazed with admiration for some time from a good standpoint on the westerly side, we took off our boots and waded across the stream, in some of the deepest parts jumping from rock to rock, and then we clambered over a series of rugged ledges near the base of the mountain and great boulders near the edge of the river till we got lip as close as the spray would allow us to the falling water, and there we witnessed a phenomenon to us new and intensely beautiful. It was a rainbow formed by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays upon the spray so as to make a complete though somewhat oval-shaped circle.

"We stood a short time at the lower rim of the great rainbow circle and felt that for once we had indeed caught up with a rainbow and stood in the midst of its glory more glittering than gold, yet the bag of gold we found not. The Tsitsa Falls are three hundred and seventy-five feet high, two hundred feet higher than Niagara, and must be grand in summer, when the river is in flood; but now the river is low and is divided here into three principal streams, which are about seventy feet apart, where they bound over the precipice to the depths below. Having made our observations, we proposed to ascend the cliffs from where we were. Our guide, who lives near the head of the falls, said that no white man had ever gone up there. We determined, however, to go up as far as we could, and after hard climbing and no small risk of falling and breaking our necks we succeeded in reaching the heights; and having collected some pretty specimens of agates, rolled a few stones over the falls to measure the depth by the sound, and had a good swimming bath in the river, we saddled our horses and turned their heads for the station. Passing the kraal where we got our horseman and guide, we stopped and sang in Kaffir for the poor heathen men, women, and children the hymn called "The Eden Above," to which they listened attentively and seemed very much pleased."

On our return we said, "Charles, how did you get on in the chapel today?"

"We had out about the same number as yesterday, and I preached as well as I could."

"Did you have a prayer meeting?"

"No, I thought we had better wait till you should get back."

Charles did not ordinarily wait for anybody where the Spirit led the way, but he felt the terrible repulsion which we all felt, but which as yet we could not understand. That afternoon we preached again and had a few conversions. We had a fellowship meeting. About a dozen others spoke, professing to have obtained peace, but it was with trembling, and several who had professed did not speak at all; so that in everything there seemed to be the presence of some diabolical spell. Next morning, when we were preparing to leave with Brother White for his station, we learned that the official members of the society wanted to meet us in council, to which we readily consented without having the least hint of what was to be the subject of debate. They soon gathered round us in the dining room, squatting down on all sides and in every corner, as somber a looking set of natives as I had seen at any time. I saw by their long pause that something solemn was pending, and soon perceived, by the direction of their eyes, who had been appointed to open the case and who was to plead their cause. After a little time an old man whom they called Elijah arose, and with the gravity of a Roman senator said: "We want to know why the district meeting has thrown us away. What great crime have we been guilty of that we should be driven off like scabby goats, to be devoured by the wild beasts? It is not common to punish men till they have been tried and found guilty; even among the heathen a man is smelled out before he is eaten up, but here, in the midst of our dreadful punishment, we have come to ask you what is our crime?"

I at once woke up to the subject, for I found that we were put upon our trial under a very grave charge, involving the issues of life and death. A lawyer by the name of Job was sitting beside Elijah, biding his time, and from his flashing eyes and swelling jugulars I knew it was no child's play that we had to do. So by a few questions in an undertone to Brother White I got an outline of the facts, and by this time Elijah was seated and Job was on his feet, and, passing his blanket round his otherwise naked body and throwing it gracefully over his left shoulder, proceeded in a subdued but masterly style of eloquence to say in effect: "What my brother has just said is true. The district meeting has thrown us away and we are being destroyed. We have always had confidence in our missionaries and in the district meeting, but our confidence has been betrayed and forfeited, and now we are ruined. The most of these people on the station are Fingoes. They have been brought up under the rule of the missionaries, and they came here into Umhlonhlo's country, not to serve Umhlonhlo, but to live under the missionary, who was our father, and we looked to him for a father's care. These people have no right to fight for Umhlonhlo any more than for Damasi, nor to be eaten up by him. I am not a Fingo, I belong to Umhlonhlo, but the most of these people do not; yet the 'district meeting has thrown them away, delivered them to Umhlonhlo, who says they must all fight for him against Damasi. Umhlonhlo himself has eaten many of them up, and they are all in jeopardy of their lives every day, and he is forcing old heathen customs upon them that they never were subject to in their lives. At the Tina, an outstation about twelve miles distant, he has revived the horrible old custom of upundhlo, requiring even Christian men to send their daughters to lodge for the night in the huts of the chief and his amapakati, and we know not what day the same brutal custom may be imposed on the people of this station. All this has come upon the people here because the district meeting abandoned us to the rule of a heathen chief. We would gladly leave 'everything and go away, but the chief won't allow us to leave; so here we are, and we want to know our crime and why the district meeting has dealt with us so cruelly."

Then it came my turn to answer, and I arose and said: "Your case is very deplorable, and we are sorry for you indeed, but now we must find out the real facts in the case.

"Let us then look first at the action of the district meeting, which you say is the -'cause of all your calamities. Whatever they did was done in the fear of God, as your friends and pastors, and they did not anticipate any of the evils which have befallen you; and but few of the things you are suffering have come from their action, as I will show you presently. It is not according to the word of God that ministers of his Gospel should be ruling magistrates over a great community of all sorts of sinners such as are in this station.

"In establishing the Gospel first among the heathen in Kaffraria the good men of God, in mercy to the people on their stations, whom they gathered in from among the heathen to live with the missionary, because they were Christian people, or earnestly seeking after God, and wanted for themselves and their children a Christian education, exercised all the authority which they considered consistent with their own spiritual mission and the supreme authority of their paramount chiefs for the protection and proper training of their people in everything necessary to qualify them to be good Christians, industrious workers, and good subjects of their chiefs, and also to furnish to the chiefs themselves a model of Christian government. Their one great work was to preach the Gospel and bring souls to 'Christ, and the magisterial office they consented to bear for a time was an incidental thing, to be given up in due time entirely to civil rulers, whom God hath ordained separately for that work, just as ministers are called separately for their work. If the rulers are unwise or wicked because of the general wickedness of their subjects, then if God's people cannot correct the bad government, nor readily escape from the injustice they suffer, they must commit themselves to God and endure patiently what God may permit for the trial of their faith, who will, if they endure hardness as good soldiers, make all things 'work together for their good.

"St. Paul did not gather a lot of his converts and form a station like this, and rule over two thousand nine hundred rebels against God for every one hundred believers in his fold. No such thing. He preached the glad tidings to poor sinners, and when he got them to accept Christ they would have been glad enough to have gone and lived with their umfundisi; but what did Paul say to them? 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? care not for it: but if thou mayest be free, use it rather ... Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.' God will be with his people wherever they are, and if God be with them, and they remain true to him, he will either deliver them from their tribulations or sustain them under them.

"That is God's way of spreading the Gospel in heathen countries, and in that way we will not grow sickly, dwarfish Christians, that can't stand a blast of wind, but healthy, strong men, ready always to do or to die for God. In that way we will not carry all the leaven and put it into a pot by itself, but will have it distributed through the lump till the great mass of heathenism is leavened. This, you see, is God's way. The most of the missionaries who have established the mission stations and nourished the people at them so long are now anxious fully to adopt God's way. Here at Shawbury the missionary, being responsible to his chief for the conduct of three thousand people, and having to settle all your disputes, what time has he left to give to his one great work of leading the people to Christ?

"He felt it, and the district meeting felt it, and they in love to your souls thought it best to release him from that work, that he might devote his whole time to the work of teaching you and your children the way to heaven. There was no war then, and they could not anticipate any of the horrible things which have since come upon you.

"Now let us, in the second place, look at the real cause of your troubles. In the first place, the most of your people, under the name of being Christians, and enjoying all the privileges of a mission station, are notorious rebels against God, and have no right to expect special favors from God or his people. In the second place, you have not kept your treaty engagements with Damasi. At the beginning of this war Damasi, by a special messenger, asked you three questions: 1. Are you Umhlonhlo" people, or are you not? 2. Do you intend to join Umhlonhlo in fighting against me or not? 3. If you do not intend to fight me, give me a description of your boundaries, so that I may not pass over them with my armies. Was not that so?"

"Yes," replied the learned counsel on the other side, "that is true."

"Well, now, in reply you said, 1. 'We are not Umhlonhlo's people. We are mission people, but we live in Umhlonhlo's country, and are bound not to break his laws.' 2. 'We will not fight against you unless you cross our mission station lines.' 3. 'Our lines are so and so,' and you gave him your boundaries. Is not that true?"

"That is all true," said Job.

"So far the thing was all honorable and fair on both sides. Now, if you had dealt honorably with Damasi he never would have interfered with one of you, and your missionary would not have been disturbed, and you would have had his influence all this time to shield you from the wicked excesses of your chief. But what did you do? You got up a great sham fight for a lark, and though your missionary begged you not to go over the hill toward the river, in sight of Damasi's soldiers, you went in spite of him, and Damasi's soldiers, of course, thought you were going out to fight them and put themselves in battle array. Then Umhlonhlo, to help the devil to ensnare you, came along and ordered you to 'charge on Damasi's men, and when you refused you got his ill-will, and then he advanced and shot some of Damasi's men himself, and you got the credit of all that on Damasi's books. Though you did not design it, you thus did so break faith with Damasi as to put it beyond explanation to him. and then, having got yourselves into that mess, you gave up to Umhlonhlo and have since been regularly joined to him in array against Damasi, and have not only thus brought all this evil upon yourselves, but jeopardized the lives of your missionary and his wife and little children, and imposed upon him the greatest grief of his life, the necessity of leaving his work and fleeing away to a place of safety."

Then Elijah arose and said: "The words of the umfundisi are true words; but if the district meeting felt it their duty to make a change of such importance why did they not consult us first? We are official members of the Church, and we are a party directly interested in such a change. Moreover, as the most of us have been all our lives on the mission stations and never felt the rule of a heathen chief, we should have been notified in time to prepare our minds for such a great change, so as to be able to bear it as good Christians."

Then Brother White replied, saying, "On my way home from the district meeting, some time before the matter was brought before Umhlonhlo, I told a number of your' leading men what the district meeting had done, so that you might prepare your minds for it."

Meantime I saw, from the flash of Job's eyes, that he considered us his game after all Up he sprang, excited, almost beyond self-control; but he poised himself very quickly, and with true Kaffir self-possession and dignity, yet with great spirit, retorted, "Yes, you told us what you had done at the district meeting as you went home. It was too late then for us to have any say in the matter. Why did you not tell us on your way to the meeting, so that we might decide what was best for us to do? If we had known that you were going to give us away to a heathen chief we might have decided that it was better for us to pick up our assagais and blankets and go away to some other part; but after we have been sold for nothing we are coolly told that the deed is done and that we belong to a heathen master."

It then came to my turn to deliver the closing speech, and I said: "I see now how the case stands. We, the district meeting, confess that we have made a great mistake in not giving you due notice of our intention and in not consulting you and fully preparing your minds for such a change, and I think I speak the sincere feelings of every member of that meeting when I say we are very sorry, and all we have to plead is what I have pleaded, our best intentions in doing a necessary thing to be done, but we should have given you notice of our good intentions. The reason, I believe, you were not notified and consulted is that it was not till after the meeting had assembled, and the state of the work here made known, that it was felt necessary at-that time to take such action.

It was believed that the missionary was so burdened with magisterial duties in managing such a hard lot that the thing could not, in justice to your souls, be delayed, and there was then no opportunity of consulting any of you; but now we see that we made a great mistake in not waiting to give ample time for consultation. But, while we confess to one great mistake, you will have to confess to two great sins, and then we must all humble ourselves before God, confess and forsake our sins, accept Christ as our Saviour, and ask God's gracious direction out of these dreadful tribulations. Your first great sin was to go, in spite of the wise counsel of your missionary, and break your solemn treaty with Damasi. Your second great sin is that, after bringing so many evils on yourselves, as we have shown, you have not only justified yourselves and blamed it all on the district meeting, but have gone on in greater excesses of sin, profaning this holy place with Kaffir beer feasts, quarreling, fighting among yourselves, and have even murdered a man, and have not confessed your sins or repented. Even while we have been here, who had nothing to do with any of your matters, but came purely to help you in your distress by leading you to Jesus, you have kept up a quarrel in your hearts against us, and have thus prevented a great work of God, which with your agency he would have done for you, by us his servants, just as he has done at other stations we have visited. Now you must have done with Kaffir beer feasts and with beer drinking at home, surrender to God, accept Christ, and get right in your hearts and lives, and then we may hope that God, in some way, will give you relief and spare your lives that you may honor him in the sight of the heathen. Meantime I have written to Mr. Shepstone, the chairman, and hope that he may be able to do something for you; but his success depends on the mercy of God, and that depends on the course you take in regard to your sins."

Elijah said, "These words are true," and pledged himself to do the best he could to promote a real reformation. Job said the same, and the rest assented. Then we knelt down and submitted the whole matter to God, and the Comforter was graciously present to quicken and to heal. Our horses were then waiting at the door, and we rose from our knees and bade-- our penitent friends adieu.

I said to Brother White, as we passed out, "Ah, if we had had that council on the first day of our series here, instead of the last, we would have had a glorious work of God."

This was the terrible incubus which had strangled all our efforts, and added to it was a great disappointment growing out of a mistaken apprehension that I was coming as their missionary to live among them; and finding that I was only to be with them three days many left in disgust; but if we had had the leading men with us we should have overcome that and had a grand victory. We had with us at our services at Shawbury a native local preacher from Natal, who had come more than two hundred miles to visit his brother there, and when we left off he took up the work, and we learned that the following Sabbath he had the chapel crowded, and the Spirit of God was with him in power. Soon after two of our missionaries went and gave them a helping hand, which Rev. William Shepstone, the chairman of the district, in a letter to me, describes as follows:

"My nephew found Shawbury so impressed on his mind that he could not rest; so like the honest Quakers of old, he yielded, and, taking Hunter's station in his route, Hunter readily accompanied him. They spent four days at Shawbury, holding services two or three times a day, and, to use Rayner's words, "The Spirit of God came down upon the people," and they left about one hundred souls who had, during their services, found peace with God and joined the classes. These, I believe, were all converts from among the heathen. Last week I received a letter from Brother Gedye, who had returned thither, and is laboring with all his might, and he tells me that since his return about forty more have been brought in, and that David Cobus, the man who was the devil's own agent, and the principal cause of all the Shawbury troubles, is now, like Saul of earlier days, preaching the faith which once he destroyed, or tried to. Gedye says he is helping mightily in the work of the Lord. That station is now in peace and quiet. The belligerents fight around it, but the people are not disturbed, and not a soul moves from the station toward the battle ground. I had written a letter to Damasi, on the subject of the neutrality of mission stations in war before your letter reached me, and obtained from him a promise that the missionary and all mission property should be respected. Though Shawbury has been left without a missionary at a time it most needed one, God hath 'shown that nevertheless he can carry on his work in his own way. Umhlonhlo has not been to Shawbury since Gedye's return, but has sent a message that they must pray, but does not say for what. Gedye thinks he means for rain, which is the most likely thing he would wish to see."

Our next field was Osborn. This mission station, an offshoot from Shawbury, was established by Mr. Hulley, a local preacher devoted to the work of God, and for many years employed by the Missionary Society under the title of a "catechist." This station was called Osborn, in honor of Dr. Osborn, so long and so favorably known as one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The Osborn station belonged to the Amabaca tribe, but, like Shawbury, was situated near the borders of the great Amapondo nation, who were at war' with the Amabaca, and it was therefore greatly exposed to the ravages of war. But a few weeks before our arrival. a large army

of Faku's warriors came, variously estimated at from five thousand to eight thousand, under the command of Faku's son, Uingikela. As this army penetrated the heart of the country the Bacas fled before them, and the warriors were busily employed in gathering up all the live stock within their reach, till they got near to the "great place" of the ruling chief, Makaula, who succeeded in rallying his surprised and scattered people, and in person led them to the charge against the invaders, and after a severe hand-to-hand fight with their assagais the Pondos began to give way, and soon in utter confusion and panic they retreated. They had to run ten miles to get to the Umzimvubu River, the boundary of their own country. The Bacas, flushed with victory, pursued, and strewed the route for ten miles with the dead bodies of their foes. The mission station was in their path, and on the approach of the retreating army the mission people, in the excitement, fearing an attack on the station, turned out in a body, in spite of the remonstrance of their missionary, and poured a deadly volley in the front of the fleeing foe, which brought them for a little time to a stand, and the slaughter was fearful.

A Brother Lee had a trading station near, and the entrance to his house was blocked up with the bodies of the slain. One poor Pondo dashed himself through a window of the room occupied by Mrs. Lee with such violence as to cut an artery of his arm on the glass, and down he dropped beside the frightened lady, and without saying a word bled to death. A room of the mission house, with an outer entrance, which happened to be open, was packed with Pondos, and Brother White stood at the door to shield them from the assagais of the Bacas. The pursuers came on in the rage of their human slaughter and demanded access to the refugees in the room, but Mr. White said to them, "These men have placed their lives in my hands, and if you want them you will have to pass over my dead body." The Bacas seemed to think it hard that their own missionary should thus protect their enemies; but he taught them an example of forbearance and of justice to a fallen foe. That act, too, helped to mitigate the violation of the neutrality laws of the mission stations, of which his people were guilty. He gave sanctuary to his prisoners that night, and sent them home in peace the next morning. The army of the Pondos was pursued to the Umzimvubu, and many were slain in the river, but the Bacas did not pass over into Pondoland.

The Pondo army, to assist their flight, threw away nearly everything they had. Among the spoils were numerous shields and assagais and seven hundred guns, of which it appears they had made but little use. Between four and five hundred Pondos were killed. Though they fled for life, when caught they died like Stoics. For example, an old Pondo lay apparently dead, and a Baca exclaimed, "I killed him!"

"No," said another Baca, "I killed him."

With that the old Pondo opened his eyes and said, "You are both liars; neither of you killed me!"

Then the two merciless wretches took up stones and battered out his brains. Brother Lee, to clear his premises of dead Pondos, looped a rein -- a rawhide rope-round their necks and dragged them away, and as he was about to put the rein round the neck of one of the dead men, the corpse, as he supposed, opened his eyes and said, "Do please let me lie still and die."

The Kaffirs never bury their dead who are slain in battle; the dogs, pigs, wild beasts, and birds of prey did what they could to prevent effluvia and pestilence by devouring their flesh, and the bones of their carcasses lay bleaching in the sun when we were there, a heart-sickening sight indeed. We had come as warriors, too-had come to conquer, not to spoil and destroy, but to proclaim a life-giving Deliverer to the dead souls of the savage warriors still alive.

At Osborn we determined to try a new plan for getting the heathen out to the preaching the first day. So on Saturday morning, the 18th of August, Charles, Roberts, Stuart, and myself, with Petros, Brother White's school-teacher, as a guide, set out on horseback and visited all the heathen kraals within a few miles of the station.

We rode up to a kraal and called to them, saying, "Bring out all your men, women, and children, and we will sing you a song about the country above."

We then dismounted, and standing in a line, holding the reins of our horses behind us, we sang in Kaffir "The Eden Above."

Then without adding a word we mounted and rode off, leaving Charles to tell them that a new umfundisi from over the sea had just arrived, and had just come to pay them a visit and sing to them, and would preach at the station that day at noon, and "he wants all of you to come and hear the good news he has to tell you." Then riding on to another kraal the same was repeated, and so on till all within' our reach were visited. In some places some of the men followed us to their neighboring kraal, so that I could see at once that we were getting a hold on them. Sure enough, at noon we had the heathen to our meeting in force. The chapel would not hold the half of them, so we assembled them in the stable yard, which, with various buildings on four sides, was a large open court. The first sermon, therefore, instead of being to the church as usual, was to the heathen, from St. Paul's text about the Unknown God. Having given a very brief history of St. Paul's work among the people in the great city of Athens, we came directly to our work.

We did not simply proclaim the truths of the Gospel to them, for the work of an ambassador or Christ embraces much more than that, but followed St. Paul's method. He never begged the question. In preaching to the Jews he based his arguments on the clearly defined prophetic Scriptures, which his hearers admitted. In preaching to heathens he went directly down into the regions of their own experience, and brought to light, from their admitted facts, a conscious demand in their souls which they were vainly trying to meet, but which the Gospel only could supply.

At that first service, having introduced the subject of the Unknown God, the following sermon to Kaffir barbarians is an example of our method of preaching, which God used in bringing raw heathens to a saving acceptance of Christ under a single discourse:

"There is one great God who made the world, the sun, moon, and stars, and every living thing, and who made man. That is a fact you all admit. Your old fathers who are dead believed that, and you believe it too. Your fathers called him Dala, the Creator, or the Great Hole, out of which all living things came; and they called Tixo, God, the preserver of all things; and Inkosi, the Lord, the great chief who rules all things. They did not know God, but they called him by these

names and offered sacrifices of worship to him, and on many a hill in Africa your Isivivana bear witness that they called upon his name." (We saw by the path in a number of places on the hills a great pile of hand stones, about eight by sixteen feet, and six feet high. For generations every heathen passing will add a stone as an expression of thanks to Inkosi for helping him up the hill.)

"You then believe with us that there is one God and that we are his offspring. Come, then, and let us reason together about this great God. If he made the sea, the earth, and the heavens above us, he must be a God of wonderful power. When his lightnings flash and he speaks to you from his great place above the heavens in tones of thunder, how you do tremble! Now, if we are the offspring of this great God, which you all admit, let us examine his work and see if he is not a God of love as well as a God of power. Examine your heads, your eyes, your noses, your ears, your tongues, your teeth, your arms, hands, body, legs, and feet; what a wonderful piece of work! Everything about us witnesses, not only to the power and wisdom of God, but to his great love for us. If he had hated us and had wanted to make us miserable, how easily he could have done it! Suppose he had made your ears of bone; they would have been knocked off long ago. Suppose he had put your eyes on the top of your heads; then you could not see the path; if he had put them on your forehead, long ago they would have been rubbed off and you would be blind; but God in love has put them in the best place for seeing, arched them over with eyebrows to keep the sweat out of them, giving us eyelids to keep them moist and guard them against dust, and walled them round with bones, so that a stroke on your face will not easily reach the eye; so with every other part of your bodies, everything is made just right, and all bear witness that the God who made us is a God of love. Well, now, my dear friends, this wonderful body God has given us is simply the hut for the living spirit which he has put into it. If the tent is such a wonderful thing, what must the tenant be? When you look upon a dead man you see the whole body as complete as when he was alive; but it has no power to see, to eat, to smell, to think, or to move. The fact is, the real man has gone away; it is his old hut that you are looking at, and soon it will crumble into dust.

"You all know that you have a spirit, a mind, a living soul within your body, just as certainly as you know that you have a body. It is the spirit that thinks, reasons, plans, and executes our plans. You can at this moment in your minds see your kraals, all your huts, your cornfields, your cattle, your children, and dogs. What is it that sees all these things? You don't see them with your eyes, for you are looking at me, and your kraals are away over the hills quite out of your sight; but you have the picture of all these things in your minds. If you want to build a hut, the plan of the hut, its size and everything about it, is first the work of your spirit. If an Englishman wants to build a great ship he first works out the whole plan of it in his mind, then marks it all down on paper. The shipbuilders look at it and go to work and make the ship just as the man saw it all in his mind.

"Now, my dear friends, the God who made us is the great Spirit without a body, or hut, like ours to live in, for all the heavens will not contain him; but he has made us little spirits in his own image, after his own likeness, and has given us these huts of clay to live in till he calls our spirits to return to him, and then they leave their huts, which are the dead men which you have seen, and go away into another world. Our spirits are suited to this world through the body; they employ themselves in planning and working for the body, and take pleasure in whatever is pleasing to the body; but our spirits don't belong to this world, and hence have wants that this world can't supply. You see a fish; it has fins, but no legs, and no wings, and you know at once that it doesn't belong to

the earth, or to the air, but its home is in the waters. There is a horse. You see that he has no fins and no wings, but he has legs and feet, and you know at once that he doesn't belong to the air, or to the sea, but to the earth. There flies a bird. You see it has no fins, but it has wings and legs, and you know without anybody telling you that it belongs to the earth and to the air above us. You see a man's body; it has legs and feet, and therefore belongs to the earth; but his spirit has no fins, no legs, no wings, and therefore doesn't belong to the waters, or to the earth, or to the air above us, but belongs to another world altogether. You know at once that this is all true, and hence when you bury a man after you set him down in his grave you say to his umshologu -- his spirit, 'Don't say anything against us, but remember us kindly in that world you are going to.'" (The eyes of our heathen auditors sparkle under the light of a new association of admitted facts, and they look at each other and nod assent, for, like the Athenians, they are always ready to hear or tell some new thing.) "Well, now, my friends, you see that our spirits belong to another world, and have wants that this world cannot supply. When we have taken all the pleasure we can get in this life our spirits are still hungry, very hungry. They are always wanting to go somewhere, or to do something else to satisfy their great hunger and thirst, and to make themselves happy.

"All animals have some kind 'of a spirit, but it is a low, earthy spirit, which seeks nothing more than to supply the wants of their bodies, and then their happiness is complete; but our spirits, as we have shown, belong to another world, and have powers suited to the world to which they belong, which we know just as we know that the wings of a bird suit it for flying in the air. That pig has some sort of a low spirit, but you can't teach him your laws and customs. He has not the power to learn to read or write or to talk. Our spirits have the power to receive and to give instruction to learn good laws and to obey them or to break them; and hence, also, we have the power in our own spirits which tells us that some things are right and that we ought to do them, and that some things are wrong and that we ought not to do them. If we do what we believe is right that power in our spirits says to us, 'You have done right,' and we feel happy; but when we do wrong it says to us, 'You are wicked, you have broken the law;' then we feel guilty and miserable, and we fear that something dreadful will come upon us for our sins.

So you see plainly enough, my good friends, that our spirits belong to another world, that they were made to be happy, and though they have some happiness in the pleasures of the body, they cannot find their real rest and full enjoyment in anything in this world. God alone has the real rest for our souls, and he alone can satisfy the hunger and thirst of our spirits. God is holy, and he made our spirits holy, so that they might live with God and find their rest and complete happiness in him. Hence our spirits are adapted to receive and obey God's laws, which show us the right way to walk in, so that we may be ready to live with God when he calls our spirits away from our bodies. But you see we may abuse this power of our spirits, and neglect and break good laws, bring guilt and misery into our spirits, and thus get them so polluted with sin that they are not fit to live with God at all. What, then, can God do with such wicked, polluted spirits? He has to throw them away" (the Kaffirs' strongest term for hopeless abandonment), "and they are dragged down into the dark hole where Icanti lives" (an infernal umshologu, which assumes the shape of a huge snake; they often try to appease it by offering the sacrifice of beasts, throwing their offerings into deep holes in the river a traditional idea of the devil, no doubt). "The wicked spirit, the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, was once a happy spirit, and might have dwelt in happiness with God forever, but he broke good laws, polluted himself by sin, and was driven away from God's fold like a scabby goat, never to return. So all spirits, made to be holy and to live in

happiness with God, who follow Satan break good laws and pollute themselves with sin, are driven away also from God's fold to 'the place prepared for the devil and his angels.'

"Well, now, my friends, we have been looking at God's great work in our bodies and spirits. Let us next look into his great stores, and see what his wisdom and love have provided to make us happy. We will begin with the wants of the body. Our bodies can't live without water. See God's rills, and rivulets, and creeks, and rivers. See his clouds and dews and showers of rain. How kind he is!

"Our bodies need food. Hath God not given you a thousand grassy hills and valleys, and strong arms to cultivate them, and horses and oxen to help you? Hath he not given you Kaffir corn, mealies, yams, pumpkins, and all manner of fruits? Hath he not given you cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, ducks, chickens, and geese? Where did you get all these things if God did not give them to you? All the men in the world could not even make one goose.

"We need light for our eyes, and hath not God made the sun to give us light by day and the moon and stars to give us light by night? We need air for our lungs and blood, and hath not God supplied it abundantly? He hath poured it all around the world about fifty miles deep. Now, if God thus provides for our bodies, which must return to dust, could he not provide as well for our spirits, which never die, but return to him? Would he not give us his good laws to mark out the path of holiness, that we may walk in obedience to him, and thus be prepared to dwell with him in happiness? Would he not?" (Their eyes glance at each other and they nod assent.)' "Well, now, God hath made us all of one blood; We have bodies just alike in all their parts, and our spirits are all of the same nature God made one man and called his name Adam, and then made one woman and called her name Eve. He made their bodies of the dust of the ground, but their spirits he breathed into them from himself. Eve was the first mother of all the people in the world. God made Adam and Eve holy, and gave them a great place in the most beautiful garden that ever was made, called the garden of Eden. It had in it every good thing that grows in the world, and God gave everything in it to the happy people he had made, except one fruit tree he kept for himself, and told them not to touch the fruit of his tree; and he gave them good laws for them and for all their children to keep, so as to get in this beautiful world the right kind of schooling to prepare them to dwell in happiness with God forever.

"His laws were all for their good, and allowed them everything they needed for their bodies and for their spirits to make them happy in this life, and then, when they should be trained and prepared for a better home, to take them up to that glorious world where God abides. Was it not a fine arrangement for Adam and Eve, and for all their descendants? O, if they had walked in the path of God's laws there never would have been any sickness in this world, nor pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor death. Then whenever they should have become holy enough to dwell with God their bodies, instead of dying and returning to dust, would have been changed into such a glorious body that instead of walking and running on the ground they would have mounted up faster than the flight of an eagle to the bright world above.

"God was well known to our first parents in Eden, and came down and talked with them in their beautiful garden every day. Satan never was a human spirit, but a glorious angel spirit, but he became a rebel against God and was thrown away a long time before Adam and Eve were made,

and he was jealous of the happiness of our first parents; so he crawled into their beautiful garden and had a talk with our mother and persuaded her to disobey God, and she plucked off some of the fruit from God's tree, which he told her she must not eat, and she ate some and gave some to Adam and he did eat. By listening to the dirty old Icanti they broke God's good laws, stole fruit from his tree, and thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Sin is such a dreadful thing that through their disobedience all their children were made sinners like Adam and Eve.

"Then God drove them out of the garden, and they had to go and make a kraal among the briers and thorns. Still, God was very sorry for them, and showed them great kindness in giving to them and their children all the good things in this world we have to enjoy, and he promised some day to raise up a great man from one of the daughters of Eve, who would crush the head of the old serpent and deliver us from our sins. The children of Adam and Eve multiplied in the earth greatly, but broke God's laws more and more, and got so wicked that they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, and at last the old fathers who knew God died, and the foolish hearts of their children were so darkened by sin that they did not know God at all; but still they had the gnawing hunger and thirst in their spirits which God only can satisfy. They retained their powers of mind to receive instruction, to learn God's laws, and also a dreadful sense of guilt for sin; so when any great sickness came upon them, and their doctors could do them no good, they wanted to go to God for help; but they did not know him. Then they built great houses and altars of stone, where they offered bullocks in sacrifice to Imishologu. In Athens they had one old umshologu called Jupiter, and another called Minerva, and many others.

"When nothing ailed them they seemed to get on well enough with their Imishologu, but a dreadful sickness came upon all the people in their great city; then they offered bullocks to all their Imishologu, but none was found to hear or save them. The cries of the orphan children, the shrieks of the desolate widows, the groans of dying men were heard in every street, and they found Imishologu had no power to help them, and then they built an altar for the Unknown God, and offered bullocks upon it, and as soon as the smoke of that altar began to rise the great God looked down upon them in pity, his heart of love yearned over them, and his hand, unseen, cured all their sickness, and health and prosperity returned to that city like the breaking of the morning. Then for six hundred years, though they kept up the worship of his Umshologu, they also worshipped the Unknown God.

"Sin is the cause of this dreadful pollution of our spirits, and guilt, and fear, and sorrow, which the people of Athens felt, and which all of us have felt. That man who has sinned, even against his chief, how badly he feels! Before he did it he thought nobody would find it out, but now he thinks that everybody will know it, and every time he goes into a dark hollow or passes a bush he fears the chief's imisila" (sheriffs) "will come upon him. Day and night he is in dread, and if he should wake up tomorrow morning and find the tiger's tail of his chief before his door, dear me, would he not be terrified? Perhaps his chief would not find him out, but you may be sure God will find out every sinner, for he is always looking at us. The pollution of our spirits, sin, guilt, and punishment naturally follow each other. When the lightning strikes a kraal and kills a beast or a man you feel awful guilt and fear in your spirits, and know that Inkosi is angry with you for your sins; then you offer sacrifice to him; but still you don't know Inkosi.

"When you have sickness among you, you feel dreadful guilt and fear, and offer sacrifices to Imishologu. You know that Imishologu can't save you, but you want them to plead with Tixo for you. You don't know Tixo; but as he took away the sickness in Athens, so he often takes away your sickness because he pities you; but still you know him not, and you give all the praise due to him for his great mercies to you to Imishologu and to your priests. That is just the way they did in Athens, till Paul, God's great umfundisi, went there and made known to them the true God, whom they had ignorantly worshipped, and taught them how to worship him aright. So your people have been trying for more than six hundred years to worship the Unknown God here in Africa, and now God hath sent us to make him known to you and how you may come to him.

"We have told you how the early generations from Adam and Eve lost the knowledge of God and his good laws; but in all ages there were a few men who would not follow Satan, but who earnestly sought after God, not in sickness only, like you and those miserable old sinners in Athens, but in youth and health, and God made himself known to them and told them his good laws for them to walk by and to teach to the polluted families of men. One of those good men was called Abraham. He knew God very well, and God made his people a great nation. They lived in a country called Egypt, in the upper part of Africa, your own Africa; but the King of Egypt, who was called Pharaoh, subdued them and made slaves of them for a great many years. There were many good men among them for a long time, and a certain boy' was born whom they called Moses. He grew up to be a very wise and good man, and got well acquainted with God; and God often talked to him and told him many things to tell his people, and made Moses a great chief over all the nation that descended from Abraham. Moses was a holy chief; he had but one wife; he kept God's laws and did justly to all men. When God had fully taught Moses to trust in him he told him to be up with all his people, and all their cattle, and everything they had, and he would lead them to a good country which he would give them for their own.

"So Moses and all the people marched away, and the wicked king who had oppressed them raised a very great army and pursued and overtook them at a great river or an arm of the sea. Moses and his people were dreadfully scared; and thought they would all be killed; but God commanded them to go right into that great river, and just as they began to wade in God divided the waters and made a dry road for them, and they went clear across the great arm of the sea, four miles wide, without even getting their feet wet. When the wicked king saw that he rushed right in with his great army and chariots and horses, and God brought the divided waters together and drowned the whole of them because they were so wicked. You see all that was easy enough for God to do, for he made the sea and the dry land also.

"Then his people traveled a long way through a desert, where there was no food for them or their cattle; but God sent them food daily direct from heaven, and that was just as easy for him as to cause the food to grow out of the ground for us; but he thus taught his people his power and his loving care for them. One day God came down in a thick cloud to the top of a high mountain, amid thunders and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet, exceeding loud, so that all the people that were in the camp trembled, and God called the man Moses to come up to him, and there he told the great chief many things; but he wrote down his principal laws on two smooth flat stones, which a man could carry. On one of the stones he wrote four commandments, to teach us our duty to God. On the other he wrote six commandments, to teach us our duty to man.

"God gave these laws to Moses for his people, the English, the Kaffirs, and everybody. They were written from the stones into books, and have been sent out among all nations, and we have them here in this book to read to you today. Now let us examine them, and see what good laws they are. 'God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.' God said to Moses, and he says to me, to you, to every man, woman, and child, 'I am the Lord thy God.' We see at once that the powers of our spirits, which came from God, made in the likeness of God, are so great that God alone is worthy of our supreme confidence, loyalty, and love, and we see his great love to us in that he is not ashamed to say to every soul of man, so that all the world may hear it, 'I am the Lord thy God.' No living thing has dared to proclaim to any man, 'I am the Lord thy God.' Is it not a great shame that men should insult and reject this great and loving God and put their trust in 'the ghosts of dead men, in their priests, and the poor trash they hang about their necks? Now hear what he says in the next command: Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' There is but one true God, but the thing to which we give the confidence, loyalty, and love of our spirits, which belong to God alone, whatever it may be, that takes the place of God, and such things are called gods, though they be such a bunch of bones and beads and birds' claws as you have round your necks. God explains this, saying, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.' God is very kind, yet he is just. He could not consent to let us set him aside and put an idol in his place, no matter what it is, in heaven, or in earth, or in the sea. We see what a dreadful thing it is to reject God and follow Satan and trust in men and the things of this world. Such lose the knowledge of God, and their children for generations grope in darkness and trust to charms and to their priests or doctors and to Imishologu. God does not want to visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, but' the dreadful rebellion of the parents against God puts their children so far away from him that they lose the knowledge of God and go on in the wicked ways of their parents. But if the parents are true to God, and train their children to be true to God, then for thousands of generations they may walk in the ways of God and enjoy his love forever.

"Now listen to God's third command: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Surely God could not allow us to mock and insult him and scandalize his name.

Now for the fourth command: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within' thy gates.' Now, see the kindness of God in all this arrangement. God knew that we needed food and clothing and many things for ourselves and for our families, and he has given us the right to get and to hold property, lands, houses, cattle, money, and everything we need for our comfort, and he has given us the right to use six days out of every seven, and commands us during those six days to work and attend to all our business, and thus get property honestly, and have lack of nothing. But then the bodies of men and women, and of beasts that labor for us, would break down if they did not get some rest days; and God, who made us, knew just exactly how many were needed for man and beast, and set apart every seventh day for

that purpose, and that while we were resting we might spend the seventh day specially with him as a holy day, when all his people might meet together as children come to their father, and ask and receive his blessing.

"This is a law of God to man, and hence, if any man or beast is suffering in any way, and we can relieve them by work on the Sabbath, then the loving design of the law allows us to do such work, and it is pleasing to God. These four commands God wrote on one stone. They show us God's great kindness and justice. He is very anxious to have us keep his laws and be happy with him forever; but if we will not, then we bring pollution and death upon ourselves. The next stone had six commands written on it; the first is to our children. God loves our children, and says to each one, 'Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' our land is needed for our children's bodies when we are dead, and God is needed for their spirits. If they are not true to their parents they get into all sorts of trouble at home, and thus into wars, and finally lose their land and all their property; if they are not true to God they lose their portion in him and go down to hell

"In the next command God speaks to every human being, 'Thou shalt not kill.' God has given us life, and kindly guards it by a command from that thundering mountain, 'Thou shalt not kill.' When a man breaks this command and murders another, by God's law his life is forfeited, and the judges may try him and put him to death, for God says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' No man has a right to put even the murderer to death unless, after a fair trial, the court has found him truly guilty and commands him to be put to death. There are cases also in war when men come into your country with the intention of murdering you and your families, and taking all your cattle, when the lives of many such persons are forfeited like that of the murderer. God gives you the right to defend yourselves and your families and homes, and he delivers over to your assagais such as he knows have forfeited their lives. We see, then, while God so kindly guards our rights to life, his justice sentences the wretch who dares to commit murder and break this law to death. It is not because God has any pleasure in seeing the blood of the murderer shed, but he wants to make the law strong to guard our lives. Even in his justice he is very merciful to mankind.

"Now do you want to hear God's seventh command? Listen: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' In the beginning God made one man, and he was alone, and God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and then he made one woman and gave her to the man to be his wife. If God had designed man to have more than one wife, then he would have given the first man as many wives as he knew he ought to have; for Adam was not a poor man, for God had given him all the world and everything in it; and yet he gave him but one wife, for he knew that one wife was enough for any man. God thus gave to Adam the right to form families, and the command, 'Be fruitful and multiply in the earth,' and he thus showed clearly his law for forming families by the marriage union of one man to one woman. He gave a law in these words, 'In the beginning God created them male and female,' and said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

"Thus you see God's pattern and God's words together show his law for forming families as plain as daylight. Thus you see, if God had allowed a man to have more than one wife he would

have given Adam just as many as he would allow any great chief to have; for Adam was the greatest chief and the richest man that ever was made, and then God's law from that pattern would have been, 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and take as many wives as he can buy or support;' but you see that is not God's arrangement at all. You see, too, that God's law forbids multiplying in the earth except under his family arrangement, and also any waste or abuse of our powers for multiplying which would in any way interfere with God's family law. The seventh command God wrote on the stone is to guard his arrangement for forming families, and he says to every man and woman in the world, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Are not all God's family arrangements wise and kind and good? The man or woman who breaks any part of God's good family plans and laws wickedly insults God and sets him at defiance.

"Now let us examine the eighth command, and see what a good one it is. God has not only given every man the right to have one wife, and every woman one husband, to live together in union and have children, and train them up in the way they should go, but he has given us the right to get and to own property for the comfortable support of ourselves and our families, and has given us the right to use six days in each week to work and do business and thus get property honestly, and he guards our rights to our property by a command to each man, woman, and child in the world, 'Thou shalt not steal.' How kind and thoughtful God has been for us, has he not?

"Now, have you got any other thing dear to you that God could guard by his authority as our great King in a command from the thundering mountain? What is the dearest thing a man or woman has that can be injured by another? It is your reputation, your good name. If a man tells lies on you and gets your neighbors, the doctors, and the chiefs to believe that you are a witch or a thief, and gets them down on you, don't you see that you are ruined? God has given us a right to get and to have a good name, and guards that right by the command to every human soul who has a tongue, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'

"Now, there is nothing left that is dear to us that God could guard by another command, and yet there is another. What can it be for? Take it into your minds and examine it well, and see what it is for. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.' A desire in the heart for any of these things so strong as to lead us to be willing to break any of God's laws to get them is to covet them. A desire to get property is right, and, as you have seen, God provides for that fully; but if we allow that desire to get so strong that we are willing to get it by any dishonest means, that is coveting it, which is a dreadful heart sin against God and man. A desire to leave father and mother and get married to one wife and have a family is right, and we have seen God's good pattern and law for all that; but to allow your desire to get too strong and be your master, and lead you to be willing to use in any wrong way the powers God has given you to be used only in his wise family arrangement, that is covetousness, which is a great sin against God, because to gratify your wicked desire you will insult God and defy his authority. It is this dreadful heart desire which wicked people indulge and allow to grow in their spirits till it masters them and leads them to tell lies against their neighbors, steal their property, commit murders, and break all God's good laws.

"So you see, the first five commands of the second stone name each the greatest outward sin against the best things God has given us to enjoy; but this last command strikes at the dreadful

inward heart sin of unlawful desire, which is the fountain from which all the rest flows. So you see all these commands of God reach from the highest outward sin to the lowest wrong desire of the heart. So the man who is guilty of murder in the sight of God is not only the man who assaigais another to death from behind a bush, but the man also who allows the feeling of hate and murder to have any place in his heart. God says, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' So also a man is not to commit adultery, nor is he allowed to look upon a woman for the purpose of indulging even a wrong heart desire for her. What holy, just, and good laws these are You see at once who made them, for no man could make laws so wise, so good, so broad, and so deep. If everyone was obedient to these laws, then all the people in the world would love each other like brothers and sisters; then we would have no more wars, no killing, no stealing, no cheating, no telling lies and injuring the good name of another; no more adulteries, nor any of the polluting wickedness of ubukweta or intonjane. Then love to God, peace on earth, good will to man, would fill the world with happiness and God would be well pleased.

"Well, now, my dear friends, don't you all say that God's laws are right and good, and that everybody ought to obey them? We all agree to that. Well, then, have you. obeyed them? 'Why,' says one, 'how could we obey them, when we never knew them before?' Very well, you know them now. Are you willing to obey them? Are you willing to accept the Lord God as your God, the supreme object of your trust and heart obedience and love? Are you willing to give up all these wretched things you have been trusting in instead of God? Are you willing never to speak his name but in reverence and love? Are you willing to work and attend to all your own business six days in the week, and -remember the Sabbath, to use it only as God has appointed, as a day of rest and the worship of God, our great King?

"Now, to come to the laws of the second stone: Do these children consent to love and. obey their parents, and so live at home, and away from home, as to bring honor to them? And do you, parents, consent so to teach your children and to give them such a holy example of right-doing that they may, by obedience, bring. honor upon you? When, in words. or acts, you teach them wrong things, they will disgrace themselves and dishonor you, even by obedience to you. Do you consent never to kill anybody or indulge angry desires in your hearts? Do you consent never to commit adultery or any uncleanness by the abuse of any of your powers which belong only to the family institution of God, and to submit to God's plan and law of having but one wife? Do you consent never td steal or so desire the property of another as to get it by any unfair means? Do you consent never to tell any more lies or in any way injure the good name of your neighbor? I see some of you. stick at one thing and some at another, and at heart you are rebels against God. Though you have not known God, your ancient fathers knew him and his good laws; but they did. not obey them, and their foolish hearts were darkened.

"Thus you have by sinning lost entirely the four laws of the first stone; but you have retained portions of five of the laws of the second stone. You have laws against disobedience to parents, against murder, against adultery, against stealing, and against lying; and you have fines and punishments for all these sins; but you have so corrupted and altered these laws of God that you confine them to a few outward things and leave yourselves. plenty of room for breaking the laws of God; and your laws don't go down into the heart like God's laws. So you see, my friends, you have closed your eyes against the light God has given you, and have refused to walk in the path of

obedience to him. Even now, when you see the plain, good path marked out for us all by his laws, you refuse to walk in it.

Now, friends, let me tell you a great secret. You have seen that all the outward sins flow from a corrupt, covetous source of sins in the heart, so all right obedience to God's laws must flow from holiness and love in the heart. You can't get salt water and fresh water out of the same spring. Now, if we have not that holiness in our hearts, showing all the corrupt covetousness outside, then we cannot love God or keep his commandments. Alas! that is just the thing Adam and Eve lost when they first rebelled against God, and every child born since has come into the world in the sinful likeness and image of fallen Adam and Eve, with their corrupted nature in our spirits, and the love of God and holiness to obey his laws are not there at all; and because our spirits are corrupt we begin to grow wrong when little children, and go on worse and worse. Now, that is the state of every one of you. Your spirits are corrupt, as you feel and know. You refuse to keep God's laws, and can't keep them while your hearts are wicked. You are guilty because you are sinners. You are under the sentence of death because you have broken God's laws, for he says, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' You are slaves of Satan, for, having yielded yourselves servants to sin, and become rebels against God, he has delivered you over to Satan. What a dreadful state you are all in, to be sure! Now, you know this is all true, and all your sacrifices to Icanti, to Inkosi, and to Imishologu prove that you feel this guilt, and want to atone for it. Now, what is to be done? Every common crime against a chief must be atoned for by paying cattle; but some sins, such as murder and witchcraft, cannot be atoned for by the payment of cattle at all; the guilty man must die.

"Now, sins of any kind against the great God cannot be atoned for by cattle or anything in this world. All the gold and silver and all the cattle in this world would not atone for the sins of one sinner. Now, as the whole world was guilty before God, and as there was no ransom for any of them, they were all going down into the infernal hole of Satan together; for they were so polluted and so guilty they were not fit to live with God, and there was no other place for them. But though we were all such rebels against God, he loved us so much, and he was so sorry for us, he could not bear to see us all dragged by Satan down to hell, so he made a plan to give an atonement from heaven for the sins of all the sinners in the world, and sent down a great Saviour to save all who would consent to obey God's laws and receive the Saviour. There was no man in heaven or on earth who could find out how man could be redeemed from the death sentence of these laws or how our spirits could be washed from the pollution of sin and made holy and fit to live with God, but God found out this great mystery, and made the whole plan himself.

"Now, my dear friends, we want to explain to you something about this great God. There is but one God; he hath told us that himself, and he cannot lie, and we see the proofs of it in the plan of all his works; but in this one God there are three distinct personal spirits, exactly of the same nature and the same power and love, which together constitute one God. They are called God the Father, the Son of God, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. This is a great mystery; you cannot understand it, and yet we know it is true. There is a mystery about everything you see that you can't understand, but when we have the proof that anything is true we believe it, and don't trouble ourselves about the mystery at all. How do we know that in God there are three persons? Because he hath told us so in his book, and in proof of it many holy men have got acquainted with God the Father, and with God the Son, and with God the Holy Ghost.

"Well, the great plan that these three in one agreed upon was that God the Father should give his Son to come down into this wicked world and be offered as a sacrifice for the sins of all the people, and the Son of God loved us so that he was glad to do that. But as he was all spirit, and had no body to offer as a sacrifice, it was agreed that he should lay aside all his glory, and all his great things in the glorious great place of his Father, and come down and take a human body and a human spirit, be born a little child, and grow up to be a man, that he might be our teacher and die for the sins of the world.

"This was the great Saviour God told Adam and Eve that he would send, who would be born of a woman and bruise Satan's head; and God after that told many good men about him; but he showed his great purpose more fully to Moses, for he was such a good man that he could understand it better. In the nation of Israel, of which Moses was a great chief, as we told you before, there arose many holy men who knew God, and God told them all about his purpose to save the world. He told them when his Son would come, and that he should be born of a virgin who had never known any man, and he should be born in a place called Bethlehem, and that though the second Spirit of God, called the Son of God, would be in him, he would look just like any other man; that he would teach holy men all God's laws for mankind which they had forgotten, and reveal to them the unknown God; that he would heal the sick, give sight to the blind, teach the poor people, and raise many dead men to life; that he would go about continually doing good. But God told them distinctly that because his Son was so good, and the world so bad, they would tell lies of him, and beat him, and scold him, and that when he was ready to offer himself up as a sacrifice for sins he would just deliver himself up to the wicked people and their rulers, who would nail him to a tree and put him to death, and that God would accept his sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, and raise him up from the dead the third day after, to be forever our great Priest and Saviour, that by him all might have the power to come to God, and get forgiveness of all sins, and get their dirty spirits washed and made fit to dwell with God in eternal happiness.

"Well, all these words of God about his Son were written down in a book hundreds of years before the time set for him to come, so that there should be no mistake in knowing him when he should come. God's plan, too, was that through the promise of the Son of God to do all these things all who would believe God's words about him, and accept God's coming Son as their Saviour, should be saved, as certainly before as after his coming; and for fear that his words might not go deep enough into the minds of men, and that they might not trust in his only sacrifice for sins, to help their faith in his words he told them to offer sacrifices of beasts to show their faith, not in the beast, but in the one great sacrifice of his Son.

"Many hundreds of years passed away, and many thousands of sinners believed God's words about his Son, and while they offered bullocks on God's altars, as pictures or patterns of the sacrifice God had promised, they accepted the Son of God as their Saviour, and they were saved, made holy, and went up to the holy place of God to be happy forever. All who carefully read God's holy books about his Son knew when the time would come for his appearing among men, and they waited patiently, and at the time sure enough he came, and all the things that God had said, which had been written down by the holy men of God, were done. Everything about his birth, his life, his teachings, his mighty works, the persecutions he endured, his death and resurrection, everything came to pass exactly as God said it would. The Son of God was called Jesus, which

means Saviour, for he came to save the people from their sins. He was also called Christ, which means 'Anointed,' for God the Father set him apart and anointed him to be the Saviour of the world.

Well, all these things that Jesus Christ did, and all that the people did to him, which God had said would be done, were also written down in a book, so that all the world might read them and learn about him, believe God's words and receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour. He was crucified, dead, and buried, but the third day after he arose from the dead; and then, in the same human body which had been put to death, he taught his learners and good men for forty days; and then from a mountain, called the Mount of Olives, they saw him ascend up to heaven out of their sight. I have seen all those places where he was born, and lived, and taught, and died and rose again, and ascended to heaven.

"Now, we have not time today to read to you all these words of God about him, We have them all here in this book, but you know we would not tell you a lie about them. Here is the missionary, and plenty of these Kaffir people in the station, who have read them, and they will tell you the same things, and in proof of their truth, according to these words of God, we have received Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and he has saved us from our sins; and we know God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, for he went back to his Father, not to leave us in our sins to perish, but to be our great High Priest at the throne of the great King of heaven, and he is as really the Saviour of sinners now as when he dwelt among men. It is from God's great place, quite out of our sight, that he sends us rain and supplies all the wants of our bodies; so from the same great place Jesus Christ sends us salvation from sin and Satan and makes us holy, so that we may keep God's commands. 'But,' says one, 'O, he is a great way off; how shall I find him?'

"Now, we'll tell you another great secret. Before Jesus Christ left the world he said to all his holy men, and they wrote it down, 'If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.' And again, 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.' Jesus was then their Comforter, but was going away, but promised to send another to take his place and abide with us: how long?-' that he may abide with you forever.' Who is this Comforter? 'Even the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.' 'These things have I spoken unto you,' said Jesus, 'being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.'

"The Comforter he promised to send to live with us in this world forever is the Holy Ghost, who is the third great Spirit of the one great God. He is an unknown God to the poor slaves of Satan, because they don't see him; but all the saved ones know him, for he dwells with them, and teaches them, and comforts them every day; yet still they don't see him, but they feel his power in their hearts. You can't see my spirit, yet it is my spirit that has been teaching you for an hour. You can't see Imishologu; yet you believe they live, and you have offered hundreds of sacrifices to them. You can't see the air you breathe; yet you could not live ten minutes without it. The air is the symbol God uses in his book to illustrate the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. The air is everywhere, so the Holy Ghost is in every part of this world. His first business is to shine into our dark spirits and show us our pollution of spirit by sin, our deep guilt for breaking God's good

laws, our exposure to the death penalty of the law, our bondage to Satan, and to show us that we have no power to save ourselves.

"This light of the Holy Spirit shining into us stirs up all the bad in our hearts, wakes up the wicked spirits of Satan's fallen hosts, and then there is a great war in our hearts. The wickedness of our polluted spirits, called the carnal mind, and Satan raise a great war against the Holy Ghost, to keep us from following the Holy Ghost and accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour. But if we set our whole hearts to resist sin and Satan, and let God's Spirit lead us, he will make God's words about Jesus plain to our minds; and then if we consent to allow him to take away all our sins, and cleanse our spirits through the blood of Christ's atonement, and receive Jesus Christ as our Saviour, God will at once give us the power to be his children.

"Do you hear these words? Are they not glad tidings to your ears? Yet you will not know God by hearing and believing that it is the truth that we are telling you unless you submit to God's laws and according to God's words receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Now, remember, many of us have proved the truth of all this. We have both proved it,' (the two speakers), "the missionary here has proved it, and many of his people here have proved it. We were poor sinners as dark as any of you. We remember well when the Holy Ghost shined into us and showed us our sins; we felt the burden of guilt heavy on our souls; we felt the mighty opposing power of Satan; we felt that there was no help in us. Then we cried to God for help; we confessed our sins to him and submitted our wretched souls and bodies to his will, to do with us just as he pleased; but we believed his words about Jesus Christ, and received him as our Saviour from sin, and the very moment we accepted God's Son as our Saviour, God pardoned all our sins. The Holy Ghost bore witness with our spirits that we were the children of God, and washed our spirits through the blood of Jesus, and filled them with his love. He did not bear witness to our eyes, or ears, but to our spirits; and we know that God's words are true, for we have proved them, and we know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners, for he hath saved us; and we know that we are the children of God by his Spirit, which he hath given us, and by his purifying power in our hearts and the love we feel for God and man. Now we accept the great King as the Lord our God, and gladly keep his commandments, for the fountain of our hearts has been purified, the bitter waters of covetousness have been cleared out, and the sweet waters of God's renewing love now flow-out in willing obedience to all God's law.

"Now, my dear friends, a great many of the things we have told you today you know to be true from what you have felt and from what you now feel, and the rest we know to be true, for we have proved them, and we come to you as witnesses to the truth of God's words about Jesus. You know we could not tell you lies; even if the truth was not in us, we have nothing to gain by telling you lies. We are witnesses for Jesus that he came to save sinners, that he hath saved us, and that he is very desirous to save you today. Will you consent to let him save you now? The Holy Spirit is now shining into the minds of many of you; you now begin to feel his mighty power and the opposing power of sin and of Satan in your hearts.

"You know the rising desire you feel in your hearts to give up 'sin and yield yourselves to God is not from Satan, nor from your own bad hearts, and it is not from me; it is the awakening work of the Holy Ghost in your hearts. O, he wants to lead you to Jesus. He won't force you; but if you consent to be saved from all your sins, and walk after him, he will lead you to Jesus. The Son

of God don't wait for you to go up to heaven, to his great place, but whenever you are so sick of your sins as to give yourselves wholly to him to save you, and receive him by faith in God's words about him, he comes down quick as thought, and delivers your soul from Satan, and washes it from its sins. Jesus loves you every one, and wants to save you now, and that is the reason he has sent his Spirit into your hearts to give you the desire you feel to come to him.

"He is the only Friend you have who loves you enough to die for you. He 'hath tasted death for every man;' he hath poured out his heart's blood for you, each one, as the only sacrifice for sins. His love for poor sinners is the same today as the day he died for us, for he is not, like a man, to change; he is the Son of God, and hence the same in the past time, the present, and forever. He has a word for each one of you, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You are heavy laden with sins and sorrows and guilt; you are weary with traveling in the dark way that leads to hell; you are the very persons whom Jesus invites, and he says, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls.' Will you take his yoke, consent to be in-spanned and bear his yoke and walk in obedience to all his laws? He won't lay too heavy a yoke upon you, for he says, to encourage you, 'I am meek and lowly of heart,' the most sympathizing, loving Friend in the world. If you take his yoke, submit to his will, and receive him as your only Saviour, then 'ye shall find rest to your souls.' He will not deliver your bodies from the death penalty of the law. They will still suffer and finally go down into the grave; but Jesus has promised to raise your bodies from the grave in the end, just as his human body was raised, and then our bodies will be so glorious and holy as to be suitable for our pure spirits to live in at the great place of our King. Will you accept Jesus as your King, your Priest, and your Saviour, or not? Let everyone think well and decide for himself and herself to be the Lord's, and receive Jesus Christ, or not. Let no one try to come to Jesus simply because another does. Let no one be ashamed to come to Jesus through fear of anybody. 'God commands' each one of you to repent and believe the Gospel, to surrender to God, and on God's own offer and invitation and promises to receive Jesus Christ. When he came to his people in olden time many of them received him not, and they perished in their sins. 'But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name.' It is so now. Within the last two months we have seen about two thousand Kaffirs surrender to God and receive Jesus Christ, and by the Holy Spirit every one of them received the power, renewing their hearts and making them 'the sons of God.' If you fail to accept Christ you will fail to receive this great salvation and will die in your sins. Now, God's great plan of salvation is before you, and you not only know that these things are true by what we have told you, but by the Spirit's light in your minds. Life and death are now before you; walk after the Spirit, receive Christ, and ye shall live; or, walk after your bad nature and Satan, and you will die in your sins.

"Now, all who have looked straight at God's words today, and who feel the Holy Spirit's light and power in their hearts, and who have decided to give up all their sins and obey God; who now consent to receive Jesus Christ, to be his, living or dying, to be true to him, and have confidence in him, and cleave to him as their Saviour as long as they live, let them stand up. Let none stand up but poor sinners who now consent to be the Lord's and receive Jesus Christ; but all such may stand up now.

About one hundred awakened persons stood up, a large number of them raw heathen. Then we all knelt down and prayed, and the power of the Holy Ghost seemed to shake the whole mass of believers and sinners in a remarkable manner, and many were saved at that service.

On Monday, August 20, 1866, I enlarged on the following points:

1. Every red Kaffir among you has been circumcised. Where did you get this ceremony of circumcision? About four thousand years ago God made a covenant with Abraham, that great old chief we told you about the other day. The covenant bound him and all his seed to be true to God and keep all his laws, and thus they would secure God's special blessings through all generations. And God said to Abraham, 'This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you and thy seed after thee; every man child among you shall be circumcised. . . And it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you.' The seed of Abraham from that time continued to circumcise their sons for about two thousand years, till Jesus Christ came. Then God set the outward token of circumcision aside and received all poor sinners of every nation alike into his Church who would repent of their sins and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Instead of circumcision he gave them all one outward sign for males and females alike-baptism by water, and the inward 'washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.' You see that some of your ancient fathers knew God and his covenant with men; but, though you have kept to circumcision to this day, you have gone so far from home that you have lost the knowledge of God and his covenant, and have therefore failed to learn his new Gospel covenant for all nations. Circumcision, till Christ came, was the ceremony of initiation into the Church of God, and the token of his covenant; but you have made it the ceremony of initiation to the standing and privileges of manhood and citizenship, and the token for a system of corruption most dishonoring to God and degrading to yourselves.

"2. Where did you learn to offer sacrifices of bullocks as an atonement for sin? God appointed the offering of sacrifices thousands of years ago, as teaching types of the one great sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

"When you kill a bullock as a sacrifice for a sick man you split the beast in two, from the nose to the tail, right through the middle of the backbone. That is just the way Abraham did thousands of years ago. He 'divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another.'

"When you prepare a bullock for sacrifice you separate all the fat, and offer that by itself. God said to Moses, thousands of years ago, the priest 'shall take off from it all the fat of the bullock for the sin offering, the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them; and the priest shall burn them upon the altar of the burnt offering.'

"When you kill a bullock for a sick man you catch the blood in basins, and your priest sprinkles some of the blood upon the sick man and on his bed and the things in his hut. Then he digs a hole in the cattle kraal" (the most sacred place known to a heathen Kaffir, so much so that women are precluded, as from the inner court of the Jewish temple) "and pours the remainder of the blood into the hole. God said to Moses, 'The priest that is anointed shall take the bullock's blood and bring it to the tabernacle, . . . and shall dip his finger in the blood and sprinkle of the blood seven

times before the Lord. . . . He shall put some of the blood upon the horns of the altar, . . . and pour all the rest of the blood of the bullock at the bottom of the altar of the burnt offering.'

"When you offer a sacrifice you carry the bones of the bullock outside of the kraal and burn them. God said to Moses, 'The skin of the bullock, and all his flesh, with his head, and with his legs, and his inwards, and his dung, even the whole bullock shall be carried forth without the camp unto a clean place where the ashes are poured out, and burn him on the wood with fire.'

"You see, my dear friends, from the many things you have which are so much like the things that God commanded Abraham and Moses to do, that some of your old fathers knew God and his teachings to Moses, but one generation after another wandered away like lost sheep, till you don't know the way to get back. You have kept one truth, that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins,' but you have lost the knowledge of the only sacrifice which can take away sins, the body of Jesus Christ. You have held on to the type or picture but lost sight of the real substance.

"That, my friends, is not the worst of it. You offer your sacrifices, not to God, but. to Icanti, a great snake, the devil, and to Imishologu, who could not help you while they lived, and how can they help you now that they are gone?

"When Abraham offered a sacrifice to God he confessed his sins, and that for Sins he' deserved to be put to death, but his bullock was accepted and slain instead of himself; but. while he looked at his bleeding victim he saw in it but a picture of the bleeding Jesus, whom God had promised to send into the world as the only sacrifice which could take away sins. When we come to God in prayer, confessing our sins and our exposure to the death penalty of the law of God, we don't bring a bullock, for when the real Sacrifice for the sins of the world came, then it was no longer necessary to use the picture or type of it, but to look directly to Christ. We have the plain words of God's book to tell us the way, and we have the Holy Spirit of God to lead us to the living Jesus, and by his own precious blood he saves us from our sins."

The foregoing are some of the points brought out and illustrated on that occasion. Many prodigals came home to God that day and obtained a free pardon by accepting Christ. We preached again in the chapel that night, and God was with us.

On Tuesday we had a larger number of heathen than at any previous service, among whom was Makanla, the Amabaca chief. That day we preached from "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and tried to influence them to a right decision by contrasting their system of heathenish superstition with the Gospel of Christ. The principal points were, first, their dark traditions and God's plain Gospel teaching; second, their sacrifices to Icanti and to the ghosts of their old dead fathers, and the body God prepared and accepted as the only sacrifice which can atone for sins; third, their vain hope that Imishologu will be their mediator with Tixo (or God), and the certain fact that we have a divine Advocate with the Father, and the only Mediator between God and man; fourth, the broken reeds on which they lean, their priests, poor ignorant men like themselves, the charms which their priests bind about their necks, with the everlasting doubt which haunts them, and the utter failure of all these things to bring rest to their souls; and on our side the personal knowledge of God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, attained by all true believers, the security of dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty, the sweet rest of soul which Jesus gives to all who

come to him, and the abiding presence of the Holy Comforter God hath sent to conduct us in peace to our home in heaven.

In showing them the folly of putting their trust in the charms or amulets they wear round their necks, instead of submitting themselves to Christ and putting their trust in the living God, I said, "Your country was invaded a few weeks ago by a large army of the Amapondo. They came to kill and destroy you and to take your cattle. Did not every one of those Pondo warriors go to a priest and get a protection which he thought would be proof against your assagais? Did not the priest hang a lot of roots, birds' claws, tufts of hair, hoofs of beasts, and little horns, containing charmed stuff, round the neck of each one of them to make them courageous and strong, and to preserve them from death? Now, tell me, what good did all these things do them?"

I then drew out of my coat pocket a double handful of charms, and, holding them up to the astonished gaze of the sable audience (for if one of them should touch anything from the body of a man slain in battle they would be sure of being poisoned or bewitched by the touch), I said, "Look here! what a god in time of trouble! A poor Pondo got this lot of trash from a priest, and thought these would save him from death in the day of battle. What good did they do him? You slew him with all his charms on him, and this morning my boy here cut them off the neck of his carcass; and will you still reject the only true God and put your trust in such filthy trash as this? The Pondos were invaders of your country to rob and kill you, and God delivered the Pondos over to your assagais, because you were defending your homes, your cattle, your families, your own lives; and then, instead of giving God credit for his mercy to your nation, you had a great ceremony of thanks to Imishologu, and said that your priests and your charms made you strong and gave you the victory."

During our short series of meetings at Osborn, Brother White, the pastor, examined one hundred and sixty persons, belonging mostly to heathen families, who gave good evidence of pardon and peace with God.

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28 -- EMFUNDISWENI

Character of the Station -- Converts at this Mission -- Division of Labor Among Us --
Journeying to Kok's Camp -- Getting Lost in No Man's Land -- What the Dutch Children Told Us --
Passing through Dangerous Places -- Difficulty of Getting a Fire by Night -- Stuart and I Shiver
Together -- We Regain Our Bearings -- Kok's Town -- The Pioneer Chapel -- Sermon through a
Dutch Interpreter -- No Decisive Results -- On the Borders of Natal -- A Night at Blom's --
Waiting for Charles -- Arrival at Hancock's -- Beautiful Country and Wild Game -- At the Ford of
the Umkumas -- Our Horses in a Ditch -- Stuart's Description of Our Overthrow and Recovery --
Journey to Indaleni -- Charles Reports at Maritzburg -- His Preaching in a Kraal -- Milwood's
Letter about Pamla's Work

* * *

Emfundisweni was our next field, including a few days at Palmerton, thirty miles distant. This was a new mission station; the minister's house was a one-story cottage, substantially built of brick, nearly one hundred feet in length, with verandahs front and rear, and contained nine rooms. The second preacher's house was on a pretty site across a hollow on a parallel ridge, occupied by Rev. Daniel Eva, a zealous young missionary sent out recently from England. Rev. Thomas Jenkins and wife were appointed to this station in 1838. He was a grand old pioneer missionary, and gave me so many stirring incidents that I cannot record them here, but refer my reader to my book entitled *Christian Adventures in South Africa*.

The whole number of the converts at our Emfundisweni meetings, including those who were saved before I left for Palmerton, amounted to above, one hundred and sixty-three persons, among whom were a doctor and five young chiefs.

On our return from Palmerton we arranged that while Roberts, Stuart, and myself would go on and spend the Sabbath with Captain Kok's Griquas, at their request, and on Monday proceed on our way toward Natal, Charles should spend the Sabbath with Brother Jenkins and help on the glorious work among the Pondos, and on Monday night meet us at Ulbrichts.

That arrangement gave us over forty miles of travel on Saturday out of our course for Natal, and about thirty-five miles for Monday to get back to the path direct, and gave Charles a journey on Monday of about fifty miles to meet us at Ulbrichts, where we might together enjoy the hospitality of a generous Christian Griqua family. So on Saturday, September 1, we bade adieu to Emfundisweni and set out for Kok's camp. That was a day to be remembered, for by the time we got off the main beaten Natal track into the dreary hills and mountains of No Man's Land a cold drizzling rain set in, with a dense fog, which limited our field of vision to a radius of about fifty yards. Several times through the day we lost the trail, and much time was consumed in finding the spoor.

About 4 p.m. we heard the barking of dogs, the squealing of pigs, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle, and hoped we were nearing the camp. Coming to a pioneer's hut and stockyard, Mr. Roberts fought his way up through a pack of fierce dogs to the door to inquire where we were. He found nothing there but dogs and a few children whose parents were out. Stuart and his father and our weary horses stood shivering in the storm till Roberts came and told us that the Dutch-speaking children said that it was fifteen miles to Kok's camp, and that we had a high mountain to cross.

On and on we struggled over the mountain and down to a little river. It was now getting dark, and we knew not which way to go. We hoped we were near the Griqua camp, but we could see no lights and hear nothing but the hollow moaning of the wind in the mountains and the pattering rain upon us. When we got into places of great danger Brother Roberts, finding that I was a good driver, and not wishing to be responsible for my life, found it convenient to get out and walk. So when we crossed the river he gave me the reins and went circling round to try to find the path. I drove up a hollow, and away on to high ground, hoping to see Kok's city set on a hill, called the Berguiftig, but not a beacon glimmer shone out to cheer us. It was a moonless night, and with the clouds above us, fog all round us, that was a darkness which we all felt. I waked the echoes of the mountains by shouts which I hoped might arouse the natives, but got no response.

I said, "Roberts, we have got into No Man's Land, sure. I have not seen a tree for many miles back, but I saw a few bushes on the cliffs near the river. If we can get back there over these dangerous gullies perhaps we can get wood enough to make a fire; otherwise the severity of the cold and our wet clothes will finish the business for us."

Back we went to the river and out-spanned. I felt my way among the cliffs to a bush about four inches through, which I cut down. It was green and wet, but by cutting wood off the seat of our carriage we at last succeeded in getting a fire. Thankful for a good cup of coffee and a supper savory enough for princes, we endeavored to devise some plan for the preservation of life through the night. We spent hours trying to dry our clothes, but while we were drying one side the other was getting wet with the fast-falling rain. Stuart and I at last took a seat in the cart, which had a bonnet, which gave us some protection from the rain, and wrapping up as well as we could in our wet rugs we dozed and dreamed and shivered till morning. Roberts, meantime, dug a hole in the ground to get a dry place, and there, half buried, wrapped in his tiger-skin rug, he waited for the morning light.

The Lord graciously preserved us even from taking a cold, and in the morning, while Stuart was hunting the horses, and while Roberts was exploring the country to find somebody to tell us which way to go, I kindled a fire and prepared a good breakfast. Roberts found an English citizen of Captain Kok's kingdom, living not a mile distant from our camp, from whom we learned that we were quite out of our way, and that it was twelve miles distant to Kok's camp. He sent a young Hottentot to guide us. Amid rain, sleet, and snow, about noon we reached the town, where I had hoped to spend a quiet and profitable Sabbath. Captain Kok, who passed us in Umhlonhlo's country on his way to Cape Town, had not returned. His town had a population of about one thousand, built up of huts, with some pretty fair log and brick houses, and a fort with mud walls, about eight feet high, with piles of cannon balls and a few big guns with which to frighten the Kaffirs.

In the midst of the fort stood a good pioneer chapel, seating about four hundred persons. A plain house was given us in which to sojourn. We met a young English trader, the son of Rev. Mr. Scott, of Natal, who, as a Christian, was trying to do good to the rising community. He and another young English trader furnished us grain for our horses and paid us other attentions; a kind Griqua family cooked for us, and we got on well considering the state of the camp and the weather. At 3 p.m. we had the chapel crowded, and I preached the Gospel to them through a Dutch interpreter, a pious, intelligent man, the schoolmaster for the town, and yet totally blind.

At night I preached ill English to about thirty persons in a private house. We had reason to hope that good was done, and yet no decisive results were manifest. On Monday the sun shone out, and though the roads were thought to be so slippery that we should not be able to cross the Zuurberg -- the "sour mountain" -- we could not afford to lose time, and so pushed on our journey. We passed a number of new, fertile, well-watered farms of the Griquas, and after crossing the Zuurberg came through a Griqua village, where they also have a chapel and regular worship among themselves. This village is near the lines of Alfredia, the newly annexed territory of Natal. Just across the line a mean white luau has opened a shop for enticing the poor Griquas to destruction by the sale of brandy. Our route of travel left Alfredia to our right, and continued in

Captain Kok's country some forty miles further to the Umzimvubu River, which is the old west boundary of Natal.

We reached Ulbrichts before night, took tea, and drove on three miles further to Mr. Blom's, where we spent the night. We waited on Tuesday for Charles till 11 a.m., and went on without him. In the afternoon of that day we reached Mr. Hulley's place, and preached in his large Kaffir-hut chapel, which will seat one hundred and fifty. Brother Hulley supports himself and his large family on a new farm in Kok's territory, on the west bank of the Umzimvubu, but is nevertheless a successful preacher among the Kaffirs, and has formed a society, and preaches to the heathen regularly in his own round native chapel. I was very sorry we could not command time to stay with him long enough for a grand advance among his people. We were very kindly entertained for the night, and next morning forded the river, which can be crossed only in a ferryboat, except in winter, and spent an hour with Mr. Hancock and family, who are Graham's Town Wesleyans, and very enterprising, useful people.

That day we traveled over forty miles through a beautiful and picturesque country of hill, dale, and mountain, but with few settlers, and much wild game. We saw more deer in greater variety that day than any other day of the whole journey, though we saw many beautiful herds of roebucks in Pondoland. We hoped to cross the Umkumas River before dark; but, though we sighted it from the mountain an hour before sunset, it was quite dark when we reached the ford, which we were told was deep, rough, and dangerous; yet our only stopping place was a public house on the other side. Near the river we met a native man, whom we found was from Indaleni, a mission station about twenty miles beyond. He had been out among the Kaffirs with two wagons, selling Indian corn and buying cattle in exchange. He was just the man of all Kaffraria we most needed, to tell us about the ford, to supply us with corn, and to help us over a high mountain, next day, tying our cart to one of his wagons, and driving our horses along with his stock cattle. As it was so dark and dangerous Brother Roberts allowed me to drive across the river alone. He thought he could wade it, but failing in that, we sent a Kaffir with a horse to fetch him.

We all got safely to the public house. The proprietor was absent, but had left his Kaffir servant to attend to the wants of the traveling public. His beds were passable, but he had nothing to eat except a few small potatoes and some bacon; but as we still had a supply of coffee, sugar, dried peaches, and bread, we fared well, and our "man of providence" brought us a bag of corn for our horses.

As we were getting ready to go to bed our Kaffir landlord came running in to tell us, "Your horses have fallen into the ditch."

Stuart describes the situation as follows:

"I knee-haltered my pony, so that when he was done with his corn he might go and graze, but three of the cart horses were tied together. Near by was a trench, five feet deep, inclosing a paddock. The three horses, closely tied to each other, going too near the trench, one tumbled in and rolled over and drew the second onto him. The back of the first horse was wedged into the bottom of the trench, with his feet sticking up; the second lay on his side directly on the first; the third was standing with his forelegs set forward, to avoid being dragged in, and, pulling back with all his

might, was nearly strangled by the tightening of the rein round his neck. We soon released two of them, but the bottom one was wedged in so tightly, and was so exhausted with his struggles, that he seemed to have resigned himself to die.

"We, however, went to work with pick and shovel and dug down the sides of the trench till we got room enough to allow him to get his feet to the ground, then my father and the Kaffir seized him by the tail, while Mr. Roberts and I took hold of the rein which was round his neck, and we pulled away. For a time the case looked very doubtful, and I felt some concern for the safety of his fly-brush, but a final pull all together brought him to his feet, and we were glad to find that none of them had received any permanent injury."

The next day we traveled to Indaleni, and were kindly entertained by the missionary, Rev. W. H. Milwood, and his good lady. I arranged with him to have Charles spend the Sabbath with him if he should come on all right. We had not heard from him since we left him at Emfundisweni. On the next day, Friday, the 7th of September, we journeyed on twenty-five miles to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. From the time we left Queenstown I had traveled six hundred and thirteen miles, while Roberts and Stuart had traveled fully seven hundred miles. Stuart's Kaffir tripler carried him through without giving in.

When Charles reported in Maritzburg the following Monday we found that he was only about half a day behind us all the way from Ulbrichts to Indaleni. He left Emfundisweni on Monday, according to agreement, but the roads were bad and the journey was too long. Finding that he could not reach Ulbrichts that day, he put up at a heathen kraal, near a chief's place. He got all the people together and preached to them that night, and again the next morning, and seventeen of them professed to renounce heathenism and accept Jesus Christ. He wrote back to Brother Jenkins, giving him their names and whereabouts. He also preached to the natives at Mr. Hancock's place, but had not time to follow up the effort.

He preached Friday night, Saturday, and Sabbath at Indaleni. An extract from a letter to me from Rev. W. H. Milwood will tell the story of that adventure:

"Under Charles Pamla's preaching here Friday, Saturday, and yesterday, many have been aroused to a sense of their danger through sin and have been led to seek forgiveness and holiness through the blood of Jesus. About seventy, young and old, profess to have gained the pearl of great price, and a few others are yet earnestly seeking. This is a matter of great joy to me, and will be to you, I am sure."

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29 -- IN THE COLONY OF NATAL

My Purpose Respecting this Narrative -- Situation and Population of Natal -- Revenue, Government, and Religion -- Appropriations for Schools -- The Capital and Landscape -- Mission of Edendale -- How the Station was Founded -- Fort Natal and D'Urban -- Services in the Wesleyan Chapels -- Workers in that Field -- Cooperation in the Cause -- Plan of My Campaign -- What Bishop Colenso was Doing -- "The Idolatry of the Bible" -- I Join in Issue with Colenso, and

Invite the Bishop -- I Overtake Him at D'Urban -- The Papers Eulogize Him -- How the Bishop Gained his Influence -- Lloyd's Opinion of Him -- I and My Zulu Go on to Conquest -- New Witnesses Raised Up -- Leadership of Charles -- Prejudice Against his Color -- What was Thought of a Surplice in Natal -- Little John Davis and the Chained Lion -- Charles is Warned Against Colenso -- My Zulu is Invincible -- The Bishop's Strongest Point -- No Trouble about the Ark -- The Jewish and Chaldean Cubits -- Butler and the Alligator -- Conversion of Pincent, the Lawyer -- My Argument with Him -- He Becomes a Living Witness -- Reasons for Giving his Name -- He Authorizes Me to Speak for Him -- George C. Cato -- His Letter -- His Wish for My Return -- Bishop Colenso Calls -- Our Interview -- From Francis Harvey's Diary -- Anecdote of Bishop Colenso -- The Bishop's Eloquent Sermon -- His Preaching and Mine -- The Heathen of Inanda -- My Conversation with Him, and his Conversion

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It was my purpose, out of a copious supply of materials, to fill four chapters with facts and incidents illustrative of this very interesting young colony and the progress of the Gospel among its aboriginal and colonial populations, but my printer informs me that I am about to exceed the limits of my book, so I must confine myself to a brief exhibit of leading facts and life scenes.

The colony lies principally between the parallels of latitude 270 and 300 south, and longitude 280 and 310 east. The climate is genial and healthful; the mean temperature for eight years prior to my visit was 640 Fahrenheit, the highest 970, the lowest 330. The jungle and forest scenery, especially seaward, have quite a tropical appearance. The soil and climate are adapted to cereal grains and grass, but specially to the production of arrowroot, sugar cane, and coffee; cotton and tobacco are also cultivated. There are many fine coffee plantations, and of the one hundred and eight mills then in the colony, worked principally by steam power, nearly one hundred were sugar mills. There were 4,667 farmers of different kinds in the colony, 194 manufactories, and 57 commercial establishments.

The population, according to the census of 1865, was as follows: White males, 79,990; white females, 78,590 -- total, 158,580. Native males, 67,667; native females, 70,069 total, 137,736. Indian coolies, 7,000; more than four fifths of whom were males, who were employed principally in the sugar plantations. The aggregate of those several classes swelled the total population to over 300,000 souls. There were about 7,000 native Zulu Kaffirs employed in service by the colonists.

The total revenue of the government for 1865 was ú176,295 Is. 9d. Total expenditure, ú179,883 7s., besides a public debt for unfinished harbor improvements at D'Urban amounting to ú110,000.

The government appropriation for ecclesiastical purposes during the year, principally for the support of Anglican and Dutch Reformed ministers, was ú 1,150; for police and jails, ú3,212; for the judicial department, ú12,305.

Besides the various religious establishments common in English colonies, there were in Natal thirteen mission stations among the Zulus, under the American Board of Commissioners for

Foreign Missions. The government had made to each a liberal grant of land, and, fully appreciating the faithful labors of the American missionaries and the influence of their practical ideas on education, and all manner of handicraft for the natives, granted a subsidy for their schools, and a year toward the support of a periodical they published for the Zulus, called the *Ikwezi*, so the Kaffirs had one newspaper, while the whites had four.

The government appropriation in 1865 for all the industrial schools, three of the largest of which were under the Wesleyans, was ú1,000; for common schools, ú909. In these several schools 1,744 Kaffirs received instruction during the year. In the industrial schools 120 boys were at work, learning a variety of useful trades, and 372 Kaffir women were taught to sew. I am indebted to the Colonial Blue Book for my statistics.

The colony has had a marvelous development during the intervening twenty-seven years, but I have not access to their Blue Book at this date.

Pietermaritzburg, the capital, with a population of about eight thousand, is well located for drainage, health, and beauty, on a high ridge rising up from the banks of a small river, a branch of the great Uingani. In every direction grassy hills stand out to view, with high mountains to the north and west.

The whole breadth of country, about two hundred miles in width, from the Drakenberg range to the ocean, embracing the eastern province of Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, a distance of more than one thousand miles, is all of the same general appearance, just like the waves of the ocean, a vast sea of irregular grassy hills and mountains, with island groves of timber, the Kaffrarian waves being much more abrupt and high than those within British lines.

Up the river, seven miles from the capital, is the native village and Wesleyan mission station called Edendale. It was founded by Rev. Mr. Allison, then a Wesleyan missionary, later a devoted and useful minister to the natives in Pietermaritzburg, not directly with us, but in good repute with all classes, and in good fellowship with his Wesleyan brethren. In founding Edendale he bought a large tract of land, of superior quality, for the natives, and secured to them freehold titles. Their beautiful dale-near the river, with a grand waterfall in sight above, a good mill for grinding the millions of bushels of maize they grow on their little farms, their neat village of one thousand population, with nearly all the space along the sides of the streets and front and rear of their little houses covered with fruit trees, principally the peach; and two new chapels of brick and stone, in fine style, to seat about five hundred each, all built by native mechanics-is not without reason called Edendale. They had a fine young missionary, Rev. C. Roberts.

Distant from the capital fifty-three miles are Port Natal and the commercial town of D'Urban, with a population of nearly ten thousand. It is located near the bay, on a vast plain of sand, which once belonged to the domain of the ocean, but the high Berean hills, to which the town extends, covered with forests and tropical jungle, furnish fine background to the scene and splendid sites for suburban residences.

Easterly from D'Urban, across the Uingani, twenty miles distant, in a country abounding with coffee plantations, is the rural village of Verulam. The daily labors of our brief sojourn of

five weeks were devoted principally to Indaleni, Pietermaritzburg, Edendale, D' Urban, and Verulam.

The services were held in the Wesleyan chapels, which are neat, substantial, and spacious, but we had the hearty cooperation of nearly all classes of Christian ministers and people. The effects of the searing blight of semi-infidelity, so famous in Natal, were so felt by the infant churches of the colony that all lovers of the Bible and its Author were ready to join hands with any agency that God might send to help them in their need. In Maritzburg, besides Brothers Mason, Hays, and Cameron, Wesleyan ministers, we had Rev. Mr. Allison, before mentioned; Revs. W. Campbell and Smith, Scotch Presbyterians; Rev. P. Huet, Dutch Reformed, and two zealous French missionaries, unjustly exiled by the Dutch Boers from the Free State, where they, with their fellow-missionaries, thirteen in number, had labored successfully for many years among the Basutos. In D'Urban, besides Rev. J. Cameron, Wesleyan, veteran chairman of the district; his colleague; C. Harman and J. Langley, missionaries to the natives; Rev. Ralph Stott, a wise and indefatigable old Indian missionary, laboring among the Natal coolies, we had Rev. Mr. Buchanan and Rev. Mr. Patton, his colleague, Presbyterians; Rev. Mr. Mann, Independent, and a number of the American missionaries, among whom we had special helpers in the persons of Revs. D. Rood, M.A., H. B. Wilder, M.A., W. Mellon, and that grand old pioneer missionary, D. Lindley, D.D. Rev. Mr. Mann brought his people in force, and nearly half the new converts belonged to his congregation, whom he organized into classes, after the model of Methodism, and with such a body of new recruits was going on with increasing success.

As I was straitened for time, and as the Natalians seemed to have but little appreciation of native stuff for the ministry -- nay, strong prejudice against even the hope of raising up native ministers -- and as my Zulu had become a workman that needed not to be ashamed, I thought it best to appoint him the general of the black legion, while I should bring up the smaller wing of the whites, and thus storm the citadel of infidelity and sin from two sides at the same time. So I commended my sable brother to the missionaries and bespoke for him an open field and a fair fight.

Bishop Colenso had just been booming away at an impregnable fortress of truth, the supreme divinity of Jesus Christ, and forbidding any to ask directly any favors from Christ, and ignored the very songs of Zion which contained prayers to the Son of God. The colonial papers had given the bishop all the aid and comfort they could, for his sensationalism was very edifying to the press financially; but at the time of our arrival that novelty had lost its power of charming, and some new strategic dash was needed to revive the flagging spirits of the bishop's troops; so on the first Sabbath night we spent in Maritzburg the bishop preached on "The Idolatry of the Bible," by which it appeared from his discourse, as reported to us by some who heard it, he meant an idolatrous reverence for the Bible. One of his illustrations was in substance as follows: A young man, a printer employed in setting the type of one of his (Colenso's) first books on the Pentateuch, became so affected by the doubts thus excited in his mind about the truth of the Bible that he went mad and committed suicide. The bereaved father of the poor printer wrote to Colenso, giving the facts about the dreadful end of his son, and charged the bishop with his death; to which the bishop replied that the father himself was the cause of the tragedy by teaching his son such an idolatrous love for the Bible that he could not bear to see the truth of its stories called in question, and hence his madness and self-destruction.

The two Sabbaths we spent in the capital Bishop Colenso and his thorn in the flesh, Dean Green, were booming away just across the street in a diagonal line from our chapel.

While in Maritzburg I delivered a lecture on "Reminiscences of Palestine," and as I had occasion to join issue with one of Colenso's arguments, in which he tries to prove the physical impossibility of executing the command of Moses, as recorded in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Deuteronomy, to proclaim the curses and blessings of the law from the two opposite mountains, Gerizim and Ebal, to the assembled hosts of Israel between, having myself personally, by measurement and vocal power, demonstrated the entire feasibility of the whole thing in the very place where Joshua, in the eighth chapter of his book, informs us that all that Moses commanded was done, I requested my committee to present the bishop with my compliments and send him a ticket to the lecture; but he did not put in an appearance. I afterward learned that the bishop had left for D'Urban about the time the lecture was to come off, on a tour of episcopal visitation in that part of his diocese.

So when I went to D'Urban the bishop was at his post there. As I entered the town I saw the bills up announcing that the learned bishop was to preach next day, morning and evening, in the Anglican church.

At Verulam he preceded us a week. Rev. Mr. Elder there tried to blockade his pulpit against the bishop, and hence one of those scenes so common in his diocese, a violent removal of barriers and running the blockade.

The Sabbath I was in Verulam, Colenso was back in D'Urban. The papers puffed him and eulogized his preaching, and a merchant of Maritzburg came to tea at the house of my host, Mr. J. H. Grant, in D'Urban, so drunk he could not walk erect, and spent an hour in berating Christians and Christian ministers, and was sure that the eloquent bishop, the most learned and reliable preacher in the world, would yet convert the whole of us. I happened to say, "Dr. Colenso," and he took offense that I should be so irreverent. "Bishop Colenso! Bishop Colenso!" he shouted, "the most learned and pious man in the world!"

There were some very respectable families, in a worldly sense, and of good outward moral deportment, who were identified with the bishop, but the majority of his followers were affirmed to be, by those who know them well, such persons as have good reason to dread the threatened judgments of the Bible, and therefore hope the book is not from God. Colenso, too, gained influence with many by his genial, gentlemanly manners and Low Church liberality, in contrast with the stiff, Puscritical, ritualistic character of the Bishop of Cape Town. Old Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Episcopal minister in D'Urban, in a friendly visit to my room, after talking to me for some time about the Bishop of Jerusalem and the Bishop of Sydney, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, spoke of Colenso, who had been in his pulpit the preceding Sabbath, and said, "Poor Colenso, I believe he is a well-meaning man, but has got wrong in his mind. I believe he will be in a lunatic asylum before many years go by."

Mr. Lloyd was a most kind-hearted old man, and would have been glad to draw that veil of charity over the learned prelate's theological idiosyncrasies. One of the D'Urban papers stated, as

a proof that all the people had not lost confidence in the bishop, that in his recent episcopal tour he had baptized two children!

During those eventful five weeks in which the bishop made his episcopal tour and caused such a lively stir among the newspaper reporters, correspondents, and sensationalists of the church-breaking order, and doing wonders in his way, and baptized two babies, my Zulu and his black legion, and I with my palefaces, had marched steadily on against the armies of the aliens. The souls awakened by the Spirit, who surrendered to God, accepted Christ, and personally tested the truth of the Bible, and who got the demonstration of the supreme divinity of Jesus by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, publicly confessed that they had received redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of their sins. They were also personally examined by their ministers, who, being satisfied with their testimony, wrote down their names and addresses, so as to get them under pastoral training. These new witnesses whom God thus raised up in refutation of the skepticism and infidelity of the times numbered over three hundred and twenty whites and over seven hundred natives, of all ages and stations in life, making an aggregate of more than one thousand persons. I only preached five sermons to Kaffirs during those five weeks, so that most of the success of that division of the army was under the leadership of my Zulu. I was glad of that, for it did more than volumes of argument could have done to break down a foolish caste and color prejudice, and thus open the way for the employment of native agency, which God will mainly employ for the evangelization of Africa.

When Brother Pamla first went to D'Urban, Mr. Henry Cowey, a merchant, an excellent worker and local preacher, said to me, " There is a great deal of prejudice here against allowing a colored man to come into the house of a colonist, but I have consented to take Charles to stop with me."

"You may think yourself very highly honored, Brother Cowey, to have the privilege of entertaining such a messenger of God."

Brother Cowey afterward reminded me of my remark, and said it was true, for he and his family had been entertained and benefited by Charles' sojourn with them.

Bishop Colenso's attempt to popularize the Gospel with the Kaffirs by his apology for polygamy did not take with the Kaffir polygamists at all, for they were sharp enough to see that if Christianity differed so little from Kaffir heathenism as that it was quite unnecessary to be at the trouble of a conversion from one to the other.

When the first Anglican Church dean went to Natal he visited the Wesleyan mission at Pietermaritzburg, and Rev. W. J. Davis, the missionary, invited him to preach to his Kaffirs. The dean accepted the invitation and came before the audience in his white surplice, a style of dress the natives had never seen before. After the service Mr. Davis asked some of the men what they thought of the new umfundisi's preaching? "Well, replied one, "it was very good, just the same things we had heard before; but we were wondering all the time why the man did not put his shirt inside of his trousers!"

When Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Pietermaritzburg his little son John, a lad of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was indeed so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of his beat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within his reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground and set his great paw on poor little Johnny's head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. Miss Moreland, a young lady with characteristic colonial presence of mind, seeing the peril of the child, ran up stairs and with her accordion in hand went to a window looking out upon the tragic scene, and with a shout, to arrest attention, played a tune for the entertainment of the so-called king of the woods, and he was so delighted with her kind intentions and musical talents that he released his prey and went the length of his chain toward his fair charmer, and stood in rapt attention. Johnny meantime got up and carried his precious little self off to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how they were all excited about him, and then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account. John grew up to the stature of a tall man, and was delivered from him "who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

On our way to Pietermaritzburg, having crossed into the lines of Natal, Mr. H., a very intelligent and influential man, gave Charles Pamela a solemn warning against coming into contact with Bishop Colenso, which led in substance to the following conversation:

"He is a learned, shrewd, dangerous man, said Mr. H., "and might shake your faith."

"Shake my faith in what?" inquired Charles.

"He might shake your faith in the truth of the Bible and in the divinity of Jesus Christ."

"I can't see how he could do that," replied Charles. "I proved the truth of the Bible and the divinity of Jesus Christ in my heart thirteen years ago. I was convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost according to the teachings of the Bible; I then walked after the Spirit according to the instructions of the word of God, and he led me to Jesus Christ. I gave my guilty soul to him and received him as my Saviour, and got the forgiveness of all my sins through him. None but God can forgive sins. It was on the truth of God's word that I accepted him as my Saviour, and then, according to the true promises of God, he saved me from my sins, a thing I know he never could do if he were not God. He not only saved me thirteen years ago, but he has saved me every day since, and saves me now. These are the facts that I know, and I can't see how any man's infidel speculations can shake God's facts revealed in my heart, which prove to me the truth of his book."

Ah but the faith of many strong men has been shaken by Colenso," rejoined Mr. H., "and you should be careful not to put yourself in his way; he might do you serious injury."

"Well, now, Mr. H.," said Charles, "will you please give me the strongest argument Colenso ever raised against the truth of the Bible?"

"No, I should be afraid it might do you damage."

But Charles insisted on knowing the strongest thing Mr. H. could recall from Colenso's writings against God's book, and finally Mr. H. said, "Dr. Colenso shows, by an arithmetical calculation, that the Bible story about the ark breaks down; that it was impossible, according to the measurements given, for the ark to contain a pair of all the animals and seven of the clean animals, as stated in the story."

Indeed," said Charles, "and that's it Is that the strongest point the great man can make against the word of God?"

"He makes a strong case out of that, and I can't remember a stronger in his writings," replied Mr. H.; and Charles showed his splendid rows of ivory in a broad spontaneous laugh, peculiar to himself, and then said, "Well, now, seriously, Mr. H., whatever may be our ignorance of ancient measurements, the fact is, if God should command me to build an ark, give me the pattern and dimensions, furnish plenty of timber of the right sort for such a ship, and plenty of shipbuilders, and one hundred and twenty years to fulfill my contract, I'll warrant you I would make it big enough; and I have no doubt that old Noah was as sharp as any Kaffir in Africa."

The fact is, taking the cubit at twenty-one inches, the measurements given in the narrative are adequate; but my Zulu took the bishop on his own ground. The Jews had a measure called a cubit, the Chaldeans had a very different measure called a cubit, just as we have different measurements bearing the same name now; for example, a mile in Ireland is about one third longer than a mile in England, and an acre in England, Ireland, and Scotland represents in each country quite a different measurement of land. So Charles at a glance grasped the fundamental points in the story, those furnishing the clearest presumption of its truthfulness.

Some of the rivers of Natal abound with alligators, and many a poor fellow has been dragged down and devoured by them. Rev. Mr. Butler, an American missionary, was crossing the Umkumas River on horseback, when a huge alligator seized his leg. He held on for life to his horse, and dragged the savage beast ashore, and happily for him a number of Kaffir women were near, who ran to his rescue and beat the horrible creature off him. The wound, after a long time, was healed, but the minister never fully recovered.

Mr. Pincent, of D'Urban, in Mr. George Cato's judgment, though not an eloquent pleader, was the best law counselor in South Africa. After he had been forward with our seekers several times feeling after God his case, to his own mind, became desperate, and after giving me a statement of his rebellion against God he inquired, " Now, do you think there is any chance for such a' vile creature as I am to be saved?"

He was regarded as a moral, right-minded man, but now the Holy Spirit had revealed to him, what every sinner must see before he will consent to God's terms of salvation, the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

I assured him that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners-even the very chief of sinners-and that if he would but surrender to God and accept Christ he would prove the truth of that glorious announcement straightway. We then went into the details of the struggle, and he was so sick of sin that I had but

little difficulty in getting him to consent to a divorce from all sin and to accept God's will as the rule of his heart and life; but he stuck some time at the believing point. He wanted to pray on till God, for Christ's sake, would give him peace, and then he could believe. When I got him to see clearly that he must have confidence in a physician, and accept him before he could hope to be cured by him, he next stuck at the mystery involved in such a work. Realizing his antagonism to God's immutable laws, and that a judgment had been given and recorded against him in heaven's court under the clearly revealed law, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," " He that believeth not is condemned already," he could not see how it was possible for his legal relation to God's government to be adjusted so that he should be fully reconciled to God.

After fully explaining the Gospel plan of salvation by faith I finally got him down to the saving act of faith by the following illustration:

"Jesus Christ is our Advocate with the Father. Now, it is fair to presume that he understands his professional intricacies and difficulties. If he had not been perfectly qualified for that responsible position he would not have been admitted to the bar of heaven's court at all. Now suppose, Mr. Pincent, that one of your clients should elbow you round the corners of the street and keep insinuating, 'I can't see how you are to conduct my suit to a successful issue. I can't understand the complications of the case; it seems all dark to me, and I'm afraid you'll not succeed.' Then when the case comes on for trial in court, and your client insists on standing by you to tell you how to conduct the suit, and every few minutes gives you the benefit of his counsel, and dictates to you how you should attend to your own business, what would you do, sir? You would return him his brief straightway! Now, that illustrates your treatment of our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. If a client understood the business he would not employ an advocate, and which he employs one he thus admits that he does not understand it, but that his advocate does, and he allows his advocate to conduct the suit in his own way, and is not concerned to know the intricacies involved, but only the successful issue."

This being the last point in the penitential struggle of my lawyer, he thus saw it clearly, and at once gave his case fully and unreservedly into the hands of his heavenly Advocate; and that very day he got his discharge from the death sentence of the law in the court divine, certified in his heart by the Holy Spirit. The moment God saw that, under the leading of the awakening Spirit, he fully surrendered himself and accepted Christ, at the instance of his Advocate the Father justified him freely. Brother Pincent became a witness and worker for God, and very useful in leading poor sinners to Christ.

But, says a hypercritical soul, "Why make such a free use of a gentleman's name?" Suppose I ask why St. Luke gave the name of Sergius Paulus, the Governor of Cyprus, who believed under Paul's preaching, and why tell us that under his sermon on Mars' Hill one of the judges of that august court, Dionysius, was one among others who believed? Such facts judiciously stated block the game of a class of depreciative croakers, common in all countries, who are always ready to insinuate that the believers in Christ are a sorry set of weak-minded souls, composed largely of superannuated old women and little children; and then, when such are forestalled by such examples as Governor Paulus and Judge Dionysius, they are greatly shocked that the names of such should come to light.

I made an allusion to Mr. Pincen's conversion in Cape Town, and one of those hypercritics made a blow in the papers about it, no doubt expecting to turn even my lawyer against me for using his name; but I had the pleasure of stating at my next service that it was by Mr. Pincen's own authority that I made use of his name, he having said to me, "So much of my life has been wasted that for the rest of it I wish my time, talents, and testimony all used in any way that will promote the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, and you are at liberty to make any use of my name you like for such purposes.

In the colony of New South Wales eight lawyers received Christ at our meetings, and one of them, a barrister and crown prosecutor, was used by the Holy Spirit in the salvation of a number of prominent men in the colony.

My friend, Mr. George Cato, drove me twenty miles to Amanzimtote, one of the American mission stations, for a couple of preaching services, through a pioneer interpreter, Mr. Joseph Kirkman, who was the speaking medium for Rev. Dr. Adams and Rev. A. Grant, American missionaries there from the year 1838.

George C. Cato, was Consul of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, Consular Agent for the United States of America for Natal, merchant, sugar planter, free counselor on all colonial matters, agent for the American missionaries, and liberal patron of good things. He was a citizen of the country worthy of a much larger space than my limits will allow; but the following extract of a letter from him will furnish illustrative glimpses into the character of the man, colonial pioneer life, and the then recent work of God:

"Natal, January 13, 1867

My Dear and Beloved Friend: It was with unspeakable pleasure that I read your two notes you very kindly wrote me, the last one written near St. Helena. We prized the likeness of yourself and your good wife that you sent, and shall respect the giver while life shall last. It is not very likely we shall forget you. Some of us in this country reckon things and times by epochs, such as when the Zulus came down on the natives here, but finding them cooking human flesh so disgusted them that they would not soil their assagais by killing the cannibals, and hence left the country; then the arrival of the Dutch Boers; then the Zulu war, which a good and wise Providence allowed to sweep off all the old English residents, who were living with and like the natives, and who, if they had remained alive, would have been the cause of much cold-blooded murder. Then the first occupation by British troops; then their leaving and giving up the country to the Dutch; then their coming back again, and our fight, and my being made prisoner and put in irons by day and stocks by night; then the first and second flood of the Uingani River, and our starting at midnight with a boat, to see if any of the residents of the lowlands were in danger, and saving the Smith family, who had got to a small hill, and were then standing in water breast high; then the arrival of Bishop Colenso, one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew, and beyond my poor comprehension; then the arrival and final departure of our good governor, one of my best friends, Mr. Scott, with a few smaller advents, until the coming and going of not the least of my remarkable days -- when you came and went.

"I don't wish you any harm, but I wish the chapter of accidents would just land you here again. I have come to the conclusion in my own mind that human nature is human nature under all circumstances, and a predominant feature thereof is an insatiable greed, never satisfied; some crave one thing and some another. Consequently if you think there are not souls enough to be saved here to satisfy your craving, then we will annex the Zulu country and the Dutch inland. I think you would find enough here to make stars for your crown, and we should welcome you in all love and respect. I cannot conceive that you will find a country where your good would be more enduring than it appears to be here. As a matter of course, I know the fountain from which this good comes, and that strengthens my argument: you had the approval of your Master. Since you left I saw a letter from one of my friends to another, saying that he was at church the other night, and if I had been there I should have been delighted, as the bishop said during his sermon that some men were specially gifted by God with powers to awaken their fellow-men; that these powers did not depend upon great learning, but were a special gift to convey his messages to mankind; that we may not scrutinize the messenger too narrowly, but must obey his message. Among such men he named a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Spurgeon, and a Taylor. Now, after that I think you had better come back."

It may be worthy of remark that near the close of our campaign Bishop Colenso called at the house of my host, Mr. J. H. Grant, in D'Urban, to see me, saying, "I wanted to see you and shake hands with you before you leave. God has given you your work to do, and you are doing it, and he has called me to another work, and I am doing my work. You don't suppose all who have been brought in at your meetings will stand, do you?"

I replied, "I certainly do suppose that the most of them will stand to the death; but a few of them, owing to their very bad habits, bad associations, and the influence of bad examples, may relapse into sin."

Our interview being short, but little passed between us beyond the facts given. I could readily see how by his kind, gentlemanly manner he won the friendship of many persons, who said they received him as a gentleman without any reference to his ecclesiastical character and relations.

Francis Harvey, Sr., of Verulam, was one of the natural curiosities of the colony. The following scrap from his journal may suffice to introduce him:

"This happy morning, at five o'clock, the exact anniversary of my birth seventy-four years since, I find myself, by the special favor and goodness of Almighty God, in superior health and energy of body, and rich in the full enjoyment of every faculty and power of mind, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual, as much so as at any former anniversary of my entrance on life's pathway; and in all and everything of blissful possession and sublime hope I cannot believe there exists in Africa, or in the wide world, one more blest, or more conscious of entire unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies."

At the first service held in D'Urban by Bishop Colenso on his arrival in the colony Father Harvey was present, and tells the following:

"The bishop entered the plain church as it was then, walked to the pulpit, sat down, and made a scrutinizing survey of the rustic audience. I being the oldest man in the house, with a white beard, he no doubt thought I was a vestryman, and came down the aisle to me and said, 'Are you an officer in the church, sir?'

'Yes, sir, I am the superintendent of the Sabbath school and a local preacher in the Wesleyan Establishment.'

'Ah, ah, indeed!' replied the bishop with an air of disappointment, and walked back to the pulpit.

"After a little he came to me again and said, 'Have you been long in this country?'

'Yes, sir, about ten years.'

"What induced you at your time of life to come so far?'

"I had some promising sons for whom I thought I could do better in a new country.'

"From what part of England did you come?'

'Cornwall, sir; where your father used to live before he removed to Devonshire. I used to go to school to your uncle William, in Cornwall.'

"By this time' all who were sitting near became quite interested.

"My uncle William?' inquired the bishop.

'Yes, sir, your uncle, William Colenso; I went to school to him many a long day. He was a Wesleyan local preacher like myself.' Sensation among the listeners!"

The bishop took it very kindly, and soon returned to the pulpit. He left the old officer in the Wesleyan Establishment.

One of Colenso's friends in Verulam was telling Father Harvey about the bishop's eloquent sermon there the Sabbath preceding my visit, and said that nothing could come up to it. Harvey did not join issue with him on the merits of the sermon, but said:

"See a silversmith with a beautiful tiny hammer, hammering the link of a delicate gold chain, and then look at one of Nasmyth's mighty hammers, twenty-five tons in weight, stroke after stroke, crashing down on red-hot iron. Imagine a moonbeam reposing on the crest of an iceberg, in contrast with Nebuchadnezzar's furnace!"

Stirring incidents there were, too, and enough to fill a volume, but my space will admit only a few. I will insert one from Pamla's work, as given by Charles:

"A heathen man at the Inanda, near Verulam, came to one of my meetings when I was there. After preaching, when I called for penitents, the heathen man came forward. I asked him, 'Do you give up your sins?'

'What sins?' he asked.

"I replied, 'Man, don't you know what sins are?'

'I never did commit any sins.'

'What, did you never quarrel or fight with the people?'

"And then he got up immediately and looked in my face and was very angry. He said, 'What sort of a preacher are you? Do you think you are a better preacher than our preachers here? You are not. It is not a sin to hit another man. Why did David kill Goliath? Now, if David was a good man and could do that, it is not a sin. I may fight too. Do you think that I would let another man come and kill me? No. '

"I told him that David was allowed by God to kill Goliath because Goliath was a great enemy. 'You are allowed to defend your country and kill people in battle, but not at home.'

"The next time he came to my meeting he told me that he was a great sinner, and kneeled down, gave up his sins, received Christ, and found peace.

At my last service in Verulam forty-two souls entered into liberty. A man said, Mr. Garland, go and talk to that poor fellow; he is a Roman Catholic and needs help."

Garland went to him and said, "Are you willing to give up all your sins and surrender your soul to God?"

"I have done that, sir," replied the Catholic.

"Are you willing on the faith of God's record to accept Christ as your Saviour?"

"I have accepted him, sir."

"When did you accept him?"

"Tonight, sir, since I knelt down here." "Does he save you from your sins?"

"Yes, sir; he has saved me. I feel it! I know it; he's my blessed Jesus

A young colonist among the seekers, who received Christ and obtained the renewing of his Holy Spirit, at once went to work in his blunt simplicity to help his struggling friends to come to Jesus, and was made a blessing to some; he said to a young friend who was weeping and praying,

"Believe, Jim! accept Christ now! Do it sharp, as I did!" His friend came to the point, believed "sharp," and was saved.

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30 -- CONCLUSION AT CAPE COLONY

My Article in the Graham's Town Journal -- William Boyce's Opinion of My Argument -- Rational Method of Establishing a Mission Station in a Heathen Country -- The Land Grant -- A Christian Government in Embryo -- A Sanctuary -- Offices of the Minister -- Difficulties of the Missionary Fathers -- They Established a Base of Operations -- Number of the Kaffirs -- Only One Christian Kaffir Chief -- Loud Call for Laborers -- No More Mission Stations on the Old Plan -- No Fundamental Changes Proposed -- The Pauline Method to be Adopted -- Little Knowledge Required for Conversion -- What the Gospel Plan Embraces -- Lessons from the Acts of the Apostles -- The Aggressive Method Does Not Preclude Other Means -- Result of Experience in South Africa -- The Revivals in Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal -- Plenty of Work for Everybody -- I Plead for the Apostolic Plan -- Inefficiency of the Formal Missionary Method -- Native Preachers Must be Set to Work -- How Churches May be Established -- Organize and then Go Ahead -- The Greater Force to be Native Africans -- Characteristics of the Kaffir Mind -- Oratorical Ability -- Literary Standards to be Set up Afterward -- Where Shall We Get the Money? -- Self-support the Key to the Situation -- "I've a Share in the Concern." -- Paul's Churches Supported Themselves -- Principle of the Tithes -- Why Christianity Does Not Grapple Mohammedanism -- Necessity for the Aggressive Spirit -- The Church to be Re-energized -- True Christianity Enlists the Whole Man -- Missionary Work Demands Heroism -- Give the Pauline Method a Trial in Africa -- Employment of Native Agency -- My Deep Convictions on this Subject -- What Should be Done with Men like Pamla -- How the Millennial Glory Might Arise -- Paul's Proposal to Barnabas -- Thomas Guard's Report from Graham's Town and Other Stations -- The Work in Beaufort, Cradock, and Annshaw -- Lamplough's Letter Relative to Charles Pamla -- Thomas Kirkby Describes the Death Scene of a Christian Zulu Girl -- Extract from a Letter from Charles -- He Tells Me of the Objections Against him -- His Warfare with Kaffir Beer Drinking -- His Cheering Reports of his Work -- He Describes his Manner of Preaching and the Way in which he Answered his Opponents -- How the Cavilers Against Him were Silenced -- His Skill in Argumentation and Entreaty -- Chiefs and Counselors Contend with him -- My Arrival at Cape Town and Embarkation for London

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One day soon after my return from Africa to England, as I was entering the Wesleyan Mission House in London, Rev. William Boyce, who had been a pioneer missionary in Africa, and was at the time of my call one of the missionary secretaries, said to me: " Mr. Taylor, I thank you for the article you wrote for the Graham's Town Journal on aggressive mission work in Africa. I had it inserted in The Watchman and The Methodist Recorder, of London. Whenever I get too old to receive and indorse a new idea I shall want to die. Good men here are continually eulogizing the old men, saying, 'The fathers! the fathers! the fathers! ' I tell them it is a mercy to the living that the old fathers are dead. They are worthy of all honor as God's servants. They had their day, and did grand service in their day, but they became in a measure fossilized and could not expand with the

progressive spirit of this age, and became obstructives. I want to die before I reach that stage." The following is the article as it was written in October of 1866:

The establishment of a mission station in a purely heathen country appears to require something like the foundations of a new State, civil and religious. A large grant of land is secured from the chief, with treaty stipulations that while the mission station is his, the missionary being answerable to him for the good conduct of the people in this new community, the chief is not to interfere with the internal government of the mission people. It is, indeed, designed to be a model of Christian government, embodying Gospel teaching, schools for education, mechanical industries, in short, a miniature Christian nation, for the government of which a heathen chief has no qualifications. The mission station, too, is by consent of parties a sanctuary to which all persecuted people under suspicion of witchcraft, or other indefinable offenses, may flee and be safe while they remain there. The missionary practically becomes the chief of this mission tribe. He is the minister, the magistrate, the superintendent of the schools, and often the teacher as well, the master mechanic, the patron in general of all the arts of civilization which the heathen should learn, and he soon gets work enough on his hands fully to employ and often utterly consume his energies and his life.

The uninitiated, especially now that heathenism in these parts is awed by the presence of English colonial governments, can form no adequate idea of the complicated difficulties our missionary fathers had to encounter in planting the Gospel standard in this empire of darkness; and far be it from me to indulge a thought or drop an insinuation reflecting on their wisdom or fidelity in establishing the missions just as they did. They, have done their work nobly, and many of them have already received of the Master the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." While they enjoy the glory of God in heaven let them be honored by men on earth.

But now that they have established a base of operations the time will come, and, I believe, has come, when we should from this base develop a more simple, direct, economical, and a more thoroughly effective system of evangelization for the conquest of the entire continent. The necessity for such a movement may be seen from the following facts: According to published statistics there are in the Cape Colony and Natal nearly half a million of African natives. It is believed by old missionaries and others who have the best means of forming an approximately correct idea in the absence of a census that the different tribes of Kaffraria amount in the aggregate to at least two hundred and fifty thousand souls. [Rev. E. Solomon says three hundred thousand.] Add to these the tens of thousands embraced in the lines of the Bechuana district and in the Free State, and we shall have nearly a million natives within the bounds of our South African missions. Among all this mass of heathen population, accessible to the Gospel, according to last year's report (1865), we have 8,247 church members.

We have up to this day but one Christian ruling Kaffir chief, and his is the only Kaffir tribe that has to any great extent received Christ, the great majority of our stations being composed of Fingoes. This vast field white for the harvest, to say nothing of the millions of souls in the interior, calls loudly for additional laborers, while the Missionary Society is calling out for retrenchment. Now what is to be done? I would not give up to the authority of heathen chiefs the mission stations which have grown up under the civil administration of the missionary, as in the case of Shawbury.

Let them remain as seats of education and cities of refuge as long as such a protective arrangement may be necessary.

But unless a very clear providential necessity should arise let no more mission stations be established on that plan. Education and all other appliances of civilization will follow in the wake of Gospel triumphs, and should be amply provided for, but if all these must precede the Gospel, or go abreast with it, as part of the missionary's work, they will so circumscribe and trammel his movements that he will have but little time and strength left for carrying the war into Africa beyond the lines of the station.

I do not propose any fundamental changes in our itinerant system, but having our mission stations with all their resources, with the Bible in Kaffir, Zulu, and other African languages, I would respectfully submit what I believe to be the best method of greatly increasing the working effectiveness of our missions without greatly increasing the cost to the Missionary Society of carrying them on. I don't propose any new plan, but the old plan so successfully worked by St. Paul and his fellow-missionaries. I will give an outline of what I regard the purely evangelical platform.

The Gospel is adapted to humanity in all its forms, from the most learned philosopher to the most degraded heathen. All the knowledge essential to the salvation of a poor heathen may be acquired in a very short time-his pollution of soul by sin, his guilt, his condemnation and exposure to penalty, his bondage to Satan, and that God hath provided and now offers to him in Christ a ransom, a cleansing fountain, an almighty Deliverer. Through the quickening power of the Holy Spirit he may learn all this under the preaching of a single Gospel sermon or even under the prophetic witnessing of a few laymen. "If all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not" -- a poor skeptic, who had heard but did not believe these Gospel tidings -- "or one unlearned" -- a poor heathen who knew nothing about them -- "he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest;" and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and, finding salvation in Christ, will be able as a witness for Jesus to "report that God is in you of a truth."

The Gospel plan not only embraces pastors and teachers for the watch-care and edification of the Church, but also apostles, prophets, and evangelists, for the development and effective employment of the combined forces of the Church in bold aggressions into the kingdom of darkness. The Acts of the Apostles, extending through a period of over thirty years, though full of thrilling history, was not written merely as history, but the Holy Spirit evidently designed thus to illustrate the practical application and effects of Gospel principles, doctrines, and methods necessary to the salvation of the world.

Every fact, therefore, is an authoritative teaching fact, and every character portrayed a representative character. Nearly the whole record of facts, from the travels and labors of Barnabas and Paul and their coadjutors, authoritatively teach and illustrate God's own methods of spreading the Gospel. Whether in Jerusalem, at the great Pentecost, or subsequently in Antioch, Athens, Corinth, or Ephesus, and all other illustrative examples given us by St. Luke, the plan was to consecrate for action their most effective forces daily, and thus they added daily to the Church such as were saved.

This is not at all in conflict with the ordinary methods of exhortation, edification, and comfort of believers, and individual efforts to win souls to Christ. The aggressive methods should not be allowed, in any degree, to supersede the ordinary means. Like the various departments of military warfare, they are so many essential parts of one great plan. The recruiting, daily drill, reconnoitering, and skirmishing are not to supersede the forward march of the grand army; nor are the victorious charges of the grand army to do away with these preliminary departments of the service. Special revival efforts, to be sure, involve hazards, as all great movements do. When the Church maketh increase of herself by ordinary means only, the increase is principally of those who have been under training in her Sunday schools and stated ministry, persons whose general moral character and associations would be a guarantee for their good behavior as church members, whether they were truly converted to God or not; whereas a special revival effort is like dragging the great net, bringing up all sorts of fish, rendering it necessary to select the good and throw the bad away, as the Saviour illustrates. On the other hand, I believe that nearly one third of the converts in a great revival were nominal members of the Church at the time of their conversion.

After many years of patient drilling and preparation in Southern Africa we have recently tried this Gospel method of a daily concentration of effort for a few days together in different places. In every place there has been a hearty cooperation of ministers and people. God hath in every instance owned their labors and crowned them with success, so that in Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, during the space of five months and twenty days, the ministers, on a personal examination of each case, with record of name and address, reported over four thousand souls converted to God. [That turned out to be but the first gathering of the harvest as we went along, but the full returns a few weeks later swelled the aggregate to 6,849.] Over one thousand of these are whites, a large majority of them natives under training on the mission stations, with a good sprinkling of heathen. Probably one fourth, or more, of the whole were nominal members of the Church. On at least two of our large mission stations the missionaries say all their people are now converted, and hence such another harvest on the same field cannot soon be gathered, but with good drilling these communities can make new aggressions into the regions beyond. The unsaved millions of this continent belong to the heritage of Jesus, and should be brought home to his fold. Plenty of work for everybody.

Let every believer be always trying to save somebody. How shall we best conserve and extend this great work of God? I can only plead for a fair trial of the apostolic plan. What is the ordinary mode of aggression beyond our base -- the mission stations? I believe it is to send out local preachers as pioneers among the heathen kraals every Sunday, with an occasional tour and periodical services by the missionary, when his unceasing pressing duties on the station allow it. After the labor of years a little society is formed, composed, it may be, of a few superannuated old heathen women and an old pauper man or two. This society, under the title of an out-station, is to the surrounding heathen an exponent of Christianity, a representation to their minds of the work of the great God we tell them about, and but excites their scorn and contempt. We, however, pity their ignorance, and go on fostering this little society till in the progress of years it grows to a respectable church, and a really good work is done and many souls saved; but the mass of its contemporaneous heathen have meantime gone down to perdition.

Now, in addition to this plan, in humble reliance on the broad charter of the Gospel and the power of the Holy Ghost, I would select a few of the best native preachers in the country. We would then go into the principal centers of population and by all legitimate means arrest the attention of the people and dispute with them daily, till the God of battles would give us one thousand or three thousand souls, according to the extent of the available population. We would immediately organize a church and establish good discipline under an effective pastorate. From such a center, under the influence of such an exhibition of the saving power of Jesus, we would send forth into the neighboring kraals local preachers and all sorts of lay agency, and give them healthy exercise and good vantage ground for winning souls. So soon as we should thus get the work in a new field thoroughly organized we would strike our tents and be off to another great center of population, and so speak that a great multitude would believe. By and by Barnabas and Mark could go to Cyprus, while Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke should press their way into new and more extensive fields.

In praying the God of the harvest to send forth laborers into our new fields, whether as evangelists, pastors, or teachers, we would expect that most of them would be native Africans, who would gladly submit to the general superintendency of the white missionaries so long as the providential necessity for such agency might exist.

This will lead us to consider the Kaffir standard of ministerial education.

Nearly every Kaffir you meet is an orator. Their power as law pleaders is proverbial, and every Kaffir child speaks its language correctly. Rev. Mr. Appleyard, who has given to the Kaffirs the whole Bible in their own language, told me that he never heard a Kaffir make a grammatical blunder in speaking the Kaffir language. To teach a Kaffir Latin and Greek, to prepare him to preach to Kaffirs, in a language without a literature, is not only a waste of time, but is likely to remove him, in his feelings, modes of thought, and habits of life, so far above his people as greatly to weaken their mutual sympathy and in many ways increase the difficulty of his access to them. Of course we would not object to the multiplication of such men as Rev. Tyo Soga; but shall the car of salvation stand still and millions of heathen perish while we are waiting for the schools to turn out such agents as he?

When the tribes of Africa become Christianized and civilized they may require a high literary standard of ministerial education, and would also have the facilities and the men to use them. For the present our Kaffir ministers should be able to read and write well in their own language, and, so far as practicable, to read and write the English tongue. They should be holy men of God, called by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, men thoroughly instructed in our doctrines and discipline; men who individually feel that "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," and who have gifts, grace, and fruit; men who will cheerfully consent to go anywhere this side the gates of perdition to save sinners, ever ready to preach or to die for Jesus.

Where are we to get the money for such a work? Whenever we shall succeed by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit in getting a great multitude converted to God we should say to them, "God designs you to be men, and not a set of children to be hanging on the coat tail of some foreign umfundisi. We will together thank God for sending missionaries over the sea to give you the Gospel, and we will always reverence and love them; but now that you have embraced the

Gospel, God requires you to support and extend it. He hath given you land, grain, and cattle in abundance; he hath given you heads, and hearts, and hands; and now, through faith in Jesus, you have received the gift of eternal life. Now you need a chapel, a preacher's house, and schoolhouse, and God expects every one of you to help in this great work." We would at once show them the plans, and systematically organize them for the work. A little sweep was seen in a snowstorm running down a street in New York city. "Hallo, Jack which way are you going?" "I'm going to the missionary meeting; I've a share in the concern; I gave a shilling to it last Sunday."

Thus we would give every saved heathen a share in the concern. Drawing them out of the channels of their heathenish habits, we would give them plenty of new and useful employment, and allow them no time for backsliding. We would thus make our infant churches self-sustaining from the start. St. Paul's new churches among the heathen were not only self-supporting, but gave liberally for the support of their poor widows, and for the poor Jews in Judea besides. In some cases, to be sure, St. Paul refused to receive a support for himself, but it was no doubt because he was establishing for the Church God's own system of finance, and he would not leave a peg on which his slanderers might hang a suspicion that his grand financial scheme was for his own personal advantage. According to this system every one of them was expected to lay by in store -- the first day of every week, according as the Lord had prospered them--at least a tenth of their net income, with freewill offerings besides, according to God's ancient law for mankind, and to which the Jews of those days yielded ready obedience.

While we have the poor with us, and while the Gospel is preached by men, this law will be necessary, and hence obligatory.

Our native ministers would not require more than one fourth of what is necessary to support a foreign missionary. It would not be best to raise them above the people too fast, but to advance as fast as they could raise their people with them. We would promise our men plenty of hard work, hard fare, and a martyr's crown if they could fairly win it; and they would have an opportunity, no doubt. This brings to view a glimpse of the moral effect of such a movement upon the Church. Mr. George Cato said to me the other day, "Why is it that the Gospel has so little effect upon the Mohammedans?"

"Mohammedanism," I replied, "is so bitter in its opposition to Christianity, and has such a tenacious hold upon its devotees, that the mild conservative type of modern Christianity is not adequate to grapple successfully with such an organization of superstition and sin; nor, indeed, to gain very fast on heathenism or successfully to resist the inroads of infidelity and worldliness, even in Christian countries."

I felt it to be a humiliating confession to have to make, but does not the logic of facts prove its truth? But let us have a healthy development of the essential aggressive spirit of the Gospel, carrying the glad tidings from city to city, and from country to country, according to the Gospel precedents adduced--now a chief or king converted to God, now an evangelist martyred, now a city conquered--the sympathy, prayers, and cooperation of every Christian in the world would be freely invested in such an enterprise. Everybody would be inquiring daily about the progress of the great work of God in its grand march to the conquest of the world.

We would thus have a living thing worthy of God and humanity and adequate to its ends. Such a work would wake the heroic elements of man's nature. How they are brought out by the tocsin of war! Within the last five years nearly a million of men have laid down their lives on the altar of patriotism. A low type of Christianity that does not enlist and employ the whole man sinks down to a formal secondary thing with him, and the active elements of his nature are carried off into other channels of enterprise. The heroic power of man's nature, enlisted and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, is essentially the old martyr spirit which kept the Gospel chariot moving in the olden time. What had Garibaldi ever to offer to his soldiers? But did he ever call in vain for an army of heroes ready to do or die? He knew how to arouse the heroic element of men's hearts.

Every passion and power of the human mind and heart should be sanctified by the Holy Spirit to the purposes for which they were designed. There is no field of enterprise to which the heroic element of our nature is better adapted or more needed than the great battlefield for souls, enlisting all the powers of hell on the one side and all the powers of heaven on the other. What an heroic record the gospels give of the labors, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Captain of our salvation and the noble army of martyrs trained under his personal ministry!

Give these Gospel methods of aggression a fair trial in Southern Africa. Hundreds of natives who have recently been converted to God can read and write, and we also have many native whites who are as well acquainted with the Kaffir language as with the English. With such resources, under continued and improved facilities of education, and the fostering care of our faithful missionaries now in the field, the God of the harvest would, doubtless, raise up all the laborers the increasing demands of the work might require. The native agency already employed by our missionaries at Fort Peddie, Annshaw, Morley, and elsewhere has been worked very satisfactorily, and the four native brethren just admitted as candidates for the ministry promise great usefulness to the Church.

Such a movement as we have described would, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, bring out hundreds of Africa's sons who would gladly share the greatest hazards of missionary life. They would not unnecessarily provoke persecution; would patiently endure it, or flee from one city to another if necessary; but if such should be manifestly the will of God they would die for Jesus as cheerfully as the martyrs of the apostolic age.

My convictions of the importance of this movement, and my desire to help my dear brethren in the full development of this plan in practical effect in Southern Africa have so occupied my mind and heart that for months past I have been praying to God that if it were his will to adjust my family and Conference relations to this work and call me to it I would gladly spend and be spent in this great battle for African souls. I have, however, finally come to the conclusion that God designs the glorious work here to be carried on by others, and will employ me in the same work in some other part of the world.

If my fellow-laborer, Brother Charles Pamla, and a few others were set apart as were Barnabas and Saul for this work, and properly sustained in it, I believe the Holy Ghost would do a work through them that he could not so readily do through me.

Let this aggressive method, so fully illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles, be adopted and wisely worked throughout the world, and we would, under the Holy Ghost, develop a healthy, heroic spirit of Christianity which would throw off the incubus of unbelief and spiritual death against which it is struggling, and would enable her successfully to grapple with the insidious forms of worldliness and sin in Christian countries, with Mohammedanism and all forms of heathenism. Then the darkness would soon be past. The dismal cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" would be heard no more. Then we should see the mellow light of millennial glory reposing on the tops of the mountains. The glory of the Lord would be revealed, and all flesh would see it together. The jubilant shout of the final victory of our all-conquering King would pass along the lines of the sacramental hosts and be echoed back from every island, mountain, and continent, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

William Taylor
October 18, 1866

"Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." Would that I could do the same in Africa! I will, however, take my dear reader to those places where I have preached the word of the Lord, and we will learn from the brethren how they do. From the most reliable sources I will respectfully submit statistics and facts which will at least furnish an index to the manifest extent of the work of God in those fields during my sojourn in South Africa and up to the time of my departure; and although my limited space will not allow a review in consecutive order I will select from a large amount of interesting matter in hand a few facts illustrative of the subsequent progress of the work.

Rev. Thomas Guard, in a letter dated November 14, 1866, says:

"I have been to Somerset, to Queenstown, and to Fort Beaufort since your visit to those towns, so that I am able to give you the latest information respecting the progress of the work.

Last Tuesday was a thanksgiving day of our church in this city (Graham's Town). Thanks for rain; thanks for payment of debt on our chapel-three thousand pounds; thanks for the grace of God in connection with your ever-to-be-remembered visit-showers of rain, of gold, of grace, but the greatest of these is grace; and I am glad to assure you the grace abides. Classes, prayer meetings, Sunday and week day preaching services, all continue to evince the power and mercy of the God of hosts. In Queenstown nothing could be more delightful than the state of our society, 'in fellowship, breaking of bread, and prayers.' I could see the change more clearly than you, as I had been there but a short time before your visit. Dugmore is in a most heavenly state of mind, and preaches with unwonted might and unction. In Beaufort, Brother Wilson rejoices over the most prosperous and growing state of spiritual life. In Somerset, especially in the country, whither many, who were converted in town, carried back the flame, the good work triumphs, and finds in Brother Edwards an indefatigable overseer.

"Cradock is remarkably advancing; every service adds souls to Christ; the town is all afire with zeal and love. Those brought to God in this city, with very few exceptions,, stand fast in the

faith. One or two young people, of whom we had some doubts, have' gone aside; but we trust to see them reclaimed or really converted."

Annshaw heads the list as to the numbers saved during the season of refreshing.

Rev. Brother Lamplough, by letter, November 7, 1866, says:

"Charles arrived at home all right, and very glad I was to see him again, though I am thankful to say I have got a first-rate interpreter; indeed, I think he surpasses Charles in that line, and is also a very powerful preacher, though in the latter work we have no one here to come up to Charles. I am very pleased that Charles went with you to Natal, and that you had such a glorious journey. It is truly wonderful to hear of all the wonders wrought by the Lord among the heathen in so short a time. . . . You will be pleased to hear that the work still continues to progress in this circuit. I have lost count almost of numbers; but at least one thousand two hundred profess to have found peace with God on this circuit, and there seems every reason to believe that we shall have a fresh ingathering on a large scale soon. The clear experience of those who, until just lately, were heathen, and the wonderful way in which the little children speak about the things of God is most astonishing. The last quarterly visitation for tickets was one of the most delightful seasons I have ever experienced."

Rev. Thomas Kirkby, junior missionary in Verulam, in a letter published in the Missionary Notices for September, 1867, gives the following interesting account of the death scene of a Christian Zulu girl who was brought from heathendom to the mission station to die:

"When told that she must die, 'O,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have been ready many days.' It was about ten days afterward that she departed. About midnight, when all but the sick girl were fast asleep, a sound stole across to the ears of the sleepers who were near her, a sound which came from the dying girl as she talked with the Invisible. She was praying the last prayer, and these were some of the words that the waking listeners heard: 'O, Lord, come and meet me!' One of the women asked her if she needed anything. She told her to call her father, and then told him to pray for her; and when he had given expression to his desires for his child's safety he asked her how she felt in prospect of death. 'O,' she said, 'it is all right now! God is with me! I am safe!' and then came the last struggle. Ah! poor child, already she was in the cold river of death, and the water was deep; but He was there. Feeling anxious to leave a clear testimony, as well as to do what good she could, she said, 'Give me a little water that I may speak a little more. God may help me to say that which may do good.' The father then called to a neighbor and said, 'Come and hear my child; she is going to God. He has come to meet her.'

"Fixing her eye on something the dying girl appeared to see approaching, she slowly breathed out, 'The wagon is coming to-to-fetch me;' and with a last effort she said, 'It is here!' These were her last words."

As a closing illustration of the progress of the work of God and of his workers in South Africa I will insert a letter from Brother Charles Pamla:

"Newtondale, July 18, 1867

"I will tell you the great objections the heathen have been making against the work of God and against me.

"First objection: This man is trying to get all our people converted so as to get lots of tickets and class money, and also to increase his salary from the white men and become the richest native in Africa. We will not go near him to be converted by him and increase his salary.

"Second objection: This man, Pamla, got some poison from that white who took him to Port Natal. He carries it in a black bag. He calls the foolish people to come to him and kneel down, so as to get at them and poison them, and then they become more foolish, and believe that they have been converted, when they are not. 'Tis not the work of God, for we never saw such a work before. If it is the work of God why did not the other ministers, who have been laboring amongst us before, do such things? We never saw so many people converted amongst us heathen before.

"Third objection, based on a false report: A stranger from Annshaw Circuit, who is a heathen, told the heathen round here, 'This is the very man who was removed from Annshaw by our white men because he was doing the same work there. The white men will soon find out that he is here cheating the people in this way, causing the people to give up their second wives and pleasures, and keeping services even during the week days. He deceives you because you are black, but the white men will soon find him out and drive him away.

"Fourth objection, also based on a false report which went round as an alarm: 'Tell all the heathen people not to come near that man, for a person has just brought the news that the people who were converted by this man in all places before he came here are all dead, and it will be the same thing here soon.' When the new converts here heard this they said, 'If that be true we will go to heaven at once!' Their reply was a great disappointment to the enemies.

"Fifth objection, based on a reform from the drinking of Kaffir beer: Many of our mission people have given up the custom of drinking Kaffir beer, and have openly broken their beer pots. The enemies became very angry indeed, and said, 'What! what! breaking pots? breaking pots? We never heard of such foolishness before. Shortly something will happen. They were specially shocked that their chief, Matomela, broke his beer pots and gave up the beer drinking, and the enemies said, 'What a pity we are under the British government! We would kill Charles Pamla because he is a false prophet and because he has persuaded our chief to give up our grandfathers' best food, which is beer, and if we had the power we would put Matomela out of his state as chief for giving up the beer, and put another in his place who would drink beer.'

"But notwithstanding all this opposition the work is growing stronger and stronger. We get fresh converts from the heathen every week-men, women, and children. Some of their chiefs and two of the richest heathen men in the country -- Giba and Cwati -- have been converted to God. Besides the converted chiefs I have named before I will add the name of Chief Mbilase. I will be able next time to tell you the number of converts gathered in since I was appointed to this circuit."

Brother Lamplough, at a later date, says that between six hundred and seven hundred were converted to God under Pamla's ministry during his five months' labor in his new circuit. Pamla continues:

"I have been preaching almost every day, except a few Fridays and Saturdays once a fortnight. Now I will tell you how I have answered some of those objections of the heathen. I went to the great place of Chief Pundakube, and laid these things before the chief. I then asked him to gather together his counselors and best men, and 'lay the subject before them, and select a heathen whom you all can trust, who can read the Kaffir Bible, and I'll debate my cause with them.' The chief and his people were very glad, and so a day was appointed for the public discussion of all these points. The day appointed was a Monday. Due notice was given, and at the time set there was a great gathering of our mission people and the heathen at the great place of Fundakube; but we found the chief and his party tipsy with Kaffir beer, so we appointed to come again on Thursday. When we came on Thursday we found them all right. They had selected a heathen man by the name of Mawomba, who was a great enemy to religion, well respected by the heathen, one whom they could trust and who could read the Kaffir Bible well. So we opened our service and took up the objections in their order. In regard to the first I said, 'I do not get any money from the white men for the new converts. If you like I will give you an order to go and draw in my name all the money which you say I get for the new converts from the white men. As for the ticket and class money, which amounts to a few shillings weekly, that goes to support the Gospel, and is almost nothing compared with what you pay the Kaffir doctors in oxen, goats, money, and Kaffir beer, while we furnish medicine to our members free.'

"They answered, ' Yes.'

In regard to the second objection I said, 'I have no poison from Mr. Taylor. This converting power was an old work before Mr. Taylor was born. I have the Bible to prove that this work did not begin with me here nor with Mr. Taylor. Now we will take up that part of your objection about calling sinners to come to Christ and about them kneeling before the Lord their Maker to pray to him.' Then I called upon Mawomba to read from the Gospel by St. Matthew xi, 28, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Also Rev. xxii, 17, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

"Mawomba read them distinctly, and I said, 'These passages refer to the calling of sinners to come to Christ; now, having been sent both by God and by his ministers, have I not a right to call sinners to repentance? In regard to penitents kneeling I will ask Mawomba to read the sixth verse of the 95th Psalm.'

"Mawomba read, 'O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.' Then I said, 'Are you satisfied?'

"They answered, 'Yes.'

In regard to your objection about so many heathen converted in so short a time, and why the other ministers did not do the same work in the same manner, I answer, first, in regard to the work

done by the ministers who have been laboring amongst you, they did a great work. They did the same work for our fathers who received the Gospel preached to them by those men of God. They bowed down on their knees also, and were not too proud to worship their great God and Creator, as you are now. But while many of our fathers were converted you were against the ministers who labored amongst you. I know what sort of feelings you had against the word of God and against those ministers. You were not their friends at all.

"When you went to hear them preach you at once began to talk to each other, and said, "What has he been saying?" Another answered, "He was talking about some wind in the air which he called God." Another says, " He was talking about death and dead people." Another replies, "What have we to do with dead people? We are not dead." Another adds, "He says after we are all dead then we will all go to hell." Then they all laughed and said, "We be all dead, who will go to hell?"

"This is but an example of the bad feeling and prejudice of nearly all the heathen people against the word of God, then and now, and that is the reason why the Gospel has not been more successful among them. I then told them how ungrateful it was for them to say anything against the old ministers, for it was through them, and especially Mr. Ayliff, that their fathers were led out of Kaffir bondage (for they were Fingo heathen), and that thousands of them had since been converted to God.

"At this point they replied, 'Our complaint is not that the people are being converted, but that so many are converted in so short a time.'

"I then asked Mawomba to read the forty-first verse of the second chapter of the Acts, and he read, 'Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.' Also the third and fourth verses of the fourth chapter, 'And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day: for it was now eventide. Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand.' Then I said, 'What have you to say to that? About three thousand souls converted in one day, and about five thousand converted on another day.'

"I then told them about the great work of God with Mr. Taylor among the English at Algoa Bay, Graham's Town, King William's Town, and the same work among the natives at Annshaw and all round, right up to Port Natal, where there was also a great work among the English. Then I said, 'Now I will tell you what those people get who come and kneel down as penitents, whom you say I poison;' and I called on Mawomba to read to them from Rom.. V, 1-3, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also.'

"I then explained to them the new birth which these new converts had experienced, and got Mawomba to read to them a part of the third chapter of John, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' I told them when the penitents are thus born of God the new law of God is written by the Holy Ghost in their hearts; and I got Mawomba to read Matt. xxii, 37, 39, 'Jesus said unto them, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I explained it to them, and showed the proofs of it in the lives of the converts. After all this talk Mawomba stood up and read the fourth verse of the 150th Psalm, to try to support their Kaffir-beer dancing feasts, 'Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.'

"In my reply I said, 'How do you explain that passage? Did David mean that dancing which the heathens and drunkards do in worshipping the devil? I ask you, father, did David mean that the people should worship the devil instead of the true God?'

"Mawomba said, 'I can't explain it. You will please explain it to me.

"I said, 'David feared God, and would not do anything which would displease God. He had a harp that he played in worshipping God, just as the English have an organ in their churches to assist them in singing praise to God. Again, David praised God with all his things; all he had was devoted to God, even his pleasures were done unto God.' I saw that the man's pride was gone and that his power failed him, and he stood up and said, 'I never understood these things so clearly as I do today, both in regard to the work of revival and my own questions.' [A Kaffir is a noble antagonist; when fairly beaten in argument he will promptly and honestly own it.]

"Then the great chief Fundakube said, 'No man after these things which have been done today should ever complain against the great work of God. We are all satisfied;. Our own man has read these things out of the book of God.'

"Then I said, 'Who can prevent me from calling sinners today to come and kneel down before God?'

"The chief replied, 'No one can prevent you; your way is clear; but we will go home today, and we will think over these things. We are all well pleased, and will hear you again.' Our meeting then adjourned."

I arrived in Cape Town from my tour, as before described, about the 20th of October, 1866. I found my youngest, Henry Reed, in his mother's arms, about two months old. We held a successful series of meetings at Simon's Bay, twenty miles west, and soon after, with my dear wife and three, took the steamer Norseman, Union Line, for London. En route we visited at St. Helena the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte lived and the tomb in which he lay till removed to Paris.

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PART VI -- ENGLAND AND THE INDIES, WEST AND EAST

31 -- IN THE HOME OF METHODISM AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS

Beginning Work in London -- At Old City Road -- Graves of the Great -- House of Wesley -- Preaching in Great Queen Street -- A Week in Derby -- Letter from Henry Reed -- My Visit to him at Tunbridge Wells -- His Family and Appearance -- Acquaintance with Mrs. Booth and

William -- Ross and the Magpie's Nest -- The Check for a Hundred Pounds -- Henry Reed Opens a Book Account -- Visit to the Paris Exposition -- The Boys Must be Educated -- Eddie Wants to See his Dog -- My Family Return to America -- Anne Goes on to San Francisco, I to the West Indies -- Touching at St. Thomas and Barbados -- How I Beat Mr. B. Ashore -- "O, Yes; He be My Preacher." -- A Methodist Boat. -- The Lord was Looking Out for Me -- Three Weeks in Barbados -- Character of the Island and Islanders -- Interest in the California Preacher -- Next Field is British Guyana -- Anchor at Georgetown -- Greathead Makes Me Welcome -- Misunderstanding in the Christian Camp -- A Revival Sweeps the Deck -- "I Want to Mellow Him." -- Five Hundred Converts -- In the Province of Berbice -- Refining Fire and the Mosquitos -- Story of Sam and the Leopard -- Preaching to the Lepers -- A Week in Essequibo -- My Book, "The Election of Grace" -- Journey to Lausanne -- Tour with Stuart through the Highlands -- How I Climbed Ben-Nevis -- View from the Summit -- Services in the West Indies -- Character of My Congregations -- Excitability of the People -- Explaining My Methods -- Lesson from the Gadarene -- The Woman of Capernaum -- Net Increase of Membership -- My Return Voyage to Australia -- Fourteen Months in the Colonies and Tasmania -- In Ceylon -- Singhalese Converts

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We came by the steamer Norseman from Cape Town to London, arriving a few days before Christmas, 1866. Myself and wife and four sons--for one whom we called Henry Reed had, as I have said, been added to our number in Africa--put up at a hotel facing St. Paul's Cathedral.

I entered without delay into evangelistic work in the leading Wesleyan chapels of that city. I labored a fortnight in connection with the pastorate of Rev. Gervase Smith, at old City Road, and quite a score of souls were brought to God, and there was a manifest quickening of the Church. It was interesting to hear the songs and shouts of praise on the old battleground where John Wesley lived, labored, and died. His grave and those of Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, and Sammy Bradburn, and other pioneer Methodist heroes, are in the cemetery adjoining the church.

The preacher's house, built by Mr. Wesley, is still in good repair, and occupied by the pastor of the church. Mr. Wesley's clock, an old-fashioned German clock, stands in a little hall at the head of the stairs, from which we enter to the left Mr. Wesley's study, or proceed directly into the upstairs parlor. That clock has been keeping the time of the march of Methodism for more than one hundred years, and is still ticking the time of its widening way through all the zones of the globe.

I preached a fortnight in Great Queen Street Wesleyan Chapel, a week in King's Cross, another week in Highbury. Altogether I held special services from one to two weeks in sixteen different London circuits, including one series in a Presbyterian church in West End. We had usually from twenty to forty conversions in each place, but there was no swell of the tide communicating from one field of labor to another, so that we had to begin at the bottom at each place.

London is made up of perhaps a hundred cities in one, which are, except in topographical touch, as distinctly separated from each other as though they were a hundred miles away.

We had the hearty cooperation of the pastors and their people where we labored. I also preached a week in Wesley Church; in Derby, and had a blessed work there. My home in Derby was with Father Lamplough, the father of Rev. Robert Lamplough, with whom I labored at Annshaw mission in South Africa. Father and Mother Lamplough loved me for their son's sake.

About midwinter, while thus engaged in London, I received a letter from Henry Reed, requesting me to visit him at his home near Tunbridge Wells, thirty miles southeast of London. I had heard much about Henry Reed's successful work in Tasmania, but had not met with him personally. He had become acquainted with my work in Australia and Tasmania through his brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Grubb, and his family, who were in constant communication with him through the mails. I wrote him in reply that my engagements in London would fully occupy my time up to the 1st of May, 1867. So, in anticipation of my visit, he arranged to have me preach a week in the Wesleyan chapel at Tunbridge Wells. He owned a farm about a mile out of town, on which he had built a mansion which he named Dunorlan.

I arrived at the appointed time, and was most cordially received by Henry Reed and his noble wife. I was greatly impressed by his magnificent stature and symmetry, his striking, manly features, practical common sense, and cordial Christian spirit. His mansion cost about forty thousand pounds. He built his mansion through the charity of employing mechanics during a hard financial pressure, when they could not get work sufficient for the support of their families. Reed considered it a greater charity to give them employment and pay them fair wages for their labor than to give them money without the work.

His first wife had died and gone to heaven some years before, and he had but recently been united in marriage to an Irish lady, tall in stature, commanding in personal appearance, refined and intelligent, and an earnest Christian worker, and withal an able preacher of the Gospel.

Our week of special services was attended with blessed spiritual results. Among my helpers at the penitent altar was Mrs. General Booth, a woman of superior intelligence and education, comely in person, probably equal to William in most points, and superior in some. She was also stopping for the week at the mansion of Brother Reed; so I became pretty well acquainted with the sister. William Booth was then just commencing to organize his Salvation Army among the poverty-stricken masses.

My little boy Ross was with me during that visit to Mr. Reed's, and when I left he begged me to let Ross remain with him a few days. He took a great fancy to Ross. There was a magpie's nest in a tall pine tree that grew in the wood-lawn of his mansion, and he was overrun with magpies. He wanted that nest destroyed. He had no one that seemed able or willing to climb it. But my little eight-year-old fellow said, "Brother Reed, I can climb the tree."

"Are you sure you won't fall?"

"O, yes; I won't fall; I learned to climb trees in California."

So Ross climbed the tree and dislodged the magpie's nest.. At the day appointed Mr. Reed gave him a letter of certification to good behavior and put him on the train for London, and he found his way to his mother and made his report.

When I had been but a day or two at Mr. Reed's mansion he handed me a little paper, and on opening it I found it was a check on a bank for a hundred pounds, which he wished me to accept as a present. I thanked him for his kindness, but informed him it was a principle with me not to receive presents from anybody, and passed it back to him. He stood silent for a few moments in apparent surprise; he had not been accustomed to meet men of that sort.

"But you sell books, do you not?" said he.

"Yes; I have two methods of extending the kingdom of Christ among men, the pulpit and the press. I depend on the press, by means of my books, to pay a big church indebtedness, support my family, and meet all my traveling expenses, all on the principle of business equivalents, and decline to receive gifts."

"Well," said he, "will you give me an open order on your binder for all the books I want to buy?"

"Yes, sir; that is business on my line."

So I gave him an order on Mr. T. W. Eggleton, my binder, for all the books he might require on my account. I never learned how many books he ordered. He circulated them extensively throughout Scotland, as well as in England and Ireland, and whenever he wanted to give me a lift he sent me a check on book account.

He was the only man who got a chance to help me found the self-supporting churches in India, out of which four Annual Conferences are being developed. I never asked him for anything; never hinted to him that I was in need of money, but in assisting to build houses of worship for our Indian churches I seldom ever felt the pressure of need that I did not receive a check from Brother Reed on book account.

One day he said in a letter containing fifty pounds, "The Lord Jesus told me to send this to you on book account." I replied by letter that it was "a great compliment to my books to get an order from the God-man who made the world."

I went across with my family in the spring of 1867 from London to the great exposition in Paris, and put up at the London Hotel. My boys had heard that the people of that city ate horses. At the dinner table my little Ross sat next to me on my left hand, and he saw me nibbling at the meat and tasting it, and he said to me, "That's horse, papa." I didn't certainly know whether it was horse or beef, but his remark raised a suspicion in my mind that abated my appetite for that day.

After two or three days of sight-seeing my wife and boys went to Lausanne, Switzerland, to spend the summer, and I returned to my evangelizing work in England and Ireland. In the fall my wife left Stuart behind to study French, and she and the three little boys joined me in England. Our

boys were growing up, and hence required to stop traveling to get their education, and their mother felt it her duty to stop with them and take care of them and bring them up for God. And so she insisted on taking the three little boys and returning to her home in California. I was not yet ready to return to California, and begged them not to leave me. I concurred with her judgment in relation to the education of the boys, but my great desire to be with my family rendered me quite unwilling to part with them, but much of my grief grew out of sympathy with their loneliness in my absence. I was partly relieved of that source of trouble when I said to my little Eddie, "Don't you want to stop with papa, and travel in England?"

"No," said he, "I want to go to California and see my dog."

So I consented to let them go.

Of course, I knew they greatly felt their loss of a father's presence, but in the attractions of a home they would have so many other things to occupy their attention that it would not be so hard for them probably as for me. So in the fall of 1867 they took steamer from Liverpool to New York. I said to my wife, "The Lord has intimated to me that, though I can't go with you, he will go. with you and give you smooth seas and pleasant weather."

Immediately on her arrival in New York she wrote me saying that all the way across the Atlantic the sea was so smooth there was hardly sufficient motion of the ship to make them sleep well.

When she went to the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to get tickets from New York to San Francisco and mentioned her name the man in charge said to her, "I knew Mr. Taylor well in California in early days. I have heard him preach often in the streets of San Francisco, and it will be a pleasure to me to give you your tickets through."

As he represented a company he just gave her a check for the whole amount, to put her and the children and the servant-girl that was going with her from London through to San Francisco. So the money I had given her to pay her passage she retained in her pocket for other uses. She had perhaps in that respect more sense than her husband in that she never refused money when it was offered to her!

Soon after her departure from England to California I took steamer bound for the West Indies. I had in the meantime worked out a line which I believed to be providential-to spend a year in the West Indies, and go thence by steamship from Panama to New Zealand, and thence to Australia; and before leaving England for the West Indies I wrote to my friend Dr. Moffit that I would, the Lord willing, be in Sydney in one year from that date.

We touched at the Danish island of St. Thomas, and next the island of Barbados. Our ship anchored about two miles out from Bridgetown, Barbados, about one o'clock in the night. The officer of the deck announced that they would tarry there but two hours. On our passenger list we had a wealthy sugar planter, a Mr. B., and his two daughters. I became well acquainted with Mr. B. on the voyage, and thought, as I was going there an entire stranger unheralded, that he might be of some advantage to me. Soon after we anchored two boats came from the shore for passengers.

Mr. B. engaged one and some British officers bound for Barbados engaged the other. They soon got their luggage into the boats. Mr. B. and his daughters got into their boat, and I said to them, "Have you room for another passenger? I want to go ashore."

He said, "No, no; we have no room;" and they pulled off.

I went to the other side of the ship, where the officers were getting into their boat; and inquired, "Can you make room for another? I want to go ashore."

"No, sir; we are full up."

So I sat down and said, "If the Lord wants me here I guess he will put me ashore."

Both boats cleared and were gone. The time was short, but I soon heard a splash, and here came another boat, thoroughly manned, four big fellows with oars, a big black man at the stern, and he stepped aboard and said, "Do you want to go ashore, sir?"

"Yes, sir; there is my luggage;" and he had it in the boat in quick time. He gave me a good seat and pulled off. They were powerful oarsmen. We passed Brown and company and the officers before we got halfway, and left them behind. I asked our captain, the big black fellow, where was the best hotel, in which I could get good accommodations for the rest of the night.

He said, " We will take you right close to one, the best in town."

"Mr. B., whom we passed in that boat, said that he was going to a hotel of another name.

"O, yes; but it is not equal to the one I am going to; moreover, they have a ball there tonight, and no chance for sleep"

So we got ashore, and his men took my luggage and carried it up to the hotel.

I said, " What is your charge?"

"Five shillings; " and I paid it.

"Do you know Rev. Henry Hurd?"

"O, yes; he be my preacher."

"Well, tell Mr. Hurd that you brought California Taylor ashore with you tonight and that he is putting up at this hotel."

"O, bless de Lord! I be glad to see you. I be a Methodist; dis be de Methodist boat; dis be the boat what bring all de preachers ashore."

The hotel keeper said, "You are just in time, I have only one bed left. It is a good bed, and has a mosquito netting to protect you from the mosquitoes; they are swarming here like bees." So he took me up to bed and tucked the mosquito-netting around me.

I had not been long in bed when Mr. B. and his daughters and the officers and They said they couldn't get lodgings at the hotel they went to; there was a ball there They wanted lodgings. I heard the hotel keeper say, "The last vacant bed I had was taken a few minutes ago by a gentleman, and I have no place in which you can sleep."

The Lord was looking out for me. In the morning early, before I got up, Rev. Henry Hurd and another minister came inquiring for California Taylor; so I put on my clothing as quickly as I could and went down, and there were B. and his two daughters and the soldiers, looking very forlorn, regularly pock-marked with mosquito bites; they had been fighting mosquitoes all the after part of the night.

Mr. Brown said, "What did your boatman charge you for bringing you ashore last night?"

"Five shillings."

"The miserable man who brought me and my daughters ashore charged us a pound."

He was an old settler in the island and knew how to get around. I was a stranger and was on the Lord's business, trusting in him, and he looked out for me, as he always does. I preached about three weeks in Barbados, indoors and out. We had a wonderful work of God. At my first appointment for preaching outdoors many of the people brought chairs in which to sit down during the preaching, but the crowds packed in so that there was no space for their chairs, and they had to stand up in the crowd and hold their chairs over their heads like umbrellas.

I preached also in all the towns of any note in that island. The island contains about one hundred thousand acres. It is a coral island, but thoroughly enriched with manure, and the whole of it cultivated like a garden, so that it is believed to support more people to the square acre than any part of the world. There is a portion of that island which is so rocky and poor as not to yield adequate subsistence for the people. The town located there is called Speights Town, and there the Lord feeds the people with flying fish from the sea. They go out with seines elevated above the surface of the water, and carry lights on the opposite side, and the fish rise by the million and fly toward the light and drop into the seines. So that has become the principal industry of the people of that town and vicinity, and they supply all the island with flying fish. They have the knack of taking all the bones out when they catch them, so that they supply the market with fish without bones.

The Barbados people are exceedingly kind and appreciative. They think quite as highly of themselves as they ought to think. They call the island of Barbados "Little England." All claim to be English people, but most of them are black, and they are people that think aloud. When you walk along the streets you can hear what they are thinking about. I have walked the streets and could hear nearly everybody's opinion about the California preacher. I often heard the exclamation, "There he goes now!" "Is that him?" "Yes, that is him!"

My next field was British Guyana, South America. The steamer was due on Tuesday, en route from England to British Guyana. My appointment at Georgetown, Demerara, was the following Sabbath. And as it only required two days to make the passage by steamer I supposed I should have plenty of time. But I waited for the steamer until Thursday night, and she had not arrived, and I then had an opportunity of going on a little schooner of five tons' capacity. They said that if the wind and sea were favorable the schooner could get in by Sabbath morning early, not otherwise. If the steamer should arrive Friday morning she would get in by Saturday night. So it was a question whether I would better wait for the steamer or proceed on the little schooner. If the schooner should fail to reach on time and the steamer arrive on time without me it would make a sad disappointment. So I asked the Lord for direction, and determined to go on the little schooner. We had a stiff breeze, but in our favor. The sea was very rough, and all hands were awfully seasick. But Sunday morning, just as the day dawned, we anchored off Georgetown, Demerara River, and I got into the boat of the health officer within a few minutes; and just as the preachers were crawling out of their beds at the Mission House I put in an appearance. It was an agreeable surprise to them. They said they had waited on the levee till midnight, looking out for the arrival of the steamer, and the steamer had not arrived, and they had given up all hope of seeing me there at that time. So they were jubilant over the fact of my arrival.

John Greathead was preacher in charge of that circuit, and made me welcome. Then he said to me in confidence, "You have come in the nick of time; we have just opened our District Conference, and there is a terrible misunderstanding and trouble brewing between the chairman of the district and myself and others. We came up square against it yesterday, and the fight is on to be renewed again tomorrow. So I see no remedy for this trouble except a big work of God such as you are accustomed to have where you go. So you are just the man for the emergency.

I said, "All right, Brother Greathead; we will go in and trust the Lord."

So I preached, as usual, that morning to the church, in the afternoon to the children, and at night to the unsaved. The tide was manifestly rising with each service, so that when I invited seekers for pardon at night at the close of the preaching the altar and all the front seats were quickly crowded with weeping penitents. Between forty and fifty were forward the first night, and many of them testified to a personal experience of salvation-preachers, chairman of the district, and all in it up to their ears. So Monday morning the District Conference resumed its business, and there wasn't a single allusion from any quarter to the brewing trouble of Saturday. The revival tide had swept the deck.

Two or three times during the next fortnight Brother Greathead broached the troublesome subject in the presence of his own guests. So I said to him, "Brother Greathead, I want to tell you a story," and he said, " All right."

"I have heard of a man who killed an opossum. He killed it dead and dug a hole in the ground and buried it. A neighbor saw him go every few days for a fortnight and dig up the opossum and give him another mauling. He said, 'What do you mean by digging up that opossum? You killed him dead the first time. You keep digging him up and beating him; what do you mean?' Said he, 'I want to mellow him.'"

I said, "Now, Brother Greathead, we killed and buried an old opossum last Sunday, and we must let him sleep."

So he laughed, and there was an end of it.

During our work in Georgetown the preacher reported five hundred persons converted to God. I also preached a number of times for a London missionary there, and many were converted in his church.

I went by coach to the province of Berbice, and preached a few nights at a town-by the way, the greatest place for mosquitoes in creation, I think. They pursued the stagecoach like a swarm of bees. The moment the stage would stop they would pour in through the doors on both sides and cover the passengers and bite without mercy. Nearly every person we met was hard at work with a horse-tail brush or a bush fighting mosquitoes. When I was preaching in the pulpit I had to keep one hand hard at work with my handkerchief to knock off the mosquitoes. A man praying for the penitents, on a high key, said, "Refining fire go through my heart," and slapped himself on the face to keep the big mosquitoes from going through!

I stopped there with a stock grower by the name of Johnson. He said he had lost many cattle by huge leopards that prowled in that region. He told me about his servant man named Sam, who was a sure shot with a rifle, and when a leopard killed one of Johnson's bullocks he offered Sam ten dollars for the leopard's skin. The next night Sam went and lay in ambush near the carcass of the bullock he had killed and partly eaten the night before. So when he would come back to get another feed Sam would put a bullet through him, and the next day bring the skin and get his money. This continued for several years, but finally one night when Sam was lying in ambush the leopard came and Sam drew a bead on him, but the cap burst without discharging the rifle. The leopard bounded away in the direction from which he came. Sam put on a fresh cap and lay watching for his return, and all of a sudden he felt the warm breath of some creature on his ear, and he looked up, and there was the leopard smelling his face. He had crawled up from the rear and seemed to be investigating the mystery. Sam left his gun and got home, and hardly knew whether he ran or flew. But the fright so shook his nerves that he never could be persuaded for any amount of money to lie in ambush for another leopard. Poor Johnson afterward took the leprosy, which after some years ended his life.

I preached in the lazaretto, Georgetown, to about a hundred lepers, who were cared for in that institution. They seemed greatly affected with the truth, as I was affected by' my sympathy and sorrow in preaching the truth to them. I saw among them a little boy' who looked very much like my little Ross, doomed for life to be separated from home and friends and from society, to be a life prisoner with those leprous outcasts.

We had a series of successful meetings in Berbice, then I returned to Georgetown and went by steamer easterly to Essequibo, and preached a week in that province. Returning to Georgetown, I received a letter stating that my son Stuart, who had been left to pursue his studies in Lausanne, Switzerland, was dangerously ill with another attack of fever. So I immediately took ship for London. On my way across the Atlantic I wrote most of my, book entitled The Election of Grace, more than twenty thousand copies of which have gone out on their mission of mercy 'to multitudes

who had been in bondage all their' lifetime to the speculative dogmas on eternal election and reprobation.

I hastened on from London to Lausanne and found my boy convalescing. I spent a Sabbath there and, preached the Gospel in the Wesleyan chapel; the minister in charge was my French interpreter. I then brought my sick son on to England, and took him to Great Malvern, and put him under water treatment in care of Dr. Grindrod. He improved rapidly, and in five or six weeks seemed to be quite well. Meantime I conducted a week of special service's in each of a number of towns adjacent, and then, to confirm the health of my son, I took him on a tour to the Highlands of Scotland. We went to Greenock, to Glasgow and the region round about, and up the Caledonian Canal route to Inverness.

It had been my habit for many years to ascend the highest mountains within my line of travel. So on this trip we stopped at Bellevue Hotel, three miles from the base of Ben-Nevis, at three o'clock in the afternoon. We had to proceed on our journey next morning, so there was but little time left for climbing the highest mountain in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Two powerful young Englishmen and a Canadian who had walked twice across the Alps that season said they would' go up, and I said, "I will go with you." By the time we got to the base of the mountain the sun was getting low, and the three young men pushed off in their ascent as fast as they could walk. I took it more leisurely, and they said to one another, as it was reported to me afterward, "That old fellow will not get up to the top of the mountain."

Before we reached the summit I passed the boys, and was the first to ascend to the top of the pillar of stone in which the flagstaff was set. As they came up I said, "I am the highest up of any man in the United Kingdom of Great Britain;" and they laughed, and said, "Yes, that is so. This is the highest mountain, and you are the tallest man of this crowd."

By the light of the setting sun we saw the island of Rome in the Atlantic, to the west, and had a fine view of the surrounding country and the deep snow imbedded on the north side of the mountain. We had to make our way back to the hotel in the darkness of a moonless night. The three young men walked cautiously down the mountain steeps. I ran down from top to bottom, and had my evening communion with God while waiting for them. And then they said one to another, "We don't understand mountain climbing like that old man."

Returning from the Highlands of Scotland to Liverpool, my son set sail for California, by way of New York, and I went to London and took ship to resume my work in the West Indies.

I held special services in the islands of St. Kitt's, St. Vincent, Nevis, Trinidad, Tobago, St. Thomas, Jamaica, and some other small islands. The Lord was wonderfully with us at every service. A small minority of the people of those islands are English, leading merchants, mechanics, and sugar planters, but the masses of common people are blacks and mixed. Their fathers and mothers, mainly, were the slaves emancipated long ago by the edict of the British government. Many of them were well-to-do, and all of them had a fair common school education.

They were so excitable and noisy in their religious meetings that their missionaries said to me that they were afraid to preach exciting truth to their people. When they did so in past years

they would go wild, scream, and fall apparently dead, and jump and smash the benches, and we had to dismiss them and get them out of the house to prevent the destruction of the property. They had read about the wonderful work we had in South Africa, and were hoping that California Taylor would give them a call, and yet they were so much afraid that in such a work in the West Indies the people would go wild and tear the houses down that not one of them invited me till after my arrival among them. But, to their surprise and joy, we had what they said was the greatest work that had ever been known in the West Indies, and yet the most orderly meetings they had ever seen there. There were flowing tears in abundance, earnest prayers, mourners in Zion, and clear, distinct testimonies given by the thousands who found peace with God, but no wild screaming and ranting at all; yet I never told them not to make a noise.

At the commencement of a series in each place I explained the nature of the work in which we were about to engage. I told them that Gospel truth addressed itself to the intellect, and to the conscience, and to the heart; that nothing was so well calculated to arouse the sensibilities of saints or sinners as the operations of the Holy Spirit That constituted largely the steam power to drive the engine. We can do nothing without the steam, but its usefulness is not in its explosiveness, only as the force can be applied by the trained skill of those who control the application.

There is that Gadarene, for example, who had a legion of devils in him-ten regiments. He was tremendously excited by the operation of these devils in him. Standing on a hill in Gadara among the tombs, he saw a little ship approaching the harbor; a small company descended from the ship to the shore, and as he gazed he saw the multitudes as they came to meet the strangers, and amid their shoutings he heard the name of Jesus. He, no doubt, remembered hearing his mother read about Jesus that was coming, and he thought, 'O, that must be Jesus! He is the great prophet, the Messiah that was to come. He is the man that casts out devils. O, he is the man for me! If I can only get to Jesus, and put my case in his hands, he will cast out these devils.'

"And he became tremendously excited with hope and fear. But he didn't fall down on the ground and roll among the stones and kick and yell. People were frightened and ran back; no doubt they thought he was going to attack Jesus, he seemed so wild and excited, but he fell at his feet and worshipped him. He surrendered himself to Jesus. He received and trusted Jesus, and the Lord Jesus cast every devil out of him in a minute; and soon we see him sitting quietly at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. The next day he went through the towns of Gadara preaching Jesus and telling people what a dear Saviour he had found.

"There was a wicked woman who lived in the city of Capernaum. She heard Jesus preach, and she was convinced of the truth and convicted of sin; and she thought within herself, 'O, if I could only get to Jesus and submit to him, he would take away my sins, and she got tremendously excited about it. She quietly watched her chance. She couldn't get to Jesus when he was teaching and surrounded by crowds. One day she heard he was taking dinner at the house of Simon, the Pharisee. She said to herself, 'This is my chance. Simon knows me, and he will keep me out if he can, but I must go to Jesus.

"You can see how tremendously excited she was to make an attempt to go to the house of Simon when he and his guests were at dinner and take her chance of being kicked out. But instead

of going directly to the house of Simon she went down town to the apothecary shop and bought a pot of precious ointment, not common olive oil, such as Simon used, but costly ointment, and paid her money for it. She no doubt said to herself, 'I will take with me a token of my sincerity, and let old Simon see that I am no beggar; I don't ask any favors of him.'

"So she went to the house of Simon, and she got in, because she had a level head and plenty of steam power, but knew how to apply it. She gently approached the feet of Jesus as he reclined on the floor, and washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment; and Jesus said, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' That seemed too good to be true. So he repeated it: 'Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee.' She could scarcely believe it. He said, 'Woman, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

With statements and illustrations of this sort we indicated to them a more excellent way than that to which they had been accustomed. Then in the delivery of the first sermon I was careful to guide the rising tide, but never told them not to make a noise.

During the first sermon some explosive old woman would make a fuss. I would say, "Sister, what is the matter? You want to come to Jesus, do you? That is right. Faith cometh by hearing. Now you listen and I will tell you how to come. While you are listening your neighbors around you can listen also, and come too."

So, by a little management I kept them on the track. And after that they would go through a meeting in which hundreds of souls were converted.

On our first night of the series in the island of Nevis the altar was crowded with seekers. Among them was a man who came running up with hideous groanings, and knelt by the altar and got hold of the altar rails. He was in for a big fuss. I went to him the first one. Said I, " Brother, what is the matter? Have you got St. Vitus' dance ?

He said, "No, no."

"You want to come to Jesus, do you?"

"Yes, yes."

"You have to be saved by faith; faith cometh by hearing; now you listen and I will tell you; I will show you the way;" and he toned down and I showed him the way in, and he surrendered to God, received Christ, and testified to an experience of salvation in ten minutes without any fuss.

I preached a few times in the island of St. Thomas, a Danish island. We had some very devoted Moravian missionaries there and a large church; no Wesleyan organization there at that time. There was a very great awakening. After the first service the ways to the church were so blocked I could hardly get in myself. The dear old minister in charge requested that we should not invite the people to come out publicly as seekers. So of the great awakening manifested by sobs and tears but very few were saved so far as we could learn. The Pentecostal preaching of Peter in Jerusalem would have brought forth but little fruit but for the hand-to-hand work that immediately

ensued. "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In the after meeting the awakened were told what to do, and three thousand believed and were baptized before the sun went down. That stands recorded in God's book as an object lesson to show us how to "work together with God " on this line.

I closed my labors on that trip in the island of Jamaica. I took no names, made no records, but intrusted all the work of enrolling and training converts to their pastors.

Subsequently Rev. William Boyce, Wesleyan Missionary Secretary in London, wrote me that their net increase of membership in the West Indies during the year of my labors among them aggregated more than five thousand new members.

Before I completed my campaign in the West India Islands the steamship company on whose steamer I expected to go from Panama to New Zealand had suspended their service, and I had to go back to London and take passage on the Peninsular and Oriental line of steamers, which cost me ten thousand miles extra travel and five hundred dollars extra expense above the route by which I had planned to go. But I reached Sydney within a week of the time I had stated in my letter to Dr. Moffit a year before; so I had another blessed tour fourteen months of 1869 and 1870 in the Australian colonies and Tasmania, building up believers and widely extending the work. I found sixteen young ministers who had been converted to God during my former campaign in these colonies.

I left Australia in the latter part of 1870 by steamship from Melbourne to Ceylon. On the way out from London, nearly a year and a half before, one of my fellow-passengers was Miss Hardy, the daughter of a famous old Ceylon missionary. She came out to be united in marriage to Rev. John Scott, the Chairman of South Ceylon District. The marriage took place soon after her arrival, and the ministers of the entire district, comprising three or four Englishmen and more than a dozen native ministers, had assembled at Point de Galle to attend the marriage. By a providential detention of my ship, which gave me four or five days for both public and personal preaching to them, they became deeply imbued with the spirit of direct soul-saving work.

Rev. George Baugh, Wesleyan missionary stationed at Kandy, far in the mountains of the interior, in a great coffee-growing region, said he would try my methods as soon as he could return to his station. Some months later he informed me by letter that soon after he went back to his station he preached an awakening sermon at the morning service. and another at night, and then, instead of dismissing them as usual, he invited all who were convinced of their sins and of their need of a Saviour to come forward to the communion rail and surrender themselves to God and accept Christ. "His message to you is, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Now all who want to become acquainted with Jesus and to be saved from your sins come and kneel down here, and we will pray for you." Nine came on the first call, and the meeting was protracted and many scores of Singhalese native people were grandly saved. "Thence the work extended, and about a thousand natives were converted to God during my absence to Australia of about sixteen months.

During my first visit they pressed me to give them a few mouths of service on my return, which I did, according to promise; and, upon their showing, another thousand converts, during a campaign of three months, were added to their churches.

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32 -- LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE

Arrival at Bombay -- Bishop Milman's Haste -- My Two Parsees -- "Methodist! What is That?" -- A Shoal of Sharks -- In My Hotel -- Hear a Young Man Preach -- Spirited Singing -- Ordination of the Young Minister -- Preparations for Departure to Lucknow -- I am in Need of Nothing -- How I Travel -- Conversation and Incidents En Route -- Allahabad -- Crossing the Ganges -- Meeting with Thoburn -- Other Missionaries at Lucknow -- Historical Associations of the City -- Preaching with an Interpreter -- Sermon to the English-speaking People -- Necessity of Organizing Native Resources -- Joel not a Good Interpreter -- A Witness Meeting -- Scenes and Sayings -- Brother Thoburn Interprets, and We have Seekers -- Opposition -- Thirteen Converts -- Recovering Health -- Revival on the Sabbath Evening -- Some Frogs in the Net -- Work of Thoburn -- A Little Hell -- Story of George Bailey -- Unis Interprets -- Question of Long Sermons -- Season of Depression -- Question of Total Abstinence -- Testimony of Isa Das -- Formalism and Caste -- Climate and the Grace of God -- Am Invited to Cawnpore -- Succession of Services -- Hindu Boys from Messmore's School -- They Learn to Sing -- Cawnpore Outside of Our Conference -- George Myall My Interpreter -- Dancing Usages -- Ruins of the Residency -- Arrival at Cawnpore -- A Mixture of Moffi(a)tts -- I Find the Right One -- Begin Services in Union Chapel -- Shortness and Formalism Demanded -- No Decisive Results -- Six Nights of Introductory Work -- A Penitent Woman -- At the Memorial Gardens -- Organizing My Converts into Bands -- A Feather and a Star -- Question of Missions at Cawnpore -- I Do the City on an Elephant -- Arrival of the Presiding Elder -- My Petition to the Mission Conference -- The Question Discussed at Lucknow -- Cawnpore Put on the List -- Dennis Osborne Joins the Church -- Mukurji and Bailey -- Talk with an Old Hindu -- Preaching at Bailey's Place -- We are All Equals -- Effects of the Preaching -- Mohammedans and Hindus Together -- Death of Mrs. Davis -- The Old Moulvy Waits for Me -- Journey to Seetapore -- Breakdown Among the East Indians

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The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Malacca, on which I came from Ceylon, cast anchor at 8:30 a.m. on Sabbath, the 20th of November, 1870, in the harbor of Bombay.

On deck stood Bishop Milman, of Calcutta, his chaplain, and two servants, besides a small cart load of luggage, waiting for the first boat to take them ashore. The bishop seeing me sitting quietly, book in hand, said, "Are you not going ashore?"

"Yes, bishop; but breakfast here will be ready in half an hour, and I don't think it advisable to leave a good breakfast behind and go hungry into a strange city."

He replied that he was in haste and could not wait, and soon after they descended the ship's ladder. Now two fair, tall, slender natives came aboard, wearing each a curious-looking flattened stovepipe turban. Steward," said I, " what sort of fellows are these? They are Parsees."

I was at once carried back to Cyrus, Zoroaster, and other wise men of the East, and was just beginning to live in the past ages, when one of them addressed me in good English and asked me to become his guest in the Bycalla Hotel, adding, "We have a boat alongside, and a carriage waiting on shore."

I replied, "If you will wait till I get my breakfast I will go with you."

"All right; we'll wait; show us your baggage, and we will put it into the boat."

My small leather trunk and carpetbag were soon passed down the ship's ladder. Braced up with a good breakfast and safely seated in the Parsees' boat, I said to one of them, "Are there any Methodists in the city?"

"Methodist! What is that? I never heard that word before."

They took me through a shoal of sharks -- boatmen and 'longshoremen -- and I did not get a bite; and as we drove off in our carriage and pair in good style we passed a clamorous crowd, and lo! in the midst of it, and its principal attraction, was a one-horse cab containing the bishop and his chaplain, brought to a standstill by an extortionary lot of longshore coolies demanding pay. Any stranger not having run such a gauntlet can form but a very inadequate idea of the annoyance attending it. What a time the bishop must have 'lad!' With a good breakfast aboard I drive on in comfort and leave the hungry bishop and his one-horse concern hard aground. I had no pleasure in his discomfort, for he was very genial and kind to me on the voyage; but I thanked God for his good providence in giving me a smooth sail into India.

I was conducted to room No. 26 on the second story. It was a three-story building, two hundred and thirty feet front and about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and well kept; tariff, seven rupees per day.

Suffering from the exhausting' effects of excessive labors in Ceylon and an attack of bodily indisposition on the voyage, I lay in bed nearly all day. In the evening I heard singing in the neighborhood, and going along a narrow back street near the hotel I found a congregation of about eighty well-dressed people. The minister was reading a number of parallel passages of the Scriptures, with short comments, preparatory, he said, "to the ordination of a native brother to the ministry as an evangelist -- a carrier of good news." Close to the door near me sat a young lady attired as a bride, and a young man who appeared to be the bridegroom. The minister, having finished the lesson, came and conducted the said young man to the platform to preach. He was a dark, modest-looking man, apparently about thirty years old. I supposed of Portuguese descent. He preached about the law of sin (Rom. vii); sound in doctrine, brief, clear, and forcible in statement. It would have done credit to a bishop, though lacking illustration and incisiveness of application. Then the pastor, a short, thickset man, about thirty-five or forty in appearance, followed with a few

remarks, striking out hard against the pope and the Bishop of Bombay; but he lacked the logical force of the man who preached.

"Now," said he, "we will sing one verse and not detain the congregation." Then he announced the hymn and said, "We'll sing two verses;" then read the hymn and added, " We'll sing the last three verses.

The singing was spirited, and I enjoyed it. Then the native was called and came to the platform and fell down on his knees before the preacher. The minister said, " It is usual publicly to question candidates on the doctrines they are going to preach, but as this brother has long been a preacher among us, and as the time is so short" (7:45 p.m.) " we'll dispense with all that."

He, however, read a few more passages on the subject of ordination and gave the Plymouth Brethren a rap. He then told the native to stand up, and, putting his hands on his head, offered extemporaneous prayer for him, and the scene closed with the benediction. This was my first night in India.

Monday, 2 I kept indoors and wrote letters, till in the evening I dragged my weary limbs up Balassas Road as far as the railway bridge and back to the hotel.

Tuesday, 22. Just before breakfast a German sailor; who was then, he said, a city missionary, came with a message from Rev. C. Harding inviting me to stop with him. The sailor seemed full of love to God, but needing instruction. Feeling anxious to do him good and increase his power of usefulness, I talked to him till 11:30 a.m. The train for Lucknow was to leave at 1 p.m. Having to go three miles to the bank to get a bill of exchange on London to send to my wife, I took a cab, and the German to show me the way, and went in haste. On our return we called for one minute at the Tract Society's building to see Rev. George Bowen. He was a long, lean brother. I have heard that he was the most devoted man of God in India, and lived very abstemiously, that he might have the more to give to those in need. If the Roman Catholics had had him they would have canonized him as a saint. He shook my hand and said, "Can I do anything for you? Will you have any money?"

I thanked him, and replied, "I am in need of nothing, my brother."

He expressed regret that I could not tarry a season in Bombay. I said, "Perhaps the Lord may bring me back," and bade him a hurried good-bye. By the help of the kind German I got back to the hotel in time to get my luggage on to the train. I took a second-class ticket for Allahabad -- eight hundred and thirty miles -- forty rupees eight annas. I have always been in the habit of traveling first-class as a matter of economy. My traveling time is my opportunity for rest. The recuperation of my overtaxed energies is more to be desired than money; but here in India I had to economize closely; I had no resources but the sale of my books. I brought none to India -- probably no demand for any there, as I should be working among the natives -- yet having heavy traveling expenses to bear and my family to support I had to make a little go a long way.

Zigzag we ascended the mountains over three thousand feet.

In the same carriage with myself was the preacher whom I had the pleasure of hearing on Sabbath night. I said, "What young lady was that whom I saw with you at the meeting the other night?"

He blushed a little and replied, "She is a young lady who has just come out from England to be my wife; we were married Sabbath evening before we went to the meeting

"And what has become of her?"

"O, she is in the ladies' carriage."

"I am a stranger in this country, but you see I have got your bearings pretty well."

He laughed, and after that we had much Christian communion, though I did not tell him who I was, as he did not ask me. He said he was a Frenchman, but was educated in England. I found out that though of French extraction he was Indian born. He was a good man, and has since gone to heaven, and the said bride was left a widow.

I spent most of the night in trying to get fixed, and got but little sleep.

Wednesday, 23d. Traveled all day over a country nearly level, with small rivers, and, in the distance, ranges of mountains. Trains stop for meals twenty minutes; breakfast, seventy-five cents; tiffin, fifty cents; dinner at night, one dollar. Weather biting-cold.

24th. Arrived at Allahabad at 5:15 a.m. Left for Cawnpore, distant one hundred and seventeen miles, at 7 a.m., and arrived at 2:30 p.m. Lucknow is forty miles distant; no train till tomorrow; stopping at the Railway Hotel.

25th. Took a cab and drove across the Ganges on a pontoon bridge at 8 a.m., and took train for Lucknow; arrived at 11 a.m. Was met at the station by Revs. Thoburn, Waugh, and Parker, and put up with Brother Thoburn, whom I knew years before, and who had written me to come to India. At 6 p. M. we had a thanksgiving dinner at Brother Messmore's. I had not for ten years met so many American brethren and sisters; for, besides those just named, who, with Miss Bella Thoburn, lived in Lucknow, we had with us Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, just returned from America, and Sister Thomas, wife of Rev. D. W. Thomas, of Bareilly, and Brothers Craven and McMahon and their wives, and Brother Buck and Miss Fanny Sparks, new missionaries just arrived. They were all cheerful and happy, and gave us many of the songs of Zion. I was not well, and could not contribute to the entertainment of the occasion.

26th. Was introduced to Joel, one of our first native preachers, and tried to drill him into the art of interpreting, but he was not quite well enough up in English.

The capital of the recent King of Oude, the scene of so much suffering and slaughter during the mutiny, and of daring deeds by so many of Queen Victoria's brave soldiers, and the final resting place of many, including Sir Henry Lawrence and General Havelock, was the place for my first engagement in India. It was one of the principal centers selected for the missionary operations of

the Methodist Episcopal Church, and where, as soon as the smoke of battle had cleared away, they opened their mission of peace in 1857. It is not, however, my design to write a history of this mission, any more than a history of the great field it occupies, but rather a simple narrative of what I saw and felt and did in conjunction with its agents.

Sabbath, 27th. Preached to a congregation of about one hundred and thirty natives, from Acts 1, 8. Joel interpreted into Hindustani. He hesitated, and spoke very slowly; but I believe he gave the meaning pretty clearly.

At 4 p.m. Brother Thoburn preached in Hindustani to about thirty in our house.

At 6 p. M. we had a congregation of over a hundred English-speaking people, Europeans and Eurasians-Indo-Britons, or, as they are often called, East Indians. For convenience I will in this work use the last-mentioned name. To these I preached in English, but it did not seem to affect them at all for good. Some stared at me as though I was there on exhibition, and others seemed disposed to have a jolly time among themselves. Our ministers commenced preaching here to the English-speaking people about ten years before; then after a few years they invited the Wesleyans to send a man to take up the English work, that they might devote all their time to the native work. For some years the Wesleyans occupied our place of worship, but more recently -- they having built a chapel in the cantonments, two or three miles distant -- Brother Thoburn resumed the English services, but had not as yet gone in to get them converted to God and utilized in our mission work. I took strong ground from the start in favor of getting these Europeans and East Indians saved and incorporated into our mission working force. In their present state the mass of them make a false showing of Christianity, and are terribly obstructive to our great work of leading the heathen and Mohammedans to Jesus.

Every one we get truly saved from sin will be a double gain to our cause -- first, to remove a stumbling-block, and, secondly, to secure a living stone resting on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, and thus becoming an integral part of the spiritual house into which we hope to gather the perishing nations of this great empire. This will not draw us from the native work, but draw them to it as a cooperative and ever-augmenting force. The brethren had a consultation and consented to this change in their mission policy wherever a sufficient English population could be found contiguous to our native work.

Monday, 28th. At 7 a.m. preached to about sixty natives. Joel interpreted, but not with a ready utterance. He prayed in his own language most fluently and vociferously. I conclude that he is naturally very slow till his feelings are aroused, and then too impetuous for a good interpreter. He was considered the best native man in the mission, and I loved him; but I feared he would not be the man for me. At 6 p. M., English service, we had about sixty hearers; text, Rom. v, 1. Had a prayer meeting after preaching, and three brethren prayed, but no visible stir.

29th. More natives out at 7 a.m. than we had yesterday; text, Luke vii, 29. Brother Thoburn interpreted. Short and to the point, it went home well. Had a prayer meeting, and a native preacher prayed as they say he never prayed before.

At 6 p. M. we had about eighty hearers; text, Rom. viii, 3, 4. Called for witnesses, and Brothers Thoburn; Parker, Waugh, Craven, McMahon, and Buck gave their testimony for Christ. We then for the first time in the series called for seekers. Seven came forward, and five of them professed to obtain peace with God. At the close of the meeting a woman came to the front and said, " I have been in the service of God from my youth, but for three months past I have walked in dense darkness. Jesus seemed to have left me; but last night, there in my seat, I found him again, and now I am unspeakably happy.' Turning to a young woman who came forward as a seeker, she said, "This is my daughter; she has a good husband." Then the daughter embraced her mother and wept, and told her that her sins were all forgiven and that she too was happy. They kissed each other and wept aloud for joy and thanked God. One of the seekers was a man deep down in the debasement of inebriation, and we did not get him up that night, though he seemed to be sincere. All this produced a great flutter among the Pharisaic fashionables who came occasionally to our meetings.

30th. Over eighty persons at 7 a.m. meeting; text, Rom. iii, 20. Brother Thoburn interpreted well. Twelve seekers came forward, and ten of them professed to find the pardon of their sins, and gave a clear testimony. I explained the way of salvation by faith, through Brother Thoburn, to all of them together, and then spoke to each one singly by Brother Joel, who interpreted readily and well to the seekers. There seems to be a great awakening. This is the first invitation to the natives to come out avowedly as seekers. I wanted first to get them well instructed and awakened. The seeking seemed earnest and the testimony clear, but no great noise or excitement, as would be seen in an African audience. God has been long preparing for this, and we shall have a great work. Glory to his holy name!

At 6 P. M'. preached to the English congregation; but no seekers came forward. The break last night has excited the opposition of the enemy's forces, and some good people are shocked by what seems to them a novelty. It will work right for all who abide in Jesus.

Thursday, December 1, 1870. Good native service. Thoburn interpreted; twenty seekers; thirteen professed to find peace with God. Brother and Sister Parker left today for Moradabad, and Sister Thomas for Bareilly. Brother Parker has been home two years, to try to shake off jungle fever, and seemed to have succeeded; but since his return he has been attacked again. He is a noble missionary, and his wife a true helper. God bless them and prolong their days to do good in this most needy field!

At 6 p.m. English audience; seven seekers forward and three professed.

December 2. As we went this morning to our native service we saw a Mohammedan sprinkling flour over some ant-holes. Brother Thoburn, in Hindustani, said to him, "What are you doing?"

"Giving food to the ants."

"Is that a work of merit? "Yes."

"The ants can provide well for themselves; why not give food to your starving neighbors?"

"The rich can do that; I am too poor to help them, but I can feed the ants."

At our meeting this morning we had nine seekers, and five professed forgiveness of sins.

Saturday, 3d. Took a lamp bath to break a heavy cold, and got a little greatly needed sabbatic rest.

Sabbath, 4th. Preached on holiness. Brother Thoburn interpreted, but he was not well. Had a season of silent prayer, but not time for a public prayer meeting.

At 6 p.m. English service; house filled; great attention and awakening. Twenty-eight seekers came and kneeled at the communion rail, to be instructed and led to Jesus. It was thought that eight or nine of them found peace, but they were not personally examined, and no names were noted. For years in my evangelistic work I did all I could in preaching, calling the seekers forward, and personally instructing them; but the pastors examined them on their profession of saving faith, to satisfy themselves by questions and otherwise, as to the genuineness of the work, so far as possible to human fallibility, and wrote down the name and address of each one, so as to give them suitable pastoral care. It is therefore not my place to make this examination and note the names. Brother Thoburn, being presiding elder of the district, did not like to interfere. The pastor was a dear brother whom I loved sincerely, but his faith seemed to be paralyzed at the time we required decisive advance action.

Monday, 5th. At 7 a.m. native service as usual. Brother Unis, a native schoolteacher, interpreted. Half a dozen seekers of pardon, and two professed. About a dozen came forward as seekers of entire purity, the presiding elder among them, and he gave a beautiful testimony afterward.

At 6 p. M. English congregation; eighteen seekers came forward; none examined, and no satisfactory result. A general feeling of distrust seems to have paralyzed the workers.. There may be some frogs in the net, I know not; but I do know that if there are any good fish among them we shall not get them into the boat in this way. I thought we had a good haul last night, and certainly the most of them looked well; but it seemed as though the lines were dropped at both ends, and the net was not hauled at all. I am not prepared to give a judgment in the case, not knowing the people; I only know that the Gospel I preach is adapted to all people, but with a doubting, hesitating church it cannot succeed much with any. I am sure all my brethren and sisters here are anxious for a great work of God; but some are not strong in aggressive faith, and some are very busy with other things, and think my meetings too long. Brother Thoburn is working like a Trojan, and many others will yet, I hope, get on the whole armor of God.

Tuesday, 6th. Unis interpreted; many seekers of pardon and some seekers of purity. George Bailey received Christ this morning, told his experience, and exhorted the people in Hindustani, weeping as he talked. As we came out of the church Brother Waugh said, "I never but once or twice before heard such Hindustani as that so clear, terse, and forcible."

One day last week, when Brother Thoburn returned home from a visiting tour, he said, " I was in a little hell today -- the house of a widow and her two sons, nominally Roman Catholics, but practically worse than the heathen; but George, the elder son, says he will come to the meeting."

That was George Bailey. His great-grandfather was a French Bourbon, but in some disturbance fled to the court of Persia, later to the court of Delhi, and became a general of the Emperor of Delhi. His grandfather was a general of the King of Oude, and his father a captain in the same service. Owing to English prejudice against the employment of French officers by the native rajahs their French name was dropped and the plain English name of Bailey given them instead. In the defense of Lucknow during the mutiny George was but a boy of sixteen years, but so distinguished himself as a soldier that the rank and pension of an ensign for life were given him. Now he has enlisted in the army of Jesus.

Rev. Brother Weatherbee and his wife arrived today to attend our services.

I was quite below par tonight with headache from loss of sleep, partly from the burden of this work on my soul. God is assuring me of his gracious designs, but our faith is being severely tested. We had fifteen seekers forward, and I think some of them found peace, among whom was J. Douglass, from Calcutta.

Wednesday, 7th. Unis interpreted well; a few seekers, and two saved. Called a council of war this morning, and I submitted two questions. First, Shall we open the doors of our church and gather up the fruits of our labor, or let them drift? Secondly, Shall we continue the present order of special services? Their reply to the first question was, "Open the doors." In regard to the second, Brother Thoburn said, "The work seems to be waning; even you do not manifest the same confidence and incisiveness of effort as at the first."

He is a sharp brother, and could read me like a book. The fact is, so much was said about long sermons and long after-meeting, and the inability of people in this climate to stand such work, that I partially yielded to the judgment of others, and was also somewhat disconcerted by the general feeling of distrust which seemed to mildew the whole concern. They are all as kind and confiding as possible, and I love every one of them dearly; but they are familiar and outspoken, and as I am but a novice in India I have been deferring to them perhaps more than was wise. I know what sort of effort is necessary to success in other countries, and I apprehend that India will require greater zeal and a more bold, aggressive faith than any other.

Same day, 6 p. M. Good congregation; over a dozen seekers, and a few professed to find Jesus. Brother Waugh had half a dozen hymns printed on sheets, and the singing tonight was much better than usual; and there is more concert of effort in the church than before. We'll throw off this incubus yet. O, God, in mercy deliver us! I am stopping this week with Brother Waugh. He told me his religious experience and difficulties tonight, and we prayed together. He is a loving, noble brother. O, that he may receive Christ for a full baptism of the Holy Spirit!

Thursday, 8th. Preached on Christian fellowship, and explained our policy and position as a Church, and invited candidates for membership. George Bailey was the first to present himself, which he did with characteristic promptness; seven others followed.

In the evening we did the same in the English congregation, and explained our rule on total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Only one, a woman, came forward as a candidate for membership. It was altogether a new thing to invite Europeans and East Indians to become members of our Church, but I am sure it is the right thing to do, for they are really not members of any Church. They are nearly all traditionally Roman Catholic or Church of England, and to break away and join the despised Methodists, and give up the custom of wine drinking and parties of worldly pleasure, which they have hitherto regarded as very harmless, is what they will not do until their consciences on these things shall have been more fully enlightened and quickened.

Friday, 9th. Fellowship meeting at noon, conducted by Brother Weatherbee. Brothers Waugh, Weatherbee, Thoburn, and Messmore spoke well. George Bailey testified with great force and effect.

Isa Das, a native preacher, said, "I came to these meetings an unsaved man. I determined to seek salvation, but I thought to go forward as a seeker would disgrace me. One who has been preaching the Gospel for years to go forward as a seeker! I could not do it. It was too much for my pride. I went three miles out of town and kneeled down in the darkness of the night in a mango grove and prayed earnestly to God for the pardon of my sins, but got no relief. But last Wednesday morning I kneeled down there at that rail as a seeker, and received Christ as my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven."

At the time he accepted Christ, Brother Thoburn said to me, "He is one of the most truthful, manly fellows in the mission, and there can be no mistake about his conversion."

Several others spoke to the point, but some were misty and vague. We had a general time of weeping over the low experience of some, and I was led to say, "Sisters and brothers, you know the difficulties peculiar to India -- the paralyzing influence of heathenism, formalism, and caste. It seems to saturate and mildew your very souls; and then you talk about the enervating effect of the climate. God made the climate, and God made the Gospel. If his Gospel is not adapted to this climate, then we will ask him to change the climate to suit his soul-saving purpose and plan. I tell you God's Gospel is adapted to every climate and every variety and condition of human kind."

At 6 p. M. English congregation; we had but four seekers, two of whom professed.

Received a letter from Dr. Moffatt, of Cawnpore, inviting me to go and preach there. Brother Thoburn goes there for next Sabbath service, in Union Chapel -- a warehouse fitted up for services and supplied occasionally by Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries from Allahabad, and sometimes by Brother Broadbent, the Wesleyan chaplain, and by Brother Thoburn, from Lucknow. The Wesleyans had put Cawnpore on their list to be supplied, but were not prepared to man it or to commence a mission there. I had no wish to go there, having so much work cut out for me in our Mission Conference.

Sabbath, 11th. In the morning Unis interpreted, and we had a good seed sowing. At 6 p. M. the largest crowd of Europeans and East Indians we have had; thirteen seekers and six professed.

12th. Good service morning and evening; six professed to find Jesus.

13th. Good meetings for the church, and four saved.

Up to this time over one hundred persons have been forward as seekers, most of whom profess to have found remission of sins. Of these twenty-five have joined our church; about thirty were members before, nominally; as many more are connected with the English Church, and others not organized in Lucknow. God is with us and doing the best thing possible under existing conditions. George Bailey's wife, a native woman of beautifully fair complexion, received Jesus today.

14th. At noon today we had thirty-five Hindu boys from Brother Messmore's school. J preached to them from "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then I said, "I'll teach you to sing." I saw the missionaries start up and whisper to each other. It was a thing never tried there before; and, as they told me after the meeting, they expected to see the boys bolt at once; but I sang a verse and told them of the thousands of children of all lands who were singing these very words. I sang again, repeating the chorus many times, till one and then another of the boys began to repeat after me. "There now! I knew you could sing. You have got the sing in you, and if you will open your mouths it will come out;" and so they did, and we got many to sing, and had a very good time with the boys. At that time we had one small Sunday school in Lucknow; but Brother Craven, being a grand Sunday school worker, took the matter in hand from that day, and before the lapse of four years their Sunday schools in Lucknow numbered about a thousand scholars, eight hundred of whom at least were Hindu and Mohammedan children. Brother Craven says that this was done mainly through the agency of Europeans and East Indians brought into our work under this change of our mission policy in regard to these lasses.

In the evening preached to the church on witnessing and working for Christ. After the meeting I had a consultation with the missionaries in regard to Cawnpore. Brother Thoburn spent last Sabbath there, and Dr. Moffatt stirred him up to persuade me to go there; and he says that the doctor knows me and is most desirous to see me. The brethren expressed themselves freely, some for my going and others against it.

It was urged against it that Cawnpore was outside of our Conference boundaries, and we had no right to go there; but that was met by the fact that Brother Thoburn had already preached there several times. One urged that if we should get converts there we had no money or employment for them. I said, "I never heard of the like before;" and it was finally agreed that if I would not commit the mission to any responsibility in regard to Cawnpore I might go and see what the Lord had for us to do there. I laid the whole matter before God, and had every lingering doubt against it removed.

They gave me George Myall, a native teacher and helper, who on Tuesday night last received Jesus and got an assurance of pardon, to accompany me as interpreter. He is a slow but trustworthy man, had for thirty years lived in Cawnpore and lost everything he had there in the

mutiny, including nine hundred rupees in cash; but had been away from Cawnpore for the last five years.

Friday, 16th. Good meeting for believers at noon. At night two were saved, one of them a Roman Catholic. A Christian marriage in the city today. To celebrate the occasion they had a great dance in the Royal Park Hall, which lasted nearly all night. Except the dancing girls of India, who are the lowest of fallen women, the Mohammedan and Hindu women would not think of dancing with men. These great feasts to Bacchus, by people called Christians, are innovations on heathen morality, and scandalize the name of Christ.

Saturday, 17th. Rambled an hour before breakfast among the ruins of the residency. The walls of all the buildings are pecked over with the bullet marks of the mutineers of 1857; on one two-story wall twenty feet wide I counted three hundred of them. Passed the gate through which General Havelock's troops, by the mercy of God, brought deliverance to the besieged sufferers; saw the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence died. The monument here erected in honor of him, and the brave fellows who fell with him, is on a beautiful mound in the residency grounds. The pedestal at the base is thirty feet square, narrowed by steps to about ten feet square, on which stands an obelisk about thirty feet high.

Left for Cawnpore at 1 p.m., arrived at 4 p.m., and was kindly received by Dr. Moffatt.

Now I see a chain of providential pointers centering in Cawnpore. At the earnest request of my dear friend Dr. A. Moffitt, of Sydney, New South Wales, I promised to visit his nephew, Dr. Moffitt, at the Netley Hospital. I could find no time to fulfill that promise till my second return from the West Indies. Our splendid ship, the Tasmania, arrived in Southampton early on Tuesday morning, the 16th of March, 1869 and I was to set sail again on Friday ensuing in the steamship Syria for Alexandria, en route to Australia. I had much to do in London, and time was very precious. put my luggage in the railway waiting room and took a cab to go in haste five miles to Netley Hospital to see Dr. Moffitt. On arrival I was informed that the doctor had gone to his residence. I took his address, and the cabman said he would drive me "to the very spot." "Very well," said I, "go ahead; I'm in a great hurry."

When he drove to "the very spot" he found that it was not the spot where the doctor lived. After seeking in vain for half an hour I said, "I must be at the train for its next departure for London, and can't waste any more time."

Just then a man told us where Dr. Moffatt lived; so we drove to his door. Mrs. Moffatt, with a ruddy, open countenance, received me with true Irish-lady hospitality, as I told her that I had a salutation for her husband from his uncle Dr. A. Moffitt, of Sydney. She said, "My husband is suffering from a severe cold and has lain down; but I will tell him that you are here."

She returned, saying, "My husband says he has no uncle in Sydney; but another Dr. Moffitt, our neighbor, who has just come in to see my husband, says that he has an uncle there."

So in the house I was not seeking I found the man I sought, and thus became known to the man I sought not, the Dr. Moffatt who subsequently came to India as surgeon of her majesty's

Fourteenth Regiment, and now had opened the way for our work in Cawnpore. I see more and more clearly that it is too late for me to begin to make plans for the Lord by which to work, when God has so long ago made plans for me. It is not mine to ask him to indorse my plans and go with me, but by all available means to discern his plans and go with him.

Sabbath, 18th. Preached in the Union Chapel, at 7 a.m., to a congregation of twenty-three soldiers and thirteen civilians. At 11 a.m. I went to the English Church to hear Rev. Mr. M., the chaplain; but instead the prayers and a short sermon were read by "our colonel." The whole thing was over and we were out and gone in less than an hour. It appears that the people here can't stand the worship of God for more than an hour at a time. Went to the chapel at 2 p.m. and preached to twenty-three persons; then again, at 5:30 p.m., to a congregation of thirty soldiers and thirty civilians. Deep attention, but not ready for an advance, except to explain the situation and get the people to search the Scriptures and see if these things are so. It was arranged that our English services should be held in Dr. Moffatt's prayer room. During this week visited the colonel, the chaplain, and many soldiers' families, and preached every night; but with no decisive results in the way of conversions. When Christmas holidays set in the people were so taken up with excursions and home entertainments that we closed and never again resumed our special services at the Union Chapel and Dr. Moffatt's prayer room, but instead George Myall and I ran special services in the native city, in the houses of two East Indian families, about two miles apart, and preached daily also in the bazaars, to the heathen and Mohammedans. At our outdoor services we had from two to four hundred hearers, and usually very attentive.

At our house No. 11 preached six nights before I invited any to come out avowedly as penitent sinners. I was waiting for them, to see them interpret and obey the leading of the Holy Spirit without human suggestion. On the seventh night, at the close of my sermon, a prominent East Indian midwife doctor arose to her feet and said, "I feel that I am a great sinner, and I want to confess my sins."

"Confess your sins to God."

"Yes, but I have for many years been a public rebel against God, and common honesty and truth require a public confession and renunciation of wickedness."

With that she came and knelt down weeping near to where I stood; others followed. Within ten days after I organized a church in that house, composed of fourteen of our new converts, born unto God in that house. The owner of it, our host, was a French Roman Catholic. At No. 2 our noonday services gave us a new organization of eight members.

January 4, 1871. I got George today to accompany me to the Memorial Gardens. The gatekeeper would not allow my babu to go in because he was a native, though his unswerving loyalty was attested here in the mutiny, when he was robbed of all he had and narrowly escaped with his life. It is an undeniable fact that the native Christians were almost invariably true to the government during the mutiny, and some of them did good service for their country. The gardens are beautifully laid out with walks, lawns, flower beds, borders, and shrubbery, all kept in fine condition. Over the fatal well is the monument, on which stands the statue of a weeping angel. Around it is an octagon wall about ten feet high, square pillars with Gothic capitals at each angle

of the wall. Passing through the great iron gate, I descend by five steps to the base of the monument, which bears this inscription: " Sacred to the memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhaoodopunt of Bithoor; and they cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

January 5. I said tonight to Dr. Moffatt, who is a Low Church Episcopalian, and son of an old deceased minister of the Episcopal Church in Ireland, "We now have twenty-two East Indian converts here, with two Hindus, Mrs. B. and her adopted daughter, whom she took fifteen years ago from the breast of a dead Hindu mother on the banks of the Jumna. I have organized these converts into two bands, one at each of our preaching places, and they want to know what we are going to do for them in the way of pastoral care. They are all poor but self-supporting, and want no help in that way. I am pledged to the Lucknow brethren not to commit them for any responsibility. You have a leading agency in this work, and if it shall result in the establishment of a Methodist mission here it will be a feather in your cap.

"Yes, and a star in my crown.

"But you have already got yourself into disgrace in the eyes of your chaplain and others; so you had better count the cost before we proceed farther."

"O, my shoulders are broad; I don't care for any of them, except to do them good. They shall never hinder me from doing the work God may give me to do."

Next day, Friday, the 6th, I breakfasted with Mr. McLeavy, manager of the Bank of Upper India, and a friend of our work. I assured him of the possibility of securing an American Methodist missionary for Cawnpore if we proceeded to organize.

He promptly replied, "I hope they will send one to Cawnpore. The Presbyterians don't intend to establish a permanent mission here; Mr. W. told me so. I have tried in vain to get my own church" (the Baptist) "to send a teacher here who could also hold religious services. There is no mission in this city of one hundred and fifty thousand population except that of the Propagation Society, and they are doing but little to meet the spiritual wants of this people. A Methodist mission would absorb all the interest that the Presbyterians and others now share among them as transient visitors. I will give all my influence to it, and I am sure Mr. Jahans, the Greenways, and others will do the same. If a school also could be established, with a competent teacher, it would realize three hundred rupees per month."

All this was spontaneous, and came in as another indication of Providence that we should plant a mission in Cawnpore.

Saturday, January 7. Dr. Moffatt ordered an elephant from the commissariat, and at 11 a.m. the huge monster kneeled down at our door and lay flat on his breast. Then mounting a chair and seizing a couple of ropes attached to the great cushion on his back, we climbed up his side like climbing up the side of a small schooner. Thus mounting the monster, we explored the city. We tried to see everything we could, and the people seemed as curious to see us, for, though they may

daily see elephants hereabouts, they probably never saw one thus mounted and passing through so many narrow streets and gateways as they saw today. In one narrow alley a cow was tied to a verandah, on the floor of which lay an old Hindu fast asleep. The cow was dreadfully frightened at the sight of our great elephant, and first threw herself back to the full length of her line, then, dashing forward, by a tremendous leap cleared the verandah railing and lighted down on the old sleeping Hindu. I need hardly add that she waked him up, and he seemed as badly scared as the cow, and she, poor creature, frightened again at the sudden bound of the man, fell backward into a sewerage trench in front of the verandah, and we passed out of sight and left them to their reflections.

At 3:30 p.m. the doctor and I drove out to the railway bridge to meet Brother Thoburn from Lucknow. Later in the afternoon Rev. Henry Mansell, Presiding Elder of the Moradabad District, and his family, drove up. He was on his way to Conference, to meet next week in Lucknow, but was too late for the branch line train; so, of the three presiding elders in the whole Conference I shall have two to spend the Sabbath in my new Cawnpore mission. Thus they can personally inspect the work here and be prepared to represent it on the Conference floor.

Tuesday, 10th. This morning I drew up a rough draft of a petition addressed to the India Mission Conference, praying them to put Cawnpore on the list of their missions and appoint to it at their coming session a missionary. Mr. McLeavy copied it, and got the signatures of many of the leading men of the station, with a subscription of eighty rupees per month toward the support of the missionary, which he said could easily be increased to a hundred. With this petition and subscription, and the list of my candidates for membership organized into two classes -- fourteen in one and eight in the other on Thursday morning, the 12th of January, I returned to Lucknow.

The India Mission Conference assembled in Lucknow on Thursday, the 12th. On Friday the Cawnpore petition was presented and freely discussed. Considerable opposition by some good conservatives. All admitted that the manifest work of God there, and the call for a missionary and pledge of about one hundred rupees per month toward his support, were pretty clear indications that God would lead us into Cawnpore. Some said we were bound by compact with other missions not to cross the Ganges, and that the Conference boundary, as laid down in the Discipline, was in accordance with that agreement, and shut us in on that side.

I said, "All who come to Lucknow from the northwest or south must stop at Cawnpore and inquire the way, and must stay there till the next day, waiting for a train on the branch line to Lucknow, as a worthy presiding elder had to do last Saturday, and, not being a Sabbath-breaker, while he was resting we got two good sermons from him in our new circuit. Cawnpore, therefore, is the gate to Lucknow, and you may just as well deny a man the right of way to his own farm or bungalow as to refuse to admit Cawnpore. Providential lines and railway lines clearly put that city within the bounds of this Conference."

The Conference voted to put Cawnpore on the list and recommend the Missionary Board to confirm their action and appoint a missionary to it. On that night I preached, and we had the communion rail crowded with seekers of purity, and eight or nine penitents also. That night Dennis Osborne went up and got a baptism of the Spirit, and soon after joined our Church, and is now the most effective, soul-saving preacher, I believe, in the northwest.

Tuesday, 17th. I preached today at I p.m. in the house of Brother George Bailey; text, "God so loved the world." Brother Mukurji, a converted Brahman, who was admitted on trial into the Conference today, was my interpreter. Bengali is his language, but he seems to be well up in Hindustani. Bailey prompted him whenever he seemed at a loss; from which it struck me that perhaps Bailey was my man for interpreter.

An old Hindu said to Bailey, "I like all that I have heard here today. It seems nice, and appears to be true; but it is very hard for us to believe it. It takes time for u to know that it is all true."

I replied, "True, my old friend; it is difficult at once to believe in a thing both strange and new. If I had come here ten years ago and told you all about steam engines, railroads, and telegraphs, and that such things in ten years would be sights in Lucknow as common as the sight of elephants and camels, you would have found it as hard to believe all that as what I have told you today."

"That is true," said the old man; and a smile and general expression of approval came' from the crowd. The Holy Spirit evidently impressed the minds of many here today.

Wednesday, 18th. The Conference closed with the sacrament of the Lord's' Supper.

Thursday, 19th. Preached at Bailey's at twelve o'clock to about eighty persons. I counted forty Hindus and Mohammedans. Brother Bailey interpreted, and did it well. After we had been preaching about half an hour a Mohammedan moulvy (a kind of priest) came in and sat down on a chair. Immediately seven of the best-looking, well-dressed Mohammedans got up abruptly and left the house.

I said to Bailey in an undertone, " What's the matter with those fellows?"

"The moulvy sat down on a chair above them; " and turning to him Bailey said, "Sit down there on the carpet; " and he did so.

Then, quick as a monkey, Bailey bolted down stairs and out into the street and overtook the deserters and brought them back and demanded of them in the presence of the crowd an explanation of their conduct.

The oldest one of them replied, "We are all equals, and don't allow any of our people to take a higher seat than that of his brother."

Bailey pointed to the old moulvy on the floor, and they nodded assent. Then an East Indian gentleman and his sister got up to select a seat on the carpet; but the old Mohammedan took hold of their hands and begged them to sit down on their chairs, as that was their custom. We then proceeded with the discourse, and they all listened with great attention.

Friday, 20th. Preached again at Bailey's on the Prodigal Son. At the close the people seemed unwilling to leave, and Bailey overheard them saying one to another, " If that man would stop here he would win us all over to his side."

An old Hindu said to Bailey as he passed out, "I'll think no more about my own religion, but I'll think about the Lord Jesus."

The same old moulvly and his son, a well-educated young man, were here again today. They claim to be related to the late King of Oude. They and several other Mohammedans followed me to Dr. Waugh's, and again at night called on me at Brother Thoburn's. I told them my experience and preached to them for an hour. They expressed great regret that I was going to leave the city' so soon. I asked Brothers Waugh and Thoburn if they could interpret the old moulvly's motives. They replied that they could see nothing indicating an improper motive, no very deep conviction of sin, but an interest in the truth of God enkindled in their hearts, and a sincere personal friendship.

Saturday, 21st. Called to see Mrs. Davis, who was dying. I saw her a number of times before, but now she bade adieu to all her friends. I sang " The Home in Heaven" and "All is Well," and prayed; and soon after she died in the Lord. The Conference had no regular missionary for Cawnpore, but gave us Brother Mukurji, a converted Brahman, to labor in native work at Cawnpore. I went with him today to introduce him and smooth down the disappointment of my friends there in not getting a missionary. At the railway station I met the old moulvly and his friends, who came to see me off. I remained at Cawnpore till Tuesday, and put Brother Mukurji into the work as well as I could. He is an earnest, good brother; but the work at Cawnpore was not conserved as well as it could have been under more favorable conditions.

Old Sister Phillis, one of our converts there, became very useful, but after a year of service was taken to heaven. Brother Thoburn still went to Cawnpore occasionally and organized the English work; and Dr. J. Condon, one of the Lord's lay preachers, was appointed civil surgeon at Cawnpore soon after I left, and became a powerful worker.

A year later Brother Gladwin was appointed there as a missionary and developed the English work, and also regular native preaching and large schools in the city; and that station became the first self-supporting mission in the Conference, and also the seat of the Memorial High School. They appropriated missionary money there for buildings; but the preacher's salary was paid by the people from an early period of Brother Gladwin's appointment to Cawnpore.

Tuesday, 24th. On my return to Lucknow I found the old moulvly and his friends on the platform waiting for me; and they called again to see me that evening. Had a family prayer meeting at Brother Thoburn's at night, at which we had five Bengalis, three men and two women. The two latter came out as seekers and received Jesus.

It is all arranged for me to go tomorrow to Seetapore, on my tour through the mission. Brother Bailey is to go as my interpreter. Every traveler in this country has to take up his bed and walk. So Brother Mansell gave me an outfit of bedding for my journey.

25th. We took the road in the dak-ghari (mail coach) at 8 a.m. The old moulvly and his son came to see me off, and were most anxious to know when I would return. I told the dear old man that I hoped to return in September.

"O, that is such a long time; your words give me so much light and comfort. When you come again I will bring our nobles to see you.

Instead of returning in September, as I thought I should, I did not see Lucknow again for three years, and was sorry to learn then that my old moulvly was dead.

We drove fifty-two miles through a beautiful but poorly cultivated country, arriving in Seetapore at p.m., and were welcomed by Rev. Brother Knowles, who had a tent pitched for us in the mission compound, or yard. (Seeta was the wife of Ram, and pore means city. This is the city of Ram's wife.)

Thursday, 26th. White frost covering the ground this morning. Preaching announced for the chapel at 8 a.m., but as the shivering natives had collected in the sunshine on the mission house verandah I preached to them there. Preached in the chapel at 11 a.m. Bailey interpreted and was master of the situation.

We had today a general break down among the East Indians, and ten women and seven men came forward as seekers, and professed to receive Christ and peace with God.

We had a dozen Afghan Mohammedan soldiers present, who seemed to be greatly interested. They said to Brother Knowles, "This preaching is all true. It has loosened a knot in our hearts, and we are untying it; but you will have to give us a little time."

Friday, 27th. Preached, through Bailey, at noon. In our congregation were Captain Risalahdar Ubdoola Khan, his brother Rashied, and other native officers, fine-looking Afghans belonging to Colonel Robart's cavalry.

At the close, the captain came up and said to Brother Knowles, "We agree with what has been said. We have received great light. The light has shined into me this day."

They followed us to the tent, and the captain (who is more properly a colonel, having command of six hundred cavalry) begged me to come and preach to his men; but as I had to preach again the same evening in the chapel and leave early next morning it was impossible for me to do so. It seemed such a pity. Then they said, "We'll meet you in the colonel's compound in the morning."

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33 -- CAMPAIGN FROM PANAHPORE TO BOMBAY

Journeying in a Dhuli Dak -- Arrival at Panahpore -- Many Seekers at the Service -- Their Testimony -- A Great Fire -- More Converts -- What they Said in Experience -- At Shahjehanpore

-- The Boys' Orphanage -- Our Preaching There -- Out at Chandapore -- Challenged by a Fakir -- "We Never Sinned in Our Lives." -- Penitence at the Altar -- Distinguished Personages in the Chapel -- Question of the Spirit -- Leading Men of the City -- Further Preaching and Interview with Walker -- A Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting -- A Mohammedan Goliath -- Meeting in Scott's House -- Testimony of Witnesses -- Sermon to the Children -- Disputing with the Brahman -- Welcome to Walker's Place -- Another Cry of Fire -- A Baptism -- Mrs. Walker's Experience -- Budaon Camp Meeting -- Tour of Hard Fighting -- Preaching in Meerut -- I Go to Delhi -- The Great Mosque -- Reminiscences of the Rebellion -- At Ambala and Bijnour -- Dr. Humphrey -- My Hymns New and Old -- At Rani Khet -- Mussouri to Bombay

* * *

Captain Ubdoola Khan and his fellow-officers met me early, according to promise, but the colonel ordered them to their lines, so that I could not say much to them.

Saturday, 28th. Our journey from Seetapore to Panahpore is about fifty miles. This is my first day's experience in a dhuli dak. The dhuli is a carriage about seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. In this the bed is spread; so that the occupant can sit or lie down and sleep at will. At each side are sliding doors. This, however, is a carriage without wheels or horses. A long, light pole passes through the center, close under the ceiling of the carriage, extending through each end four or five feet. The whole is carried by four coolies, two at each end. These are relieved by a fresh relay about every six miles. They move regularly in a steady trot, keeping time and stimulating each other by a sort of grunting chorus, oft repeating "Jaldi ja; " that is, "Quickly go."

It is said that some editor in England, in giving his readers an account of a terrible battle in the mutiny, made quite a sensational climax by the statement that after the engagement the "dreadful Dhulies came down upon her majesty's wounded soldiers and carried them off." The fact was, they were thus carried off to the hospital to be treated!

A little after dark we arrived in Panahpore (fana means refuge). So we were welcomed by Brother and Sister Johnson and Brother Buck into the city of refuge.

Sabbath, 29th. Preached at 11 a.m. Good attention; but we did not invite seekers. Again at :30 p.m. At the prayer meeting following the preaching twenty-four men and six women came forward as seekers and professed to find peace. Some of them are servile, and not very reliable; but I felt a profound sympathy for them, and showed no distrust. Some of them spoke beautifully. One said, "A great light is shining into my heart." Another said, "My soul is filled with joy. It is like a spring bubbling up in my heart."

Monday, 30th. At twelve o'clock, as the gong was telling the hour for preaching, there was a sudden cry of fire. Half a mile west the jungle was in flames. Large quantities of long thatch grass belonging to the pore had been cut and bound in sheaves, and much remained ready for the scythe. All this was being consumed. So we all ran to try to subdue the fire. I had much experience in fighting fire in the mountains of Virginia when a boy; so I went to the front in the heat of the sun at noon and wrought with all my might for two hours, till we succeeded in putting it out. Meantime

it passed a little beyond the bounds of the mission farm into a tract under rent by an old Brahman. The old man, with three or four of his laborers, came to help. I assisted him in removing beyond danger the only cut grass he had; so that his loss did not exceed a couple of dollars. We had a service on our return, and sixteen women and five men professed to find the forgiveness of their sins.

Tuesday, 31st. Preached to believers at noon and night, closing with a fellowship meeting.

Enoch Berge said, "If I had gained the whole world I should not be so happy as I am tonight; Jesus has saved my soul from sin."

Soonderlal said, "Jesus removed the heavy burden of my sins. I love everybody as I love myself. I am saved, and if the Lord should call me now I should go straight' to heaven."

Chotey, a large black man, said, "I read Padri Taylor's book in 1869. I saw by the papers that he was coming to Lucknow, and I intended going there to see him, but, thank God, he has come hither, and under his preaching I have been led to Jesus and have got all my sins forgiven."

Brother Wap said, "I am wonderfully blessed this time. I never was so blessed before."

Brother Paulus said, "A spring of living water is flowing into my mind."

Sister Charlotte said, "I have received the pardon of all my sins, and I am extremely happy."

Brother George said, "For three or four days the grace of God has come upon me."

Daisci's wife said, "I know that my sins are forgiven, and I am happy. Before I was baptized I was subject to fits. From that time I was free from them till I neglected Christ. Then I had a relapse and severe fits came upon me. I came back to Jesus, and when his love came into my heart I got quite well."

Chotey's wife said, "I strongly testify that I am cleared from my sins, and I am very happy."

And so on. They nearly all told their experience in great simplicity. Many women came forward as seekers, with their babes in their arms, and tonight I see the same standing up to testify for Jesus with their babes still in their arms.

On Wednesday, February 1, we struck our tents in Panahpore, five miles distant, and came to Shahjehanpore. Shah means king; jehan, the world; pore, city -- called after Shahjehan, one of the Great Mogul kings of the country. We are quartered in Dr. Johnson's mission bungalow; Brother Buck is his colleague.

The great missionary interest of this place is the Boys' Orphanage. Dr. Butler got a few orphans together in Naini Tal, in 1859, and subsequently opened an orphanage at Bareilly; but it was afterward removed to this place, secured by Dr. Johnson. The site contains thirty acres of

land. The minister's bungalow is sixty feet square, with verandahs on all sides, ceiling about thirty feet high; a fine establishment for an Indian residence. It was built by Captain Sage at a cost of nine thousand rupees, but Brother Johnson got it for five thousand.

The orphanage contained one hundred and forty-seven resident boys and young men and about twenty day scholars. These were all instructed in the rudiments of the Hindi, Hindustani, and Persian languages; most of the larger boys also in the ordinary branches of English. They all learn a trade as well in the industrial department, farming, weaving, shoemaking, printing and press work, cabinet making, etc.

The schoolhouse and chapel in one is sixty-six feet square, with ceiling thirty feet high. There are three recitation rooms on each side, with chapel in the center, twenty-four feet broad by sixty-six long; the cost, seven thousand rupees.

The whole thing, with minister's bungalow, teachers' houses, boys' houses, workshop, and well, cost about twenty thousand rupees.

On this day of our arrival we preached in the orphanage chapel at twelve noon, and 6:30 p.m. All attentive and well-behaved.

Friday, February 3. Went out eight miles to Chandapore, to attend a monthly meeting of the fakirs and followers of Kabir.

We got a patient hearing to a sermon over an hour in length, and our testimony to a personal experience of salvation from sin by Jesus Christ, and a closing prayer that God would open their hearts and apply his truth.

Then the head fakir tried to checkmate our testimony by saying, "O, I drank of the river of life long ago, and got all that you say you have got. Kabir was the son of God, and through him all my sins were taken away."

I challenged him to produce Kabir's credentials.

"Where is the proof that he ever set up such a claim for himself? You say that your sins have all been pardoned and taken away; I must have the testimony of your neighbors on that point."

Then I appealed to the people: "Friends, you know this man. He says that his sins have been taken away. Is that true? Does he not cheat you, and oppress you, and tell you lies?"

The people cried out against him, saying, " He is one of the greatest sinners amongst us, and he is telling you lies now."

Then he changed his ground and said, "We are united to God; we are a part of God. We do nothing of ourselves; God does it all, and never imputes sin to us. We never sinned in our lives."

Bailey replied, "Then if I come and join your clan, and become a worshiper of Kabir, I may seduce your wife and take her away from you, and do all manner of wickedness, and you would say, 'Mr. Bailey -- what a good man he is! True, he has given us a great deal of trouble, but, poor fellow! he is not responsible. It was God who did it all.'

Many of the people cried out, calling the priest by name, "Shame, shame on you! You know well enough that we are all responsible for our conduct."

Thus we sowed the good seed among the people, silenced the batteries of the priests, and returned.

Preached in the orphanage chapel at 6 p. M. About seventy came forward as seekers, and twenty-five professed to find forgiveness of sins, and publicly testified for Jesus.

Saturday, 4th. My rest day; but while I was resting -- at the earnest request of the leading English residents of the station, it being their only leisure day -- I preached to them in our chapel at 4 p.m. Among them were Judge Henderson, Collector Saunders, and his assistant, Mr. Smith, brother of Rev. Gervase Smith, of the British Wesleyan Conference. We had a very interesting service.

We continued special services on Sabbath and Monday. Over seventy during the series, mostly orphans, professed to obtain peace with God. The greater part of these, as I have heard from year to year, remained steadfast.

A journey of fifty miles brought us to Bareilly. Preached to a poor leper on the way while changing horses. His fingers and toes had all dropped off.

I said to him, "Where will your spirit go when it shall leave the body?"

He reflected a moment and replied, "It will go back where it came from."

We tried to lead him to the cleansing Fountain, that his spirit might be prepared to return to God, who gave it.

We found a good and welcome home in the house of Rev. T. J. Scott, the Presiding Elder of Bareilly District. His residence is a large bungalow built by Dr. Butler, the pioneer of the mission, but who, some years before, had returned to America.

The next house is the residence of Rev. D. W. Thomas, who, with his earnest, good wife, and Miss Fanny Sparks to assist him, has charge of the Girls' Orphanage, a similar institution to the one for boys in Shahjehanpore. It contains one hundred and forty orphan girls, many of them now young women, well advanced in the rudiments of education, and in handiwork to fit them to fill their station in life.

Here we also found Miss C. Swain, M.D., at her post. She is a most successful medical practitioner, and gets access to the best families in the city. She has treated this year one thousand

three hundred and thirty-five cases, and has in connection with this opened up an interesting zenana work.

Bareilly is a large native city and military station. On the evening of my arrival, at the request of our missionaries, I went with them to a temperance tea meeting for her majesty's Twenty-fifth Regiment, and heard some good temperance talk, and preached a little to the soldiers.

I preached in the orphanage chapel at noon to the one hundred and forty orphans -- all old enough to sin, and hence old enough to be saved from sin. Bailey interpreted.

Preached in the bungalow used for regular native services at 6 p. M. Brother Scott interpreted, and did it well. Brother Bailey heard today that Justice Walker, whom he knew in Lucknow during the mutiny, was residing in Bareilly, and was a justice of the peace and treasurer of the city.

"I will take Brother Taylor to see Walker," said Bailey, "and we will get him converted to God."

The missionaries laughed at Bailey's newborn zeal, and said, "You can do nothing with Walker. His wife is a Mussulmani, and he has a lot of her Mohammedan kindred in his house. He never comes to preaching."

"O, I am sure we can get him saved," replied Bailey, and left abruptly, and went to call on his old friend. After reviewing their memories of the mutiny he said, " Mr. Walker, I want to introduce Mr. Taylor to you.

"No, Mr. Bailey; if you please, don't bring Mr. Taylor here. He'll be pitching into me about something or other, and I don't want to see him."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Walker; Mr. Taylor is a world-wide traveler and a kind gentleman. He will interest you on many subjects, and not pitch into you at all."

So Mr. Walker consented, and Bailey came in haste for rue to go and get his friend saved.

We went to his office, and after a long talk on various topics, as I was about to leave, I said, "Mr. Walker, as I am stopping at Mr. Scott's, near by, and have but a few days to spend in your city, if agreeable to you I shall be glad to come some morning and conduct family worship for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor; but I am a man of business, and have to go early to office daily, and cannot possibly command the time."

"How about Sabbath morning?"

"Well, I have no particular engagement Sabbath morning."

"Suppose, then, you invite a few of your friends, and allow me to come to your house, and we will have family worship together?"

"Very well, Mr. Taylor; come next Sabbath, at 8 a.m."

Thursday, 9th. Preached in the orphanage chapel at noon, from Luke vii, 50. Illustrated the narrative with my map, nine feet by twelve. Great seriousness.

A Mohammedan giant, who lives with Mr. Walker, whom we called 'Goliath of Gath,' was present at our meeting in the bungalow. Bailey recognized him as an old friend whom he knew in the mutiny. He seemed much pleased to see Bailey, and said to him, "You have found God. I wish I could find him too!"

Friday, 10th. At the orphanage chapel Bailey interpreted well, as usual. The missionaries in different places often expressed surprise at his clear, terse translation of my Scripture quotations, so original and so forcible.

A grand meeting today among the orphans. Sixty-seven of the elder girls came up as seekers, and twenty-six were saved.

At 7 p.m., in the bungalow, twenty-five men and fifteen women, native nominal Christians, came out as seekers, and professed to find Jesus. Goliath seemed under deep concern.

Saturday, 11th. Had a meeting in Brother Scott's house for his native helpers, and I gave them a talk on personal holiness.

Sabbath, 12th. Had a service at Mr. Walker's at 8 a.m. Eighteen persons present, including his family. At the close, seeing that a good impression was made, I said, "Now, Mr. Walker, if you like I will come again tomorrow morning at seven o'clock and conduct your family worship. We can have a family service from seven to eight, and then you can have from eight to nine for breakfast and get to office in due time, at 10 a.m."

"All right, Mr. Taylor; we shall be glad to see you again tomorrow morning."

At the orphanage chapel at noon we had about seventy seekers, and nineteen professed to find Jesus.

A young woman said, "I have received the forgiveness of my sins. No one has told me in my ear, but I feel the testimony of it in my mind, and I will always be true to Jesus."

Another said, "I submitted myself to Jesus. The burden of sin is removed from my heart. It was a crushing load, but I don't feel any of it now. I know my sins are pardoned."

Another said, "When I heard from Miss Sparks last night that I could receive the pardon of my sins I tried to find it, but did not. This morning I have received Jesus."

Another said. "I was very miserable last night, and did not know what to do; but today I submitted myself unreservedly to Jesus, and God has acquitted me."

Monday, 13th. Preached in orphanage chapel on the babes and sucklings, and the truth took hold on the smaller orphans. Some of them came forward, but more of the larger ones; thirty-eight professed to find forgiveness of sins. At 6 p. M. I preached in the city schoolhouse to the English-speaking Hindus, Mohammedans, and Brahma -- the followers of Keshub Chunder Sen, of Calcutta. About one hundred present, crowding the room. I discoursed to them an hour. The Spirit of God was manifestly present to apply the truth. At the close Judge Bakhtawar Singh, a Hindu judge receiving a government salary of eight hundred rupees per month, arose and tendered his thanks and the thanks of the hearers for what they had heard.

If I had time to dispute daily with these people and pursue fully St. Paul's method sharing the same Gospel, the same Jesus, and the same Holy Spirit -- I am sure we should see corresponding results. But I have promised to make as fair a division of my time as possible among the whole of our missions before the hot weather shall set in, and my appointments are announced.

Tuesday, 14th. Preached at Walker's at 7 a.m. About thirty present, and deep awakening. At the close Mr. Walker said, "Mr. Taylor, I hope you will come tomorrow morning, and every morning while you remain in the city."

"Thank you, Mr. Walker, I shall, the Lord willing, do so with much pleasure."

Preached at the orphanage chapel at twelve noon. Fifty seekers, and twenty-seven professed to find Jesus. Many of them this time were little girls. The large ones were saved first, and now the little children are coming to Jesus.

Brother Thoburn writes that the work in Lucknow is progressing well; three or four saved each week.

Wednesday, 15th. At Justice Walker's again at 7 a.m. Great awakening. All of them -- about twenty souls -- went down on their knees as avowed seekers of salvation.

Good service at twelve o'clock in the orphanage chapel. During preaching in the evening in the bungalow a cry of fire broke up our meeting for half an hour. In the next lot to our bungalow was Brother Thomas' karkana, or workshop, an institution he got up at the close of the famine in 1861, to give employment to starving mechanics and a refuge for poor Christian natives. In the center of this workshop compound stood a tent with thatch walls, which he was using temporarily as his office, while his office proper was undergoing repairs. The tent was in a blaze. As I came out I saw his desk, containing valuable books and papers, turned end-over-end in the midst of the flames by a young native, who seemed to be fireproof. The desk flew open in one of its somersaults, and out came the books and papers; by means of a general grab game everything of value was rescued, but somewhat blackened and scorched. We soon returned to the bungalow, and about a dozen of the Walker family came out as seekers, and professed to receive Jesus.

Thursday, 16th. At Justice Walker's at 7 a.m. I preached, and Mrs. Walker, the Mussulman, came forward for Christian baptism: Brother Scott read the baptismal service in Hindustani, and we prayed for her and for Mr. Walker till they were filled with the Holy Spirit; and then I baptized her with water.

I then read our General Rules and gave them an address on Church organization and organized a church in the house of Brother Walker, and appointed him to conduct a public service. in his own house every Sabbath morning, assisted by the missionaries when they could command time.

At the noon meeting that day in the orphanage chapel Mrs. Walker publicly related her experience in her own language; she could not speak English. At the close of the meeting Brother Scott said, "She has great command of the Hindustani language, and is most clear and emphatic in her testimony to the saving power of Christ."

I may simply add that Justice Walker kept up the meetings at his own house, and sometimes conducted meetings at the bungalow. Mrs. Walker was a large, fine-looking woman, apparently in the vigor of life and health; but a few months after her conversion to God she took ill and died. Brother Scott wrote me that she remained true to Jesus and died in the Lord. After a year or two Brother Walker also died in the Lord, and the family moved away, I know not whither.

The giant passed through all this deeply awakened, and came to spend the evening with me at Brother Scott's the night of my departure; admitted everything; anxious to be saved, but hesitated. I know not what became of him.

Four years after, I spent one night in Bareilly, and in the afternoon visited the orphanage. Many of the grown-up girls had married and gone away; many younger ones had come in; the majority of them knew me, and jumped for joy to see their old friend.

Leaving Brother Scott's about 9 p.m., we traveled that night by dhuli dak forty miles to a camp meeting on the Budaon Circuit, Rev. R. Hoskins, missionary. We arrived at the camp just as the cheering rays of the morning sun began to stream through the mango groves. Brother and Sister Hoskins welcomed us to their tent.

At this camp meeting over thirty nominal Christian natives professed to find the pardon of their sins, and one Mohammedan was baptized by Brother Scott.

From the camp meeting we passed on to Chandousi. It was late at night when we arrived, but after much difficulty we found the Dak bungalow and Brothers Mansell and Wheeler. We made an itinerating tour of hard fighting and varied success at Chandousi, Babukhera, Joa, Sambhal, Bashta, Amroha, and Moradabad. Brother Parker, presiding elder, and his wife, a true helper, were with us during most of the campaign of six weeks.

Early in April we went to Meerut, a large native city and military station. Rev. Mr. McKay, church chaplain, and Rev. Mr. Gillan, Scotch Kirk chaplain, gave me an earnest invitation

to work for them in English work. So Brother Bailey returned and took work under Brother Parker. He became a preacher in Hindustani and Hindi.

I preached daily in the kirk in Meerut for three weeks. I did not for a fortnight invite a seeker to come out avowedly on the Lord's side. Finally I invited them to come to the front, and seven came promptly forward, and we had a deep awakening among many who did not yield. I hoped for a great harvest of souls, but it struck the dear ministers as a novelty, because they had never seen the like before. They did not object publicly, but afterward expressed their feelings so that I did not consider it safe to repeat the call for seekers. I did not certainly believe that a single one was saved.

I went from Meerut to Delhi, and labored three weeks with my old friend Rev. James Smith, the Baptist missionary whom I met in Australia eight years before. The weather was now so hot that we did not attempt to hold special services in his chapel beyond the regular Sabbath appointments, but we had preaching every week evening in verandahs and open courts, and prepared the soil and sowed the good seed, and in the following cool season Brother Smith, as his report states, gathered a good harvest. He was trying hard, and with a good degree of success, to place his mission on a purely self-supporting basis.

Friday, May 12. Visited the Great Mosque of the Mogul Emperors of Delhi. It is really a magnificent structure. From the top of a minaret about three hundred feet high I got a full view of the city and a wide radius of the surrounding country. The buildings are greatly superior to any I saw in Cawnpore or Lucknow.

As I was driven from time to time to all parts of the city many places of interest, and incidents belonging to them, were brought to my attention, such as: "The forlorn hope was led through this gate. Twenty-three men were told off, each one to carry a bag of powder and lay it down at the gate and fire a fuse to set it off. Seventeen of them were killed and mortally wounded. These gates were thus blown open, and the English soldiers marched into the city. Then it took seven days of hard fighting to take it, for inside were sixty thousand Sepoys, who had been trained in the British army by all the military skill of their commanders, and no end to the guns and ammunition."

"That is the gate where the chaplain was slain. His daughter and another young lady were dragged down those steps and killed in that little alley."

"That great cross marks the spot where some hundreds of Europeans and East Indians, slain by the rebels, were buried in a mass together."

"Under that tree the rebels took one hundred and twenty English and East Indian women and children, and murdered them."

"That English church was built by the vow of a wounded colonel, on the result of his living to see the rebellion crushed;" etc.

From Delhi I went to Ambala, and preached two Sabbaths for Rev. William Morrison, to her majesty's Seventy-second Regiment, and in the week intervening we opened an English work in Sudder Bazaar.

I went thence to Bijuour, and wrought a few days for Rev. Henry Jackson, and had some souls saved; thence by dhuli dak, on a very wet night, forty miles to Moradabad; thence about forty more to the base of the mountain, en route for Naini Tal, and thence fifteen miles up the Himalayan Mountains, on Rev. Dr. J. L. Humphrey's pony.

The doctor was not only an indefatigable missionary, but a successful medical practitioner. From April to November of this year he treated one thousand eight hundred and thirty patients. He was also the founder of a medical school in Naini Tal. Colonel Ramsey, Commissioner of Gurhwal and Kumaon, was his ever-ready patron and a firm support to all our mission work in the Himalayan Mountains.

It was during this visit that Sister Humphrey and I compiled Hymns New and Old, which have been so valuable to our rising Indian churches.

Spent a week preaching for Rev. J. Budden, of the London Mission, at Elmora. He was an earnest Christian gentleman and a grand interpreter in Hindi.

Spent a Sabbath at Rani Khet, and went on a week's journey through the mountains to Paori, Rev. Henry Mansell, presiding elder, and Rev. P. T. Wilson, preacher in charge. This was my last work that year in our Mission Conference. All the missionaries and their wives and our female missionaries have my fullest confidence and sympathy. A few hundreds of nominal native Christians professed to find peace at our meetings, and also a small number of Hindus and Mohammedans, and God gave a fresh divine impulse to the work, which thrills on with increasing power year by year. My work closed in Paori about the last of August. It was not considered safe to return to the plains earlier than October; so I set apart the month of September for a pilgrimage with the natives, to study them and learn what they did and suffered to get rest for their souls.

We reached Mussouri on the 5th of October. Spent a few days preaching for Rev. Mr. Woodside, American Presbyterian, in Dheradon, and went thence to Lahore. At the call of the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to attend their annual meeting at Ahmednuggur I started for Bombay, about one thousand five hundred miles distant, on Wednesday, the 19th of October, 1871.

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34 -- MISSIONS AT BOMBAY AND INSTITUTION HALL

Sketch of the City of Bombay -- The Parsee Population -- Their Religious and Philosophical Beliefs -- The Bombay Hospital -- Usages of the Parsees -- Their Tower of Silence -- The Great Majority are Hindus -- Their Castes and Trades -- Their Philosophy of Life -- The Mohammedans -- Their Dislike of Western Peoples -- The Eurasians -- Christian Churches in Bombay -- Indian Railways -- "Ram, Ram, Ram" -- A Guard's Contempt for Caste -- At Dhond and

Ahmednuggur -- A Converted Brahman Interprets for Me -- An Awakening -- Penitents and Converts -- A Native Concert -- The Punt Brothers -- Notes of Sermons and Testimonies -- How the Heart is Hardened -- Preaching in the Free Church of Scotland -- Ram Krishna Punt Interprets for Me -- An Interruption of Rockets -- My Subjects and Congregations -- Seekers and Converts -- Various Services and Hard Fighting -- Transfer to Institution Hall -- Parsees Hard to Catch -- Work with the Orphans -- Skepticism of the Managers -- Visit to the Raitts -- Organize a Fellowship Band -- Also Band Number Two -- Captain W. and his Wife are Saved

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The city of Bombay was built on several small islands, which have been gradually united to each other by leveling down the hills and filling up the separating valleys. Thus the whole became one island, and that has been united to the mainland and firmly anchored to it by railway lines.

When Charles II married the daughter of the King of Portugal he received the island and dependencies of Bombay as part of her dower.

"A grand expedition was dispatched to India by the crown, under the Earl of Marlborough, to receive possession of the settlements; but after having held it for six years the ministers of the crown found that it cost more than it yielded, and ceded it to the East India Company under whose fostering care the population grew from ten thousand to more than eight hundred thousand, and the trade from one hundred thousand to more than three hundred million rupees.

"The year in which Bombay was ceded to the company was the year in which the first order for the purchase of tea was sent out by them to the East."

The Parsees are not a very numerous though a very influential class of the population of Bombay. The whole Parsee nation in India numbers less than one hundred thousand of these about fifty thousand reside in Bombay. They are Persians by national descent and Zoroastrians in religion. They fled from Persia twelve hundred years ago, under the pressure of the great Mohammedan conquest, when their nation had to accept the Koran or the sword. They settled in the Surat country, two hundred miles north of Bombay, where a large portion of them still remain. They were allowed a peaceable settlement by the king of the country under certain treaty conditions, one of which was that they should not eat beef; and thus they politically adopted some customs of the Hindu religion.

The Parsees believe in one God, in heaven and hell, are not idolaters, but, instead, assume to worship God through the medium of the elements, especially fire, and are hence called fire worshipers; but they have many heathen ceremonies. I cannot here attempt a description of them. In commerce and trade they are very enterprising, and have been very prosperous. In the reaction following the great cotton speculative mania occasioned by the civil war in America many of them, in common with the mass of English and Hindu speculators in shares, collapsed; but a large number are now wealthy merchants and some of them liberal.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy founded and endowed a hospital in Bombay bearing his name, which has no rival in the city and is annually the refuge for thousands of sufferers of all nationalities. As a class the Parsees are well educated, and a large proportion of those in Bombay speak English. They do not patronize mission schools, but have schools of their own; and many are educated in the government schools.

Up to the time of my going to Bombay, history, so far as we can learn, only records eight cases of Parsees becoming Christians. The Parsees do not bury their dead, as do the Mohammedans, Christians, Buddhists, and others, nor burn their dead, as do the Hindus, but turn them over to the vultures, to be devoured. They have on a high hill near the city what is called the "Tower of Silence." It is an inclosure of several acres of ground in its wild jungle state, except scattered stately palm trees and a few towers of solid masonry, flat on the top, covered, I am told, with gratings of iron bars on which the bodies of the dead are exposed, to be devoured by birds of prey. This inclosure is surrounded by a high wall, and no one is admitted except on business; and no one but Parsees have any business there. I went one day and climbed upon the wall and got an outside view of the premises. I saw huge vultures in countless numbers perched on the palm trees waiting for a dead Parsee.

Hindus of every variety of caste constitute the great majority of the population of Bombay.

Many of them are well educated and speak the English language, and are successful merchants and active producers in every department of industry. Every caste has its own profession or trade; indeed, the business to a great extent established the separating walls of caste; so that the descendants of any particular caste are bound to pursue the business or occupation of their ancestors. Their temples are small towerlike structures, with pyramidal spires studded on all sides with small statues of their antiquated gods.

The Hindus are transmigrationists, in common with the Buddhists. The system of the latter is more clearly defined as to the ultimate state of the soul. The Buddhists' heaven is not annihilation, but the rest of utter unconsciousness. This rest is reached through a series of innumerable births, miserable existences, and deaths. The soul, having thus expiated all its misdeeds by suffering, is subjected to no more births, and loses all consciousness of joy or sorrow. The Hindu heaven does not appear to be even so clearly defined as that. A large number of the Hindus are pantheists; that is, as God is everywhere and in everything, therefore all space and every form of matter are component parts of God; hence an idol is a tangible part of God selected by them as a medium through which they hope to get access to the more vital, intelligent heart of God. There is a large and wealthy caste in Bombay called Jams, representing a compound system of religion made up of Hinduism and Buddhism. They have much larger temples than the Hindus.

The Mohammedans, next to the Hindus, are the most numerous race in Bombay, and they represent there every Mohammedan country on the earth, and carry on a large traffic with Arabia, Persia, and all countries east of Constantinople. They do not like the Europeans or their institutions; and hence they do not avail themselves half so largely of the educational institutions of India as do the Hindus. They, however, have some good schools of their own.

The Europeans and East Indians of Bombay constitute a population of about seven thousand, sparsely scattered through the great mass. Many of the latter class are a cross between the old Portuguese settlers and the natives, and are Roman Catholics, and have several churches in Bombay.

The Scotch Kirk has a church and a large educational institution for natives; the Free Church of Scotland the same, with the addition of a female orphanage and native church. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has a native church; and the Baptists at the time of my going had recently built a chapel for English preaching.

Bombay is the great commercial rival of Calcutta. The latter commands most of the trade in the great valleys of the Ganges and its tributaries, and the navigation of those rivers, besides her system of railroads -- the Eastern Bengal and the East Indian Railways. The latter extends to Delhi, nine hundred and fifty-five miles direct, besides various branches, and there connects with the Sindh, Punjab, and Delhi division, five hundred and fifty-six miles further to Mooltan; and connects also with the Oude and Rohilcund Railway, and by its Jubbulpore extension connects with the Great Indian Peninsular, with its many branches; but Bombay, on the direct line of travel to European countries, commands the advantage of a share of the trade and a large proportion of the travelers to and from India and the West.

I traveled from Lahore to Bombay in the third class, first, because my funds were low, and, secondly, because I wanted to study native language and character. All were exceedingly kind and agreeable, except one old Hindu, who in all his waking hours was repeating his "Ram," "Ram," "Ram," and passing his beads along the string to keep the tally of his "Ave Marias." He seemed to be the most religious man, and certainly the greatest grumbler, of the whole crowd.

I arrived in Bombay at 11 a.m. on Saturday, the 22d of October, put up again in the Byculla Hotel, and spent a quiet Sabbath. On Monday, at 11 a.m., I took a third-class ticket for Dhond, about one hundred and eighty miles southeast. The guards offered me a second-class, but I declined. The carriages were crowded; but by a system of squeezing and packing there was room for a few more. There sits an old Brahman in the corner, behind a pile of his luggage, to preclude the possibility of contaminating touch by any ordinary mortal; he raises his hands and screams at an intruder, and then, draws himself up into the corner again in a great state of trepidation; his caste may be broken and his soul lost. Now in comes an Irish guard, a regular packer, and, stuffing the Brahman's things under the bench, makes the Brahman the base of a layer of coolies. He smashes down the separating barriers which have stood the storms of ages, and indiscriminately packs away high castes and low castes together, like herrings in a barrel. Now, full up, we touch at another station, Here comes another old Brahman; he looks into one carriage after another and sees the packed-in coolies and low castes. He is in a great state; the bell is ringing the signal to start, and he stands hesitating at the door. Along comes the guard, and with the stentorian order, " Chuck him in there," we suddenly see the Brahman tumbling into the midst of the common herd.

I reached Dhond at 10 p.m. As I stepped onto the platform a thickset Scotchman introduced himself to me as a Baptist missionary from Bengal, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, also on his way to the annual meeting at Ahmednuggur.

"Here is a tonga waiting for us," said Brother Ellis, "and I have just received a letter from Rev. Mr. Bissell, saying that we can both come on in the same conveyance; but if you like I will get another, and you can have this one to yourself."

"No, Brother Ellis; we will go together."

A "tonga" is a small two-horse cart, with two seats across, one facing toward the horses, on one of which the driver sits, with room for one passenger beside him, and the other for two passengers facing in the opposite direction, sitting back to back with the two in front.

I found Mr. Ellis a very genial, earnest Christian gentleman and missionary, and we passed the time very pleasantly and profitably together; but the wind blowing on our backs through that long chilly night gave us both a severe cold. We arrived in Ahmednuggur, the principal center of the Maratti Mission, at the dawn of day. This mission was established many years ago by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We were welcomed to the home of Rev. L. Bissell, D.D., and greatly enjoyed our sojourn in his charming family, consisting of his wife and five children. On this occasion we had as visitors, besides myself and Brother Ellis, Rev. Dr. William Scudder, of the Arcot Mission, and Rev. W. Chandler, of the Madura Mission in the south, a sister to the Maratti Mission, established and sustained by the same Board.

My first preaching service was on Thursday, the 26th. My interpreter was a converted Brahman, an able minister of the Gospel, and pastor of the Ahmednuggur church, Ram Krishna Punt. The missionaries worked as evangelists and general superintendents, and as far as possible secured native pastors for their churches. Brother Ram Krishna Punt was a fluent interpreter.

On Friday evening we preached again, and also on Saturday at 8 a.m. There was a manifest awakening. Preached on the Sabbath at 9 a.m., when seven seekers came out avowedly, and two professed to find the Saviour. In the evening Dr. Scudder preached on "The past and Present of the Christian Church," a very interesting historical sermon.

Then I preached daily during the ensuing week. We had ten seekers on Monday, twelve on Tuesday, fourteen on Wednesday, eighteen on Thursday, and the same number on Friday. The attention of the people was much divided: those from a distance had the business of the meeting in its variety requiring their time; the residents were much occupied with their company; but God was with us and good was done. A good number -- mostly nominal Christians, with two or three Hindus professed quietly to find the pardon of their sins. Many of the same seekers came up again and again; but the whole number of them for the week was about twenty-five.

On Saturday evening, November 4, we had a concert of native Christian music in the chapel, which attracted a crowd of Hindus. The narrative of the prodigal son in poetic measure was detailed in short chapters and then sung by a choir of native singers, accompanied with several instruments. Some of the missionaries said at the close, "We hope to see the day when we shall have as many Hindus to come and hear the Gospel preached as have come tonight to hear the singing." To their surprise we had a similar crowd of Hindus on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of the ensuing week; and about a hundred of them became regular hearers

henceforth, as I have learned since, some few of whom have been saved. The missionaries expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the results of our meetings, but I was not.

I arrived again in Bombay on Friday, the 10th of November, 1871. Rev. C. Harding, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, met me at the station and drove me to his house in Byculla. I commenced a series of Maratti services in Brother Harding's chapel on the following Sabbath, the 12th. Rev. Vishnu Punt is the pastor of his native church, but Brother Ram Krishna Punt came from Ahinednuggur to interpret for me in Bombay. I preached at 9 a.m. to a congregation of thirty persons.

Monday, 13th. At 7 a.m. twenty-seven hearers; at 6:30 p.m. about fifty.

Wednesday, 15th. At 7 a.m. fifty-six hearers.

At 6:30 p.m. about one hundred hearers. God is with us; but I apprehend his workers in this city are but few and feeble.

One good man met me at the door as I came out and exclaimed, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

"True; but he needs builders, nevertheless. He has never yet built a house among men without the labor of human builders."

Then he quoted, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

"Exactly so; and if we can only secure the fulfillment of that prediction -- the willingness of God's people to witness and work for him -- then we shall see his saving power manifested in this city."

There was no Methodist organization within less than eight hundred miles of Bombay.

On Thursday, 16th. 7 a.m., sixty-four out.

At 3 p.m. I preached to the schools of the Free Church of Scotland; about one hundred and twenty present. At half-past six again in the American Chapel, to about one hundred and thirty, including a few Hindus and Mohammedans, who have not been coming before. There was deep seriousness; and I believe the Spirit of God applied the truth.

Friday, 17th. It rained this morning, but we had thirty-seven hearers. At 6:30 p.m., after preaching, we invited believers to come forward and unite in praying for power to do the work God wants us to do. About thirty came; after which three or four spoke with great feeling. A native editor prayed, weeping all the time, and said many striking things to God, among which were the following: "As hot iron thrust into the water is hardened, so our hearts, heated by thy word and Spirit, thrust into the chilling waters of worldliness, have been hardened. The many prayers we have said are such poor things that we do not know whether to call them prayers or not; I think we should change the heading!"

Sabbath, 19th. I preached at 8 a.m. to an English congregation in the native chapel of the Free Church of Scotland. At 4 p.m. I preached again in the American Chapel; the largest crowd we have had; good attention, but nothing decisive that I could perceive. It may have been my own fault in not demanding earlier an avowed surrender to God. I had been trying to prepare the Church for it and waiting to see manifest proofs of awakening.

Monday, 20th. At 7 a.m. a quiet but interesting meeting. At 6:30 p.m. a good audience. At the close of sermon I called for seekers, and eleven came, nine men and two women. Two professed to find peace, but did not witness publicly. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Tuesday, 21st. At 7 a.m. forty hearers; good meeting.

At 6:30 p.m. deep awakening; thirteen seekers, four or five of whom were new cases. This old Gospel method of having awakened sinners to speak out, inquiring, "Sirs, what shall we do to be saved?" -- to come out on the Lord's side, and to consent at once to renounce their rebellion and avow their allegiance to God -- seems entirely new in Bombay.

Wednesday, 22d. At 7 a.m. forty-four out. Ram Krishna Punt interpreted for me this morning for the last time, and returned to Ahinednuggur. We missed him greatly, a kind-spirited, good man, and a superior interpreter, with a very quick ear and most fluent utterance; though some less fluent might make sharper points than he.

At 6:30 p.m. good congregation; twelve seekers, three or four new ones. The ministers are quite willing, but have never before worked in this way, and require time to get their heads and hearts into it; not into any particular outward form, but the direct hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness for the rescue of souls, to be led at once to Jesus. The lay workers are not visible in any public effort to save souls yet; whether or not they work at home, I cannot say.

Thursday, 23d. Morning meeting as usual. Evening congregation much disturbed by the blowing, fizzing, and bursting of rockets close by the chapel, indeed, all over the city. It was a great marriage celebration, in which all devout Hindus throughout the country participate. It is the annual marriage of a small plant to one of their gods, a most ridiculous farce, yet arousing the profound religious sensibilities of millions of Hindus, and affording great entertainment for millions more. We had five or six new seekers, one a Mohammedan.

Friday, 24th. At 7 a.m. Perfect loyalty to God and perfect confidence in him was the subject we pressed upon the attention of the people. Our officers are taking drill pretty well, but the rank and file is just what we lack. Officers, but no army.

At 6:30 p.m. large congregation -- I mean, for this place. At the close of the prayer meeting five witnesses stood up and stated to the congregation that they had obtained the pardon of their sins, three of them that night, and the others two nights afterward. A few more confessed privately that they had found salvation in Jesus.

Sabbath, 26th. At 8 a.m. preached again in the Scotch native church to an English congregation of about one hundred and fifty. Good attention, and great seriousness.

At 4 p.m., in the Maratti work, we had ten seekers, one a Hindu, one an African, one a Scotch sailor.

27th. Morning meeting as usual. Thirteen seekers, among whom were four Hindus and one Mussulman. Deep awakening, apparently, but scarcely any workers. When myself, Rev. C. Harding, and Rev. George Bowen are engaged in speaking to penitents the general worship of singing and praying seems to collapse. Brother Harding is most earnest, and is daily acquiring facility in personal detail work. I am most anxious that his church shall become a living, working power in Bombay. A number of them are getting into a clear experience of salvation. Captain Jacobs, of Poonah, interpreted my words to the seekers. He is an earnest Christian, an inspector of government Maratti schools.. Made a number of calls today in East Indian families, and prayed in two or three.

29th. At the evening service one man professed conversion.

30th. Morning meeting, as usual. Large audience in the evening, with six or seven seekers; three professed, one of them the said Mohammedan. Visited an old woman in the hospital today; sang and prayed with her. She wept and became a Christian.

Friday, December 1. Two services, as usual. This evening closed a series of eighteen days. Fifteen persons, who came forward as seekers testified publicly and clearly. I heard of a number of members of different churches who professed to have found pardon under the preaching by quietly receiving Jesus in their pews. The wife of a native minister professed to get pardon at these meetings, though a nominal Christian for fourteen years. It was a hard fight, with some victories on our side.

I then arranged for a series of English services in the Institution Hall, in connection with the school of the Free Church of Scotland; with morning services in the Scotch. Orphanage for native girls.

I preached at 8 a.m. on Sabbath, December 3, in the Scotch native chapel, to an attentive English audience, and again in the evening in the Institution Hall to about one hundred and forty English-speaking people, including a good sprinkling of Hindus. A hard field and but few helpers.

Monday, 4th. Preached to the orphans at 7 a.m. Brother Dhanjibhai interpreted in Hindustani. At 7:30 p.m. in Institution Hall. About one hundred and fifty present.

Tuesday, 5th. A good service with the orphans. Brother Dhanjibhai was the native pastor for Dr. Wilson. He was a Parsee lad, a student in Dr. Wilson's school over thirty years before, and was by him led to Jesus and baptized. He was then fifty years old, an earnest, liberal Christian minister; but never succeeded in getting Parsees converted to God. They are very hard to catch.

Wednesday, 6th. Good service with the orphans. In the evening I preached on holiness; and, what seemed strange, the Hindus present were much more interested in that subject than any I had brought under their notice. Their eyes sparkled, and frequently they gave manifest expressions of approval, which they are apt to do when pleased.

Thursday, 7th. Had an extraordinary meeting with the orphans this morning. Sixteen of the young women came forward, and with great penitential weeping received Christ and found pardon. Each one afterward stood up and gave a clear, plain statement of the facts in her experience. I visited during the day and prayed with families.

Friday, 8th. At the orphans' meeting Brother Dhanjibhai interpreted. Thirteen girls came forward and told the simple story of their awakening and salvation. I did not, however, see the same degree of interest expressed by the heads of the institution as was manifest the day before.

I afterward talked to them. They confessed that they had not the least ground to doubt any one of the girls who had professed to find peace, but thought it possible among so many that some of them might be mistaken. I replied, "It is possible that some of them are mistaken; I don't pretend to know the heart of any one of them; but to show suspicion and doubt in our conduct toward them is to give help to Satan in his first assault. The very first thing the devil will say to all who are truly saved will be, 'Take care that you don't say anything about this, for you may be mistaken; and to make a false profession will bring you into the shame and disgrace of a hypocrite. Indeed, you are mistaken. It is all excitement and will soon pass away.' God's plan, when a babe is born, is to put it to the breast of a healthy, hopeful mother to get nourishment; your plan is to put it out into the jungle, among the jackals, to see how it will get on in the world."

They all received my talk as it was meant, in great kindness, and theoretically gave in; but they could not at once get rid of the dark shadow of their education on this point. Twenty-nine of the orphans professed to find Jesus, and Rev. S. said the testimony of every one was simple, natural, and clear. Dr. Wilson baptized a number of them.

Friday evening in the hall we had a large crowd, but no break here yet; but it dawns upon my mind that God will lead me to organize many fellowship bands in the houses of the people who will be saved at my meetings. We cannot have an organized, witnessing, working church without them. I have no plan and don't intend to have any, except to discern and follow at any hazard the Lord's plan, as he may be pleased to reveal it.

Saturday, 9th. By invitation of Mrs. Major Raitt I took tea and spent the evening at the house of her mother, the Widow Miles, a Christian Jewess. I was introduced to a part of her large and interesting family. Major Raitt, James Morris, C. E.; William Ashdown, C. E., her son-in-law, and their wives; George Miles, assistant secretary to government, her only son; her single daughters, Dorothea, Emily, and Alice; and four orphan granddaughters -- Mary, Julia, Sarah, and Matilda Cassidy; also her sister-in-law, Miss Matilda Miles.

Saturday, 30th. This evening, in the house of Mrs. Miles, I organized the first fellowship band, or class, ever organized in this city. I appointed Brother Bowen leader. At this, our first meeting for fellowship, twenty-eight persons told their Christian 'experience, most of them young

converts. In circumstantial detail, variety, simplicity, and point I never before heard better testimony for Christ.

New Year's Day, 1872. At 7:30 p.m. I went to the house of Brother George Miles, to organize Band No. 2. We had a blessed fellowship meeting. Sixteen spoke in charming simplicity. Not a technical, commonplace remark; not a single old fogy to teach them any!

Brother Christian said, "Brother Morris came into the bank and told me that Jesus had saved him from sin and was preserving him from sinning daily. It brought forcibly to my mind two facts: First, I have never had an experience of that sort; second, if Mr. Morris has got it, why cannot I get it? That was my starting point."

He described the struggle of last night which precluded sleep, and the visit to me in the morning and the final struggle this afternoon. He was called to dinner, but did not cease his pleading with God for pardon.

He proceeded to say, "I said, 'What is the matter? I can't believe.'

"The Spirit said to my heart, 'What is it that you can't believe? Do you not believe that God is able and willing and ready now to save you, if you will but receive Christ?'

"I said, ' Yes, I believe all that.'

'Well, then, why not receive him?' "I said, 'I will, I do receive him.'

"I did receive him, glory be to God! and he saved me, and I went at once and told the joyful news to my dear parents and sister, as they sat at the dinner table."

Captain W. and his wife had both yielded to temper and brought darkness into their souls. We all immediately kneeled down and prayed for them, and they both received a renewed application of the pardoning blood of Jesus, verifying what is written, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed."

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35 -- WORK AT MAZAGON AND AT NEW OUTPOSTS

In the Dockyard of Mazagon Road -- "Abraham Believed God." -- Singing Our New Hymns -- Various Services and Varying Success -- Preaching in the Theater -- Old Bottles and New Wine -- The Tide of Opposition -- Fellowship Bands Three and Four -- New Conversions -- The Papers Open Batteries -- Permission to Preach to Prisoners -- The Chaplain's Rage -- Meeting at Junction Road -- My Talk to the People -- Great Crowd at the Theater -- The Colonel's Daughter in Distress -- Jesus Knocks at the Heart -- The Penitent is Forgiven -- Glorious Meeting at Miles' -- Another Fire -- A Rest Week -- The Town Hall is Refused -- Newspaper War Raging -- Preaching in the Prison -- Letters Against the Revival -- Smails the Diver -- Leading the Bands -- Various Conversions and Testimony -- Work at Falkland Road -- Doubtful Testimony of an

Uncertain Convert -- Fellowship Band Six Organized -- Renting of the Parsee Hall -- What Shall We Do with the Converts? -- Lifeless Churches are Bad Nurseries

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I preached at Mr. Thomas Graham's, in Mazagon Road, January 2, 1872, at 7:30 a.m. The house well filled and good attention. At 7:30 p.m. preached in the library room of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's dockyard. About one hundred and thirty hearers.

Wednesday, 3d. At the close of Graham's meeting Mr. Walter Abraham, superintendent of government printing, came and asked me to pray for him. I labored with him a long time, when "Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

At 7 p.m. we met in the library room half an hour before preaching, to practice singing from our new book, Hymns New and Old. This became from this time a regular part of each evening's service, and thus our people became rich in the acquisition of choice hymns and tunes. About one hundred and fifty present; deep attention, and several brethren gave a good testimony for Jesus.

Thursday, 4th. Good meeting at Graham's; fifteen seekers, and fourteen of them professed to find the Saviour. Many of these were young people. This is said to be a very cold day here -- 620 Fahrenheit this morning, and 740 at 3 p.m.

Friday, 5th. Good work at Graham's. At 7 p.m. our meeting was in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Theater, instead of the library room, the former being larger and better suited to our purpose, which they kindly lighted with gas, and gave us the free use of the whole.

Saturday, 6th. Prayed an hour with Major Raitt. He had a hard tug to get rid of self. Good fellowship meeting this evening at Mrs. Miles' house. Several more joined the band.

Sabbath, 7th. Preached at a private house at 7 A. 1., and to eighteen vagrants at 3 p.m. Twenty were shipped for England last week, including the one who received Jesus last Sabbath. At 7 p.m. we had a great crowd in the theater; eight seekers, and two professed to find Jesus.

Monday, 8th. Four seekers this morning at Graham's. Glorious fellowship meeting tonight at Brother Miles'. Mrs. Harry Wilcox received Christ at it and was filled with joy. Seven months afterward she died, sweetly resting in Jesus.

Tuesday, 9th. Good meeting at Graham's. A man was deeply awakened, and wept much.

"Will you not submit?" said I to him.

"Yes, but not today; I want to wait and bring my wife with me."

He was so convinced of sin that he went and sought reconciliation with several men with whom he had long been at enmity, and spoke freely of me and my meetings as the means of his awakening.

At 7 p.m. eight seekers, and one man professed to find the Lord.

Wednesday, 10th. Good meeting at Graham's. At the theater about two hundred hearers; eight seekers, and four professed to find the Saviour. It is a hard pull all the time; God is slowly but surely developing an infant, witnessing, working Church from the foundation. The old ecclesiastical bottles of this city have neither strength nor capacity for such a work; and hence we shall require new bottles.

Thursday, 11th. Four professed at Graham's, and six or seven at the theater.

Friday, 12th. No conversions at Graham's this morning. A dozen seekers and four saved at the theater. Major Raitt bore a distinct testimony to the saving power of Jesus in his heart.

The tide of opposition is rising, and the papers are beginning to open fire upon us. Our people are evidently gathering strength proportionate to the increasing pressure from without.

Saturday evening I organized Fellowship Band No. 3 at Mr. Graham's and appointed Brother Harding leader. Sixteen joined at this our first meeting.

Sabbath, 14th. I preached at Berkeley Place at 9:30 a.m. Four seekers. Arranged to organize a fellowship band there next Sabbath at 8:30 a.m. A fine class of our converted men and women live near and will join it. At 3 p.m. organized Fellowship Band No. 4 in Mazagon, and eleven joined. We are establishing the custom of weekly fellowship thank offerings.

Preached at the theater at 7 p.m. Large crowd; a growing spirit of work among the young converts. Six persons professed to obtain remission of their sins tonight.

Monday, 15th. Twenty at the fellowship band at George Miles' at 7 a.m. Marvelous simplicity and candor in the mutual confession of their faults one to another, and sympathy and prayer for each other.

The progress of the members in the knowledge and love of God is very manifest. Their testimony is full of variety and incident.

Six new cases of conversion tonight in the theater.

Tuesday, 16th. At 7 a.m. preached in Balassas Junction Road. Again at the theater at 7 p.m. None found the Lord tonight that we know of. Timid seekers quail before the rising floods of opposition. Two daily papers have opened their batteries, and several ministers are preaching against the possibility of sudden conversions.

Sifting will do us good. God is leading, and we will follow.

Wednesday, 17th. Thirty hearers at Junction Road at 7 a.m., and a good prospect. Major Raitt tells me that he has succeeded in his application to the Government Committee of the House of Correction to allow me to preach to all the European prisoners who may desire it.

The chaplain will go into fits. He had one the other day when he saw my name on the visitors' book, which I signed by request when I went to preach to the vagrants. When the chaplain opened the book to sign his own name, on his next visit after I had committed the grievous offense of preaching to the vagrants, to whom he did not preach, he saw my signature, and shouted out, "What! has that man Taylor been in here?"

"Yes," said the deputy, "he has been preaching to the vagrants."

He got into a dreadful rage, and stormed as but few even high ritualists could do. This chaplain has some good points, but is a victim to his own hot temper.

Thursday, 18th. Fair meeting at Junction Road, but no breaking down of sinners. Preached at 4 p.m. to over fifty prisoners and taught them to sing a hymn. Many of the poor fellows wept as they sang, "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Dear friends, you are indeed weak and heavy laden, burdened with sin and sorrow, hard toil and no pay. This Friend from heaven speaks to you. He says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He will not interfere with your disjointed relations to society and the legal penalties of British law; but if you will take his yoke and receive him as your Saviour he will plead your cause before the throne of his Father, and the penalty of eternal death entered in the books of divine justice against you will be canceled."

This is but a specimen of the way we proclaimed liberty to those captives.

At 7 p.m. we had a large gathering at the theater, and more of them than usual remained for the after-meeting; yet but few came out as seekers.

Friday, 19th. Several seekers at Junction Road at 7 a.m. In the evening we had a great crowd at the theater. Among the seekers were Mrs. Captain O. and Colonel A.'s daughter.

Saturday, 20th. Visited Mrs. Captain O. She had found the Saviour. The colonel's daughter was there in great distress. Just as I was commencing in family worship to show her the way to Jesus, Miss P. came in, saying, "I have come for you, Miss A. Here are two letters from your pa. He is coming in the train and wants you to meet him at the railway station."

She talked like a governess, but I did not yield the floor, and she sat down; then I proceeded with my instructions to the penitent young lady and sang softly,

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
He stands at the door of thy heart;
No friend so forgiving, so gentle as he;

O, say, wilt thou let him depart?

Refrain --

Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart," etc.

"The great Teacher here uses the simplest occurrence of everyday life to illustrate the sublimest fact in all history -- a knock at the door -- a call, 'Behold

"Who's there?

"It is Jesus! The Redeemer of guilty sinners, the crucified but risen Saviour, has come. Your father is coming by the train. Jesus has already come. He is knocking at the door of your heart. He has often knocked before, but you have shut the door against him and bolted it from top to bottom. Pride -- what a bar ' -- right across the door! Fear of man, and shame, and love of the world, and every other habit of sin indulged bars the door. The Spirit of God has already come into your heart to show you the situation, and to give you the power to drive back or break these bolts and bars and admit the heavenly Guest. Will you do it ? You don't see Jesus any more than you see the air you breathe; but he is as really present as the atmosphere that surrounds you. O, receive him now

We kneeled and had a season of silent prayer, and there upon her knees Miss A. gave her heart to God and received the Saviour. Miss P. also broke down in penitential tears, and soon after at her own home professed to find forgiveness of sins.

Sabbath, 21st. Organized a fellowship band at Berkeley Place at 9 a.m. Fifteen joined. Those who joined seemed very promising cases but recently converted in the theater. At 11 a.m. opened a little Sunday school in the theater. Led Fellowship Band No. 4 at 3 p.m., organized a new band at the theater at 4:30 p.m., and preached there at 7 p.m. to a crowd, and had a few saved. Thank God!

Monday, 22d. Glorious fellowship meeting at Brother Miles' at 7 a.m. The members are growing beautifully. At the theater at 7 p.m., just as I announced the text,

Prepare to meet thy God," all were startled by the cry, " Fire! fire! fire! " the light of the flames already flaring through our windows. Then followed the announcement, "The northeast wing of the company's buildings is on fire." I requested all who could be of any use to put out the fire to go, and the rest to remain quiet, and then I proceeded with my discourse to show how needful to heed the admonition of the text, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Presently an order came from the dockmaster for all the families in the company's building to leave instantly, as the fire was nearing a barrel of powder. So we adjourned to meet all who were not required to fight the fire at the house of Mr. Thomas Graham. We had there a good prayer meeting. Many of the converts prayed.

Tuesday, 23d. Opened morning and evening services at a private house in Falkland Road. I closed special services at the theater, and told the people to go home and rest a week; in the meantime I made this quiet arrangement for a work in a neighborhood in which we had not done much. We had twenty-four persons in the morning and thirty-four at night, mostly new cases.

At 3 p.m. preached again to the spirits in prison, and had sixty-five hearers. Major Raitt witnessed for Jesus and exhorted the men earnestly, "Submit to God, and receive Christ as I have done, and you will, like me, obtain the pardon of all your sins.

An application for the use of the town hall for my meetings has been before the council for some time; but through the opposition of two ministers, as I learn on good authority, the matter was staved off, and finally referred to the governor and refused, though freely accorded to Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahino. Of course I know that I am in a great pagan city, and that the authorities, naturally enough, try to conciliate the natives as far as possible; and I have nothing of which to complain.

Newspaper war waging fiercely. George Bowen is responding to their guns splendidly, both in the Guardian and in the Times. Most of the editors seem disposed to deal fairly; but correspondents say what they like, and many of them have no regard for the truth.

Wednesday, 24th. Increasing number and deepening interest at Falkland Road, both morning and evening.

Thursday, 25th. Preached at Falkland Road at 7 a.m. and at 3 p.m. to seventy hearers in the prison. A military prisoner was found to be under awakening, and Brother Harding and I took him into a room assigned us by Major Raitt and prayed with him till he professed to receive Christ.

Friday, 26th. Three letters in the Times today, two against the revival and one on: our side. I have not read any of them; I seldom ever read what the papers say about me, but I hear of these things from others.

Visited two of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's sick men today. Mr. Macey is near his end, but is resting in Jesus. Smails is recovering. He is one of the company's divers, and has recently returned sick from Galle, where he had for some time been engaged in raising the passengers' luggage and the mails of the steamship Rangoon.. He says, "She lies on a beautiful plain of very white sand one hundred feet below the surface of the waters. The pressure of the water at that depth is so great that all the divers got sick; indeed, it nearly killed them. Two men had to do most of the work. We raised four hundred and thirty mail bags. I never saw so many fish in any one place in all my diving experience as I saw there; fields of them in every direction. I saw many sharks, but they were always near the 'surface. I saw a most beautiful serpent of many colors, about nine feet long."

Tonight at Falkland Road we had about sixty hearers, crowding the room, and four professed to obtain pardon. Had a slight interruption by a man who wanted to debate; but we politely invited him to sit down, and he did so.

Sabbath, 28th. Led the two bands in Mazagon this afternoon, and preached in the theater in the evening. A great crowd and good meeting for believers, but no conversions.

Monday, 29th. Blessed fellowship band at Brother Miles' this morning.

Tuesday, 30th. Preached in the prison at 3 p.m., and one prisoner in the seekers' room professed to find Jesus.

At Falkland Road this evening three professed. We had with us my old friend Barker, from Sydney, New South Wales. He gave us a good account of the progress of the work of God in Australia. He is on his way to England.

Wednesday, 31st. Service at 7 a.m. at Junction Road. At Falkland Road, at 7 p.m., we had six seekers and three saved.

February I. Good meeting at Junction Road. Colonel Styleman was with us, and went visiting with me. Prayed with a poor old woman in great distress. She had lost three daughters, but had hope in their death; but her son, forty years old, got drunk, and by mistake walked out of an upper window instead of the door and was picked up dead. Poor old broken-hearted widow!

One man saved in the prison this afternoon. Preached this evening at Morley Hall, in Colabba, a remote part of the city of Bombay, while Brother Harding continues the services at Falkland Road.

February 2. Discoursed this morning at Junction Road on Christian fellowship showing the ground, the scriptural authority, and true bonds of fellowship -- and gave notice that I would, the Lord willing, organize a band there next Sunday morning at seven o'clock.

Preached at Falkland Road at 7:30 p.m. Had several hopeful cases of conversion to God, and gave notice that I would organize a fellowship band there next Sabbath at 9 a.m.

A very curious thing occurred one night there after one of our preaching services. A number had just been saved, and I gave them an opportunity to bear witness for Jesus. After half a dozen new converts had spoken just to the point in their newborn simplicity a very red-faced, burly-looking man, whom I had never seen before, stood up and gave a long detail of twenty years' experience of miraculous deliverances which God had wrought for him, stating that he loved the Lord with all his heart. Finally Rev. George Bowen rose to his feet and the man sat down. Bowen knew him well as a man who had just lost a good appointment under the harbor master on account of his habit of getting drunk. He was well read in the Scriptures, professing high attainments in religious experience, and most pious when drunk. Here he was in our meeting, vitiating the testimony of true witnesses. Bowen was horrified, and prayed that God, without injury to him, would shut his mouth; and from that time the man could not speak a word for some weeks!

Saturday, 3d. Glorious fellowship meeting tonight at Mrs. Miles'.

Sabbath, 4th. At 7 a.m. we organized Band No. 6 at Junction Road. Ten joined it, and I appointed Brother William Ashdown the leader.

At Falkland Road, 9 a.m., twenty-one joined, and I appointed Major Raitt the leader. I shall, of course, continue to lead all the bands; but I appoint leaders to help to bear the responsibility of caring for so many newborn souls, and thus train the leaders to be efficient subpastors.

Preached in the evening in the theater on Christian perfection. Brother Barker, front Australia, was at several of our fellowship bands today, and witnessed a good confession tonight. Brothers Bowen and Raitt also spoke right to the point.

Monday, 5th. Brother Bowen has rented Framji Cawasji Hall, belonging to the Parsees, for our services. We opened there on Tuesday, the 6th, at 7:30 p.m. About two hundred and fifty persons in attendance, including a good sprinkling of Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans.

At the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening meetings there we had about the same number and a growing interest.

Sister Morris first, and a number of others at different times, asked me what I would do to provide for the pastoral care of all these converts. I advised them to pray to God, but say nothing about it till we should see more clearly the Lord's leading in that matter.

We have been advising the converts to continue to go to the churches they had been most inclined to attend. But pastors who will not allow me to preach in their churches are not the men to nourish and lead to usefulness those who have been saved at my meetings. It has long been manifest that I must in some way provide for them, but I have not been clear as to whether or not it is the will of God that I should take the responsibility of organizing a church. I had myself been saved in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which I have been an ordained minister for more than a quarter of a century, yet I have for years been so free from the fear of man and from sectional prejudice that if I had anywhere in my world-wide evangelistic tours found a Church holding purer doctrines, employing methods more incisive and effective, and manifesting a loving spirit of soulsaving work more in harmony with the mind of Christ and the example of the apostles I should have left the Methodist Church at once and joined it; but I have found no such Church on the earth, and hence expect to live and die in the Church of my early choice.

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36 -- METHODIST CHURCH ORGANIZED IN BOMBAY

Petition of George Miles -- Our Converts Sign the Paper -- I Read the General Rules and Reply to the Petitioners -- I Agree with the Petitioners on the Main Question -- What would Be Expected of Them as Church Members -- Causes of Rejoicing Among Us -- Our Organization to be a Missionary Church -- No Caste in It -- No Opposition to Missionary Societies -- Self-supporting Native Churches the Great Desideratum -- We Do Not Furnish Homes or Compounds -- Open to All -- We Claim Liberty of Conscience under the British Constitution -- Our Mission in the North

-- My Petition to the General Conference -- We Ask for Two Missionaries to be Sent as Helpers -- We Petition for a Charter to Organize a Bombay Conference -- Fate of My Petition -- My Further Meetings in February -- Communion Service and Meetings in Morley Hall -- Mirza Ismael -- I Baptize Him -- Need for Decisive Action -- Fellowship Band Number Ten Organized -- Improving Congregations -- My Round of Families -- Commissioner Drummond and the Hindu -- Testimony of the Latter to My Work -- Work of C. W. Christian -- Krishna Chowey and his Two Brothers -- Complaint of the Chaplain -- Major Raitt Defends My Work -- My Book of Reasons -- My Talk with Trimbeck -- Question of Krishna's Baptism -- How He was Tempted by a Minister and his Wife -- Threatened by his Uncle -- My Counsel to Krishna -- Praying with Trimbeck and Ana -- Krishna's Testimony -- Continuance of My Ministry in Bombay -- A Parsee Flares Up -- I Preach to Hindus and Parsees -- Testimony of the Bombay Guardian -- James Shaw a Local Preacher -- A Parsee Convert -- Conversion of Trimbeck and Ana -- Sermon in the Parsee Hall -- Experiences of the Recent Converts -- Arajee in Trouble -- Causes of his Distress -- Testimony of Jurain

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On Thursday, the 8th of February, 1872, Brother George Miles drew up for himself and others the following letter or petition relative to the founding of a Methodist Episcopal church in Bombay, and addressed it to me:

"To The Rev. William Taylor -- Dear Brother: We, the undersigned, who have by God's mercy been awakened through your preaching to a sense of our sins, and who have found the Lord Jesus to be our Deliverer, are desirous for the establishment of a Methodist Episcopal Church in this city.

"We are satisfied, from all that we have yet learned, of the scriptural authority for the methods practiced by the Church to which you belong; and we therefore unitedly invite you to take the necessary steps for the accomplishment of our wishes, and to act yourself as our pastor and evangelist until such time as you can make arrangements with the Home Board for sending out the necessary agency to this city."

Brother James Morris the same day showed the paper to a number of the converts, and thirty of them signed it; so in the evening, when he came home and showed me the list of signatures, I said, "Now, before you go any further with this business, I must read our General Rules in the bands, that they all may know what we shall expect of them and act intelligently." So by Monday morning, the 12th of February, I had read the rules in the seven bands we had up to that time organized. Brother Morris, meantime, had increased his list of signers to eighty-three, and on Wednesday, the 14th, I formally accepted their call by the following letter, which was published in the Bombay Guardian:

"Dear Brethren and Sisters: In response to your letter I will state a few facts. Though an ordained minister, and for many years a pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, I have, with the concurrence of my Church, for many years past wrought as a missionary evangelist in foreign countries, among all denominations of Christians. I came to Bombay Presidency by invitation of the American missionaries of the Maratti Mission. I enjoyed the pleasure of working

with them at Ahmednuggur and in this city, and in return have had their hearty sympathy and cooperation -- the same also, in a good degree, of other ministers -- in all my work for God in this city. Our gracious God will reward them. I had also the pleasure of giving a little help to the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland.

"I expected, by invitation of ministers here, as in other places, to assist many churches in Bombay in seeking the soul-saving power of God and in the development of a more effective working agency in their respective organizations.

"As you all know, we have been providentially brought, 'by a way that we knew not,' to a somewhat different result.

"A number of you will bear me witness that when at different times you spoke to me on the necessity of organizing a Methodist Church in Bombay, to conserve and extend the fruits of this work of God, I advised you not to think about that, but to go on in the soulsaving work in which the Holy Spirit was using you, and that God would in due time manifest clearly the course you ought to pursue. I could not anticipate what it might be, but was fully resigned to follow wherever he might lead.

"Under later unmistakable indications I now see with you the guiding hand of God, by which you have been led to your present conclusion, and I am bound by my loyalty to Christ to concur with you in this movement. After I received your letter I read to the fellowship bands the General Rules of our societies, that all might know from the start the self-denying, cross-bearing life necessary to constitute a true Methodist -- that is, to find out God's Gospel methods and pursue them with a martyr spirit of fidelity to him and to mankind. So our organization has now become matter of history. Let it be distinctly understood that we do not wish to hinder, but to help, the spiritual progress of all preexisting Churches in this great country.

"We attach no importance to the nominal relation of an unconverted man or woman, to any Church. When, therefore, God by our agency leads such to receive Christ and salvation in him, they naturally look to us for spiritual guidance, and we are bound to extend to them hands and hearts of fraternal sympathy and receive them into our church fellowship, unless they conscientiously believe they can get and do more good in some other branch of the Church of Christ. But persons who have a vital spiritual union with any Church, and a field of usefulness therein, we sincerely advise them to remain in their own Church. We are not at liberty to refuse any persons who have a desire to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins; but we do not wish any truly saved man to leave his Church to come to us. On the other hand, persons who are influenced by worldly motives would make a very great mistake in trying to ally themselves with us. All who join the Methodists should make up their minds to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ and prove the truth of the Saviour's saying, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.' Dr. Chalmers said, 'Methodism is Christianity in earnest.' That is a thing directly antagonistic to the carnal spirit and life of the world, and hence the emphatic statement of St. Paul: 'All that will live godly in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution.'

"It does not follow that such are a long-faced, gloomy people, but rather a people who rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks unto God.' They daily cheer their heavenward journey with songs and shouts of victory over sin and Satan, speaking to each other in 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.' All of us further agree that ours is to be an evangelistic, self-supporting Church. We know no distinction of language, caste, or color, as it regards our relation to God and to each other as his children.

"Every member is expected to be a witness for Christ and help to herald the fact that every human being on the face of the earth, or that may be born, to the end of time, has, and shall have, chartered rights under God's eternal purpose to a full restoration of his filial relation to God, and a present salvation from all sin, on the one simple condition of receiving Christ. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.'

"Every such one becomes our real brother or sister and fellow-heir to an eternal inheritance in heaven. All such who remain faithful unto death are enabled in that last mortal struggle to exclaim, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? -- Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' To give one illustrative case: Dr. Sewall, an old Methodist of Washington city, when dying, shouted aloud the praises of God. His friends said, 'Dr. Sewall, don't exert yourself. Whisper, doctor; whisper.' 'Let angels whisper,' said he; 'let angels whisper; but a soul cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ -- a soul redeemed from death and hell, just on the threshold of eternal glory -- O, if I had a voice that would reach from pole to pole I would proclaim it to all the world! Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!'

"I will make application at once for missionary pastors to be sent to assist you in your great work. I will meantime, the Lord willing, serve you to the best of my ability till they shall arrive; but must be allowed, as heretofore, to decline to receive any fee or reward for my services.

"Your brother in Jesus,
"William Taylor
"Bombay, February 14, 1872

It was from the start distinctly stated and unanimously concurred in by all our members that ours should be purely a missionary Church, for the conversion of the native nations of India as fast and as far as the Lord should lead us; that while it should be true to the Discipline and administrative authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church it should neither ask nor accept any funds from the Missionary Society beyond the passage of missionaries to India, nor hence come under the control of any missionary society, but be led directly by the Holy Spirit of God and supported by him from Indian resources.

We shall aim to avoid a "padri-log" caste, white preacher caste, which causes such an impassable gulf between foreign and native ministers. Whether Jew or Greek, Parsee or Afghan, Hindu or American, Scythian or English, all our saved ones are indeed one body in Christ, and ministers are their servants for Christ's sake.

We are not opposed to missionary societies, or to the appropriation of missionary funds to any and all missions which may require them. Our ground on this point is simply this: There are resources in India, men and money sufficient to run at least one great mission. If they can be rescued from worldly waste and utilized for the soul-saving work of God, why not do it? All admit that self-support is, or should be, the earnest aim of every mission. If a work in India, the same as in England or America, can start on this healthy, sound principle, is it not better than a long, sickly, dependent pupilage, which in too many instances amounts to pauperism? I am not speaking of missionaries, but of mission churches. We simply wish to stand on the same platform exactly as our churches in America, which began poor and worked their way up by their own industry and liberality, without funds from the Missionary Society. The opening pioneer mission work in any country may require, and in most cases has required and does require, some independent resources which the pioneer missionary brings to his new work before he can develop it or make it self-supporting. Thus St. Paul depended on his skill as a tentmaker; I depend on mine as a bookmaker, and missionaries ordinarily have to depend on mission funds. Ten times the amount of all the money now raised for mission purposes would not be adequate to send one missionary for each hundred thousand of heathens now accessible.

While we accept nothing, we, on the other hand, do not furnish homes, or compounds, for our converts. On this principle we may not for a while get so many native converts; but they will make up in quality any lack of numbers. To insure sound instruction on this subject we seek no native agency from other missions, and, as far as practicable, discourage all native Christians from joining our mission.

We state our principles to the Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees, and they approve of them. They are all familiar with the newspaper reports of lawsuits, and many of them have footed the bills involved by them to recover their sons from the compound of the missionary; and from their standpoint they can but regard the man of God as a kidnapper.

We say to them on all suitable occasions, " We claim for your wives, children, or servants, as for yourselves, liberty of conscience. The laws of the British Constitution and the laws of God support this claim; but, on the other hand, we recognize your rights of property to the persons of your wives, children, and servants, and we pledge our word and honor that we will not infringe your rights. If we can get your wives, children, or servants to receive Christ and salvation we will baptize them and send them home to you. You must not suspect that we will hide them, we will not; we will send them back to their friends and kindred, and we will require of you that you treat them properly and not interfere with their conscience."

Our mission in the north was begun in 1857. I have always taken the ground that, as it was planted in the new provinces of Oude and Rohilcund, it was quite proper for us as a Church to found educational institutions, orphanages, printing establishment, etc., and do from the foundations what older missions have done for nearly all other parts of India. I have always, from my arrival in India, done what I could to advance their work. I knew that in planting a mission on these plain, old-fashioned principles I should be misunderstood and misrepresented by many, and have not been disappointed or for a moment discouraged.

The following is a copy of a petition which I addressed to the General Conference which held its session in Brooklyn, New York, commencing May 1, 1872:

"To The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church:--

"Dear Fathers and Brethren: The God of our fathers has planted Methodism in Bombay. You may see by inclosed printed letters that our cause here is but in its infancy.

"I have been but three and a half months in this city, and the first month was devoted to the Maratti natives through interpreters; but you may see from inclosed Circuit Plan an indication of our growth. This is a city containing a population of nearly a million of souls; Moradabad, the seat of our recent session of the India Mission Conference, is about fourteen hundred miles distant; hence this mission cannot in reason be appended to that Conference. Moreover, we believe that God intends to run this soul-saving concern on his old Pauline track, which must pay its own running expenses and help the poor saints in Judea as well; and therefore we cannot be tacked on to a remote dependency.

"We have asked our Missionary Committee, through Bishop Janes, to send us two young men, to arrive in November of this year; but it is already manifest to us that God will raise up ministers here from the recruits he is now levying. One young man had over thirty seals to his ministry before he was two months old. We have nine classes, in which more than one hundred and thirty new converts meet weekly; and others are being added daily. Nearly all these speak the different native languages spoken in this city; and God will lead us down upon the native masses as soon as we are sufficiently developed and equipped for such an advance. We shall want the facilities for initiating and organizing into a regular Methodist ministry the men whom God may call in Bombay for this work.

"We therefore respectfully ask the General Conference at its present session to grant us a charter for the organization of a Bombay Conference, not a Mission Conference. If we stand alone on our own legs, by the power of God, and draw no mission funds, why call it a Mission Conference? We have a number of spacious places of worship in our circuit, named in the accompanying Circuit Plan; but we are also raising funds for the erection of a Methodist Episcopal church. For further information I refer you to Rev. R. S. Maclay, D.D., and Rev. Henry Mansell. As it regards myself, I am subject to the Master's orders, to stand at this post till he shall release me and order me to some other.

"Your brother in Christ,
On behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay,
Bombay, March 4, 1872
William Taylor."

You naturally inquire, What was the result of the petition? Well, the Committee on Foreign Missions were about to consign it to the waste basket without even reading it, when Brother Mansell, who had recently passed through Bombay, and was a member of that committee, called for the reading of the petition. It was read and laid on the table, not to be taken up again. The idea

of a man laying the foundations of a Conference in a heathen country in the short space of three months!

February 13. Good audience; two or three seekers. Rev. Henry Mansell, of the India Mission Conference, was with us and gave a powerful exhortation.

February 16. Rev. R. S. Maclay, D.D., missionary from China, preached a beautiful sermon here this evening.

A few saved here last week, and more this.

Since we organized our young members have been put to a severe persecuting test, but most of them stand undaunted. Many of the pulpits and the press are denouncing us, but God is with us, and we will not fear what man may say or do.

Saturday, 17th. Organized a soldiers' band tonight at Captain Christian's, in Colabba, Brother James Shaw the leader.

After special services for three weeks in Framji Cawasji Hall, the details of which I have not given, we engaged the hall for Sabbath services, morning and night, for thirty-five rupees per week.

On Sabbath, March 3, we held our first sacramental service, and had sixty-five communicants. Brother Harding said that it was much the largest communion in the city; and yet, owing to the great distance of our extreme wings from this center, not more than half of our people could be present.

Held a successful series of services of over a fortnight in Morley Hall, in Colabba. Krishna Chowey, a young Hindu, was awakened there.

Mirza Ismael, a Persian Mohammedan, was a regular hearer at the Parsee Hall meetings, and in Morley Hall, on March 7, he came out as a seeker. In his penitential struggle, while I was talking to him and praying for him, he had a sort of vision. He saw before him a beautiful garden. He wanted to go through a gate into that lovely place, but could not advance. In every attempt he went either to one side or the other, and could not reach the gate. In his fruitless struggle a charming-looking man appeared at the gate and beckoned to him to come, and he believed that he could; and in the effort he recovered proper consciousness and heard me saying to him, "Receive Christ; he has come to save you.

"I did in that moment receive him," he added, "as my Saviour; and I was filled with light and happiness."

We had no facilities for baptism at the hall; so Ismael came home with us to Brother George Miles', and there I baptized him. He was thirty-one years of age, and was a teacher of the Persian language in one of the schools of the city. He took our advice to go home to his place among his Mohammedan friends and proceed with his school duties as before.

"Why baptize him so quickly?"

Because I have learned in heathen lands, as I never did before, the importance of following strictly the apostolic precedent in this as in everything else.

Our dear Ismael had been under instruction for weeks, had seen many souls brought to God, and had publicly come out himself and received the baptism of the Spirit; then why any distrust or delay?

March 11. Organized Fellowship Band No. 10 in Middle Colabba, appointing Brother James Shaw the leader, and appointed Captain Winckler leader of Shaw's soldier band at Captain Christian's.

"Why note so many details of this sort?"

All my facts and details belong to the early history of a mission that is to span this empire and has been the subject of rejoicings in the presence of the angels of God; yet I can only in my limited space insert illustrative examples of large classes of such facts. I am so familiar with them that I feel the danger of undervaluing them and of leaving out many that should be written.

Sabbath, 17th. Preached to the soldiers in Colabba at 9 a.m., and again at 7 p.m. to the best congregation we have had. Contributions in the boxes at the door, thirty-one and a half dollars; a little gush of one of the streams on which to float our self-supporting mission.

Monday, 18th. Had a glorious fellowship band at Brother Miles' tonight. Brother Mirza Ismael was present. He is very happy, and gave a rupee as a fellowship thank offering. He gave a full account in the band of his penitential struggle and the vision that had helped him to receive Jesus.

Tuesday, 19th. Regular visiting day with Brother George Ainsworth. He gives me one day in the week for a certain round of about eighteen families. He is in the customs department, and was saved at one of our meetings at Falkland Road.

Sabbath, 24th. Commissioner Drummond, from Rohilcund, was present at Framji Cawasji Hall this morning. He afterward told me that he came early to the hall, and the first one who came after him was a Hindu, with whom he had the following conversation:

"Salam, babu!"

"Salam, sahib!"

"What is your religion?"

"I am a Hindu."

"What have you come here for?"

"To hear Padri Taylor, sahib."

"He's not a Hindu; why do you come to hear him?"

"Well, sahib, there is a very mysterious work going on here in connection with his meetings. Many men, whom I knew to be drunkards, swearers, and dishonest men -- tyrannical men, too, who were before always abusing the natives in their employ -- have been entirely changed at these meetings. They are now all teetotalers; they are honest and true in their dealings, and speak nothing but words of kindness to everybody; and instead of hating and abusing their servants they show real love and sympathy for them and are all the time trying to do them good. I have looked into these things closely, and know that what I tell you, sahib, is true; and this kind of work is going on all the time at Padri Taylor's meetings. I don't understand it, but I feel so anxious to know more about it that I can't keep away.

We don't ask anybody to seek religion. Everybody in this country has religion of some sort; and it requires too many words to define the kind you wish him to seek. We urge people' to seek salvation, to seek redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins. They thus obtain pure and undefiled religion.

None of our people are instruments; they are all intelligent, responsible agents. God never by word or by implication calls a man an instrument, a mere tool. Men may be sovereigns, subjects, slaves, ambassadors, witnesses, workers, kings and priests unto God, children of God and heirs of eternal glory, but not instruments.

On Friday, the 10th of April, I said to a number of our young workers, "Sisters and brothers, I have for months been absorbed in our English-speaking work; the margin of the available stuff of that sort is very narrow, and we seem to have cut through it; but we have got out of it a good working force. It is now upon my soul specially to seek power from God to lead this band of workers through the heathen lines."

Monday, 13th. Heard Brother C. W. Christian preach this evening at Mrs. Miles'. He has had many children saved at his meetings, and now leads two juvenile fellowship bands. Though only converted to God last New Year's Day, he is an earnest preacher, whom God has called.

Tuesday, 14th. At 7:30 p.m. I commenced a series of special services in the Old Strangers' Home building, in Middle Colabba. Brother Bowen has been preaching here four evenings per week for three weeks, and has had some very interesting cases of conversion. This evening we had about eighty hearers and several saved.

Krishna Chowey came out as a seeker this evening, and after a weeping struggle surrendered and received Christ. He has been under awakening for months, but never came out on the Lord's side till tonight.

Wednesday, 15th. Brother Shaw and I visited Brother Krishna and his two brothers, Trimbeck and Ana, and prayed with them. Krishna told me today that when I was leading him to Jesus last night the things that other missionaries had told him about me kept ringing in his ears and were a great trouble to him; but finally he got the victory and accepted Christ, and is now resting in him. Glory be to God!

16th. Good service as usual in the prison at 3 p.m. We have it twice a week.

The chaplain is in great difficulties. He opened his mind freely to Major Raitt, and said, "Taylor is a dreadful man; he has driven me out of the prison, and also out of Mazagon!"

The major tried to show him that he was quite mistaken: "Taylor has got some people saved in all these places, but that has not affected you in the least. I know that so far as the prison is concerned he has greatly increased your congregation. Before he came here this prison was a bedlam. It was almost impossible to get on with them, they were so profane, so quarrelsome and insubordinate; but now I have no trouble with them, and from morning till night they are singing Taylor's hymns; and I believe that more than a score of them are truly converted to God."

"They ought not to be allowed to sing in prison," rejoined the chaplain.

Paul and Silas were allowed to sing in a Roman prison.

In visiting the hospital the chaplain said to one of our converted Romanists, "What made you leave your mother Church and go and hear this foreigner?"

The convert pointed him to his Bible and said, "You will find my reasons in this book."

The chaplain administered the sacrament to our prison converts, they being members of his Church. We led them to Christ, but did not interfere with their Church relations. He never could have got them to the sacrament before, and did not attempt it. He thus unwittingly indorsed our work among them, but afterward saw that he had committed himself, and tried to get out of it by telling them that having been baptized and confirmed they had always been Christians. Prisoners, convicted by the judges of all the crimes known to the law, locked up here in the interest of society -- a rare lot of Christians!

Friday, 17th. Three men came out as seekers tonight; one of them was Trimbeck Canaren, Krishna's brother. After meeting I walked with Trimbeck on the beach in the light of the moon. As he was fresh from the ranks of Hinduism I asked him what he thought of missionary operations generally.

He spoke very intelligently and kindly of the missionaries. "But," said he, "they cannot succeed, because they lack confidence in themselves, in their own methods, and in the natives."

Sabbath, 19th. On my way to Colabba I met Trimbeck, with the said native minister, on their way to the service of his missionary. I had a few words with him, and he said Mr. ____ had been talking to him till midnight about being baptized by him or his missionary.

It had been arranged that Krishna should be baptized at our 11 a.m. service at Framji Cawasji Hall; but they have been laboring with him till he was inclined to postpone. He called on me in my room before meeting hour to advise with me and know if it would not be better first to write and consult his uncle.

I said, "In matters of conscience toward God we must find out his will and do it. To make our obedience hinge on the dictation of man is to ask God to defer to man. You know the mind of your uncle now as well as you can know it after writing him; and to provoke his prohibitive order and then act in opposition to it will be interpreted into direct disobedience and greatly complicate your case."

Monday, 20th. Early this morning Krishna came to my room in great distress.

Brother Krishna," said I, "what is the trouble?"

"Well, after I left you last night I met Rev. -- and his wife, and she said, a Krishna, where have you been all day?"

"I have been in the right place; I have become a Christian.'

"Yes; but you are not baptized yet.'

"Yes, I am; Mr. Taylor baptized me today.'

"Why did you not consult me?" said the padri.

"In matters pertaining to God and my conscience I don't follow any man.'

"But did you not consult Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bowen?"

"I got instruction from them in regard to my duty to God; but when I saw my duty I did it unto God, and not to any man.

Why did you not let us know? and I would have had all our native Christians there to witness the ceremony.

'Mr. Taylor doesn't want any show and parade about such things.'

"God gave me words of wisdom to reply to all his questions," added Krishna, "and he was quiet for some time.

"Then he said, 'Krishna, your uncle will be down upon you like a shot. You must leave his house instantly. Your life is not safe there, and I cannot stop any longer in this neighborhood; I must take my family away from here, and you must go with us. I will give you a home and protection in my house.'"

Poor Krishna, knowing so well the positive character of his Hindu uncle, yielded to fear and lost his peace, and now came weeping and saying, "What shall I do?"

"Do that cowardly dodge and you will bring disgrace on our cause that we cannot wipe off in months to come; and it would be an insult to your uncle that you never could explain away. It would be saying in effect, 'My uncle is such a bloody monster that I had to run for my life and hide in a mission compound.' Go right home, my brother, and write your uncle and tell him that you have received Christ and become a Christian, and that you are stopping in his house, and with his permission will remain there."

He wrote accordingly, and gave Chowey a general account of the great work of God in Bombay, and how he and many of his old friends in this city, whom he mentioned by name, had received Jesus and had been saved from sin; that though called Christians when he knew them they were not real Christians then, but now had got hold of the right thing, and that he was happy to inform him that his nephew, Krishna, had become one of his Christian brothers, and was very happy.

Thus, while we have no rupees to offer, and no compounds in which to hide away native converts, we give them all the moral support we can to help them to stand firmly in their home relations and fulfill all their home duties. I am sure we are right, according to apostolic precedents and principles.

22d. Visited Krishna and his brothers. Had a serious talk with Trimbeck and Ana and prayed with them. Preached at half-past seven, but no definite result. Arranged for a series of prayer meetings specially for the conversion of the heathen; that is, to pray for wisdom and willingness to work together with God in the fulfillment of his purpose concerning them.

A glorious fellowship band at our place this evening. Brother Krishna told a good experience. He says he is ready to die for Jesus now; indeed, he would glory in dying for Jesus if he should so order. I am sure he would, not from natural courage at all, but from heart loyalty to God and the martyr spirit inspired in him by the Holy Ghost.

Sabbath, 26th. I preached there at 6 p. M. and administered the sacrament to ninety-two communicants. Our circuit is seven miles long, so that only about half of our members can get there.

As we came out from the meeting I saw Krishna's tearful, smiling face in the moonlight as he exclaimed, "O, I have received my blessed Lord Jesus, and I would not give him up for ten thousand worlds like this!"

Monday, 27th. Preached in the open air near the queen's statue at 6 p. M. Had about one hundred and fifty attentive English-speaking native hearers. We had the moral support of Sisters Raitt, Morris, Ainsworth, the Misses Miles and other sisters, and a number of our brethren.

Tuesday, 28th. Preached again at queen's statue at 6 p. M. to about one hundred and fifty hearers. After explaining the word of God I called for testimony for Jesus from a few of our witnesses.

Wednesday, 29th. About one hundred and fifty at the outdoor service, and deepening attention. At the evening prayer meeting Krishna prayed again.

Thursday, 30th. Had over three hundred at our outdoor service. Brothers Christian, Shaw, and John Fido followed with their testimony.

Rev. Dhanjibhai also spoke; but while speaking in Hindustani a Parsee flared up, saying, "I know you; it's all humbug," and went on with abusive words till Brother Bailey, inspector of police, took him aside and said to him, "You would not allow us to disturb your gatherings for worship; why disturb ours?"

Supposing that Bailey was going to arrest the disturber, there was a rush of the Parsees, composing about half of our audience, to the spot.

I started a hymn, and all our party joined in singing,

"God is my strong salvation
What foe have I to fear?"

In a few moments we had them all back, and many more. Both those native ministers were learned, good men, and able ministers of the Gospel; but at that time debate and disputation with learned natives was characteristic of all the bazaar preaching of India; hence, even at my meetings, where debate was out of the question, they could not keep out of it.

Monday, June 3. Had about three hundred Hindus and Parsees at the outdoor service. I gave them an exposition of the moral law, and illustrated by the experience of a Buddhist doctor in Ceylon. Several brethren witnessed for Christ.

4th. Held fourteen family services this morning. Preached in the open air at 5:30 p.m. to over three hundred; deepening attention.

5th. Outdoor service about the same as yesterday.

Thursday, 6th. A little late in getting to outdoor appointment, and on arrival I found some three hundred Hindus and Parsees waiting for the preacher to come. God is giving me favor with this people.

Wednesday, 12th. Over three hundred at outdoor preaching. One Parsee and a few Hindus at the after-meeting.

Thursday, 13th. Outdoor work about the same as yesterday. The editor of the Bombay Guardian, in a notice of our outdoor preaching, makes the following observations about our English agency:

"The writer has been preaching for twenty-four years in the vernacular in the open air in Bombay; but it is a new thing to preach with a body of Christians, ladies and gentlemen, European and native, giving the moral force of their presence and prayers, uniting in singing and ready to bear their personal testimony to the value of a true faith in Christ. It is not easy to overrate the importance of this kind of demonstration."

Monday, July 1. Had Quarterly Conference at 5:30 p.m., at Mrs. Miles', and love feast in the evening in the large hall of her new residence in Falkland Road. She tenders us the use of this hall, thirty feet by ninety, without charge, except twenty rupees per month for lighting and attendance. The Quarterly Conference recommended Brother James Shaw for license as a local preacher. Hall crowded at the love feast. Brothers Morris, Shaw, and Christian professed to be sanctified wholly, and the speaking was, as usual, clear, short, and to the point, and no time lost in waiting for one another.

A Parsee, who had been twice to see me for instruction, and was under deep awakening through the agency of Brother Jurain, stood up and told us that he had just received Jesus, and had got his sins forgiven.

At the close of the sacramental service George Mann and Arajee, the said Parsee, came forward and were baptized; after which Arajee again spoke and said he was very happy, and asked the people to pray for him. The Parsees have been hitherto more inaccessible than the Mohammedans, but I believe that many of them feel their need of a Saviour, and that God will lead them into the light.

Our meeting closed at 10 p.m., and after many had gone, as I was passing out I saw Trimbeck and Ana, Krishna's brothers, lingering at the door in deep distress. I warned them of the danger of delay, and said to Ana, "If you wish we will go back into the room and pray for you; and if you will submit to God and accept Christ you will get forgiveness of your sins this very night. Will you?"

"Yes," said he.

"If you get the pardon of your sins is it your wish also to be baptized tonight?"

He hesitated and declined to answer. I then made a similar appeal to Trimbeck, and he consented.

With twenty-five or thirty sisters and brothers who had not gone away we had a prayer meeting for about half an hour, when Trimbeck obtained peace with God. After testifying to the fact of his pardon he added, "Now I want to be baptized. I want to be baptized tonight, for I know not what may be tomorrow."

So I baptized him. As soon as I said amen he started off in haste, I knew not whither, till I saw him sit down by his brother Ana. Very soon he brought him to Jesus. We then prayed with Ana till he got rest for his soul, and at his own request I baptized him. I then administered the Lord's Supper to them. What a blessed night! all glory to God, the Holy Trinity!

The Parsee is a mechanic in the Great Indian Peninsular Railway works, and has a wife. The two Hindus are single men, in the custom house service, sons of well-to-do parents, and pretty well educated.

Sabbath, 7th. Preached at Framji Cawasji Hall on perfecting that which is lacking in converts' faith. This afternoon Trimbeck took me to see an old Hindu skeptic. Trimbeck got two days' leave of absence from business after his baptism, and spent the time in visiting his Hindu friends to tell them what a dear Saviour he had found; different from the old man of this country of hiding a young convert to keep the Hindus from killing him! Trimbeck spent six hours on this skeptic, who expressed to me his gratitude to the young man for the interest he had manifested on his behalf, but remained unmoved.

At 6 p.m. Brother Bowen preached and I exhorted; a Mr. Bennett was saved. Krishna, Ana, Nourosjee, and Arajee all stood up voluntarily in turn and testified for Christ. A number of Hindus and Parsees were listeners, and some of them, I am told, were spies, and will give trouble to our native converts.

Monday, 8th. As I was retiring, at 10 p.m., two Parsees brought a letter and handed it to me and hurried away. It purports to be from Brother Arajee, expressing regret that he had been baptized. I know it was not written by him; and if the signature (which is in quite a different hand) is his I am sure it was not his own voluntary act. His wife is at her father's house, and but two days since gave birth to her first child. Arajee told me that his wife was favorable to his being a Christian and would come with him to our meetings as soon as she should recover. The persecuting wretches have, no doubt, in her low, nervous state, driven her into hysterics, and under the terror of her cries and their taunts forced him to do, to save her life, what he never would have done to save his own.

Tuesday, 9th. Had but few Hindus at our lecture tonight, but a good gathering of our own people. Met Brother Jurain this afternoon and inquired about Arajee. They work in the same shop.

He said, "A messenger came yesterday afternoon in great haste for Arajee, saying that his wife was dying. Arajee said to me, as he passed out of the shop, 'Brother Jurain, pray for me, and go to Mrs. Miles' and ask them all to pray for me. I shall be beaten and perhaps killed. If they beat me I'll bear it; if they kill me I'll go to Jesus.'

Friday, 12th. Called to see Brother Jurain, to inquire about Arajee. He said, "For several days he did not return to business, but has been there the last day and a half, guarded by three Parsees to and from the shop; and is closely watched while he is at work. In all that time I only got about a minute's talk with him, and he said, 'My wife was dying. I was imprisoned for three days and threatened with death, and now you see I am under guard. What can I do?'"

Arajee subsequently stepped aside with Jurain and said, "Brother Jurain, sing softly about the bleeding Lamb;" and Jurain sang in a low tone:

"Saviour suffered on the tree:
O, come and praise the Lord with me."

When his guards saw him with Jurain they came and ordered him away. About fifty men in the shop -- Parsees, Hindus, and Mohammedans, led by a few so-called Christians with dreadful curses and threats made a set upon Jurain for getting the Parsee to change his religion; but Jurain witnessed for Jesus, saying, "You know what a vagabond I was before I received Christ; and you have been with me here every day since, and have seen the change in me. Jesus Christ saves me from all sin and preserves me from sinning, and has taken away from me the fear of death. You can kill me if you like; I am ready." They sneaked off and left him.

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37 -- CAMPAIGN OF POONAH AND CALCUTTA

Henry Bailey Invites Me to Go with Him to Poonah -- Calling and Resting -- Invited to the Free Church of Scotland -- Situation of Poonah -- Lecture in Institution Hall -- Preaching in the Free Church -- Krishna Hunts up a Vagrant Son -- Great Meetings in Parsee Hall -- Project of Organization at Poonah -- Bombay Reinforcements -- Poonah Converts Testify -- Congregation Established -- James Shaw Becomes a Missionary -- George Bowen Joins Us -- W. E. Robbins Arrives from Indiana -- Also Albert Norton and Daniel O. Fox -- Steadfastness of Krishna -- Beaten by a Mob -- Krishna's Uncle Desires Him to Take his Business -- My Converts Stand Fast -- View of Calcutta -- Tragedy of the Black Hole -- My Proposition to John Richards -- Thoburn's Report of the Allahabad Conference -- Question of Preoccupied Territory -- I was Permitted to Skirmish -- Preaching in the Wesleyan Chapel -- What is Necessary for the Conversion of Bengal -- My Work as an Outsider -- Correspondence with Anne -- Her Patience and Heroism -- Friends in Calcutta -- In the Native Chapel -- Hard Struggle in the Streets of Calcutta -- Prejudice Against the Christ -- Infidelity Rampant -- Thirteen Converts -- In Bow Bazaar -- Erection of a Temporary Hall

* * *

I said to some friends at Major Raitt's, "Suppose I go to Poonah a few weeks during these heavy rains?" It was quite a casual remark. I had no serious thought of going soon, for I knew of no friends there to visit, and could not see my way to leave Bombay in the midst of so interesting a native work as was opening up daily. A few minutes after this remark was made Brother Henry Bailey, inspector of the E Division of Bombay police came in, and said, " I am going to get two months' leave of absence and take my family to Poonah," and invited me to go!

I considered the matter prayerfully, and on the 16th of July went second class (one hundred and nineteen miles) to Poonah. Brother Bailey met me at the railway station and drove me to his house.

Wednesday, 17th. Went with Brother Bailey to market, and afterward spent several hours at an auction, where over three thousand rupees' worth of household stuff was bid off. I had been worked nearly off the hinges; the change of scene was rest and the earnestness of the auctioneer refreshing.

18th. Brother Bailey drove me out to make a few calls.

Colonel Field received us very kindly. He and Colonel Phayre, both earnest Christian men, led the expedition into Abyssinia. Colonel Phayre surveyed the warpath, four hundred miles, to Magdala; and Colonel Field's forces made the road and led the van. Two African youths, educated by Rev. Dr. Wilson in Bombay., showed them the way in.

Called at the manse of Rev. J. Beaumont, minister of the Free Church of Scotland; he was not in, but sent me a note inviting me to conduct their Thursday evening service in his church, which I did, and had an interesting time.

Friday, 19th. Conducted a Bible class at Colonel Field's, at the close of which Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont invited me to come next week and give a lecture to their native students and friends in their Institution Hall in the city.

Poonah is high and healthy, nearly four thousand feet above the sea. It is a large military station and an old Maratti Brahman city of one hundred thousand population.

Back in Bombay for Sabbath and Monday and Tuesday appointments, and returned to Poonah on Wednesday, the 24th of July, accompanied by Krishna, who got four days' leave of absence from his work and paid his own traveling expenses, that he might tell those Brahmans about the Saviour he had found. On the evening of our arrival I lectured in the Institution Hall to about two hundred Brahmans on the experimental evidences of Christianity, and Krishna witnessed for Christ by an account in detail of his awakening and conversion to God.

Thursday, 25th. Preached this evening at six in the Free Church, which was well filled.

A lady in Bombay told Krishna of a vagabond young native in Poonah whose father was for many years, till his recent death, a native minister of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission, and, giving Krishna his name and address, requested him to hunt him up and try to get him saved. So this morning Krishna found his house and called at his door.

The response was, "Who's there?"

"My name is Krishna Chowey, from Bombay."

"What do you want?"

"I have come by request of a friend to see you."

Go away from my door; I don't want to see you."

I promised my friend that I would see you, and I must see you." "Well, I tell you to go away. You shall not come into my house."

"I am not going away till I see you. I'll sit down here at your door and wait till you come out or let me in;" and down he sat.

After a little delay he was asked to enter. He showed the man a card on which his name was written by the friend in Bombay, and inquired, "Is that your name?"

"Yes; sit down."

Krishna then opened up a friendly conversation with him and gave him a history of his own life as a Hindu and an account of his conversion to God.

By the time he had finished his narrative his hearer was weeping bitterly and exclaimed, "There it is; you were born and brought up a Hindu, and now you are a child of God -- a Christian in deed and in truth; I was born and brought up a nominal Christian, and now I am worse than any heathen. O, God of my father and of my mother, what shall I do?" Krishna wept with him, and they kneeled together and prayed.

On my return to Bombay I went to stop again with Brother George Miles, his wife and family having returned from England. Glorious meetings at Framji Cawasji Hall.

I wrote Brother Beaumont in regard to intended special services in Poonah, and proposed to do what I might be able, to help him build up his own church; but the many beyond his lines whom we hoped to get saved at our meetings should be at liberty, without any after-relapse or reflections, if they in their judgment and conscience should so elect, to organize themselves into a Methodist church, as so many had done in Bombay.

Tuesday, August 13. Took the train for Poonah at 10 a.m. Brothers James Morris and Walter Winckler accompanied me to help in the work.

We commenced operations at 6 p. M. on Wednesday, the 14th of August, 1872. Sabbath, 18th. Preached morning and evening in the Free Church to about one hundred and fifty hearers.

Monday, 19th. Bombay reinforcements (Brothers Shaw, Krishna, and Jurain) arrived, and the work went on vigorously. Among the first fruits outside of the orphanage were Angelo De Sauza, James Cristie and his wife and her sisters, the Misses Mulligan, and their cousins, William and Arthur Wright. These, with a host of others, all became earnest and effective workers for God.

I had to spend every other Sabbath in Bombay; but Brother Bowen alternated with me, and the siege of Poonah was steadily kept up. Many soldiers and civilians professed to find pardon at our meetings who did not become members of my Church. It is a principle with us not to persuade, nor directly to ask, any one to join us. Those voluntarily unite with us who are convinced that it is their duty by the force of our Bible teaching and the leading of the Spirit of truth.

Saturday evening, September 28. We held a fellowship meeting at the house of Brother De Souza. Over thirty young converts spoke very clearly of the saving power of God in their hearts. I had not decided in advance to bring up the question of church organization tonight. Several had mentioned it before; but I wished them to have sufficient opportunity by our daily preaching and work and our weekly fellowship meetings to know their bearings properly and to form an intelligent judgment as to their duty and privilege in the matter; but at the close of the speaking I was convinced that it was the will of God that we should wait no longer. So I explained that I had all through desired to build up the Church in whose place of worship, kindly tendered us, they had been brought to God and "that no member of that Church would feel it his or her duty to join my Church. But, according to the written agreement with their minister, I was at liberty to give an opportunity to any saved outside of his lines to be organized into a Methodist Church if they should so elect." I explained briefly what would be required of them as members with us, and reminded them of the persecutions they might expect, and that they must be fully persuaded as to their duty, and if not clear on that point take further time to consider it. Brother De Souza brought paper and ink; Brother Winckler took down the names, which were distinctly announced, without any personal prompting. Dr. Fraser stood up first and gave in his name. Thirty-seven names were recorded that night. Others took further time for consideration.

Having secured a place of worship for our own Church and congregation in Poonah, we had our first sacramental service on Sabbath evening, the 13th of October: We had about one hundred and thirty hearers and sixty-four communicants. The Deccan Herald of the next day stated that the like was never seen in Poonah before.

The Church in Poonah has from the first to the present been a living, working, growing Church, and has a thrifty branch at Lanowli, forty miles to the northwest, where they have built a commodious chapel and paid for it. When her majesty's Fifty-sixth Regiment was transferred from Poonah to Sinda, beyond the Indus, our converted soldiers were accompanied by their minister, Rev. D. O. Fox, and laid the foundation of our witnessing, working Church in Sinda.

On the 15th of November Brother James Shaw resigned his appointment of army Scripture reader and became an itinerant preacher in our mission, unquestionably called of God to this responsible position. He came to us with a good wife, a native of Bombay, to help him.

About the same time Rev. George Bowen joined us. He came to India over twenty-five years before as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. After a couple of years' service here he became convinced that to succeed in establishing a native Church in India on a sound, healthy basis would require greater self-sacrifice and a closer assimilation to native life on the part of missionaries than had been generally supposed to be necessary.

On the 22d of November, 1872, Rev. W. E. Robbins, a deacon of the Indiana Conference, arrived. He was a graduate of the Indiana Asbury University, and was three years in the Federal army during the rebellion. He commenced his ministry in California, but on account of the death of his father returned to Indiana and joined that Conference. He read my Call for Preachers, and not

falling in with a mission secretary or bishop came on his own account, and paid his own expenses to Bombay. He learned to preach in the Maratti language before he was a year in India.

On the 1st of December, 1872, Revs. Albert Norton and Daniel O. Fox. arrived in Bombay, also in response to my Call, but appointed and sent by the Missionary Board. They were both graduates of the Northwestern University and of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

January 1, 1873. Had a glorious love feast and watchnight service last night. At our Quarterly Conference, in the afternoon, Brothers Morris and Christian were recommended for license as local preachers.

On Tuesday of next week, after holding a Quarterly Conference in Poonah, with the concurrence of all concerned I am to start for Calcutta. Brother Bowen will be preacher in charge of Bombay Circuit and have with him Brothers Shaw, Robbins, and Norton. The circuit embraces also Thanna, Callian, and Egutpoora.

Krishna Chowey has never wavered for one minute. The day after his conversion he went on with his work in the customs, and after enduring much persecution there for a few weeks he was transferred to another department and put with a lot of very bigoted Brahmans. He was trembling with apprehension when he told me of this change in his work, and feared that he could not stand against them. I said, "Go, my brother, and do your duty. What you most fear is just the discipline your Father sees that you need, and has hence sent you to hold out your light to those Brahmans. Never fear. The Lord Jesus hath said, and had it written, that when brought even before governors and kings you have no need to take thought beforehand 'what ye shall say: for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.' He will give you the right words for those dear fellows who don't know our Jesus."

He went, distrusting self and trusting God. The Brahmans badgered him fiercely for about a week. Then they gathered round him and said, "Krishna, what does all this mean? We never treated anybody so badly as we have treated you. We have tried every way possible to exasperate or intimidate you. You have shown no fear, nor ill-feeling, nor resentment. We can't understand it."

"O, my dear friends," replied Krishna, "I show no fear because I am not afraid; I have quite made up my mind to die for Jesus if he shall so appoint. I show no ill-feeling because there is none in my heart. I show no spirit of resentment because I have none. The religion of Jesus is a religion of love. All this week I have been loving you and praying for you. I love you all now, and want you to be happy, as I am.

From that day those young Brahmans vied with each other in their attentions to Krishna. A year afterward, at the Esplanade preaching, when the mob beat Krishna and stamped upon him with their feet and left him for dead, one of those very Brahmans ran in and, taking him up in his arms, carried him away and got water and brought him round.

When Krishna recovered consciousness, supposing himself to be passing through the gates of death, he said, "Thank God for the privilege of dying for Jesus. O, I am so happy to die for Jesus, he died for me!"

The Brahman stood over him and wept like a child. Several of those Brahmans came to the meeting, and came to see me. One of them wanted to teach me the Maratti language without charge. I believe I should have led them to Jesus could I have remained in Bombay. I said in my heart, "We shall get them saved yet. Let all Christians join me in prayer for Krishna's Brahman friends."

Some months after Krishna's conversion, however, he was tripped. A prating Hindu came into the office where he was and used very abusive language against him; he paid no attention to that, but endured it meekly. Then he dealt out some dreadful epithets against me, which cut to the quick; for Krishna loves me because I led him to Jesus; but he took it patiently. Finally the mad heathen began to utter the most vulgar and blasphemous charges against Christ. Krishna could not stand to hear his Master belied in that way, and with evident temper replied, "You wretched man! You are worse than a brute to talk so."

His friends looked sorry, and said, "Ah, Krisha!"

He confessed to them his sorrow that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment. Three days afterward Brother C. W. Christian was driving home from the bank, and saw a native walking before him apparently weeping. Coming closer, he heard him sobbing, and wondered who it could be -- a sight so unusual. On coming up, to his surprise he saw it was Krishna, and exclaimed, "O, Brother Krishna, what is the matter? Come, get up in the carriage with me."

Krishna got in and told him all about the unhappy affair that occurred three days before. Brother Christian took him into his own room, and they together pleaded with God till the light of his face again filled Krishna's soul.

"Well," says one, "I often get into such a temper and think but little about it."

But you don't often lead poor souls to Jesus. I am sure you could not win a heathen to Christ. 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' It requires great men of that sort to do great things for God."

Krishna's uncle Chowey, who was in the habit of coming to Bombay every year in May or June, delayed his coming this year for a couple of months; and thus the three nephews had time to grow and gather strength. They finally heard that he was on the way, and were looking out for the vessel to arrive. They were at our Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting at Major Raitt's when the ship was telegraphed. They went in haste, yet with trembling, to meet him before he should land; but when they reached the ship he had landed and gone. Then they went to his house, in which they lived. Not knowing what might happen, Krishna went in alone, while the younger brothers remained without. After a little while, hearing no row, they followed. They stood mute in his presence, as in boyhood they were often obliged to do; and he looked at them some time before he uttered a word. Then he angrily charged them with neglecting to do some unimportant thing, and they explained away his point. Then he surveyed them closely, and in a softened tone said, "Why, you look just as you looked when I saw you last!" (He expected to see them dressed in European

clothing and looking as though they were foreigners from a far country, according to what he had so often seen.)

"Our missionary is different from any you know," they replied. "He don't require us to change any outward custom, but simply to give up all idolatry and sin."

But little more was said then.

When he afterward got Krishna alone he said, "Now, Krishna, I am getting old, and not so well up to business as formerly. I want you to resign your situation in the customs, go with me down the coast, take your wife and settle in a good home of your own. I'll make over all my business to you, and the property will all be yours in the end."

Krishna replied, "Uncle, if that means any compromise of Christian principle I cannot touch it."

The uncle then got into a very bad temper, and abused Krishna very much. Afterward he hinted to Trimbeck that if he would resign his place and go and take charge of his business he would cut Krishna off and make him his heir.

Trimbeck, but two months out of heathenism, replied, "Uncle, if you are of a mind to give us anything we will thank you; but if your offer means that I am to give up Jesus Christ I look upon all your possessions as dung."

The uncle was evidently taken aback. His fortune -- the accumulation of his life of toil -- going a-begging and treated, as compared with the despised name of Christ, as worthless debris!

He took a peremptory course with Ana, and said, "Ana, sit down here, and write your resignation before me, and come with me down the coast."

The young fellow, who had always before been dreadfully afraid of his uncle, modestly told him that he could do nothing of the sort.

The uncle had spent thirty years in Bombay, a bitter enemy of Christianity, but otherwise a fine man, and had many friends. The young men expected his friends to stir him up against them, but to their surprise, so far as they could learn, all except an old teacher of theirs -- to whom the uncle would not listen -- took their part and told the uncle what good nephews he had.

Calcutta, the great capital of the Indian empire, was not primarily a native city, but commenced as a trading post of the East India Company. The English flag was first hoisted there on the 24th of August, 1690. It was in 1702 that they directed their attention to the building of the town of Calcutta and gave minute directions regarding its streets and houses. They completed the fort, surrounded it with an entrenchment, and mounted it with cannon. It, however, remained long in a poorly defended state; for it was in 1756 that it was taken by Seraja Dowlah, a Mohammedan nawab, with fifty thousand troops. It was by his order at that time that the celebrated "Black Hole" tragedy was enacted. One hundred and forty-six persons were thrust at the point of the sword into a

room not twenty feet square, in one of the hottest nights of the most sultry season of the year. The wretched prisoners soon became frantic with suffocating heat and insufferable thirst. The struggle to reach the window and catch a breath of air proved fatal to many. At length they began to sink one by one into the arms of death; and the few who survived that awful night owed their lives to the more free ventilation obtained by standing on the bodies of their deceased companions. When the door was opened in the morning only twenty-three came out alive, the most ghastly forms ever seen.

Before going to Calcutta I wrote to Rev. John Richards, the Wesleyan missionary there, with whom I had labored in South Africa, and whom I had often met in England, and proposed to give him a week of special services; but after that I should be free to follow providential leadings beyond his lines, and if God should give me a people in Calcutta, as he had in Bombay and Poonah, to organize them into a Methodist Episcopal church. In his reply he said, "Of course I accept your offer of a week's services. When I wrote to you before you were strictly an evangelist; now you seem to have changed your plan.

Well, if you can come, and through God's blessing be the means of creating some healthy religious excitement among us in Calcutta, I shall greatly rejoice. Come and welcome, and I will work with you to the utmost of my ability."

Dr. Moffitt, of Cawnpore memory, had, by removal of her majesty's Fourteenth Regiment to Calcutta, become a resident in this city, and had invited me also.

J. M. Thoburn had just returned from the great Missionary Conference at Allahabad. He says, "We had a delightful time at Allahabad. The only thing which we did not like was a resolution against going into territory preoccupied by other missions. I think we might have defeated it; but Brother Harding begged very hard that I should keep quiet, and pledged his word that it did not refer to such work as you proposed. Mr. Fordyce also referred to your work, and was cheered when he expressed the hope that you would extend it. We all concluded that silence might be best, especially as we knew that you would not regard their resolutions in any case.

The "resolution against going into territory preoccupied by other missions" has been pretty closely observed by all the missions pledged to it to this day (I 895), and but for God's grand irregular movement, which "would not regard their resolutions in any case," as J. M. (now Bishop) Thoburn expressed it, there is not even presumptive evidence that a single Methodist church could be found in India today but "the territory preoccupied" by the India Mission Conference.

It is a significant and pleasing fact that while the Conference prescribed limits to every other mission, including, of course, our Methodist India Mission Conference, it bade me to go forward without any limitations. They all know that I have no money, and that I don't want any of their native Christians, and therefore cannot antagonize but may help them.

Thursday, 30th. Preached in the Wesleyan chapel nightly for two weeks. About twenty persons publicly sought and professed to find the pardon of their sins. Most of these were members of the congregation, and will probably join Mr. Richards' church. On my arrival his

English-speaking church consisted of eighteen members, according to the books. Their numbers have doubled and their working effectiveness has greatly increased.

Sister Richards and Brother Fentiman tried to persuade me to limit my labors in Calcutta to their Church. I explained to them our principles, to the effect that, as our doctrines were the same, when we found the Wesleyan organization adequate to the demands of the country, wheresoever established, we should not feel at liberty to organize on the same ground. "But here in Bengal," I continued, "there is a population of sixty-six millions, and this little church is the only representative of Methodism in this great Presidency. You have been working here for nine years, and you now see what you can do and what you cannot do. The style of agency necessary to secure a great work of God, adequate to his purposes, is also necessary to conserve and extend it. It is not the work of a passing evangelist, simply, but requires the enlistment and combined struggle of millions of martyr spirits for a hundred years."

They felt the force of my argument, and gave in, but not without manifest regret; and I was very sorry that I could not yield to their wishes.

I was now an outsider, but I procured the use of one hall after another, and weekly family services, six or seven each day, extending into about forty families, neglected East Indians, followed by preaching in a hall every night.

February 2. About a year ago I wrote my patient wife that I should probably be detained in India beyond the time I had appointed to return home, and desired her to consult the boys and give their mind about it with hers.

Two or three days after writing I received a letter from her, written two months before, anticipating my question, saying, "As you have labored sixteen years as an evangelist, helping to build up other churches, if God has given you the opportunity of demonstrating in a heathen country the saving power of the Gospel from the foundation, you should take time to do it. We are most anxious to see you, but we will wait. Don't hurry on our account."

Last Friday I wrote her again on the same subject, saying, "I am here in Calcutta, the Paris of India. If God shall open this city to me, and give me a church, as in Bombay, I shall have to man it before I leave. That will detain me some months. Then I could go home for a couple of years and return; but what shall I say for my dear wife and boys, whom I so long to see? Tell me what to do."

Yesterday, February 1, 1873, I received a letter from her, in which she says, "I have never yet dared to call you home. It is likely you are too poor to come, and we are not able to help you; but if your work will allow it we would wish you to do so, if but for a year. Perhaps your people will give you leave of absence."

God bless the dear woman! He is manifestly leading her as he is her husband. This is another providential pointer, indicating God's will concerning Calcutta and further extension in India.

Saturday, February 22. Mr. Harris, the druggist, gave us the free use of his residence for our fellowship band meetings. Captain Jones, who was converted to God and joined my church in California in 1855, rendered good service in Calcutta. Rev. Mr. Kerry, a Baptist missionary, is the principal of a native boys' school, also superintendent of some native churches in and about the city. He showed me his school, containing over two hundred lads, and Mrs. Kerry's girls' school; he then conducted me into his native chapel, forty feet by sixty, and said, "I don't know what this chapel was built for except the anticipation of getting many of the native students to become Christians, which, I am sorry to say, has not been realized. We have a small native congregation and church which worship here Sabbaths at 7 a.m. and 4 p.m. Beyond that we have no use for it, and if you can make any use of it you are welcome to it."

It was not well located for my English-speaking East Indians, but no other place seemed available, so I concluded that God had opened that as the best to begin with, and we made quick preparations, advertised extensively, and opened regular services there the following Sabbath (February 23, 1873), and kept them up in that chapel for about a year. Rev. Brother Kerry exerted himself on all occasions to advance our work. We held special services there for more than a month, often with great promise, but with very little permanent fruit.

The hardest work of my life, I believe, was in the streets of Calcutta, under the greatest discouragements. For months it seemed very doubtful, by all outward indications, whether we could raise a working force at all. I became more and more convinced that a great work of God was what Calcutta least desired and most needed, and that a more convenient season would never come; so I determined, as the Lord should lead, to push the battle and win or die at the guns.

Sixty-six millions of perishing souls in this Presidency! Most of them have heard of Jesus and hate his name immeasurably more than they hate the name of Satan. They won't listen to what his friends have to say in his favor, but drink in foul, blasphemous lies against him from the lips of Mohammedans and infidels. The books of French and English infidel -- most of whom are now realizing the realities of Bible truth in the regions of the dead -- are more extensively read, I believe, by educated natives in India than anywhere else. Tom Paine's Age of Reason, for example, sells for a shilling in India, and nearly all the wretched infidel fallacies which, in Christian countries, have been refuted a hundred times are now sown broadcast here, with no antidote in the form of refutation.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. ' This is just as true of the Indian rajahs and the great masses of their people as it was true of old Pilate and Herod and the murderers of our Lord's human person.

God has sent me here to organize at least one body of witnessing soldiers for Jesus, who will endure hardness; and by the power of the Holy Spirit I must succeed or die in the trenches of the enemy. God help me! It is all for thy glory and the salvation of these poor, perishing millions, in love and pity for whom my Saviour died.

About the 9th of April, for the first time in Calcutta, I gave an opportunity for the converts who were attending our fellowship meetings to enroll themselves as candidates for membership in my church, and thirteen gave in their names. A very small beginning after two months of so hard work; but, thank God! it is a germ of his planting, and will become a banyan, with branches and trunks innumerable, and millions will yet repose at the feet of Jesus under its shade.

Soon after this we got the use of a room in Bow Bazaar for Sabbaths at 7 a.m. and two nights weekly. I began to feel the support of workers ready for any call of the Master. Unfortunately for the onward progress of the work, we had to give up the use of the hall in which God so blessed us, and could not get another till we built one in Zigzag Lane, in the same neighborhood. A dear brother in Bombay offered ten thousand rupees toward the erection of a Methodist preaching hall in that city; but as we have large bungalow halls there suitable for our present purpose, and none such here, our dear friends in Bombay said, "No, give it to Calcutta;" so it was sent to a bank in this city subject to my order, for the purpose of building a Methodist hall here. But we were in need of a place at once, and hence found it necessary to put up a temporary hall for the extension of the Bow Bazaar work, while a more permanent chapel was being constructed, requiring all the funds our people could give, in addition to the liberal gift from Bombay.

From about the first of September I was absent from Calcutta a month, holding quarterly meetings in Poonah and Bombay.

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38 -- REVIEW OF MY INDIAN MISSIONS

Our Quarterly Meeting in Poonah -- Witnesses at the Love Feast -- Revisit to Bombay -- Work of the Parsee Converts -- Manekjee Mody's Testimony -- Zoroaster Not a Saviour -- "What Sort of People are These Methodists?" -- Our Cause Before the Commissioner -- Samuel Page Explains Our Motives and Principles -- Krishna's Wife Converted -- Trimbuck a Preacher -- Break in the Hindu Lines -- My Friends Go with Me to Egutpoora -- Dennis Osborne in Allahabad -- Traveling Third Class -- Chapel in Calcutta -- Our Opening Service -- Story of Borooah -- His Premises and Deductions -- Services in Three Languages -- No Missionaries Sent to Our Relief -- An Ordeal of Criticism -- Bishop Harris' Tour -- Thoburn Meets Him in Calcutta -- My Interview with the Bishop -- Our Perfect Accord -- Bombay and Bengal Mission -- Lucknow Conference of 1874 -- Thoburn Transfers to My Mission -- Appointments for that Year -- Winckler's Work -- Organization at Secunderabad -- "Methodists are All Teetotalers." -- Honesty in Trade -- My Visit to Dr. Condon -- I Sail for Madras -- Trial of My Constitution -- Backing at Madras

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Our quarterly meeting in Poonah was an occasion long to be remembered. The Quarterly Conference was held on Saturday night, just before a public preaching service, and was composed of a score of humble, valiant men of God, instead of three, as when we organized it eight months before. Our brethren and sisters from Deksal, about one hundred miles southeast, and from Lanowli, forty miles northwest, had come in force to attend the quarterly meeting, representing

churches which had meantime grown up in those places. At this meeting a building committee was appointed to put up a Methodist chapel in Lanowli, which has since been completed and paid for. Brother Geering, one of our converted railway men there, paid twelve hundred rupees for its erection.

Our love feast was on Monday night. The speaking was superb. About eighty persons in the space of an hour witnessed for Jesus. Brother Fox, our minister there, on that Sabbath baptized two Hindus, cultivators from a village ten miles out; and at a later period of our services that week two Brahmans, both school-teachers, one in a government and the other in a private school. I spent a week in Poonah on this trip, and had a few new cases brought to God.

I then spent a week in Bombay. During my absence of eight months the work of God in that city had wonderfully developed and extended. In addition to a large increase of English and East Indian members over a dozen Hindus and three Parsees had been saved and baptized. All these converted Hindus and Parsees were abiding among their people, according to the avowed principles of St. Paul's mission and ours as well.

"What are those principles?"

"You will find them fully exemplified and illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles."

One of our Parsee converts, Brother Ruttonji Merwanji Metta, was then (1875) planting a mission in Khandwa, Central India. Another was in Christian work with Narrainsheshadra, in Jalnah. Another was Brother Manekjee Mody. His high social position and his bold testimony for Christ at our outdoor services on the Esplanade exposed him to great persecutions. In his boyhood he went for a short time to a Sunday school in the kirk, which made it easier for him to come to a Christian place of worship; but he remained a stanch Zoroastrian till awakened at our meetings. His testimony, which he repeated again and again in different languages to the masses at the outdoor preaching, was substantially as follows:

"Friends, you know me. You know what a sincere zealot I was for the Parsee religion. After the death of my wife I got up at three o'clock in the morning, and, with my incense and sandalwood, went, in those dark hours of the night, to the Tower of Silence, and there, near the bones of my ancestors, where my own father and my own dear wife had been given over to the vultures, I burned my sandalwood, and in the odor of my incense offering mingled my prayers and groans and tears from a broken heart. Let no man doubt my sincerity; I was sincere. Every morning at three o'clock, when you were all asleep in your beds, I repeated this daily for two years, but found no rest for my sin-burdened soul. I have no quarrel with my nation, and I don't abuse our great man Zoroaster; but he was not a saviour. Our Parsee religion has no saviour to offer to our dear, struggling people; hence I could find no relief from it. Then I was led to examine the claims of Jesus Christ. From the records of the Bible and the testimony of his people I became convinced that he was indeed the Saviour sent by God to deliver poor sinners from their sins. I sought him, and in Forbes Street Hall I submitted to him and received him as my Saviour, and at once he delivered me from my sins and gave rest and peace to my soul. Now I know that I am a child of God, and that the Lord Jesus abides with me and preserves me from sinning and sustains me under all my trials and persecutions."

An infidel Hindu raised a mob to beat my preachers on the Esplanade. The next day the commissioner of police held a court of inquiry to investigate the affair. Brother Samuel Page was called on for evidence, and gave a full statement of the facts in the case. He had witnessed the affair, and knew both the circumstances and the motives.

One of the officers inquired, "What sort of people are these Methodists?"

"Well," replied another, "they are a curious people. I heard Taylor tell of one who got his sins forgiven in a quarter of an hour."

"Bosh!" rejoined another.

Then said Page, "Well, gentlemen, you know I would not tell you a lie; though I was long under awakening it was not till the 21st of last September that I came out as a seeker; and then in less than a quarter of an hour I received Christ and got all my sins forgiven."

"Very well, Mr. Page," said the commissioner, "we will not discuss that subject. Why don't these Methodists, like other people, appeal to the law for protection?"

Page replied, "They don't disclaim their legal rights; but under all ordinary wrongs and this opposition to their work they prefer to suffer the greatest wrongs and injuries rather than appeal to the law."

"Why, they have no spirit!" said the commissioner.

"O, yes; they have the spirit of Christ their Master. They are not cowards. You will find them, in spite of the wrongs done to them today, preaching in the same place tomorrow, quite undismayed."

"Why, they might get killed!"

"O, they would not mind that at all; they are not afraid of death! They are a people who wish only to know their duty, and that they will do or die in the attempt."

"Well, then," said the commissioner, "we must protect them."

The court then decided that without partiality they would protect any orderly person who wished to preach in the streets -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, or Parsee; but for the sake of order they must have their preaching places half a mile apart. If a Mohammedan establishes a preaching place no Christian will be allowed to open one within less distance than half a mile. The Hindu who has for nearly a year and a half been giving so much annoyance on the Esplanade must be arrested at the next meeting. He must not be punished at once but warned; and if then he repeat it, punished. The same warning must also be given to the Mohammedan at the fountain.

This order was faithfully executed; thus, after patient suffering for a year and a half, our outdoor preachers got protection unasked, but none the less appreciated.

Krishna's wife was sent to him by his uncle. He got her well instructed, converted to God, and baptized; and then they were united in Christian marriage. He is now a licensed local preacher in our Church, and believes that he is called to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. I believe so too; but as yet he is pursuing his business in the customs and devoting his leisure to study and active soul-saving work. He has had eight of his kindred saved and baptized, and hopes soon to get all his family connection into the kingdom of God. Trimbeck preaches well and was recommended for license at our District Conference a few months ago; but, wishing a better preparation, begged the Conference to let his case lie over till their next meeting.

The number of native converts in the Bombay Circuit -- mostly from Hinduism -- was in 1875 about sixty. The great break in their lines had not come yet; but a grand preparation of the field and of the workers was daily progressing, and God was about to give these heathen to Jesus for his inheritance. I expected to see many thousands of them brought to God before many years should elapse.

On my way back to Calcutta, Brothers Krishna, Trimbeck, and Manekjee, and other native brethren, accompanied me eighty miles to Egutpoora, where we held a number of services. At a general fellowship meeting there Krishna gave us some facts in his experience which I had not heard before. They illustrate a principle in our Mission in regard to taking stumbling-blocks out of the way of the natives by getting the nominal Christians of India converted to God.

I spent two days in special services at Allahabad with Brothers Thoburn and Osborne. Dennis Osborne laid the foundations of our Church in Allahabad soon after his own conversion to God in Lucknow. My tour from Calcutta to Poonah and Bombay and back involved 2,972 miles of railway traveling, which by first-class ticket, going and returning, would have cost two hundred and sixty-seven rupees fifteen annas. I went with the native masses by third and intermediate class carriages at a cost of sixty-one rupees four annas. That may illustrate one of the ways by which we run a self-supporting Mission. Of course the Mission has nothing to do with my own expenses. We do not oblige any of our preachers to travel third class, but my example makes it easier for those who wish to do so; and I believe all of them travel third class, except those who preach much to railway people and have a first-class ticket given them.

Before I left Calcutta for this trip we leased a lot in Zigzag Lane, and let out to contract the building of a plain chapel thirty feet by fifty. We had trustees and a building committee; but as Sister Freude, a thorough business woman, lives near, the responsibility of superintending its erection was left with her and she did her part faithfully.

We also bought a lot in the best center of the city, in Dhurramtollah Street, near Wellington Square, for four thousand six hundred rupees, and let out the contract for building a permanent brick hall forty feet by eighty.

At the opening of our new chapel in Zigzag Lane the place was crowded, and God was with us. It was at this opening service that Koshenath Borooah, a high-caste Hindu from Assam and

a student of the Calcutta Medical College, was baptized. He was brought to Jesus during my absence, in the following manner: Two Singhalese native medical students -- Brothers Everts and Fry, who were converted to God at my first series in Calcutta brought Koshenath with them one night to a fellowship band. He was a bitter hater of Christianity. He had a young brother who had been a short time in a Christian school, but died at the age of fourteen years, and requested, when dying, that there should be no Hindu ceremonies performed over his dead body. No one knew why he made such a request. Well, Koshenath sat down quietly in the fellowship class meeting and heard twenty-seven men and women tell that they had received Christ and had been saved from their sins, and that Jesus was with them, and that he was giving them power daily to resist temptation, and was preserving them by his own almighty hand from sinning.

Koshenath listened, and thus reasoned with himself: "These are intelligent men and women. They are not speaking about creeds or opinions, nor telling of things hoped for, but testifying to facts within their personal knowledge. These are credible witnesses, whose testimony would stand in any court of justice. They speak of Jesus not merely as an historic character of the past, but a living person of the present. They say, though invisible, they know him and have daily communication with him. They say they received him by faith; a thing which I have considered nonsense before, but how reasonable it seems to me now. How could they receive him except by faith?"

So he stated his case to the band and asked them to show him the way to Jesus. Dr. Moffitt and others gave him words of instruction, and they all prayed for him; and before the meeting closed he testified that he had then and there received the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and that he had filled his heart with light, love, and peace.

Near the close of the year I had a few outdoor services in three languages. I gave out the words of truth in English, Koshenath translated them into Hindustani, and another native brother put them into Bengali. We had good audiences and good order; but my time in Calcutta was then too short to drive the native work up so far as we did in Bombay. Some months after my departure, during college vacation, Koshenath made a tour of three thousand miles, visiting the missions of the Northwest Provinces and the Punjab, witnessing for Jesus.

We begged the missionary secretaries to send us missionaries to supply the growing demands of our work in India, but this year they did not send us one. My Mission, and the principles which render it peculiar, have to pass, as I expected, a severe ordeal of criticism and opposition. Every new steam engine or boiler has to be tested ere it can be trusted; and so with every other new thing -- though like our Mission, having no novelty but the new application of old principles. The misapprehensions of friends on both sides of the world, the misstatements of those not friendly, the fallacies of speculators, and the log letters written, would make up material for a very curious but very uninteresting book, which I don't intend to write.

We heard of Bishop Harris' episcopal tour round the world, holding Conferences on his route in Japan, China, India, Bulgaria, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, and we were awaiting his arrival with pleasure. We also heard that he was accompanied by Rev. Brother Waugh, who had been home on furlough, and Rev. Brothers Spencer and Houghton, who were making the tour of the globe on furlough from home. While the bishop was at Ceylon he telegraphed to Dr. Thoburn in

Lucknow to meet him in Calcutta; so Brother Thoburn came in advance of their arrival and gave us valuable help in our work. I was told afterward that the good bishop had an apprehension, from the many things that were rumored about my Mission, that I was going to set up a new sect -- a thing entirely out of the question from the first, both with myself and all my people -- and thought he might need Thoburn's advice. Every document we had, and the trustees and deeds of our property in Calcutta, were all proofs of our entire loyalty to the Church of our choice, though refusing first and last to yield a single principle or plank in our platform as a Mission. All intimations against our bottom motives were unfounded and gratuitous.

When the bishop and his party arrived I met them at the ship and invited them to stop with me.

As soon as we left the ship, and the bishop and I got into a carriage alone, he said, "Now, Brother Taylor, we want to bring your Mission into a closer connection with our Church, and we want you to become officially and in name what you are in fact, its superintendent."

I replied, "I received a very kind letter from Bishop Simpson proposing the same thing, and at the same time a letter from Dr. Eddy, containing a similar request from you'. I immediately wrote, in reply to Bishop Simpson and to yourself, stating that while I was not at all ambitious of any honor or official position in the gift of the Church, yet as God had opened and organized this Mission through my agency, and had thus made me its superintendent, I should not object to your official confirmation of his appointment, provided there shall be no interference with the peculiar principles on which our Mission was founded."

"I had left New York before your letter got there, and never received it," replied the bishop; "but your principles are very clear and sound. Where the Missionary Society appropriates the funds of the Church, of course they are responsible for their proper disbursement; but where they give no money, as in the case of your Mission, what have they to do with its internal management?"

So the whole thing was arranged in less time than it takes me to write it. It was agreed, as a matter of convenience, that I and my ministers, until we could organize a Conference of our own, should join the India Mission Conference; but that the said Conference should not have an official relation to the Bombay and Bengal Mission, any more than the Baltimore Conference has with our Mission in Japan because Rev. R. S. Maclay, its superintendent, happens to remain a member of that Conference.

All the Indian empire outside our India Mission Conference was assigned to me under the title of the Bombay and Bengal Mission.

The bishop preached for Brother Richards on the morning of the Sabbath he spent in Calcutta, and in the evening for my people, and presided at a general fellowship meeting for us on Monday night. The other brethren gave us some stirring sermons and the grandest singing our people had ever heard.

At the ensuing Conference, in January, 1874, in Lucknow, these arrangements were all completed; and contrary to my expectations, and to my great joy, Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D., resigned his work in the India Mission Conference and joined my Mission. He had resigned his salary a year before, and had fully adopted the principles of our Mission. Brother C. W. Christian had resigned his situation in the Bombay Bank some months before and become my assistant preacher in Calcutta; George Gilder, also of Bombay, and C. R. Jefferies, of Calcutta, had been duly recommended for the itinerant work; so that our lack of helpers from the Mission Board was being made up in part in India. Our members and probationers in Calcutta and Kidderpore now numbered over one hundred. The whole number in our Mission then was about five hundred; and our appointments, as announced by the bishop at the close of the Conference session, stood thus: Bombay -- George Bowen, W. E. Robbins, James Shaw. The Deccan (Poonah, Lanowli, Deksal, etc.) D. O. Fox. Central India, Albert Norton, George K. Gilder. Bengal (Calcutta) J. M. Thoburn, C. W. Christian.

We had at the same time a cause developing at Secunderabad, through the agency of Brother Walter Winckler, a nephew of Mrs. Miles. When but four months converted to God he gave us valuable help in the Poonah siege, and was then appointed by government as a civil engineer to Secunderabad, in the Nizam's kingdom, to build a section of the government railway. He arrived there an entire stranger, but soon commenced witnessing for Jesus to a number of soldiers in a cowshed. Next he went among the civilians, and got some of them saved. Then he was taken ill, and Dr. Trimmell, the civil surgeon, a good man in his way, came to see him; and by some sort of mutual improvement society the Lord used the doctor to cure Winckler's body and used Winckler as a witnessing agent in getting the doctor's soul into the hands of the great Physician, and he was healed.

During the year 1874 Brother Bowen visited Secunderabad and organized our Church there, of which Winckler, under God -- daily hard at work making the railroad and preparing the way of the Lord as well -- was the founder.

Later in the year Brother Shaw spent a few months there and greatly extended the work. Later still I spent a few days there, and found a healthy, growing, working church of God, of more than one hundred members and probationers, besides scores of converts who had not joined our body. We had one hundred and twenty communicants at the sacramental service which I held among them. Dr. Trimmell, my kind host, told me that becoming a Methodist -- and hence a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks -- he has daily done two hours' more work than before with less fatigue. He was what is called in many circles a temperance man before, never known to be the worse for liquor; but he thought he could not get through with his excessive work without artificial stimulation, especially when up all night with the sick. Now he finds that he was quite mistaken before, and instead of loss he has gained a greatly improved condition of nerve, muscle, and brain, with a clear gain in time of two hours per day. He gave me the testimony of a Mohammedan merchant concerning the work of God in Secunderabad, as seen and noted by the Mohammedans.

An army officer owed this merchant a bill, and seemed more disposed to lay out his money for drink than to pay it. The Mohammedan said to him, "If you will give up drink like these

Methodists I'll give you the amount of your bill. These Methodists are all teetotalers. They are willing to pay a fair price for an article, with but few words about it, and always pay their bills."

Brother Wale, our recording steward there, gave me similar testimony from a Parsee merchant, who has a very large general store in Secunderabad. The Parsee said to a man who came into his shop, "Have you joined the Methodists yet?"

"No; I have not."

"Well, I advise you to join them, for they are a very good people. They don't want an article for less than it is worth, and they always pay their bills."

"But," replied the man, "they are all teetotalers, and don't buy any of your wine and spirits."

"Yes, I know that but though I sell them to other people I know the Methodists are right; and, moreover, spending no money for grog, they have the more to lay out for things of value to them; and I never have any trouble with Methodist bills, for they are always paid promptly."

On my way to the said session of the India Conference in Lucknow I called at Cawnpore to see my friend James Condon, M.D., civil surgeon of that station. He has a brother in Madras, surgeon in her majesty's Twenty-first Fusiliers, E. H. Condon, M.D. Dr. James had long been in correspondence with his brother about the work of God in connection with my ministry; and now, when I went to his house, he read to me a letter he had just received from his brother in Madras, stating that for months he had been trying to get the missionaries of that city to invite me to go there, and that Rev. Mr. Barton, of the Church Mission, warmly favored it, and brought the question of inviting me before the January meeting of their monthly Conference, but that it was not concurred in, and that he would invite me on his own responsibility, and deputed Dr. James to urge me to go, as the need of a stirring up there was the greatest need of that city.

I replied to Dr. James Condon, "Having Calcutta on my hands, I cannot possibly promise anything, and certainly cannot go to Madras for months to come."

But when Dr. Thoburn joined me and was appointed preacher in charge of our work in Calcutta I suddenly found myself foot-loose, and told the doctor to write his brother that, the Lord willing, I would go by the first steamship from Calcutta. Having hastily put Brother Thoburn into line, I sailed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Indias* for Madras.

I paid my own fare, first-class, one hundred rupees. I was nearly used up by excessive work, and the best accommodations were the cheapest for me. By the mercy of God the voyage restored me.

Before sailing, however, I received a letter of invitation direct from Dr. E. H. Condon, asking me to make his house my home while in Madras, adding that Colonel Goddard, Dr. Vansomeran, and Mr. Bowden were associated with him in asking me to come to Madras, and would back me to the utmost of their ability, but that he hoped I would not organize a church there.

I replied, "I will leave that entirely to the Lord's leading, as he may manifest it clearly, not only to me, but to you and your friends. I cannot certainly anticipate his will in the matter, but must leave myself entirely free to accept his decisions and yield obedience to his will as he shall make it known to us.

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39 -- MADRAS, BANGALORE, AND ONWARD

Sketch of Madras and its Population -- The Wesleyans in South India -- Introduction to the Nonconformists -- The Ragged School in Blacktown -- Learning to Sing in Fifteen Minutes -- Preaching in the Open Air -- Services in Evangelistic Hall -- People Crowd to the Services -- Penitents and Converts -- We Transfer to Memorial Hall -- Caring for the Converts -- Bands Organize -- Help of Bowen and Miles -- Advance on Perambore -- Brief Stay in Palaveram -- Notice of Philip B. Gordon -- Building of Pandal -- Gathering in the Children -- Second School in the Esplanade -- Visit to Mysore -- Other Places of Interest -- Clarendon Hall is Tendered -- The Heavy Rain -- Tearing Down Our Posters -- Second Quarterly Meeting in Madras -- Contract for a Cheap Chapel -- A Society Organized at Arconam -- District Conference at Bombay -- Robbins' Letter about the Converts -- Delay in Arrival of New Missionaries -- Hard, Goodwin, and Robinson Reach India -- Separating for the Conquest of the Country -- Work of God in Agra -- Osborne's Powerful Preaching -- I Assist Dr. Fraser -- Agra to be Included in India Mission Conference -- Journeying to Lahore and Sindh -- Review of My Work in the "Bombay Guardian" -- Call from Moody and Sankey -- I am Credited with Raising up a Working Church in India -- Statements of Receipts and Expenditures

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The city of Madras was a small Hindu village, in which a plot of ground was marked out by the Rajah of Chundergiree as a trading post for the East India Company. They erected a factory in 1639, which in the intervening centuries has expanded into this great city. At that early period, to give confidence to the native merchants, a fortification was built and twelve guns mounted upon it; and they named it Fort St. George. This is the fort in which my brother and hospitable host, Dr. Condon, his estimable wife, his sister, and two little daughters resided. I found my way to their happy home on Tuesday, the 4th of February, 1874.

The population of Madras, according to a then recent census, was as follows: Europeans, 3,613; Eurasians or East Indians of European descent, 12,018; Hindus, 330,052; Mohammedans, 50,964; others, 910. Total, 397,557.

The Wesleyans have done a great deal of most important seed sowing in South India, and have a great educational work, especially in Madras and Bangalore, but have not yet had so great success in India as they have in other countries. Of course the difficulties are greater in regard to the heathen, but among a population of over fifteen thousand Europeans and East Indians, after a period of sixty years of work in Madras, to have but eighty-six English-speaking members showed clearly that there was room for our Church which it has pleased God to plant there, not to antagonize but help them in their great soul-saving mission.

On Thursday, February 6, Dr. Condon introduced me to all the Nonconformist ministers of the city, the missionaries of the Church Mission, and a few of the more liberal of the Establishment, in their own houses.

Rev. W. Miller, of the Free Church of Scotland, gave us permission to use their Evangelistic Hall for our first series of special services, to commence on Monday night, the 10th of February.

Sabbath, 9th. Having no appointment for morning preaching I accepted Miss Condon's invitation to visit the Ragged School in Blacktown.

She said, "We have over one hundred poor children there, who are taught for an hour and then a breakfast is given them. They are greatly interested in the breakfast, but very dull as learners."

"Do you teach them to sing"

"O, no; they are too stupid for that; they don't seem to have any capacity except for food."

"Well, I will engage to teach them to sing a hymn and tune in fifteen minutes."

So we went to the school, and found Dr. Vansomeran, his earnest Christian wife, two daughters, and a son, Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, and others engaged in this work. I was asked to address the school. I said, "I will first teach these children to sing. We can do that in fifteen minutes. These gentlemen can look at their watches and see that these children can learn to sing in the given time. Now, children, I have said you can learn to sing in a quarter of an hour. Your teachers love you, and they have got a good breakfast ready for you out there, but they don't believe that you can sing. I am sure you can. Now open your ears and I will put the song into you. Don't open your mouths till the song gets in; and when you feel it trying to get out at the ends of your fingers and toes, then open your mouths and we shall all hear the song rolling out like little water brooks after the showers of spring. Now we will begin:

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?"

I repeated this verse for about five minutes, and then said, "I see you are getting filled with song; now all of you open your mouths and sing the chorus after me."

They mastered the chorus in about two minutes, and the verse and tune in five minutes more, and before the fifteen minutes were out I was quiet and the mass of children singing the whole thing themselves, to the astonishment and delight of their teachers.

In the evening, according to previous announcement, I preached in the open air, at the back of the schoolhouse, where I met the children this morning. After preaching Dr. Condon and Colonel Goddard related their Christian experience. We had one or two seekers.

Monday, 10th. This evening we commenced our series of services in the Evangelistic Hall, which seats about three hundred persons, and was packed with attentive hearers of all sorts, including twenty or thirty Hindus. After preaching I went with Dr. Condon to the monthly Missionary Conference at the house of Rev. Mr. McDonald, of the Church Mission. The regular topic for the evening was postponed, and I was invited to occupy the time. I gave them an account of how God had led me in the organization of the Bombay and Bengal Mission, and of its peculiar principles of self-denial on the part of its ministers, self-support by its people, and the self-reliance of its converts. I gave them a number of examples of converted Parsees, Hindus, and others, illustrative of the practicability of carrying out the Gospel principle of self-reliance, under which Jews and Gentiles alike were expected, when converted to God, to go home to their friends and tell them what great things the Lord had done for them.

It was but a month before that an invitation to Madras was refused me; now I stood among them as a sort of wonder; but they received me as kindly as they could, some with real pleasure and some in meekness, as they would other inevitable visitations. I had, upon the whole, a very good meeting with these dear men of God, and with their wives, who were present as well.

Tuesday, 11th. Hall again crowded this evening and a great awakening. I called for seekers to come to the front, where I could get access to them to instruct them, pray for them, and lead them to Jesus. About thirty came, a large proportion of whom afterward testified that they had obtained the pardon of their sins and peace with God. These services were kept up four days in the week for three weeks, and preaching every Saturday evening for the New Town Prayer Meeting Committee in the Baptist chapel for three months.

We went from the Evangelistic Hall to the Memorial Hall, built in memory of God's mercy in preserving Madras from any outbreak in the mutiny of 1857. It is a fine hall, to seat about six hundred, centrally located, and is, as the Exeter Hall of London, available for all religious and other popular assemblies. We had that hall well filled four days in each of four weeks. We next got the use of the London Mission native chapel, in Pursewakum, a very populous district of this straggling city of Madras. We afterward rented that chapel and established regular Sabbath preaching services in it. Later Dr. Condon and his friends built, seated, and lighted (at the cost of one thousand rupees) a pandal, forty feet by sixty in size, on the Esplanade. The city authorities would not give us permission to occupy the site for a longer period than three months, but it became such a place of popular resort five nights in each week, and productive of so much good, that they kindly renewed our free lease, to run on indefinitely.

Each night of our services I wrote down the name and address of each person professing to find Jesus, and next day, or as soon as possible, called to see the converts. Those whom I found to be connected with the Baptists or Wesleyans, or wherever they were likely to be well cared for and do good, I advised to remain, and discontinued my pastoral visits to such, amounting to perhaps a couple of hundred persons; but all such as were not actual members of any Church, or

merely nominal members, especially of ritualistic Churches, with not much probability of pastoral nurture such as they needed, I organized into fellowship bands in private houses.

Our first band was organized on Saturday, the 22d of February, 1874, at the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, No. 20 Anderson Street, Blacktown. She, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, found peace with God the first week of our services.

On Sabbath morning, the 23d, Band No. 2 was organized at the house of Captain Barton. He was formerly a shipmaster, but then in Lloyds' Survey Agency.

Band No. 3 was organized soon after, on Sabbath afternoon, at the house of Mr. Burr, in Pursewakum; No. 4 at the house of Widow Swain, in Chindarapet, to meet every Wednesday at 7 a.m. She and her household and Dr. Lynsdale, her son-in-law, and his large family were brought to God at one of our Saturday night meetings in New Town. Band No. 5 was organized at the house of Mr. Joseph Monk, in Parktown, near the Memorial Hall, to meet every Tuesday at 7 a.m.; Band No. 6 in the house of Mr. Joseph Reardon, near Pursewakum Chapel, for Sabbath at 5 p.m. Band No. 7 was organized in the house of Sergeant Ballantyne, to meet each Thursday at 7 a.m.; Band No. 8 in New Town, for every Saturday afternoon. Eight bands organized within about a month of my arrival in Madras.

In addition to the special services six days per week in different parts of the city I led these eight bands weekly myself for five or six months, till I could develop leaders for them from among our newly converted men.

Early in May, Brother Bowen visited Madras and gave us a few valuable discourses, both in the city and in Perambore.

Sister George Miles gave us a few days of valuable service. Soon after Sister Raitt came and helped us for six months, organizing female prayer meetings, attending the bands, visiting families and the sick, and in every possible way helping on the work of God. She works in a very quiet way, but very effectively for good. After I left Madras Dr. Condon wrote me that Mrs. Raitt was worth her weight in diamonds. Brother Walter Winckler came and delivered a few able discourses.

Our first advance out of the city, early in May, was to Perambore, famed for its great railway works and for the wickedness of the mass of its people. About twenty persons from there received Jesus in our meetings in Pursewakum, and walked three miles each Sunday afternoon to attend fellowship class at Brother Reardon's. I saw clearly that God would have me organize in their own town rather than have them walk three miles weekly to meet us in the city. They soon after bought a lot and built a place of worship, and with a little help from the city paid for it, and there that beautiful prediction of Isaiah had another fulfillment, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Mr. John James, of Salem, two hundred and seven miles from Madras, on the line of rail to Baypore on the west coast, who had formerly lived in Perambore when it was considered the vestibule of perdition, hearing of the marvelous change in so many of his friends there, came to

see what it was, and found that the half had not been told him. While there he submitted himself to God and received Jesus as his Saviour. He returned to Salem and opened his own house for meetings, and, though he was at first laughed at and jeered, within a few weeks he got ten of his neighbors converted to God, and now we have a living, growing Church of God in Salem Station.

About the middle of May by invitation of Chaplain Grove, I went for a few week days eleven miles out, to Palaveram.

Palaveram is a military station especially for the residence of veterans, who, having fulfilled their term of service, have their choice to go home to England or settle down in that place and do light military duty and receive rations and pay. Many, having married East Indian women, prefer to remain. So in a short time we had a great work among the veterans and their families.

Among the many good men God has given us in Madras I make grateful mention of Philip B. Gordon, a Scotchman by descent, a lawyer by profession. In addition to his successful attention to his legal profession he has for thirty years been a diligent student of the vernaculars of southern India. He received Christ about the 6th of July, and at once was drawn out by the sympathy and love of Jesus to devote all his leisure to preaching to the natives, and preaches with marvelous power in Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Hindustani, and English; a most valuable worker for God.

In the month of June we bought a small lot for two hundred and seventy-one rupees, in Pudupet Road, in Madras, and built a pandal at a cost of two hundred and fifty rupees, forty-six by sixty-seven feet; the seats and lights made an extra cost of about two hundred rupees. Brother and Sister Fitzgerald were the leading workers in getting up this pandal, and the native school in it, the banner school of our new system of education in India, namely, the Sunday school principle applied to every day in the week except Saturday: voluntary unpaid teachers; school from 7 to 9 a.m., giving half an hour longer to all who wish to learn to sing Christian Tamil lyrics.

The pandal is covered over with about three inches of clean sea sand. The little Hindu children sit down in it, and each one smoothing a little square in front of him writes as instructed by the teacher in the sand with the forefinger.

Sister Duckworth has a class of usually about thirty little ones near the door. After she thus teaches them to write the Tamil alphabet and give the sounds they graduate to a higher class. They learn to read the Bible in about three months. This school in a few weeks ran up to one hundred and twenty-five scholars; some were poor East Indian children, but the mass of them Hindus.

Soon a second school was opened in the Esplanade pandal. Lawyer Gordon opened it with prayer. The first day they had more teachers than scholars, but before the week was out they had sixty-five Hindu and thirteen East Indian children, who had, in addition to the regular studies, learned the tune and words of a Tamil hymn.

One day the singing teacher did not come, and Sister Raitt said, "Who will start the tune?" and up jumped a Hindu boy and led the choir.

During my absence at Bangalore and other new fields, before I could appoint a minister to take charge of the Madras Circuit, it was worked for a period of over two months by their own lay agency, with Sister Raitt to use the circuit horse and carriage in visiting, and made steady onward progress in every department of the work.

Before leaving Madras I baptized six Hindus who had publicly come out as seekers and professed conversion to God.

Bangalore is the capital of the native province of Mysore, a large native city and military station.

My first visit was about the first of August, in company with Lawyer Gordon, who owns property there. I was his guest in one of his houses which he keeps furnished and occupied by servants as a home for himself, his family, or friends when visiting that city. Brother Gordon, having just received Jesus, was like a sponge ready for the living waters.

I found that St. John's Hill and Richmond Town were very populous centers about two miles apart, and the only places of worship near either were high ritualists or Romanists; so I asked Brother Gordon to secure a lot for a chapel in Richmond Town, and my friend J. D. Jordan, to secure a lot on St. John's Hill. They each succeeded in getting a good church lot on reasonable terms in very good localities.

I deputed Brother Jordan to secure a ball and make arrangements for a house for special services on my return. In due time he wrote me that Judge Lacey, of Mysore, had tendered me the use of Clarendon Hall, a mansion with a large central and transverse front hall, giving sittings for about three hundred persons.

The rains continued to pour in heavy torrents through September, so that I did not return to Bangalore till about the 25th of that month. Brother Gordon and I arrived on Tuesday morning. Brother Jordan was confined to his house with illness, so that all arrangements for seating and lighting the hall had yet to be made. It was still raining, and the lookout was very gloomy, but we went to work, and before night we had borrowed seats and bought lights and had the hall all ready. Owing to the uncertainty of the weather and other conditions, no announcement had been made of our services. Dr. Condon had some large posters printed for Bangalore special services, and we had them posted the first day, but they were torn off the walls, so that I never heard of but two or three that were seen by the people who would be likely to come; so the first and second nights I had only twenty-four persons in attendance, but when the news of our services got out we had our hall crowded. Up to Friday night we had more than twenty persons forward as seekers, and a few saved. Then I returned to Madras for the Sabbath--distance two hundred and sixteen miles. That was the Sabbath of our second quarterly meeting in Madras, and a glorious meeting it was. Many had come into the light and liberty of assured discipleship. Lieutenants George Rumsay and Jacob Hodgins, of her majesty's Eighteenth Hussars, and Lieutenant Russell, of the Ninth Battery, received Jesus and salvation, and gave us great assistance in many ways; over thirty soldiers, with a number of their wives, also became soldiers of the Lord Jesus at those services, and large numbers of civilians -- the Laceys, the Barrows, the Stevensons, the Mershes, the Marshes, the Devereuxs, the Duckworths, the Brittons, the Barneses, the Margenos, the Palmers, and the

Thomases, and a Hindu family living with the Palmers, Mrs. Judge' Gordon, Miss Martha' Shaw, and many more, numbering altogether one hundred and forty converts during the campaign of less than seven weeks, one hundred of whom united with us in church fellowship and were organized into four fellowship bands, one every Wednesday at Dr. Barrows'; one on Tuesday at Mr. Marsh's, on St. John's Hill; one at Clarendon Hall, on Thursday; and one on Saturday, at Mrs. Buchanan's, in Wood Street, Chuley. Sister Helen Lacey rendered us great service in spiritual work and in raising funds.

Meantime the contract was let for building a cheap chapel on our lot on St. John's Hill, thirty feet by seventy. I appointed Rev. James Shaw, one of our ministers in Bombay, to the charge of this new circuit, and initiated him into the work before I left the field; and soon after his wife and three children joined him. The preacher in charge and his family were all well proved for by this new organization.

From Bangalore I returned to Madras and remained nine days, including two Sabbaths, and then, accompanied by Brother Haudin, spent a week on the Madras railway line, and organized a society at Arconam, another at Jollarapet, and another at Salem Station (where John James laid the foundations), distant respectively from Madras forty-two, one hundred and thirty-two, and two hundred and seven miles. Thence we went to Secunderabad and spent a few days in Walter Winckler's circuit, and had one hundred and twenty sisters and brothers at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Thence Haudin returned to Madras; and I proceeded to Poonah for a few days, and thence to our District Conference in Bombay.

As usual we had a glorious love feast in Bombay, as we had in Poonah the week preceding, at each of which about eighty persons told of their trials. and triumphs in the service of God. On this occasion, in Bombay, three more of Krishna Chowey's kindred were saved, and I baptized them at the love feast: Unupren Cannan, aged forty-two years; Sunderi Butti, aged thirteen; and Paidal Butti, aged ten.

These I heard from afterward, and they were getting on well. Rev. W. E. Robbins, in a letter dated March 29, 1875, says: " In the school where Paidal is going a heathen boy a few days ago accused him wrongfully. Another heathen lad took his part, saying, 'Paidal is a Christian, and will not tell a lie,' and went on defending the Christian boy before the heathen school till they honorably acquitted him of blame or suspicion." By their fruits ye shall know them.

Part of my business in Bombay at this time was to meet three missionaries from New York, sent us by our Mission Board. I expected to return to Bangalore and Madras, and thence, from Calcutta, to Shahjehanpore, to the annual meeting of the Indian Mission Conference in January; but on account of delay in the arrival of our new missionaries and a change in the time of Conference session (from the 14th to the 6th of January, 1875), I was unable to return south.

Our dear brethren, Revs. C. P. Hard, Franklin. Goodwin, and John E. Robinson, arrived in good health the day after our love feast; but we extemporized another, and had a grand rally of our people, who were greatly refreshed by the rich testimony of our new men and their grand singing, all being good musicians and singers. They arrived on Friday and left for their work on the ensuing Monday.

Soon after their arrival our new missionaries said to each other, "Now we must separate; but we shall probably see each other occasionally during the year." I informed them that Madras was eight hundred miles south of Bombay, and Kurrachee eight hundred and twenty-one miles north, so that when they wished to converse with each other they would stand at the respectful distance of sixteen hundred miles apart! Brother Robinson would be about half way between Bombay and Madras.

The brethren did not know how they would get to their work, as they, according to agreement, came to us "without purse or scrip;" but when the time came to start each one found his bedding, new and clean, all strapped and ready, tickets for travel, and funds for the journey put into their hands by our stewards. The missionaries were so surprised by such things that they came and told me all about it as news for my information.

In the spring of 1874 five of my members in Calcutta belonging to the government telegraph -- Brother Bates, and Brothers De Sylva and Suell and their wives -- were sent to Agra.

While on this trip to Bombay I received a letter from Brother Bates, giving a detailed account of the work of God in Agra. On his arrival he found Brothers E. O'Daugherty and L. A. De Prazer, from Brother Osborne's church in Allahabad, and Brother J. Smith. from Lucknow, and organized them with the same members from Calcutta into a fellowship band. Then after a few weeks they wrote for Brother Osborne to come and help them; and by his powerful preaching, under God, many were brought to Christ. Before his return to Allahabad he left an organized church of forty converted people in Agra with no pastoral care except from occasional visits by Brother Gladwin, from Cawnpore, and they were anxious for me to help them and send them a missionary. So I went from Bombay to Agra, preaching on the way two nights at Jubbulpore. I labored a few days at Agra in company with Dr. Fraser, from Poonah, and lodged at the house of his son-in-law, Captain Angelo. We had a few persons saved; I conducted their first watchnight service, and the infant church was quickened. But though my Calcutta members organized the first class, and though Agra territorially belonged to the Bombay and Bengal Mission, I stipulated with Brother Mansell, a presiding elder, that for the present they might include it in the India Mission Conference work and supply it, provided they would conduct it on our self-supporting principles, which they promised to do; and at the ensuing Conference Brother Gladwin was appointed superintendent of the Agra Circuit.

From the Conference in Shahjehanpore I went to Lahore, en route to Sinde; but in helping my Presbyterian brethren, Brothers Forman and the three missionary Newtons, in special services, I was detained in that city till I received an invitation to come to London. The letter containing it, written in December, was sent to Madras, and had to be forwarded to me in Lahore, nearly two thousand five hundred miles distant; hence it did not reach me till the middle of February. I was so intent on pushing my work in India that I did not for a moment entertain the thought of leaving at that time; but the next day I saw it was God's will that I should combine that with my visit to my family, and come away at once. The following, containing some confirmatory evidence from the pen of Rev. George Bowen in regard to our Mission, is clipped from the Bombay Guardian of February 27, 1875:

"The Rev. William Taylor has received a letter from Mr. R. C. Morgan, editor of Christian, in which, after giving an account of the plan of Messrs. Moody and Sankey carry on a preaching campaign of four months in London, he says:

"Mr. Moody has requested me to write to you, in the hope that the Lord may give you to hear in this invitation the cry, "Come over and help us." Of course all expenses will be guaranteed. I may remind you that London is the metropolis of the world, and that to move this mighty city as it never has been moved is worth any effort which any number of men of God can put forth. . . . We fervently hope that it may be our Father's good pleasure to appoint you as one of his ambassadors in this great work.'

"It is seven years and a half since Mr. Taylor has seen his wife and children. His wife is a woman of kindred spirit to his own, taking the deepest interest in the work which the Lord has been accomplishing through him; nor has she ever once asked him to leave this work and come home till now; in the last letter received from her she for the first time expresses the desire, not for her own sake so much as for that of his sons, now fast growing to manhood. .

"During the last three years Mr. Taylor has given himself heart and soul to this antecedent and preparatory work of raising up, through the blessing of God, a witnessing and working Church, embracing men and women of all nationalities, but mostly using the English language, with this idea dominant in the hearts of all, that they are commissioned of God to show forth his saying truth to the Gentiles among whom they live. . . . The converts have been mostly among the middle or lower classes; yet there has been no lack of funds. Six missionaries came from America to join the mission work superintended by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and the expense of their passage from America was all that the Missionary Society was asked to defray. . . . The total disbursements amounted to 7,733 rupees. This embraces expenditure, not only in Bombay, but in a number of places where the work was in its infancy. The receipts were 7,042 rupees A surplus at the beginning of 1874 supplied the deficiency. Of the receipts 3,291 rupees was collected in fellowship bands, 2,735 rupees in the congregations, and 1,012 rupees by subscriptions and donations. Mr. Taylor has taken nothing from the churches which he has been the means of raising up in India, not even his traveling expenses. Just so far as these churches shall be animated by the same self-renouncing spirit they may expect to accomplish the end for which they have been raised up.

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40 -- SUMMARY AND REVIEW

Cost and Character of Our Chapels -- Good News from Thoburn -- Additional Workers -- Extract from Dr. Thoburn's Circular -- Our Chapel in Dhurramtollah Street -- Question of a Larger Place of Worship -- Reasons for Building a Commodious Place -- Appeal to the Christian Public of India -- Christmas Festival in Madras -- Outline of the Services -- C. P. Hard the New Pastor -- His Letter to the Superintendent -- Schools and Available Resources -- Brother Hard's Second Letter, with Statistics -- Extract from "Bombay Guardian" -- Gordon's Translation of Tracts -- The Printing Done -- Hard's Anecdote of the Inebriate -- Gloria's Account of his Conversion -- Robinson's Report to Hard -- He Sketches the Field of his Endeavor -- Review of the Work in

Bombay up to 1875 -- The Leading Workers -- What the "Bombay Guardian" Said About Me and the Falsehoods Relative to My Work -- State of Affairs in Poonah and Baroda -- Robbins' Letter Relative to Bombay Circuit -- The Work at Egutpoora -- The Drunken Engine Driver -- A Hard Pull at Kurrachee -- Questions and Answers Respecting Self-support -- Our Working Force -- Endorsement by Bishop Harris -- Distrust of the Hindus -- Caustic Advice to One of Our Editors -- Extract from a London Circular -- My Work in India Discussed -- Our Bishop's Visit an Occasion of Joy -- Other Bishops in India -- Question of a Missionary Bishop -- Views of the Matter in 1875 -- My Commission -- The Lord Reigneth

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Our chapel in Dhurramtollah Street was opened by the superintendent of the circuit, Brother Thoburn, about a fortnight after I left for Madras. The naked building cost about eight thousand four hundred rupees, which, with gas fixtures, seats, etc., ran up to a total, including price of the lot, of about sixteen thousand rupees; and everything was done on the most reasonable terms. Having received ten thousand rupees from Bombay, it seemed to leave but little for our people in Calcutta to do; but their means were so limited that it was a matter of great concern to know where the money was to come from, having already built and paid for the chapel in Zigzag Lane. It is a principle of our Mission not to go in debt.

So we built and worked in Calcutta, and I was filled with joy and gratitude to God on receipt of a telegram from Brother Thoburn saying that the chapel was opened without an anna of debt, and that money was given at the opening, in addition, for a large Sunday school library. The house would not contain the people, and souls were saved the first day. Brother Thoburn next spent three months in Naini Tal, and had a blessed work there, that being the summer seat of government for the Northwest Provinces. The presence of Sir William Muer and his family added greatly to the religious influence of the place. Brother Thoburn got Rev. Henry Mansell, Presiding Elder of Lucknow District, to supply for him in Calcutta during his absence; and well and efficiently he did it. Meantime the Lord gave us two additional preachers for the Calcutta work.

As an index to the progress of the work in Calcutta I will here insert parts of a circular letter issued by Brother Thoburn when I was last in that city:

"For some time past the congregation worshipping in the Methodist Episcopal chapel, Dhurramtollah Street, Calcutta, have been put to much inconvenience for want of a larger place of worship. When the present chapel was built it was not thought probable that a very large congregation would be gathered together, at least for some years; and as the members were few in number and limited in means, an inexpensive building was erected, intended to accommodate comfortably about four hundred persons. From the very first, however, the place has proved too small; so much so that in the very hottest weather six hundred persons were crowded into it every Sunday evening, and often from fifty to a hundred stood by the windows outside. Among those who came were usually from thirty to fifty educated Hindus; and it is believed that many more of this class would have attended but for the difficulty of obtaining seats.

"The very great inconvenience of worshipping in so crowded a place, together with the desire to find room for the scores who had to be turned away from the door, led to the resolution to engage the Corinthian Theater for Sunday evening services.

"We have thus been led step by step to consider the question of erecting a much larger place of worship, a church, or tabernacle, large enough to hold about two thousand persons, built in plain but substantial style and adapted to its specific purpose as a place into which the surrounding masses may be gathered to hear the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

"It is believed, also, that such a building would often prove a most convenient place for large religious assemblies such as have been held in Calcutta during the past year. At present there is no audience room in the city suitable for such meetings. The Town Hall, the only room large enough, is very inconveniently situated, and has such bad acoustic qualities as to be practically useless. The churches are all too small, and a large audience room like that proposed, in the central part of the city and adapted to the purpose of public worship, would most effectively supply a long-felt want. Although retained as the special place of worship of the congregation who build it and to whom it will belong, it would always be available for those large religious assemblies in which all the churches have a common interest.

"The probable cost of this building, including site, can hardly be less than sixty-five thousand rupees, and may be seventy-five thousand. It is impossible to make an accurate estimate until a site is selected; but under the most favorable circumstances it will be impossible to erect such a place of worship for less than sixty-five thousand rupees. Such a sum can only be obtained by a general appeal to those interested in this special work, and to the many others who, scattered over India, are interested in every good work which seems to give promise of helping forward God's work in this land. It is believed that this is an enterprise in which Christian people in all parts of India may rightfully claim an interest. All the provinces of the empire are represented here, and strangers from all parts of the country, not to say of the world, may here find an open door inviting them to enter and hear the word of life.

"On behalf of the congregation engaged in this enterprise the undersigned begs to appeal to the Christian public of Calcutta and of India to assist in erecting this place of worship. The work has been undertaken after much earnest prayer and careful watching of God's providential indications, and this appeal is made with a profound conviction that God would have us build this place for the preaching of his Gospel. The work is his, and to his people the appeal for help is made. J.

M. Thoburn

"Calcutta, February 4, 1874"

The following item, from the Calcutta Daily News, is an index to the subject of churches and Gospel hearers in that city. The said census was taken in January, 1875:

"There are fifteen Protestant churches in Calcutta, of which seven are established. The attendance at all the churches on a Sunday evening last month was 4, 165. Of this number 2,241 were at the non-established churches."

A Christmas treat was given to our two-day schools in the city of Madras. The Madras Daily News had the following notice:

"Pudupet Banner School. This school, opened by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, has been very successfully worked by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the free system. The children, numbering one hundred and forty-three on the register, mustered at Pudupet pandal at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon to enjoy the Christmas treat which was got for them by the superintendent and teachers of the school. Among those present were noticed the Rev. C. P. Hard, Captain Newman, R.A., Dr. E. H. Condon, P. B. Gordon, and other members of the Methodist Church. The children sang two beautiful hymns, 'Shall we Gather at the River?' and 'The Gospel Ship;' then followed the singing of the grace, and the children sat down to a rich repast, to which they did ample justice. After this they sang 'We'll Journey Together to Zion' and 'We are Coming, Blessed Saviour!' followed by the native girls, who sang two Tamil hymns about the 'Birth of Christ' and the 'Impenitent Sinner,' which did great credit to the school. A short address was then delivered to the children by Captain Newman, who spoke on happiness here and in the world to come.

"Dr. Condon then introduced the new pastor, the Rev. C. P. Hard, who next spoke, congratulated the teachers on their success and the large attendance, and then giving the children, as well as the teachers, good and sound advice, urged them to go on steadily. Thirty other poor children of the neighborhood were also treated to the dainties. Great thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the teachers for getting up this treat. The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. C. P. Hard, which brought this delightful evening's entertainment to a close."

The work in Madras is developed and extended marvelously, as a few extracts from letters will show. Brother Hard, in a letter dated Madras, December 28, 1874, writes:

"Dear Superintendent: Safe arrival, after joyous journey; crowds of friends, full salvation, good health, plenty to do -- I need not complete the sentence, which started to tell you that I am very happy. Ten days in India have been a delight. Perhaps I should give a brief report of self and charge. Well, I preached at Lanowli on Monday night; Poonah, Tuesday night; Gooty, Thursday morning; Puddapah, Thursday night; Esplanade, Saturday night, and Sabbath morning at eight; Pudupet, Sabbath morning at eleven; Perambore, Sabbath afternoon at two; Pursewakum, Sabbath evening at six. A hundred stayed in a precious prayer meeting at Pursewakum after the sermon. One fine young lady of Salem all broken to pieces; turned to the Saviour for the first time.

"I preach there tonight. We rally at the Esplanade pandal Wednesday and Saturday nights this week. Five watchnight meetings on Thursday, from 9 to 12 p.m.: Jollarapet, Arconam, Perambore, the Esplanade, and Salem.

"The day schools will be resumed after the holidays, January 4. The Sunday school library is in a box at my feet.

"Our missionary collection taken in one place will be completed at the watch meetings and reported to you.

"The pastor's study is nice. The pastoral administration of Sister Raitt has been admirable. She will stay some time. Brother Aitken is shut up in the sick room. Brothers Gordon, Goddard, and Condon are in good preaching trim. The two latter leave India for England in April.

"Quarterly Conference and love feast on Monday evening, January 4, when the licenses will probably be given as you named.

Your son,
Clark."

The following dispatch will speak for itself:

"Madras, January 5, 1875

"Dear Superintendent: Memorial Hall was full last evening, the Methodists being there. The Quarterly Conference at 8 p.m. in the Esplanade pandal was good. Licenses were granted to Brothers Gordon, Haudin, and Peters, as I said you had proposed their names. Brother Peters is to teach me Tamil three times per week, from 12 to 2 p.m. Brothers Haudin and Peters are to be students in my theological seminary.

"The register of the church now made up shows that our circuit has a total of three hundred and fifty members. We were delighted with the Pudupet school this morning; one hundred and five scholars. Five sought the Lord at Jollarapet watch-night service. Brother James writes me that he held a good watch meeting at Salem, and they have four meetings per week. Colonel Goddard's physician has forbidden his preaching at all.

"In the missionary money which your work gives to the India Conference treasury you may put in Report, forty rupees from Madras, and I will send you draft if you order it, or to the treasurer, whose name you will send me. With the love of all,

"Yours,
Clark"

I clip the following from the Bombay Guardian:

"Sir: The translation of a selection of very excellent tracts from the New York Methodist Tract Society's list was undertaken in January by P. B. Gordon, who is a local preacher in the Madras Circuit. A man of fifty years of age, brought into a glorious experience of salvation during the past twelve months, and a thorough student of the languages of India for many years, is now being utilized, as he has charge of the Tamil preachers and preaching in the circuit. He was impressed with the power of the tracts placed in his hands by his pastor, and was moved by the Holy Spirit to begin their translation in terms which the common people will read gladly. They lead to a present salvation -- Jesus mighty to save now.

"Sixty thousand pages have been printed in January. The list thus far is as follows:

"No. 1. A Plain Question -- leading the inquirer to Christ.

"No. 2. Come to Jesus. By Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

"No. 3. The Value of Christ's Precious Blood.

"No. 4. Faith and Good Works, a tract putting aside the latter as a ground of salvation, and explaining the former.

"No. 5. A Voice from One in Heaven.

"No. 6. The Supreme Deity of Christ Proved, a sermon by Rev. Elijah Hedding, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, with a Tamil glossary of four pages added by the translator.

"The printing of these has been obtained much more cheaply than is usual because of the constancy of employment given to a special printer. New editions will be struck off as required. The work is well done. The translator is recognized as one of the finest Tamil scholars in southern India. Four thousand pages may be obtained for five rupees of the Secretary of the Methodist Tract Society of Madras, namely, Mr. H. Wallace, Anderson Street, Madras."

Rev. Brother Hard, in a letter' dated April 9, 1875, gives many further interesting details of the work of God in Madras. I will clip but one incident from it:

"A stranger came here about the middle of March and introduced himself to me as Robert B., superintendent of the lithographing department of government, saying. he had heard that I could persuade men to do right. 'Come and see my brother Charles; he is in a drunken spree; we can do nothing, perhaps you can save him.' I got in his carriage -- midday hot -- and he took me to Poonamalee Road. As we drove into the compound Charles was roaming about in the scorching heat without a hat, leading his little son by the hand.' We entered the house, a beautiful home of the two brothers and their families. The wife of the drunken man was lying on the bed of sickness, having given birth to her third child three days previously, and was in consequent weakness. Charles was invited in, but would not come. I was left alone with him in the back verandah, and talked, then sang; at times he leered and staggered up to me, and then again slunk off by the wall.

"At last he was melted, as much as a very drunken man could be, and consented to go in, and took me to his room. We knelt down by his couch. At times I encouraged him that he could be saved, then sang to him, and at last got him to say words of prayer after me. As soon as prayer was done he cried out, 'Give me my liquor; you can't save me.' In the room where his wife was he sat on the edge of the bed, and said with threatening looks, pointing his finger at Mrs. B., while she was weeping, 'You have taken away my liquor; I will have it.' He hurled against the wall some helping drink which the apothecary had prepared for her. At last that day, toward evening, he was taken to the hospital because he could not be managed at home. Two days later, by written request

of his wife, I went to the hospital. He was sober, but weak and nervous; he was sorry for what had taken place and resolved to be right, but felt his utter weakness in every way. He wrote to me afterward, stating that he was passing Pudupet pandal one evening soon after he left the hospital, and was induced to go in. He heard Lawyer Gordon just then relating one of Dr. Condon's statements concerning a man who resolved often not to drink, but at last, in his drunken delirium, shot himself, and that God's help is necessary.

B. sought the Lord, and wrote to me the next day that he wanted to join our flock. Now he is in meeting almost every evening, at the Esplanade, or Pudupet, or Perambore, or Pursewakum; a splendid man in appearance, fine in bearing, bright in face, of beautiful penmanship, of good education, drawing a good salary. His wife, once a Roman Catholic, is now happy indeed. They signed the pledge on Wednesday night of this week, and are going on to Mount Zion, glad in Jesus. -- C. P. Hard"

Here is an extract from the report of a young native, brought to God since I left:

"I was converted at watch meeting three months ago, and called into the Tamil work in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Madras on Friday, the 15th of January, 1875;. From this date to the 11th of March I exhorted forty-six times, besides being with Brother Gordon at No. 2 Pandal. Since March 11 I have taken part in fifty Tamil meetings in cooperation with others. It has been mine to conduct Sunday meetings for the servants at Brother Reardon's, and also to preach to the heathen at the fountain opposite Doveton College, and by the side of the Pursewakum post office.

As to my spiritual progress, I desire to say that during these months I have had times of weeping and times of rejoicing. I am happy to declare that I have drawn nearer to God and he to me. I am sure that he has prepared a mansion for me. God be praised for his loving-kindness! -- J. Gloria"

I close the present review with Brother Robinson's report to Brother Hard, as follows:

"Secunderabad, Saturday, January 2, 1875

"Dear Brother Clark: The happiest of happy New Years, with 'grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord,' to my own dear brother in the faith! Your letter has been just handed me, and O how welcome it is! These ten days have indeed been delightful. Never has work for the Master been so blessed. Like you, I have had plenty of it, but strength and grace have been vouchsafed me. Secunderabad is a pleasant place, so far as climate is concerned. My quarters and the worshipping place are a little outside the town proper, in a very pleasant locality.

"Never have I had a deeper sense of the Father's love and care than since J arrived. The warmth of reception, the comfortable surroundings, etc., all combined with the amount of work on hand, which is my native element, fill my soul with gratitude. I board with a good, kind widow lady, Sister Summers, whose family comprises one little granddaughter. My surroundings are not perhaps just as comfortable and inviting as yours, but I am so happy and thankful.

"Last Sabbath was a delightful day. I led a prayer meeting, preached twice, and organized the Sunday school. We had twenty-seven children to organize with, and plenty of available teachers. I shall go to work on the newest and most approved American plan -- senior, intermediate, and primary. I shall have to fight to get the adults to join, but I intend to.

"The Lord is giving me power in my work. I have three preaching places besides Secunderabad (Chadarghat, Trimulgherry, and Bolarum), but they are of minor importance for the reason that they are within reach of the town, and the people come to our principal meetings regularly. Yet they must be attended to. Thank God for a band of good, earnest workers, many of them sisters, who stand by me willing to do anything for the Lord!

"Instead of a magnificent equipage like yours I am the proud and happy owner of a 'bandy,' modest, but substantial. For an animal of the equine species my people have provided me with a pair of the bovine. My Jehu can't speak a word of English, and I have quite a time with him.

"Our 'Methodist Hall' is a comfortable but by no means an elegant one. Many precious souls have been born in it, however; and that beautifies any place. Last Wednesday evening we had a glorious time. It was the occasion of our sacrament service. The glory of the Lord did fill the house. It was a memorable hour in my history. For the first time I administered the holy communion, and for the first time I welcomed members -- my members -- into the fold. Our holiness meetings are very precious. We had a grand rally for the watch night of all our stations. We had three half-hour addresses by two of my local preachers and Captain Wodehouse, a Plymouth Brother. I brought up the rear, and God helped me wonderfully. I have reason to believe that great good was done. We had Europeans, Eurasians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics present. One of the latter was a woman who three weeks ago turned one of our sisters out of her house because she distributed tracts in it. She was deeply moved.

"Let me say very gratefully, very thankfully, that I am getting a hold on some of the natives. There were four (one a Mohammedan) at our Monday evening prayer meeting, and under a special inspiration from God I presented to them some plain truths about Christ and the happy effects of embracing his religion. The Lord wonderfully supplied me with thoughts and utterance. The whole four, in response to a clearly presented suggestion of mine, rose to testify publicly their belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. I reecho your anthem, 'Glory to God for this field, and that we are here!' I wouldn't exchange my humble appointment for any American pastorate. I shouldn't care if I didn't receive a rupee salary. I have asked not a single question in reference to it; the Lord will provide. We hope to have our chapel ready for dedication by June."

The work in Bombay (which I have noted up to the beginning of 1875) was progressing beautifully. Our official workers were daily pushing the battle with patient faith and zeal, and not a doubt of ultimate success in saving the Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans, whom they love with Christlike sympathy. Our non-official worker, also commissioned by the Holy Spirit to witness for Jesus and win souls to him, manifested great zeal and skill in their glorious high calling. Among these we had many sisters whom God was honoring in his work -- Miss Matilda Miles, Mrs. George Miles, the Misses Emily and Alice Miles, Mrs. James Morris, Mrs. George Ainsworth,

Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Page, Miss Grace Page, Miss Rebecca Christian, and a host of others. As our mission developed from month to month under the fostering care of the Holy Spirit it was very interesting to see how all other churches and their ministers were led to appreciate it as a great work of God with a glorious future; and hence a blessed blending spirit of union was growing daily.

A year before the general spirit of distrust and opposition to me and my work might be indicated by the following editorial of the Bombay Guardian, May 31, 1874:

"There never has been, to our knowledge, a man so abused in Bombay as the Rev. Mr. Taylor has been. All sorts of calumnies have been uttered against a man who came to this country at his own charge, pays all his own expenses, is ready to share what he has with any poor man, takes nothing from any; a man devotedly attached to his family, yet who has foregone their society for six years that he may proclaim the Gospel of God to those that are far off; a man whom God has acknowledged by saving and blessing multitudes through his ministry, who has borne the calumnies and insults addressed to him with the meekness that becomes his mission, not replying again. And when a sense of justice leads some one else to point out the wrongfulness of such attacks, immediately there is an outcry about our glorification of Mr. Taylor. There has never been anything of the kind on our part. If Mr. Taylor had been solicitous of the honor that cometh from man he would have pursued a very different course from that which he has followed; in fact, the Lord would not have used him. Our contemporaries sometimes favor us with articles explanatory of what they call the failure of missions, the powerlessness of the pulpit, e., referring in terms by no means flattering to the love of money, comfort, position, in those who preach the Gospel. From the strain of their remarks one would infer that they would be enraptured to see a man against whom no trace of this feeling can be alleged. When a man comes whose life in all particulars embodies a complete disdain of these things they are more bitter against him than they ever were against any. But wisdom is justified of her children."

Similar fruits were seen in Poonah also:

"In Poonah, on the same day, an all-day meeting was held in the Methodist Hall from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and again in the evening. The Rev. Mr. Dhanjibhai, of the Free Church, the Rev. Messrs. Hormusjee and Francis, of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Fox, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took part with others in the meeting. It was a time of great blessing."

The work in Baroda suffered some interruption by the disturbances in the trial and removal of the late Guikwar, and Brother Gilder, our preacher there, was obliged to leave for a time. The work in Jubbulpore (Brother Curties, preacher) struggled on with brightening prospects both in soul saving and a native school. Khandwa, also, under Brother Metta, gave promise of success. Egutpoora has an established and growing cause. Brother Pearcey, a local deacon, was its mainstay. Brother Seale, later a railway guard, was giving him help.

An extract from a letter from Brother Robbins, then the preacher in charge of Bombay Circuit, dated March 29, 1875, will give us a few facts of interest:

"In Bombay the work is encouraging. Mr. Somerville and Mr. Douglas arrived here and began work the same day, and there is now considerable interest. Mr. Somerville's lecture to the educated natives last Saturday night on the introduction of Christianity into Europe, founded on Acts xvi, 6-33, was very excellent and well received. He preached in Falkland Road Hall yesterday morning to a large congregation. The Scotch people are very backward, but I hope he will be able to reach them. His services in the week are at Framji Cawasji Hall. There were four seekers at Falkland Road last night.

"The work at Egutpoora is prospering very well. They have good attendance. A short time ago they had a remarkable case of conversion, an engine driver, an old chum of Brother Geering's, who promises to be as earnest as he. His previous opposition, too, was almost as great as that of Brother Catley.

"You remember that when Brother Shaw two years ago went to Egutpoora, Sister Catley Was afraid to go home from the fellowship band until he and Brother Pearcey accompanied her. When they arrived at the house they found him half drunk, with his sword drawn determined to kill her and, as he said afterward, to kill himself. After much persuading and a little scuffle they got him quiet and on his knees; and he prayed and submitted to the Lord, and has ever since been a faithful follower of Jesus.

"Dr. and Mrs. Condon left yesterday, and hope to be in London in about a month. They are fine Christian people. God bless them!

"We all sympathize with you in the loss of your mother, of which we heard in the Advocate.

"Three weeks ago one of the famous 'six hundred,' who survived the dreadful charge at Balaklava, sought the Lord at Forbes Street. May he be as loyal to his God as he has been to his queen and country! His name is Holland, now in the post office department."

Brother Goodwin was having a hard pull in Kurrachee; but having Brother Coen, civil engineer and local preacher in Hyderabad, from Bombay, and a band of want young converts to help him, by the power of Jesus he was bound to succeed. He was delighted with his new field and was raising funds to erect a chapel.

It was asked, "Do you expect to carry on all your Indian Mission work without appropriations from the Missionary Society?"

Should our India resources fail to keep up with the growing demands of the widening sweep of our advance, and should the Holy Spirit make it plain to us that we cannot get on without missionary money, then we will ask the Society to help us, though they require ten times the amount of their present receipts to enable them to man the fields God has opened to us in our day where no such available resources as we are utilizing in India are at command.

"Would not that be a departure from the principles of self-support on which your Mission is avowedly founded?"

Not at all, but in accordance with them. Our ground from the first covers two simple principles, deduced from an admitted fact, namely: Self-support is a sound, safe principle, and the only permanently reliable foundation to which all missions aspire and hope to attain; if, therefore, it be a good thing to aim at in the future, it is a good thing to begin with where resources are available. If not adequate to the growing demands of the work, then our second principle is to develop the indigenous resources available before we begin to subsidize them by foreign funds, as such appropriations in advance will in most cases supersede them.

When our people get their proper bearings in the Church of God they act promptly on two bits of advice which we give them: "Get out of debt as soon as you can; and when you get out take care you don't get in again."

Our Mission is supported almost entirely from resources in men and money, which have hitherto been monopolized by Satan, and hence antagonized to the work of God in India, but now utilized for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Our working force consists (1875) of twelve ordained and twelve other preachers, devoted wholly to evangelistic and pastoral work, and a membership of thirteen hundred.

Having no Conference organization, our presiding elders have not been appointed in the regular way, but I have commissioned them to superintend the work in my absence, and Bishop Harris has indorsed and approved my action.

Such being our financial position, we hope to make no drafts on the Missionary Society for our present Mission or for the Conferences to be developed out of it; but we do not propose to debar God's people of other countries the privilege of helping us in the stupendous work we have undertaken.

The first thought and question of Hindus, Mohammedans, or Parsees on hearing the voice of God's heralds is, "How many rupees per month do you get for all that?" If a native preacher they will curse him as a traitor bought with foreign money and hired to oppose the religion of his fathers. So the position of our preachers is worth a hundred times more than it costs in the way of self-denial in being able to say, "Not a worker in the Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Mission gets an anna from any foreign source."

The editor of one of our Church papers, for example, philosophizing on the principles of my Mission, intimated that the missionaries of all missions should conform to them, and if not entirely resign their salary bring it down to a wholesome starvation point; then a correspondent replied and recommended the editor to resign his salary and set a good example for the poor missionaries! Such reasoning involves a fallacious stretch of our principles, specially applicable to Corinth in Paul's day and to India in ours.

In regard to myself a circular published in London containing synoptically what had been written may answer important questions. It is as follows:

Rev. William Taylor, of California, has been for many years laboring as a missionary evangelist in most of the mission fields of the globe and among agents of all the principal missionary societies of all Churches. Within a few years past God has founded a self-supporting Mission in India, composed of newly converted European residents, East Indians, Parsees, Hindus, and Mohammedans. These resources in men and their money, which in the main have hitherto been monopolized by Satan and used against the advance of Christ's kingdom in India, are now utilized for the support of a live missionary force in the midst of the heathen. Its object, in conjunction with other organizations, is the conquest of India for Christ. It does not draw a penny from any missionary society except the funds required to send missionaries to them. The Mission is now firmly planted in Bombay, Poonah, Kurrachee (west of the Indus), Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Secunderabad, and more than a score of smaller places. It requires more than five thousand miles of travel to visit all the organized, self-supporting centers of this work. It is called the Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Mission, these being the three great centers of its operations; but it is not limited to these.

"Mr. Taylor, under God, is the founder and the superintendent of this Mission. Its present working force comprises twelve ordained and twelve lay preachers, devoted wholly to evangelistic and pastoral work, and thirteen hundred members and workers, who support their own ministers and pay all running expenses of their work except their pioneer superintendent, who refuses to take a penny from them. For many years, in addition to his preaching, God has been using his pen for the spread of his Gospel. By the proceeds of his books he supports his family, pays his own sea traveling expenses, and bears the expense of planting missions and developing resources for their support, after which he turns them over to the care of faithful ministers whom God appoints as his coadjutors in this great work. Mr. Taylor's funds are very low now. He will not receive gifts; he has three sons to educate, and needs help. The only way open to help him is to buy his books.

He maintains firmly the Bible doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that as a rule all ministers and missionaries should be supported by the voluntary funds of the people; but Paul, as a pioneer, chose to forego his rights and build tents; so Mr. Taylor sees it best for him in his world-wide range as an evangelist to proceed on St. Paul's principle, using books instead of tents."

The visit of an itinerant bishop in India was an occasion of great joy to us all. I would not in any way underrate its importance, both on the work in India and its representation by such a high official authority to the Church at home. The three bishops who presided at the India Mission Conference were grand men of God, and did good service for the Mission, and two of them finished their course and obtained a crown of righteousness; but a bishop on a hasty excursion round the globe can learn but little about such a vast and complicated work, except what he learns from the missionaries; they are therefore the teachers and he is the learner. Hence his difficulty in giving counsel from a broad, matured judgment, and of imparting the full tide of sympathy and moral support to be expected from him; and hence the necessity of his being made like unto his brethren and personally grappling with the difficulties which they encounter in such an empire of heathenish darkness.

The Church of England had three bishops in India and one in Ceylon; all other missions had simple Presbyterian ordination; but we, who were so well up in everything else, could not authorize a soul-saving preacher, whom God had called and used in bringing Hindus into his kingdom, to baptize a convert, except by waiting for the quadrennial tour of a bishop round the world. The election of such bishops would require much prayer and fasting, and great wisdom on the part of those on whom that responsibility may devolve. I can't speak for China, but India, with a self-supporting Mission covering most of the empire, would require a man of Asburian simplicity and self-denial, not forfeiting but cheerfully foregoing his rights for the sake of establishing a healthy, homogeneous native church, on the principles of Gospel fraternity and equality.

The principle in America, when I was there thirteen years before, was that the Conference within whose bounds a bishop resided should fix the amount of his salary, with the design, I believe, of harmonizing it with that of his brethren residing within a city involving equal cost of living.

That principle will do for our Mission in India. Our ministers get food and raiment, and are therewith content; but to place over them a bishop drawing what is supposed to be but a reasonable amount in New York, ten thousand rupees per annum, would soon attract a swarm of worshipers each with his salams to my lord bishop, and he would find his ten thousand rupees a year quite inadequate to the Eastern style of saluting men by the way. It would be better for us to forego forever the advantages of having an Indian bishop than to cripple our young cause in that way. *

"But a bishop for India means a change of our itinerant to diocesan episcopacy?"

Not at all. We have had a missionary bishop in Africa for years, and the General Conference of 1872 established episcopal residences and designated the bishops to reside in them.

The Lord gave me the highest appointment he had to confer upon man years ago, as a world-wide evangelist, and nothing short of an unmistakable order from him could induce me to risk the freedom of action under my divine commission which episcopal official routine trammels might involve.

"What about a charter for the organization of a Bombay Conference?"

The result of my petition for it to the late General Conference is known. The reasons on which that petition was based have not the same force now, the Captain of our salvation having run us through the straits into the broad ocean, and our subsequent connection with the India Mission Conference enabled us to receive and graduate our candidates for our itinerant ministry. There would be some important advantages gained by the organization of our Mission into one great India Conference, and the day is not far distant (probably by the General Conference of 1880) when we shall, by the all-conquering advance of Jesus Christ, our King, add the Bombay, Bengal, Madras, and Northwest Conferences to our list. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

*Such were the legitimate deductions from the existing premises as I viewed the field and the conditions in 1875. Times and conditions changed; the rapid spread of Christianity in India in the ensuing thirteen years warranted the providential arrangements that were then made.

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41 -- THE GENERAL QUESTION DISCUSSED

Place for a Defense of Self-supporting Missions -- The Pauline Plan -- Nothing but Pure Gospel Seed -- Peter's Approval -- Entire Responsibility Laid on Native Converts -- Paul Kept the Unity of the Spirit -- The Principle of Equivalents -- All Available Agencies were Used by the Apostle -- Paul's Plan with Respect to Remaining in One Place -- His Mission was that of a Planter -- Analogy of the British Empire to that of Rome -- The One Christian, the Other Pagan -- Paul's Use of the Greek Language -- The Jews the Entering Wedge -- The English Tongue the Modern Vehicle -- Christian Training of English-speaking People -- Jewish Persecution in Paul's Day -- All Governments in Opposition -- Our Advantages in Traveling by Sea and Land -- Paul had Miraculous Gifts -- I Perform no Miracles -- Otherwise the Analogy of the Modern Work to the Ancient Holds -- All Countries now Open and Accessible -- South Sea Islands Show what May be Done -- Conversion of the Cannibals -- Ruin Brought by the English-speaking Horde -- Misrepresentatives of Christianity -- Fault of the Church -- Church Methods of Disseminating the Gospel -- Satan's Missions Self-supporting -- Stumblingblocks Must be Removed -- Bad Examples from Christian Countries -- Value of Missionary Agency -- All Missions Should be Sustained -- Schoolhouse an Auxiliary

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The place has now been reached in the course of this narrative at which for many reasons I wish to say something in general explication and defense of self-supporting missions as an agency for planting and promoting the Gospel in foreign lands. I shall begin by describing the Pauline plan of establishing Christianity.

1. To plant nothing but pure Gospel seed; not a grain of Jew tares, cockle, or cheat; naught but the pure wheat of Gospel truth. When sowers of mixed seed came into his fields Paul put up the following notice: "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. 1, 7, 8).

Hence, when Peter inspected the harvest fruits of Paul's seed sowing he said, "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

2. Paul laid the entire responsibility of Church work and Church government upon his native converts, under the immediate supervision of the Holy Spirit, just as fast as he and his tried and trusted fellow-missionaries could get them well organized, precluding foreign interference.

His general administrative bishops were natives of the foreign countries in which he had planted the Gospel; such men as Timothy and Titus.

3. Paul endeavored to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace with the home Jerusalem churches by all possibilities short of corrupting his Gospel seed, or allowing the home churches to put a yoke of bondage on his neck, or of laying any restrictions on his foreign churches.

4. On the principle of equivalents, or value for value, which he expressed in terms like these: "The laborer is worthy of his hire," " They that preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel," he took it for granted that the Gospel was worth to any country incalculably more than all the cost of food, raiment, and traveling expenses of the messengers devoted wholly to its promulgation; "For," says Paul, "if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." Hence he went and sent, according to the teaching of the Master, without purse or scrip, or an extra coat, or a pair of shoes above the actual requirements of their health and comfort.

5. In utilizing for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and for the support of its ministers and institutions, all available agencies and resources, he uniformly commenced in Jewish communities, which had become indigenous in all the great centers of population throughout the Roman empire. They were representatives of the ancient Church of God, retained its forms of worship and its inspired oracles, and yet were practically more Greek than Jew, and perfectly familiar with the life and languages of the Gentiles among whom they had been born and brought up. Hence, as fast as Paul and fellow-missionaries could get those Jews to receive Christ and be saved from their sins, they organized them in the houses of their principal men and women into self-supporting churches and spiritually aggressive combinations of agency for the salvation of their heathen neighbors.

6. To give permanency and continued aggressive force to his organizations, as far as possible, he remained in each great center of work long enough not only to effect a complete organization with administrative elders, but to develop the Christian character of each member up to the standard of holiness indicated by his oft-repeated exhortations and prayers as recorded in his epistles. To the church in Philippi he says, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings; that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain." Paul knew that a man who commenced to build a house, and was not able to finish it, as stated by the Master, would lose all his labor and ruin his reputation as a builder.

Driven out suddenly from Thessalonica by mob violence before he had time to build up his church in that city in their most holy faith, their lack of perfection occasioned a heart struggle of suspense and anxiety that nearly killed him, but was relieved in part by tidings of their steadfastness, when he said, "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." Still his solicitude was so great that he prayed night and day exceedingly that he might see their face, and perfect that which was lacking in their faith" (I Thess. iii, 10). And Paul assures the church at Ephesus that all God's ministers, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers were to make a specialty of perfecting the saints, till all -- individually and as a body -- come in the unity of the faith, and of

the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ (Eph. iv, i i-14). He knew as a general in the King's army for the conquest of the world that if he left a regiment of children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, they would be captured, and, worse still, his work would be counterfeited by the apostles of Satan, who would marshal his apostates under the Christian flag and make a material display that would quite eclipse the work of a plain man like Paul.

God's Gospel arrangements and provisions as revealed in the book are adapted to all the peculiarities of all ages, and adequate to the spiritual needs of all the nations and families of the earth; but there is a remarkable correspondence between the providential conditions of Paul's day and of our day favorable to a rapid soul-saving work of God throughout the world.

1. For the wide domain and far-reaching influence of the Roman government and the potency of her literature and laws we have the modern counterpart in the Anglo-Saxon empire of nations, including Great Britain, her American daughter under the Stars and Stripes, and all her colonial governments, and her representatives among all the nations of the earth. These Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christian nations are the owners of a large share of the land, and command the resources of all the seas of the globe.

2. That was purely heathen and bitterly opposed to Christ and his Gospel. This is avowedly Christian, and pledged to defend and extend the religion of the Lord Jesus; and high above the designs of men the English colonization system, as we have shown, whatever the motive and methods of its endless variety of agency, is part of a providential program for the permanent establishment of universal Christian empire in the world.

3. Paul took advantage of the wide diffusion of the Greek language and literature of his day. We may utilize more effectively our own English language, which is manifestly a God-ordained medium, through which his word may flow to the uttermost parts of the earth and flood the nations with Gospel light.

4. The scattered Jews constituted the entering wedge with which Paul opened the heathen nations of his day. Our English-speaking people, dispersed through the earth, ought to be as available and as potent for good as the dispersed Jews of Paul's day. Those were, in the main, refugees, prisoners of war, and slaves, and at best occupied a social position of no great influence.

What of the dispersed English-speaking people as compared with the dispersed Jew?

The currents of English and American commerce have deposited on all the coasts of heathen and semi-heathen countries vast resources of men, money, and merchandise. These adventurous, heroic men of every class are not bound by bands of exclusive cast like the Jews; they are liberal and often wasteful to a faulty extreme. They have not the systematic training in regular voluntary payment of the tenth of their income that was common among the Jews, but the sight of real distress or need will always touch the hearts, and open, and often empty, the pockets of the dispersed Englishmen.

The religious training of the Jew afforded many advantages favorable to their reception of Christ, but the truth they held was so obscured by their traditions as to make the entrance of Gospel light extremely difficult, and, in a large majority of cases, impossible. Their endless routine of obsolete altar services and sacrifices, and of self-imposed works of the law and ritualistic observances, were equally obstructive.

The religious training of the Englishman is decidedly Christian. His elevation from gross barbarism, and the emancipation of his mental powers and their consequent development, and all his grand achievements in their vast variety are clearly traceable to the mysterious power of an open Bible and the divine resources of light, life, and salvation o which it leads.

In Paul's days the Jews were bitter persecutors of the Christians, rivaled only by their heathen neighbors, who were often set on by themselves. Paul had a hard experience on this line. Speaking of false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ, he says; "Are they ministers of Christ? . . . I am more; in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren."

5. All governments, all nations, all religious systems were combined in deadly hate against Jesus and his infant Church. Today the doors of every nation on the face of the earth are open to God's Gospel messengers. If an irresponsible mob make an onslaught upon them, as in Mexico a few years ago, the government at once purges itself of the outrage and orders the arrest and punishment of the offenders.

6. Instead of thumping about on the Mediterranean Sea and off the west coast of Europe in the fellow to an old leaky Chinese junk, as did Paul and his heroic compeers, we circumnavigate the globe in floating palaces driven by modern mechanical forces, the discovery and application of which result from the enfranchisement of the human intellect through the power of the Gospel.

Paul had the advantage of miraculous gifts. They were public divine attestations of the men whom God inspired, and the messages they delivered and wrote, and the soulsaving methods they employed. Thus God composed a book for man's instruction and established the Gospel system. As temporary scaffolding to the permanent superstructure, so were mere physical miracles to this Gospel system, and to the superior miraculous soulsaving work of the Lord Jesus, in demonstration of the Spirit, adequate and available for the woes and wants of every human soul to the end of the world. The prophetic utterances of the holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and God's miraculous attesting evidences, with which the Bible is So replete, fix the standard and measure of evidence that God deemed essential to command the confidence 'and obedient concurrence of mankind. Any religion unsupported by such attesting evidence is utterly unworthy of the confidence of mankind. As an ambassador of Christ I am not sent to perform public physical miracles, but to proclaim the glad tidings of a complete and perfectly attested Gospel and of a possible verification of its truth, and by a personal demonstration of the Spirit in my renewed

heart and life to bear witness to the fact that the Lord Jesus is alive, a personal Saviour, and saves me; and that saved millions today are witnesses of these facts.

I have but intimated the facts illustrating the vantage ground, resources, appliances, and grand possibilities of the Church of Christ at this hour, If she would put on her strength, and come out of the wilderness leaning in fidelity on the arm of her Beloved, he would lead her triumphantly through the open gates of all the nations, and the whole world would in less than fifty years yield willing obedience to God and his Christ.

As we have seen, our transportation facilities are marvelously prophetic and daily increasing and extending. All countries are open and accessible, and skirted by a resident population bearing the Christian name and speaking our own language. Those dear people, widely isolated from wholesome home influence and Christian association, and deprived of the counsel and care of Gospel ministers, have become sadly assimilated to the heathenism and infidelity surrounding them. As might reasonably be expected, their unrestrained carnal nature thus open to lustful allurements, a large proportion of them are enticed and enslaved. Many of them marry native women and bring up families of mixed blood which form an indigenous class of society bearing the Christian name, and, in the main, speaking both the English language and the vernacular of the particular province in which they live. With some honorable exceptions, the mass of them, so long exposed to the demoralizing power of their surroundings, constitute so formidable an obstruction to the introduction and dissemination of vital Christianity where they reside that missionaries, to achieve any success worthy of their cause and of their self-sacrificing toils, have had to go far into the interior, where they themselves are to the natives the only representatives of the Christian religion.

The grandest soul-saving successes of missionary effort have been among the South Sea Island cannibals, where the peril of being roasted and eaten precluded commerce and immigration.

The Wesleyan missionary hero John Hunt and his noble wife unfurled the Gospel standard near to the palace of Thakomban, the great cannibal King of Fiji. The king and his men of war held their cannibal feasts in front of the missionary's house, where they dug their ovens and roasted and ate their victims in the presence of the missionary and his family. Thakomban afterward became a Christian, and his whole nation turned away from idols to serve the living God.

So, under the ministrations of the apostle Peter Turner, the King of the Friendly Islands and his queen were both converted to God in one night. The king became a powerful preacher of the Gospel and planted missions in adjacent islands.

So Nathaniel Turner and a heroic band of men and women, at the peril of their lives, proclaimed the tidings of salvation to the man-eating Maories of New Zealand. Thus slavery and cannibalism were abolished, whole nations were marshaled under the Gospel banner and their countries dotted with Christian churches, schools, and happy homes, where the Prince of Peace dwelt with the people. I have heard many of those pioneer missionaries give the marvelous accounts of their trials and triumphs that would fill a volume.

Those grand missionary successes made immigration into those hitherto cannibal countries possible; then came the hordes of English-speaking Christians, blight and ruin ensued, profligacy, rum, diseases unknown to natives, wars and destruction. This is notably true of the native nations of New Zealand, as seen by my own eyes. Fiji is now in great peril from the same cause. The railway system is now carrying those foreign misrepresentatives of Christianity away from the ports into the interior regions of all the empires of heathenism except China, and will jeopardize Christian missions wherever they go.

Why signalize foreign English-speaking adventurers?

Because of their superior numbers as compared with other maritime nations; because of the power and influence of the nations they represent; and especially because, in conjunction with the great missionary system of the Christian nations, those hordes of English-speaking adventurers constitute a grand heaven-appointed agency for the salvation of heathen and semi-Christian nations just as certainly as were the Jews, scattered abroad among the nations, in the days of St. Paul.

Why the sad miscarriage of these valuable resources and agencies?

The possibility of such disaster grows out of the fact that man is not a mere animal, but the offspring of God, endowed with the attributes of intelligence, affections, conscience, and a will essential to a royal, filial relation to God; hence the sad abuse of moral freedom by Adam and Eve, and of their descendants through all the intervening ages to this day.

The more immediate occasion of this disaster may be found in the fact that the Churches have devoted their religious activities principally to home work in great variety, and by desperate efforts have sent forth about one missionary for each one hundred million, of heathens, and in the main precluded their foreign countrymen from their program of evangelization; so much so that a man who dares to go and gather those lost sheep and fold them for the Good Shepherd becomes, by so doing, a pronounced "irregular." The Churches have but two regular methods of disseminating the Gospel. One is by the gradual extension of the home work, and the other is by the authorized location of definite mission fields, the appointment of missionaries, and the appropriation of money to support them by the regular missionary societies through their officials. Our remote, dispersed people are beyond the radius of the first, and, not being heathens or paupers, they do not come within the plan or provision of our missionary societies. Meantime Satan, conducting his missionary operations on the self-supporting plan, has been allowed quietly to utilize nearly all these grand resources of men and money and array them against the advance of Christ's kingdom; not largely in avowed opposition, to be sure, but the daily presence of drunken, profane, licentious, haughty, native-hating English Christians (?) furnish to native minds an argument against Christianity that outweighs all possible utterances of the missionary.

Those stumbling-blocks must be taken out of the way, so far, at least, as to furnish to the natives a demonstration of the transforming power of the Saviour of sinners and establish a clearly defined line between nominal and real Christians, designated in India "pakka" and "kutchha" Christians. Otherwise the heathen will continue to point the missionary to his debauched countrymen, and tauntingly say, "There is one of your disciples. You have had him in hand ever

since he was born. If your Jesus can't make him as good as a common heathen man what is the good of your tales about his great power to save men from their sins?"

The heathen may not make due allowance for man's power to resist God's saving work in his own soul; but their argument has, nevertheless, unanswerable force in it; for a Gospel agency that cannot lead at least a fair proportion of our own people in heathen lands to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ cannot be very effective in the more difficult work of saving the heathen. The fact is, most of the missionaries in the past have had instructions from authority at home not to divide their time with English-speaking people. This precaution was to prevent a possible diversion from the native work. Moreover, the missionaries, in founding and teaching schools for the natives, translating and printing books, together with daily preaching and disputation, had no time or strength to spare for their demoralized countrymen.

Meantime, however, mainly by missionary agency, the Bible has been translated and printed into more than two hundred different languages, besides tomes of other Christian literature and schoolbooks, and thousands of schools crowded with native pupils. This is all grand preparatory work, essential to the final triumph of the Gospel. Those heroic pioneers have been grading down mountains and hills, filling up the valleys, making the crooked straight and the rough places plain -- preparing the way of the Lord.

All the regular missions should be adequately reinforced and sustained by home churches; but their next grand achievement is to utilize, on a purely spiritual, soul-saving base, the native agency and resources connected with their work. The schoolhouse is an armory from which the children of heathen and Mohammedan parents go forth armed with weapons which they will surely turn against God and his people unless they are led to receive the Lord Jesus and allow him to save them from their sins and destroy the works of the devil out of their hearts.

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42 -- CHURCH DEVELOPMENT

A Charter for the Organization of the South India Conference -- India Mission Conference Becomes North India Conference -- Allahabad Assigned to the South -- Cawnpore also Transferred to that Conference -- Question of the Memorial School -- View of the Results at the Sixth Session of South India Conference -- The Blind Hindu Boy, David -- He Learns to Read and Becomes a Preacher -- Churches Authorized to Hold Property -- The Delegated India Conference -- Central Committee of India Methodism -- Brother Craven's Mission to the United States -- We are Not Stipendiaries -- I Favor the Retention of Schools -- The American Board Closes its Schools -- A Poor Footing in South America -- Value of Academies in that Country -- What We Did in Concepcion -- Miss Waterhouse and her School -- Inutility of Debating with Romanists and Jews -- That Involves Begging the Question -- The Apostles were Logicians -- They Proceeded without Debate -- Our Employees are All Missionaries -- Complaint of My Tired Brothers -- Defense of My Phraseology -- We also Serve -- A Bishop's Report -- Thoburn's and Ward's Records -- Drawbacks to the Training of Missionaries -- Impolicy of Withdrawing Missionary Appropriations -- I am Endorsed by North India Conference -- My Book on Self-supporting Missions -- Whom and What I have Sent to India -- What I Offered the Missionary Committee --

Inadequacy of Appropriations by that Body -- Private Resources of My Work -- The Men who Backed the Cause -- Whom the Missionary Society Sent Out -- More Men and Women than I Could Dispatch to the Field -- They Go as Steerage Passengers -- My Appeal for Assistance -- What Ward Did in India in the Famine -- How He was to Live in the Nizam's Country -- Founding of Telugu Mission -- The Colar Orphanage Institution -- Beginnings of a Christian Periodical Literature in India -- "Bombay Guardian" -- "Lucknow Witness" -- "India Methodist Watchman" -- Meeting with Captain Jones in Calcutta -- Thomas H. Oakes -- William B. Osborn -- Fountier of Indian Camp Meetings -- The Dasara Holidays -- Jurisdiction of Our Missionary Society -- Of Our Bishops -- The So-called Missionary Rule -- Not Prejudice, but Principle -- The Missionary Board Limits its Jurisdiction -- Dilemma of the Bishops -- Limitations of the Committee -- Action of 1879 -- Financial Help from Rich Sinners -- What the Spirit of God has Laid upon Me -- The Lord would Not Release Me -- Plan of Organizing Fellowship Bands -- No Criticisms to Offer -- God's Original Pauline Plan -- My Special Call -- God's Order of Work and Workers -- The Mulatto Missionary Stuart -- How He was Called -- His Mission to the Wyandots -- Squire Walker's Story of Stuart's Preaching -- Finley's History of the Wyandot Mission -- Our Missionary Societies Commended -- How Methodism was Founded in America -- And in Madagascar -- Reality of Our Self-support in India -- Dilemma of Our Presiding Elder -- True Inwardness of the Ira Macalister Will Case -- The Poor Preacher in Colorado -- How he Founded a Church -- Self-support is God's Order -- My "Sin Against High Heaven" -- No Warfare Against Anybody -- A Conflict of Principles -- Failure to Circumvent Us -- Project of a Superintendent for India -- How Highways Have been Cast up in Heathen Countries -- Let the General Conference Consider These Things

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As the limits of this book must preclude a consecutive detail of the facts and incidents making up a complete history of the movement, and as an extensive exhibit of the history of the first three years may be found in my book, *Four Years' Campaign in India*, we must here content ourselves with an outlook from a few headlands along the journey. We had a view from the Conference in Lucknow when Bombay and Bengal Mission was for the first time officially announced.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in Baltimore City, May, 1876, granted a charter for the organization of the "Bombay and Bengal Mission" into an Annual Conference to be called the "South India Conference," to embrace all India outside of the bounds of the India Mission Conference, the name of which was at the same time changed to that of "North India Conference," embracing the provinces of Oude, Rohilcund, and Gurhwal, with a population of about fourteen millions.

North India Conference had occupied two cities, Cawnpore and Allahabad, located in the bounds of my Mission. The first was opened in connection with my evangelizing tour in the north before I commenced founding a separate Mission. The second was opened through the agency of Dennis Osborne, who was brought into our Church during my work in Lucknow, in 1871, and became a minister in that Conference, and was stationed at Allahabad. So the General Conference put Allahabad into the South India Conference, where, geographically, it belonged, and left it to the decision of the two Conferences at third annual session next ensuing to decide the boundary line in

regard to Cawnpore. The action of the South India Conference in regard to it is indicated by the following minute from the journal of their proceedings:

"Bishop Andrews brought forward the General Conference resolution regarding Cawnpore, and the following was passed:

"Resolved, That this Conference consents to the transfer of Cawnpore to the South India Conference; provided, that the Memorial School be free from all incumbrance."

A good school in connection with Church work had been established in Cawnpore. The people had raised a large proportion of the funds, and expected a corresponding appropriation from our Missionary Society, which, by some misunderstanding, was not forthcoming; so a debt was pending that the new Conference was not prepared to assume, and, the incumbrance remaining, Cawnpore was not transferred.

We will get a second outlook from the organization and first session of the South India Conference, which was, very appropriately, held in Bombay, November 9' 1876.

As we have seen, the regular organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay was not effected till the middle of February, 1872. So, in less than four years from the first conversion, the organization in the same city of the first self-supporting Conference in India became a fact of history. I will here copy some of its proceedings, both for their intrinsic and historic value.

Passing silently over a period of five eventful years, I select the sixth session of the South India Conference as a standpoint from which we may catch a glimpse of the onward march of this movement. The Conference met in Bangalore, November 3, 1881. Bangalore is a high and healthy city, two hundred and seven miles by rail from the city of Madras, and has a population of about one hundred thousand. In six weeks and a half I organized a Church one hundred strong of our converts, and secured two church sites, in 1874, and now Bangalore has four Methodist ministers and their families stationed there, and entertained the Conference held in 1881. I will simply glance at the business order of the Conference, the reports of the presiding elders, and such other matter of importance as in the retrospect may prove of interest to the reader, concluding with personal remarks on our Delegated Conference.

There was no episcopal tour to India the next year, and our old veteran, George Bowen, was elected President of the Conference.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES, 1881-82. -- President, George Bowen. Secretary, J. A. Northrup. Assistant Secretary, W. E. Robbins. Statistical Secretary, T. H. Oakes. Recording Secretary, G. K. Gilder.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Chairman, D. O. Fox, 1883. Secretary, W. B. Wright, 1884. W. E. Robbins, W. J. Gladwin, 1882; William Bedford, James Morris, 1884.

BOARD OF EDUCATION: J. M. Thoburn, J. B. Lawrence, 1882; F. G. Davis, A. G. Fraser, 1883; George Bowen, W. H. Barker; 1884.

TRUSTEES OF POONAH SCHOOL: D. O. Fox, J. A. Northrup, G. Bowen, A. G. Fraser, J. Morris, S. M. Smylie, W. E. Robbins.

TRUSTEES OF BANGALORE SCHOOL: D. O. Fox, C. W. Christian, J. B. Lawrence, W. N. Wroughton, C. Christian, P. B. Gordon, J. Morrell.

TRUSTEES OF MEMORIAL SCHOOL, CAWNPORE: J. W. Waugh, H. Petman, D. Osborne, W. J. Coen, 1882; T. Craven, A. Bare, 1881; J. M. Thoburn, J. F. Deatker, 1884.

COMMITTEE ON VERNACULAR PUBLICATIONS: D. O. Fox, D. Osborne, J. M. Thoburn.

CHURCH EXTENSION COMMITTEE: President, D. Osborne, 1884. Secretary, J. Shaw, 1883. Treasurer, J. Morris, 1882. H. Wale, D. O. Fox, 1884; F. G. Davis, 1882; P. B. Gordon, 1883.

COMMISSION ON COLAR ORPHANAGE: D. O. Fox, D. Osborne, J. M. Thoburn.

FRATERNAL DELEGATE TO NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE: D. Osborne.

TO PREACH THE MISSIONARY SERMON: J. A. Northrup.

COMMITTEES ON EXAMINATION: First year, J. Shaw, T. H. Oakes. Second year, J. E. Robinson, F. G. Davis. Third year, L. R. Janney, M. Y. Bovard. Fourth year, S. P. Jacobs, D. H. Lee. Admission on Trial, W. E. Robbins, J. Blackstock. Vernacular Studies, G. Bowen, D. Osborne, C. B. Ward, B. Peters.

REPORT OF BROTHER WARD'S ORPHANAGE.

By request I report on our Orphanage work as follows:

1. In Christian Orphanage -- Native orphan boys: 27; girls: 33-60
2. In Christian Home -- East Indian boys: 6; girls: 2-8

Receipts from November 30, 1880, to October 31, 1881 -- Christian Orphanage Rs. 3,095, 11, 3 -- Home 500, 0, 0; -- For support of missionary in charge, as before reported: Rs. 800, 0, 0; -- Total Receipts: Rs. 4,395, 11, 3 -- Balance in hand October 31, 1881: Rs. 200, 00, 0. -- C. B. Ward

From the presiding elders' report at this session of the Conference I reproduce the story of the blind Hindu boy called David:

"It may not be out of place to mention one or two incidents connected with our native mission work. There came to us some time ago as a candidate for baptism a Hindu lad totally blind, but whose mind had been illuminated by the Holy Spirit to perceive his need as a sinner. He was instructed, and upon an intelligent confession of his faith in the Saviour was baptized. Blind David is today one of the happiest and most devoted of God's children. Though totally blind, such is his wonderful sagacity, sharpened and stimulated, no doubt, by the gracious providence of God, that he is to be found in every meeting or religious service. Denied the power of vision and the many enjoyments dependent upon that faculty from childhood, David is the most cheerful and happy of Christian believers. He never tires of singing and giving praise to God. David, moreover, is a most active worker. He can converse readily in English, and, with bundles of tracts, goes forth upon his humble mission. A few months ago he conceived the desire of learning to read in the character for the blind, and began to pray for a Gospel in this character. The prayer was heard and the Gospel received. Thou David asked us to pray that the Lord might teach him to read. This, too, has been granted, and David can read God's word with his fingers. His joy at this acquisition was great. Blind David is now out itinerating. He said to us that he would like to go to his own home and kindred near Bandikui and tell them what great things the Lord had done for him."

The Union Conference in India was a new departure. The British India government passed a law for the incorporation of Indian churches, under which they could legally hold church property. Churches of other countries, their missionary societies or branch organizations in India, are not, singly, or collectively, Indian churches. The missionary societies have no legal title to property outside of the country to which they belong that would stand the scrutiny of the law courts of any country. Mr. Wesley solved a similar problem in his own country by organizing his "Legal Hundred." All the Church property of the Wesleyan Methodists of the United Kingdom of Great Britain is held by the "Legal Hundred" to this day.

Prior to the passage of this law in India the missionary societies could have made a good plea on the equities of English common law, but now that this special law has been enacted the validity of such a plea would be one of the embarrassing factors in the suit.

So, for the security of our Church property in India, and for the more effective concert of action in the prosecution of their great work in India, our two India Conferences, at their annual sessions in 1879, mutually resolved, at their next session, to elect delegates to meet in July, 1881, to organize a Delegated India Conference, such an organization as would enable them to avail themselves of the provisions of said law of incorporation and yet not disturb their harmonious relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America. They further resolved to petition the General Conference to concur in their plan or submit a better one.

At the General Conference of 1880 their Committee on Missions discussed this question of a Delegated Conference in India, and recommended the General Conference to concur in the proposal submitted to them; but some of our high officials seemed to think there might be a cat of secession under the meal, and the matter was laid on the table.

The two Conferences, however, elected their delegates at the time appointed, and in July, 1881, they assembled and organized a Delegated Conference, but to avoid the very appearance of evil they changed the name and labeled their new organization the Central Committee of India

Methodism. Among other acts of their first session they resolved to unite the publishing interests of the two Conferences, and to transfer the Book Concern at Lucknow to Allahabad, in the bounds of the South India Conference.

Brother Craven, the publishing agent of this Concern, afterward went on a furlough to the United States, in the hope of finding some liberal friends to put their India Book Concern on a more solid basis. He is a grand man of God and a faithful Methodist minister, and every way worthy of the confidence and patronage of our people.

A good bishop said to me, "Your men, or the men you send out, are not missionaries, for missionaries are stipendiaries."

Reply: "Paul, Barnabas, and company were not stipendiaries, yet they were missionaries of the very best type.

"A missionary is one sent; a true missionary is one sent by God to sinners sitting in darkness, whose enlightenment depends on the light being sent to them. If thus sent it matters not whether it be through the agency of a missionary society or a single church, as that of Antioch, or of an individual man, as Paul, or as Grossner, the German."

The bishop said, "But Paul did not go out to found schools, as you are doing in South America."

Reply: "Paul's mission was mainly to people in the great centers of educational institutions and commerce; but, as an educated man, would he not encourage his people to provide for the education of their children? However that may have been, we know that nearly all the missionaries sent out by modern missionary Churches for the past one hundred and eighty years have spent most of their time in school-teaching, which was just the foundation work required."

In India, with but very few individual exceptions, my missionaries were the first in that great empire who devoted themselves wholly, from the beginning, to evangelizing and pastoral work.

Some of our missionaries in the "India Mission Conference" were so impressed with my style of direct evangelizing work among the natives as to query whether or not they should give up their school work. Dr. T. asked my advice in regard to it, and I said, "No; that is an essential preparatory work in the field you are cultivating."

The missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under a mandate from their committee at home, closed up all their schools, so as to have all their time for direct Church work; but I think, with most of the missionaries themselves, that it was a mistake; and after many years I learn that they have resumed their school work. The two departments of work should be carried on together, acting correlatively on each other, and all for the salvation of the people, old and young.

The schools now being developed under the South India Conference came up as a fruit of our Gospel successes.

The fields in South America, in which I found no English people to utilize as an entering wedge to native work, I could not begin with evangelizing, for I had no footing, and no man who could preach in their language; hence I began where all missions begin, in the schoolhouse. But instead of founding pauper schools, to be supported mainly by foreign funds, I establish first-class academic institutions, which command the confidence and patronage of the well-to-do classes of the native people. The patrons, parents, and pupils are Roman Catholics. I enter into written articles of agreement with them for school work, and one of the articles provides that we shall daily read the Holy Scriptures and pray in the schools. We also organize Sunday schools in each place; and in the music department of our institutions, in addition to the classes for learning instrumental music, all the children, boys and girls, are taught vocal music.

In Concepcion, Chili, for example, our music teacher, Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse, taught the children to sing with such charming attractiveness that, to meet the demands of a Roman Catholic population, she gave a monthly concert of sacred song to crowds of Romanists, who came to hear the children sing "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Rock of ages," and a hundred others of Gospel-teaching hymns. With each hymn Sister Lelia put in words of explanation and her own testimony for Jesus. The people, without suspicion or prejudice, would gather about her and beg her to visit them at their houses; and on one occasion, by request, Lelia and her children sang in the cathedral, to the astonishment of priests and people. That highly educated, heroic daughter of one of our faithful ministers of the Maine Conference, though in our poverty obliged to go to her hard field as a steerage passenger, is as true a missionary, in my judgment, as ever was sent out by any missionary society. It is true that I and my men and ladies do not go to foreign people to ridicule their religion, and the desperate struggles they manifest in their daily ceremonies, penances, and pilgrimages to meet its requirements; but, in sympathy and love, to show them the Way, the Truth, and the Life. While we tell who we are, and what we come to do, and make no compromise with error or sin, we decline to debate and to contend with the people about religious beliefs and names.

The method of most missionaries of all societies is to challenge for debate, and try to convince Romanists and Jews, Mohammedans and Hindus, Buddhists and Brahmans, that their systems are radically wrong, all wrong; and that Christianity is right, all right.

Well, the parties on the opposite side don't admit the premises assumed by these missionaries, and then what is the worth of their arguments or the weight of their conclusions?

That is what Aristotle designated "begging the question," a fallacy and a failure all the way through. Thus the educated classes of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees in India have been led to arm themselves with all the infidel books that ever issued from the press, to be used as weapons with which to fight the missionaries. However great their disagreements with each other, they are so keen on the scent of a missionary that they lose sight of all their own differences and simultaneously go for the man of God.

This was not the apostolic method of dealing with the strangers and foreigners whom they hoped to win for Christ.

The apostles were logicians, and they never begged the question. They always kindly and cautiously laid their major premises, their foundation facts, in the region of admitted truth -- facts that the opposite party could not deny; then their conclusions came with logical irresistibility. Thus, when preaching to Jews, they deduced the foundation of their arguments from the Holy Scriptures, which the Jewish people admitted to be the standard of truth from which there was no appeal.

In preaching to the heathen they said nothing about the Scriptures, but went down with them into the region of their own natural religiousness, and along the line of admitted facts of their personal moral responsibility, their violation of the laws of their consciences, their guilt and condemnation, their pollution and helplessness, their sincere and desperate struggles for relief, by sacrifices, ablutions, penances, and pilgrimages, all hacked up by the writings of their own poets. Thus, without debate, they got a basis on which to build, and by the word of God and their testimony for Jesus they laid on that basis a foundation of evidence on which to rest their faith and come and see and receive Jesus. So that my missionaries are in this and in many other things, as may be seen in my books on Africa and India, working a revolution in missionary methods; a new departure back to the old Gospel way of doing it.

All the employees in our domestic missions are called missionaries, and more than half of the missionary money paid into the treasury of our Missionary Society is paid out for their support in home countries.

My men and women are sent on a Gospel mission; hence, they are missionaries. They are sent on a Gospel mission to foreign countries; hence, they are foreign missionaries.

"Taylor's men and Taylor's missions! We are tired of hearing things."

Well, my tired brothers, you had better pray for a large stock of patience, for you will never hear the last of it.

I should greatly prefer to shun this appearance of egotism; but what shall I say? If I said "our missionaries" it would ambiguously apply to those sent out by our Missionary Board, for I claim as large a share in them as any other minister in our Church can set up. I can't say "the missionaries sent out by the Methodist Self-Supporting Missionary Society," for the reason that no such society exists. I am simply an errand runner and recruiting sergeant for the King. He has called me to this business and has set his seal of success on my work. I am thus, under God, the founder of foreign missions and the sender of missionaries to man them, and until a better designation is suggested I guess, on the line of truth and brevity, I shall go on saying "my missions," "my missionary."

The Christian gentlemen and ladies whom I send out are not my servants; I am their servant for Christ's sake. I pay them nothing, and receive the same from them; on the other hand, I pay my own expenses and work for nothing. The question raised by many good men, however, is, whether

or not my missions are for the natives of foreign countries or simply for the few scattered English people sojourning in those countries?

That never was a question with me or with my men. It is, however, a question continually propounded by good people who know but little of my work, and who don't take the trouble to inform themselves on the subject; and it is assumed and asserted, by a small class of officials, that the latter is the scope and end of my missions, and that there is no missionary work in them. That is not so much from a design to injure my missions as from a fear that the success of self-supporting missions may injure the financial resources of our Missionary Society; as though God would antagonize himself!

In 1876, when our Conference was regularly organized, one of our bishops made diligent inquisition and reported "only eighty-six full-blooded Hindus " in our body. Did ever any new four-year-old mission make so good a showing? And not a cent of money to draw them to us.

In 1879 Dr. Thoburn wrote me that at that time one for every ten of our members was a convert from heathenism.

In 1880 Rev. C. B. Ward wrote me that the proportion then was one for every seven -- about three hundred.

Our English membership have stood by us nobly in supporting our ministers and school-teachers and their families, and helping to extend the work among the natives, but we have encountered several drawbacks to the training of our missionaries for effective native work.

1. Our success in utilizing the English and Eurasians in supporting such a missionary movement led missionaries of other bodies to run with hook, line, and sinkers to fish in the same waters, and our men had to give more special attention to English work in the competition that ensued, and hence that much less time and strength to native work.

2 The tables of statistics show much time and money given to church building..

3. The frequent itinerant removals of our men far away from the vernaculars they have commenced to learn into the regions of other languages have operated unfavorably to their acquisition of any one language. My plan was that every missionary should master at least one native language, and in order to do that, and for the subsequent use of it, he should always remain in the region in which that language was spoken; but by the power of God we are bound to succeed on our principles of missionary work among the heathen. They are God's own Gospel principles, and he will honor them.

Why not withdraw the missionary appropriation from the North India Conference and let them swim by their own muscle and skill, like the South India Conference?"

That would be the extreme of cruelty. It would be infinitely worse than turning all the orphans of the asylums of New York out into the streets. Those natives are, in the main, the wards of the Missionary Society, and have learned to depend on them the same as orphan children.

Moreover, the most of them are too poor to support the body of workers employed as ministers to them.

The Missionary Society withal was then saving twenty thousand dollars a year from its former appropriations for North India.

So much for a self-supporting Mission alongside of them; at any rate the North brethren give me the credit and the blame of a clean loss to them of that amount annually; but they are wise and patient and don't fall out with me or my people, and the two Conferences are as a unit in their work. When the missionaries in the North saw an account of the attack made on me and my missions in India, at the Ecumenical Conference in London, they, at their next session of Conference, passed emphatic resolutions branding the attack as uncalled for and unjust.

I did not doubt that the Missionary Society would deal kindly with the missionaries of the North Conference. They were men of God, wise and true, and they could be trusted to go on developing indigenous resources and reducing the need of missionary appropriations as fast as it could be done safely.

In the meantime it was best and most expedient for the South India Conference to proceed in its work without being urged year by year to ask for missionary appropriations from New York, and for the two Conferences thus to move on harmoniously, each in its appropriate method of work.

I had inserted in my book, *Ten Years of Self-Supporting Missions*, an outline map, on which most of the heads of circuits, and out-stations not named in the regular lists of appointments, were clearly indicated; to that work the reader is referred.

The South India Mission opened in January, 1872; organized as South India Conference, November, 1876. This showing dates to November, 1881.

I have sent to India from America, within about six and a half years, fifty missionaries -- thirty-six men and fourteen women. Not one of these has died a natural death -- one dear brother fell through a ship's hatch in Bombay harbor and was killed; not one of these has brought any reproach on the cause of God by an immoral act or sinful word; not great men, but good and true to God and man. Of the fifty, six only have returned to America -- five men, under medical advice, and one woman, to take care of her sick husband.

Besides these missionary workers we have fifty-seven local preachers of Indian birth, who support themselves and preach almost daily in the churches and in the bazaars. All these are backed up by over two thousand and forty lay members, who are workers also, and who pay the running expenses of the whole movement. By reports dating up to May, 1882, we have five hundred and forty native members and probationers -- one fourth of our membership.

In the commencement of the self-supporting organization in Bombay I offered, as has been stated, to give the Missionary Committee and their administrators this important share in the movement, namely, to select and send out and pay the passage of all the missionaries I might

require in the progress of the work, but to send no money for their support, and exercise no control over the men or their work, no more than they exercise over the New York or any other self-supporting Annual Conference. I supposed that they consented to the proposal and its conditions, for the first year they sent us two men, the second none, and the third three. Then I came home and asked them to send twelve men immediately, to meet the growing demands of the work. They had an appropriation for it of one thousand dollars, which at that time would pay the passage of two men to India, instead of a dozen. They were heavily in debt and could not advance any more; so, in a friendly way, I withdrew my proposal and agreed to ask them for no more transit money, and have stuck to my agreement. It was arranged that the said thousand dollars should be used to pay the passage of my outgoing missionaries that year as far as to London, and I would pay their passage thence to India out of my own hard earnings by selling my books.

That was in 1875; and until 1878 I worked away on that line, refusing to receive a dollar from America, except pay for books, lest I might tap or appear to tap the resources of the Missionary Society. This responsibility struck me on my way home to see my family, after a separation of about seven years; and two and a half years of the hardest work and wear of my life stood between me and my dear wife and children. But my work in India had to be supplied with missionaries; and I bent to it through great discouragements six days per week for over two years, and sent on the men and women. My friends in India and Henry Reed, of Tasmania, gave me a liberal lift and saved me from embarrassment. Then, just before I went to South America, Brother Chauncey Shaffer, of New York, voluntarily offered to pay the passage of a missionary to India; Andrew K. Rowan, of Trenton, New Jersey, made a similar offer. I needed the men and had not the money of my own to spare, and allowed the two brethren to pay the passage of two missionaries to India; but I regarded those as exceptional cases. So, in my proposals to outsiders and Roman Catholics of South America to send them preachers and teachers, the first condition was that they should pay their passage, and I did not intend that our people in the United States should be allowed to put a dollar into the movement; but I now saw that it was God's will that I should receive passage money from home: first, from the failure in a few places to send the passage money in time, and, second, by the fact that was coming to view that the vast resources of self-support could be struck by men on the ground, that could not be drawn out in advance for passage money for people the donors knew nothing about. So I kindly notified our missionary secretaries that I had tried the principle of self-denying expediency, of refusing to let my friends help me pay the passage of my missionaries, long enough, and would from that date fall back on the fundamental principle of my original platform, of allowing any who so desired to contribute to pay their passage and furnish their needed outfit.

I then opened a little book in which to record the names and amounts of persons wishing to invest that way.

Up to that time, as before stated, the Missionary Society had sent five missionaries to my work; then the one thousand dollars toward the passage of my men for 1875 as far as London. Subsequently they sent out Miss Terry to be the wife of Rev. J. E. Robinson, one of the men whom they had sent to my field; so that I suppose they paid out passage money for all these to the amount of about four thousand dollars. Brothers Shaffer and Rowan, seven hundred and fifty dollars. I kept no account of what I gave; I gave all I could make and save, and put in what was sent me from India and Tasmania as well.

The flow of funds into my transit department was by no means rapid, or adequate to the style we thought at least desirable. I had a dozen highly educated young gentlemen and ladies ready to sail, and to ask those young men to go steerage, among the cattle and dogs, was a very humiliating thing to do, and all I could say to them was, "I can only get money enough to provide a steerage passage for you. If you can subsidize it out of your own pockets and walk up higher, all right."

But the dear young fellows had just completed their college course and could not find it convenient to pay the difference, and said as I had gone to South America in the steerage they could do the same. Of course they could; heroic 'young fellows! They were ready for anything that was right. But the dear young ladies, half a dozen of refined, noble young women, to allow them to go steerage! O, my soul! I feel badly every time I thin about it, hut I could not help it. My people had to leave on short notice, according to my agreement with my patrons in South America.

So I had some circulars printed stating the facts in the case, and that these people had to sail in two weeks, and that I was a thousand dollars short even for steerage passage. I was really sending more than I had engaged passage for, and, some of the money promised not having come, I was caught. So I got the names of twenty-four of our most wealthy and liberal givers, and wrote them on the blank of my circulars explaining more fully the great emergency, and respectfully submitted that if it was their pleasure to invest a small amount in my Transit Fund I would gladly recognize them as patrons of the movement. My twenty-four circulars and letters all went for nothing. They did not make a return of one cent; so I threw my circulars away. An old friend in Baltimore sent me ten dollars, and small amounts kept coming in unasked. I hurried round and sold my books, and by persevering effort in one way and another I got them all off without delay as steerage passengers.

During the Madras famine; in which half a million of poor people starved to death before the government could get supplies to them, Rev. C. B. Ward, one of our ministers, traveled a circuit in that region a thousand miles long, with seventeen appointments. The daily sight of gaunt skeletons of men and women more dead than alive, with their sallow, projecting cheek-bones and sunken eyes, dying for want of food, and little children lying around and huddled together, starving to death, and living babes tugging at the breasts of dead mothers, melted the preacher's heart within him. So he began to pick up some of the dying children whose parents had perished, and having commenced he proceeded rapidly. A Eurasian brother, A. C. Davis, a government civil engineer, with a good salary, joined Brother Ward in this work of charity, and they founded an orphanage. The two of them gave their earnings, and received such assistance as was sent to them by friends who knew their work and its needs.

At the next Conference session Brother Ward asked the presiding elders, no bishop being present, to release him from English work and cut him loose from dependence upon any English Quarterly Conference, and allow him to take his orphans into the remote regions of the Nizam's Dominions and found a Telugu mission. The place he had selected as the site of his orphanage and mission was in the midst of a million or two Telugu Uindus, among whom no missionary had ever appeared. This locality was so remote that his nearest post office, Chadarghat, was seventy-five

miles distant. Think of a man getting up in the morning hungry for the news or a fresh letter and then having to go or send seventy-five miles to the post office!

Well, when Brother Ward's application came up for consideration the brethren said, Brother Ward, how can you live away there in the wilderness? Remember, with your own family and helpers you will have the responsibility of providing for eighty-six persons, and no money, and not the guarantee of a dollar from any source.

Ward replied, "I have a friend, Brother Mather, a civil engineer in government service out in that region, and he is preparing my way. Among a great variety of information I have received from Brother Mather about that country I learn that it is a great place for tigers and bears and panthers and wolves and hyenas and birds of every feather. I have inquired particularly of Brother Mather about those animals of the earth and fowls of the air; whether there is any manifest want or destitution among them, or any burdened with debt, or whether any are grumbling about the hard times. Brother Mather assures me that, so far as he has been able to learn, all these denizens of the woods are well fed; they are plump and sleek, buoyant and cheerful, seeming to vie with each other in making the most noise in the spontaneous expression of the jubilant life that is in them. So I have considered this matter, and have come to the conclusion that if God takes such good care of his wild live stock in that wilderness I may safely trust him with the orphans."

So when the appointments were read out a new appointment appeared on the list, "Telugu Mission, C. B. Ward."

The Colar Orphanage institution was founded also during the great famine in the Madras Presidency a few years ago. Miss Anstey, an educated, consecrated English lady, was for some years a missionary in India, under the direction of the London Missionary Society. Her health failed and she was sent home to die. Her heart was in India, and she so greatly preferred to work there for the salvation of the heathen than to go to heaven that she asked God for the gift of restored life and health and special power to work for him in India. God quickly answered her prayer, and she returned immediately to India, and without any human certainty of friends or funds she went to work to gather up the dying children -- dying from starvation. Her orphanage numbers about three hundred. As has been previously stated, the orphanage was not founded by authority from any missionary committee. They would all have been dead before any foreign missionary committee could have learned and considered the facts and taken action in the premises. I cannot here attempt to give a history of this wonderful institution and how the Lord has cared for it.

A Christian periodical literature began in the South India Conference:

1. Bombay Guardian, Rev. George Bowen, editor, an non-denominational but intensely religious sixteen-page paper. It is a bulwark of sound doctrine, truth, and righteousness in the Bombay Presidency. Brother Bowen has been the editor of this wonderful little paper for about thirty years. He joined our Church in Bombay, and became one of my first regular ministers; was Presiding Elder of the Bombay District for several years, and has twice been president of the Conference.

2. The Lucknow Witness. This weekly, a fraction larger than the Guardian, was commenced by Brothers Messmore and Thoburn, in Lucknow, in 1871. They were the editors and did their work ably, till it passed into the hands of Rev. James Mudge, who was sent out by the board as editor. It was not strictly denominational, but was not any the less devoted to the interests of our Church. It afterward passed into the hands of Dr. Thoburn, who edited it in Calcutta, and sent it out weekly under the new title of The India Witness. He made of it a strong and useful paper. It became the official organ of the Conference.

The third is a monthly of about the same size, commenced under the supervision, principally, of Rev. W. J. Gladwin, one of our ministers. It bears the title of the India Methodist Watchman.

Calcutta is called the Paris of the East. It has a population of eight hundred thousand. Soon after I commenced my campaign there I renewed my acquaintance with a man saved under my ministry in San Francisco twenty years before. When I met him in Calcutta he was commander of a ship making regular trips between that city and London -- Captain Jones; an unassuming, quiet man, but a man with force of character, and a leader of men. His name was the first on my Church roll in that city, but he soon left on his return voyage to London. When he came back he was delighted to see what progress we had made, and regularly brought one or two captains with him to my meetings, and while he remained in the city several of his fellow-commanders were saved; so, before my year was up in Calcutta, we had the beginning of a good work of God among seamen in addition to my special work of founding a permanent church in the city.

One of my regular hearers from the beginning was Thomas H. Oakes, of purely English blood, but born in India. Before I left the Lord sanctified him wholly and called him to labor among the seamen. His industry, faith, patience, and skill were marvelously manifested in his labors among the men of the sea. In four years he organized about forty Methodist societies of newly converted officers and men aboard that many ships, and had them drilled to work and witness for Jesus. He kept track of all his floating churches over all seas and in all ports whither they went, and by writing to ministers in their destined ports in advance bespoke for them a Christian welcome.

To give his seamen a safe retreat ashore, away from the land-sharks, he opened a coffee room -- not a sailor's home, with board and lodging, but a large, well fitted up, and splendidly lighted hall -- where seamen found a welcome, and papers, books, stationery, and facilities for writing to their friends, and every evening a grand salvation meeting.

The founder of the Ocean Grove camp meeting, in New Jersey, is the founder of regular camp meetings in India -- Rev. William B. Osborn. It may be proper here to say that Brother Osborn paid his own passage to India and gave us several years of good service as Presiding Elder of Bombay and Madras Districts. If he could have concentrated his faith and energy, as I had to do to make a success -- a year in Bombay, six days per week; a year in Calcutta, and so on -- he would have accomplished a great work. He did good, and stirred up the working spirit in others. The illness of his wife obliged him to seek a change of climate, and they went on an evangelizing mission into Australia with good success.

It has been common for many years for missionaries to "itinerate," as they call it. They go with their wagons, tents, servants, preachers, and Bible readers, and camp near a heathen village and preach daily in a tent and in the open air for a week or more, and then move on to another village. That has resulted in much Gospel instruction to the natives, but not kept up long enough for great numerical results in soul saving. I have attended many meetings of that sort in Rohilcund, India, and at one in Kumaon, under Rev. Brother Haskins, quite a large number were converted to God. These were camp meetings of their kind.

Then for eight or nine years our brethren in Lucknow have had a great annual gathering on a general native festive occasion, called the "Dasara holidays." This was not a regular camp meeting, but they had a great tent in which they had large meetings, and often extraordinary Gospel power. Quite a number from Calcutta, about eight hundred miles distant, attend those meetings. But William B. Osborn started a regular camp meeting of the American type, first at Lanowli, and a second on the seacoast near the city of Madras. The Lanowli camp meeting ground was in the midst of grand mountain scenery on the railway between Bombay and Poonah, eighty miles from Bombay and forty from Poonah.

As a loyal Methodist it is a great grief to me in any way to embarrass the administration of the Church. I would rather die than cause unnecessary trouble in the Church of my choice. I am, of course, personally acquainted with all our Church officers; I love them all as Christian brethren, and honor them in their high representative character. I never had any personal unpleasantness with any of them; and never expect to; I would not spend a moment of time in advocating any speculative theory. The "rub" is on a line of vital principles and practical facts.

As has been clearly shown, I conscientiously took the ground from the beginning:

1. That the jurisdiction of our Missionary Society -- the grandest institution of our Church -- extended legitimately to all the fields receiving funds from her treasury for the support of her missionaries in those fields, and no further.

2. That the jurisdiction of our bishops should not be limited to said mission fields, but should extend to any part of the globe requiring the services and guaranteeing the support of an itinerant Methodist minister. Therefore,

3. It should be competent for the bishops to put a liberal construction on the "missionary rule" for ordaining men for foreign work, so as to ordain and send out suitable men to fields opened by my agency or otherwise. I presumed that, on the principle of common necessity, common sense, and the common law of Methodism, the bishops would be justified in such a rendering of the spirit of the law; if not, then I asked them to recommend the General Conference to alter and enlarge the application of the "missionary rule."

4. Refusing from the first to put my self-supporting missions under the control of a missionary society, not from prejudice, but principle, I specially desired to put my work, as soon as organized, under the episcopal jurisdiction of our Church.

In putting my India churches under the episcopal supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an integral loyal part of the body, the representative bishop of said Church concurred in the principles stated, and consented that all my self-supporting missions should remain outside and independent of the Missionary Society. Now, it seems to me that if, in their wisdom, they had so applied the missionary rule as to ordain and send men wherever needed, and kept pace with the outside movement, there would have been no possibility of friction; but, so construing the rule as to make it applicable only to men sent out by the Missionary Board, they limited their own jurisdiction in foreign countries to missions opened by order of the Missionary Committee. When I was called by the Spirit to go to plant missions on the west coast of South America I labored hard to get the concurrence of the bishops in advance. I offered to go in their name, pay all my own expenses, and found self-supporting missions, if they would consent to ordain and appoint the men required and allow them to retain a Conference connection at home and be returned on the Minutes as "missionaries to South America," and thus keep the whole movement under their own control. Without details, suffice it to say that my proposal was not accepted.

Then, having gone without any such authority, and having opened a dozen of important fields, and having a dozen missionary men and women preparing to sail, I again appealed to our dear bishops at their semiannual meeting for 1878, asking if they would ordain my men for South America.

They were, of course, very courteous and kind -- for they were all my friends, and I was their friend; I would black their boots, wash their feet, do anything but compromise conscientious principle -- but replied emphatically, "The trouble is, as a Church we have no missions in Peru, and as bishops we have no power to create one, or to send men to one."

I then realized more clearly than before two things:

1. The utmost foreign boundaries of our episcopal jurisdiction -- the fields opened by our Missionary Committee.
2. The illimitable fields opened to me -- all outside of their jurisdiction -- to be occupied as the Lord shall lead, and that, too, without infringing any law of our Church. So I accepted the unsought providential situation.

I could not secure ordination for my men, but certified to their educational attainments and manifest call from God to preach his Gospel, and appointed them to the fields I had opened to give full proof of their ministry.

Then, at their next annual meeting, the Missionary Committee essayed to organize all South America (outside of their Mission in Argentina) and Central America into a Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and appropriated five hundred dollars for its support. That action conceded my point, namely, that the Missionary Board had no jurisdiction where they appropriated no money, the appropriation being merely nominal, never to be drawn for any such purpose. The ostensible object was to relieve the administration so that the bishops might legally ordain my men.

But I respectfully inquire, First, if the action was merely nominal and not a bona fide transaction, and applied to a field outside of their jurisdiction, had it any legal force or validity? If it be said it was really for the purpose of planting missions in those fields, that is negated by the smallness of the appropriation. Second, was not the real object of the committee to bring me and my missions under the control of the Missionary Board contrary to the principles I had avowed from the first, and to the agreement that my self-supporting Mission should not be put under the control of the Missionary Society?

I once had occasion in my correspondence with the Episcopal Board relative to self-support in India to say:

"You said Paul had nothing to do with schools, and was independent of rich sinners and Romanists.

He acknowledged indebtedness to all sorts of folks, even to barbarians, and seems to have been very important for a couple of years in the school of Tyrannus.

"When I learn that the Methodists refuse financial help from rich sinners I will consider the case.

Nearly all the missionaries of all the Churches spend most of their time in organizing and teaching schools, at the cost, for the most part, of their missionary societies.

"I aim first to put in men devoted wholly to the work of the ministry, but where I find grading and track laying to be done by organized schools under thorough missionary Methodist teachers we undertake the business in the name of the Lord and on the Pauline plan of self-support and let the rich sinners and Romanists foot the hills, instead of laying that burden on the poor saints in Judea.

To sum up the leading facts in regard to my peculiar missionary work, I remark:

"1. The Spirit of God has laid upon me the responsibility, and has thus far led me in the work of utilizing indigenous resources for founding self-supporting missions for the conversion of the natives of the countries into which he leads me. He called me to this work just at the time I had set to close my foreign evangelizing tours and return to my family and to my regular itinerant work in California. Thus my cherished hope of years was blighted. I am a man of the strongest home affections and preferences, with no earthly ambition for foreign travel and labor. My ambition was to stay at home. So that "I suffer the loss of all things" naturally dear to me.

"I am by nature a conservative, and a man of peace; hence, to collide in any way with the administration of our Church is to me very painful.

"The work I am called to do is on the line of human impossibilities. During my campaign in South America in many a struggle of prayer I said to God most reverently and earnestly, 'Unless thou wilt in thine infinite wisdom and might take the whole responsibility of this work, then let me go home. Let me settle down in some obscure dell in the West and hide away from the strife of

tongues and the gaze of men.' The Lord would not release me, but led me on and used me to do the impossible things. Until he does release me I am bound to proceed and fight it out on this line: first, in opening fields as the Lord shall direct; second, in accepting and adjusting the missionary workers he may be pleased to give me; third, to allow friends voluntarily to furnish the funds for their passage and outfit.

"As fast as we get people converted to God we organize them into fellowship bands, New Testament churches, in the houses of our people. All my missionaries are Methodists, and most of them are liberally educated, and will, I believe, do thorough Methodist work according to the Gospel. There is, therefore, a strong presumption that the movement in South America, as in India, will result in voluntary loyal organic Methodism. As soon as that result is obtained the work, just the same as in India, will come directly and unreservedly under our episcopal administration, not as Mission Conferences, but, as in India, regular indigenous self-supporting Annual Conferences, patronizing and helping the funds of our Missionary Society, but sustaining to it no other relation than that of the Ohio or any other Conference developed purely from indigenous resources.

I make no criticism on missionary organizations and operations as applied to their legitimate field as great benevolent institutions. But when the board of managers of an orphan asylum essay to make laws to regulate and restrict the independent industries of the country they furnish ground for remonstrance from the other side.

I again aver that God's original Pauline way of planting missions does not come legitimately within the province of the charity principle on which all missionary societies and founded, and that, with all the wisdom and piety possible, they are as poorly adapted to founding self-supporting missions, and to the nurture of churches thus founded, as the grand charity institutions of our country are adapted to the construction and running of our railroads. This does not involve the slightest reflection on our benevolent institutions, but simply asserts the fact that their province and jurisdiction do not cover that of the railroad companies. What God now requires is a railroad company with right of way to bear at least its proportion of responsibility in carrying the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth on his original business principles. We don't need any new thing, though we have used a new name for it by way of illustration.

A pioneer founder of God's original type of missions, as I have said, must be called specially to that work by God, and proceed under the immediate supervision of the Holy Spirit. That was then, and is now, the only way by which such missions can be established. Suitable organization, administration, and law, which are essential, will all come in under the diversity of operations of the same Spirit.

The first thing is to get a footing in a foreign field, and, by Gospel conquest, raise up a witnessing host out of which to develop organization.

The order of God in such work is, first, apostles -- pioneer founders; second, prophets -- the witnessing host of sons and daughters, servants and maidservants, as foretold by Joel; third, evangelists for carrying the war into all the regions round about the central movement; fourth, pastors and teachers for the edification of the churches thus founded. This is God's arrangement for

conquest and "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv, 11, 12).

I claim for the missionary societies that they have done much, and will yet do more in all the departments of this divine program, just as orphanages and houses of industry for poor children have their industries, and develop good men and women, but not of the high type and grand proportions of the great commercial and mechanical world outside.

Before the Methodist Episcopal Church had any missionary society God founded one of his original sort among the Wyandot Indians. He selected as his missionary a mulatto man near Marietta, Ohio, named Stuart, and called him, as he called Paul at Troas, to go to Macedonia. In a vision of the night an Indian man and squaw appeared to him and said, "Come north, and teach us and our people."

Stuart considered the matter, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called [him] for to preach the Gospel unto them" (Acts xvi, 9, 10).

He was called to be a pioneer, and had nothing to do but obey the call. But instead of obeying God he laid the case before his minister and the brethren. Of course, it was all out of order. He had not the education, or gifts, or authority from the Church for any such undertaking.

Poor Stuart had somewhat of the feeling of Jonah when he took ship for Tarshish. He was prostrated by dangerous illness, and brought down to a near view of the gates of death, and the terrors of hell made him afraid. Then he cried to the Lord in his distress, and promised, if God would restore him, he would confer with nobody, but go and do the work he might give him to do. At once he began to recover, and was soon restored to health. He took his Bible and hymn book and a little knapsack of provisions and started due north, as he was told in the vision.

He traveled through the wilderness three days and came to a tribe of Indians, who were engaged in corn-shucking. He went in with them and helped them shuck their corn, after which, in the evening, they had a dance. He sat down, and they formed a dancing circle around him, and amused themselves by showing him how near to his nose they could cut the air with their tomahawks without cutting his nose off. After allowing them to play at that game a while he took out his hymn book and began to sing.

They squatted and listened and grunted applause till he was through, and then by signs told him to sing again, and so he sang on by the hour.

He supposed they were the people to whom he was sent; but after staying with them three days the impression on his mind was that he must proceed north. So they filled his knapsack with provisions for his journey, and he bade his new friends good-by, and walked on through the wilderness for about a week, and came to the house of an Indian agent, 'Squire Walker, and told his story.

The squire thought it was all nonsense, hut told him of a colored man, by the name of Jonathan, who lived a few miles farther north, who had spent many years among the Wyandot

Indians, and could speak their language perfectly. So Stuart went on north and came straight to Jonathan's house. He did not sit down first of all to learn the language of the Wyandots, but went to work on his sable host that night. Jonathan confessed that he had known the Saviour when a lad in Kentucky, but had fallen away and had become the same as an Indian.

Next day Stuart went with Jonathan to a corn-shucking, and did his full share of the work. At night came the usual dance, but Stuart took out his hymn book and began to sing. The Indian chiefs and warriors at once squatted down and listened and grunted. After a few hymns Stuart preached to them in his way, Jonathan interpreting. The Indians were very attentive, and seemed much pleased. Then he made an appointment to preach the next day at Jonathan's house, and thought from the interest manifested that he would have a crowd of chiefs and people.

Long before the hour for preaching Stuart was away in the forest and was praying for power to instruct the red men and lead them to Jesus. At the time to commence preaching he returned to the house, and not an Indian was to be seen anywhere around, and he felt a dreadful chill of disappointment; but on entering the cabin, there sat the man and the squaw whom Stuart recognized at a glance as the persons whom he had seen in his vision.

He preached to them, and gave out an appointment for the next day, and they brought two more, and so on he went daily. He soon got his interpreter converted, and then the Spirit of God poured light into the minds of the natives, and the most remarkable work of God ensued that has ever been recorded in the history of North American Indians. Rev. J. B. Finley's History of the Wyandot Mission is one of the most thrilling narratives of its kind on record.

I repeat, our missionary societies are the grandest benevolent institutions in the world, but their usefulness depends largely on their keeping purely within their appropriate charity sphere of work. When they indiscriminately absorb the churches of any country, as in the West Indies and in Nova Scotia, the good done to real objects of charity is more than overbalanced by the pauperizing evil to those who are able to carry the whole movement to their own great advantage. And to give a monopoly of the business of founding nearly all the new churches of our far Western States and Territories to a missionary society is as great a mistake as to put the railroad system, and all its immense machinery, with all mechanical and mining enterprises, under the control of a charity institution in New York.

If Methodism in America, founded in God's irregular way, had been kept in the trailing strings of the good men sent from England it never would have met the demands of its great emergencies, nor would it have mastered the situation. Its English pastors, hearing the thunder of the coming Revolutionary War, hastened back to their native place, all except Asbury, who became a thorough live American. The abandonment of Methodism to itself and to the God of providence was the real beginning of its healthy development.

As soon as the Gospel was fairly planted in Madagascar by the heroic missionaries of the London Missionary Society an exterminating war of persecution was raised against their infant churches. The missionaries all fled, as Paul often did, and the young converts were left without pastors to endure the fury and force of a heathen government. They were arrested wherever found, and brought to trial, and forced to renounce the new religion or be cast over a high cliff into the

sea. But few of them hesitated a moment. They were thrown over into the sea by hundreds, and went on dying for Jesus till they brought new life into their nation. The peril of Christ's cause now in Madagascar is its popularity with the government and the patronage it brings. The founding of that Mission was a grand achievement of the London Missionary Society on the charity principle, and worth a thousand times more than ten thousand times the amount of money expended on it. Their loving, fostering founders out of the way, the Holy Spirit led them through the floods of great waters, and developed them into a Church of light and might that revealed the glory of the Lord.

There are so many sides to this subject, and so many peculiar cases come up, that the wisdom of our wisest men is baffled; but let it be legal and in order for the Lord to work by at least the two plain methods he has instituted and honored through the ages.

There was an insinuation thrust against the South India Conference at a Missionary Committee meeting that it was "an alleged self-supporting Conference." Our self-support from the first was clearly defined to mean the support of all our ministers and teachers and their families by the people they serve, with other indigenous help that may come to them. If there has ever been a violation of this principle to the amount of a dollar I have never heard of it from anybody acquainted with our work. Transit money to pay passage and outfit of our outgoing missionaries, and assistance, if need be, to help build up our institutions, are the exceptions to our self-supporting rule, as stated from the beginning. For years attempts had been officially made to get the South India Conference to ask for an appropriation from the Missionary Committee to help weak charges, but the Conference had up to that hour refused to entertain the proposal. There were two cases which have furnished an opportunity to some brethren who seem to desire such an opportunity to criticize my work in the meetings of the Missionary Committee. One was the Allahabad debt.

When Allahabad was connected with the India Mission -- now North India Conference -- the presiding elder, when arranging to buy Church property in that city, laid the matter before the bishop visiting there at the time, and got from him what he thought was a promise that, on his return to New York, he would bring the matter before the Missionary Committee, and, as was customary in that Conference, get an appropriation. He was so sure that the bishop would secure the money from New York that he went and borrowed the amount required on his own note, and bought the property for the church -- a regular Methodist Episcopal church. If Allahabad had been in the South India Conference at that time no appropriation would have been asked for or expected.

The charter granted by the General Conference for founding the South India Conference placed Allahabad where geographically it belonged, in the South India Conference, and it fell into the Calcutta District. "The Presiding Elder of the Calcutta District magnanimously relieved the presiding elder retiring by canceling his note and giving his own note for said borrowed money for the church. The certainty of getting the money from New York was from the beginning accepted by our people in Allahabad as a fact that it had been given; and between the two elders, as I understand it, the people had not yet been informed of the facts in the case, first, because in addition to their other financial burdens they were not able to pay it; and, further, the elder did not want to disturb their confidence in the source whence, as they suppose, a munificent gift came to them. It was not introduced into the missionary rooms by the Calcutta presiding elder. It had been

there two or three years before it was entailed on us by the transfer of Allahabad to the South India Conference, but for which transfer they doubtless would have paid it long ago.

The Calcutta elder took it up as a matter of record with our missionary secretaries, and fully explained the peculiarities of the case, and requested that they lift it off his heart, as he was not able to pay it, and could look to no one in India to help him, as they already had as much as they could carry. It was not assumed that they were legally bound, but that it would be a generous thing for them to do under the circumstances. They heard him kindly and agreed to pay the interest, and hoped that when their own debt was paid they might pay the principal, but it was not a positive promise. He would not have it as a missionary appropriation to the South India Conference, for it was purely local, and had nothing to do with ministerial support, for which mainly such appropriations are made. The board has paid the interest most of the years since, and the "five hundred dollars, as the amount asked for" by South India Conference, is simply the annual interest that they have been paying for years; but it seemed refreshing to some of the dear brethren to have a blow over it. The amount of the debt is five thousand dollars, for which, and interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum, our Calcutta presiding elder is personally held.

Why should so grand a man of God be crushed down with such a burden? If I had the money I would send him a telegram today and order the debt discharged. Will not my friends in America join me in liberating our noble brother in Calcutta and forever keep out of the precincts of the Missionary Committee, except to give them money as we may be able? -- Such was my view of the case in 1882.

The other was the Ira Macalister will case. I never went into the details of it, but substantially it was this: Some years before I went to Bombay a good New England Methodist, as named above, on preparing to go to heaven, where all good Methodists go, ordered in his will that a certain amount -- I believe five or six thousand dollars -- should be for the Methodist church in Bombay. Some time after my return from India to America some of our ministers in Bombay got information about this legacy, and as they were building a church edifice, and in need of money, thought that it would be a good thing to get the money which had been bequeathed to Bombay. They took it for granted that a New England man would on paying out a lump of six thousand dollars see where he was putting it. He probably knew that there was no Methodist mission in Bombay at the time; but knowing that there was one in the provinces of Oude and Rohilcund, a thousand miles away, he could see no better way of getting one planted in a center so much larger than by specifically designating Bombay as the place where he wanted to apply his money. So our ministers in Bombay thought they had a good case. They wrote on to me to look after it, but that was entirely out of my line; then they otherwise got their case before the Missionary Board, but the board would not concede the claim of the Bombay church. They were quite willing to give them an appropriation if they would ask it, but India refused, saying if they had no legal claim they did not want it. Finally, at the committee meeting in November, 1880, they voted to give Bombay twenty-five hundred dollars of it. The Missionary Report for that year gave a deliverance concerning the South India Conference, with mention of both these cases above referred to.

A poor preacher once put in a day trying in vain to get a boarding place; so, late in the afternoon, he went to the house of a Methodist farmer and was repulsed.

Mr. F. said to him: "Mr. C., we have nothing against you, but we told our elder that the circuit could not support a preacher, and that he should not send us one, and now the thing is settled. I and my wife are going to join the church in Denver, for this circuit has gone up.

Well," replied Brother C., " I am tired, and it is getting late. Will you allow me to stop overnight with you?"

No, Mr. C., we have not a spare bed in the house." "Will you let me sleep on the hay in your barn?"

"O, yes, if you are so badly off as that you can sleep on the hay if you wish."

Then the two walked together to the barn, and Brother C. said to Mr. F., "You and your wife are going to join in Denver, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you and your wife are away in the city, seven miles from home, what is to become of your boys running at large every Sunday, with no parental oversight or restraint?"

"Well, Mr. C., I had not thought of that."

"You may see that it is a very serious thing, which demands your prayerful attention."

So they talked till the supper bell rang, and Mr. F. said, "Mr. C., you had better come and get some supper.

"If you please, sir, I will be much obliged for a supper, for I have had no dinner."

After supper Brother C. rose to retire to his lodgings in the barn, when Mr. F. said,

"Mr. C., one of my sons has gone to spend the night with a neighbor, and you can occupy his bed if you like."

"All right, brother, I will accept your kindness, and thank you.

Next morning Brother C. was invited to stay for breakfast, and heard Mr. F. lamenting that he could not find a man in that country who knew how to rick wheat and hay, saying, "I am just ready to haul in my crop. I don't know how to rick, and I don't know what to do."

"What do you propose to give a man per day for that kind of work?"

"I'll pay two dollars and a quarter."

Very well," said Brother C., "I'll take that job."

"What, can you rick wheat and hay?"

"Yes, sir. I was brought up to do all such work as that. I shall want some poles and rods for a foundation first, and then you may put on all your teams and tumble in the wheat as fast as you can. I'll take care of it."

So Brother C. could not get into that circuit on principle No. 2, and fell back on principle No. 1. Before the week was out many Methodists asked him to let them make an appointment for him to preach the ensuing Sabbath.

He said, "No; I am hard at work here all the week, and need the Sabbath for rest."

The next week they renewed their request. He put them off from time to time till he had ricked all Mr. F.'s large crop of wheat and hay. Then he yielded to their importunity. The house was crowded at his first appointment and every subsequent one.

During the year about eighty persons professed to find salvation under his ministry, and though a single man, requiring but little to keep him, they paid him a salary of eleven hundred dollars, and gave him a good horse and buggy besides.

Is it not a fact clearly established that God has self-supporting principles and methods for sending and sustaining his ministers, and that he has a self-supporting Gospel work in the world?

Is it not a fact that most of the self-supporting churches in our own and other countries became such from the beginning without intermediate aid or agency from any missionary society?

If this is God's order in one country why should it not be lawful, at least, to allow this same order of God to be introduced and tried in any or all countries?

Is it not lawful?"

I suppose it was when I commenced to try God's order in India; but soon, as we have seen, it was announced in a regular Church paper at home that it was "a sin against high heaven for Taylor to be experimenting in a foreign mission field."

I paid no attention to that, for I thought it was simply the writer's opinion. Then it was reiterated along the lines that "Brother Taylor is out of order;" but I could not see the point.

I knew that I was at work in God's order, and there by his appointment, and, therefore, took it for granted that I was in harmony with his laws throughout the universe; hence, proceeded in my work as led by the Spirit.

The expansive force of our self-supporting principles has not been fairly tested yet. The Lord, by ways that I need not state, has kept me back, having kept me at the front but three years in India and six months in South America, out of the ten years of my self-supporting missions.

It seems that God plants missions as he does trees. He don't want them to grow too fast, nor in a hothouse, but lets them develop under all the changes of the seasons and amid the fury of the storms.

I have no personal war against anybody, and am not aware that anybody has against me. This is not a war of persons, but of principles. The question in dispute is on the possibility and legality of founding self-supporting missions in foreign countries outside of the jurisdiction of missionary societies. The key to the controversy was expressed at one of the meetings of the Missionary Committee by utterances like this: "Appreciating Brother Taylor, but deprecating his course as detrimental to our missionary collections."

It appears that this apprehension of rivalry in foreign mission fields and competition in regard to home resources had been like Edgar Allen Poe's "Raven" at the door of our missionary councils ever since the commencement of my organization in India.

Hence it became an apparent necessity and duty to extinguish the self-supporting spirit and principles of my missions. The thing had to be done very quietly, to avoid a public demonstration. The measures employed may be indicated by the statement of a few facts, some of which I have noticed before:

1. The first was to jump my claim in Bombay at the beginning; hence an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars to send men and plant a new mission in that city. That failed.
2. To send out a superintendent to supersede me and take my work over and put it directly under the control of our Missionary Society. That failed also.
3. To get my consent to be officially appointed as superintendent, under a declared concurrence in our principles of self-support, and a promise of noninterference -- sincerely, I doubt not; but, as it turns out, there was a misunderstanding as to how far my self-supporting principles should apply in this organic relationship.

I understood that our agreement certainly meant self-support and direct loyal relationship to the Methodist Episcopal Church under its episcopal government and control, without any sponsorship or control of the Missionary Society whatsoever.

For about two hundred years God has been specially preparing the way for this very thing of self-supporting missions. He has introduced no new principles or methods, but is intent on an application of his old ones as revealed in his book long ago. He does not wish to displace his great charity missions, but he intends to send his Gospel to the self-supporting classes of all nations, as I have shown, on the fundamental principles of self-support which I have deduced from his book.

This involves no reflection on the Churches or their missionary societies. They have done grand preparatory work for this advance movement. The Wesleyan Methodists everywhere lay down a sound doctrinal base for soul saving, and they thoroughly drill their people in the principle and practice of systematic giving for the Lord's work.

After a tug of forty years in the Sandwich Islands the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were signally successful. The noble missionaries of the same honored board are advancing on that line in their Central, Western, and Eastern Turkey Missions. The Baptists are noted for economical and successful missions.

Sia Sek Ong and a few others of our own missionaries in China have stepped up and moved off on the high plane of self-support.

The Lord has commenced a number of missions on the principle of self-support, but hitherto they have all been subjugated and absorbed by the great mission movements based on the charity principle. Now he has undertaken to establish a self-supporting mission which will not attempt to swallow any other mission nor consent to be swallowed by any other, though that is just what our missionary administration has undertaken to do, and will force us in self-defense to erect our quills like a great Asiatic porcupine.

Let each General Conference prayerfully read and study the discussion and solution of this same problem, as reported by Luke in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and let them act accordingly, and so legislate that it shall be lawful in our Church for God to found self-supporting missions wheresoever and by whomsoever he pleaseth; and that any such missions, fulfilling our conditions of Church membership, shall be admitted as primary missions or as organized Conferences into loyal and royal relationship with the Methodist Episcopal Church directly through the General Conference, and not through a pupilage under the Missionary Society.

When God establishes a work on his primary plan, under principles I and 2, as he did in Antigua, through the agency of Nathaniel Gilbert and John Baxter, and among the Wyandots of Ohio by John Stuart, let the self-supporting agency and resources through which God may be pleased to give birth to such movements be utilized under regular self-supporting Church organization, regardless of country or nationality, and let it be unlawful to put such a work indiscriminately under the control of a missionary society, and let the Churches that God shall found in foreign fields be invested as soon as possible with all the functions essential to a Church of God anywhere.

"O, for this holy dawning
We watch and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away.
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word,
And praise him by and by."

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PART VII -- MY MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA

43 -- WORK FROM CALLAO TO IQUIQUE

My Voyage to Peru -- I Give My Address -- Third Class on Shipboard -- Eighteen Days in the Steerage -- Arrive at Colon -- Our Portuguese Family -- I Begin with a Colored Cousin -- "You has Found de Field." -- Our Acquaintances from Jamaica -- "De Wesleyan Church, Sah." -- On the Hurricane Deck of the "Acapulco" -- Manners of the Crowd -- In Callao Harbor -- Industries of Mollendo -- Raising Money for a Missionary and School teacher -- A Roman Catholic Subscription -- A Scotchman's Gift -- Jack had a Share -- I Appoint Magnus Smith and Wife -- His Death -- Arrive at Arica -- Thence to Tacna -- A Night of Waking Visions -- The Lord Opens the Way -- Founding an English School -- William Hellman -- Mr. Outram Signs My Articles -- An Old Friend -- From Arica to Iquique -- Town of Earthquakes -- Commercial Interests -- Founding an English School -- Preaching in Iquique -- Earthquake of January 23 -- Keeping Cool in the Day of Overthrow -- I am Literally Rocked to Sleep

* * *

I shall now narrate the circumstances attending the greater part of my work in South America. Glimpses of the countries and peoples holding the central and southern parts of our continents have been caught in many of the preceding pages of this volume, and still more fully in several of the books which I have previously published.

On the 16th of October, 1877, I bought for myself and for my brother, Rev. Archibald Taylor, a through ticket from New York to Callao, Peru, and embarked on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer, the Acapulco, bound for Aspinwall.

I did not wish our friends to come to see us off, and they didn't come. I always prefer to come in and go out as quietly as possible; indeed, coming and going all the time, as I have been doing more than a quarter of a century, my friends could not anticipate my changes.

On the eve of one of my departures from London to Australia a gentleman said, Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?"

"I am sojourning on the globe at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving."

I remember many occasions, however, in lands remote, where my friends did as St. Paul's friends were wont to do -- accompany me to the ship, "and sorrowed most of all that they should see my face no more."

By sending missionaries to my work in India, together with heavy traveling and family expenses, my funds were so far spent that I was obliged to go third-class to see my South American cousins, or not go at all, paying, as I do, my traveling expenses out of my own pocket, and not out of the pockets of my friends. A first-class ticket from New York to Callao costs two hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold; a third-class ticket, one hundred dollars. I believed, too, that my dignity would keep for eighteen days in the steerage. I have made over sixty sea voyages first-class, at the cost of enough of my hard-earned dollars to give my sons a university education and keep me comfortably the rest of my earthly pilgrimage.

Ninth day out, "Land ho!" See, in the twilight of morning, the dense foliage of the Isthmus of Darien; the soft, fleecy clouds drink in and reflect golden rays from the Orient; the dolphins sport round us; we are nearing our first port of debarkation. Here we are ill "Colon," the Spanish name for Columbus.

But the stay is not long. Our ship's company soon bestir themselves for departure from Colon. Rail train leaves for Panama at 3 p.m.

A Portuguese family on our ship have been patient and cheerful all the way. An old

Irish woman has been seasick and retching hideously at all hours, and the two poor old men have never been known to smile since we embarked, but their place at the board has never been vacant. They mean business. The Irish girl who would not be consoled on parting with her lover has been flirting with the young men all the way. Our sick schoolmarm is convalescent.

"Brother A. T., if you'll stay 'with the stuff' I'll take a hundred copies of Hastings' Illustrated and make a pastoral tour in the town. Yonder is a colored cousin of ours, with his truck, waiting for an honest job; I'll begin with him."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, captain." "Can you read English?" O, yes, sah."

"Let me hear you read a little from this paper.

He reads readily, and I give him the paper to keep.

"Where did you learn to read?"

"In Jamaica, sah."

"In what part of Jamaica did you live?"

"In Kingston, sah."

"To what church did you belong in Kingston?"

"Coke's chapel, sah; de Wesleyan Church, sah."

"I have preached in Coke's chapel many times."

"O, dear sah, we glad to see you here. If you are come to hunt for de place where you are needed de most, den you has found de field you is huntin'."

Here we are in the railway station at Panama trying to get our portmanteaus from the luggage car. Nobody in this latitude seems to be in any hurry to push business.

We can carry everything we've got in our own hands, but here are two strong fellows waiting for a job, so we'll give them a chance.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Jamaica, sah."

"How long have you been here?"

"About twenty years, sah."

"Have you made your fortune yet?"

"Make a livin', sah. Times very dull here now, sah. Fortune out ob de question wid me, sah."

"What church did you attend in Jamaica?"

"De Wesleyan Church, sah."

"What religious services do you have here?"

"None at all, sah, except de Roman Catholic, and we don't take no stock in dat concern, sab. We had a minister here some years ago, but de white people want to read de prars, sah, and de colored people want to sing, sah, and de two parties couldn't agree, sah, so de preacher he done gone away, sah."

Light ahead -- the city of Guayaquil. What an extraordinary light, brighter and brighter! It must be an illuminated house, but at this distance it presents the appearance of a great sheet of flame, reflecting what appears like a stream of fire far along the surface of the placid waters.

Hallo! they are taking down our bunks; what does this mean?

"All the third-class passengers must gather up their luggage and go to the after part of the hurricane deck." So all are busy collecting their luggage and preparing to go.

"Why do they want to clear us off this deck? We are getting on well here."

"They want space for two hundred bullocks, to be taken aboard at Payta."

So we vamoose the ranch to make room for the steers!

What a bleak coast! Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not even a cactus!

Here come the bullocks. I am surprised at their gentleness. A Cholo goes walking over their backs!

"Yes," replies the first mate, "they seem gentle enough cattle now, but if you had gone into the corral where they were lassoed, you would have seen them in another mood. I went one day to get a dozen choice bullocks for the ship. The owner told me to go in and make my own selection; so I walked in. They made a furious charge, and if I had not succeeded in leaping the fence they would have gored me to death."

On they come, each one suddenly pulled up, and passing through the same experience of surprise and terror in the ascent, and of manifest relief when they feel themselves standing again on their legs. Two hundred and two beef cattle are thus stowed away as closely as they can stand in our late quarters.

While we are watching this scene the new passengers from Payta have squatted on every foot of vacant space on the after part of the hurricane deck. Happily our sleeping space was covered by our blankets and portmanteaus, and our claim has not been jumped; but since the days of Noah who ever saw the like of this scene? I have traveled with crowds of Mohammedan pilgrims in the Mediterranean, but they had left their live stock at home. Only behold how our cousins travel! Each family has its small premises on the deck. The bed is usually in the center, surrounded by boxes, bundles, and bags, on and around which are the parents, children, servants, dogs, poultry, and pets of every kind.

On Thursday, the 3d of November, we woke up at anchor in Callao harbor. I can truly say, as it regards wholesome fare and improved condition of health, it was the best voyage of my life! Callao, a city of about thirty thousand population, is the port of entry for Lima, the capital of Peru, with a population of about two hundred thousand.

My brother Archibald and I tarried in Callao for the greater part of two months. We preached according to our opportunities, but did not establish a mission. By the end of the year I made up my mind that a more auspicious field lay further south.

The workshops of the great Arequipa and Puna railway line were located at Mollendo, about five hundred miles distant from Callao, and employed a large number of English and American mechanics. The wages paid were as follows: Engineers, \$250 per month; machinists, \$150 so on an average; firemen, natives, \$90; conductors, \$100; clerks from \$100 to \$150; treasurer, \$250. My friend, Mr. S. B. Barnes, superintendent of motive power both in the shops and on the road, receives \$450 per month. These were the prices in paper currency when it was at par in the market. It may be readily seen that this little town, not only for its own sake, but as a strategic base, for self-supporting education and evangelizing work in regions beyond, is a point of great importance. I accordingly sailed from Callao for the south.

I arrived in Mollendo, Saturday, January 5, 1878. Mr. R., the British Consul, received me very kindly, and I had my headquarters with him at the house of my friend, Mr. S., the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's agent, who had recently buried his wife, leaving him and little

Pat, their youngest, in very lonely bereavement. In company with Mr. B. I visited most of the people Saturday night, and preached to a small but attentive congregation on Sabbath. On Monday morning, assisted by my friend Mr. B., I made up a subscription for passage and guarantee of support for a man of God from the United States.

I had brought some little blankbooks with me from New York. In one of these I wrote the following simple proposal:

Believing a school-teacher, being also a Gospel minister, to be greatly needed in Mollendo, I propose to send hither a competent man, combining in himself the twofold character of teacher and preacher, the first engagement to cover a period of at least three years, I respectfully ask the friends of this movement to contribute the funds for passage and a guarantee for support till the school shall become self-supporting. It will require three hundred and thirty dollars paper currency, for passage, and at least one hundred and fifty dollars per month for sustentation.

Respectfully submitted,
"William Taylor"

"We, the undersigned, concur in Mr. Taylor's proposal, and agree to pay the sums we here subscribe for the purposes named, and do all else we can to make the undertaking a success."

My first call was on an American railroad contractor. Said he, " I am a Roman Catholic and don't wish to put down my name, but I will give fifty dollars to bring the man out and one hundred dollars more if you require it, and thirty dollars per month for his support."

That was my first financial strike in South America. I next went to another extensive contractor, a Scotchman, in whose family I enjoyed a generous hospitality. He said, "I'll guarantee one hundred and fifty dollars per month to support a man of the right sort myself."

I am greatly obliged by your kind offer, but I want to interest all the people of the town in him; and the only way to do that from the start is to let them take stock in him. The principle may be illustrated by a little chimney sweep running down street in New York in the midst of a furious snowstorm. Some one shouted, ' Ho, Jack! which way are you going?' 'I'm going to the missionary meeting. I've got a share in the concern. I gave a shilling last Sunday.' So we want every person available in this town to have a share in this concern.

We then called on shopkeepers, railway men, and others, who subscribed the passage money required, also the monthly stipend, leaving my liberal friend but twenty-eight dollars instead of one hundred and fifty dollars per month to pay. I wrote in the little book my thankful acceptance of their liberality, naming three gentlemen as a committee and school board to collect the fund and make all necessary arrangements for carrying our plans into effect.

I subsequently appointed Rev. Magnus Smith and his wife to the work at Mollendo. Brother Smith was a graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, and, having studied in Germany also, was a good German scholar. He had symptoms of lung disease, but knowing of persons similarly afflicted being restored to health and long life in South America, and the climate of Mollendo

being very mild and equable, I took the risk of sending him, being a man of unostentatious but of very superior talents and attainments, with a wife to match.

For a time his health improved and he was very hopeful; but he became ill, and while in that condition Mollendo was bombarded by the Chilian gunboats, and poor Brother Smith was hastily carried a distance of two miles to get him beyond the range of the guns. The shock, in his low estate, if it did not cause his death, at least hastened it, for he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus soon after. The utter bereavement and desolation of his wife can be better imagined by some of the widows of our civil war than described by me. But the Lord took care of her, and she returned home to her friends.

On the 8th of January we swept through the roaring surf at Mollendo and embarked on the steamship Ayacucho, twenty-two hundred tons register, and in fifteen hours we cast anchor in the roadstead of Arica, five hundred and sixty miles southeast of Callao. I presented my papers to George H. Nugent, British and American Consul, a tall, commanding, fine-looking man. He received me very kindly, but could see no hope of employing either school-teacher or preacher in Arica, and thought it impossible for me to do anything in Tacna. But having heard in Callao that the merchants of Tacna were an enterprising, noble class of men, I could not consent to pass them without an effort to do them good; so at 3 p.m., on the 9th of January, I took the rail for Tacna, thirty-nine miles distant, at an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level.

It was hot, dusty traveling across a desert, from which we saw in the distance the green gardens and orchards of Tacna, a town then of fourteen thousand inhabitants. Living streams, fresh from the Andes, flow through some of the principal streets and water the neighboring vineyards and gardens. It is an oasis in the desert.

We arrived at 6 p.m. I had a letter of introduction from our consul at Arica to Mr. A., of Tacna; so I engaged a boy to carry my portmanteau and conduct me to his house. We had gone but a few rods when my porter employed a smaller boy to do the carrying business, while he, as the original contractor, should play the gentleman and get a fee for himself and another for the little cholo who carried the load. Coming to a hotel, I left my luggage and went beyond the town and found the man I sought. I gave him the letter and explained to him the object of my mission. He was kind but quite unbelieving. He was quite sure that I could do nothing in Tacna, so I left him and returned to the hotel. At the supper table I made the acquaintance of a young English gentleman, and tried to find out how many English-speaking families resided in the town and what the prospect for educational work. He could give me no encouragement. Later in the evening I strolled down town to the plaza, where many gentlemen and ladies were promenading and others reposing on the public seats prepared and waiting for the weary; so I sat down on one beside a German, who informed me that there were a few English and many German families in Tacna, and he believed that a good English school was one of the great needs of the city. I was glad I met with that German; he did me good.

I returned and retired to bed at 9 p.m., but not to sleep. It was one of those nights of waking visions such as I used to have in Bombay, when God made known his way to his poor, ignorant servant. I don't mean miraculous visions, but an intelligible manifestation of God's will, showing me my path of duty through unexplored regions where there were no signboards nor blazed trees to

indicate the right way. The revealings of that night widened my field of operations, narrowed my work, and shortened my stay for the present in South America so as to put me back to New York early in May of the current year. My way was widened so as to enable me to send good schoolteachers where preachers would not be received at all; my work narrowed so that instead of staying to plant churches, as I did in India, I was first to send men to lay the foundations, and then, after a term of years, return to build; time shortened by extending my preparatory work rapidly along the coast and hastening home to find and send the workers.

Tacna was to be my first departure from the old lines of purely evangelistic work to the new line of school work simply, where nothing more is at present possible. I had it all mapped out before morning, and hence the first thing was to write my proposal for the merchants of Tacna to found an English school. I had it clearly stated, so that they could see the object and the way to attain it at a glance and have nothing to do but subscribe the funds and sign the papers. I went into the coffee room and sat down by a young man who I thought might understand the English language. I found him to be an intelligent gentleman of French extraction, but a native of Minnesota. He was my providential man for the moment.

I laid my case before him, and he said, "I don't think you can do anything in Tacna, but the man whom you should see is Mr. William Hellman. If you can get him to see as you do you'll succeed. He'll not come to his office till 11 a.m., but I am just now going down town and will show you his place of business."

At the hour designated I presented myself to Mr. Hellman, and stated my object and showed him my written proposals.

He replied, "It is a thing very much needed here, but this whole country is badly demoralized, and I fear that nothing can be done."

"Well, my dear sir, you are hardly prepared to turn them all over to the Old Scratch without at least one more effort for the education of the rising generation. If you can succeed in giving a good education and a good moral training to one boy of thousands who are running wild around here he may be the coming man of mark to raise this country to a higher level. What I propose, too, is not like a great railroad venture, involving a hazardous outlay of funds, but a very economical enterprise, with promise of large returns for the good of the country.

"I have brought out governesses at different times from England, but they get discouraged and do but little good."

"Now, last of all, you had better try one live American to help you found a good English school in Tacna."

"But I am not the man to lead in such a movement; you should go to Mr. Outram."

"Very well; if Mr. Outram leads will you follow?"

"Yes; I will do my part."

"Shall I go alone to wait on Mr. Outrani, or will you go with me?"

By this time he had put on his hat, and said, "Come, let us go."

Just outside he met the banker, Seffor Don Basadre, and began to explain the project to him. I said, "Fetch him along." So on they came, and I was introduced to Mr. Outram, a merchant prince. My friend, Mr. H., saved me the trouble of telling my story by stating the case himself and advocating it eloquently.

In a few moments a Mr. Jones came in, and Mr. H. said to him: "Mr. Jones, you remember we were talking the other day about the great need of an English school in this town, and were devising how it could be brought about. Now, here is a benevolent gentleman who has come to help us in this very thing."

Mr. O. said, "How long can you remain with us?"

"I expect to return to Arica tomorrow morning."

"This is our mail day for Bolivia, and we are all extremely busy, but we think well of your proposition, and I think we will write you a favorable response to Valparaiso, if that will do."

"Thank you, sir; that will do if you cannot do better; but this is a very plain case, which need not consume much of your time, and my success here will help to open my way along the coast."

He made no reply, but took up his pen and signed the articles of agreement.

Then Mr. Jones signed. Meantime Mr. H. made some allusion to California, and said that he lived in San Francisco in 1853.

"Do you remember a man called Father Taylor, who preached every Sabbath afternoon on the plaza to the masses?"

"Yes, I remember Father Taylor very well."

"That same Father Taylor has come now to help you here in Tacna."

We both rose up and shook hands as old friends.. So we proceeded and completed our preparatory business in about half an hour more. I asked for a subscription of thirty pounds sterling to pay passage of a single man from New York to Tacna, and the guarantee of one hundred dollars per month for his support till the school could be made self-supporting to the extent of at least that amount. Eight generous gentlemen signed the papers, obligating themselves voluntarily to give ninety pounds sterling for passage, and two hundred dollars per month guarantee for a male and female teacher, a good man and his wife, our engagement to cover a period of at least three years.

Tacna carries on a large trade, principally of wool and copper, with Bolivia, transported across the near range of the Andes on the backs of llamas and mules. The llama carries a burden of one hundred pounds, the mule three hundred pounds. Arica is the port of entry, and its lists of imports and exports will convey an idea of the strength of this current of commerce.

Her imports consist of cottons, woolens, linens, silks, furniture, hardware, earthenware, and glassware, oilman's stores, wines, malt liquors and spirits, and medicines. The aggregate of the imports of Arica for the year 1876 amounted to \$1,854,171.08; exports, \$4,816,686.09.

On Monday, January 14, as the sun in grand reflected radiance was sinking beneath the horizon of the great waters of the West, we embark on Captain Taylor's steamer Maria Louisa. She has a freight of eighty-five thousand gallons of pure water from Arica wells, bound for Iquique, distant one hundred and eight miles.

As we near our anchorage at Iquique on Tuesday morning, the 15th of January, Captain Taylor points to the wreck of a ship he lost there last year. This can hardly be called a harbor; it is a roadstead, protected on the south by a little island on which a steamship lies high on the rocks. She was anchored there quite unbroken by the tidal wave of the 9th of last May.

Captain T. introduced me to half a dozen leading gentlemen of Iquique, who gave me but little encouragement. All admitted the great need of a school, and some thought a preacher might do some good; but the thing had been tried in good times, and the result was utter failure, and now in these hard times it was all nonsense to attempt such a thing.

Iquique has a population of about twelve thousand. Its principal export is' nitrate of soda, or saltpeter. It is brought from the coast range of mountains back of the town. The villages of Limena and La Noria, thirty-four miles distant, are large sources of supply. I visited those diggings, and the rocks that cover hundreds of acres of those dry mountains are of pure white salt.

Iquique was the place we had read about that was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1868. It was not indeed swallowed up, but it was terribly shaken to pieces; the tidal wave swept over a large portion of it, and of its thirteen thousand people it was supposed that one half of them were drowned. The town suffered terribly also by the earthquake of May, 1877. The people fled to the hills and escaped the tidal wave, but the kerosene lamps left burning in their houses were upset by the violence of the shocks and set the town on fire. There were three fire companies in the town, two German and one English. They rushed out with their engines to quench the flames. The tidal wave saved them that trouble, but swept away the engines and hose of both the German companies, and the English company made a very narrow escape.

The aggregate quantity of saltpeter exported from Iquique in 1876 was 7,050,764 quintals, valued at thirteen shillings per quintal, a round sum of over twenty-two millions of hard dollars (\$22,033,637). Forty ships were at anchor in its harbor when I was there. I boarded twenty-eight of them one morning before breakfast. I can't say that I breakfasted very early that day. Most of them were large, first-class iron ships.

Ralph Garratt, a kind-hearted Canadian, who was the station master of the railroad extending nearly one hundred miles inland, secured for me a furnished room and a free welcome to his table. His family consisted of a kind, gentle Peruvian wife, four children, an African nurse, a Chinese cook, and seven dogs. Mr. G., with a religious education, had not heard preaching for sixteen years prior to my visit; not unwilling to hear, but how could he hear without a preacher? He was anxious for a school, and for preaching as well and offered to subscribe liberally at the first mention of my mission.

The following is a copy of my proposal to the people of Iquique and of their reply:

"The city of Iquique being in need of an English school of high grade, for the education of the children of English, German, and the better class of Peruvian families in all the branches of a good English education and the classics, and also of a good Gospel minister for the English-speaking population, travelers, and seamen in this port, I propose to send hither a competent man combining in himself the twofold character of schoolteacher and pastor. Religious creeds not to be interfered with nor taught in the school.

"I therefore respectfully ask gentlemen interested in this good enterprise to subscribe the sum of thirty-five pounds sterling, to pay his passage to Iquique, and a monthly subscription amounting to an aggregate of one hundred silver dollars per month for his support, until the school shall become self-supporting. Passage subscription to be paid by the middle of April of this year, the other monthly, after the arrival of the teacher. This agreement to cover a period of at least three years.

"Respectfully submitted,

"Iquique, January 17, 1878
William Taylor"

"We, the undersigned, concur in Mr. Taylor's proposal, and agree to pay the sums we here subscribe, and do all else we can to make the undertaking a success.

"Iquique, January 17, 1878"

This was followed by a record of fifty names, with subscriptions exceeding the amount required. The committee elected at a public meeting of the people were J. N. Satler, German Consul, treasurer; J. Martin, secretary; J. Nairn, collector for the city; Thomas Greenwood, collector in railway works and the harbor; Ralph Garratt to provide a place for religious services.

At our meeting at the British Consulate, Mr. Garratt was appointed to provide a preaching place for me during my sojourn in the town. He furnished the railway station with seats and lights, and I preached there on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of that week, and at 1 and 7:30 p.m. the following Sabbath. Our congregations did not exceed forty persons, but they were very attentive, and there was some awakening of real religious interest, like the outside melting of an iceberg. It required more time than I could command to secure a thorough soul-converting work.

The most striking incident of my visit to Iquique occurred on the evening of the 23d of January. Mr. G., a young Englishman struck by Gospel truth at my meetings, came at different times to have me talk to him and to pray for him. His wife was an interesting Chilian lady.

Well, on the evening of the 23d he was in my room; I talked to him about an hour and then prayed with him. Just as I was closing my prayer, while yet on my knees, the bottom seemed to be going out. The foundations of the earth were shaken, and it appeared as though the mountains might be carried into the midst of the sea.

My man sprang to his feet, saying, "We must get out of this."

"Never mind; I suppose it will be over soon."

"No; if we don't get out at once the door will be jammed, and then we can't get out."

With that he went and tried to open the door. It was already jammed, but by pulling and jerking he got it open and went out. I looked about the room and got my hat, and was going out of the door when I remembered what my friend had told me half an hour before about the earthquake of last May overturning the lamps and setting the town on fire; so I returned and blew out my candle. The motion meantime was that of sudden jolting, like a wagon on a corduroy road. When I got out into the verandah I had to go a distance of fifty feet to get to the stairs leading down and out. I could hardly keep on my feet. It was like walking the deck of a ship in a chopping sea in the Bay of Biscay. Descending the stairs I held on to the railing and thus kept up. My friend was waiting for me below. By the time I got onto the ground the violent shocks abated, followed by vibrations every few minutes. We already saw lights on the hills and others moving rapidly up. Every dog in town seemed to expect the engulfing sweep of the tidal wave, and with the people ran to the hills, making the darkness hideous with their barking.

Mr. G. said, "Excuse me; I must go and look after my wife and children."

I then walked up to Mr. Garratt's. He and his family, with the help of some of his watchmen, were busily engaged providing bedding, water, and provisions for lodging on the hills.

Said Mr. G., "This is heavier than the earthquake of last May, and the sea will be upon us in a quarter of an hour if we don't get away to the hills." So I got my Bible and a wrapper and went with them. It was very dark, and, except for the hideous barking of the dogs, awfully quiet.

"Ah," said Mr. G., "this dreadful stillness precedes the tidal wave. It will sweep this town in ten minutes."

It was awful to think of forty ships grinding each other to pieces and dashing and breaking up amid the ruins of the town. Never having had my nerves shaken by such scenes before, I did not feel half the alarm that the residents manifested, but I quietly prayed to God to spare the town and the shipping. I thought of Abraham pleading for Sodom, and begged the Lord, if there were not ten righteous men in the place, possibly there might be three, and to spare it for their sake; and if not three, then in mercy to give the place a chance to benefit by the ministry of the man of God to be

sent to Iquique. We waited on the hill about an hour, when Mr. G. and I walked back. He stopped at his house, and I went to his office and met a number of leading gentlemen of the town. The earthquake had stopped the clock in the railway office at three minutes to 8 p.m., so we thus knew the exact time of the shocking event.

About 10 p.m. I went to my room and retired to bed. Happily the sea remained quiet, but all seemed to be painfully apprehensive of a recurrence, and perhaps the next time the earth might open her mouth and swallow the whole town.

I searched to see that I was wholly submitted to God, and quietly intrusted soul and body to the care of my Saviour. I could not call to mind one act of my life on which I could base any hope of heaven, but, sweetly resting my all in the hands of Jesus, I had sweet assurance that all was well. As I was dropping off to sleep I counted ten shocks that caused a creaking of the timbers of the building, but I soon fell asleep and waked up in the clear light of a peaceful morning.

After reaching New York, in June of 1878, I learned that Mr. J. Martin, secretary of our committee in Iquique, had collected and forwarded the requisite money for the passenger fares of such as I wished to send to the front. I accordingly appointed to the Iquique station Professor J. W. Collier, B.A., and made arrangements for him to sail late in July of that year.

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44 -- FROM VALPARAISO TO RIO

Where I Founded Missions -- Sketch of Valparaiso -- Numbers Coming and Going -- My Welcome at the Residence of Dr. Trumbull -- How He Came to Be in Valparaiso -- Church of England Work -- The Ground Preoccupied -- Trying My Methods on the Fleet -- Founding of the Seamen's Evangelical Society -- Raising of Funds -- At William Laurence's in Concepcion -- Henry Bunster My Providential Man -- Opening an English School -- Captain W. S. Wilson -- Talcahuana -- Journey to Talca -- The River Nuble -- A Horn of Tea -- Payment of Railway Men -- Where their Wages Go to -- Sketch of Talca -- Call on the American Minister -- Reception by President Pinto -- My Letter from President Hayes -- Reminiscence of My Interview with the Roman Catholic in India -- My Sermon to Him -- Condition of Affairs in Santiago -- Institutions of the City -- Returning to Callao -- My Brother Archibald -- My Visit to New York and Boston -- Candidates for South American Work -- The Consecration of a Life -- Sallie Longley and Lelia H. Waterhouse -- Typical Letter from Miss Waterhouse -- My Book, "Our South American Cousins" -- The Roman Catholics Support Me -- Necessity of a Transit Fund -- Sending Out Missionaries -- Attempts to Break a Contract -- Difference Between the South American and Indian Fields -- Pioneers Sent from the United States to the Former -- The Stowells and Miss Benson in Tacna -- Fate of their Endeavor -- Professor Humphrey and his Wife -- J. W. Collier at Iquique and Valparaiso -- A. T. Jeffrey and Wife at Antofagasta -- Other Stations -- Smith and Wife at Copiapo -- Other Successes and Failures -- Mrs. Vashbinder -- The Work in Coquimbo -- J. W. Higgins and his Church -- The Force in Valparaiso -- William A. Wright and Two Ladies for Concepcion -- Heroism of Lelia Waterhouse -- Other Missionaries Appointed -- The Work in Santiago -- Letter from Miss Whitfield -- Missions at Guayaquil and Aspinwall -- E. L. Latham Organizes a Methodist Church -- What was Done in Panama -- Other Central American Cities -- My Visit to

Para -- Justus H. Nelson Finds a College -- His Assistants -- Fate of the Enterprise -- Bereavement of the Nelson Family -- Their Heroism -- James Willet -- Ninde's Work in Pernambuco -- Preoccupation in Rio -- Interview with Dom Pedro -- Returning Third Class to New York -- What the Report of 1881 Shows -- Stations and Preachers in Charge -- Receipts for South American Work -- Dr. Kanut -- Reasons of Failures and Abandonments -- Remaining Fruits of the Enterprise -- Reminiscence of Dr. Swaney -- How President Hayes Came to Give Me the Letter -- Labors of Brother Archie in Callao -- Satan Stirs Up an Enemy -- My Brother and I in Peril of Our Lives -- How We Escaped -- Character of the Desperadoes -- The "Aconcagua" -- Opening My Missionary Book -- Inskip and McDonald to the Rescue -- My Transit and Building Fund Committee -- Division of the Work -- Zeal of the Committee -- Permanent Success of Nelson at Para -- Pros and Cons of My Work in South America -- Questions for Me to Answer -- And My Answers -- "Grant Me a Location without Debate." -- Building a College in Chili -- I am a Member of a General Conference -- My Petition to that Body -- What was Done with It -- Review of the Results and Personnel of My Work in India up to May of 1882

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The people of Iquique made ample provision for both educational and evangelistic work in that city.

I proceeded thence to lay the foundation of self-supporting missions at Autofagasta (population 10,000; export of saltpeter, value \$3,045,870; of silver, \$4,462,500); also in Caldera, Copiapo, Coquimbo, and Concepcion. We established a self-supporting seaman's union bethel in Valparaiso, where unhappy seamen might find a welcome. Minute details of this work may be found in my book entitled Our South American Cousins.

Valparaiso contains a population of about eighty thousand. It is the great commercial emporium of Chili. The number of sailing vessels entered in this port for the year 1876 was 784, and of steamers, 449; representing an aggregate capacity of 815, '39 tons. It should be observed that many of the same vessels, especially of the steamships, are entered a number of during the year.

The number of passengers arriving in this port during the year 1876 was 20,278; departures, 17,849, showing a gain of 2,429. Arrivals in 1877 were 19,317; departures, 15,133; excess of arrivals, 4,184.

By previous invitation I enjoyed a welcome at the residence of Rev. D. Trumbull, D.D. The doctor and his accomplished lady and family received and treated me as a brother beloved, and laid me under lasting obligations by their great kindness. When I preached for Dr. Trumbull in this city in 1849 he was an unmarried, ruddy, youthful-looking man. On my second visit to Valparaiso thirty years later I found the doctor at the head of a family of four daughters and two sons, all liberally educated in the United States. I copy from the doctor's paper, the record, his account of his coming to Chili:

"In 1844 a request was forwarded to New York that a minister might come to this city to gather a congregation of English and American residents and seafaring men. The English consular

chaplaincy had been established nine years previous. With a hope of benefiting foreigners as well as of ultimately reaching by such means the native population a society called the Foreign Evangelical took up this request, offering their commission just as I was terminating my studies in preparation for the ministry. I had asked to be guided in selecting a field of Christian effort, and considered the indication providential. Being ordained for the ministry in Valparaiso in June, 1845, I sailed in August and arrived here on the 25th of December, Christmas Day.

When I preached for him he and his people worshipped in a rented hall. In 1855 he built his first church at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and in 1869 he built his final church at a cost for land of twenty-six thousand dollars, and for building of thirty-one thousand dollars.

Dr. Trumbull, however, puts it on record that "the first effective attempt to care for the religious welfare of foreign Protestants living in this city was made by adherents of the Church of England." So, Valparaiso being so well and so long preoccupied, I did not attempt to found a mission in that city; but Rev. Dr. Trumbull called my attention to the great need of a seamen's preacher for that port, and said, "If you will open a subscription for funds to bring out a good man to labor among the seamen of this port I will head the list." I knew that meant one hundred dollars.

I thanked him for his liberal proposal, but replied, " Doctor, the seamen are neither paupers nor heathens. If they want a preacher they are able to pay all the expenses. The way to interest seamen really in such an enterprise, and have a thing that will live, is to have it originate with them and be run by them. All we want on the land is a resident, trustworthy committee, consisting simply of a president, secretary, and a safe deposit for their funds, as an anchorage for seafaring workers while in port."

By this time I was rather committed to a test of the principle of utilizing the indigenous resources available in the fleet of Valparaiso.

I did not know a man in the fleet, and nobody seemed to have time or inclination to accompany me. So all alone on Friday afternoon, March 15, 1878, I got a 'longshore boat to put me aboard the nearest ship. My method was to introduce myself and explain the object of my visit and have the captain call his men aft. They did not stop to dress, and in five minutes I had a congregation. I sang a solo or two, and then distributed hymn books, and had good congregational singing, followed by a plain sermon of twenty minutes, and closed with prayer. I then explained our wish to appoint a man of God as seamen's preacher for that port. Then all who wished to have a share in the business came and wrote their names and amount of their donations in my book, to be paid over to the treasurer by the captain on account of his men.

Each captain sent me on his boat to the next ship. I preached in the fleet on Sabbath evening and completed my subscription on Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 19, we held a meeting of the captains, whose interest we had enlisted in the work, in the upper room of Williamson, Balfour & Co.'s store. Dr. Trumbull presided. After due deliberation they all agreed that my plan was perfectly plain and practicable, and unanimously adopted the articles of agreement I had submitted constituting the Valparaiso Seamen's Evangelical Society.

The meeting voted an appropriation of funds for the passage of the minister whom I should select and send, and that till further order he should be paid one hundred dollars per month for his support. They wished to give more, but I preferred to have all my men commence as low in the scale as one hundred dollars per month. There were over twelve hundred arrivals of ships in that port annually. If only ten of them per month would pay twelve dollars each they would sustain this simple, economical plan of work.

Arriving at Concepcion, February 22, 1878, I was welcomed to the spacious home and hospitality of William Laurence and his accomplished wife. They entertained me most cordially. They had emigrated from London to Concepcion thirty years before. As a leading merchant in the town, I depended on him to introduce me to the men of means. He appointed the forenoon of the 24th as the time for our effort. He was not hopeful of my success, and seemed reluctant to come to the scratch. But soon after noon he returned to his house, where I was waiting, and with him came Henry Bunster, to whom I had letters. Bunster was my providential man for that moment, and had come sixty miles from his home, on other business, to be sure, but the Lord arranged to have him help me. I gave him my letters and he at once recognized me. He was an old Californian, and had heard me preach on the plaza in San Francisco many times, and could never forget the scenes of those pioneer days in the history of San Francisco. I showed him my book, and he at once put down his name for fifty dollars. That struck a spark of hope in the heart of my kind host, and in ten minutes we were off to see what could be done. We called first on the intendente, the mayor, a noble native gentleman, and he unhesitatingly signed his name for fifty dollars.

Several leading native gentlemen subscribed each fifty dollars, and we should have easily raised one thousand dollars, the amount we asked to bring out the teachers and initiate the school work, but most of the men were absent on summer vacation.

John Slater, an American railway king, introduced me to men returning from their summer resorts, and we reached a figure that guaranteed success, and arranged to open a school, to commence with forty scholars, with good prospects of increase and permanence.

I was glad to meet with another old friend in Concepcion, Captain W. S. Wilson, and to make the acquaintance of his family. He was a nephew of Captain Wesley Wilson, who commanded the ship *Anda/jisia*, on which I and mine went to California in 1849. Captain W. S. Wilson ran the first sail vessel that ever went to Sacramento city; and on his second trip to that city took thither from the deck of the *Andalusia* the Baltimore-California chapel, which my Baltimore friends had framed and sent with me. The captain is married to a Baltimore lady, who came with her parents to Chili when a child. They have a large family, and are liberal patrons of our school.

I made a short visit to Talcahuana and preached twice one night aboard two ships. The shipmasters, Mr. Van Ingan, a merchant from the United States, and a wealthy native gentleman were all anxious that I should send them a missionary to teach school and preach, giving part of his Sabbath services to the fleet, and pledged themselves for his support. Talcahuana is ten miles southwest of Concepcion, and its port of entry. The number of sailing vessels clearing in 1876 was 182; steamers, 163. Value of exports in that year, \$8,613,164. It is the sea terminus of the

Talcahuana, Concepcion, and Santiago Railroad, running a distance of three hundred and sixty-five miles through the great agricultural valleys of Chili, from Talcahuana to Santiago.

I took the cars in Concepcion for Santiago on Monday morning, the 4th of March. The skies were bright, the air balmy and bracing. The wheat harvests had been gathered, and the dry stubble fields gave the country a barren appearance, but this was relieved by the orchards and vineyards opening to view on every hand loaded with fruit.

I traveled that day one hundred miles to Chillan, and put up for the night at the French hotel. Chillan was then a town of twenty-two thousand population. There was no passenger train going northward next day; so my friend, Mr. C. H. Laurence, the railway paymaster, gave me permission to go with his assistant, Senor Cheveria, who went through to Talca -- one hundred miles -- with engine and tender, to pay monthly dues to all the employees on that section of the road.

Tuesday morning, the 5th, we rolled out about three miles to the river Nuble. The railway bridge across it, about a quarter of a mile in length, was swept away by the great floods from the Andes last June; indeed, they swept away all the bridges on the line from this place to Santiago. The Nuble is not large enough for steamboat navigation, but at its flood too large for the safety of any improvements within the breadth of its sweep. . The new bridge was nearly finished. We walked across it amid a crowd of workmen hastening its completion. Here we got onto a much larger tender, run before the engine, so that we escaped the sparks and smoke. Our driver was a Mr. Allen, from Patterson, New Jersey. He had his wife and four children residing at Linaris; a town of six thousand people, on the line. He was taking his tea as we came up, and kindly gave me a horn, literally a pint of tea in a cow's horn. He kindly offered me bread, but having a supply I simply accepted the horn of tea with thanks. Now the real interest of the day began, the payment of dues to the railway employees. About every ten miles, where gangs of men were at work, the tender stopped. The men came running and each responded to the call of his name, and received his money. Common laborers were paid \$12.60 per month; a grade higher, \$15; foreman of gangs, \$19; firemen, \$60; drivers, \$120. The scene can't be transferred to paper. Close by the paymaster stood a vulture-eyed fellow who every now and again grabbed a lot of the money. Just as it was passing into the hands of the hardy son of toil who earned it that fellow laid his hands on it and put it into his own pocket. There was one who had but two dollars of his fifteen left in his hands. There stood another with empty hands, and gazed at the man who pocketed his pay. His eyes said, "It is too bad, but what can I do?"

I said, " Mr. Allen, who is that man who is gobbling the pay of these poor fellows? He is the boarding-house master."

"O, yes, I see. He's the man who gets the workmen round the board, ostensibly to eat, but really to drink up their wages before they are earned."

Our seeming thing of life blows its great whistle again, and' we are off for another stage. The interest kept up all the way. The most popular man on the road was the paymaster. They all seem so delighted to see him. We crossed some of the rivers on a temporary side track, to be used till the bridges could be rebuilt; others, which were larger, we had to cross in boats, and take

another tender and engine waiting for us on the farther side. We reached Talca about 3 p.m. and put up at Hotel de Colon.

Talca is a pretty town, near to a river. It contains a population of twenty-five thousand. There are a number of American and English families residing in Talca. I was cordially received by Mr. Holman, the miller, an American, and Mr. Bennett, the banker; but I did not propose to open a mission in Talca, as an American missionary was trying to start a mission there. Later he left that field, and my people founded a college in Talca.

Wednesday morning, March 6, I took passage on a regular train, one hundred and sixty-five miles to Santiago, a city of one hundred and eighty thousand, and arrived at sunset of that day and put up at Hotel Oddo. After dinner I mounted the upper story of a street car and went for a call on Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, American Minister to Chili, who received me cordially. He was formerly Governor of the State of Kansas. He combines good abilities as a statesman with the modest, genial qualities of a gentleman and friend. He was well acquainted with Rev. D. P. Mitchell, of the South Kansas Conference, and other ministers who were particular friends of mine; so I spent a very pleasant hour with him.

Thursday, 7th, accompanied by Mr. Osborn I went to call on his excellency Senor Annibal Pinto, the president of the republic, who received me with great cordiality. Next to the president, the minister of justice and of public instruction for the nation, Senor Amunategui, was most hearty in expression of friendship for me and my work.

The president is a man of medium size, not corpulent, but in good condition, with smooth round features, keen black eyes, with an appearance of great amiability and kindness of heart, and a model of simplicity. He was seated at his desk examining some documents as we entered, but arose and shook hands with us very cordially.

Mr. Osborn told him about me and my mission to his country, and that I had a letter of commendation from President Hayes. His expressions of pleasure, congratulation, and assurance of support in regard to the English schools I was preparing to found on the coast were very emphatic.

He inquired particularly about Senor Guillermo Laurence, of Concepcion, and other patrons of my work there. That is the city to which the president belongs, and his cousin, Major Pinto, is the treasurer of my school fund in Concepcion. After this conversation his excellency asked to see my letter from President Hayes, and read it over with close attention, evidently not on my account, but because it was from the hand of the president of the great republic. We did not ask or desire any government funds for the support of our work, simply recognition and cooperation on the principle of business equivalents.

In my long journeyings from place to place in foreign countries and during my voyages at sea I recall many pleasing incidents and reminiscences out of my past work. On my way to Santiago there comes into my mind what happened when I was riding in the rail cars one day in India. I fell into conversation with an intelligent Roman Catholic, and as I was older than he I invited him to hear me for my cause.

"Very good, sir," said he, "I will listen with pleasure."

I proceeded to give him a conversational sermon by the way, teaching him about the animal nature that is in us; about the soul with its instincts and appetencies; about the higher spiritual nature that unites us with God; and in particular about the Bible, the book of God. I showed him how the Bible is to the soul what the light of day is to the natural eye; that there must be a book of spiritual revelation to the inner man; and then recounted my own experiences with respect to the Bible. I told him that I had found that the Bible is the only book that sets up any tenable claim to be of divine authority. I elaborated on the commandments, and then on the New Testament doctrine, with the revelation of God in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men; and so on until the journey was ended. When the train stopped and I arose to leave, my Roman Catholic friend grasped my hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "It is a most fortunate circumstance that I came on this train and fell in with a man like you. I never heard such good news before. I am sure I shall never forget your words, and I am greatly obliged for your kindness in telling me these things." My heart was full of love and sympathy for him. I learned afterward that he received Jesus, and testified to a personal experience of salvation in him.

Santiago was not then ready for the introduction of my work. The English people were committed somewhat to a Church of England minister stationed there at the time, and Mr. Osborn, a true friend of our work, advised that it would be safer for our cause to wait for a change in the local condition of things. I concurred in that judgment, and did nothing there but spy out the country. About a year later, when we needed new fields in which to plant our fleeing refugees from Peru, the English minister resigned his charge in Santiago and returned to England. When he went out our man La Fetra, from Valparaiso, went in, and after that a congregation and a college in Santiago were established and were run by my people. They had regular preaching services and a Sunday school. The Santiago Female College was founded by Miss Addie Whitfield, who became the wife of Rev. Ira H. La Fetra, so that the superintendency of the institution devolved on the two of them from its foundation.

On the 24th of March I embarked at Coquimbo on the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's steamer Lontera, eighteen hundred and forty-eight tons register. I spent a few days with my brother at Callao, and gave him help in his arduous work. He is an able Gospel preacher, and had an interesting work of salvation among the English-speaking people of Yaateo city. I sailed thence for Panama, three thousand miles from Valparaiso, April 30, 1878, spent one day in Aspinwall, and got a subscription of eighty-six dollars per month toward the support of a minister to labor in that needy field.

My whole fare home, first-class, cost a little less than my outward passage in the steerage. I arrived in New York on the 3d of May, six months and sixteen days from the date of my departure for South America. During my brief absence, by the mercy of God I traveled about eleven thousand miles, and opened the twelve centers of educational and 3 evangelizing work described in these pages. On my visit to the Boston University, a few days before my departure, I requested Rev. A. P. Stowell, one of the graduating students, to act as my recruiting sergeant for the enlistment of first-class workers for South America. During the first week after my arrival Professor Stowell sent me the names of eight candidates who were ready for orders. I felt a desire that, in addition to

all other qualifications for their work, they should be singers and teachers of vocal music. It turned out that they all, in that, as in everything else, were just the men for this most delicate and difficult work. The ladies, too, were well educated, experienced teachers in all desired branches of education, including instrumental music.

I said to one of our elect ladies, " Are you willing to go to Panama and teach school for the Jamaica people?"

"Yes, Brother Taylor, I will go anywhere."

"They are a people despised by some white folks who derisively call them 'Jamaica niggers.' Will you share their reproach and teach their children?"

Certainly I will, if you decide to send me there."

I added, "But, my dear sister, it has the reputation of being a very sickly place. In the construction of the Panama Railroad it is said that three thousand workmen died in making the first seven miles of it. In attempting to drive piles to secure a foundation for the road they dropped in a shipload before they found occasion to use the hammer of the pile-driver. Each pile as it was let go slipped through out of sight; they could scarcely see the place where it went down. So I don't know how many missionaries may have to be dropped in there in preparing the way of the Lord. Can you risk your life in such a place?"

"Yes, Brother T., I'm not afraid; I will go to Aspinwall or to any place to which you assign me."

That was Miss Sallie Longley, and I sent her to a fine healthy place.

I wrote Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse, daughter of one of our New England ministers, an educated, accomplished young lady, who had offered herself for our South American work, "that in our poverty of financial resources my workers would have to go as steerage passengers.

She replied, "I am very glad that Jesus is so kind, for I am strengthless. He will never break the bruised reed. He surrounds my life with his love as with a mantle. He fills my heart with his abiding presence. In all my experience he has never allowed anything to come upon me more than I can bear. He knows how to adjust everything so nicely. I go forward to my seed sowing without a shadow of fear in my heart. Does not perfect love cast out fear? Why should I fear? It is blessed to trust. My box leaves today for New York."

She was ready to embark as a steerage passenger for South America, and wrote further, saying, "Why should I fear hardships? My Jesus had not where to lay his head. I have always fared better than that. He became poor, and I through his poverty became rich; he wandered footsore and weary, with no resting-place, and through those wanderings millions have found rest. Do you suppose that he is sorry now as he sits by his Father and sees throng after throng of white-robed ones kneel before him? Is he sorry that he knew what it was to be poor and hungry and tired and misunderstood and mocked and crucified? He groaned beneath a weight of sin that I might go

sinless and free. He had no home in order that I might have a shining mansion. It seems to me that if I had ten thousand lives they would be none too many to consecrate to his service. I do not say this to boast. It comes from a full heart. 'My highest place is lying low at my Redeemer's feet.'"

These are specimens of the sort of missionaries the Lord gave me for South America. To fill my first order to supply the twelve new fields I had opened I required twelve men and six women. I had just returned from my pioneering tour on the west coast, and had not a dollar of passage money in hand. I refused to receive money, either for passage or support. I had confidence in the committees I had organized at the front. I wrote a book on my homeward voyage entitled *Our South American Cousins*, giving the facts in detail, illustrative of the whole movement so far. I had my book in press before I had received a cent of passage money. Satan accused me of being the greatest fool out of the lunatic asylum for involving such risks on the faith of committees composed of Roman Catholics, and of English traders, who are more nervous with fear of foreign intrusion, which might affect their business, than are the educated Romanists themselves. I had faith in God, and faith in man. Treat a man as a dog and he will bite you, unless he in Christian meekness returns good for evil, and makes you feel like a cur kicked for snapping at its master. I had a dozen classically educated candidates nearly ready to sail before a cent of money came to hand.

The first draft I received -- and it came in due time -- was from my purely Roman Catholic patrons of Tacna, Peru, passage for man and wife, amounting to \$436.95. Meantime I arranged after my return to send a young lady music teacher to Tacna, additional to the man and his wife.

The same mail that brought the check from Tactia brought a letter from the chairman of my committee at Concepcion, stating that he feared that the movement would raise a row between the two great political parties of the country, and, being a merchant, his business would be imperiled, and, therefore, he had ordered my collector not to collect the subscriptions. That slip indicated plainly the necessity of a transit fund at home; and from that time I allowed friends who desired to do so to give something for the passage of my missionaries; and I hurried round and sold books and managed to get enough for steerage passage for my learned and refined people.

I sent a man and two ladies to Concepcion. Their arrival was a great surprise to my English friends in that city; their astonishment was equaled only by their indignation against me for sending them teachers after receiving the letter foreclosing the whole movement, as they supposed.

My missionary man replied, "You can look at your subscription book and articles of agreement with California Taylor, a plain business transaction between two parties, which cannot honorably be dissolved without consent of both parties. Mr. Taylor has so far fulfilled his part of the agreement, and expects you, as gentlemen of business integrity, to fulfill your part. When the intendente or mayor of the city, who had, on my application, subscribed fifty dollars, heard of two Englishmen who had subscribed fifty dollars each and had declined to pay it, he said, "Put me down for one hundred and fifty dollars. This thing has got to go in." It went in.

My work in India meant my own direct evangelizing work, tall by the power of God, according to his Gospel, I succeeded in organizing self-supporting churches, ready at once to receive and support the pastors required.

In South America, owing to my limited time and the amount of track-laying work essential to great success, especially among the natives, the opening of a field meant a very different thing. I had to work my way right in, book in hand, containing a written proposal of what I wished to do, with articles of agreement to be signed by the people, with the amount of money they would pledge -- first, to pay the outward passage of the missionaries, and, second, the amount to be paid monthly for their support. As before stated, I refused in every case to handle a dollar of their money. For more than thirty years I paid my own expenses and wrought for the love of God and souls without any compensation from men.

To give a history in detail of my missions in South America, and of the labors of the heroic men and women who have put into them the prime of their lives, and in a number of cases life itself, would require a large volume. Having named the mission fields open in Peru and Chili, it remains for me to give some illustrative facts in regard to the pioneer men and women we sent out from the United States.

TACNA, PERU. I appointed Rev. A. P. Stowell, Mrs. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson to Tacna.

During the first year they made a good success in school work, for which they received twenty-five hundred dollars, but they wrought too hard. Brother Stowell, a rugged, powerful man when he graduated in theology from the Boston University, was taken down with pneumonia, and was told by the doctors that he must die. He said, " If I must die, I prefer to die at sea." Sister Stowell was also sick, but not thought to be dangerously ill. Dear Brother Stowell was carried on a stretcher, and laid on a bed in the rail car, prepared by his native friends, and conveyed thirty-nine miles by rail to Arica, and four men carried him aboard ship and laid him down to die, but on the voyage he rapidly improved. Dear Sister Stowell, however, became very ill. She had weak lungs and consumptive tendencies, and now she went into a rapid decline. I providentially met them in New York, heard the report of their work, and helped them in their homeward journey. Two weeks after Sister Stowell got back to her mother's she died in the Lord, and went to her heavenly home. She was a lovely Christian woman.

Sister Cora B. Benson became private tutor in the family of a member of our Board of Education, and remained in Tacna for a couple of years or more, till, in consequence of the war, the family she was in had to leave Peru and take refuge in Chili, and Cora returned to her home in Boston.

Immediately after the return home of Mr. and Mrs. Stowell I sent Professor Humphrey and wife to resume the work in Tacna. They got through Arica the day before that port was closed by the blockading fleet of Chili. They had a successful term in school, and received two hundred dollars per month for services rendered. By that time the armies of Chili were advancing for the siege of Tacna, so that by mutual consent of my school board and the teachers it was thought best to postpone the reopening till the war should close. Brother and Sister Humphrey, noble Christian workers, went to Chili and labored in our college work there till, on account of failing health, they returned to their home in the United States.

IQUIQUE. I stationed at that great and growing town Rev. J. W. Collier. He wrought like an Apollos, both in teaching and preaching. I sent his sister Edith to assist him. That was then the most promising field we had in South America, but to escape the big guns of Chili they had to get out as quickly as they could. So they went to Chili and opened a new field at Lota, some three hundred miles south of Valparaiso. They were succeeding in Lota, but Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso, was taken ill, and his people voted him a year's leave of absence and called Brother Collier to supply his place, which he did. Sister Edith held the fort alone at Lota for many months. She joined class in Concepcion, and though she had to go thirty miles to class meeting she was in regular attendance. She afterward gave up Lota and became a teacher in our college in Santiago, and after a term of good service she died with the smallpox, but fell asleep, O, so sweetly, in the arms of Jesus! She was beloved by all who knew her.

ANTOFAGASTA. A very important field, both for preaching and for school work. I stationed there A. T. Jeffrey, B.A., and his good wife, who were getting a fair start in their work when he was taken ill, and before he recovered sufficiently for work the place became so involved in the war that they were obliged to leave. they went to Chili and did good work. Antofagasta then belonged to Bolivia, but fell to Chili by the war settlement, as Iquique was lost to Peru. My stations in Peru and Bolivia were by far the most promising fields we had at the beginning, and all were open to Gospel preaching except one, but we lost the whole of them by the war.. Thirteen of our missionaries, driven out by the storms of war, went on to Chili and found ample employment and adequate support.

COPIAPO, CHILI. I stationed there Rev. Lucius C. Smith, B.A., and his wife. He learned to preach in the Spanish language in nine months, besides his school work and regular English preaching. In a few months his wife went down under typhoid fever and died. It was a very healthy town, not troubled with fevers, but the Lord took the dear sister to heaven. Lucius was nearly crushed with bereavement and desolation.

His widowed sister, Mrs. Vasbinder, also a B.A., promptly volunteered to go and assist her bereaved brother in his work, and I sent her. Then our exiles from Lima, Brother and Sister Gilliland, joined them in Copiapo.

Later Brother Smith married again. The five of them in the field pushed the battle grandly.

Miss Whitfield, founder and preceptress of our female college in Santiago, in a letter to my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler, speaking of the work at Copiapo, says: "Mr. Smith, one of Mr. Taylor's men, is doing a grand work among the natives. He spoke and preached in their language perfectly in ten months. He is a magnificent man, counting nothing a sacrifice. He has won over very many to the Protestant faith."

Much good was done at Copiapo, but its silver mines, its main dependence, failed, and our principal supporters moved away. Nevertheless Mrs. Vasbinder, as principal, with several missionary helpers from America, carried on the work in Copiapo for several years with the best soul-saving success of any of the west coast stations; but the health of Mrs. Vasbinder and of her principal helpers failed, and they returned home, and I sent a new man from America to take charge at Copiapo, but its resources had become so reduced that he ate up our house and school

furniture and left the field. The work in Copiapo was spread by a Wesleyan local preacher, and that work, run by unpaid agency, went on in spite of the coming or going of missionaries. Rev. Dr. Trumbull's Presbyterian missionaries abandoned Copiapo after two or three years of service before my arrival, and the doctor gave cheerful consent to our occupancy of the field; so when we retired they resumed it and we concurred.

COQUIMBO, containing a population of about thirteen hundred, is the principal commercial center of the province of the same name, containing a population of fifty-eight thousand, of whom eight hundred are English. I stationed Rev. J. W. Higgins, B.A., a single man, at Coquimbo. He opened up a field for a big circuit but no school work at the start, but labored hard there as a minister for three years. Near the end of that term he wrote to me, saying, "You made a wise selection of a committee. They have raised the money themselves, paid all the running expenses, paid up my salary, and have fifteen hundred dollars in the church treasury, and one hundred dollars more in the Sunday school treasury."

Many persons professed conversion under the able ministry of Brother Higgins. He organized fellowship bands, Sunday school, and prayer meetings, but did not see his way to attempt the organization of a Methodist church. I organized our church there in 1883. Miss Rachel Holding was the founder of our female school in Coquimbo and ran it successfully for several years, and then returned to the United States to fulfill a marriage engagement.

VALPARAISO SEAMEN'S WORK. I appointed to this charge Rev. Ira H. La Fetra, B.A. He did a good work there for about a year and got an adequate support, and then gave place to our refugee from Bolivia, Rev. A. T. Jeffrey, and entered our anticipated opening in Santiago.

I supplied the Seamen's Bethel work in Valparaiso for a period of four or five years by the two ministers just named and by Rev. Oscar Krouser. Then Mr. Trumbull associated it permanently with his own church work.

CONCEPCION. I appointed to our work in that important find Rev. William A. Wright, Ph.B., and two young ladies, Sallie Longley and Lelia H. Waterhouse. Our mission there had severe reverses, not from any lack on the part of our native friends and patrons, but by sickness of one and necessary subsequent absence of another. The health of Miss Longley, who had become Mrs. Wright, having broken down by disease and hard work, Brother Wright and she had, greatly against their will, to return to the States in about a year from the time they went out.

Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse remained and worked and prayed, and by her heroic faith carried the movement through all its struggles and perils for nearly four years; but on account of broken-down health she returned to the United States. If the Lord has sent out a more genuine missionary to any land in the last hundred years than Lelia H. Waterhouse the fact has not come to my notice.

After Brother Wright and wife retired from this field, I appointed missionaries at different periods, according to the demands of the work -- Rev. A. P. Jeffrey, a.m., and wife, Rev. G. M. Jeffrey, B.A., Misses Esther L. Spink, Martha Boyce, and Mary E. Elkins.

From the beginning of the work in Conception we had regular preaching, Sunday school, and class meetings, and at different times some very clear conversions to God.

SANTIAGO. Within a year from my first visit to that city the anticipated opening for a missionary, to which Hon. Mr. Osborn called my attention, was, as before stated, occupied by Rev. I. H. La Fetra, and before he had been there a year I sent Miss Addie H. Whitfield to found our female college there. In the early period of this work Miss Whitfield wrote my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler, as follows, dated August 13, 1882. She says: "The bishop was here. I think he was greatly pleased with the educational work we had begun, but at first did not seem to trace any very direct religious bearing. The educational work itself is a grand one, but I believe with further development of our Church that not only the enlightening but religious influence of our work will soon be widely felt. I believe ere long there will be in attendance on our services some of our most liberal-minded patrons; and, as our students become familiar with the English language, especially our boys, they will go and hear for themselves.

"If God prospers us I believe it is the work of the near future to convert many of these well-educated people to the true faith. Through the upper classes, among whom we work, the lower classes will be reached, never the upper classes through the lower."

Paul, as I have said, began with the upper classes and thus reached all; the missionary societies begin with the lower, and don't get on so fast. They are the grandest of charity institutions, but the self-supporting men of the nations are not objects of charity.

GUAYAQUIL, the capital port of Ecuador. On my first tour I arranged by a subscription of ample funds for the support of a missionary there, and appointed a good young man, a graduate of Syracuse University, but his health failed and he felt obliged to return home.

ASPINWALL. I appointed to that most deadly and most needy field Rev. C. A. Birdsall, B.A., and Lillie, his wife. He was a hero ready for any good work in this world. He was not, however, sufficiently afraid of that treacherous climate. He went right in, preaching three times each Sabbath, morning and night, in the city, and in the afternoon at Monkey Hill, walking through malarious burning heat two miles out and back, making pastoral calls by the way. He succumbed and died within a period of four months. When dying he said to Lillie, his wife, "Go back to Berea and complete a course in college, and go again into Brother Taylor's work."

She went to school there for a time, and I sent her to India, she paying half of her own expenses out. She did good work in our Calcutta girls' school, and became the wife of Rev. O. Shreves, our minister stationed then in Poonah, India. She was a faithful witness for the Saviour.

Immediately after the death of Brother Birdsall I sent to take his place Rev. E. L. Latham, of the Providence Conference. He organized a Methodist church of forty or fifty members, and by funds raised partly there and partly at home he built a large house suitable for meetings and school on lower floor, and residence of the minister and family above, all at a cost of about two thousand five hundred dollars. After three years of successful service there he was followed by Rev. B. S. Taylor, of the Troy Conference. He dashed in under high pressure, teaching the school commenced in Brother Latham's time a few hours daily, keeping up all the regular preaching appointments in

the city and at Monkey Hill, and running special revival services in a big tent four nights per week. He was a graduate of Middletown, a holy man, an eloquent preacher, but of killing, consuming zeal. He was stricken with fever and went down to the gates of death. The doctors gave him up as a hopeless case, and my man for Panama, Rev. Richard Copp, stood over him day and night applying simple remedies, and, by the mercy of God, pulled him through. He and his family returned home.

PANAMA, an old native city of ten thousand population, one thousand West India colored people with a sprinkling of English and American. Brother Copp had served over a year in Panama before Brother Taylor left, and then took the oversight of the work both in Panama and Aspinwall, and supplied a large congregation in each town, had scores of members in his classes, visited the sick, buried the dead, and did a stupendous work both in measure and might; after ten or a dozen years of that hard service his health gave way, and he retired from the field. Then the work was carried on for a few years by a West India colored man. Most of our hearers in those two hard fields were West India Africans, who were true to us as long as we could have competent white men to serve them as pastors; but after a while they applied to the Wesleyans for a regular minister, and a man was sent who took up the work, and the work, I am told, is being pushed successfully; and we say, Amen!

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA. I arranged for opening a mission in that beautiful town and appointed John E. Wright, B.A., as missionary. He did a good work, got a good support, sent to California for a young lady who joined him in school work and became his wife. Wright's work for several years had been purely ministerial, but the two of them, with another lady from California, soon developed an important school work; but his wife got out of health, and he took her back to the healthy climate of California, where within a few weeks she left him a widower.

GREY TOWN, NICARAGUA. Brother Latham left Aspinwall to open a mission in Grey Town. He was kindly received by the people, but being heavily worked and worn he suddenly left his new field and returned to the United States.

PARA, BRAZIL. It was a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, the commercial emporium of the Amazon. It is located on the south bank of Para River, about eighty miles distant from the Atlantic Ocean.

I went there in June, 1880, and took with me Rev. Justus H. Nelson, M.A., and his wife. I stopped there a couple of weeks and opened the way for a college for the natives, there being no English families in that city, though some English business men. Brother Nelson went on to build up a fine institution for God and Methodism. I sent Miss Hattie Curtis, from Michigan, to assist him.

In June, 1881, I sent additional recruits to Para -- Rev. John N. Nelson, B.A., brother of Justus, Miss Hattie Batchelder, a graduate of Kent's Hill College, Maine, and Miss Clare Blunt, a graduate in music from the same institution. Brother Nelson wrote repeatedly that he was delighted with his new workers, for they were "eating the Portuguese language and going in splendidly."

Within less than a year his college building and all his schoolbooks and furniture were burned. His brother, John Nelson, and the wife of James Nelson, and Miss Hattie Batchelder, were swept away by the yellow fever, and Justus H. and wife were left in desolation. He gave up his school work, except to teach certain hours in the government schools, and devoted himself to preaching the Gospel. He and his heroine wife have maintained their ground. He suffered imprisonment for months for expressing himself too freely about some old saint. His work is almost entirely among the natives, who speak the Portuguese language. He had an organized Methodist church of between thirty and forty members when I heard last from them. He has also opened and manned a mission at Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon.

I thought the dear Nelson family, in Appleton, Wisconsin, would be crushed almost to despair by this bereavement; but soon I received a letter from a still younger brother, James Willet Nelson, saying, "I suppose that you have heard that Hattie Batchelder and brother John have been promoted, and John's place is vacant. If you have no better man to put into it than I am, send me. I would like to stay and graduate next spring, but a diploma is nothing compared with the demands of the work of God in Para, so I can be ready to start on short notice. Father and mother both consent to my going. Father wept when I first talked to him about it. He said, "It is like filling up the broken ranks in battle, but if you feel it your duty, my son, go, and may God bless you!"

Soon after this letter from James Willet, I received a letter from Justus H. Nelson, his brother, at Para, saying that the survivors of their party were all well, and that the work was prospering, and that they could hold the fort and give the time needed to secure good helpers for him. So I wrote James Willet to remain and finish his college course and go out in May. Meantime he selected a good assistant teacher to accompany him, and she went as his wife. They sailed from New York for Para on the 20th of May, 1882.

PERNAMBUCO, a maritime city of one hundred thousand population. I opened a fine prospect for a mission in that city and appointed several very strong men to man it, but they set their plow too deep, and what with sickness and discouragement they all left except George B. Nind, son of Sister Mary Nind. He was an educated, devotedly pious young man, and a fine musician and music teacher. He was in that work ten or twelve years, teaching music to individuals and in the colleges, and preaching every Sabbath in the streets and parks. Meantime he married a Miss Nelson, sister to Justus H., John, and James. Being young and not an ordained minister, he did not feel able to organize a church. Finally his wife's health failed and they returned home.

I arranged for opening Maranhain and Bahia, but did not succeed in manning them.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the empire, is a very great city stretching over hollows, hills, and mountain slopes. In prospecting this city I found that the English field for missions was preoccupied. I had not the time at command to make definite arrangements for a school, but secured the cooperation of able men resident there to assist any whom I might send to get a footing.

I had a pleasant interview with the Emperor Dom Pedro, and explained the object of my mission and my measure of success in arranging for work in his country. He said, "Cannot you furnish me these things in writing, so that I may give them due consideration?"

"Yes, your majesty; I have the pleasure of placing in your hands a copy of my prospectus and articles of agreement with the people of Para, Pernambuco, and Bahia."

I then put the documents, beautifully written in the Portuguese language on clear, hick paper, into his hands. So in those countries we have done nothing in a corner.

I returned third-class from Rio de Janeiro to New York on a small but new, strong steamer. We passed through two hurricanes that sunk most of the ships in the West India waters. We had no bulwarks except light iron balustrading, and the great seas rolled right across our deck. I said one day to a sailor, "How did you get through from the after cabin to the forecabin?"

O, I came over at low tide?

I spent much of my time on top of the cook's galley above the sweep of the seas that threatened to engulf our ship, and wrote a book on baptism. It has had a wide circulation, and has been used by the divine Teacher for the enlightenment of many who were troubled on that subject.

By our official report for 1881, three years after our commencement in Peru, we may plainly see that God was leading, and that his workers in this difficult field were succeeding. The following is but an index of the work and the workers at that period of their progress. In 1881 our missions and missionaries were as follows:

Chili: Copiapo, Lucius C. Smith, Mrs. Lucius C. Smith, Mrs. Vasbinder, J. P. Gilliland, Mrs. J. P. Gilliland; Coquimbo, J. W. Collier, Mrs. J. W. Collier, Miss Rachel Holding; Valparaiso, Oscar Krouser, Mrs. Oscar Krouser; Santiago, I. H. La Fetra, Millard Lemon, W. A. Wright, Mrs. W. A. Wright, Miss Addie H. Whitfield, Professor Farwell, Miss Lizzie Kipp, Miss Kinsman, Miss Ogden, Miss Lizzie Holding; Concepcion, A. T. Jeffrey, Mrs. A. T. Jeffrey, George M. Jeffrey, Miss Esther L. Spink, Miss Martha Boyce, Miss Mary E. Elkins.

United States of Colombia: Panama and Aspinwall, Richard Copp, Professor Rouse.

Central America: San Jose., John E. Wright; Grey Town, E. L. Latham.

Brazil: Para, J. H. Nelson, Mrs. J. H. Nelson, J. W. Nelson, Mrs. J. W. Nelson, Miss Clare Blunt, Walter Gregg; Pernambuco, W. T. Robinson, Mrs. W. T. Robinson, G. W. Martin, Mrs. G. W. Martin, G. B. Nind, F. F. Roose, Mrs. F. F. Roose.

From an official report of our school work of Chili District for the year 1892, made to Bishop Newman, I extract the following facts and figures, indicating the measure of the movement before it was added to the work of the Missionary Society: [facts and figures omitted -- DVM]

The land and buildings free from debt are held in trust for our Church by our Transit and Building Fund Committee. Their estimated value in gold is two hundred thousand dollars. A portion of this property value came from the net profits of our school work; the larger proportion came through our Transit and Building Fund, from our friends and patrons, especially from the

munificence of my old friends Richard Grant and Anderson Fowler. All these institutions are centers of evangelistic work among the Spanish-speaking people. Our evangelists whom we train and send out are of the same race and language. Dr. Kanut is called the Martin Luther of Chili. He says that when a student in a Jesuit college he "became acquainted with California Taylor on his first visit to Chili, and from his plain talk and testimony to the saving power of Jesus I was led to surrender myself to God and to receive Jesus Christ, and was saved. I completed my college course of study, then took a medical course, and finally gave myself up to the Gospel ministry." He was stoned while preaching in the streets of the city of Serena. He picked up some of the stones hurled at him, and said to the mob that he would have them built into the walls of a Methodist church.

Some will say, "What about the failures and abandonment of stations partly opened?" We were compelled to suspend organized work in a number of places from causes before indicated, but we did work for God in every field we entered, even for a short time. It was a great work to open such fields and bring light and love to the people, who to this day, so far as I can learn, speak kindly about us, and would welcome us back, and we or others expect to go back and to be kindly received through the doors we opened. The light of eternity will reveal the fact that we did a good, soul-saving work for God in Callao and other fields which I have not named in this showing, where we did not attempt church organization. My brother preached in Callao nearly a year, Brother Gilliland and wife wrought a good part of a year in Lima, where there was a congregation of over forty, and Brother J. Baxter and wife labored over three years in Callao and saw good results, and were supported by the people saved. Finally, on account of failing health, he retired, and our Missionary Society took up that work.

If an ambassador for Christ tarries but for a night in a neglected field he leaves a blessing to some needy soul.

I sent two German missionaries to the German colonies in southern Chili. They wrought there for several years and got many Germans converted. My men became overworked and ill and returned to the United States, but the fruit of their labors remained. All my missionaries in South America are, and were from the beginning, supported by the people whom they served, but received liberal help from home for the purchase of school outfit and land, and the erection of schoolhouses and houses for Gospel preaching and religious worship.

I will add a few incidents that recur in the retrospect relative to my missionary labors in South America. One of my fellow-pioneer missionaries in California was Dr. J. A. Swaney. He was subsequently employed for six years on the coasts of Peru and Chili, where he served as chaplain for the American Seamen's Friend Society. It was he who first interested me especially in the South American field; and by him I was greatly helped in the very difficult task laid upon me by the Holy Spirit of planting self-supporting missions in that great country. I was also aided by the President of the United States, who kindly sent me, over his own address and signature, a letter of introduction and commendation to the good people of South America. It came about on this wise:

My old friend Chauncey Shaffer, of New York, was pleading a case before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and, meeting with President Hayes, told him of my contemplated visit to South America to open fields for educational and evangelical work. The

President replied that he had been well acquainted with Mr. Taylor's work for many years past. That letter met an emergency when I needed a friend, just the time I always get special help from God, often, as in this case, through unanticipated agency. I never thought of applying to the President of the United States for a letter. I applied to our Church authorities on behalf of South America, and tendered my services without any cost to the Church; but they seemed to think that the time had not come, so that I had to proceed wholly on my own responsibility, as I had done in India, not breaking any law of the Church, but proceeding so far beyond organized lines or established precedent as to be considered "out of order." Having no authority from Church or State to proceed on a mission to South America, this unofficial letter of friendship was very opportune.

My brother Archie and I labored together in Callao two months, occupying the vacant pulpit of the "Union Chapel," and gathered up a band of Christians and seekers of salvation of over twenty, which met weekly in the private residences of the English-speaking people. The machine shops of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company, located in Callao, sustain a population of several hundred English-speaking people, among whom was a Mrs. Peterson, who made it her daily business to visit the native families and distribute among them Padre Vaughan's Version of the New Testament. She was also in the habit of visiting the nunneries and hospitals. One day while I was there she went to hear the bishop and had along talk with him about Jesus and salvation, which he received kindly, and said that he would get Padre Vaughan to supply her with all the Testaments she could distribute. He was a Roman Catholic bishop and she was a Swedish Lutheran. They were working jointly along the points of agreement, not the points of disagreement.

Union Chapel was founded and mainly built by an American of the United States, William Wheelwright, of Valparaiso, founder of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company. Dr. Swaney was named by Mr. Wheelwright as its pastor; indeed, it was built for him, but he returned to the United States before it was completed. Its pulpit has been supplied for years by an English clergyman, but was vacant when we arrived. My brother, as I have said, occupied the pulpit of Callao for the space of nearly a year.

When Satan saw that I would succeed in founding self-supporting missions in South America he got very angry, and moved one of his servants to kill me. My brother is a practical and scientific geologist, and for our needful exercise we often strolled on the south beach of Callao, gathering rare geological specimens of volcanic rocks.

On the morning of December 17, 1877, as we sat by the seashore, we saw about half a mile east of us a trooper dash up to the bluff, followed by armed foot soldiers. They came by, two and two, about every hundred yards, evidently intending to cover the whole line of coast back to the city.

As we sat watching their movements, not suspecting personal peril, two soldiers with their breech-loading rifles came to the bluff opposite, and distant from us about forty yards. They halted and stood looking at us. In a few moments two more came to view west of us and distant about seventy-five yards. As soon as they caught sight of us one of them, an intoxicated Indian, cocked his rifle and in a half-bent position, with his gun elevated ready for an aim, ran down the ridge of rubble stones toward us till he reached more level standing ground, and then stopped and took aim at us. We sprang to our feet and held up our hands to show him that we had nothing and were

unarmed. He then ran about ten steps toward us and took aim from his knee. Not satisfied with that chance for a sure shot, he ran about ten steps nearer and aimed at us again, and then about ten steps still nearer, bringing the savage within thirty steps of us. There, with a rest from his knee and as deliberate an aim as a soldier maddened with rum can take, he leveled his rifle at us. His fellow and the two soldiers opposite stood looking to see him shoot one or both of us dead on the spot.

I saw from their look and attitude that if we should attempt either to run or to resist the whole quaternion of them would fire at us. This was all the work of a minute. I could not get my nerves shaken with fear in so short a time, but I thought fast. I did not believe that God would deliver either of us to the bloody and deceitful men, but I had to do something, so I advanced rapidly on the Indian aiming at us. I curved a little to the left to avoid his direct range and crossed with quick steps to the right, passing the muzzle of his gun but a few feet distant, to give me vantage ground for seizing him. When nearly within arm's length he sprang to his feet and I grasped the barrel of his rifle. My impulse was to wrest it from his hands and throw it into the sea and lay him level with the ground, and I knew I had the power to do it; but I felt certain in such a defense of myself the other savages would fire on me, so as quietly as possible I simply controlled his gun so that he could not shoot either of us. Meantime I said, "Amigos, amigos" -- "Friends, friends." He then trailed his gun in his left hand and shook hands with me, but immediately drew up his gun to get a pull at my brother, who had followed close after me; but I again seized the barrel of his rifle, and would not allow him to get an aim, saying to him, "Este mi hermano; este mi hermano" -- "That is my brother; that is my brother." He then sprang back and tried to get another aim at me, but I closed upon him and held his gun firmly, saying, "Americanos amigos; Americanos amigos" -- "American friends; American friends."

He seemed intent on killing at least one of us, especially as the others were looking to see him do it; but now he was cornered and shook hands with us both. Then he let down the hammer of his rifle and began to jabber to us in a lingo that we understood not, when one of the soldiers on the bluff, who had watched the whole transaction, called him, and they all marched off together. We sat down and waited until the coast was all clear and returned to our quarters. We learned afterward that they were in pursuit of thieves. To excite their valor, as in a revolutionary expedition, they must needs get furiously drunk, and, not finding any thieves, the next thing was to kill an honest man or two. If they could have got an excuse by our resistance or attempt at flight for firing on us they would have had a great story to tell of how they routed and dispatched the thieves. No thanks to them that life and reputation had not both been sacrificed together. No coroners in Peru -- it is enough to know there that a man is dead. If I had had my way with them I would have had them all converted to God. They needed it!

Going from Callao to Mollendo we had the steamship Aconcagua. This floating palace, one of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's ships, which ran from Callao to Liverpool, was 431 feet long, 42 feet wide, with a registry of 4,106 tons. Her time from Callao to Valparaiso, one thousand five hundred miles, was about ten days, stopping at many ports for freight, principally bar silver and copper; from Valparaiso to Liverpool, including stoppages, thirty-nine days.

We had among our passengers on the Aconcagua the wife and four little daughters of President Pardo, of Peru, going to join him in Chili. They were sociable and sensible. I made the acquaintance on this trip of a Peruvian merchant from Arequipa, who kindly invited me to go home

with him. He had been recently married to a Bolivian lady, and was on his way to meet her for the first time as his wife. It is lawful in this country to get married by proxy, so this gentleman, not having time to travel so far to participate in the ceremony, gave a friend authority to get married for him and send the lady over the Andes to the man really meant!

It was in May, 1878, on finding myself short of funds to pay even the steerage passage of my noble band of missionaries before described, that I opened a blank-book in which I stated the facts of the case and began to enter the receipts of the freewill offerings of my friends who desired to help me to provide a transit fund. In the following August at Mansfield camp meeting, in Ohio, Brothers Inskip and McDonald espoused my cause, and mainly through their appeals at the camp meeting and through their papers, first the Christian Standard, of Philadelphia, and later the Christian Witness, of Boston and Chicago, they became my most effective financial agents, and the same periodicals are still abiding helpers on the same line. It was not till after my ordination as Bishop of Africa, in 1884, that I organized my "Transit and Building Fund Committee," consisting of Richard Grant and wife, Anderson Fowler and wife, Rev. Dr. Asbury Lowrey and wife, and a few others. For about six years preceding I had no incorporated organization, but had grand administrative and financial helpers. Richard Grant was my treasurer and Mrs. Anderson Fowler was my secretary, and both were most efficient workers and liberal givers; but as it was feared that I would within a few months find my grave in Africa, and believed that in that case my self-supporting missions, both in India and in South America, would be safer under the guardianship of an incorporated committee, hence the organization as above stated.

Five years later we divided the work of supervision, assigning, specially, to my Transit and Building Fund Committee our missions in South America, and as far as practicable in India also, giving special personal attention to the many-sided and most difficult work in Africa, the one field officially assigned to me by the General Conference of our Church. Whatever may be said of the success or otherwise of my part of the work, I can say gladly and truly that my committee have displayed admirable Christian zeal, liberality of money giving, and administrative effectiveness. I expect to hold them in loving esteem forever.

The next year after my first trip to the west coast of South America, as before described, I opened a few fields for missionary work on the Brazilian coast. Some good was accomplished at several important cities, but thus far the only permanent success was made under the leadership of Justus H. Nelson, B.A., and his good wife at Para, on the Amazon.

Every new departure, especially in methods of Christian work, is subject, and very properly, too, to close scrutiny and sharp criticism. There was nothing new in my methods of work in India or South America except the audacity of raising up self-supporting churches in foreign mission fields. The pros and cons of my missions in South America were discussed by the General Missionary Committee in 1882. I was not present, and knew not what was said, but received a telegram requesting me to meet a subcommittee composed of about a dozen of our ablest high officials, men whom I honored and loved. After opening the meeting with prayer the chairman proceeded to state that my missions in South America were out of order, and that I should resign them to the Missionary Society; otherwise all my missionaries in South America connected with Conferences would have to return to their Conferences or locate. How will that affect my self-supporting missions in India?" I asked.

"They are organized into a regular Annual Conference by action of the General Conference, and do not come within the province of the present inquiry."

"Prior to that action they were as much out of order as my South American missions are now, and neither infringed the geographical boundaries or jurisdiction of any of our organized missions; so I will refer the case to the next General Conference. I will take the first steamer for South America, and not return till the time for the General Conference of 1884, so that the Church shall not be disturbed by any discussion of the subject."

I was at that time, as all the Methodist world knew, a member of the South India Conference, and under God the father and founder of it, and prized my relation to it most dearly; but I would not have my dear fellows in South America forced to a humiliation that I would not voluntarily submit to on their account. If I had possessed a grain of worldly policy in my make-up I would have reasoned thus: "To present my appeal to the General Conference I must be a member of it, and my hope of being a member of that body is to be elected and sent by my Conference, which will be impossible if I locate." Regardless of consequences, through love for my heroes in South America, I said by letter to South India Conference, "Grant me a location without debate;" and thus I became a located minister.

So I was off again for Peru and Chili by the first steamer, to share the humiliation of a location with my itinerant brethren in those countries.

Such was the logic of the case as it appeared to me then. I left it all to the Lord, and took rank with my located ministers who should abide with us at the front.

Every one of them was loyal to our Church, and only one decided to leave our work and go home rather than be located. He was a good preacher, successful missionary, married a good young lady in Chili, and was every way well adapted to our Chilian work. But he shipped for home with his wife and two children, via California, took ill, and died on the voyage. His widow returned heartbroken to her people.

On that trip I visited the most of my stations in Chili and spent about ten months as preacher in charge of Coquimbo Circuit, which comprised, besides Coquimbo, the head of the circuit, Guayacan, Serena, and the copper mines in the mountains, seven miles by horseback beyond Serena. The preacher in charge was taken down by illness, requiring home medical treatment; so he and his wife and children went to the United States, hoping to return, but never did. I appointed Rev. W. T. Robinson, M.A., principal of the boys' school in Coquimbo and to assist in the pulpit work, which, never had there financial connection with the school work; so I received the minister's salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, and combined it with some help from home and bought a good lot, and with my own hands and native help put on it a college building sixty-eight feet front. two stories high. That was our first venture of buying and building in Chili.

Before our building was quite completed I received official notice of my election by South India Conference as a lay delegate to the General Conference to meet May I, 1884, in Philadelphia.

That was a surprise to me, for it had never struck me in the forty-two years of my ministry that I was a layman; but my dear spiritual children in India were sharper than their father. I saw that my Lord meant that I should be there; so when the General Conference roll was called, in May, 1884, I answered, "Here."

On the fifth day, when petitions' and prayers were being sent in, I sent in mine, which was in effect as follows: "That this General Conference shall declare whether it is lawful and right for an American Methodist minister to get people converted to God outside of the United States; and whether it shall be lawful and right to organize them into Methodist churches according to our Discipline; and whether on their fulfillment of probationary conditions they have not a right to membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church directly, without the sponsorship of a missionary society."

My petition was read and referred to the Committee on Missions. I was a member of that committee, and observed its silence in regard to my business for three weeks, up to the day appointed for the committee to rise. Meantime the Lord had put me through on a fast train into the missionary episcopacy, with authority to open missions and develop Methodist churches on my own missionary methods anywhere in Africa. So a subcommittee was appointed at once, with instructions to prepare and report amendments to the Discipline bearing on the case. The General Conference did accordingly make the changes prayed for, and the same were incorporated in the Discipline.

To India, in a period of six and a half years, I sent out, as I have said before, fifty missionaries, not one of whom had died a natural death, and not one of whom up to date had disgraced the cause. Fifty-seven local preachers of East Indian birth were preaching in the churches and bazaars of their own country. Two thousand and forty lay members supported the cause. Up to May of 1882 we had five hundred and forty natives who were members and probationers, and considerably over two thousand members in all. I append the following account of the work and workers in my Indian field:

Bombay and Madras District, D. O. Fox, P. P. Bombay: Grant Road, J. A. Northrup, Mrs. J. A. Northrup; Fort, supplied by local preachers; Mazagon, W. H. Stephens; Maratti Circuit, George Bowen; General Native Work, W. J. Gladwin, A. C. Gilruth. Poonah and Lanowli, O. Shreves, Mrs. O. Shreves, W. E. Robbins, Mrs. W. E. Robbins, A. S. E. Vardon. Egutpoora, A. G. Frazer, W. H. Bruere. Abmedabad, A. A. Baker. Bhosawal, G. H. Greenig. Nagpore, T. F. Morton, Mrs. T. F. Morton.

Madras: Vepery, T. H. Oakes, Mrs. Sallie Stephens; Black Town, John Blackstock, Mrs. John Blackstock. Bangalore: Richmond Town, C. W. Christian, Mrs. C. W. Christian; St. John's Hill, D. H. Lee, Mrs. D. H. Lee; Tamil Circuit, I. A. Richards, Mrs. I. A. Richards, B. Peters, Mrs. B. Peters. Bellary, W. A. Moore, Mrs. W. A. Moore. Secunderabad, F. G. Davis, Mrs. F. G. Davis. Chadarghat, R. E. Carter, Mrs. R. E. Carter. Colar Mission, S. P. Jacobs, Mrs. S. P. Jacobs. Conoor, I. F. Row, Mrs. I. F. Row. Telugu Mission at Pramoor, C. B. Ward, Mrs. C. B. Ward, Miss O'Leary, D. O. Ernsberger.

Calcutta District, I. H. Thoburn, P. P. Calcutta, Mrs. J. M. Thoburn, J. S. Stone, C. A. Martin Mrs. C. A. Martin, J. A. Wilson, Miss M. E. Layton.

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PART VIII -- MY AFRICAN EPISCOPATE

45 -- ELECTION AND OUTGOING

Problem of African Evangelization -- My Scheme for Killing Bishops Decently -- Real Safety in the Interior -- I Must Take My Own Pill -- "Turn him Loose in Africa." -- Proposition to Make Me a Missionary Bishop -- My Election -- M. D. Collins' Account of How it was Done -- My Remarks Before Dr. Trimble's Committee -- What was Done at the General Conference of 1884 -- A Marvelous Change Passes Over Us -- Dr. Curry's Plan for a Colored Bishop -- Dr. Olin's Bombshell -- Curry Starts a Train which He Cannot Control -- "It is of God, and We Must Not Withstand Him." -- Visit to My Family -- Anne's Fidelity and Devotion -- What She Said to a Doctor of Divinity -- My Twofold Responsibility -- Primary Principle of Attending to My Own Business -- Report of Pogge and Wissmann Throws Light on the Interior of Africa -- Character of the Countries Revealed by Them -- My Transit and Building Fund Committee -- The Lord Our Helper -- We Fear Nothing -- Acceptance of Candidates -- Anderson Fowler Promotes Our Progress -- Hurst Did Not Stand on Color -- Assistance of J. H. Brown, of Liverpool -- Preparation for Embarking Our Forces -- Sending Summers and Chatelaine to St. Paul de Loanda -- Mr. Bond Prepares us a Bill of Fare

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At the General Conference of 1884 the problem of African evangelization came up for solution so far as it related to the Methodist Episcopal Church. During her occupancy of the Liberian field for more than half a century many precious lives of martyr missionaries had been poured out in that torrid zone. But as for extended missionary work among the heathen nations we had not up to 1884 a single station in a heathen tribe, except the beginning of one in Kroo Town, Monrovia, by Mary Sharp. During said half century two colored bishops, Roberts and Burns, had been ordained and sent out.

Two of our American bishops had been sent over to extend the work among the heathen; but it was considered a risk of their lives. In each case a ship was kept at anchor during their sojourn in which they should lodge, and not risk their lives for a single night on shore.

Such was the aspect of the case as it came before the General Conference of 1884. I ventured to say on that occasion that were I disposed to lay a scheme for killing bishop decently I would advise that by all means they should avoid the highlands of the interior and spend all their nights in that deadly climate down on the water level in the lower strata of the malaria! If I were to prescribe for the preservation of their lives and effectiveness I would advise that they proceed to the field directly to which the Lord called them, eat where they labor, sleep where they eat, commit their way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and allow him to bring to pass results worthy of his own wisdom and preserving power.

I had not then the most remote idea of having to swallow the pill that I was prescribing for others more honorable. I was not a candidate for any office in the gift of that venerable body. Subsequently, when nominated for the missionary episcopate of Africa, I hurriedly inquired of a number of the leading members of that body whether or not that meant any interference with my self-supporting mission work; if so I should certainly refuse to have the nomination submitted. They assured me that the General Conference had no such design, but just the opposite; that they wanted me to introduce self-supporting methods into Africa; and that fact was compressed into the short sentence of "Turn him loose in Africa."

The adjournment for noon recess was moved and passed immediately, and, as I sat near the door of the great hall in which the Conference was in session, I skipped and was out of sight before any one had a chance to ask me any questions or to make any suggestions.

Immediately on the return of the Conference from their lunch the question was submitted and passed without discussion, so that as I was entering the hall a member of the Conference said to me, "You are Missionary Bishop of Africa, by a vote of 250 for your election against 44 for your highest competitor."

The nomination, election, and ordination all passed within less than twenty-four hours, so that there was no time to entertain intermediate pros or cons, and nearly the whole Conference seemed to perceive and admit that it was the Lord's doing and marvelous in the eyes of all concerned.

I do not pass from the episode of my election without subjoining the following letter from Rev. M. D. Collins, of the Des Moines Conference. He entitles his contribution to the Editor, "How William Taylor Came to be Bishop of Africa:"

"Among the providences which have marked the pathway of this man of God none have been more clearly identified than the marvelous train which led to his election to the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was my fortune to be a member of the General Conference of 1880, which met in Cincinnati, Ohio. In the assignment of committee service I was placed on the Committee on Episcopacy. A petition came before that committee from the Liberia Conference asking for a missionary bishop to reside among them. This petition was discussed for some time, but with the feeling of great paucity of knowledge as to the real needs of the case. One day a member of the committee suggested that William Taylor was in the city, and that it would be a good idea to have him come before the committee and give us information we so much needed. Accordingly he was sent for, and soon appeared before that body. The chairman, who, as I remember, was Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, of Ohio, explained our dilemma to Brother Taylor, and he gave answer to all our queries and shed much light in a brief time on the whole question, and closed up the matter with remarks to this effect: 'It is no use to elect a bishop for Liberia. Liberia is a very unfortunate approach to Africa, being hedged in by hostile and warlike nations, and cannot be made an acceptable gateway to the continent. If you could find some man like Livingstone, who would open up Africa, it would be wise to elect such a man, but otherwise it is useless to send a man to live there in episcopal service. The conclusion of the committee was

adverse to the petition of the Liberians, and the matter of missionary bishops went over another quadrennium.

"Four years later, in the General Conference of 1884, which met in Philadelphia, it was my good fortune to be in membership and a witness of the marvelous scenes that transpired there. The matter of missionary bishops had received a large discussion through the Church press before the meeting of the Conference, and came before it upon petitions and memorials among its first presented business. The whole matter was thoroughly discussed before the committee, and very exhaustively presented on the Conference floor. The conclusion of the wisdom of these four hundred representative clergymen and laymen of Methodism was that " we will not elect any missionary bishops this quadrennium." At this point in the proceedings I think, so far as I could measure the pulse of this ecclesiastical body, that all parties accepted it as settled that nothing would be done in this direction for at least four years, and many thought perhaps never would we have missionary bishops in Methodism again. But lo, a sudden and marvelous change came upon the whole body unexpectedly to any, and most so of all to the prime movers in its execution.

"Saturday morning, before the ordination of bishops on the following Sunday, came, with the quietus of the missionary bishops subject still on us. Dr. Curry had long treasured a desire to see a colored man on the Board of Bishops, and had labored for this end at the previous General Conference, but the failure to find a man who could carry the suffrages of the delegates had caused its failure then. Now Dr. Curry thought he had discovered his man, and in joy thereof consulted the Board of Bishops and obtained their sanction of the project of bringing him forward. The only way to meet all the difficulties of the case was to present him as candidate for Missionary Bishop for Africa. Hence on Saturday morning Dr. Curry got the floor, and without bringing the matter before the Committee on Episcopacy, of which I think he was chairman, he presented it de novo and nominated his man. This was a new and unanticipated turn of affairs. The nomination was seconded; another colored man was nominated and seconded. Then Brother Olin, of Wyoming Conference, rose and said about this: ' I think when a bishop for Africa is to be seriously considered all minds must instinctively turn to the man, the only man, God's man for that place; I refer to William Taylor.'

"This proposition of Brother Olin fell on the Conference like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. It was received at once, as thunder follows lightning, by a storm of enthusiasm and tide of approval that was utterly irresistible. But this was not at all what Dr. Curry desired, and that veteran of a thousand parliamentary contests exhausted his store of tactics in vain endeavors to stop or sidetrack a movement he had unintentionally set going. The Conference would do nothing but vote, and vote they did to such effect that the first ballot elected William Taylor, lay delegate from South India Conference, Bishop of Africa by an overwhelming majority. Within twenty-four hours he had been nominated, elected, and ordained a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa against the previously declared wisdom of that body, expressed after one of the most thorough canvassings that any subject ever had at the hands of a like body. Without premeditation, without knowing whither they were moving, until they were at the very point of landing, this body of as strong men as Methodism ever gathered in council, when the proposition flashed like meridian sunlight out of Egyptian darkness, received it as the will of God, and heartily, determinedly gave it their approving votes. In a whispered canvass of our delegation and those about us I found one sentiment" This of God, and we must not withstand him.'

"These are the facts as I recall them after these years, true, I am sure, in all essential particulars; and having been an actor in them I feel it will be for His glory whom we serve here to record them."

My election to the superintendency in Africa brought with it the necessity of another long separation from my family. He who assumes such a responsibility in the Dark Continent must know little of the comfort of home. On the occasion of the General Conference, in 1888 my wife came East to meet me on my arrival from Africa, and remained during the sessions of the body. Subsequently I visited her at our home in Alameda, California. The visit was delightful. My four sons were present. The dear woman has devoted her life to the godly training of our boys, and God has given her success in developing four Methodist Christian young men, who are an honor to their parents. Anne is the wife of my youth. While she has devoted her whole connubial affection and life to me it has been with the distinct understanding that the claims of God on me as an ambassador for Christ are supreme, and that she should never hinder but help me to fulfill them. In our happy union of forty-nine years I have never failed to fulfill an appointment for preaching or other ministerial duty on her account. My foreign work has cost us a separation more distressing to mind and heart of both of us than the pains of many deaths, with occasional meetings and partings which have tended to increase the agony. Yet to this day I have never heard her object to my going or staying, or titter a murmur on account of my absence.

A doctor of divinity said to her one day, "Mrs. Taylor, I can't help but think hard of Mr. Taylor for going away and leaving you alone so long."

She replied, " Well, doctor, he never went away without my consent, or stayed longer than I allowed him to stay; and if I don't complain I don't think anybody else has any right to complain." That answer was an end of controversy.

Anne Taylor has, under God, brought up her four sons in my absence, amid the demoralizing influences of California society, so that in their manly character and walk they exemplify the Christian life; they are total abstainers from all intoxicating drinks, members of the Church and witnesses for Jesus.

The election to the episcopacy brought with it a twofold responsibility: first, to administer for the Missionary Society in this organized Liberian work; second, to found missions on my self-supporting plan anywhere within the radius of the African continent.

The fundamental principles which I adopted from the start were, first, to attend to my own business and not to interfere with the business of other people; not to encroach on the territorial boundaries of the missions of other Churches. Second, my plan of missionary training should embrace the industries necessary to the self-support of civilized life for all those whom we got saved and civilized. A development of that plan will in time create self-support for the mission itself and its missionaries. Third, in every station where we shall have a competent missionary matron, to establish a nursery mission composed of children adopted from heathendom before they shall be old enough to become heathens, and have them at the first stage of responsible life submit

to God and receive Jesus Christ, be justified by faith and regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and train them as witnesses and workers for God from the time they are six years old.

Soon after the adjournment of the General Conference the celebrated German explorers Dr. Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann, published a report of their explorations of the head waters of the Kassai and thence across the continent on a line of six or seven degrees south of the equator, in Lake Tanganyika, a vast country hitherto unknown to civilized nations, possessing a dense population, with large towns and fruitful fields approaching high up toward the standard of civilized life. So I was led to believe that that should be an objective point of my missionary movement, starting in through Angola, where Pogge and Wissmann came out. Dr. Pogge, the dear fellow, got no farther than St. Paul de Loanda, but died and was buried there. Lieutenant Wissmann continued his African explorations and afterward gained great celebrity.

But while I selected the Bashilange country, at the head waters of the Kassai, as an objective point, more than a thousand miles inland from our port of entry, I could not determine in advance whether the Lord would have us go in a thousand miles to begin or have us begin at the place of beginning and found a chain of stations extending inland as fast as possible, and keep up communication with our base or port of entry.

The question of supplies, of missionaries, and money to pay their expenses had to be considered. I had an efficient committee, consisting of Richard Grant and his wife, Anderson Fowler and his wife, Rev. Asbury Lowrey and his wife, Stephen Merritt, besides Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing and other ladies as remote helpers in the selection of missionary candidates. Mrs. Emily Fowler had for years past been my missionary secretary. It was supposed, as I have said, by a large number of my friends that I would die in Africa the first year; therefore, to give stability and authority to my committee, we had them incorporated under the title of Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Committee. They had long been doing grand service; the incorporation was not to increase their efficiency, but to provide for the possibility of my becoming a victim of the African fevers.

For the supply of missionary men and women, and money to pay their expenses, and for building up mission stations we had to depend mainly on the Lord. We have tried from the beginning, as opportunity served, to keep the subject before the people, but have no traveling solicitors for funds. The Lord has wonderfully helped us, both in regard to working agency and the building of mission houses, schoolhouses, and places of worship. Our plan of work opened a wider field for a greater variety of the Lord's workers than any other mission. We require some educated ministers, but for our extensive educational and industrial work we furnish an ample field for many workers, male and female, who are not ministers, but are better adapted to our plan of work than very learned ministers would be likely to be. Paying no salaries, and having in prospect poverty and sickness and death, it was supposed that we could get but few persons willing to go; but we found immediately -- and it has been true ever since -- that we have twice as many candidates considered suitable as we have been able to employ.

We did not, as is usual with missionary societies, receive any for a limited term of five or ten years. We tried to be assured that every candidate was called by the Lord to that difficult work, but we could not anticipate the Lord's time limit, if he had any, so we put them in on their

profession that they are called by the Lord for his work. If they get sick and discouraged and find themselves wanting in adaptability to the work, the sooner they leave the better. If they have health and success and blessed fellowship divine, we could not drive them away if we were to try. Moreover, we require heroes and heroines for such a work. One essential condition to that is freedom, freedom at the front.

Before the end of that year (1884) we had accepted about thirty volunteer men and women, with about a dozen children, and supplies in all suitable varieties to put us comfortably through the first year.

Brother Anderson Fowler had written in advance to Fowler Brothers, of Liverpool, to afford me and my party every facility possible. J. H. Brown, of that firm, became our most kind and efficient helper. One of the first things he did was to provide in advance a good hotel where our missionary party could be accommodated. He selected one for convenience of location and informed the landlord that he wanted hotel accommodations for a few days for about forty missionaries on their way to Africa. The hotel keeper bristled up and said he wouldn't allow a lot of niggers to come into his house at all. So Mr. Brown bade him good day, and went next to Hurst's Temperance Hotel, accessible and commodious. Mr. Hurst said, "Certainly, Mr. Brown; I'll be glad to entertain your missionaries; I don't stand on color or nationality, and will entertain a black man just as cheerfully as a white man if he behave himself."

Mr. Brown has been always, from that day to this, most kind and helpful to our missionaries as they pass through. So when our missionary party arrived Mr. Brown conducted them to Hurst's hotel. Mr. Hurst was surprised to find that there wasn't a colored man among them, and Hurst's hotel has been the stopping place of our missionaries passing through Liverpool ever since. The hotel keeper who refused to entertain us got very angry at Mr. Brown for not informing him that the missionary party was made up entirely of white people. After such a display of his hatred of the colored man Mr. Brown would not have sent him any missionaries on any account.

I went on a few weeks in advance of my party to Liverpool to make arrangements for their transport. I ascertained that there were two companies, the West African Steamship Company and the British and African, and that one or the other sent a steamer through to Loanda every month. The only steamer suited to our time belonged to the West African Company. Accompanied by Dr. Summers, one of our medical missionaries, and Heli Chatelaine, our best missionary linguist, we went on a month in advance of our party, so as to hold the Liberia Conference and preach a few days in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas, and at the last-named station waited for the arrival of my party for Angola. In the meantime I sent Summers and Chatelaine directly on to St. Paul de Loanda, the port of entry of Angola, with a letter to the Portuguese Governor General of Angola to apprise him of the coming of our missionaries and to procure by rent a capacious house in which they should find comfortable quarters during their sojourn there.

But before we left Liverpool, in making arrangements for steamship accommodation for my party on their arrival, I learned that the president of that company, Mr. Bond, resided in London; so I made it my business to go and see him. I informed him that I wanted passage for about forty-two men, women, and children aboard one of his steamers to Angola. He said the price, first-class,

was thirty-five pounds; second-class, twenty-eight pounds. I replied, "We are not in the pay of any society, nor flush of funds, and we can't come up to either of those figures."

He heard my statements, and was very gentlemanly and kind, and said, "I'll write you a bill of fare, and if that will suit you I'll tell you what we can do for you."

So he wrote out a bill of fare for three meals each day.

I replied, "That is entirely satisfactory, good enough for anybody."

"Well," said he, "we'll say nothing about class, but will give you the liberty of the ship saloon, cabins, everything -- and will charge you but twenty-five pounds a head for your adults and half price for the children under twelve."

I informed him that we had one boy a few months past the age of twelve. He said, "All right, put him in at half fare."

So by that transaction we saved about two thousand dollars on the passage from Liverpool to Loanda.

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46 -- BEGINNING THE WORK

Revival in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas -- The Governor General -- Our Party Attacked with Fever -- Our Objective Point -- The Governor General Assists Us -- Our Discouragements at St. Paul de Loanda -- My Draft on John Terry -- Opening Stations on the Coanzo -- History of the Enterprise to be Found in "Illustrated Africa" -- S. J Mead's Letter -- Provision for Our Angola Stations -- Learning the Kimbunda -- Dr. Summers Reaches the Bashilange Country -- The Story of his Adventures En Route -- He Employs Germano as Guide and Interpreter -- Walking Preferred to Ox-back -- Landscape of the Bashilange -- Villages and Towns -- Living on Patience and Water Gruel -- Sufferings of the Doctor -- "Lo, I am With You Always." -- Delay in Permission to Build -- Character of Countries Explored by Pogge and Wissmann -- Summary of Wissmann's Letter -- His Description of the Countries Traversed -- Traces of Tippoo Tib -- Results of Arab Trade -- My Missionaries Settled in Angola -- Visit to Lisbon and England -- What Happened in St. Thomas -- Learning from De Brazza -- My Reception by the King of Portugal -- His Interest in My Work -- A Waterway into the Bashilange -- My Journey to Brussels -- My Reception by the Court and King of Belgium -- Our Conversation -- Gaining a Definite Notion of the Field -- Planting a Mission in Kimpopo -- Difficulty in Getting to Stanley Pool -- The Mission Steamers "Peace" and "Henry Reed"

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We had a blessed work of salvation in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas, both among the Liberians and semi-civilized heathens from without. In due time my party arrived in the steamship Biafra, and I joined them at Cape Palmas. On arrival in St. Paul de Loanda we were

received cordially by the head of the firm of Newton, Carnegie & Co., the only English firm in that city, and were conducted to the house procured for us, in a high part of the town, and large enough for our accommodation.

We learned that the governor general had received my messenger kindly, and expressed a strong desire that I should establish missions in Angola, and that it would be his pleasure to give us in fee simple any quantity of land we might require up to a thousand hectares (twenty-four hundred acres) for each station. In the meantime he had gone down to Mossamedes, and would not be back for three or four weeks.

While waiting his return most of our party were taken down with fever. On the governor general's return I made arrangements to take a few of those of our party who were able to travel and to proceed into the interior to select mission sites and make preparation for occupying them. So I waited on his excellency at his office to inform him of our contemplated departure from the coast. He welcomed us to make any selection we saw proper, but warned us against taking women and children into the interior. He gave me an account of three attempts of the Portuguese government to establish Portuguese colonies in the interior, but they failed utterly; many died, others yielded to discouragement, and from one cause or another the whole of them disbanded, and the attempt proved a failure. He begged me to send the families to Mossamedes, four hundred miles south, where the climate is genial and healthful.

I replied that our objective point was the Bashilange country, a thousand miles in the interior, and that we only asked permission to travel through his country; but to honor his generosity we proposed to open a chain of mission stations through Angola and on easterly into the far interior.

Then he inquired, "Are you going into the interior yourself?"

"Yes, your excellency; I expect, in company with half a dozen young men, to start tomorrow. We will leave all our sick folks and our women and children and go inland to select mission sites and make arrangements for our families."

All right, then," said the governor general; "you take the risk, and I'll render you all the service I can."

And he did, writing to all the commandants along the line to render us every facility possible.

When subsequently we succeeded in opening stations and settling our families, who, in the main, are enjoying good health, it revived a forlorn hope in his heart and in the hearts of the Portuguese people generally. Soon after that they commenced the construction of a railroad into the interior, and laid on water from the Bengo River, five miles distant, to supply the city. Most of our party remained in St. Paul de Loanda three or four months, on account of sickness. One of them died, and eight or ten more, through illness and discouragement or otherwise, left us and went home. We had not brought with us much money, expecting to proceed into the interior, where money was not taken, but goods instead.

By our long detention in the port our money supply was quite exhausted in a few weeks. We had tons of goods in great variety, but they were not available on expense account. John Terry, of London, had said to me, "If you get short of funds you may draw on me for five hundred pounds;" so half of that amount paid all our expenses through and the other half purchased and paid for our Nanguepepo property, with spacious mission house accommodation; and so the Lord led us gently, kindly, and in that campaign we opened a mission station at Dondo, two hundred and forty miles from Loanda by steamer, the head of steamboat navigation on the Coanzo River, a town of five or six thousand inhabitants, natives, with a few foreign traders; thence by footpath fifty-one miles we opened Nanguepepo Station; thence by trail twenty-seven miles to Pungo Andongo; thence sixty-two miles to Malange. Thus on our first tour we opened and manned five stations. I appointed Rev. A. E. Withey presiding elder of that district. He has made a grand record on the line of holiness to the Lord and hard work in its variety in building up missions. He and ten others of the pioneer party of 1885 are at the front today, and have never been out of the country since their first settlement as missionaries. Since then we have added Benjamin Barrett Station, Canandua, Munhall Station, and are preparing to build Pegley Station, sixty miles northeast of Malange.

Seven volumes of our monthly Illustrated Africa, conducted by my son, Rev. Ross Taylor, give but very brief illustrative examples of this work in Africa, and our present space will allow us but a brief index to the unwritten facts. For example, I appointed S. J. Mead, and Ardella, his wife, and Bertha, his niece, in charge of Malange Station, in September, 1888. He writes under date of May 28, 1888 "Our health is as good as it would be in New England under the same amount of pressure and care. The product is glorious and success sure. We need a good Portuguese teacher and an ordained preacher, who could give their whole time to the work, and we will see that they are well fed with our kind of food." He became an ordained preacher in due time; Ardella, his wife, Bertha; his niece, and half a score of our converted natives constitute his teaching corps in Portuguese, English, and Kimbunda. Mead goes on to say: "We have a good supply of books. We use from seventy-five to one hundred Sunday school picture papers each Sabbath. Our regular attendance for morning service is from eighty to one hundred and twenty, and about thirty-five in the afternoon. Our class meeting consists of nine colored boys, besides the members of our mission." His classes contained an aggregate of about sixty in 1894.

All our Angola stations are provided with comfortable, permanent houses, some of stone, others of adobe. My work in South Africa, nearly thirty years ago, was in a prepared field, where faithful missionaries had been preparing the way of the Lord for forty years. But our party landing in Angola, as before stated, we could not utilize the English language. The Kimbunda, the language of the people, had not been reduced to manuscript, much less to printing, and we had no interpreters; so we had to sit down and pick the words out from between the teeth of the heathen. But in less than five years we had a grammar and the Gospel by St. John printed in the Kimbunda, and all our pioneer missionaries could witness and teach and preach in the language of the natives. In connection with all this all the stations of Angola became self-supporting, and have so continued to be.

Dr. Summers was the only one of our party that pushed through to the Bashilange country, for the reason that we all, except the doctor, interpreted the will of God to be our establishment of

a chain of stations as before indicated. The doctor had intense energy and impulse in a weak body, "sword too sharp for its scabbard." So I gave him perfect freedom to select his own field, and if short of supplies to let us know and we would supply his wants. It was needful that the bodies of men should have treatment as well as their souls, and the frail doctor had medicine for both. I copy the story of his adventure from his letter to Rev. Dr. Sims, at Leopoldville, dated,

"Luluaburg, March 28, 1888. "At our Conference in Angola, Bishop Taylor appointed me as medical missionary at large, so gave me a big field. My original idea (and I am sure I was divinely led) was for our mission to push on to this country as soon as possible.

"My prospecting work being done, at request of friends I settled for a time at Malange, the most inland trading town. I waited, prayed, and watched to know God's will, healed all the sick, collected vocabulary of Ambunda, etc. The merchants almost quarreled as to who should be my host, and finally I had a large room which served as everything, even to a hospital from one, took cafe with another, breakfasted with another, and dined with another, and in a couple of months had my boarding rearranged at houses of still others. Sickness was great at the time I arrived, and they had no sensible treatment. They used all the quack remedies advertised. My treatment was very successful, many times to my own surprise; so my name spread till I had patients even from Loanda. As my needs were supplied I made no charges, and as a fact I did my work for the influence I could obtain over these poor, neglected Portuguese.

"In February, 1886, Germano arrived in Malange from the Bashilange country (generally called Lubuko). I found he had to return in May with some fifty loads for Lieutenant Wissmann. I laid the matter at the feet of Jesus, and was soon assured that my path was ahead. But I had not a cent; hardly a change of wardrobe, medicine scarce, and not a yard of fazenda. I arranged to pay Germano twenty dollars to act as my interpreter on the road and look after my men, of whom as yet I had none. So I was now in for it, certain it was God's way and sure he would provide. One day Germano brought three carriers; I engaged them, and promised to pay later on. I told my friends of my intention of going to Lubuko, and then, day by day, cash came in, and carriers came, till at the end I had increased my wardrobe, bought one hundred dollars' worth of medicines, paid carriers, and had seventeen boxes of material for paying my way and future use, and three loads of rations on the way; the other loads being books, boxes of medicines, stationery, private materials, etc., one load of biscuits and one of dried salt fish, the two latter given me by a patient, a mulatto gentleman, who, when on the journey, wound up by giving me a riding ox and saddle! On the journey I never mounted the ox; I found walking so much to my taste that I walked the whole way, and never had a day's sickness.

Of the journey I will say nothing but that it was full of interest and that the road is perfectly open; but being a white man I had to pay right of way to the principal chiefs, who, by the way, are anxious for white men to live with them. We arrived here in one hundred marches, the marches averaging six hours. Here my heart was overwhelmed at the reception I everywhere got from the Bashilange. Every hill is dotted with large and beautiful villages, the country teeming with people who have abandoned fetishism and are waiting for what the white man can bring them; all anxious to learn, intelligent, have now some idea of God, want to know about everything, faces always smiling, and everyone polite. Go anywhere over this country, and great villages meet the eye. The population is enormous, and is marvelously thick. Truly, 'the harvest is great, but the laborers are

few.' Few! One only, and that one worth almost nothing. When I came I found that if I wished to work in the State I must first ask for building land of the administrator general) as the chief here had no power to let me build a school or a house; so I immediately wrote, and the letter went by the steamer of December, 1886. Then 'patience and water gruel.' I pitched into the language, but with no suitable help it was dragging work.

"In the beginning of December I had a sudden attack of pleurisy and pericarditis. Next day Lieutenant Le Manuel went down with fever, and I had to leave my bed to treat him. The third day I had the fever under control, and on the fourth convalescence set in. It was sharp work; it was a bad case. My leaving my bed these days left its mark upon me; the pleurisy extended; there were adhesions in several directions; the pain was fearful, and there was much angina pectoris. These continued with steady high fever for two weeks, then septic fever to wind up. By the end of December convalescence had set in, but temperature never went lower than before the pericarditis. I was a perfect skeleton. I gradually gained in flesh, but not strength. Today I cannot walk a mile.

"A few days of terrible sickness; three days in bed, unable to eat;. no one visited me, no cooling drink for raging fever; in great despondency, as I thought, no one but my boy Chico cared a cent for me, when all at once I had a remarkable manifestation of Jesus, as he said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

"I cried for holy joy as I communed with my elder Brother, and my boy thought it was from pain. On this day, in my dark hour, I had thought of running away by first steamer. but now I felt assured I must stop and finish my building. I had no medicines, so I laid my case in the hands of the great Physician. My faith would not rise to ask for a cure I asked him to modify the disease.

Work out your opinion, and if possible try and give me some relief. If possible, I want to stay here till the bishop sends some one to take up my poor thread; but then I cannot get away, as I have no forty dollars to pay passage. I have not a cent, but am now sending to Dr. Dowkontt for cash, which I can well repay with ivory. With all our cattle and goats we can get no milk, and this to me would be of great value.

"God bless you in your labor, dear doctor, and give you abundant success.

"I remain, your brother in Christ and for Africa,
"William R. Summers"

The wearying delay of Dr. Summers in getting permission to build was owing to the great distance to Boma, the capital, and no regular mail communication, and probably time lost in delay of his excellency in getting communication with me in person. I met him at Vivi, and he inquired of me to know who Dr. Summers was.

I informed his excellency that Dr. Summers was one of my missionaries, a good doctor, and every way a competent, reliable man. The governor general replied that he would take pleasure in giving him land, and authorize him to proceed in putting up his mission buildings.

In all the vast regions explored by Dr. Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann the people gave evidence of industry, peace, and plenty, and not a track of an Arab trader to be seen. A later communication from Lieutenant Wissmann to the Royal Geographical Society brings to light a painful contrast between the expectancy of kings and people that God's men were coming to teach them and the Arab raids that did come. Lieutenant Wissmann, whose acquaintance I made in Madeira, told the Bashilange people that I was coming and bringing teachers for them. A doctor, who was an eyewitness to the scene, told me that the good news caused great rejoicing among the people, and that they brought quantities of their heathen greegrees and threw them into the river. A summary of Lieutenant Wissmann's letter is as follows:

On the first occasion, in 1882, he was welcomed by a prosperous and contented tribe, whose condition and occupations bore ample evidence to the existence of its villages for decades in peace and security, free from the disturbing elements of war and slave hunts, pestilence and superstition. The huts of the natives were roomy and clean, fitted with shady porches and surrounded by carefully kept fields and gardens, in which were grown all manner of useful plants and fruits, including hemp, sugar, tobacco, sweet potatoes, maize, manioc, and millet. A thicket of bananas and plantains occupied the back of each homestead, and shady palm groves supplied their owners with nuts, oil, fibers, and wine. Goats, sheep, and fowls abounded, and no one seemed afraid of thieves. The people all had a well-fed air, and were anxious to trade, their supplies being plentiful and extremely cheap. A fowl could be purchased for a cowry shell, and a goat for a yard of calico. Everywhere the visitors found a cheerful, courteous, and contented population, uncontaminated by the vices of civilization, and yet not wholly ignorant of its arts.

Four years later Lieutenant Wissmann chanced to be in the same district, and after the privations of a toilsome march through dense, inhospitable forests, rejoiced as he drew near to the palm groves of the Bagna Pesih. A dense growth of grass covered the formerly well-trimmed paths.

"As we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck at the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of a welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms, slowly waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy old homesteads and the happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything; a charred pole here and there and a few banana trees are the only evidences that man ever dwelt there. Bleached skulls by the roadside and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles tell the story of what has happened here since our last visit."

It appeared that the notorious Arab, Tippoo Tib, had been here to trade, and in the course of that process had killed all who offered resistance, carried off the women, and devastated the fields, gardens, and banana groves. Bands of destroyers from the same gang had returned again and again, and those who escaped the sword perished by the smallpox and famine which the marauders left in their train.

The whole tribe of the Dene Ki ceased to exist, and only a few remnants found refuge in the neighboring state.

Such must be counted among the results of Arab trading in Africa, and if it is at such a cost that the blessings of Mohammedan civilization are purchased by the native races it is no wonder they are not considered a desirable acquisition. Even if it be true that Christianity is sometimes tardy of operation in its beneficent effects on the blacks, Christian missionaries and Christian traders can, at least, boast that they have never wittingly acted otherwise than beneficently toward them.

Having settled my pioneer party of missionaries in Angola by the middle of September, 1885, I made a hasty tour to Lisbon and to England, and returned to the session of the Liberia Conference in January, 1886. I went from Loanda to Lisbon in the Portuguese steamship St. Thomas. At the island of St. Thomas some French army officers were added to our passenger list, all dressed in their military costumes except one lean, tall man, very straight and symmetrical in his proportions, dressed in the plain style of camp life, and accompanied by a huge dog. He looked as though he was a servant to those finely dressed officers. When the belt rang for dinner the plainly dressed man took a seat next to me at the table. He was very affable, and I soon began to talk to him in English, and was pleased to find that he could converse intelligently in my language, and soon, to my agreeable surprise, I found that I was conversing with one of the most celebrated African explorers and builders of military stations of this wonderful age of African exploration and occupation, Lieutenant De Brazza, now Governor De Brazza. He had then spent about thirteen years in opening and occupying that vast region known as French Congo, of which he is now the governor.

Excelling in gentlemanly affability and kindness, he became my principal traveling companion throughout the rest of the voyage. He insisted on paying my boat fares at Madeira, and went with me to call on Lieutenant Wissmann. He was very communicative, and from the details of his extraordinary African experiences I learned many valuable, practical lessons.

Arriving in Lisbon, I made myself known to our honorable American minister, whom I found ready to render me any service desirable.

I asked him if he could introduce me to the King of Portugal. He replied that he would take pleasure in doing so, but it would require over a week, according to the etiquette of the court, before I could get audience with him. I answered that I could not possibly spend more than three days in Lisbon. That was late Friday afternoon, so I bade the minister good day and returned to my hotel. But on the way I inquired of a fellow who was showing me around, "How far is it to the palace?"

"About two miles."

"Will you kindly come tomorrow morning and show me the way to the palace?" "Yes," he replied; "I'll be at your place about 10 a.m. tomorrow."

So at the time appointed we went to the royal residence of his majesty the king. Happily the man who met me in the reception room could speak English; so I told him I wanted to see his majesty the king, and gave him some letters I had, one from the Portuguese ambassador in

Washington, D. C., and another from President Hayes. So I sent in my name and my letters of indorsement, and requested an interview with the king.

My man was gone but a few minutes and returned my letters, saying, "His royal majesty says he'll be very glad to receive you today or tomorrow or any time which will suit your convenience; but the etiquette of the court requires that you be accompanied by the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States."

"Very good, this is Saturday; too late to arrange for that today; tomorrow is the Sabbath and the day for rest and religious service; so we'll set Monday forenoon, when I'll be here with the United States minister.

He said, "Very good, sir; let it be so understood."

So I reported the facts in the case to our minister. He said, "Very good; you come here Monday morning and I'll have my carriage ready, and we'll drive to the palace."

On Monday morning it was raining, but I came to time, and our minister's carriage and two were awaiting us. So we were driven to the palace and I was introduced to the king, and was agreeably surprised to find that he could converse freely in the English language. And he asked me so many questions about my missionary work in different countries as to afford me a good opportunity of giving him a brief history of my self-supporting missions in India and in South America and in the Portuguese province of Angola. He seemed interested and pleased, and bade me welcome to work under the flag of Portugal. I asked no favor of his royal majesty, but was nevertheless favored by his good will in all our subsequent intercourse with his Angola government officials, from the governor general down.

Our minister remarked as we returned to his office that he had introduced many Americans to the king, each requiring at least a week of preparatory etiquette; but the king gave me ready audience and longer in time than in any case within the minister's knowledge.

As Lieutenant Wissmann had just explored the Kassai River from Luebo to its mouth on the Congo, seventy-five miles above Stanley Pool, opening a waterway direct to the Bashilange country, we were led to believe that the steamer route up the Kassai was preferable to the route from Angola. Having that in mind, I made it my business on that tour to England to call and see the patron sovereign of the Congo Free State, Leopold II. So on my arrival in Brussels I reported myself to the American minister, and asked him if I could see the king. He replied, "I don't know; I came here last January with all the papers requisite to my official position, and it took me twelve days to get a sight of the king. I don't know how long it will take you. I advise you to see the minister at court who represents the Congo State."

So I proceeded at once to see the said honorable minister, and was glad to find that he was familiar with my language, and he received me cordially. I showed him a pamphlet I had just published in London, giving an account of my missionary methods of work and our chain of new stations in Angola, and our contemplated hope of reaching the Bashilange country by way of Congo. I handed him one of my pamphlets; he glanced over it and said, "Can't you furnish me with

a bundle of them? This is just the thing we want to see. I want to furnish one to all the heads of different departments of the Congo State here. I want to give a copy to the king."

I said, "O, yes; I can give you as many as you desire," and handed him a bundle of them which I had under my arm.

"This is Wednesday; tomorrow I shall be extremely busy; but I will make arrangements for you to come to see the heads of departments and the king on Friday afternoon."

I went accordingly on Friday afternoon. I was kindly received by all the different officer of state, and about 4 p.m., the time appointed, I was conducted by a servant to the royal residence of his majesty. A line of soldiers along the way leading to the reception room stood with their caps off as I passed through, and the king himself opened the door and received me.

He conducted me to a seat and sat down near me, and we talked forty minutes. His majesty is about six feet four in height, with symmetrical proportions, a grand, majestic-looking man, and very affable and kind. He said he had been long wishing to know how he could introduce American industry and energy into Congo State, and proffered to render us every facility possible in planting missions in that country; and we have ever felt the benefit of that interview in our effort to plant missions there.

Our objective point was the Bashilange country, the same that we had in contemplation through Angola. The south side of Lower Congo, extending from the ocean to Stanley Pool, was preoccupied by the Missionary Society of English Baptists and the American Baptists' Missionary Union, and others. Not wishing to intrude ourselves on preoccupied territory, and presuming that the organized transport facilities of the government, and of the missions by the way, could be depended upon for the transportation of our mission supplies to Stanley Pool, we settled on Kimpopo, twenty miles up the east side of Stanley Pool, as our transport station and port of embarkation for the upper Kassai countries. I accordingly led our pioneer party up through the mountains to Stanley Pool, and planted a mission in Kimpopo, which had been used as a government station. The government kindly allowed us to occupy it and rendered us valuable help in opening it, and we depended confidently on getting passage at the Kassai in a government steamer the same season. Only one or two steamers per year went up in those days. If we had succeeded in executing our plan we would have reached Luluaburg about the same time that Dr. Summers struck that point from Angola. But the government steamer was overcrowded and could not afford passage for even one of us. Moreover, we found great difficulty in securing adequate transport even to Stanley Pool. There were two mission steamers at that time on the Upper Congo, the Peace and the Henry Reed -- the latter named after my life -- long friend, whose portrait I here insert -- but neither of them was available for our purpose.

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47 -- BATTLING WITH CONDITIONS

Project of Building a Steamer for Ourselves -- Stanley had Gathered the Carriers -- No Intrusion on the Congo -- Steamers Connect with Railroad at Matadi -- Comparatively Poor

Success of the Congo Missions -- Women Hold Out Better than Men -- Missions on Cavalla River -- War Scare on the Liberian Coast -- Rebellion of the Grabos -- Hostilities of the Half Cavallas -- Excitement in the Country and Scare in Our Camp -- We Set Out for Cavalla -- Nimly and Saco -- Character of Africanus -- In Barabo -- Pulling Against the Stream -- Our Mission Palaver with the Chiefs -- At Tataka Tabo -- "Pratt's Mouth no Tell Lies." -- Another Palaver -- King Grandoo of Gerribo -- Preaching in Pratt's Store -- A Mission in Beahboo -- Seven Stations Established -- Distribution of the Africans on the River -- Prefer Walking to Being Toted -- Incidents of Our Journey Across Country -- The Signal Drum -- Opening Stations on the Kroo Coast -- Ten in 1893 -- Notice of Liberia -- King of Boporo -- The Hero Defends Himself -- The Rebels Successful -- How the Old Woman Saved Liberia -- The Slave Trade -- Heddington Mission -- Gotarah's Attempt to Eat Brown -- The Latter's Account of the War of King Thom -- The Decisive Battle -- Demory and Harris -- How Gotarah Broke into the Defenses and was Killed -- The Wounded and Slain -- Spoils of the Battle

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The logic of events had led us to the conclusion of building a steamer of our own for the Kassai River. At that time the government was organizing a transport force which they considered would be adequate for the transport demands of the government and all the Congo missions, and I accordingly arranged with the government transport agent to take charge of our steamer material in man-loads immediately on its arrival at Banana, at the mouth of the Congo. So we ordered the building of a little steamer. According to contract the whole was to be in man-loads of sixty-five pounds, except four pieces which required four or six men; but by a mechanical mistake a large portion of the steamer material came in bulk suited to a traction engine instead of the shoulders of men, on the assumption that a traction engine on Stanley's turnpike would be just the thing. The proof of that was supposed to be found in the fact that the steamer Stanley had been taken up in sections on great carts made for the purpose. It took a thousand men to work them, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. There were no turnpike roads, and they ascended the mountain by means of great cables which were drawn up the steeps by man force and carefully let down the steeps on the opposite side.

On our arrival with our steamer material at the mouth of the Congo we learned that the government had not succeeded in organizing a transport force of carriers beyond their own requirements, and Mr. Stanley's expedition, having passed up the Congo but a few weeks before, had gathered up all the available carriers of the Congo, so that we were stuck. After innumerable delays and disappointments, utterly despairing of getting our steamer stuff transported to Stanley Pool, we had her built and put onto the Lower Congo, a first-class steamer, eighty feet long and sixteen feet beam. At that time Banana was the port of entry, and freights for the Upper Congo were carried up by river steamers to Matadi, the starting point of the Congo Railroad. With that arrangement our steamer would have soon refunded the money invested in her, and would have yielded a large income for the establishment of missions. At that time there were no missions on the north bank of the Congo, so that without intruding on anybody we concluded to open a line of stations on the north bank. But, happily for the transport commerce of the country, the ocean steamers gradually felt their way up the Congo until they made connections -- boats of the ocean steamers with the railroad at Matadi. That in a measure precluded the work of the river steamers, so that our steamer is not so productive as was hoped.

Upon the whole our missions on the Congo, though in a great measure self-supporting, are not a success compared with our missions in Angola. During the last few years one good woman and six of our best men have died in the Congo work. Our women on the Congo stand it better than the men, and are mainly holding the fort at the present time. I am not writing a history of Africa, nor of our work in Africa, but furnishing facts to illustrate the story of my life.

Our third chain of mission stations was on the Cavalla River, within the geographical boundaries of Liberia, but remote from Liberian settlements. The Cavalla, a beautiful river, nearly as large as the Hudson, running between high banks through the midst of a hilly country of great fertility, flows into the Atlantic Ocean about eighteen miles southeast of Cape Palmas. J. S. Pratt, a zealous layman in our church at Cape Palmas, had two trading stations about eighty miles up the river. In 1886 Pratt spoke to the kings and chiefs of Tataka Tabo and of Gerribo, where his stations were located, about Bishop Taylor's proposal to plant missions at those places on his return in 1887, and they assured him they would gladly assist in every possible way.

Meantime a war scare swept over the Liberian coast, which seemed to shut us off from the Cavalla River country. It came on this wise: In 1874 the Half Cavalla tribe of Grabo natives rebelled against the Liberians, and drew twenty-seven tribes into a war for their extermination -- not a living Liberian was to be left at Cape Palmas. The Liberians hastily built a rude stone fort at Tubmantown, three miles east of the cape, and after seventeen battles the war-making tribes signed treaties of peace, and all of them kept the peace except the Half Cavalla tribe and two little tribes under the power of the Half Cavalla tribe. This belligerent tribe tried in 1886 to draw into rebellion the whole force of the rebellion of 1874.

The Liberians were fearful that their efforts in that direction might succeed and bring on a great war, and when I came in 1887 the country was in a high state of excitement, and a panic had seized the Cape Palmas people. I arrived in the midst of this trouble, and it was said, "Bishop Taylor can't go up the Cavalla. The Liberians can't travel there now, and the Half Cavallas won't allow missions to be opened up that river."

I said, "I see no sufficient reason for being frightened away by the rumors of war;" so I arranged as quickly as possible to be off for the Cavalla River country.

On Sabbath, the 14th of March, 1887, I preached thrice in our church at Cape Palmas, and fifteen children came forward as seekers, and ten of them professed to find Jesus in the forgiveness of their sins.

On Monday, the 15th, we got the use of a surf boat, and secured seven Kroomen as sailors, and set sail for Cavalla at 2 p.m. On our passenger list were myself, J. S. Pratt, Amanda Smith and her companion, Sister Fletcher, and my two interpreters from Monrovia, Tom Nimly and Saco. They had been converted to God and baptized at my meetings in connection with Mary Sharp's mission. Tom was a man of almost giant proportions and good natural ability, and could read a little in the Testament. His Christian name was Africanus. Saco was a youth of about eighteen, with a fair English education. The captain of our little craft was a powerful Krooman and a good seaman, though of a quiet, even temper.

The bar at the Cavalla mouth was dreaded. We reached it a little before sunset. It seemed impossible for us to get over it, but probable that we would get under its fearful surf. Amanda could not bear to see the recoil of the river current and the swell of the Atlantic Ocean, and so buried her face and hands in her lap; but I knew she would hold on hard to God, and we all believed in the power of Amanda's prayers.

Africanus, being himself an old sailor, displaced one of the ordinary men and took his oar, so we made for the entrance into the river. Urged on by the shouts of our captain, our dear fellows pulled as for life; but before we got halfway through the breakers we had to "about ship" and pull seaward or be swamped. We made a second abortive attempt, but the third time we entered safely and were glad. The heroic pluck and pull of our Kroo boys brought tears to my eyes.

Tuesday, 7:30 a.m., we took to our boat, and after a heavy pull against the current for eight and a half hours we put up for the night at a native village called Barabo. The people were very kind to us, and wanted to know why we should pass by them and not give them a missionary.

I was gazed at by a crowd of women and children till I gave them to understand that I wanted to retire for my night's rest. Just as I was getting into my first doze of sleep a man called me to come and partake of a feast he had prepared for me. I thanked him for his kindness, but respectfully declined to get up; but my party were on hand.

Wednesday we were off again at 7:30 a.m. Our brave boys pulled against the stream all day. At 4 p.m. we had a thunderstorm and heavy rain, which gave us and our stuff a pretty thorough wetting.

About sunset we tied up near the town of Eubloky. The people received us hospitably and prepared for us a good dinner of boiled rice, palm butter, venison, and fish. We passed a pleasant night, I, as usual, sleeping in the open air, and all my party in the native huts.

Thursday morning the kings and chiefs insisted on our having a mission palaver. They were entirely unwilling to let us pass them otherwise. So we had an assembly of the kings, chiefs, and people, and the whole plan of an industrial school for "book and plenty of hard work and God palaver." I drew up articles of agreement, binding them to give us all the land we may need for school farms, to help to clear the ground and plant, to carry all the heavy logs for pillars to elevate the mission house six feet above ground, and to carry all the timber for frame, and the plank, shingles, etc., and binding us to send the missionaries, and to do all our part of the agreement. There were two kings in the town, one very old and infirm, the other the active ruler. The articles were signed by Dings Nebby and Pacey and Chiefs Enyassah, Toa, Phae, and Tahara, Pacey to be head man of our mission farm till the arrival of the missionaries. So we were allowed to depart in peace, after making a selection of our farm lands.

We came in the afternoon of that day to Tataka Tabo, the first town for which we had started to fulfill the agreement for a mission, and submitted by Brother Pratt the year before.

Before reaching Tataka we passed the town of Yahkay. The people hailed us and asked the usual questions put to strangers in Africa: "Who are you?" "Where did you come from?" "Where are you going?" "What are you going there for?"

When such questions come from the ruling authorities of a town the right thing to do is to stop and answer them, and see that you answer them straight.

When we had answered they refused to allow us to pass unless we would agree to give them a missionary, the same as Tataka Tabo; so we promised them that if they allowed us to pass we would come back tomorrow or next day and have a mission palaver. Then we were allowed to pass, and we went on to Tataka. Kraharry, King of Tataka, never would believe that Bishop Taylor would "come and make mission for his people," but now he shouted, "Pratt's mouth no tell lies. Pratt say bishop will come, and bishop has come!" He gesticulated and shouted and danced for joy; then ordered to the front a file of soldiers who fired four or five rounds of musketry, and the whole town was in a buzz. The king would have us "sit down next day," and "no leave him yet." So we remained over Friday. In the afternoon we had our big palaver, and selected a beautiful site for our mission on high ground, in view, but over a quarter of a mile distant, from the town. We held service at Tataka, and tried to preach a little to the people, but found the broken English of the heathen sailors, which served as a medium for interpretation for simple business purposes, quite inadequate to our purpose of Gospel teaching.

Saturday, March 20. This morning early Tom Nimly, of Yawkey, came with his canoe to take us back to fulfill our promise to "make mission at Yawkey." Tom has a very pleasant countenance, has been at sea for years, and speaks intelligibly in English. We had the palaver, and King Wahpasara and Chiefs Jawa, Wahney, Krura, Tuba, Taba, and Teah signed the articles. We selected our site for mission buildings and farms and got back to Tataka by noon.

At 2 p.m. the same day we were off for Gerribo, but we had to pass the town of Beahboo and had to go through the "shorter catechism" of the country, as we did at Yawkey, and made a similar pledge to return from Gerribo and have a mission palaver -- with them.

We reached Gerribo on Saturday, a little before sunset, and were welcomed by its ruler, King Grandoo.

Sabbath, the 21st, in the morning I preached in Pratt's store, from John's Gospel, 1, 2, to all that could understand English. At night we had a meeting in a native house, with Grandoo and as many of his people as could get into the house, and an interesting time it was. Tom Will, our captain, was my interpreter. He knew the language of the Bush tribes. Africanus and Saco were not sufficiently familiar with it, though much of it they knew, and helped Tom Will out when he stuck. At the close of the preaching, such as it was, Africanus seemed to get the mastery of the language, and told his experience, and exhorted the people earnestly to turn to God. Saco told his experience also, and Amanda Smith talked in her wonderful way, and Africanus interpreted. Then the king and two chiefs talked calmly and sensibly. The substance of what they said was that they were ready to give up all their greegrees and devil worship and turn to God as soon as they could get light enough to see which way to go. Amanda got high, and sang, and shook hands with all in the house. So ended the first religious meeting ever held among the people of the Gerribo tribe.

Monday, March 21. We went back this morning to Beahboo to redeem our pledge. Articles were opened, too, for the planting of a mission there, signed by the two kings, Yahsanoo and Tahley, and by the chiefs.

To the five stations on the river above described we subsequently added Braroba, higher up the river, and Wissika, below Eubloky, a total of seven stations on the river bluff -- five on the west side, and two, Tataka and Barraroba, on the east. I have never before put up missions so close together, but each town in which we have arranged for a station represents a different tribe, and some of them at war with each other. They have severally fought their way to the waterside, giving them canoe access to the sea, as many of them are sailors, and have a water frontage sufficient for their river town; but the big towns and big kings and the great body of their people are back in the interior. The big town and king of the Gerribo tribe are about twelve miles back. The town is called Wallekay, which has two big kings, Sahboo and Sabo, who sent messengers inviting us to visit them, and then sent a dozen carriers to take us to the great place. They wanted to carry me, but, as in every other place in which I had traveled in Africa, I preferred to walk, and respectfully declined the honor of being toted on the shoulders of men. Amanda, not being very well, was carried in a hammock. Julia Fletcher walked, and I and Brother Pratt, Africanus and Saco took it afoot. We passed westerly, back of a range of mountains, and thrice crossed a large creek in canoes, and waded several smaller mountain streams of clear, cold water. We passed through two towns on the way. At the first we rested, and the people prepared for us a good dinner, to which we did ample justice. We reached the second town just in time to get shelter from a heavy rain; but afterward the bushes bending over our path were dripping with water, and we got our clothes as wet as if we had taken the rainfall. We passed through large rice fields, one of which contained at least twenty acres of young growing rice. The women engaged in its cultivation generally ran like deer at our approach; but having heard of our coming they soon got over their fright, and many of them approached us shyly and allowed us to shake hands with them.

When we got within a quarter of a mile of the big town we heard the big signal drum giving notice of our approach, and we arranged there, as at the other places named, for founding a mission at Wallekay, the big town of the Gerribo tribe.

We opened next a chain of stations on the Kroo coast, Pluky, Garraway, Grand Sess, Piquinin Sess, Sass Town, Niffoo, Nana Kroo, and Settra Kroo, and subsequently established ten more stations in the midst of the Liberian work in Sinoe District, Grand Bassa District, St. Paul's River District, and Monrovia District. These ten stations were in 1893 turned over to the Missionary Society, being in the midst of their organized work and manned by Liberian ministers. Of the twenty stations opened on the lines indicated we have lost over half a dozen through the wars, but have added more than that number of substations. Some of our stations grow grandly, especially on the lines of education and salvation. Others progress slowly.

As I shall occasionally say something about Liberia as it is, I will now give a few glimpses of what it was half a century ago. Long anterior to this Captain Stockton, of the United States Navy, to prepare for the coming of a few score of emigrants from America, had a palaver with the kings and chiefs of the tribes claiming to own Cape Mesurado, on which the town of Monrovia now stands, and bought the cape for the colonists. But the kings and chiefs went back on their bargain

and took possession of the cape, and the newcomers were not allowed to set foot on it; so they landed on a small island a few rods from the mainland and within range of the deadly missiles of their enemies.

The King of Boporo, who had been to sea in his early life, and bore the name of King Boatswain, came to their relief, and threatened to throw the kings and chiefs into the sea if they did not keep their contract with Captain Stockton and let the colonists have possession of the land they had bought. So they got possession of the cape, and in the wilderness began to prepare rude homes for their families.

After they built their shanties and started their little gardens the tribes near them came in great force to destroy the new settlers and seize all their stuff. The colonists had guns and ammunition to a small extent and one cannon. They could only muster about forty men for the defense of their new home against thousands of their enemies. Elijah Johnson, who afterward became a Methodist preacher, was one of the defenders. President Johnson, who honorably filled the presidential chair of Liberia for two terms, was the son of old Elijah Johnson. The old hero fought in defense of himself and his fellow colonists with his little daughter strapped to his back, lest she should be kidnapped by the savages. That daughter afterward became the wife of Bishop Roberts, deceased.

Well, the overwhelming forces of the heathen drove the forty heroes from their defenses, but instead of pursuing and destroying them the natives went hunting for plunder, and gathered round the cannon with excited curiosity. Tradition says that an old woman of the emigrant party, named Elizabeth Newburyport, who had remained with the stuff, beckoned the natives to look into the muzzle of the gun. The gun had been loaded, but, not being in position in the moment of need, was not discharged. The old woman got a long line of them trying to look into the muzzle, and then applied a coal of fire. Off went the big gun, and Liberia was saved.

For many years afterward some of the largest slave markets of Africa were located on what is now the Liberian coast, with their tribal wars, night attacks, burning of towns, killing defenders of their homes, and seizing, as slaves the women and children.

George S. Brown, who was sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, founded a mission which he named Heddington, after Bishop Hedding, who had ordained him to the ministry. Heddington Mission was located in a heathen town of Liberia, five hours from Monrovia. Brother Brown worked through interpreters, and about two hundred heathen professed to receive Christ. They abandoned their "greegrees," or idols, and those who were polygamists became consistent Christians.

Even such a town could not be exempt from the slave hunters. King Boatswain, the friend of the Americans, as the colonists were called, had passed away. The new King of Boporo, whose name was Gotarah, was the terror of the native tribes of all that 'I region, except the Dey tribe, which was confederate with him. Gotarah boasted that he would eat Brown for his breakfast some morning.

Brown gives the following description of Gotarah's attempt to eat him:

"War indeed -- fire and blood! This morning at four o'clock we were alarmed by the firing of a musket at King Thom's farm, about half a mile from us, and while we were thinking of what it meant for nearly half an hour we heard some one hallooming in the woods, making toward town as if in great haste, crying out, 'War in the path! War in the path!' This was an old woman of probably sixty years. King Thorn turned out at once, met the woman, and examined her. She informed him that, a few minutes since, the farm whence she came was thronged with war people; that they had caught her, but she was rescued by her husband, who shot her antagonist dead on the spot, and that she narrowly made her escape in a by-path and came to us. By this time King Thom's people were all up. While the woman was talking and King Thom was doubting and I yet in bed, behold the enemy appeared in sight. The day had just broken on us, but not so as to give us much light. The stars glistened over our heads, and now we began to see their polished muskets and spears within twelve rods of us. King Thorn hailed them in different languages, but they gave him no answer. They were discovered to be in three divisions, one standing still; the other two were marching each way round the town.

"S. Harris, an American, happened to be at our house at this time, and one more American in town, by the name of Bennett Demory. Harris went out in town and saw the enemy, and when he returned to get his musket he told me to load all our muskets as quickly as possible, for war was at hand. I immediately dropped on my knees in prayer to God to know what to do. And while I was praying Harris went out, and after hailing the right wing and receiving no answer he fired into it. This righted them about, and they returned to the main body. By this time Thorn and eleven of his men sallied down on the left wing, and all twelve fired into it. The enemy returned him a fire of forty or fifty muskets at once, wounding one of my brethren, who came into my chamber with nearly all his bowels in his hands. But Thorn's fire wheeled the wing, and they also returned to the main body. By this time I was loading muskets. We had one hundred ready-made cartridges in the house. All Thorn's people, except the twelve who had muskets, immediately ran to the thick bush. Thorn and nine of his men retired under the lee of the mission house, ready to fire on the enemy when they should attempt to put fire to the houses, as we expected every moment they would. One of Thorn's men joined me in the chamber above and Demory joined Harris below.

"At this time I had in my house Harris' wife, two hired girls and twenty-six school children. Three of my boys were large enough to handle muskets, and these I retained. But I ordered the women and children to escape in a given direction, where I supposed no danger was. They attempted to do this, but they had not gone more than six rods from the house when they saw the slave catchers within three rods of them, leaping to catch them. They wheeled in an instant, and barely escaped to the house.

"At this the enemy raised the most awful, terrifying screams, yelling, whooping, blowing horns and shells, rattling old irons and clattering drums; I never heard the like in my life before. By this time the engagement was fully organized, and the enemies' balls and slugs were flying as hailstones through my house. I was now pretty full of business. I commanded all the women and children to retire to a bedroom, and all to lie down flat on the floor, that the balls might pass over them. The enemy were now in a solid body in rear of the mission house, in an open field of about four acres. Hundreds were within six rods of us, pouring their balls, slugs, and poisoned arrows at us like a terrible storm. Demory and Harris were the only two men who stood below in front of the

enemy, and Jarvis and Nichols at the window above, facing the enemy, firing muskets as fast as a boy could hand them and another boy return them to me for loading. We had a fair view of the enemy from the chamber window, and there could not have been less than four or five hundred. Demory and Harris happened to have four or five pounds of buckshot, which they used in a sweeping manner. The enemy drew up within three rods of us to a frail picket fence, and while some were trying to break through others were pouring their slugs and arrows at us. Nichols, a native, at the window, made an awful slaughter among them, till, at last, he received two heavy slugs in his breast, which brought him to the floor, and I supposed him to be dead. I dragged him into the other apartment with the first wounded man. He had fired about twenty shots before he fell. I then ran to the window at which he had fallen, and, having eleven muskets loaded, I renewed the fire from the window.

"By this time the sun was up, and old Gotarah made his appearance near the picket fence. Had they known its weakness they would have rushed on it and broken it down. But when old Gotarah, the great war chief, came up, he got behind our storehouse and broke through the fence and came into the yard with hosts behind him roaring like demons. Others still continued firing on the other side of the fence. The balls and arrows whistled thick and fast around my head while I was loading and firing with all my ability into their thickest huddles. Gotarah rushed on, roaring like a mammoth leopard, shouting, 'Come on! Come on, my fine fellows!' Harris and Demory stood in the open door and continued their fire while the enemy were within two rods of them firing. This was an awful moment. I stood in the window and saw in the groups, as I fired, men hewing down each other as if a third party was in the field. Their screams were terrific. Our ammunition was nearly all gone; Gotarah attempted to rush through the door, but in the attempt he fell a lifeless corpse. Some of his bodyguard took their slave ropes and slipped two of them around Gotarah's neck and went off with him in a hurry. And from daylight to that time I saw them carrying off their dead.

"The engagement continued for one hour and twenty minutes. When they left us Demory and Harris had only two charges of ammunition, and I had but one loaded musket and one cartridge; so that in half a minute more we should have been given over to their cannibal gluttony.

"Brother Baker, the first man wounded, was a converted native. He retained his senses and died happy in Jesus. Nichols was also a native convert. He recovered from his wounds.

"We soon ventured out into the battlefield. O, such a scene I never saw before and devoutly hope I never may again! Blood, brains, fingers, pieces of flesh, knives, arrows, and greegrees in great abundance. But their line of retreat exceeded all the rest. A gore of blood in the path, and the bushes and trees besmeared with blood from the open veins of their wounded.

"All the natives of this land have an invariable practice of carrying off to their homes their dead in battle, but they were so overloaded on this occasion that they were obliged to leave thirteen heavy six-foot four-inch fellows but a few rods from the house.

"The next day King Zoda Queen and twenty of his men followed the path of retreat, strewn with the dead, for twelve miles, and in a large deposit of dead bodies partly covered with leaves and sand they found the body of the great cannibal King Gotarah. We stripped him of his ornaments

and of his armor, and brought off his head as a trophy and an assuring testimony that he would trouble the tribal nations of those coasts no more."

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48 -- CLOSING LESSON AND FAREWELL

Liberia Not a Failure -- Brown Justifies Self-defense -- Gotarah's Death Brings Peace --
Reproduction of My Sermon on the Spiritual Possibilities of the Heathen -- Policy of the Church of
Rome Reviewed -- Human Nature incapable of Purifying Itself -- Ethical Standards of Jew and
Greek -- Possibility Brings Responsibility -- The Holy Scriptures the Medium -- What the Divine
Order is -- How God has Taught Mankind from Adam Down -- The Light that Lighteth Every Man
-- Our Eternal Filial Relation to God -- Relation of Darkness and Sin -- Corruption of the Heathen
-- God has Given Some Over to Reprobacy -- How We Stand in Relation to God -- Children
Dying are Justified -- "What a Pity I Did not Die" -- The Fallacy Answered -- Story of Jimmie and
his Mother -- Confession of the Sinful Soul -- "I Have Lost the Happy out of My Heart." --
Childhood the Time for Conversion -- All Children Entitled to Membership in God's Family --
Why Send Missionaries? -- The Oracles were Given to the Jews -- "God's Delights are with the
Sons of Men." -- How Children Receive the Truth -- "Jesus Be My Best Friend." -- What the
Brahman Says -- His Name is Niswah -- "Our Fathers Believed in the Resurrection." -- Kaffir
Views of Death -- Lessons and Deductions -- A Dying King -- Prays to Niswah -- Practical
Importance of the Subject -- Concluding Deductions -- What a Dear Brother Wrote to Me --
Definition of a True Church of Christ -- I am Not a Bigot -- My Plan in Foreign Fields --
Establishment of the Bombay Annual Conference -- Some Required for Evangelization of Heathen
Nations -- Self-supporting Missions do Not Antagonize the Others -- Utterance of the General
Conference of 1884 -- Is a Missionary Bishop a Bishop? -- How that Matter was Decided --
Report of Amos E. Withey on the Angola Work -- His Endorsement of Our African Converts --
Their Desire for Education -- Statistics -- Seekers of Salvation -- Hopefulness of the Presiding
Elder -- New Arrivals -- The District Conference -- Receipts for the Year -- Appointments --
Summary of Work -- Exhibit of the Liberia Conference, 1895 -- Communication from King Charles
Hodge -- Need of Means and Assistants -- Question of the Salary of Missionary Bishops -- The
Discussions in General Conference -- Proposition to Use Missionary Funds for Bishop's Salary --
I Decline to Accept Such Allowance -- My Salary Paid from the General Fund -- Freeborn
Garrettson Smith Becomes Treasurer of My Africa Fund

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The narrative at the end of the foregoing chapter was written by a missionary who had part in it and saw it all. The account may illustrate the perils of Church and State on this Liberian coast fifty years ago, and the altered and peaceful conditions under which I have opened twenty mission stations among as many heathen nations on the same Liberian coast.

Liberia, with all its faults and mishaps, is not a failure. Its colonization policy is not a failure. God has a gracious providential purpose to work out through the agency of the Liberians. Let all good people pray for them.

Brown, in defending himself and his mission, said: We can defend or justify any Christian minister or missionary in a war of a defensive character. But at the same time will any man pretend it was my duty, and that of Harris and Demory, to fold our arms and let a savage cannibal army of four hundred men cut our throats, destroy the mission property, burn the house of God and mission buildings, ransack our native villages, kill and eat the men and carry off and sell their families as slaves?"

After this battle and the death of Gotarah the native tribes began at once to clear fields and plant rice, corn, and cassava. They said: "We have seen the American fashion and prefer it to our own. The American colony shut the slave market and make good market for other things. We can sell to them rice, oil, and carnwood. Before the battle at Heddington all were engaged in war and the people had no courage to clear and plant for fear of being driven off. But since the Heddington battle wars in all this region have ceased; so we are not afraid to live in small towns and cultivate the soil."

I here add a discourse on "The Spiritual Possibilities of the Heathen," which was delivered by me in Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's church in Brooklyn some years ago. On that occasion Dr. Talmage introduced me to the venerable head of the New York Independent, who expressed great satisfaction in listening to the discourse, and the next issue of the Independent contained the following notice: "Bishop Taylor preached last Sabbath evening in Rev. Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn. It was a solemn and impressive discourse, holding an audience which packed the house to the doors in almost breathless stillness for nearly an hour. He showed clearly what Christian men and women and Christian ministers should do for the extension of Christ's kingdom in foreign lands. . . . The poor heathen, he declared, had sufficient light to teach them that right living would meet with a reward in the future and wrongdoing with severe punishment. He gave some remarkable instances illustrating the correctness of the assertion. He denounced the doctrine of future probation, and seemed to have at his tongue's end all those passages in the Bible which are quoted to sustain that misty hypothesis." I spoke as follows:

"The spiritual possibilities of the heathen is a subject of so vast importance in its bearings on the character of God, and on the condition of four fifths of the human race, as to preclude mere human opinions and speculations. The contrast between a converted civilized African girl and her former self sitting in the spiritual and mental darkness of Mashonaland is great enough to inspire all Christians with a zeal hitherto unfelt for the conversion of the heathen.

"The Church at Rome was composed largely of converts from heathenism. In his letter to that Church, Paul says: 'When the Gentiles, which have not the law' -- the written revelation of God" do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another' (Rom. ii, 14, 15). Is not this a realization of God's ancient prophecy and promise? 'I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people' (Jer. xxxi, 33). Hence all such 'show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness' -- show it in their tempers, words, and deeds -- and by 'their thoughts' deduce from this experience within and its manifestation without a standard of possible attainment, by which they 'accuse or else excuse one another.'

"They 'do by nature the things contained in the law.' Can such an experience be attained by any virtue, or merit, or work of human nature? Nay; the depravity of human nature and its inability to purify itself are the same throughout the world. Our Gentile apostle says: 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.' The world was then virtually constituted of Jews and Gentiles.

"The ethical standard of the Jew was the written law. The Greek, not having this law, became, by a divine manifestation of light in him, a law to himself. The Jew had a documentary basis of faith" the record of God concerning his Son "prophetic and historic, corroborated by the testimonies of saved men and women in the Scriptures and the verbal testimony of the witnessing hosts of God's elect -- a broad, intelligible, reliable basis of faith. The Greek had no such basis of faith; but had a manifestation of God to his soul sufficient to enable him in his distress to cry to God, surrender himself in unreserved obedience to his will, abandon all hope of help from any other source, and receive and trust God alone. That defines the faith possible to the Greek, and that is the faith which brings 'the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth,' whether Jew or Greek. 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith "Jews and Greeks alike, ascending to wider fields and higher planes of faith and of realization. Such possibilities involve a corresponding responsibility. 'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.' God has manifested the truth to them so clearly, and impressed it on them so indelibly, that it holds in spite of their ungodliness. This truth is the hinge of their responsibility as subjects of God's government; and their willful resistance of it the ground of their condemnation.

'Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them ' -- a divine manifestation -- ' for God hath showed it unto them; ' a plain statement of a fact" God hath showed it unto them.' Through the medium of his Holy Scriptures? Nay, but by direct revelation of God, and confirmed by his visible works and daily providence" For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen.' Dimly seen by the heathen? Nay, 'clearly seen.' What things are clearly seen? 'Even his eternal power and Godhead ' -- or, as in the Revised Version, 'his eternal power and divinity' -- clearly seen, 'so that they are without excuse; ' a great fact plainly stated. So the second probation theory has one radical defect, and that is its utter lack of scriptural authority.

"The divine teaching just described belongs to the department of God's primary school for the instruction of his whole family. This is the school of which the royal psalmist sang a thousand years before the Church at Rome was born, 'The heavens declare the glory of God ' -- not a primal revelation, but a tangible declaration -- ' and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech ' -- God's day school, seven days in each week; 'night unto night showeth knowledge ' -- God's night school, seven nights in each week; God's universal public school -- ' There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'

"This school was opened early in the morn of creation, and has been kept up in the full tide of operation 'from the creation of the world' to the present moment. God is the teacher. What a sublime purpose of infinite, impartial sympathy and love. He thus manifests his zeal for the enlightenment and salvation of the whole human race.

"The royal singer proceeds to describe the counterpart of this wonderful primary school, with its gradations -- God's high school -- to be conducted through his saved human agency under a written revelation and proclaimed Gospel. The divine order is that every man, woman, and child saved in the high school shall become a teaching witness. Jesus says to all such, 'Ye are my witnesses;' 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me to the uttermost parts of the earth,' and shall 'preach the Gospel to every creature.' So God hath ordained that as quickly as possible the high school, through cooperative human agency, shall be coextensive with the primary. The psalmist thus indicates the departments and work of the high school. 'The law (or doctrine) of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul,' the perfection of God's ideal, and provision for restoring the souls of the fallen race to union with himself. 'The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb ' -- the dropping of fresh honey from the comb.

"Between these two schools the psalmist introduces the symbol of Him through whom divine light and life are communicated to the pupils in both. 'In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.'

"This is the symbol of Him who is 'the life and the light of men,' and who 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' He was in the world from the beginning, and 'the world was made by him.' His great mission through the ages has been to enlighten and save the people.

"He enlightened Adam and Eve, and they evidently received him and were saved by him. He enlightened Cain, and he demonstrated the possibility of abusing his moral freedom by a course of rebellion against God. He enlightened Abel, and he demonstrated the adequacy and availability of God's provision of salvation in Jesus for the human family. He obtained the righteousness which is by faith and 'obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts.' All this he obtained by the 'light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

"Every man, therefore, by that same light and leading, could have been saved, for 'God is no respecter of persons;' so every sinner, from that day to this, could have been saved as was Abel, if he had followed Abel instead of Cain. No one ever perished because he was born with a sinful nature, but by a persistent, suicidal rebellion against God, which results in a destruction of his spiritual susceptibilities and in his utter diabolization. He thus becomes an incorrigible rebel and an incurable nuisance. The great God and Father in deep bereavement calls him by his family name and says, 'O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' God never destroyed anybody. He is 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' There is nothing in his attributes or in his administration to contradict this plain statement of facts. But as a righteous Sovereign he is bound to administer justice and to protect society; hence turns over incurable rebels to the old scavenger, the devil, to take them away to Gehenna, 'the place prepared for the devil and his angels,' because they are fit for no other place.

"Well, if God's primary school gives light and life adequate to salvation, and the high school the same, with an immeasurable development of godlike character, why are the masses of mankind of adult years so ignorant and so unlike God? Let us go back and inquire of St. Paul: 'That which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things.' They knew God, but in pride and self-conceit they willfully departed from him and became such fools that they not only closed their eyes against the glory by which God had manifested himself as their Sovereign and Father, but exchanged God himself for some contemptible idol.

"Thus the glory by which God manifested himself in Egypt as the one only true God, and at the Red Sea as the deliverer of his people; at Marah, as their healer; in the Wilderness of Sin, as their feeder; at Horeb, as their waterer; at Rephidim, as their defense; and at Sinai, as their lawgiver, was exchanged for a molten calf, cast by their own hands.

"We were created for an eternal filial relation to God, and endowed with powers of intelligence, 'affections, conscience, and will suitable to such a relationship. Our natural religiousness may be compared to a great but delicate vine with a thousand tendrils. God puts himself in contact with us and says to us, 'Lay hold of my strength.' He alone is worthy of our supreme confidence, loyalty, and love. He alone can supply the needs of our moral constitution. If we accept him as 'the Lord our God' we shall find in him a fastening for every tendril, a supply for every demand, and shall 'grow up into him' in all things lovely and divine. If we reject God, then this vine must, in its very nature, entwine itself around something other than God. That is where witchcraft comes in, the devil's craft for furnishing some sort of religion for deserters from God -- a beautiful, attractive sort for highly civilized people and for pagans -- a kind most insulting for God and most debasing to men. In either case allegiance to God is renounced and moral restraint thrown off. 'Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts.' The unrestrained depravity of their hearts led them into the most debasing lusts of the flesh. But the light still remaining in them, and a conscience not yet 'seared as with a hot iron,' caused them so much remorse and discomfort that the next thing is to put out the light. Deeds of darkness must have darkness in which to hide; so at this point apostates from God make another exchange. Having exchanged God for an idol, they now change 'the truth of God into a lie.' All the truths received under God's instruction are bartered off for the devil's lies -- pantheism, atheism, all forms of infidelity, all false religions, all lies that distort and disgrace so many systems of Christian theology, and the insidious skepticism which leads so many who assent to the truth of God to reject Jesus or neglect his salvation.

'For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections.' The whole current of their corrupted emotional nature flows unrestrained in its downward way to death and hell.

"And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient.' They had 'God in their knowledge,'

but did not like to retain him; so now the godlike powers of their intellectual constitution and the functions and forces of their religious nature are bound down by chains of sinful habits and associations stronger than chains of steel.

"Then God's diagnosis of the horrible leprosy of sin which has struck through the whole head and heart is in the following words: ' Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.' After all this darkening and obliterating process they still hold much of 'the truth in unrighteousness,' and 'know the judgment of God' against all ungodliness. There still is light in the binnacle to bring to view their peril and show them the way back to God. Every sinner is an apostate, and all sinners are under the same condemnation.

'Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.'

"Now let us go back and review the ground and see how we stand related to God and to 'all nations of men who dwell on all the face of the earth.' AU being created of 'one blood,' and created in righteousness and true holiness, we may surely conclude we were all alike -- all first-class passengers on the same ship.

"When our vessel was capsized we all went down together and together stuck on a sand spit near to that cataract of eternal destruction over which the fallen angels had gone. 'By the offense of one, judgment came upon all men ' -- the human race -- ' to condemnation.' 'So by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.' As the whole race of man went down together by the sin of the first Adam, so the whole race came up together by the redeeming work of the second Adam. Every child born, from Cain down, inherited from Adam and his wife a tainted, corrupted nature, and the death penalty upon the bodies of the race, as solemn reminder, the journey through, that the dreadful thing that turned angels to devils is the thing that struck us; but every, such child comes into the world an heir to the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ, covering everything in it or necessary to it. The outlying facts in the case are clearly stated, including all the intermediate implied facts.

"Hence every child of the redeemed race of man, dying in its infantile justified relation to God, is washed by the blood of Jesus, purified, and taken to heaven. All justified souls are under the jurisdiction of the Holy Spirit, and it is his business to see that all the children whom the King shall call to himself shall be made clean. Glory to God! More than half the human race are saved under this provision, as infants and idiots.

"I hear a poor apostate say, 'What a pity I did not die and go to heaven when I was a baby!'

"If you are going to be such a fool as St. Paul describes, willfully reject God and eternal life and destroy yourself, why, it had been better if you had never been born. I thank the great King

eternal that I did not die in my infancy. I bless his name that he nourished and brought me up to be six feet high, like my father; that he has given me a chance to 'run the race set before me,' 'to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life,' with a development of character and capacity not attainable by infant saints. St. Paul says, 'For as one star differeth from another in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead.' The saved infants will be little twinklers in the galaxy of God, innumerable, and as full of heaven as they can hold; but 'they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.'

"You seem to think God's highest ambition in regard to mankind is to get them to heaven. That is but the zero line of his purpose. He wants us, on the line of holiness, to develop the godlike power with which he has endowed us and demonstrate to the universe that he made no mistake by investing us with such powers. Those who abuse them in rebellion and self-destruction scandalize his reputation among men. All his saints shall be rewarded according to their works, not a reward of merit, but that which attaches to the development of character and capacity to receive an eternal weight of glory. So, in the creation, the fall, and the general redemption of the human family, we stand exactly at par with the heathen nations; and also in the dreadful apostasy described by St. Paul, most people in Christian countries, who live to cross the line of accountability, follow in the same broad way to destruction trodden in by the heathen, but with guilt exceeding that of the heathen proportionate to their superiority of Christian light.

"I will indicate our sad departure from God's household, where we by birth belong, by a simple illustrative example. A mother had a dear little boy whom she called Jimmie. He was coming up to the line of responsible life, a period not to be determined by a fixed number of years, as so much depends on natural precocity and education, usually from five to ten years of infantile life. One day when Jimmie's mother was away from home, having seen her put a plum cake in the cupboard before she left, his curiosity led him to open the cupboard door and peep in at the plum cake. Seeing a plum protruding his mouth watered for it. His conscience said, 'Jimmie, don't touch the plum; that would be stealing.' He said, 'O, it's nothing but a plum;' so he picked it out and ate it. That sharpened his appetite, and he dug out another, and then another. Then he broke off a piece of the cake and ate it. So his appetite got very strong, and his will to resist temptation got very weak. Then he said to himself, as he confessed afterward, 'Well, mother will find it out, and I expect she will whip me anyhow, so I may just as well eat all I want;' and he took a feed off the cake.

"Up to that day he loved his mother dearly; but now he did not like her at all. When he saw her coming, instead of running to meet her to receive her kiss and blessing he ran behind the kitchen and hid. His mother did not discover his theft that afternoon, but Jimmie found out a sad fact: 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.' He covers a smoldering fire that will burn him out if he doesn't get rid of it.

"That night Jimmie came as usual and knelt by his mother to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' but the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"Then he said, 'Mother, does God know everything?'

'Yes.'

'Can he see in the dark?'

'Yes.'

'Can he see in the cupboard?' O, yes.'

'Then he saw me.'

"Jimmie, what have you been doing?" "Then he confessed his theft.

"Ah, my dear child, you have lost something.'

"Jimmie felt in his pocket and said, 'O, no, mother; I haven't lost anything.' 'Yes, my child; you think, now, and see what you have lost.'

"After a little reflection Jimmie wept aloud. Mother said, 'What have you lost, my dear child?' 'O, mother, I have lost the happy out of my heart.'

"Dear boy, he did not know the measure of his loss. He had lost his justified relation to God, and had come under condemnation, which is the opposite of justification. Then the mother explained the situation to her sorrowing son, and he confessed his sin to God and received Jesus as his pardoning Saviour, and was justified by faith and obtained peace with God that night before he went to bed.

"That is the time, dear parents, to have your child converted to God; no time after the child's departure from God so favorable as that. The day before would have been better. So soon as the child is old enough to go out of God's kingdom and family it is old enough to stay in. This is as true in Africa as anywhere. I have realized the truth of it with my little Grabo girl Diana on my knee. Teach it obedience to God, and to receive Jesus as a present, cleansing, keeping Saviour, and to abide in the house of the Lord forever. No child has any right to go out of God's family for a single day in one hundred years. If it does it takes the downward road to death before described. In this bondage and degradation of apostasy the heathen and the rebellious of Christian countries are all alike 'without God, and without hope in the world,' unless they will 'remember and turn unto the Lord.' The rebellious has only to confess his sins to God, consent at once and forever to abandon them, to receive Jesus Christ and trust him, and he shall be saved; without a moment's delay be acquitted by the great Judge eternal, pardoned, notified by the Holy Spirit, regenerated, and thus be brought into harmonious legal relations to God, into filial union with him, and, under the tuition of the Holy Spirit, proceed in God's order to be perfected in loyalty and love to God and be a worker with God to save others; he will thus develop a character for an eternal standing in the royal family of heaven.

"So, also, under the leading of the same Holy Spirit, the poor heathen apostate may 'remember and turn unto the Lord,' to the Lord in whose school he has spent so many sunny years of his childhood. The light he retains, and the lost light he may regain, will enable him, by the awakening power of the Spirit, to cry to God, renounce all his sins and all his idols, and receive

and trust God, and have 'the work of the law written in his heart, his conscience also bearing witness' to his pardon and restoration.

"I hear one reply, 'If there is a possibility of the heathen being saved without sending missionaries to them, what is the use of this needless expense?' You are no doubt a relation to those stingy fellows who, in reply to Paul's argument on this subject, said, 'What advantage then hath the Jew, and what profit is there in circumcision?'

"Paul answered, ' Much every way: chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.' All that we are above the barbarous heathen of Africa today belongs to the 'much every way,' for which we are under God indebted to his high school. The emancipation of genius under the auspices of God's high school has given birth to all the arts, sciences, and mechanics which distinguish Christian nations; but high above all these are the oracles of God, with their wonderful revelations of mercy and salvation. I tell you, my friend, whatever shall become of the heathen, if, with all your opportunities of enlightenment, you sit down and criticize God's plan of mercy for the nations, and refuse obedience to his orders to give the Gospel to the heathen, the question in your case is settled.

"God's delights are with the sons of men, but he has no pleasure in their death, nor in their imbecility, pollution, and abominable idolatry. He delights in the development of their powers of mind and genius. He delights, no doubt, in the steam engine, in electrical machinery, and all the wonderful achievements of this Christian age; but above all he delights in the holiness and consequent happiness of his people. So he wants us in generous sympathy to be workers together with him to extend rapidly to all the nations enslaved by heathenism the same opportunities he has so generously extended to us.

"You want to know further, in regard to the heathen, whether from my rather extensive acquaintance with them I find unmistakable evidence of a divine enlightenment such as the Scriptures represent. I say, emphatically, Yes. It is proper to say, however, that many faithful missionaries, longer in the field than I have been, declare that they have never been able to find a trace of anything of that sort -- ' no light, no conscience, no sensibility of religious emotion.'

"I grant that the search for light amid their darkness is attended with difficulty, and can't be drawn out by question and answer.

"First, in regard to children still in God's primary school. They do not receive it through the medium of a spoken or written language. They see a rainbow, and witness the sublimity of a thunderstorm, and receive impressions of beauty and grandeur never to be erased from memory; but when you address them in the language of science, and ask them to explain to you the colors of light and the currents of electricity, they can't tell you anything about them.

"A Christian man once said to a poor slave girl in the South, 'Do you pray?'

'No, sah.'

'Did you never pray?'

"No, sah; I can't read.'

"He stood embarrassed for some moments, feeling that he had met a poor creature too ignorant to receive instruction.

"Then he said, 'Do you know anything about Jesus Christ?'

'O, yes, sah; Jesus be my best friend. He save me from my sins. I talks to Jesus all day; and all through the dark hours ob de night, when I no can sleep, I be talking to my Jesus.'

"The Lord Jesus took me to his bosom from my trundle-bed, and revealed God to me in the pardon of my sins and the joy of his reconciling love. I have never since had a clearer perception of God as my Father and Friend than I had as a little child; some years later, when the Methodists came round preaching about justification, regeneration, adoption, and holiness, I never thought of identifying my simple experience of salvation with those big words.

"When trying to sound adult heathen we have the same difficulty as with children, with this still greater disadvantage: having exchanged the truth of God that was in them for the devil's lies, they have become almost totally darkened and diabolized. It is only the remaining bit of truth 'they hold in unrighteousness' that we have to draw from; yet, 'when they remember and turn unto the Lord,' under the leading of the Holy Spirit, they recover much of their lost truth.

"Ask a Brahman why he worships an idol. He replies, 'Do you think I am such a fool as to worship a block of stone?' What then?

"O, that's simply a tangible medium through which I worship the great invisible.'

"He is in fact an idolater, but he has light enough to make him ashamed to confess it.

"I said to an old Brahman in Calcutta, 'I hope you are enjoying good health this morning?'

"Yes; I am thankful to say that, by the great mercy and kindness of God to me, I am in good health.'

"He was in theory a pantheist, but in simple conversation the truth came out.

"The untutored heathen of Africa have no vain philosophy by which to explain away their perception of God as a great personal being. They have their greegrees, charms, and amulets, but they never pray to them -- they 'cry to God in the day of trouble.'

"In the extreme south his names are Dahlah, Tixo, and Enkosi. In South Central Africa his name is En Zambe. The Zambezi River is called after God. On the west coast his name is Niswah. All these names are to express the perceptions of the people of the one great God of the heavens and the earth.

"I was one day preaching to old King Damasi and his people. He was ruler of the Amapondo nation. In my discourse I explained the words of Jesus about the resurrection of the human body in the last day. One of his amapakati (counselors) muttered dissent from what I had spoken. The old king, of giant physique, looked at him with a frown, and said to him with awful emphasis, 'Hold your tongue, you scoundrel; you know very well that all our fathers believed in the resurrection of the dead, and so do we.'

"When a Kaffirman dies they dig a grave about two feet in diameter and about five feet deep, and let the corpse down in a squatting position; but before they put him down they seat him beside his grave to give opportunity, for any who may so desire, to have a last talk with him. They say that the man's spirit has left the body, but lingers near for a time for this last communication from friends or foes.

"If a man is present who has an unadjusted quarrel with him he will approach him trembling and confess his sorrow that the unpleasantness ever occurred and was not settled long ago; then begs him not to come back to witch his children or kill his cattle -- just please drop it, and say no more about it. Another will come and say: 'My father died sixty moons ago. His body was buried in the forest near his village. He was a good man, and his spirit has gone to live in the bright home of Dahlah. When you get there you will see my father, and I want you to tell him you saw me;' then a confidential message is given him. Others will come in like manner and load down the departing spirit with messages to fathers and mothers in the final home of good people.

"What do we learn from this? First, that these heathen believe when the body dies it returns to dust; the spirit dies not, but lives on indefinitely. Second, that the spirit retains all the faculties and forces it ever had, and has independent senses corresponding with the bodily senses, such as sight, hearing, sensibility, recognition of friends, and easy intercommunication with them. Third, that good spirits go and dwell with God in happiness, and that those who follow will recognize them and enjoy their companionship.

"Whence came they by this knowledge? They did not learn it from books -- they have no books; they did not learn it from a preacher of righteousness -- none there. They learned it from God in his primary school, and these things abide in their minds as facts, and not as theories. I recently received a letter from a Christian lady asking my opinion of the possible recognition of friends in heaven. A heathen would not ask such a question; these are facts in his mind, and not opinions.

"I will add a simple illustration of the possibility of a heathen's surrender to God, his abandonment of all hope in idols, angels, or men, his acceptance of God alone, and his trust in him.

"I held a District Conference at Tataka, on the Cavalla River, in Liberia, Africa. The love feast on Sabbath morning was a time of joyful weeping. In the midst of it we suddenly heard an awful screaming in the king's town, a little over a quarter of a mile distant, followed by the wailings of the townspeople all that day and the ensuing night. A great chief had died, a giant in size, and a man of renown among his people. He was one of the chiefs who had invited us to found a mission there, and 'his mark' was on our articles of agreement; but we knew not his language, nor

he ours, So we were unable to speak to him of Jesus and salvation. Some of the heathen men there had been to sea, and learned a little Kroo English.

"Monday morning I went to see the dead chief. I was surprised to find him appearing as natural as life, just like a man in deep sleep, with a placid countenance.

"I inquired about his death, and in their broken English they told me that all through the night of his struggle with death he was praying; that the chieftain lay on his mat in his hut, with a taper throwing off light enough to make darkness visible, and every now and then he cried out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Then sinking into the silent struggle with death for a time, and again breaking out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Later in the night he talked much to Niswah in subdued tones: 'Niswah, I am your man. I belong to you, Niswah. I accept you, Niswah; I take you. I trust you, Niswah: I trust you. So he continued to talk to God by the only name he knew him to have. If that poor fellow did not surrender himself to Niswah, what then? If he did not abandon all hope in every other helper, and receive and trust Niswah, what did he do? If the Lord Jesus would not help such a poor fellow, surrendering and trusting God as that chief did, then he is not the man of sorrows, sympathy, and salvation I have always taken him to be. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. In such extremity, not necessarily a death extremity, a poor heathen may thus believe and receive the power of God unto salvation.

"If my exegesis of the Scriptures quoted in this article is correct, then the practical importance of a careful study of the subject can hardly be estimated.

1. It is a theodicy. Could I face the heathen and inform them that, through the ages, God has given to their fathers and to them light enough for their responsibility and self-destruction, but not enough for their salvation? Must they go on perishing without hope till the missionaries shall find it convenient to come and show them the way of salvation? And could I say to them, 'I am not ashamed' of such a Gospel as that? Were I to tell them that God, by an eternal decree, had doomed a large proportion of their fathers and of them to hell, with no chance of escape, would I not be ashamed of my cause and my King?

2. A proper understanding of this subject by foreign missionaries is essential to their success in getting the heathen saved. To succeed with the heathen we must recognize, appreciate and utilize the foundation truth God has manifested to them in his primary school, and, proceeding along the line of admitted facts, carefully build on the foundation God has laid."

As a specimen of the good-natured discussions by the way, a dear brother wrote me that he hoped to "see the day when my missions shall be taken over by the Methodist Episcopal Church." He will never see that day, for the reason that my missions never belonged to any other than the Methodist Episcopal Church, and never had any relation to a come out secession, nor to any no-church party whatsoever. That brother will find them at the last day, just where they were legitimately born and brought up, according to the Bible and the Methodist Discipline.

What is a true church of Christ? "A congregation of believers in which the word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered." When such a church is organized under the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Discipline, by one of its authorized ministers, then the church thus

created is a Methodist Episcopal church, no matter whether it be in the United States of America, the provinces of India, or the jungles of Africa.

I am not a bigot; I have always, as I had opportunity, preached for all churches of the Protestant world, of all zones and climates, and would preach in the Romish churches just as cheerfully if they would let me.

I have been an organizer of newborn churches for more than half a century, but never attempted to organize any other than Methodist Episcopal churches. I was ordained to do that, but was neither authorized nor inclined to organize a church of any other denomination.

My plan in foreign fields, remote from our organized Conference boundaries, is, by the preaching of the Gospel and the operations of the Holy Spirit, to get men, women, and children soundly saved; and then, after suitable instruction and drill, to organize them into a Methodist Episcopal church, according to our Discipline. Then, as soon as possible, to put my churches into direct organic relationship with the general administration of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I thus organized in Bombay, India, in 1872. In the month of May of the same year I memorialized the General Conference to grant an enabling act, by which the Board of Bishops could, during the quadrennium ensuing, organize my new work in India into an Annual Conference; not a Mission Conference, but a self-supporting, regular Annual Conference, the same as the New York and all other Conferences in the United States, to be called the Bombay Annual Conference.

That petition was granted by the General Conference of 1876, and the South India Annual Conference was organized. It embodied the self-supporting churches I had organized in Bombay, Poonah, Egutpoora, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, Agra, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Salem, Secunderabad, and in other smaller cities.

Thus my organizations in India were legally recognized as Methodist Episcopal churches, hence organized into an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

That action of the General Conference of 1876 legally settled forever the question of the genuine Methodist character of my methods of work, and of the organic results of my work; for it was clearly seen, and admitted, that my plan of organizing self-supporting Methodist churches and Conferences in foreign countries was precisely accordant with the principles and methods so long and so successfully worked in the United States, and furnished a ground of evidence that they were identical with the doctrines, principles, and methods set forth in the New Testament, and hence adapted alike to all countries, to the uttermost parts of the earth.

All this was done without the intermediate agency of a missionary society.

There are more than a hundred millions of heathens who are too much impoverished to support the Gospel ministers required for their enlightenment. Hence, to send the Gospel prepaid, and to support the ministers to such poor people, is the grandest benevolence in the world, and for the share of responsibility in this great work to be borne by the Missionary Society of the

Methodist Episcopal Church it will require not only a million dollars per annum, but two, then four, then six millions, and so on.

Self-supporting missions in foreign countries are no more antagonistic to the work of the missionary societies than are the self-supporting churches in America. Self-supporting churches are not antagonizers, but are the founders, of the Missionary Society, and the supporters of its workers at home and abroad.

Why not put my foreign self-supporting churches under the control of the Missionary Society?

For the same reason that self-supporting churches at home are not put under such control.

Some of the good administrators took the ground that they should be under, and did everything in their power to bring them under, the authority of the Missionary Society. Hence my appeal to the General Conference of 1884. In response to which was a threefold utterance, clearly and emphatically covering each point:

1. They altered the paragraph in the Discipline relative to the "missionary rule," which provides for the ordination of deacons and elders for Methodist churches in foreign countries not connected with any Conference or Mission of the society.

2. They inserted a new paragraph in the Discipline which reads as follows: "Wherever Methodist churches are organized in territory outside of an Annual Conference, or of any regular Mission of our Church, such work may be attached to such home Conferences as the said churches may elect, with the concurrence of the bishop having charge of said Conference, and may be constituted a Presiding Elder's District." This action recognizes clearly the legitimate organization of these churches in the premises, and this provision is to bring them into proper relation to the administrative work of the Church as a body. My mission at Para, Brazil, was "attached" to the Wisconsin Conference for several years; so also was our Chili District, Ira H. La Fetra, presiding elder, attached to the New England Southern Conference.

3. Said General Conference selected, elected, and ordained a man, investing him with the highest authority of the Church, to represent her as the founder and superintendent of self-supporting churches throughout the continent of Africa.

Then our friends on the other side declared that a missionary bishop was not a bishop at all, and that his missions in Africa were not in anywise Methodist missions. So the General Conference of 1888 gave a final and most emphatic deliverance on this whole subject:

1. That a missionary bishop is a true bishop of the Church of God.

2. That a missionary bishop is not under the control of the Board of Bishops, nor of any one of them. This "control" refers not to the person of the missionary bishop, but to the churches he is organizing, and to his episcopal jurisdiction over them.

In addition to chains of stations we have opened on the Liberian coast and Congo country I appointed a man of extraordinary adaptability to the work, Rev. E. H. Richards, to plant and develop a chain of mission stations in Southeast Africa, starting in at Inhambane and to be extended into South Zambezi. The following report from Minutes of the Liberia Conference may indicate the progress of the work on the Angola District, Amos E. Withey, presiding elder:

"Dear Father and Brethren: Sincerity of intention and purity of affection were claimed by the beloved founder of Methodism to be 'the wings of the soul without which we cannot ascend to the mount of God.' The general aim of the missionaries of this district is to have these wings and use them continually to that end; and some abide upon that mount, to 'comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fullness of God.'

"They strive to think, speak, and act in every instance in a manner worthy of their Christian calling; to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ;' they insist that men must have something more vital for religion than right opinions or mere forms of godliness; that ability will be given them to repent and believe the Gospel, to be truly born of the Spirit, and sanctified wholly. They desire to combine religion with education. Hence, we read and study Wesley's Notes, Sermons, his Christian Library, hymns, lives of early Methodist preachers, etc., catechize children, and teach reading and writing in three languages, and other branches in English, combined with sacred music. They seek to be instant, preaching and testifying the grace of God, redeeming the time, and are blessed with times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"We have occupied this province nearly ten years. There are twenty-three white missionaries. Our statistical and financial tables will be presented herewith. There are eight stations and substations in the province. Our means of support are by trading, cattle raising, mechanical industries, and farming. We have no salaries. It is proposed to open a new station in the next dry season in the regions beyond, sixty miles farther inland than Malange.

"There are many inquirers after the truth in the several stations who are quite regular attendants upon our services, and join heartily therein and give mental assent to all that is required of them. Many of them have thrown away their idols and endure persecution for righteousness' sake. Some have abandoned the pursuit of business that was contrary to the Gospel. Some are accepted as being' regenerated. Others can only be regarded as servants of God, who fear him, but cannot truly say, 'Abba, Father.' We are hopeful, cheerful, trustful; rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.

"Brethren, let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and strongly and explicitly exhort all believers to go on to perfection.

"John W. Shuett and wife, Lavina Ratcliffe, and Louis Raven arrived in Angola in July last, and are numerically reckoned in this report. Sister Ratcliffe had a short but triumphant missionary career, of forty days only, after landing in Africa. She seemed to have no regrets, and rejoiced in the mightiness of her Saviour.

"Our District Conference was presided over by our beloved Bishop Taylor, under whose preaching Christ Jesus the Lord was made lovely indeed. The Lord was pleased to grant us his Holy Spirit bountifully.

"Total cash value of real property, \$29,710.97; commercial capital, cattle, and cash, \$10,361.32; total, free from debt, \$40,072.29. Net income for the year, \$3,021.55; total household expenses, \$2,259.44; net earnings above self-support, \$762.11. Produce of the farms, most helpful toward food supplies, not counted."

The appointments were as follows: St. Paul de Loanda, Rev. C. W. Gordon. Dondo, to be supplied. Nanguepepo, Rev. William Schucid Miller. Benjamin Barrett Station, Rev. W. P. Dodson and wife, Rev. Herbert C. Withey, and Mrs. A. E. Withey. Canandua, Susan Collins. Pungo Andongo, Rev. Robert Shields and wife. Malange Circuit: Malange Village, Rev. S. J. Mead, Ardella, his wife, Miss Louise Raven, Mrs. Minnie Mead, and John, William, Julia, and Taylor Mead; Farm Nursery, Bernard and Luzia, his wife; Munhall, Station, Matthew and wife; Pegley Mission, to be opened by Rev. J. W. Shuett and wife. A summary of Church work was as follows: Average attendance at Sabbath preaching to natives, 175; average attendance at Sunday school, 150; average attendance at day school, 68; full members in our church, 62; probationers, 24; baptisms, 19; native nursery children, 46.

The following is an exhibit of the Liberia Conference at its session in February, 1895:

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Number of probationers -- 454
Number of full members -- 3,683
Number of local preachers -- 49
Number of deaths -- 66

BAPTISMS

Number of children -- 144
Number of adults -- 203

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Number of schools -- 49
Number of officers and teachers -- 431
Number of scholars -- 2,356

CHURCH PROPERTY

Number of churches -- 34
Probable value -- \$49,400
Number of parsonages -- 8
Probable value -- \$6,040

Amount paid for buildings, etc. -- \$6,284
Amount paid on old indebtedness -- \$2,937
Present indebtedness -- \$337

PASTORS' SUPPORT

Salaries from all points -- \$3,000
House rents -- \$1,000

SUPPORT OF PRESIDING ELDERS

Amounts apportioned -- \$1,000
Amounts paid -- \$500
Paid on the ten-cent collections -- \$52
Paid current expenses -- church, Sexton, light, etc. -- \$250

A communication from King Charles Hodge,* Bigtown Station, Cape Palmas, February 8, 1895, is as follows:

"Dear Father and Brethren: The petition of your humble heathen believers in the Christian doctrine and worship of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cape Palmas beg most fraternally and respectfully to submit the following representations:

"In the year A. D. 1892 it pleased our heavenly Father to establish a Methodist Episcopal church in our town.

"We have raised a house of mud, boards, and thatch, materials which have been dedicated to the service of Almighty God, but this at present is entirely unfit to receive and accommodate any respectable audience'. Feeling that we can no longer sit in darkness and heathen superstition, we ask you to give us a recognition as your offspring and admit Bigtown Station upon the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Liberia under the disciplinary requirements.

"Again,' we have to expose to you our state of destitution for a suitable and substantial church edifice where we may sit and learn about Him who died to redeem us from sin, the grave, and hell.

"To effect this it needs means and labor. It is necessary that we inform you that efforts are being exerted by us in raising funds for the erection of this building, but knowing that it will require more than we have, ask you to give us aid in order that a church of brick, stone, and iron roof materials maybe built in Bigtown for the training of our youths in the principles and doctrines of Methodism, who will and are to take a part in the great work which Jehovah has destined to be achieved by Methodists in Cape Palmas, yea, Liberia, even Africa at large. We are putting forth all efforts we can to raise as much as possible, but knowing our inability to effect this undertaking we submit our appeal to your august body.

"Respectfully yours,

King Charles Hodge"

I will add, in this connection, a few words relative to the salary of the missionary bishops. The determination of what the salary should be and how it should be paid created considerable confusion and was the subject of debate at two General Conferences. The question led to some decisive action on my part at one or two points, and the echoes of the matter have hardly yet died away. The facts are as follows:

Very soon after my appointment to Africa by the General Conference of 1884 I wrote the treasurer of the Episcopal Salary Fund to this effect. "On my personal account I would not ask nor accept a salary. I have not received one, nor the offer of gifts, for twenty-eight years. In all these years I was daily witnessing for Jesus both by mouth and hand -- the pulpit and the press. My preaching was free as salvation; by the profits of my book sales I paid all my traveling expenses, supported my family, and paid a heavy church indebtedness; but now my new Church relationships involve new conditions. In the order of Providence I find myself on a new line of departure on the part of the Church -- a missionary episcopacy. As a pioneer in this path it becomes my duty to define the status and defend the rights of missionary bishops. I might be able to get on, even in the jungles of Africa, where I could make nothing from books; but a succession of missionary bishops might not be able to live and travel without a salary. I cannot conscientiously obstruct the path I was appointed to open; I therefore respectfully ask for the appropriation of a salary from the Episcopal Fund equal to that of the other bishops of our Church."

[* Hodge, king of the Grabo nation, was converted to God from gross heathenism about four years ago. He is now an able preacher, and has about forty of his people saved.]

My application was referred to the Missionary Board, and it voted a salary from the missionary treasury. I respectfully declined the offer. First, I received my episcopal appointment and authority from the General Conference, and am amenable directly to that body, and no other; and while it was understood that I should preside over the old Liberia work, the same as the general superintendents in foreign fields, it was also clearly understood that the General Conference "turned," as they said -- "turned him loose in Africa," and gave his divine Leader a chance to lead him whithersoever he pleased, without having to consult officials ten thousand miles back from the front. Second, I took the ground that up to that time there was no money put into the treasury of our Missionary Society to pay a bishop's salary.

The General Conference of 1888 legislated along the lines above indicated, and ever since the treasurer of the Episcopal Fund has paid my salary. The General Conference of 892 authorized the said treasurer to replenish 'the Episcopal Fund by draft on the missionary treasury to an amount equal to the salary and expenses of the missionary bishops.' That thus became law in our Church, and the money is given with that understanding, and I receive my allowance with due appreciation; and, what with traveling and family expenses and extra demands of my work at the front, I have need of all the funds the Lord and his people may give me. My lack of salary during the first quadrennium was supplied by my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler. On receipt of back salary I offered to refund to Sister Fowler, but she declined to receive it; so I had that much more to put into my "Africa Fund" for founding and developing missions among the wild heathen of that continent.

More recently, and just as this book is going to press, two things important to my work have occurred: Freeborn Garrettson Smith, of Brooklyn, New York, my friend of many years, has actively espoused the cause of my African work by becoming Treasurer of the African Fund. From his valued and generous support I expect great benefit to the cause. Secondly, The famous explorer, Henry M. Stanley, now Member of Parliament, always interested in the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa, has accepted the relation of Associate Editor of Illustrated Africa, the monthly pictorial publication which I founded, and which is conducted in New York by my son, Rev. Ross Taylor. Mr. Stanley in his acceptance says: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a 'missionary there; now there are forty thousand native Christians and two hundred churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible. What we want now is to develop the country, not so much for the white man, but for the natives themselves." (See the latest portrait of Mr. Stanley, page 702.)

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As on the first page of this volume, I here renew the dedication of this Story of My Life to my divine Sovereign, whom I serve, and to my fellow-subjects of His spiritual kingdom.

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THE END