

HISTORY OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST
CHURCH OF SOUTH AFRICA

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OF THE

Wesleyan Methodist Church

OF

SOUTH AFRICA

BY THE

REV. J. WHITESIDE

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON :

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

CAPETOWN : MESSRS. JUTA & CO.

METHODIST BOOK ROOM

1906

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Methodist Episcopal Church

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LOAN STACK

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FOREWORD

THIS is a simple history of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of South Africa, and also of the Methodist Missions in the Transvaal and Rhodesia which are under the control of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society. I am convinced that there is still a rich mine of Methodist lore in South Africa awaiting the research of the skilful explorer. I have only been able to scratch the surface. The preliminary chapters on the origin of British Methodism are intended for South African readers, who may not have easy access to the standard works on the subject.

I am indebted to many ministers and laymen for information and photographs, to all of whom I tender my grateful acknowledgments; but my special thanks are due to the Rev. F. Mason for permission to use his valuable notes on Natal Methodism, published in the *South African Methodist*, and also to the Rev. T. Chubb, B.A., for his careful revision of the proof sheets.

I hope I shall be forgiven by those who are acquainted with the native languages for using the plural terms Namaqua, Barolong, and Basuto as singulars, and for using the Anglicized plurals Namaquas, Barolongs, and Basutos, as they are the forms generally employed.

May this little work deepen the interest of all Methodists in their own Church, and quicken their desires for its spiritual and material prosperity.

J. WHITESIDE.

UITENHAGE, 1905.

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ORIGIN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

THE Methodist Church had its origin under God during the eighteenth century in the strenuous labours of a number of devoted men, the foremost of whom were two brothers—John and Charles Wesley. The toil and honour of the work were shared by George Whitfield, John Fletcher, and many others; but John Wesley, more than they—more even than his brother Charles—was the leader and embodiment of the Great Revival, and its history cannot be understood except by a brief study of his life.

John Wesley was the son of Samuel Wesley, who was rector of Epworth, a small town of 2,000 inhabitants in Lincolnshire. The father was both a poet and a theologian. The mother, Susannah Wesley, was not only a woman of deep piety, but was distinguished for a 'rare intelligence, and exact and orderly habits.' John was born in the year 1703, and Charles, his brother, was born in 1707. The rectory of Epworth was worth £200 a year, but this sum was considerably reduced by the payment of various charges, and it was only by the strictest economy that the wants of the family were met. Debt, in fact, could not be altogether avoided, and when John Wesley was two years old the rector was arrested for a small sum—less than £30—which he was unable to pay, and for which he was imprisoned in Lincoln Castle. Whilst in prison Samuel Wesley was faithful to his calling. 'I read prayers,' he wrote to his wife, 'every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and preach once a Sunday, and I am getting acquainted with my brother gaol-birds as fast as I can.'

The inmates of the rectory at Epworth often felt the pinch of poverty, but the mother, Susannah Wesley, was brave and cheerful. She taught her children to be orderly and courteous to each other. The younger children, if they cried, had to cry

softly; they had to eat what was placed before them, and no eating or drinking between meals was allowed. On their fifth birthday they had to learn the alphabet in a single day. They had previously been taught the Lord's Prayer, and each of the elder children had to act as guardian to one of the younger, reading with it a chapter of the Bible morning and evening. Every evening their mother had a private talk with some of her children on religious life. John's evening was on Thursday, and years after, when at college, he referred gratefully to the help these counsels of his mother had afforded him.

When eleven years old, in 1714, John Wesley, on the nomination of the Duke of Buckingham, was admitted to Charterhouse, then a famous school. The food was poor, consisting chiefly of bread, and not much of that. He used to run round the school garden three times every morning to preserve his health. What with hunger and fagging, he had a hard time. In 1716 his brother Charles went to Westminster School, where their elder brother Samuel was one of the tutors.

Having gained a scholarship worth £40 a year, John Wesley went, in 1720, when seventeen years of age, to Christ Church, Oxford. College discipline was lax, and many of the students wasted their time at the taverns; but for five years Wesley steadily pursued his studies, and, despite feeble health and scanty means, became known as a poet, a logician, and a linguist. He had, said Mr. Badcock, a 'fine classical taste,' and 'was gay and sprightly.' He said his prayers daily—read the Bible, especially the New Testament; but his religious life was formal, cold, and powerless.

In the year 1725, to the great joy of his mother, John resolved to enter the Church by 'taking Orders,' or being ordained deacon. He studied Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.' He took the Lord's Supper weekly, and he strove after holiness of heart. He grew proud of his spiritual attainments. 'Doing so much, and living so good a life,' he wrote, 'I doubted not that I was a good Christian.'

In 1726 John Wesley was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. His father was delighted. 'What will be my own fate before summer is over, God only knows,' he said; 'but, whatever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln.' The health of the rector was failing, and in the following year John left College to act as his father's curate. Some months before his departure Charles came up to Christ Church College, a bright, lively

youth, eager not only to acquire learning, but to enjoy the gaities of college life. John spoke to him about religion, but Charles flippantly replied: 'Would you have me to be a saint all at once?' However, after John had left, Charles became serious and devout. He began to study the Bible, and gathered around him a few students of congenial mind. They were known as the 'Holy Club.' In 1729 John returned to Oxford at the request of Dr. Morley, the rector of the college, and he was at once chosen the president of the club. The members, about ten in number, met on six evenings a week, to read and study the Scriptures. They fasted each Wednesday and Friday, and received the Lord's Supper every week. Gay, careless collegians ridiculed them as 'Bible moths,' feeding on the Bible as moths upon cloth. But they held on their way, and boldly declared that 'the Bible is the whole and sole rule of Christian faith and practice.' To this doctrine John Wesley was, and the Church he founded has always been, unflinchingly loyal.

There was no extravagance in the actions of these 'Bible moths.' They had set hours for reading the Bible, for self-examination and prayer, and they regularly attended the services of the Church. They systematically visited the sick and the prisoners in gaol. They were methodical in all they did, and, in derision, the college students gave them the name of 'Methodists.' The quaint name clung to them and their followers, though the term has long ceased to be a reproach.

In April, 1735, Samuel Wesley, the aged rector of Epworth, died. At the last the spirit of prophecy seemed to rest upon him. 'Be steady,' he wrote to Charles, 'the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' His vision grew clearer, and he saw in some way that his children would share in the noble work. To his daughter Emily, he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family.'

On the rector's death the home at Epworth was broken up, and John Wesley went to London to present a copy of his father's Commentary on Job to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., to whom it was dedicated. Whilst there he was introduced to General Oglethorpe, the Governor of the Colony of Georgia, in North America, who was in search of clergymen to preach the Gospel to the British colonists and the Indians in the new settlement. After consulting his mother, John consented to go, and his brother Charles accompanied him as

secretary to the Governor. They sailed from Gravesend in October, 1735, in the *Simmonds*, which carried about eighty English passengers and twenty-six Moravians. In crossing the Atlantic the ship was caught in a terrific storm. Great seas swept over the deck and poured into the hold, and many of the passengers screamed in fear of imminent death. The vessel was expected every moment to founder, but the Moravians on board calmly sang hymns and prayed to God. 'Are you not afraid?' John Wesley asked. 'No! Thank God, no!' was the reply. 'But are not your women and children afraid?' 'No, we are not afraid to die.' John Wesley was ashamed of his fear of death, and longed to enter into the secret of their confidence.

The two brothers discovered that the work in Georgia was full of discouragement, and within a year Charles returned. John remained for fourteen months longer, and then he, too, sailed for England, and landed at Deal in February, 1738. The voyage home was comfortless, and Wesley deplored that his Christianity had hitherto been largely one of adherence to Church forms. 'I went to America to convert the Indians,' he lamented, 'but who shall convert me? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let death look me in the face and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, "To die is gain."' The blessing which he coveted was not far off.

In the English Church at this period an important influence was exerted by several 'religious societies,' the members of which met occasionally for fellowship. On the evening of May 24, 1738, being Whitsuntide, John Wesley went, as he says, 'very unwillingly' to a meeting of one of these societies, assembling in Aldersgate Street, London. The leader read Luther's preface to Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and what occurred is best told by Wesley himself. 'At a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change of heart which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation. And an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.' The same evening, at ten o'clock, John went to tell the glad news to his brother Charles, who was lying ill of pleurisy, in Little Britain, and who had been able to trust in Christ three days before. They joined in singing the hymn Charles had recently composed, commencing, 'Where shall

my wondering soul begin?' and in which their new-found joy found triumphant expression :

That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven.' (Hymn 358.)

Henceforth the character of the piety of the two brothers was completely changed. Formerly they sought peace with God by fasting and almsgiving, and observance of the ceremonies of the Church. Now they sought it by faith in Christ alone. Hitherto they had done God's will in fear and trembling ; now they did it with heart-felt joy. They were new creatures. They walked with Christ as a living ever-present Saviour, in whose service they gladly spent their days.

John Wesley began to tell forth the truth he had realized. With wonderful clearness and amazing spiritual power, he proclaimed : (1) That all men are ruined by sin ; (2) that all men can be saved by repentance for sin and faith in Christ ; (3) that pardon of sin must precede holiness of life ; (4) that God's pardon can be consciously known and enjoyed by the believer. These doctrines were not new. They were the doctrines of the English Reformers—Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer ; of the Puritan theologians—Baxter, Owen, and Howe ; but for many years they had been hidden beneath cold, lifeless sermons on the sovereignty of God, and confined in catechisms and creeds.

Wesley called on men and women everywhere to repent of their sins. He drew no lurid pictures of the miseries of the finally lost. In the plainest Saxon, in logical, incisive sentences, rarely adorned by either anecdote or illustration, he set forth the awfulness and danger of sin ; he declared that God is love, and that Christ is seeking the sinner to save him from the guilt and power of evil. Personal holiness was essential to complete salvation. The individual conscience was assailed. Promptness of decision was urged. When a Cornish servant was asked to explain why the Wesleys succeeded when other clergymen failed, the reply was given, ' It was the *me* and the *now* that made all the difference.'

Many of the clergy of the Church of England were alarmed by the preaching of these doctrines. They accused the Wesleys of being Papists, of raising sedition, and of conspiring against both Church and State. They refused to allow them to preach

in their churches. They even stirred up the people to mob them as outlaws and heretics. Excluded from the churches, John and Charles Wesley preached in the open air. On public highways, on village greens, at market crosses, on hillsides, in churchyards, they proclaimed with extraordinary power salvation by faith in Christ to the masses of ignorant, unsaved people who were outside any and every Church. Sometimes as many as 10,000 or 15,000 people assembled. Often was the stillness of the summer air broken by the cries of the penitent, the awful anguish of conscience-stricken souls. Men and women fell prostrate, overwhelmed with shame and despair. Gross sinners, hardened hypocrites, exclaimed with pallid faces, 'What must we do to be saved?' Men, who had been drunkards, swearers, notorious evil-doers, sought the Lord, and by the power of the Holy Spirit lived clean, honest lives. Miners of Cornwall, colliers of Newcastle and Kingswood, weavers of Yorkshire, mechanics in towns, all alike testified that they *knew* their sins were forgiven. They had looked to Christ and received a new life. The joy of sins forgiven shone in their faces; it broke out in shouts of 'Hallelujah!' and it sang triumphant songs.

That was how the Methodist Church began. It arose, not out of belief in a new creed, but out of the recovery of the Scriptural truth that forgiveness of sins can be consciously known by the believer in Christ, and that the soul can be delivered from the pollution and power of indwelling sin. Men felt in their hearts the love of Christ, and found in Him immortal gladness and strength.

John Wesley and his brother Charles never seemed to tire in the delivery of their glorious message of conscious salvation by faith in Christ. They rode up and down England and Scotland, preaching in churches, chapels, streets, fields, shops, barns, or private houses, wherever a congregation could be collected. John especially knew not how to spare himself. 'Cold or hot, wet or dry, good roads or bad, or no roads at all,' he rode far and wide, delivering the message of his Divine Master. He travelled from 4,000 to 5,000 miles a year. Generally, his sermons occupied from thirty to forty minutes, but sometimes he scarcely knew how to close. At Stanley, near Stroud, he preached to 3,000 people for two hours, 'the darkness, and a little lightning increasing the seriousness of the hearers.' At Epworth he preached on his father's tomb one lovely evening in June for nearly three hours, 'to such

a congregation as Epworth never saw before.' For half a century, Wesley continued at his holy toil. He once wrote: 'The wind came full in our faces, and we had nothing to screen us from it, so that I was thoroughly chilled from head to foot before I came to Lynn. But I soon forgot this little inconvenience, for which the earnestness of the congregation made me full amends.' The untiring evangelist was then eighty-seven years of age. The anger of mobs, the rough usage of the brutal, only stimulated him to greater exertions. He was pelted with stones, his clothes were torn from his back, bulls



JOHN WESLEY.

were driven into the listening crowds, packs of hounds were urged against them, clergymen and squires often heading the mobs; but he went on preaching. John Wesley was never weary of telling sinful men and women that God loved them, that Christ died for them, and that the Holy Spirit being their helper they could live holy lives. And the people crowded to listen to a man who spoke to them as if he had come direct from the presence of God.

John Nelson, who afterwards became one of Wesley's devoted preachers, gives an account of the first time he heard

him preach at Moorfields, in London. 'As soon as he got upon the stand he stroked his hair, and turned his face towards where I stood; and I thought he fixed his eyes upon me. His countenance put such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock. And when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me. When he had done, I said: "This man can tell the secrets of my heart. He hath not left me there, for he hath shown the remedy, even the blood of Jesus." Then was my soul filled with consolation, through hope that God, for Christ's sake, would save me.' It is certain that at no period, not even at the Reformation, were the English people so deeply stirred as they were by the preaching of the Wesleys and their helpers.

Lecky, in his famous work, 'A History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' asserts that England 'escaped the contagion of the French Revolutionary spirit' chiefly through the religious revival which originated with John Wesley. When George I. ascended the throne in 1714, the moral condition of England was deplorable. The nation was corrupt to the core. Immorality was fearfully prevalent in all ranks of society from royalty downwards; and the sacredness of the marriage tie was frequently disregarded. Drunkenness was common amongst all classes. The landed squire was generally a coarse sot, often indulging in the bottle until he fell under the table. In 1736 every sixth house in London was a grog shop; and Smollett tells us that over many of the spirit vaults might be seen the inscription, 'drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, straw (to sober off upon) for nothing.' Duels were commonplace events. Profane swearing was everywhere prevalent; the lawyer swore in addressing the jury, and the fine lady swore over her cards. On the south-western coast wrecking, or enticing ships on the rocks by the exhibition of false signals, was a frequent occurrence, and in many cases was followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. In the mines, men, women, and children, worked, often in a half-naked state. Even the literature of the day did not escape the taint, and the writings of Swift, Fielding, and Smollett, though undeniably clever, were glaringly indecent. The working-classes were brutalized by ignorance, heavy toil, and wretched dwellings. Bear and bull baiting were favourite amusements, as were also pugilism and cock-fighting. Highwaymen infested all the main roads, notwithstanding that the criminal code was

Draconian in severity, and the law made it a capital offence to steal sixpence. After a gaol delivery at Newgate scores of miserable beings were dragged on hurdles or carried in carts through the streets to Tyburn, amid the shouts of a ribald mob, who mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits. The prisons were dens of infamy and pestilential diseases. The corpses of felons were often left hanging on the gallows to rot and fester in the air. Smuggling prevailed all along the coast, and to defraud the revenue was considered a laudable exploit. Slavery was common; slaves were advertised for sale in the newspapers; and the mouth of the River Avon, below Bristol, was crowded with vessels engaged in the iniquitous slave trade. The press-gang was the terror of the coast towns. Bribery and corruption infected every borough, and even in Parliament votes of members were bought and sold. On the Lord's Day crowds of people, in the towns, assembled 'to dance, fight and swear, and play at chuck-ball, or whatever came next to hand.'

The churches were almost powerless to cope with these evils. Many of the Dissenting Ministers had lapsed into a colourless theology difficult to distinguish from bare Deism. The Established Church was little more than a political organization, and for spiritual work was well nigh helpless. Not a few of the clergy were ignorant and squalidly poor. There were nearly six thousand livings under £50 a year, and more than a thousand did not exceed £10 a year. Many of the clergy had lost faith in the Gospel, and spent much of their time with the toppers at the nearest ale-house. The lampoonist of that day held up the village rector to ridicule, as usually 'a lettered sot, a drunkard in a gown.' The celebrated lawyer Blackstone, early in the reign of George III., had the curiosity to canvass the fashionable pulpits of London, and said that he did not 'hear a single discourse which could not have been preached by a Mohammedan, rather than by a follower of Jesus Christ.' On the other hand, there were clergymen who stood forth as bright examples of earnest, exalted piety. Such were Perronet, of Shoreham; Berridge, of Everton; Simpson, of Macclesfield; Baddiley, of Hayfield; Grimshaw, of Haworth; and Fletcher, of Madeley. But they resided in remote villages, and were little known beyond the limits of their obscure parishes.

England was lifted out of its ignorance and vice and political discontent chiefly by the unwearied labours of the Wesleys and their assistants. Trembling with the deepest compassion, they faced great sinful multitudes; and a hush of solemn awe

fell upon them, as though they saw the glory of the Divine presence. The dishonest, the unclean, the drunkard, sought the mercy of God in Christ, often with cries and tears, and became pure and honest and temperate. Men who would have led riotous mobs Wesley led to Christ, and made them his class leaders. Men who would have fought furiously against throne and Parliament he made preachers of righteousness and peace. The result was that when France rang, a few years later, with the fierce music of the Marseillaise, chanted by defiant mobs to the horrors of the guillotine and the blazing of country mansions, England heard the sound of Methodist hymns sung by thousands in the open air or in the humble meeting-houses. When clamours rose for political reform, when wheat rose to famine prices, and rioters paraded the country roads, the excesses were local and speedily suppressed. Fifty years of the great Methodist Revival had taught the people reverence for law and order, and England felt only the faint tremors of that revolutionary earthquake which convulsed nearly every nation in Europe.

EVOLUTION OF METHODISM.

THREE names stand out prominently in connection with the Great Revival of the eighteenth century, and each represents a distinct feature of the new movement.

George Whitfield was the *orator* of the Revival. If tradition may be accepted, no preacher had ever arisen in England who made such a profound impression on the nation. His personal appearance was unattractive: he was short and stout, his eyes were small and had a slight squint, and he was careless of dress; but his eloquence was irresistible, and he was intensely earnest and real. In the words of J. R. Green, the historian: 'It was no common enthusiast who could wring gold from the close-fisted Franklin, and admiration from the fastidious Horace Walpole, or who could look down from the top of a green knoll at Kingswood on 20,000 colliers, grimy from the Bristol coalpits, and see as he preached the tears making white channels down their blackened cheeks.' Whitfield was a Calvinist in doctrine, and at an early date separated from the Wesleys, and the two brothers were left to carry on the work.

Charles Wesley was the *poet* of the Revival. He wrote more than 6,000 hymns, many of which are unsurpassed in the English language for sublime thought, tender feeling, and fervent piety. They were chaste, concrete, beautiful, and appealed to the common people without offending the refined. Sometimes the poet seems to be scarcely conscious of using metaphor. Take the lines:

'One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have passed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'

The swollen river, the army on the farther shore, their comrades wading through the rapid stream, the commander watching the operation—how real it all is!

Equally fine are the lines :

'Hark ! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound !
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.'

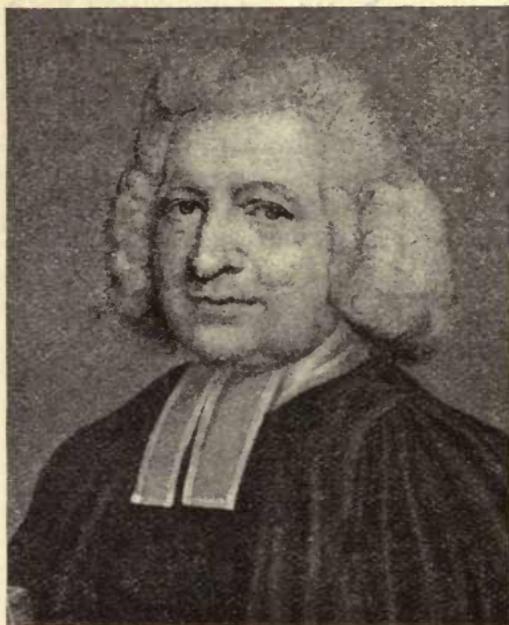
The beleaguered city, the surrounding hosts of the foe, the cry of the watchmen, the shrill blast of the trumpet, the marshalling of arms—the picture is complete. No hymn-writer has sur-

passed, and few have equalled, Charles Wesley in setting forth spiritual truth by exquisitely-drawn analogies.

Then his hymns were rich in melody, and in the best of them there 'is a lyrical swing which invited to singing.' Charles Wesley's hymns were sung on the moors of Yorkshire, in the slums of seaports, and in the galleries of Cornish mines. Within a few years they were heard in the plantations of the West Indies, amid the snows of Canada, and in the fragrant groves of Ceylon.

It was an age of ignorance and scepticism, and

these hymns, proclaiming a joyful confidence in Christ, an assured victory over sin and death, and a triumphant hope of heaven, came as a surprise to thousands, and lifted their thoughts to God and another world. Some of the hymns have been accepted by the universal Church. 'Hark ! the herald angels sing' is sung throughout Christendom every Christmas morning. 'Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day' is sung every Easter Sabbath. 'O for a thousand tongues to sing' has expressed in every land the joy of the believer in Christ. Such hymns as those commencing, 'Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,' 'Ho ! everyone that thirsts, draw nigh !' set forth in thrilling strains the universality of the Gospel message. 'Jesu ! lover



CHARLES WESLEY.

of my soul' has comforted countless death-beds; and 'Hark, a voice divides the sky' has been sung over thousands of open graves. Charles Wesley had no sympathy with the modern wistful, baffled mood of vague sentiment. He lived on the heights of a sunlit trust in God. No theme so fired his muse as the love of Christ. 'O! love Divine, how sweet Thou art!' and 'Love Divine! all loves excelling' are among his sweetest hymns. Methodism, in fact, could not have succeeded as it did without its incomparable psalmody. Strangers who attended John Wesley's services from curiosity, or to find theme for ridicule, were often startled by the burst of congregational song, telling of a source of gladness to them unknown. Not unfrequently they were subdued to tears, and remained to pray. Charles Wesley's hymns have been the psalter, the liturgy, and the creed of the Methodist Church.

John Wesley was the *organizer*, the statesman, of the new movement. In oratory he was surpassed by Whitfield. As a hymn-writer he was not equal to his brother. But whilst he had in no small degree the excellencies of both, 'he possessed qualities in which they were utterly deficient—a cool judgment, a command over others, a faculty of organization, a singular union of patience and moderation which marked him as a ruler of men.' Macaulay, in his essay on Southey, says that John Wesley's 'genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu,' the famous French Cardinal-statesman. If by genius is meant inventiveness, originality, brilliancy, Macaulay's expression is not a happy one. The most striking feature of John Wesley's life was not the elaboration of novel and brilliant plans, but the sagacious adaptation of himself and his actions to the circumstances of the moment. In this he widely differed from the great theologian of the Reformation, John Calvin, who drew up a complete Church system, which John Knox afterwards embodied in Scotch Presbyterianism. John Wesley wrote: 'We had no previous design or plan at all; but everything arose just as the occasion offered. We followed common-sense and Scripture.' In this manner one institution after another was formed, each appearing as it was needed, an appropriate garment for the expanding spiritual life. It was this open-mindedness, this readiness to accept the teaching of indisputable facts, this quick perception of what was best to be done in new circumstances, which made John Wesley, to use the words of the Rev. Guinness Rogers, 'one of the most remarkable statesmen ever found in the Christian ministry.'

When the national churches were closed to the Wesleys, and they were compelled to preach in the open air, it speedily became apparent, from the uncertainty of the English climate, that sheltered accommodation would have to be provided. Private rooms were tried, but they were too small. Places of worship had to be built, and the first was erected in 1739 in the Horse Fair, Bristol. At the time John Wesley had no money, but 'I know,' he said, 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and in His name set out, nothing doubting.' The second was opened the same year at the King's Foundry, near Finsbury Square, London. A few years before, whilst the cannon taken from the French by the Duke of Marlborough were being recast, a tremendous explosion took place, and killed several workmen. Wesley bought the ruined building, and here he erected a chapel to seat 1,500 persons. A band-room was added, with living-rooms upstairs, in which John Wesley and his mother lived. For nearly forty years these buildings were the headquarters of Methodism. In 1776 Wesley erected, on a contiguous site, a larger edifice, known as the City Road Chapel, which, improved and beautified in recent times, is now recognised as the cathedral of British Wesleyan Methodism. On the south side of the chapel still stands the house in which Wesley and his preachers lived, and in which he died, in the year 1791, aged eighty-seven years and nine months.

These two structures were followed by the erection of Wesleyan chapels all over the British isles. By the year 1767 there were 100 in different parts of the country. These places of worship reflected the poverty of the builders. They were painfully plain, and often hidden away in obscure streets, but everyone represented the love and sacrifice of a poor and lowly people. John Wesley referred to them as 'rooms,' and 'preaching houses,' but at a later date the word 'chapel' came into use, and was employed for nearly a century. With increasing wealth and improved taste arose a demand for artistic structures, and as the term 'chapel' conveyed the idea of a subordinate place of worship, it is now generally discarded for the more appropriate designation 'church.'

To secure economy of working, adjoining churches and congregations were grouped together, and in this way sprang into existence **Circuits**, which at first were very large, and sometimes included several English counties. In 1746 England was divided into seven circuits.

The work soon grew beyond the power of the Wesleys to compass. Assistance was urgently needed, yet how could it be provided? Amongst the new converts were men fired with zeal for the salvation of the people, but Wesley; not yet free from the High Church notions he had acquired at Oxford, strongly opposed lay preaching as unauthorized. Whilst he was on one of his journeys in 1742 he heard that plain Thomas Maxfield had begun to preach, and he rode hurriedly back to London to stop the innovator. His mother, who was then residing at the Foundery, met John Wesley with the caution: 'John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are.' Wesley heard Maxfield preach, was convinced, and said: 'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth to Him good.' His scruples vanished, and henceforth he justified lay preaching. 'Jesus Christ,' he said, 'was a lay preacher.' A noble band of helpers gathered round Wesley. Some of them, notably John Nelson, Thomas Walsh, Thomas Olivers, and Christopher Hopper, and many others, became circuit preachers, and their names are linked with that of Wesley in the early history of Methodism. They were his sons in the Gospel, and he gave them his affection and confidence. But most of the lay preachers remained at their business, and, on the Sabbath, preached two or three times, walking to their appointments twenty and even thirty miles. Thus originated the great body of **Local Preachers**. Untold good followed their labours. Remote villages were visited, the rural populations were evangelized, and new churches were formed. There can be no doubt that, without the unpaid labours of the local preachers, the progress of Methodism would have been arrested, and its influence limited to the large towns.

The wide circuits often contained twenty or thirty towns or villages, which were visited in turn during a 'round' of several weeks' duration. On these tours the fare of the preachers was that of their humble hosts, and scornful critics spoke of them as 'Brown Bread Preachers.' Probably there had not been since Apostolic times a band of men more unselfish in spirit or more devoted. They expected conversions under every sermon, and rarely were they disappointed. Facilities for travelling were few, and the long journeys were made either on foot or on horseback, with saddle-bags stocked with Methodist books for sale. They preached Christ to multitudes who never entered a church.

For years the preachers received little money payment. At the first Conference, held in 1744, the rule was adopted: 'Take no money from anyone. If any give you food when you are hungry, or clothes when you need them, it is good; but not silver or gold.' In the year 1752 the preachers were allowed £12 a year for clothes, provided the people were pleased to pay it, but even this small sum was seldom given. Board and lodging were provided by the members of society. These men were certainly in a higher succession than any conferred by human hands. They learned, like the Apostles, to endure poverty with patience, and suffering without a murmur.

The early Methodist preachers were mighty in the Scriptures, reading them daily, often on their knees; but, a few excepted, they had received little education. Schools were few and inefficient, and the Universities were closed to the children of Nonconformists. The preachers had an extensive knowledge of practical and experimental divinity, but many of them were scarcely equal to the demands of a settled pastorate, to which, on other grounds, Wesley was opposed. 'Were I to preach,' he said, 'one whole year to the same people, I should preach myself and most of my congregation asleep.' At another time he wrote: 'We have found by experience that a frequent change of teachers is best. This preacher has one talent, that has another. No one, whom I ever yet knew, had all the talents which are needful for beginning, continuing, and perfecting the work of grace in a whole congregation.' Hence arose the *Itinerancy*. The term of residence was one year, but, after a time, some of the preachers were reappointed for a second year, and occasionally for a third year. At that limit the term of residence in Great Britain was finally settled.

In 1744 Wesley invited several clergymen, and four of his helpers, to meet him in London, at the Foundery, and converse on the work of God. The subjects of their conversation were: (1) What to teach; (2) how to teach; (3) how to regulate doctrine, discipline, and practice. Thus originated the *Conference*, which has met in unbroken succession for 160 years, which has grown into a powerful organization, and spread into daughter Conferences all over the world. In 1784, Wesley, when eighty-one years of age, constituted by deed 100 of his preachers as the legal Conference, which was to be the supreme legislative body in the Methodist Church. He provided by this act for the permanence of Methodism as an independent ecclesiastical organization. In this document he established for Methodism

through all time a definite and separate existence as a Church. In 1791 the 'Legal Hundred' resolved that all preachers in full connection, and permitted to attend Conference, should share equally with themselves in their deliberations and decisions. In 1877 laymen were admitted to the Representative Session of the Conference, in which financial matters chiefly are considered.

At a very early period it was found that the converts needed counsel. Their spiritual experiences were sometimes perplexing, and they came to John Wesley with the entreaty: 'We want you to talk with us often, to direct and quicken us on our way, and to give us the advices which you well know we need.' 'I asked,' replied Wesley, 'Which of you desire this? Let me know your names and places of abode. They did so, but I soon found,' he continued, 'they were too many for me to talk with severally so often as they wanted. So I told them: "If you will all of you come together every Thursday, in the evening, I will give you the best advice I can." Thus arose what was afterwards called a Society' (Works, viii., 249, 250). This was in 1739.

Wesley discovered that there was need for more systematic supervision. Some gave way to sin, others became indifferent; but how was he to control them, scattered, as they were, 'from Wapping to Westminster'?

John Wesley has related how the difficulty was overcome and Christian fellowship regained. 'At length, while we were thinking of quite another thing, we struck upon a method for which we have cause to bless God ever since. I was talking with several of the Society in Bristol concerning the means of paying the debts there (on the Room in the Horse Fair, Broadmead), when one Charles Foy stood up and said: "Let every member of the Society give a penny a week till all are paid." Another answered: "But many of them are poor, and cannot afford to do it." "Then," said he, "put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they can give anything, well; I can call on them weekly, and if they can give nothing, I will give for them as well as myself. And each of you call on eleven of your neighbours weekly, receive what they give, and make up what is wanting." It was done. In a while, some of these informed me, they found such an one did not live as he ought. It struck me immediately, This is the thing, the very thing, we have wanted so long. As soon as possible the same method was used in London, and all other places.' (Works, viii., 252.)

For various reasons personal visitation was found inconvenient, and it was subsequently arranged that the members should meet at some central place weekly, join in praise and prayer, tell forth their spiritual experience, and the leader give counsel and encouragement. This was the origin of the **Class Meeting**, in the year 1742. The women took an equal part with the men, and some of the women were made class leaders. Among the earliest shine the names of Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, and Lady Maxwell.

The Class Meeting as a means of spiritual fellowship is unique. No other Church possesses it, though some equivalent for it is frequently sought. Its value to Methodism is almost beyond computation. In the weekly meeting, when rightly conducted, members are stimulated to the highest spiritual life. No one is allowed to be idle or useless. The young convert is encouraged; he learns to pray audibly, and is trained to be a Sunday-school teacher, a local preacher, or even a minister. Poor and sick members are brought under notice. Disorderly members are reprov'd. The comparative neglect of the Class Meeting in the Methodist Church of South Africa is not a healthy sign, for fellowship is a necessity of Christian life, and it is significant that in a time of spiritual revival, it is eagerly sought. Methodists are urged by their past history to put forth every effort to increase the efficiency and influence of this important institution.

The leaders of the classes are practically lay sub-pastors, and in each society form a council of advice and control. This is the **Leaders' Meeting**. The Society stewards receive from the leaders the contributions of the members for the support of the ministry. 'Methodism has no endowment but the grateful givings of its people.' The Poor stewards take charge of the money given by communicants for the poor at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The leaders and stewards, the local preachers, the trustees of the chapels, the senior superintendent of the Sunday-school, with the ministers of the circuit, compose the **Quarterly Meeting**, which is the chief local church council, and meets once in three months. It is a council of church workers.

The various Methodist communities were at first called 'The United Societies;' but gradually they developed into the 'Methodist Church.' The simple wants of the societies were supplied by the class leaders and itinerant lay-preachers. But the needs of the people increased, and the organization

expanded. The preachers became ordained ministers; the sacraments were reverently administered; leaders' meetings became local courts of discipline; the societies were closely federated; and the rights of the pastors and laity were defined. The societies developed into a highly-organized church. It is as unhistorical as it is unscriptural to assume that a society and a church are two distinct institutions, the one inferior or antagonistic to the other. They are two names of the same institution at different periods of growth. A society is a church in its initial stage, a fellowship. A church is a society in its fully-organized form. Of both, Christ is the head and the hidden life.

Thus, Christianity itself began as a society, having a very simple form, and the first believers 'continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in breaking of bread, and the prayers.'

Methodism began as a society, and the new converts met for fellowship in their class meetings, band meetings, and love-feasts.

The Apostles did not at once break with Judaism, but preached Christ in the Temple courts until they were arrested and imprisoned.

John and Charles Wesley refused to separate from the English Church, but preached Christ from its pulpits until they were thrust out by an intolerant clergy.

The Apostles had no prepared plan of action. They appointed deacons and elders just as the need arose, and as Providence seemed to indicate.

John Wesley had no prearranged system. He appointed stewards in London, class-leaders in Bristol, and superintending-elders for America, only as they were needed.

The early Christians went 'everywhere, preaching the Word,' and no restraint was laid upon them because they were not ordained.

The Methodist converts, unordained laymen, carried the Gospel to the remotest villages of England, and even to the West Indies, New York, and Canada.

The first Christians were persecuted and imprisoned, and had to suffer injury, contempt, and death.

The Methodists were mobbed and stoned, and cast into prison, and were treated, as Wesley says, 'as if they had been mad dogs.'

The members of the early church moved freely to and fro, and were provided with 'letters of recommendation,' or 'certificates of character,' ensuring a hearty welcome wherever they went.

Each member of the Methodist Society received every quarter a ticket or voucher of membership, which secured for the possessor of it a hearty recognition from Methodists in any part of the world, as it does at this day.

At Antioch, the followers of Christ were in derision called 'Christians.'

At Oxford, John Wesley and his godly companions were contemptuously called 'Methodists.'

The first Christians were chiefly persons in humble life—fishermen, publicans, and soldiers; for, said Paul, 'not many wise after the flesh—not many noble, are called.'

The early Methodists were largely drawn from the working classes—miners, mechanics, traders—and from them came the men and women who rose often to social pre-eminence, examples of thrift, intelligence, and Christian zeal.

These are more than coincidences. Rarely has history presented so striking a parallel, as in the growth of Christianity in the first century, and the development of Methodism in the eighteenth. Methodism is, in fact, a replica of the early Christian Church, modified to meet changed conditions.

John Wesley would have been the last to claim that he had created Methodism. He was led by the hand of Providence to adopt, often very reluctantly, methods of action from which at the outset he shrank. Preaching in the open air was abhorrent to his refined taste. He once thought the 'saving of a soul almost a sin, if it had been done outside a church.' He lived to write, 'It is the field preaching which does the execution for usefulness; there is none comparable to it. . . . O, what a victory would Satan gain if he could put an end to field preaching!' He was a loyal son of the Church of England, trained to revere its order, its prayers, its festivals, and its saints' days. Yet that God's work might not suffer he sacrificed his tastes, and broke nearly every law and usage of the English Church. He preached in the open air and in unconsecrated buildings. He offered extemporaneous prayer. He employed unordained preachers; he formed societies, and drew

up laws for their government. A simple presbyter himself, he ordained presbyter-bishops for America and presbyters for England and Scotland, that after his death the sacraments might be administered by duly ordained ministers. He appointed an annual Conference. These innovations were made unwillingly, and not until they were forced upon him. In 1788 he said: 'We did none of these things till we were convinced we could no longer omit them but at the peril of our souls.' At another time he exclaimed: 'Church or no church, we must save souls.' Loyalty to his church yielded to his loyalty to Christ. Under the shaping of the Divine hand, rather than under the hand of John Wesley, Methodism grew into a church.

Wesley had no misgiving as to the scripturalness of his action. When the question was asked, 'What is a church?' he replied, 'As where two or three are met together in His name, there is Christ; so (to speak with St. Cyprian) where two or three believers are met together, *there is the church.*' He brushed aside all the unscriptural claims of others to exclusively represent apostolic practice. The church, rudimentary no doubt, is where two or three believers meet. Pastors, sacraments, hymnals, music, organization, will follow; but the form they are to assume is nowhere laid down in Scripture. These are left to be arranged according to local need and the sanctified intelligence of believers. Wesley was very confident on this point. He considered it was unanswerably proved that 'neither Christ nor His apostles prescribe any particular form of church government. The plea of Divine right for Diocesan Episcopacy was never heard of in the primitive church.' (Works, xiii. 211). In apostolic times the presbyter-bishop was simply the pastor of a church or churches, and corresponded in many respects to the Methodist superintendent of a circuit. The validity of his ministry depended not on human ordination, but upon the direct call of God. In this way Paul vindicated his apostleship. He was 'an Apostle, not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ.' The proof of his apostleship was not in the imposition of human hands, but in the signal success of his labours. 'The seal of my apostleship are ye (Corinthians) in the Lord.' And this is the final test of the scripturalness of a church. When sinners are saved, and know their sins are forgiven, when evil-doers become examples of holiness, when degraded populations are changed and elevated, when cannibals forsake their fiendish tastes and practice self-denial and pity, when idolators cast their idols

away and worship God in the beauty of holiness, there is an end of all controversy. 'The Lord is in His holy temple ; let all the earth keep silence before Him.'

'What God has stamped with His own seal requires no countersigning on the part of a human ecclesiastical functionary. The Divine mark remains indelible unless erased by the Church's own unfaithfulness. The candlestick stands in its place until He remove it ; and it is for Methodists, ministers especially, to see that the lamp He has kindled burns with clear and pure and world-illumining flame.'*

* Rev. W. T. Davison, M.A.

METHODISM, A MISSIONARY CHURCH.

JOHN WESLEY, Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, and many of their coadjutors, were men of the highest culture and ability, but in the absence of a national system of education it is not surprising that the new converts largely consisted of unlearned men. Happily, the deficiency of scholastic training did not disqualify them for spiritual work. The early Methodists were enthusiastic evangelists. They loved to tell how the Lord had saved them from sin. No collegiate education was required. The man might have no knowledge of Greek or Hebrew, and only an imperfect acquaintance with his own language, but he could stand on the steps of a market cross, or under the shadow of a tree, and say to anyone who would listen: 'Christ Jesus came to save the lost; He has saved me.' He needed no State aid, no minister, and no funds. The carpenter could leave his bench, the smith his forge, the tradesman could step from behind his counter, and each in his way could testify: 'I have found peace with God; there is salvation in Christ for all.' In this manner the Gospel was carried to many and distant lands.

In the year 1747 John Wesley landed in Dublin, and found that already a society of 300 members had been formed. Charles Wesley arrived a few weeks later. Protestants and Papists alike flocked to hear their words. A year later violent persecution set in, and the Methodists could not be seen in public without being mobbed. But the work grew, and Irish Methodism has many brilliant pages in its history.

In 1751 Wesley visited Scotland. Several soldiers on their return home had formed societies at Dundee and Musselburg, and Wesley was invited to preach to them. He went, and at different periods visited Scotland twenty-two times. 'I perceive,' he says, 'that the Scots, if you touch but the right key, receive as lively impressions as the English.' The work ex-

tended to the inhabitants of the Shetland and Orkney Islands. They were plain fisherfolk, who up to that time had been left almost without any spiritual instruction.

A longer flight was soon taken. Nathaniel Gilbert, Speaker of the House of Assembly in Antigua, whilst on a visit to England, heard John Wesley preach, and became a decided Christian. Upon his return to Antigua, in 1760, he held services in his own house, and addressed the negro slaves. His slave-holding neighbours violently opposed; but he continued his efforts, and formed a society of 200 persons. After his death, the members were held together by two black women. In 1778, John Baxter, a shipwright, landed, and after working in the dockyard by day, he travelled to the different plantations in the evenings, holding services for the slaves, until the arrival of Dr. Coke, in 1786, when he resigned his civil appointment, and became a Wesleyan minister. From Antigua the work spread to the other islands of the West Indies.

In 1760 a party of Irish Methodists emigrated to North America, among whom was Philip Embury, a local preacher, who was well-informed, but timid, and by trade a carpenter. Barbara Heck, another Methodist, was distressed at the prevailing wickedness in New York, and appealed so earnestly to Embury that he commenced services in his own house. Captain Thomas Webb, recently arrived from England, joined the little congregation, and, preaching in full uniform, with his sword lying before him on the table, soon became so popular that a church was built for him in John Street—the first Methodist Church in America. In 1775, Coghlan, a layman, began to preach in Nova Scotia; and about the same time, Newfoundland was occupied. Devout emigrants, pious merchants, godly soldiers, who had found the Saviour at Methodist services in England, carried the seeds of Gospel truth far and wide.

In 1769 many of the British colonists in New York and Boston sent an urgent entreaty to John Wesley for a minister to take charge of the infant societies in those cities. 'Send us a preacher,' they wrote, 'for the good of thousands send one at once.' At the Leeds Conference, that year, Wesley called for volunteers. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor offered to go. A collection was made to pay their expenses, and £70 were obtained. Of this amount, £50 went to pay for their outfit, and £20 for their passage.

Two years later, a further appeal came from America, and Richard Wright and Francis Asbury offered their services. Asbury was then twenty-six years of age, and in the New World his activity rivalled that of John Wesley in England. He laboured with a self-denial never surpassed. He swam or forded rivers, he crossed snow-covered mountains, and braved the perils of lonely forests to preach the Gospel to a scattered population. During his forty-five years of ministerial work, it is calculated that he rode or walked 270,000 miles, preached 16,500 sermons, presided over 224 conferences, ordained more than 3,000 preachers, and witnessed an increase of 200,000 members. He continued his labours, even when with old age he became so infirm that he had to be assisted up the pulpit-stairs and sit while he was preaching. He was a pioneer of the apostolic type, with a salary of 64 dollars, or about £13 a year. He died in 1816.

In 1775 the unfortunate American War commenced, and men of the same race and language were arrayed against each other in deadly strife. Taxes were imposed by the British Parliament on tea, glass, and paper entering American ports. The colonists protested on the ground that 'where there is no representation there cannot justly be any taxation.' George III. and his rash advisers lightly entered upon a war which inflicted upon British arms a series of disgraceful defeats. The English generals were incompetent, and the mismanaged strife ended in the independence of the colonists, and the formation of 'The United States.' Then came the crisis which was to determine the character and form of Methodism in that country.

Methodists had rapidly increased in the Northern and Eastern States. They possessed numerous places of worship, but they had no ordained ministers to administer the sacraments, and their children were growing up without baptism. On the establishment of the Republic most of the Anglican clergy left for England, and 18,000 Methodists were left with little pastoral care. They wrote letter after letter to John Wesley, imploring help. As a loyal son of the English church, he applied to Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, under whose authority America was nominally placed. 'Would he ordain some of the Methodist preachers for the States?' The Bishop was one of the most learned and liberal Prelates of his day; but his reply was cold, almost cynical: 'There are three clergymen in that country already.' Wesley made another

appeal: 'True, my lord; but what are three to watch over all the souls in that extensive country!' The Bishop vouchsafed no further reply.

John Wesley was not one to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of 18,000 people who had been gathered into Christian fellowship by his followers. 'I mourn for poor America,' he exclaimed; 'for the poor sheep scattered up and down therein.' He had sought the help of Bishop Lowth, only to be repelled. Wesley crossed the Rubicon, and himself consecrated Presbyterian-Bishops for the American Methodist Church.

At one time, Wesley held the High Church theory of Apostolic succession and priestly authority; but his study of Scripture and church history, and pre-eminently his conversion, had done much to uproot the narrow prejudices in which he had been trained. In 1746 he abandoned much of his High Churchmanship. He knew, so far as the New Testament was concerned, that 'Presbyter' and 'Bishop' were two names for the same office. He knew that the government of the church by Bishops as a superior order had absolutely no existence in apostolic times. 'Many years ago,' he wrote, 'I was convinced that Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain. . . . I firmly believe I am a Scriptural Episcopos (or Bishop) as much as any man in England or in Europe; for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.' (Works, xiii, 251, 253).

The apostles, as such, could have no real successors. Those who came after them did not inherit their supernatural gifts, and could not claim their authority. To those who in modern times claim to be exclusively in the line of apostolic descent, it is sufficient to reply, that the law of the kingdom still abides: 'Ye shall know them by their fruits.' In the Episcopal Churches, whether Papal or Anglican, there have unfortunately too often existed in past times hunting and drinking clergymen, dissolute popes, and worldly bishops; men who dared to

'Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold,
Blind mouths, that scarce themselves knew how to hold
A sheehook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs.'

And it is a dishonour to the Holy Spirit to suppose that these shameless men possessed the fulness of Divine grace, and were endowed with special spiritual powers, because on

their heads had rested for a moment a prelate's hand. And it is no less a dishonour to the Holy Spirit to suppose that men of holy character, like Bunyan and Matthew Henry; theologians, like Calvin and Chalmers; preachers, like Spurgeon and Maclaren; missionaries, like Calvert and Hunt and the Shaws; men whose lives and writings were instrumental in leading thousands to the Saviour, were not in the true ministry, because they had not been ordained by Bishops. In most emphatic language, John Wesley said: 'Uninterrupted succession from the Apostles I never could see proved, and I am persuaded I never shall.' (Works, iii., 44). Bishop Stillfleet, himself a learned prelate of the English Church, had the candour to acknowledge, in his *Irenicon*: 'Apostolic succession is as muddy as the Tiber itself.'

The true scriptural doctrine of Apostolic succession Wesley stated with his usual incisiveness: 'Must not every man, whether clergyman or layman, be in some respect like the apostles, or go to hell? Can any man be saved if he be not holy like the apostles, a follower of them as they were of Christ? And ought not every preacher of the Gospel to be in a peculiar manner like the apostles, both in holy tempers, in exemplariness of life, and in indefatigable labours for the good of souls? Woe unto every ambassador of Christ who is not like the apostles in this, in holiness, in making full proof of his ministry, in spending and being spent for Christ!' (Works, viii., 210.)

For four years Wesley waited. The American colonies had gained their political independence. The English Episcopal Church had nearly ceased to exist in the States. Wesley proceeded to consecrate Presbyter-Bishops and ordain ministers for the American Methodist churches. On September 1, 1784, he wrote in his journal: 'Being very clear, in my own mind, I took a step which I had long weighed in my mind . . . which I verily believe will be much to the glory of God.' At greater length: 'I have appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury to be joint superintendents over our brethren in North America, as also Richard Whatcoat and T. Vasey to act as elders among them.' He consecrated Dr. Coke at Bristol with his own hands, and then sent him across the Atlantic to set apart Francis Asbury, and invest him with equal power to ordain others.

At the American Conference held at Baltimore in 1787 the Methodist ministers present adopted the Episcopal form of

Church government, and resolved to use, instead of the Latin word Superintendent,* its Greek equivalent, Bishop. John Wesley did not object to the adoption of Episcopacy, but he did to the use of the word Bishop, as it might give offence to the National Church. The colonists, however, considered they were free from any allegiance to the English Episcopal Church, and adhered to the change of title. What value was there in the name of an office? The man who filled the office was the chief consideration. In American Methodism the Bishops are not a separate and superior order, but first among

equals—superior in office only. They are Presbyterian-Bishops, who visit the churches in rotation, preside over the conferences, and arrange the appointments of the preachers.

The results have amply justified Wesley's action. Methodism took a firm hold of the American people. Its itinerant system was admirably adapted to a sparsely-settled country. It sought the immigrant in forest solitudes and by cabin fires. It was the Gospel on horseback. 'Its free methods enabled it to follow the settlers everywhere, to speed westward



DR. COKE.

with the speed of an arrow's flight, to surmount the Alleghanies, to take possession of Kentucky and the Indian border. Thus Methodism became the religion of pushing, pioneering American settlers, and has retained not a little of its pushing, pioneering character.' The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, in all its branches, now comprises 39,220 ministers, 56,787 churches, and 6,084,755 communicants, and is the largest voluntary Protestant Church in the world.

* As used by Wesley, superintendent=bishop. The senior minister of an English circuit was called an 'assistant,' and his colleagues 'helpers.'

The missionary work of Methodism centred for many years in Dr. Coke, who had formerly been a clergyman of the English Church, but was dismissed from his curacy because of his zealous labours, and joined Wesley in 1777. He had a passion for Missions, and, by his ability to help out of his own purse, as well as by his fervent appeals to others for financial aid, he was able to initiate a work which, from that day to this, has been the crown and glory of Methodism.

The chief objects of Dr. Coke's care were, at first, the Methodist churches in the West Indies. Slavery existed throughout the islands, and the condition of the slaves on the sugar plantations was deplorable. Of morality there was none. The Sabbath was a day for heavy drinking and obscenity. On some of the islands the early Methodist evangelists were converted negroes, and, when ministers arrived, thousands of slaves received them with gladness. The planters, who were for the most part living in a state of fearful immorality, took alarm, and laws were passed which prohibited Methodists from instructing the slaves.

In 1792 Dr. Coke visited the West India Islands for the third time, and found persecution at its height. At Eustatius the missionary was not allowed on the island, and the slaves were forbidden to hold prayer-meetings. At St. Vincent the Rev. J. Lamb had been thrown into prison, but through the grated windows he preached to the negroes, who listened with tears flowing down their faces. At Grenada the Government had tried to silence Mr. Owens by offering him a living worth £800 a year, but he preferred to teach the slaves. At Demerara, at a later date, the church was attacked, its doors broken in, and the benches thrown into the streets. But the success of the missions could not be arrested. With the entrance of the Methodists a new era dawned on the islands, and the improvement of the slaves was marked. Instead of riots and indecent processions on the Sabbath, the slaves, clad in neat apparel, thronged the streets on their way to the house of God. For seventy years—from 1760 to 1834—no Methodist slave was proved guilty of incendiarism or rebellion, then frequent offences. The Emancipation Act of 1834 put an end to the persecution, and Methodist missionaries were left free to pursue their peaceful labours.

In his old age Dr. Coke pleaded to be sent to Ceylon. There was some objection offered on account of his years; but the zealous evangelist exclaimed: 'I would rather be set naked on

the coast of Ceylon, and without a friend, than not go. Such enthusiasm bore down all opposition.

With a band of devoted men, he sailed in 1819, and here, for the first time, Methodism came into touch with South Africa. He was accompanied by the Rev. J. M'Kenny, who had been appointed to Cape Town. Leaving him at Table Bay, the vessel crossed the Indian Ocean, and, when near Ceylon, Dr. Coke was found dead in his cabin. It is supposed that, feeling ill in the night, he had risen to call for help, and had fallen on the cabin floor from an attack of apoplexy. The body was buried at sea. Dr. Coke had for years devoted all his private wealth, and his time and energy, to the extension of the work of God. The idea of the conversion of the world, lost to the Church for centuries, was recovered chiefly by William Carey, the Baptist, and by Dr. Coke, the Methodist, and has largely shaped the religious history of the nineteenth century.

Pending Dr. Coke's departure for Ceylon, it was resolved in England that the missionary movement should be cared for by the whole Methodist Church. In October, 1813, a meeting was held at Leeds to promote the formation of a Missionary Society. There were eighteen resolutions submitted, and thirty-six speakers addressed the meeting. By the year 1818 the Missionary Society was fully formed, and the first annual meeting was held in the City Road Chapel, and lasted six hours. Such was the enthusiasm of those days.

The missionary operations of the Society from the commencement rapidly extended. In 1804 the first station in Europe was occupied by the appointment of the Rev. James M'Mullen to Gibraltar, and Methodist hymns were sung under the shadow of the Lion Rock.

In 1811 four Methodist missionaries sailed from Liverpool for Western Africa, where some negroes from Nova Scotia had commenced Methodist services. Within eight months George Warren, one of the four, died of malignant fever—the first of a long series of missionaries who have consecrated the soil of that deadly land with their sacred dust. In 1821 the Gambia was occupied by the Rev. John Morgan, and the Gold Coast Mission was commenced in 1835 by the Rev. Joseph Dunwell. Abeokuta was occupied in 1842, and Lagos in 1852, where the Rev. T. Freeman, himself the son of a slave, laboured with untiring energy for twenty years.

The Rev. James Lynch settled at Madras in 1817, where,

five years later, he was joined by the Rev. Elijah Hoole. Gradually the work extended over that vast peninsula. Bombay was occupied in 1817, Bangalore in 1820, and Calcutta in 1829.

In 1815, the Waterloo year, the Rev. Samuel Leigh, after a voyage of six months, landed in New South Wales. Five years later Methodist missionaries were labouring in Van Dieman's Land, used for years as a convict settlement. The work extended, and Methodism spread over that fair southern island-continent. In 1821 the Rev. W. Horton was put in charge of Tasmania. In 1836 the Rev. John Orton went to Victoria. In 1841 the Rev. S. Wilkinson was sent to Melbourne, and in 1850 the Rev. John Watsford commenced services in Queensland.

In 1822, with the earliest emigrants, Methodism entered New Zealand, and the Rev. Samuel Leigh commenced a mission amongst the Maori tribes. In the same year the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, were added to the list of Methodist mission fields. The Revs. John Thomas and John Hutchinson were appointed, and eight years later there was a wonderful revival in the islands, and one result was a resolve to carry the Gospel to the cannibals of Fiji.

In 1835 the Revs. William Cross and David Cargill landed in the Fiji Islands, and commenced what was pronounced to be a hopeless mission. At some of the cannibal feasts as many as 100 human bodies were cooked and eaten. In 1838 John Hunt and James Calvert arrived, and, assisted by native teachers from Tonga, Methodism made rapid progress. Within a few years every trace of cannibalism and heathenism was destroyed. The fierce chief Thakombau became converted, and a member of the Methodist Church. Throughout the eighty inhabited islands of Fiji every family now begins and ends the day with family prayer, and 42,000 children receive instruction in 1,500 day-schools.

In 1851 George Piercy went to China at his own expense, and laboured among the English soldiers at Hong Kong; but he soon removed to Canton, and commenced work among the Chinese. In later years a hospital was opened at Fatshan, a large manufacturing town, fifteen miles north of Canton, and stations were established at Hankow and Wuchang.

Returning in our record to Europe, so early as the year 1791, William Mahey went from the Channel Islands and introduced Methodism into France, where it struggled slowly upward against the opposition of Papists, the indifference of sceptics,

and the poverty of its members. In 1837 Paris, Calais, and Boulogne appeared on the Minutes as circuits. Some noble names have graced the French Wesleyan ministry, notably, Charles Cook, William Cornforth, William Toase, Jean Lelievre (one of Napoleon's soldiers, who gave three sons to the French ministry), James Hocart, and Matthew Gallienne.

In 1837 Sweden appeared on the Minutes of Conference, and the Rev. George Scott laboured there for twelve years. In 1824 the Rev. John Keeling was sent to Malta, the Rev. Charles Cook went to Palestine, the Rev. D. Macpherson was at work in Alexandria, and in 1827 the Rev. W. O. Croggan was stationed at Zante, in Greece. But all these ventures, for various reasons, ended in failure.

In 1830 Christopher Gottlieb visited England, and in a Methodist chapel found Christ as his Saviour. Returning to Germany he held services, formed classes, and by 1836 had gathered around him 448 church members, and a band of forty-six lay preachers. Thus began Methodism in Germany, which prospered under the care of the Revs. Dr. Lyth and J. C. Barratt; and then, to prevent rivalry, the work was handed over in 1896 to the American Methodist Episcopal Church, which had extensive missions in various parts of Germany.

The Rev. Richard Green commenced missions in Italy in 1860, and next year was joined by the Rev. H. J. Piggott. From Milan the work spread to Florence, Spezzia, Bologna, and Naples. Methodist missionaries entered Rome in 1870 with the troops of Victor Emmanuel, and now possess in that ancient city a church, schoolroom, manses, Bible depot, and rooms for work among the Italian troops.

At an early period the Methodist Churches of the United States and Canada formed their own missionary societies, which work harmoniously with British Methodism. English and American missionaries are together penetrating the darkness of Western Africa. British and American Methodists are working side by side in India. Both churches are labouring in China; the American missionaries in Middle and Northern China, and British missionaries in the South of that vast empire. Both are at work in Italy with the happiest results. Canadian and United States Methodism have missions in Japan, and the people of the 'Empire of the Rising Sun' are finding in the Gospel of Jesus Christ a fairer light than ever shone on and or sea.

The work of Carey and Knibb, from the Baptists; of Ellis,

Williams, and Moffat from the Congregationalists; of Patterson, Hannington, and Selwyn from the Anglicans; of Duff, Chalmers, and Paton from the Presbyterians; of Calvert, Hunt, and the Shaws from the Wesleyans; and scores of equally eminent missionaries, have revived the glories, and repeated the triumphs, of the apostolic age. There is no important section of the human race the Gospel has not touched and transformed. The polished Hindoo, the plodding Chinaman, the cannibal Fijian, the degraded negro, the superstitious Kafir—all have accepted the glad tidings of salvation.

The day is advancing, the shadows are deepening, the twentieth century finds half the world still heathen. Increasing labour and devotion must be put forth if the churches are to realize the golden age when 'every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

Works which should be read by those who wish to extend their knowledge of Methodism.

- 'Wesley's Journal,' students' edition, 4 vols. 10s.
- Tyerman's 'Life of Wesley.' Out of print.
- Southey's 'Life of Wesley.' Warne and Co., 2s.
- Telford's 'Life of Wesley.' Kelly, 5s.
- Smith's 'History of Methodism.' 15s.
- Stevens's 'History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism,' 3 vols. 10s. 6d.
- Hurst's 'History of Methodism,' 3 vols. Kelly, 25s.
- Slater's 'Methodism in the Light of the Early Church.' 2s. 6d.
- Dr. Rigg, 'Was John Wesley a High Churchman?' 1d.
- Dr. Gregory, 'Handbook of Scriptural Church Principles.' 1s.

THE BEGINNING OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF SOUTH AFRICA.

SOUTH AFRICA was unknown to Europe until the fifteenth century. In 1486 Bartholomew Dias, a brave Portuguese sea-captain, with three small ships of scarcely fifty tons each, slowly crept down the western coast of Africa, and rounded the bold southern cape. In 1497 Vasco da Gama, scarcely less famous than Christopher Columbus as a discoverer, passed round the Cape, and, boldly crossing the Indian Ocean, opened up a sea-way for the lucrative trade with India. A century later English ships began to call at Table Bay; and in 1620 two English captains hoisted the British flag on the Lion's Head, and proclaimed the country British territory. Unfortunately, England was soon convulsed by the war between Charles I. and his Parliament, and had no time to think of colonial expansion.

So the country was left to be occupied by the Dutch. In 1652 the Netherlands East India Company sent out Jan Van Riebeeck, a doctor, to establish a provision station at Table Bay, in order to supply their Indian ships with fresh meat and vegetables. The Company thought more of securing huge dividends for the shareholders than of making a prosperous settlement for farmers, and against their oppressive rule many of the burghers rebelled. Spanning their oxen to their tented waggons, they 'trekked' into the vast plains of the interior, where they could hunt and farm at pleasure. By the end of the eighteenth century, the white farmhouses of the Dutch were seen as far north as the Compassberg, beyond Graaff Reinet.

The Dutch, wherever they went, took with them the Bible and their Psalm-Book. They daily gathered the family

together for the reading of Scripture and for prayer ; but away from the influences of European civilization, without newspaper or literature of any kind, they became ignorant, intolerant, and cruel in their treatment of the native races.

So early as the year 1737 the Moravians, in the person of George Schmidt, commenced a mission amongst the Hottentots. Schmidt was an extraordinary man, and had been imprisoned for six years in Europe for his Protestantism. Reading of the degraded condition of the Hottentots, he sailed for Table Bay, and commenced a mission for their benefit at Genadendal (Vale of Grace) in the Caledon district. The authorities gave him every facility for his work ; but when he proceeded to baptize his converts, the Dutch clergy opposed, and George Schmidt had to leave the country. The work was abandoned for fifty years.

In 1799 the agents of the London Missionary Society entered South Africa, and with great self-denial devoted themselves to the Gaikas in Kafirland, and the Griquas near the Orange River. Later arrivals, notably Dr. Moffat, laboured in Great Namaqualand and Bechuanaland. But among the slaves and the numerous native races in Cape Colony there was still ample room, even urgent need, for the work of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

In the year 1806, as one of the results of the war between England and France, the Cape became British territory. When the British flag was hoisted on the Castle at Cape Town, Henry Martyn, the famous Indian missionary, then on his way to India, was present, and recorded in his journal : ' I prayed that the capture of the Cape might be ordered to the advancement of Christ's kingdom ; and that England, whilst she sent the thunder of her arms to distant regions of the globe, might show herself great by sending forth men to preach the Gospel of peace.' How that prayer was in part answered, how Wesleyan missionaries were guided to South Africa, has now to be told.

One of the British regiments sent to the Cape was the 21st Light Dragoons, and amongst its non-commissioned officers was Sergeant Kendrick, who was a Methodist of the best Yorkshire type. He had been converted at Leeds under the ministry of the Rev. George Morley ; and, being intelligent and zealous, he had been appointed a class leader and local preacher. At Cape Town he commenced religious services for the benefit of his comrades in the regiment, and 120 soldiers

became devout Christians. They were opposed and bitterly persecuted by some of their officers, and in order to escape molestation they assembled for prayer at the foot of Table Mountain. Sergeant Kendrick sent an urgent request to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in England that they should send out a minister to take charge of the work; and, as we have seen, the Rev. J. McKenny sailed with Dr. Coke, and landed at Cape Town in August 1814.

The Rev. J. McKenny was instructed by the Missionary Committee to preach to the soldiers, and such of the white inhabitants as might be willing to attend his ministry; but he was to pay special attention to the large slave population, for whose spiritual improvement little had yet been attempted.

According to certain Dutch ordinances taken over by the English in 1806, religious services could not be held without the consent of the Governor. Mr. McKenny applied to Lord Charles Somerset for permission to officiate as a Christian minister, but was met by a decided refusal. 'The soldiers have their chaplains provided by Government,' he replied, 'and if you preach to the slaves, the ministers of the Dutch Church may be offended.' The Governor could scarcely act otherwise, for he was closely watched. A few years before an Anglican military chaplain had been informed against by the Dutch clergy for baptizing adults who did not belong to the garrison. In Europe the Dutch had been the foremost champions of religious liberty; but their exclusive occupation of the Cape for 150 years had made them intolerant, and they were slow to grant to others the freedom they promptly claimed for themselves. Mr. McKenny waited for several months, hoping that the restrictions would be removed; and then, weary of his compelled inactivity, he sailed for Ceylon.

The disappointed soldiers in Cape Town renewed their appeal to the Missionary Committee, who, not without hope that a second attempt might succeed, sent out the Rev. Barnabas Shaw. He and his wife sailed in the *Eclipse* from the Thames on December 20, 1815. In order to take advantage of the trade winds, the vessel crossed the South Atlantic as far as Rio de Janeiro, where they remained two weeks provisioning the ship. Then, putting again to sea, they completed a weary voyage of 116 days, and landed at Cape Town on April 14, 1816.

This man, to whom African missions became an exalted passion, was born in 1788, at Elloughton, a village about eight

miles from Hull, in Yorkshire. His father, Thomas Shaw, was a yeoman farmer; and from a boy Barnabas, like most youths of his class, had to handle the plough, the sickle, and the flail. Though tall and thin, he was strong, athletic, and vigorous. The hard training of the farm fitted him to endure the severe labours of a new mission in a desert land. He had a taste for mechanics, and when occasion required he could make a plough or build a house with his own hands. He was converted when young, and at the age of twenty began to preach. No difficulty or opposition daunted his buoyant spirits. When designated by the Missionary Committee for Cape Colony, he at once commenced the study of the Dutch language, under Baldwin Janson, then resident in London, and the author of a Dutch grammar; and before Mr. Shaw had been a year in South Africa he could preach fluently in that language.

The spiritual condition of the population of Cape Town was lamentable. The religious needs of the soldiers were supplied by the military chaplains in a cold, perfunctory manner. The few English families were unprovided with any pastor. Thousands of slaves were without religious knowledge, and their owners preferred that they should remain ignorant. Official opposition continued, and Lord Somerset expressed his regret that he could not sanction the commencement of a Wesleyan Mission in Cape Town. But Mr. Shaw calmly moved forward. 'Having been refused the sanction of the Governor,' he wrote, 'on the following Sunday I commenced without it. If His Excellency was afraid of giving offence to the Dutch ministers and the English chaplains, I had no occasion to fear either the one or the other. My congregation was at first chiefly composed of pious soldiers, and it was in a room hired by them that I first preached Christ crucified in South Africa.'

The military officers took alarm. They cherished the notion, happily long ago exploded, that if soldiers became Christians they would be spoilt as fighting-machines. At Wynberg the men had built for themselves a little Wesleyan Church; but the colonel of the regiment ordered it to be burnt to the ground. They then built another in the forest, on land belonging to Captain Proctor, who did not share the colonel's alarm, and in it Mr. Shaw held his services. At Simonstown, the only place in which he could preach, was a small room belonging to a soldier of the 83rd Regiment. Discouraged by

the persistent opposition, and chafing against the narrow limits of his work, Mr. Shaw's thoughts began to turn to the heathen, for whose evangelization he considered he had been chiefly sent out.

But where was he to go? He sought the advice of Lord Charles Somerset, as one who had an extensive knowledge of the country; but the Governor, whilst expressing his readiness to assist in having the heathen taught 'habits of industry,' could not recommend any particular place, as the natives were scattered thinly over the land. So Mr. Shaw prayed, and waited for direction.

Several months elapsed, and then, as he believed, the direction came. The Rev. H. Schmelen, of the London Missionary Society, and whose station was in Great Namaqualand, arrived in Cape Town, accompanied by about twelve native Christians. Mr. Shaw invited them to his house, and the account he received of the degraded condition of the various Hottentot clans, and of their willingness to receive the Gospel, deeply impressed him. He seemed to hear a voice from the unknown beyond, saying, 'Come over and help us.' Mr. Schmelen offered him the use of part of his own house, and his aid in acquiring a knowledge of the Namaqua language. But the undertaking involved such hardship and peril that Mr. Shaw shrank from proposing it



REV. B. SHAW.

to his wife. When, however, Mr. Schmelen spoke in her presence of the desire of the Namaquas to receive the Gospel, Mrs. Shaw exclaimed: 'We will go with you. The Lord is opening our way to the heathen.' Mr. Shaw, though delighted with the heroic spirit of his wife, said: 'But look at the cost of a waggon, and oxen, and stores!' The brave woman replied: 'If the Missionary Society is offended, tell them we will bear all the expense ourselves. We have a little property in England, and for this let it go.' Mrs. Shaw shares with her husband the honours of the Namaqua Mission.

When Lord Charles Somerset was applied to for a permit to proceed beyond the frontier, he advised Mr. Shaw not to leave the Colony, and even offered to appoint him as a minister

of one of the Dutch churches if he would remain; but he replied, 'I feel my mission is to the heathen—I must go.' Very reluctantly the passport was granted. The Governor was autocratic, hot-tempered, and proud of his aristocratic descent, but he could respect a man of Mr. Shaw's courage and devotion.

A waggon and twelve oxen, with everything requisite for the journey, were purchased, and, on September 6, 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw set out with Mr. Schmelen on his return to Bethany, intending to settle in Great Namaqualand. The country through which they travelled was sparsely inhabited, and after they had passed Picquetberg they entered a district utterly destitute of roads. There were no waggon-tracks in the shifting sands. Often the heat was excessive, and the oxen suffered from the want of water. The Dutch farmers on the way treated them with profuse hospitality. Mr. Van Aarde offered them open house whilst they rested on his farm. Mr. Van Zyl, of Uitkomst, supplied them with a bag of meal, three goats, and five sheep, and, when payment was proferred, generously said: 'You come and dispense to me and my family the bread of life. It would be strange indeed if I could not give you a little provision to help you through the wilderness.' These were not the only instances of Dutch hospitality. The Rousseaus, of Picquetberg; the Englebrecchts and Coetzees, of Kamiesberg; and the Bassons of Groot Vallie, always extended a hearty welcome to the Wesleyan missionaries in their journeys to and from Namaqualand. After nearly a month's travel the missionary party arrived at the Olifants River, which was swollen by heavy rains. The contents of the waggons had to be taken across in a boat, and the waggons were drawn through the flooded stream with great difficulty. Then followed a journey over the Karee, or arid desert, in which they found a little water, but it was salt and black with impurity.

They had not advanced many miles across the Karee when Mr. Shaw received what he considered to be a clear providential indication of his future sphere of labour. Wearily travelling over the sandy plain, he was met by Jantje Wildschot, the chief of Little Namaqualand, and four of his tribe, who were on their way to Cape Town to procure a Christian teacher. They had already come 200 miles, and Mr. Shaw was deeply impressed by this unexpected meeting in the trackless desert. Had either party started but half an hour earlier on its journey they would not have met. He who brought Philip and the

eunuch together near Gaza—the one to receive, the other to give, of the Word of Life—had again, in a far-distant scene, brought together for a similar purpose Mr. Shaw and Jantje Wildschot. Mr. Shaw readily consented to accompany the Namaquas to their own country. When within a few miles of the chief's winter residence, Naamrap, they were met by twenty Namaquas riding on oxen, which were guided by wooden bits thrust through the cartilage of the nose. Drawing up in line, they uncovered their heads, and, waving their hands, they shouted to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw: 'Good day! Welcome! Welcome to our land!' They then rode off at full speed to announce the approach of the visitors. If the reception was somewhat dramatic, it was sincere, and augured well for the future.

The day after their arrival a council of the tribe was held, and Mr. Shaw preached to the people, Mr. Schmelen acting as interpreter. Every face was lit up with a smile when it became known that the Christian teacher was willing to dwell among them. They would give land for a station, and water with which to irrigate the garden. The missionary could keep cows and goats for the use of his family. They would gladly assist to erect a church and a house. They were eager to learn the way of salvation, faint rumours of which had come to them from other tribes. So the final step was taken. Mr. Schmelen departed on his way to Great Namaqualand, and left Mr. and Mrs. Shaw behind, not without tears on both sides and warm hand-clasps, as of men and women who knew they were not likely to see another white face for months, perhaps for years.

By a rough mountain journey over rugged and dangerous passes, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and the Namaquas proceeded to Lilyfontein, in the Kamiesberg, the summer residence of the tribe, and there, in the midst of barbarism, the missionary and his heroic wife settled. The loneliness of their position was often painfully felt. No postal system linked them with distant friends: they were effectually cut off from civilization. On the other hand, the station was healthy; the mountains rose picturesquely 5,000 feet above sea-level, and a perennial stream of pure water gushed out from under one of the peaks. The air was dry and bracing. In the west, on a clear day, could be seen the blue waters of the Atlantic. But that which chiefest gave courage and hope was the conviction that they had been led thither by the guiding hand of God.

THE MISSION TO THE NAMAQUAS.

THE Namaquas were a Hottentot tribe of unmixed descent, for in their desert home they had come little into contact with other races. They were of a yellowish brown colour, and their hair grew on the head in tufts. Their noses were flat and broad, their eyes wide apart, their lips thick, and their cheek-bones prominent. They had small hands and feet, and beautifully white teeth. Their dress, when they wore any, consisted of a kaross made of the skins of goats or wild cats. Their chief food was milk and the flesh of animals killed in hunting. Their language abounded in clicks made by striking the tongue against the palate or the teeth. They lived in mat huts, which were an imperfect protection against the cold mists and gales that occasionally rolled up from the Atlantic.

‘Sore pierced by wintry winds, they sink
Into the sordid hut of cheerless poverty.’

Of religious truth the Namaquas appeared to know little. They had scarcely any knowledge of a Supreme Being, and when taught they were puzzled with the problem of an omnipotent God and human suffering. ‘If there is a God,’ angrily said an aged man, ‘why does He not cure the pains in my back?’ Another, who had lost his horses, said: ‘If I find the horses I will believe. If I do not, then there is no God.’ Any attempt by Mr. Shaw to explain the nature of sin, or the necessity of conversion, was met by a shake of the head, and the avowal: ‘I cannot understand it.’ They had a feeble comprehension of numbers. ‘Many could not count five,’ wrote Mr. Shaw; ‘a few could proceed as far as ten, and then only by using the fingers.’ One or two, clever beyond others, could count up to twenty with the extra aid of the toes. If asked to add two and four and six, they had to abandon the attempt in

despair. Yet these same men could detect the absence of a single sheep or goat out of a flock of several hundreds. It must not, therefore, be supposed that the Namaquas were mentally feeble. In the desert, without written language or literature, there was little to stimulate their mental development. As might be expected, they were acute in observation, but weak in abstract calculations.

The Namaquas had few wants, and were consequently indolent. To have plenty of meat and milk, to lie in the sun and smoke, to possess numerous wives who did the heavy labour—this was a Namaqua paradise. They could not be said to have any morals, and their feasts were scenes of gross sensuality. New-born children were often thrown into the bush to die of cold or be devoured by wild beasts. The neighbouring farmers were frequently heard to say, no doubt in scorn, that the Namaquas were ‘a species of wild dogs, and had no souls.’

The work of Christianizing these degraded people seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shaw was full of enthusiasm. ‘Were I seated on a throne,’ he said, ‘I would gladly descend from it to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to these African Gentiles.’

At first Mr. and Mrs. Shaw lived in a native hut, without door, window, or chimney. It was so small that they thought it was an advantage to have no furniture. They sat on boxes, and slept on the floor. The erection of a small cottage was a laborious task, for there was no suitable timber within thirty miles, and besides the journey to the Naauwe River, the cutting down of the trees, the sawing into planks, and the building of the house, had to be done by Mr. Shaw himself. He also made tables of slabs of granite. No corn or vegetables could be obtained, so he dug up a piece of ground and sowed it with lettuce, peas, onions, and radishes. The growth of the plants was carefully watched, and when a little later Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were seen eating the lettuces, the Namaquas, to whom agriculture was an unknown art, exclaimed: ‘What a wonderful thing is this, that the mistress and you can eat grass! You will never die of starvation.’ By the end of the year Mr. Shaw was an adept in making his own butter and soap and candles. His manual labour was a daily object lesson to the Namaquas, teaching them the simpler crafts of civilization. The evenings and the Sabbaths were devoted to religious instruction.

Occasionally the difficulties of his position appalled him.

‘Here I toil and labour, and see but little fruit. The best of my days are going, and I gain no useful knowledge, and I am forgetting all I ever knew. My companions are ignorant Hottentots. O! this Africa! this solitary land, this land of darkness, of fatigue, and non-improvement!’ This bittern-like cry was, however, but for a moment. Courage and hopefulness soon returned.

The Namaquas had hitherto led a nomadic life, subsisting on the spoils of hunting. To induce them to settle on the soil and become agriculturists Mr. Shaw made a plough. He had brought with him from Capetown some ploughshares, coulter, and tools. He made a rude forge, and the people flocked around, watching with wonder the evolution of the strange implement. When the iron was taken out of the fire and submitted to the strokes of the hammer, they fled before the sparks, exclaiming: ‘We never saw anything like this before; the fire flies after us!’ When the plough was finished and put to work their astonishment was unlimited. They laughed and shouted: ‘Look! look at its mouth, how it bites and tears up the ground!’ The achievements of the plough excited many of the Namaquas to desire one, and in a short time six ploughs were made and put to work. The reproach that missionaries devote too much time to spiritual duties and too little to material improvement could not be cast at Mr. Shaw. With him both were promoted with almost equal zeal. Before he left Lilyfontein nearly 2,000 bags of wheat were annually grown where before not a grain had been sown.

Mr. Shaw preached in Dutch, as many of the Namaquas had acquired a knowledge of that language whilst in the employ of Dutch farmers. For those who understood Namaqua only it was easy to find an interpreter from amongst those who understood both languages. At first the services were held every Sabbath, and frequently during the week, in the open air, in the shadow of a rock, or under the branches of a mimosa tree, and often after the toils of a laborious day spent in building or ploughing. But Mr. Shaw knew that the best results could not be obtained until a place was set apart for Divine worship. In the second year of his residence he attempted to erect a church. The building proceeded with painful slowness. A drought had set in, food was scarce, and the people were too weak to undertake heavy manual labour. Many were wearing ‘hunger girdles,’ straps drawn tightly round the waist to lessen the pangs of hunger. Assisted by Jantje, the chief, Mr. Shaw

obtained a donation of about thirty sheep and goats from the wealthier men and offered to feed the labourers in return for their work. The building was now carried on with alacrity. Aged men made the bricks, young men quarried the stone and cut the timber, the women wove matting for the roof, and the children tramped clay for mortar, singing in their toil verses of Dutch hymns. When the building was completed, it was dedicated to God with prayer and praise; and though no lofty spire rose above its roof, and no light fell on the congregation from richly painted windows, within its humble walls many a Namaqua found the Lord.

The services were from the first marked by deep attention and great emotion. Savages are but children, and have no idea of restraining their feelings. Often during the sermon they would weep and moan over their sins. Individuals fell prostrate upon the floor, and seemed unable to rise. Some of the Gospel narratives, as the healing of blind Bartimeus, the woman of Samaria, and the Canaanite mother who cried after Jesus, made a deep impression on their untutored souls. Some were plunged into deep distress, and lay on the ground weeping bitterly. Jantje sobbed: 'All the sins that I have committed from my childhood to this day are put before my eyes.' Hendrik lamented: 'After I heard the word, such was my distress I fell to the ground, and my sins, like a great nail, seemed to fasten me to the earth.' A woman said: 'I feel something like a serpent in my heart; I hate it, but know not how to get rid of it.'

These simple Namaquas in their distress cried unto the Lord; they resorted to the glens and the rocks and spent hours in prayer. By faith they rested on Christ for salvation, and their darkness was turned into day. A vein of surprise runs through their confessions, as though they felt such wealth of Divine mercy could not be intended for poor heathens like themselves. With hand on mouth, an aged man said: 'When I think on the love of God in the gift of His Son, and of the sufferings of Christ for me, my thoughts stand still, and I am dumb.' Peter Links quaintly said: 'I have been like a poor silly lamb that turns first to one bush and then to another, and runs away from its mother. But the ewe will not forsake it, and does all she can to induce it to follow. So has the Lord cared for me.' Another convert expressed himself: 'Before we received the Gospel, we were like a chicken in the egg ere it is hatched. We were surrounded with darkness and could see

nothing ; but the Gospel broke the shell, and now we see the light of day.'

The Namaquas abandoned their deeds of evil. Formerly, when the moon was at the full, they had been accustomed to spend the night in Bacchanalian dancing, drunkenness, and debauchery. Now they made the moonlight nights vocal with song. The converts went from hut to hut, chanting some favourite hymn, as :

' Faith loves the Saviour and beholds
His sufferings, death, and pain ;
And this shall ne'er be old or cold
Till we with Him shall reign.'

As the singers passed on and called upon the head of each family to engage in prayer the night-fires brightened, and the hills were covered with silvery beauty by the full-orbed moon. In June, 1817, the first two converts were baptized ; two were united in matrimony ; and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Thus the church grew and took form.

Many of the converts became school teachers, local preachers, and class leaders, and proved to be faithful Christians. Not a few carried the Gospel to other tribes. Robert Links was a hero in his way. With gun in hand, and a water-vessel slung at his back, and depending for food on what he might shoot, he explored for weeks at a time the dreary Kalahari Desert, that he might preach to the wild Bushmen. His sufferings on these trips broke down his constitution, and he died early. Johannes Jager, in his eagerness to learn, carried his book into the lands that he might learn in spare moments. Jacob Links was simple, but intensely earnest. When an inquirer, he climbed to the roof of his hut, thinking that God would hear him better if he were higher up ; but his passion to do good led him far and wide, and he lived for a time with Bushmen, subsisting on their famine fare that he might teach them the way of salvation. Peter Links, his brother, was a remarkable man, and could work as thatcher, mason, carpenter, and blacksmith. He was an eloquent preacher in Namaqua. He went through all kinds of danger, and once, when hunting, was severely lacerated by a lion, which, leaping upon him dashed him to the ground, and crunched his arm between its teeth. His brother Robert shot it through the head, killing it immediately ; but it was months before Peter recovered.

The physical aspect of Lilyfontein changed. Instead of the wild, unfenced veldt, were gardens and lands; and in harvest-time were fields of wheat. The Namaquas acquired civilized manners. Men who had been accustomed to lay all hard work on their wives took their full share of labour. Instead of living on ant larvæ, roots, and locusts, they had corn and fruit. They appeared in the house of God decently clothed. The contrast between their present and former mode of life was so striking that one of the Namaquas said: 'I would rather that a bullet were shot through my head than the time should come that we should be without the Gospel of Christ.' Another declared: 'Formerly I used to hunt dassies (rock rabbits) and other wild animals; but I have a better living now. When did we eat such bread before? When did we buy so many clothes of the merchant? Who could hunt better than I? Yet I live better than I ever did.' Peace reigned where once wars were frequent. The Bushmen dared not attack the Namaquas now that they were dwelling together, and the Namaquas had no desire to harry their former enemies. Their cattle and sheep multiplied, and the general comfort of the people increased. Within fifteen years of the commencement of the mission, the inhabitants of Lilyfontein possessed 3,000 sheep, 3,000 goats, 150 horses, and 400 head of cattle.

When Lord Charles Somerset heard of the success of the settlement, he took steps to make it permanent. He granted the Namaquas a tract of country, containing about 200,000 morgen, on which they were given rights of grazing and cultivation. He placed the district under the control of a raad or board, elected from amongst themselves on the first day in each year, and the Wesleyan missionary in residence was appointed chairman. This raad still meets once a month, and manages the commonage and the lands, grants grazing rights, and settles disputes.

In 1817 the Missionary Committee in London sent out the Rev. E. Edwards to assist Mr. Shaw. After landing at Cape Town, he rode all the way to Lilyfontein on horseback, a distance of 400 miles, rather than wait for a waggon. Mr. Shaw was now able to visit some of the adjacent tribes. More than once in his journeys he was lost in the desert, and nearly perished from hunger and thirst. The following year, the Rev. and Mrs. Archbell arrived, and a new station was formed at Reitfontein, a place about three days' travel north of Lily-

fontein, in Bushmanland, with the hope that access would be gained to those shy, diminutive people. In 1820 the Rev. S. Kay arrived; but within the year he removed to Salem, to assist the Rev. W. Shaw, then commencing his work among the British settlers.

In the year 1826 Mr. Shaw was requested by the Missionary Committee to proceed to Cape Town, where his presence was considered necessary. His departure caused consternation among the Namaquas, who loved him for his work's sake. At his last service, the church was crowded to the door with a congregation speechless with grief. Prayers and addresses were begun, only to be interrupted by the sobs and cries of the people. When Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and their children had mounted the waggon, and the oxen commenced to move, some of the Namaquas lay on the ground in an agony of grief; others clung to the rails of the waggon until their tired hands could cling no longer. A number followed as far as the first outspan and slept among the bushes. The following morning they stood weeping and waving their hands until a turn in the road hid the waggon from view.

Lilyfontein was left in the spiritual care of the Rev. E. Edwards, with Jacob Links as assistant. In 1828 a new and larger church was built. In succession, the Revs. R. Haddy, J. Jackson, J. A. Bailie, G. Parsonson, M. Godman, H. Tindall, and many others, had charge of the station, and rendered valuable service.

In 1855 a still larger church was completed, capable of seating 700 persons. It was of Gothic design, and cost over £1,000 sterling, nearly all of which was given by the Namaquas. Of money they had little, and their gifts were chiefly in horses, sheep, oxen, and grain. The manual labour was done by the Namaquas, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Bailie, and the church is a monument of his skill and of their industry. The dedicatory service was conducted by the Rev. R. Ridgill.

The years 1882-83 were calamitous to the Namaquas at Lilyfontein. An unusually prolonged and severe drought withered their crops, and made the ground hard and barren as ironstone. Gradually the stores of food, even the seed corn, were consumed, and the starving people had to subsist on roots and bits of skins. Many of the men left for O'okiep and elsewhere in search of work. Others roamed about with the cattle in order to find pasture. During the drought a violent wind took away the roof of the church at Norap, and left only bare walls and rafters. The people

were too poor to repair the damage, and church and school work were for a time suspended. When rain at last fell, there was no seed wheat left, and the people had no money to purchase any. The Rev. H. Tindall, then at Stellenbosch, did not forget his former congregation, and, by the help of a few friends in Cape Town, he sent them seventy bags of wheat, for which they were to pay if they had a good harvest.

But the black years left their mark on the religious and social life of the Namaquas. They were scattered, weakened physically, and dispirited. When the Rev. G. Robson arrived



CHURCH AND MISSION HOUSE, LILYFONTEIN.

at Lilyfontein in 1887, the condition of the mission distressed him. The mission property was in a dilapidated condition, the church was almost deserted, the society classes had not met for months, the day-school was as good as closed, and the people, scattered all over the extensive commonage, were lapsing into their old heathen customs. By hard manual labour the buildings were improved, but years elapsed before the disastrous results of drought and compulsory dispersion were overcome.

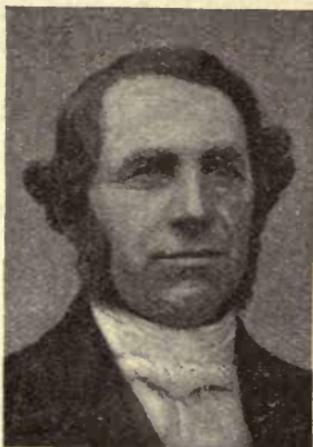
Lilyfontein as a mission station is difficult to work. Every winter, about the month of May, the Namaquas remove down to the lower and warmer veldt, and they do not return until the end of the following harvest in January. From about January to May the missionary has a good congregation at Lilyfontein, but scarcely has he arranged the classes and re-

organized the school, when the people again disband, and the work is arrested. A winter church and schoolroom were built in the Underveldt by Mr. Jackson, and for many years a number of persons collected there during the winter months. Large dams were constructed, and when rains fell there was a good supply of water; but in dry years it was not possible for the people to assemble there. The buildings were chiefly of wood, and ultimately they were destroyed by the white ants. When the Rev. M. Godman was at Lilyfontein he devised a plan for the establishment of a number of out-stations, under the care of native catechists, who were to be visited periodically by the resident missionary. But the plan proved impracticable from the paucity of men fit to occupy such a position.

During his pastorate, the Rev. G. Robson built a stone dwelling at Karkams, and there the minister lives in the midst of his people during the winter. At other places the Namaquas are away from church and school for months, pasturing their sheep and cattle on the mountains, or cultivating patches in the valleys. The education of the children is interrupted, and the Sabbath services are suspended. Upon reassembling at Lilyfontein for the summer, much of the work of training and evangelizing has to be recommenced. Continuous progress is almost impossible.

Centuries of wandering life, with the uncertainty of the climate, have moulded Namaqua habits. To live in a hut without furniture, to sit upon the ground doing nothing but talking and smoking, destitute of trade or literature—this is the normal condition of a Namaqua. The people enjoy Christian teaching, but it has too little influence on tribal characteristics. To preach the Gospel to them is not sufficient. The social condition of the Namaquas has to receive the careful attention of the Christian teacher.

The effect of prolonged droughts cannot be overlooked. Sometimes no rain falls for eighteen or twenty months. No ploughing can be done. The veldt becomes dry, and brown, and barren, and cattle and sheep die. The people are reduced



REV. M. GODMAN.

to live on bulbs and boiled ox-hides. Hunger-belts are drawn tighter and tighter, and some actually perish of starvation. The families wander far seeking for grass and water for their live-stock. Every department of mission work suffers. When at last rain falls, and the Namaquas can return to Lilyfontein, much of the instruction of previous years has been lost.

But a more dangerous foe than drought is strong drink. With the opening of the copper mines at O'okiep and Springbok came canteens, and a class of Europeans who demoralized the natives by the sale of Cape brandy. No alcoholic drink is allowed to be sold within the area of the mission settlement; but, in addition to the temptations of the mines, the Namaqua Licensing Court has allowed a canteen to be opened just beyond the southern boundary at Garies. Here any native can procure drink. The Namaquas are a simple, impulsive people, and unable to resist the fascinations of spirituous liquors, and some of them have been known to lose their sheep, cattle, and goats to pay an unscrupulous canteen-keeper. If the Licensing Board of Namaqualand had desired to destroy the mission work of years, they could not more effectually have accomplished their purpose than by planting a canteen at Garies. If the Namaquas can be protected from one of the worst vices of the European, they will triumph over all the difficulties arising from drought and annual dispersion. Surely this protection is not beyond the power of Christian statesmanship to provide.

Lilyfontein suffered severely during the Anglo-Boer War. About 300 of the Namaquas were employed by the Government as scouts, and this excited the wrath of the Dutch commandoes. The station was left in the care of a few old men, most of whom were without arms. A body of Dutch burghers advanced on Lilyfontein, took possession of the station, seized the year's harvest, which had just been garnered, and burnt down about forty huts. The Namaquas attempted to oppose the spoliation, but they were armed only with kerries, and could offer but a feeble resistance. The Dutch retaliated by shooting down eight in front of the church, and twenty-two the following day among the hills, to which they had fled. The church was battered, the mission house was looted, and books and furniture were destroyed. The people were scattered over an area extending from Garies to Port Nolloth. When, at the close of the war, the Namaquas were able to return to Lilyfontein, they found that their huts, their grain, their cattle, and their

sheep had all been swept away. They owned simply the clothes in which they stood. The Rev. J. G. Locke could find no shelter but a cowshed, and no sleeping-place but a little room used for the storage of straw. For months the problem was how to feed and clothe the people. But the Namaquas did not murmur, and believed that the hand of God was in it all. They reverently collected the bones of their slain comrades from the veldt, and laid them to rest in the burial ground on the quiet mountain top. Their sufferings seemed to strengthen and purify their spiritual life, and the latest phase of their history is a revival, in which 135 persons sought the Lord, and have been 'added to the church.'

THE MISSION TO GREAT NAMAQUALAND.

LILYFONTEIN was 'a city set on a hill,' from which news of the Word of God went forth to the desert tribes beyond. Beneath the skin kaross often beats a heart painfully conscious of evil, and soon busy feet were hastening to the Kamiesberg, urged by the hope of sharing this new life in Christ.

At the first love-feast, held in Lilyfontein, an old man rose and said : ' My children have for some time heard the Gospel, and they told me enough to make me hungry. I left the Karee Mountains, and prayed as I came along that God would direct me. I have walked 200 miles to hear the Word of God, and yesterday I heard it for the first time. It was very sweet to me, and made me both sore and warm.'

Two girls, who had become Christians, went on a visit to a clan about sixty miles distant. They sang the hymns learnt at the church, and prayed for their friends. So delighted were these desert wanderers that they sent at once to Mr. Shaw, begging him to come. ' We never heard a sermon in our lives, and we are longing for the Gospel.' In a few weeks, Mr. Shaw visited this people, and held several services in the open air. They listened with painful eagerness to the message of salvation ; and on his departure, unwilling that he should leave, they accompanied him several miles.

A Namaqua walked sixty miles to hear the Word. He had been alarmed by a dream, which doubtless was shaped by reports of sermons brought to him by those who had heard Mr. Shaw. ' I was,' he said, ' one evening lying in my house, but had not closed my eyes in sleep ; nor could I, when supper was ready, either eat or drink. After having lain some time, there were two ships presented to me which appeared to be sailing on the great waters. Some one informed me that the one ship was filled with believers, who were holy people, and

on their passage to heaven; and that the other was full of impenitent sinners on their passage to hell. A person then asked me: "In which of those ships will you go?" But before I could give an answer, the ship loaded with sinners began to sink, gradually descending out of sight until I saw her no more. Who he was that appeared to speak to me I know not; but I was sore afraid, and determined as speedily as possible to procure a missionary, that we might be taught how we could be saved.' Mr. Shaw responded to his appeal, rode sixty miles to preach to the clan to which the man belonged, and had an affectionate welcome.

Another aged Namaqua walked to Lilyfontein from north of the Orange River. He said: 'I have come hundreds of miles to see what the Lord has done. The people around Bethany are anxious to have a missionary.' After the arrival of the Rev. E. Edwards, Mr. Shaw was able to explore the country to the north. His old friend Mr. Schmelen wrote: 'As brother Edwards is now with you, I beseech you and sister Shaw to pay us a visit. As soon as I hear of your coming, I will send my oxen to meet you. I should like much to speak with you respecting what can be done here for the furthering of the kingdom of Christ.'

When the people of Lilyfontein saw the preparations for the journey, fearing Mr. Shaw would not return, they deputed an old man to speak on their behalf. 'Mynheer, you have planted a tree here, a beautiful tree; you have watered that tree, you have taken pains with it, and it is growing and bears fruit. If you go and leave us, this beautiful tree will droop. If it be not watched and watered, it will die away. How can you go and leave it?' Mr. Shaw promised to return to the station, and the people were reconciled.

On March 25, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, accompanied by Mr. Kay and a little party of Namaquas, commenced their journey. Rain had not fallen for months, and the country was dry and barren in the extreme. Shrivelled stems of bushes, black as though burned by fire; sickly-looking heaths and long stretches of bare sand were all that met the eye. The thermometer registered 110° in the shade. At the halting-places the little water in the wells was black and bitter, and was often too nauseous for use. One day the guide lost his way, and after a rough journey over stones and rocks, the travellers found themselves at sunset on the spot from which they had started in the morning. It was a relief to reach the

Orange River, and there they rested several days, enjoying the sweet water and the shade of the trees. They crossed the river on a raft, made by Bushmen, of poles fastened together with the bark of the mimosa tree ; and then they resumed their journey over pathless mountains infested by lions. At length they arrived at Bethany, where they received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Schmelen. They had been travelling forty-six days, and had not seen a hut or a face except at the Orange River.

Leaving Mrs. Shaw at Bethany, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Schmelen proceeded to visit the Namaqua clans farther north. The district was rugged and roadless, and as there were no horses in the district, they rode on oxen, and were attended by twelve Namaquas similarly mounted, some of whom acted as guides and others as marksmen to obtain food. One day, the hunters brought into camp the hind-quarters of an antelope which had been killed by a lion. At a native village a chief gave them an ox, for which he begged in return the gift of a shirt. 'Our cook roasted for us,' humorously wrote Mr. Shaw, 'part of one of the sides of the ox. For plates we sought for ourselves flat stones; for gravy we had the marrow of the large bones; for bread we had slices of liver; and for pepper and salt, the ashes which adhered to the meat.' Occasionally, even Mr. Shaw's buoyant spirits were oppressed by the discomforts of the journey. 'Scorched by a vertical sun, torn by large thorn-trees, jolted by unruly oxen, parched by a burning wind, pestered by swarms of flies, faint for want of food, and tormented by thirst, we became wearied and depressed. Our voices sounded harsh, and the cattle were lamed by the sharpness of the rocks. The sight of water and the cool night's rest seemed to be paradise.'

They reached, after a week's travel, the kraal of Gammapp, the great chief of the district. At the sound of a bullock's horn the people collected, and a service was held. Christ was preached where He had never been named before. The service was continued long after sunset. To the inquiry if they wanted a missionary, Gammapp replied: 'It appears that we have gone wrong since the time of Adam. We wait every day for the great Word. I, as the chief, shall say yes.' Tsaumapp said: 'I am hasty to have a teacher, for my soul is smothering in sin.' It was the cry of the dying for life. Upon being told that Mr. Shaw would have to return and consult his wife, Gammapp exclaimed from his experience as a much-married

man: 'Then you will be a long time coming, for a woman is a werf (village) and cannot easily be moved.'

The humorous side of barbarism peeped out. Mr. Shaw had given Gammap a hat of which he was very proud. Next day he approached Mr. Shaw with a demure look, and said: 'The hat sits upon my head like a crow on a bush, and calls for a shirt and other things belonging to it. My old greasy kaross and the hat do not agree.' The plea was too ingenious to be resisted, and the shirt and other things were given.

As the result of this visit, the Rev. J. Archbell was appointed to Warm Bath, with Jacob Links as assistant; but when they set out for the place they found war had broken out between the Namaquas and the Bushmen, and they had to return. Before peace was restored, Mr. Archbell was sent to Bechuana-land, and the mission was postponed.

Warm Bath and Blydeverwachting, the headquarters of the Bondleswarts and Africaner tribes, had at one time been occupied by agents of the London Missionary Society. The Revs. Abraham and Christian Albrecht, two noble missionaries, and Robert Moffatt, honoured in later years by all the Churches, had laboured there, but the tribes being often at war they had left for more favourable fields. Christian Albrecht returned to the colony, Moffatt went to Kuruman, and Abraham Albrecht died on his way to Cape Town.

In the year 1825 Jacob Links and Johannes Jager resolved to make another attempt to commence the mission at Warm Bath. A young missionary of great promise was staying at Lilyfontein, the Rev. W. Threlfall, and he offered to accompany them. The previous year Mr. Threlfall had endeavoured to establish a mission at Delagoa Bay, but the Gaza Zulus looked upon him with suspicion. They denied him any aid, and he had to live in a hut, cooking his own food and washing his own clothes. He was struck down by fever, and after weeks of lonely suffering was discovered by the captain of an English whale-ship, who carried him on board his vessel in apparently a dying condition, and took him round to Cape Town. The Rev. J. Whitworth boarded the ship in Table Bay, and nursed the sick man back to life. By slow stages he was sent to Lilyfontein to rest and recruit in its clear, exhilarating air. With recovered health he longed to resume work, and gladly embraced the opportunity to accompany Links and Jager on their perilous journey.

Mr. Threlfall and his two companions left Lilyfontein in

June. They rode on oxen, and had a spare animal for the conveyance of their scanty baggage. They travelled without molestation until they had got several days' journey beyond the Orange River. At Warm Bath they engaged a Bushman guide, and his cupidity was excited by the sight of the oxen and the few goods they possessed as barter for food. He treacherously plotted with two other Bushmen to murder the three travellers. At night, after the evening meal, Mr. Threlfall sang a hymn and prayed, and then he and his companions, covering themselves with karosses, lay down, unsuspecting of danger, to sleep on the sand. About midnight the Bushmen drew near with stealthy tread. A dusky form stooped over each sleeper. There was the swift stroke of weapons, and in a



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moment Jacob Links and Johannes Jager were killed. The blow at Mr. Threlfall failed, but he was awakened by the noise, and as they pulled the kaross from him he saw that their purpose was to kill him. He was totally unarmed, and seeing escape hopeless he knelt down by the baggage and prayed. The guide struck him violently on the forehead with a large stone; he fell, and in a few moments, under repeated blows, life was extinct. In that lonely land, and by the way the martyrs trod, these three devoted men went home to God. The bodies were stripped and left to be devoured by the vultures and wolves, and the

oxen and goods were carried off to their village. Several months elapsed before their death was known at Lilyfontein, when Mr. Schmelen arrived, and brought the sad news, which he had heard in travelling through the country. On account of this tragic event the attempt to establish a mission among the Bondswarts was a second time abandoned.

Eight years passed away. A missionary meeting was held at Simonstown, at which Mr. James Nisbett, of the Madras Civil Service, was chairman. The narration of these attempts in Great Namaqualand, consecrated by martyr-blood, produced in Mr. Nisbett a profound emotion. He rose, and said, 'Cannot something be done for this miserable country? If you will send a missionary to these people I will give £300.

If that is not sufficient, I will dispose of my carriage and horses. I would rather trudge on foot than that Great Namaqualand should remain without the Gospel.'

The enthusiasm was contagious. The Rev. E. Cook, recently arrived from England, offered to enter this distant and dangerous field of labour. He was a man of fervent piety, of undaunted courage, and enjoyed robust health. He explored the country to the north of the Orange River; and in 1834 he decided to attach himself to the Bondleswarts clan, the most powerful of the Namaqua tribes. They numbered about 3,000, and were scattered over a wide district. They possessed a few cattle and goats, but had neither bread nor vegetables. They were often at war with their neighbours. Mr. Cook selected Warm Bath (henceforth to be known as Nisbett Bath) for his central station, as it possessed a strong fountain of water and abundance of wood.

Mr. Cook's task was a formidable one. The people were inveterate thieves. They stole the meat out of the cooking-pot, the goats out of the kraal, and even the seed-corn stored in the granary for their use. They stole at night the produce out of the garden. The chief became restless and revengeful when he found that the presence of the missionary was a restraint on his vicious habits, and at one time Mr. Cook's life was in serious danger. He began to think it was prudent to escape before more expense was incurred, but, as he said, 'immortal souls were involved, and he dared not hastily decide.' The manual labour involved in commencing the mission was such as few men could have undertaken. He had to fell trees, saw them into planks, and build a smithy and a carpenter's shop. He had to be his own mason and carpenter, and his limbs often ached with hard labour. After a day's severe toil under a hot sun he had to sleep on the ground, wrapped in a sheepskin. 'I have a hard life of it,' he wrote, 'but am, nevertheless, so happy that I would not exchange my lot for any situation in the world.' Every evening of the week a religious service was held, or the children were taught the simple elements of education. Peter Links was of great assistance as



REV. E. COOK.

interpreter and mechanic, and relieved Mr. Cook of some of the heavier work in masonry and carpentry.

Slowly the power of evil over the Bondleswarts lessened. The attendance at the services increased. Many of the people were deeply convinced of sin. Their hearts were bitter with sorrow, and often they resorted to the adjacent forest to pray alone. The joy of salvation was realized, and the early morning prayer-meeting was crowded. A large church capable of seating 500 persons, and a manse, were erected. The work rapidly extended. Classes for the converts were formed. Mr. Cook lived to see 400 Namaquas meeting in church-fellowship at Nisbett Bath, and at the out-stations, and more than 1,000 children attending the various schools.

One of the strongest proofs that converts can give of the genuineness of their conversion is a readiness to assist in sending the Gospel to others. At a missionary meeting held during Mr. Cook's residence, the collection, rather a novel one to take up, consisted of 3 cows, 10 oxen, 3 heifers, 4 calves, 147 sheep, 59 goats, and 1 bull. The whole was valued at the time at about £70. Such gifts witness to the effect the Gospel has on a people who in their heathen state are intensely selfish and covetous. In the year 1846 the collection sold for £140.

In 1836 the Rev. J. Jackson arrived from England, and then Mr. Cook often rode seventy or a hundred miles to preach the Gospel to the neighbouring tribes. He once journeyed 800 miles in order to become acquainted with the inhabitants of Walwich Bay. He repeatedly visited David Africaner, one of the brothers of the notorious Titus Africaner, the Hottentot Rob Roy, who for many years kept the country in a state of terror by his murderous raids, but who, under the ministrations of the Rev. R. Moffatt, became a sincere Christian. David, in his heathen state, felt the Spirit of God striving with him. 'I felt that I was a sinner, but that God had a great love for sinners; and I longed to hear the Word. Afterwards, I felt I was delivered from my sins.' He was baptised by the Rev. M. Ebner, of the London Missionary Society, who soon afterwards removed, and David was left to struggle by himself with his plundering neighbours without any human guide. For thirty years he and a few others kept the life of God in their hearts until Mr. Cook arrived. He at once communicated with Mr. Cook, and Blydeverwaching, afterwards known as Hoole's Fountain, was taken up as an out-station. David joined the Wesleyan Church, and became interpreter and lay

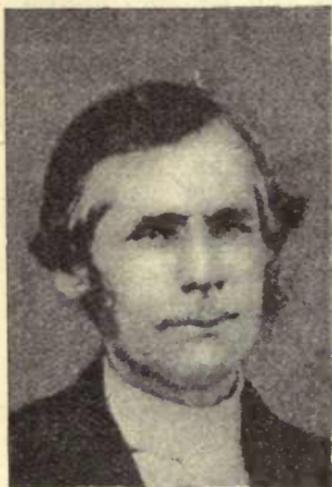
preacher. He had a wide acquaintance with the folk-lore of the Namaquas, which he took great delight in narrating. When Mr. Ridsdale was the resident missionary at Nisbett Bath, David told him the following story, which is quaintly simple, and not unlike some of the legends of Northern Europe :

‘On a certain occasion the moon sent a hare with a message to mankind to say that as she died and lived again, so after death man would live again. But the hare told men that after death they would live no more. On returning to the moon, the moon said, “Well, what sort of a message have you taken to mankind?” “I’ve told them,” said the hare, “that after death they will live no more.” Then the moon fell into a great passion, and said : “Why have you told such a lying message?” Snatching up a hatchet that was at hand, the moon fetched the hare such a blow on the upper lip as cleft it in two ; and that’s the reason why the hare has a cloven lip. The hare flew at the moon and scratched its face violently, so that’s the reason why you see all those dark marks on the face of the full moon.’ The Namaquas concluded that because the hare brought a wrong message their doom was sealed, and that when they died they died like a dog, and there was an end of them. ‘After death,’ they said, ‘we shall live no more.’ ‘For this reason,’ said David, ‘we regard the hare as an accursed animal, and we never eat its flesh.’ This was probably the survival of an old nature-myth, setting forth the unceasing conflict between life and death.

But the Gospel had come to this people, and brought the light and hope of immortality. The sad traditions of the past were forgotten, and with them vanished much of the gloom and fierceness of their heathen days. The whole country put on a new aspect. Wars were rare, very rare. Once, if they were thirsty, they shunned the fountain by day, lest an enemy might be concealed close by ; and only when night came on did they creep down and lie on their faces and silently drink. Now they had no fear of ambush or secret foe. Once, when a dog barked at night, they rose and fled for life, expecting an immediate attack from raiders. Now, if a dog barked, they drowsily murmured, ‘It is the missionary going home,’ and turning over, they slept in peace. Thefts were uncommon. The sheep and goats increased as they had never done before, for they had safe pasture. Schools for the education of the children were opened. Roads were made ; decent apparel was worn ; marriage was performed with Christian rites. Families

belonging to distant tribes travelled hundreds of miles and stayed at the station for weeks in order to hear the life-giving Word. Compared with what it formerly was, the country was an Eden.

For nine years Mr. Cook continued his labours, and then the strong man was laid low. He was only thirty-six years of age. But severe manual labour amid intense heat, long fatiguing journeys under a tropical sun, with little food and water, broke down even his vigorous frame. 'For three days and three nights,' he once wrote, 'I have not had more than four hours' sleep. I have had to drive my own waggon, my driver having left me.' The building of chapels, the preaching on Sabbaths and week-nights, the meeting of classes each quarter, the direction of agricultural work, added to repeated fevers, unrelieved by any furlough for change and rest, left him worn-out and utterly enfeebled. He set out for Cape Town for medical advice, and his cherished friend, the Rev. Joseph Tindall, accompanied him, intending to assist him across the Orange River. The end came rapidly. Mr. Tindall climbed into the waggon, took his friend's head on his arm with tender care, and said: 'Brother Cook, is Christ precious to you?' For a moment, the closed eyes slowly opened, and the lips feebly murmured: 'Tindall, I have a good hope



REV. J. TINDALL.

through Christ.' And then the toil-worn but brave Christian missionary passed to his eternal rest. The body was taken back and buried at Nisbett Bath, among the people he loved so well.

The work thus begun was carried on by a number of noble missionaries. The Revs. J. Tindall, B. Ridsdale, R. Ridgill, J. A. Bailie, R. Haddy, J. Thomas, H. Tindall, and J. Priestly, make an honourable succession. The Rev. H. Tindall was the first missionary appointed to Hoole's Fountain, where David Africaner lived. In the absence of a house, he slept in an unfurnished room at the end of the church. The first night he was bitten by a snake, and for some time was in serious danger. He ultimately recovered, and spent several years on

the station. He wrote the first grammar of the Namaqua language, in which he was a fluent speaker, and also translated two of the Gospels into that tongue.

Additional stations were opened by the Revs. R. Haddy and J. Tindall, to the far north, 600 miles beyond Nisbett Bath, with Yonker Africaner, David's nephew, with Ameral, a Namaqua chief, and at Concordiaville, Elephant's Fountain, and Wesleyville. An English lady gave £700 towards the establishment of these stations, and their early history was one of success. Subsequently discouragements arose. The people were unsettled, and, as at Lilyfontein, if a drought came, they roamed over the country seeking pasture for their live stock. Every year they went on great hunting expeditions to supply themselves with meat for the winter. Then Yonker Africaner, who for some years had been a professing Christian and a preserver of the peace, fell away, and walked no longer in the steps of his uncle David. He gave way to intemperance and became a restless and rapacious chief, always ready for a raid on a neighbour, a cattle lifter, and a source of great disquiet to the district.

Too few missionaries were sent. The number was not large enough for so wide a field, and no reinforcements could be sent from England, as the mission funds were not equal to the demands made upon them. The early promise of the Damara Mission faded away. At a later date the missionaries were withdrawn, and the stations were left to the care of Namaqua evangelists. Meanwhile, the Rhenish missionaries had occupied the country in force, and had established themselves at various places in Damaraland and Great Namaqualand. To secure economy of labour, the London Missionary Society had handed over all their stations in those parts to the Rhenish missionaries, and it was decided by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London that their stations also should be placed under the same care. The people at Nisbett Bath remonstrated: 'We are your spiritual children; you must not cast us off.' But the official mind was haunted by the spectre of debt, and the Damaras could not appeal to British sympathies as did the Fijians and the Hindus. With deep regret, the sacrifice had to be made; and it was a relief that the Rhenish missionaries were at hand to take the stations into their charge. They were the representatives of the noble Protestant churches of Cologne, Elberfeld, and Barmen, in the Valley of the Rhine. They belonged to the church of the saintly Krummacher, and

Professor Christlieb; to the church of the Deaconesses' Institute at Kaisersworth. They had given themselves with great devotion to the work of evangelizing the native races of Great Namaqualand, and it was believed that in their hands the work begun by the Wesleyans would be faithfully carried on. Accordingly, in the year 1867, the missions at Nisbett Bath and Hoole's Fountain were transferred to the Rhenish Missionary Society, and these names disappeared from the Minutes of the Wesleyan Church. Wesleyville and Concoardiaville had been handed over to the same society sixteen years before.

These missions form both bright and mournful pages in the annals of the Wesleyan Church. Bright when the arduous and self-denying labours of the devoted men who toiled there are considered. Here Threlfall fell. Here Joseph Tindall spent fifteen consecutive years, enduring great privations and braving many dangers. Here Henry Tindall, his son, spent the early years of his ministry, always cheerful and inspiring. Here Richard Haddy laboured amongst Yonker Africaner's tribe, and in every time and place kept up the habits of a close and ardent student. Here Edward Cook heroically laboured and died. Here Benjamin Ridsdale and J. A. Bailie worked with success, and were greatly beloved.

Mournful—for it is impossible to resist a passing touch of sadness—that a field upon which so much life, strength, and money had been expended should be lost to Methodism. Happily, the stations were taken over by a Society, whose missionaries have kept up the best traditions of missionary enterprise.

METHODISM AT THE CAPE.

AT the commencement of the nineteenth century the population of Cape Town was remarkable for its racial variety. A stranger, wandering along its thoroughfares, would meet in a short walk Dutch and English, sprung from one famous Teutonic stock; Malays, tawny and Oriental-looking, arrayed in bright, flowing robes and conical hats made of split reed; Mozambiques, black as ebony; Guinea Coast negroes, with broad noses and thick lips; and sallow Hottentots of stunted growth, with high cheek-bones and yellowish-brown skin. Many of the coloured people were slaves, and spoke a Dutch patois. Numbers of the Hottentots, though not slaves, were treated as such by the Dutch, who tenaciously clung to the belief that social inferiority was the Divinely appointed lot of the aboriginal races.

The work of the Methodist Church at the Cape therefore assumed from the first a bi-lingual character. Services in English were held for the soldiers and the few British residents, and in Dutch for the coloured population. This involved a double set of services, and compelled the minister to speak both languages or employ an interpreter. Often it necessitated separate churches. This cleavage in race and language made the work complex, and, as the English population received less attention than the coloured people, the Methodist Church at the Cape was slow in its development.

Sergeant Kendrick, who had introduced Methodism into Cape Town, died in the year 1813, exhorting his comrades to accept the Gospel. He was buried by loving hands in the military cemetery at Green Point. No monument marks the spot where the body of the noble Methodist soldier lies, but his real monument was his Christian work amongst the garrison, which was continued after his death with unabated interest. Without pastor or church, the Methodist soldiers regularly

met for fellowship and prayer, cheered at long intervals by a visit from the missionary from Lilyfontein, when he came to Cape Town for the purchase of supplies.

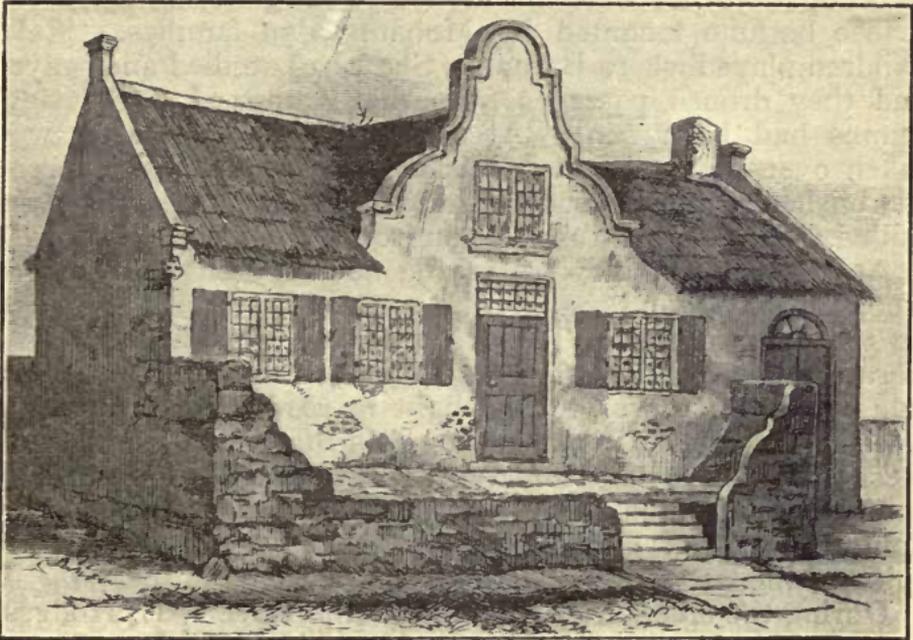
In the year 1820 the Rev. E. Edwards removed from the Kamiesberg to Cape Town, in order to take the pastoral care of the soldiers, and to erect a Wesleyan church in the metropolis. His ruddy countenance, glowing with health and happiness, his sonorous voice easily heard by a large crowd, his fervent appeals when speaking of God's mercy to sinners, won for his message as well as for himself a ready acceptance. His first service was held in a hayloft in Plein Street, and to reach it the congregation had to pass the heels of the horses in the stable beneath, and ascend an awkward and dangerous ladder. The marvel was that anyone went.

In a few months the hayloft was left for an unoccupied wine-store in Barrack Street. In this more spacious room services were held in English every Sabbath morning and evening for the soldiers and civilians, and in the afternoon a school was conducted in the Dutch language for the benefit of the slaves. Most of the prosperous residents in Cape Town possessed slaves resident on their properties, but little was done by their owners for their instruction. Ryk Tulbagh, an excellent Dutch Governor, had, only fifty years before, issued an edict directing that any slave found at the entrance of a church when the congregation was leaving was to be severely flogged. These unfortunate beings were accustomed to assemble on the Lord's Day at the foot of Table Mountain and spend hours in drinking and dancing. 'Some of them had their heads ornamented with feathers and pieces of the skins of wild beasts. Their legs were bound round with bamboo-leaves, in which were enclosed small stones to make a rattling noise; and their dances were accompanied by the clanging of the tom-tom, the clapping of hands, and the shouts of the spectators.' To these motley crowds Mr. Edwards frequently preached, and succeeded in persuading many of the slaves to attend the Sabbath school.

Within twelve months the wine-store was crowded to excess, and a larger building was necessary. The Rev. S. Broadbent had arrived from England, on his way to Bechuanaland; the Rev. B. Shaw was on a visit from Namaqualand. Together they canvassed Cape Town for subscriptions. The appeal was made difficult by the circumstance that Methodism was little known to the majority of the people. On one occasion they knocked at the door of a house, and made known the object of

their call, when the slave-servant said, with comical naïveté : ' Please, gentlemen, my mistress says she is asleep ! ' Mr. Shaw laughingly replied : ' If your mistress can talk when she is asleep, she can doubtless read when she awakes. ' The girl returned with a donation of five rix-dollars, or 7s. 6d.

The new church was built in Barrack Street, not far from the wine-store, and cost £600. It was a plain and unpretentious structure, and was hidden behind a dwelling used as a mission house. The dwelling was of the usual Dutch type,



FIRST WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

The chapel was built behind the house, and access was gained to it by the passage on the right.

with moulded gable front, windows with numerous small panes of glass, and a stone-flagged stoep. Behind the house was the church, to which access was gained by a door and a passage at the side. This obscure place of worship was opened in 1822 by the Rev. Dr. Philip, of the London Missionary Society, and was consecrated by the labours of several devoted men — Barnabas Shaw, whose sermons were always clear and richly illustrated ; Edward Edwards, always faithful and fervent ; James Archbell, whose subsequent labours among the Bara longs were carried on with much ability and usefulness ; William

J. Shrewsbury, a profound theologian and a powerful preacher; and William Threlfall, the martyr of Namaqualand. The voices of these godly men, rich in persuasive eloquence, were often heard within the little Wesleyan Church in Barrack Street. They all sleep in Jesus now; but if in later years the field has yielded an abundant harvest, the names of these early labourers should not be forgotten.

The present generation knows nothing of that humble church, and the lowly manse in front of it. After seven years of occupation they were abandoned for larger buildings. The manse became tenanted by Mohammedan families. Malay children played where Barnabas Shaw had studied and prayed, and they droned passages from the Koran where Wesley's hymns had been sung. At a later date the premises were taken over by the London Missionary Society, whose agents established a mission school there; and, later still, they were pulled down to make room for an iron foundry.

At the English services in the new church many of the troops attended, and some of the men held meetings for prayer on the quiet slopes of Table Mountain. For their benefit a library was provided within the church, and the soldiers, sitting in a pew or on a form, took delight in reading such books as Wesley's 'Journal,' Boston's 'Fourfold State,' Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and Bunyan's 'Holy War.' If the literature lacked the spicy and illustrated features of modern books, it had the undoubted merit of directly informing and strengthening the spiritual life.

During the erection of the church the Rev. T. L. Hodgson arrived from England, having been appointed to Cape Town; but, at his own request, he was sent to assist Mr. Broadbent, in Bechuanaland, and proceeded thither, viâ Algoa Bay and Graaff Reinet.

In 1826 the Rev. Barnabas Shaw removed from Lilyfontein to Cape Town, where he resided, with few intervals, for thirty years. He still considered himself pledged to Mission work, and devoted most of his efforts to the coloured people. Valuable work was done, but it is to be regretted that the European population was comparatively neglected. It is only within recent years that Methodism has endeavoured to take its proper position amongst the English-speaking inhabitants of the metropolis. In the same year, 1826, the Rev. R. Snowdall arrived from London, to be Mr. Shaw's assistant, and services were commenced at Wynberg and Simonstown.

The year 1829 was marked by the commencement of three Wesleyan churches.

One church was at Wynberg. The building was small, but conveniently situated. The Rev. B. Shaw conducted the opening services, and he alluded to the fate of the first Wesleyan chapel erected in the village by the soldiers, and which was burnt down by order of the Colonel. Military opposition had ceased, and the officers now encouraged Methodist soldiers, who generally bore an excellent character.

Another church was erected at Simonstown, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Snowdall. The site was given by the Acting-Governor, Major-General Bourke, on the slope of a hill, and the spire of the church built thereon proved useful as a landmark to ships entering the harbour, which, sheltered as it was from the violent north-west winds, had been selected as the naval station for the British fleet at the Cape. This church has the unique honour of having been consecrated by an Anglican Bishop. As the Episcopalians had for many years no church in Simonstown, the Wesleyans granted them the use of their church. The Anglicans felt that their worship would be more acceptable to God, and more profitable to themselves, if the building were consecrated. The Wesleyans did not object, and accordingly it was consecrated by a certain Bishop of Calcutta, who called at the Cape on his voyage to India. Two years after the church was built Mr. Snowdall was appointed to Bechuanaland, but when travelling thither was taken ill at Grahamstown, and died. He was a man of deep piety, and of great prudence.

Sailors from almost every country under the sun found their way to the little Wesleyan Church at Simonstown, and were drawn by loving hearts into Christian fellowship. When Mr. Shaw, on one of his visits, met the Society Class, seven persons were present. One was a Swede, a second was an English sailor, a third was a native of Inhambane on the east coast, a fourth was from Mozambique, the fifth was Dutch, the sixth was from India, and the seventh was a Hottentot. To preach the Gospel at Simonstown was like sowing on the edge of the Agulhas current. The seed might be carried half round the world, and persons who lived as far apart as Stockholm and Calcutta might trace their conversion to services held in the Methodist Church at Simonstown.

But the most important erection of the three was the church in Burg Street, Cape Town, with the mission house adjoining.

Mr. Shaw had spent nearly two years in England, delivering from the platform deeply interesting narratives of his missionary life. He was not allowed to make a public appeal for help, but wherever he went he took an album, which he styled his 'Gleaner,' and in which were recorded the sums of money given unsolicited towards the erection of a new church in Cape Town. In this manner he collected £700. Upon his return he purchased a site in Burg Street, on which were the ruins of



WESLEYAN CHURCH, BURG STREET.

a Mohammedan mosque. The foundation stone of the church was laid by Sir John Truter, Chief Justice of the Colony, with Masonic honours, and the building was completed in February, 1831. Mr. Shaw was anxious that the opening services should be conducted by the famous theologian and preacher, the Rev. Richard Watson, one of the missionary secretaries in London, but the committee thought that the work in England needed his presence. The first sermon was therefore preached by the Rev. Stephen Kay, who was on his way from Kaffraria to

England. He was a man of imposing presence, and a stately preacher. Mr. Shaw preached in Dutch in the evening. It was a red-letter day in his calendar, and he joyfully contrasted this church with the forage-loft, and the opening day with the time when the Governor of the colony would not allow him to preach in a private house. The front of the church was plain and bold in design, but it was hemmed in by the mission house on one side and by business premises on the other.

For forty-eight years this was the principal Wesleyan Church at the Cape. To attempt to chronicle the events of those years is impossible. The many noble men who 'bore the burden and heat of the day' were men of action, and rarely took up the pen to describe what they had done. They have left few records of their labours. But in gratitude the names of some should be recalled. As years passed a succession of ministers, eminent for piety and zeal, occupied the pulpit in the Burg Street Church. Thomas Laidman Hodgson, graceful, gentle, but manly and firm; James Goodrick, whose fiery zeal shortened his days, and he died young; James Smeeth, a popular preacher, and greatly beloved; William Moister, a sagacious administrator and historian; Benjamin Ridsdale, whose enthusiasm shone like a star through many a dark night of discouragement; Joseph Tindall, whose labours in Namaqualand bordered on the heroic; Matthew Godman, of quiet power; John Thomas, a sun of thunder; James Cameron, with whom preaching was a passion; Richard Haddy, a self-taught scholar in Latin and Greek, and the founder of the Mission station at Clarkebury; William Barber, whose conversation was spicy as the breezes of Ceylon, where he laboured for years; John Priestly, who often subdued a whole congregation to tears; Henry Tindall, whose genial spirit won him troops of friends; John A. Bailie, a name still fragrant in Namaqualand; Samuel Hardey, in whom gentleness, sweetness, and dignity were beautifully combined; and last, but not least, Richard Ridgill, poet and philosopher. All, except one, have crossed the river, and reached the Canaan that they loved.

'Why do we make our moan
 For losses which enrich us yet
 With upward yearning of regret?
 Bleaker than unmossed stone
 Our lives were, but for the immortal gain
 Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain
 For nobler natures gone.'

The labours of the Wesleyan ministers of Cape Town were not limited to Burg Street Church. Services were held in the prison, in private houses in some of the most degraded parts of Cape Town, at Robben Island, Rondebosch, Somerset West, Stellenbosch, and Hottentot's Holland, in addition to Wynberg, Diep River, and Caledon. Each year in the Synod the question is asked: 'Have our preachers sufficient work?' In Mr. Shaw's case there could be no doubt of the answer, as a typical Sabbath will show. In the morning he preached at Simonstown in Dutch, commencing service at half-past nine o'clock. Then he rode three miles and spoke to a congregation of soldiers and convicts. At two o'clock he preached at Muizenberg, and between three and four o'clock at Herman's Kraal. He afterwards held a short service at Diep River, and gave a sermon in English at Wynberg. Then, mounting his horse, he proceeded to Cape Town, where he arrived about nine o'clock, having ridden twenty-six miles and held six services. After another equally heavy day, he wrote: 'I had a cup of coffee and a bit of bread about six o'clock in the morning; from that time I had neither breakfast nor dinner till I reached home at eight o'clock in the evening. Yet I am quite hearty and strong. Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

Mr. Shaw was the first to unfurl the Bethel flag at the mast of the *Undaunted*, and preach to the sailors in Table Bay. He was among the first to visit Robben Island, preaching on Captain Pedder's verandah to such as understood English, and afterwards in the prison to the convicts in Dutch. He held open-air services on the Grand Parade and near the wharf. He preached to men of all colours and of all grades of society. On the lawn of Sir John Truter, the Chief Justice, or beneath the shade of an oak-tree, or in smoke-blackened huts, he delighted to unfold the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' and lead men to the Saviour.

The condition of the slaves was still deplorable. The Dutch citizens and their families might be seen wending their way to church on the Sabbath, followed by slaves carrying their owner's Bible and Psalm-Book to the door of the church which they were not allowed to enter. The slave was supposed to be an inferior being, and to have no part in the message of the Gospel. A few of the Dutch took a more Christian view of the coloured races, and held meetings for their instruction; but they were unable to effect any change in the general attitude of their countrymen. This antipathy continued until

the latter half of the nineteenth century, when, chiefly through the influence of the Rev. Andrew Murray and two of his brothers, the Dutch Reformed Church realized the importance of evangelizing the native races, and it now has important Missions in Rhodesia, Transvaal, Natal, and Central Africa at Lake Nyassa.

In the year 1834 slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire. There were about 39,000 slaves in Cape Colony. With few exceptions, they were not harshly treated, and their labour was not severe. But owners, as well as slaves, were degraded, when human beings were bought and sold like ploughs and spades. The taint of slavery still clings to South Africa in the widespread contempt of menial labour as the employment of an inferior and semi-barbarous race. Of the £20,000,000 sterling voted by the British Parliament as compensation to the slave-owners, about £1,250,000 were apportioned to the Cape, or about £32 a slave. This was less than half their appraised value; but the colonists would probably have been satisfied if the money had been paid to them personally. The British Colonial Office, blundering as it often did in the management of South African affairs, made the compensation drafts payable in London only. The slave-owners became the victims of speculative agents who bought the drafts at half, and often less than half, their face value, and scores of families were reduced to beggary.

The Dutch were profoundly disgusted. They had not been touched by the current of feeling which in England sought to vindicate the human rights of the slave. They had been deeply irritated when, in 1828, the Hottentots were declared by Government ordinance 'to be entitled to every privilege to which any other British subjects are entitled.' Their irritation increased when the missionaries, the only protectors the slaves had, reported cases of cruel treatment to the authorities, and they complained that charges were made on insufficient evidence, which is not improbable. One hundred and seventy years of slave-holding had made the Dutch implacable and unreasonable. To have natives placed on a level with themselves, to be denounced by the missionaries, and then to have their slaves taken from them for reasons they could neither understand nor approve, was more than they could endure. Resistance to a strong power like England was doomed to failure; but to the north was a vast extent of country almost without inhabitant. So the cry arose: 'Let us seek a new

home, where we can retain our old customs, and deal with our slaves as we please.' It is stated that in 1836, and two following years, 10,000 Dutch persons, chiefly from the rural districts, left Cape Colony to escape what they considered the meddlesome rule of the British; and from the 'Great Trek' or emigration, as it was called, arose those racial animosities which in recent years have desolated South Africa.

At Cape Town, the Emancipation was celebrated by a huge feast of beef and bread given in the Government Gardens to thousands of slave children. On the evening of the last day of slavery, the Wesleyan church and other city churches were crowded with slaves and their families, and the services were continued until after midnight. As the final stroke of twelve



REV. T. L. HODGSON.

died on the air, Mr. Shaw announced in tones full of emotion: 'Slavery is dead.' An attempt was made to sing the doxology, but the newly-freed men and women broke down into sobs and exclamations of thankfulness. Many persons had prophesied that drunkenness and disorder would attend the liberation of so large a number of slaves; but there was very little of either. Thirty-nine thousand men and women and children, in deep poverty, without food or homes, were set wholly free and were quietly absorbed into the labouring classes of the colony.

Early in the year 1836 the Rev. T. L. Hodgson arrived at the Cape for a second term of ministerial service in South Africa, and was appointed Chairman of the District. He made the coloured population of Cape Town the special objects of his attention. In order to carry the Gospel to those who never attended any church, he commenced open-air services on the Parade, where several years before similar meetings had been held by the Rev. B. Shaw and Mr. Joseph Tindall; but which, in consequence of the opposition of unruly persons, had been abandoned. Nor was Mr. Hodgson allowed to preach without disturbance. Inflammatory articles appeared in a newspaper, published in the Dutch language, abusing the Wesleyans and inciting the coloured people to riot. Hostility to the services was aroused, and some of the scenes resembled

those which were witnessed in England during the early days of Wesley's career, and revealed a deep animosity to Methodist preachers.

On Sunday, July 4, 1836, Mr. Hodgson went with a few friends to the Parade to hold a service. Several hundred coloured persons were present, and it was soon manifest that a portion of the crowd was resolved on violence. During the singing of the second hymn a number of men pushed about roughly among the audience, and the fray commenced. 'Blows were struck,' wrote Mr. Hodgson, 'and blood was shed. Seeing one or two individuals intoxicated, one man without his coat, blood flowing from one or two persons, and our friends who were most active and courageous unable to stop the commotion, I felt a little alarmed for the consequences—not as affecting my personal safety, but for the credit of our cause, lest sufficient forbearance should not be shown and lest we should be censured for persisting in the duty of open-air preaching. While I attempted to preach, several stones were thrown, one of which hit me on the head and another on the hand. I dismissed the congregation and retired through the mob towards the lower end of the Parade, where a gig was waiting to convey me to Wynberg, and was followed by some hundreds, saluting us with shouts and occasional stones, one of which hit me on the back.'

A memorial, asking for protection, was signed by prominent citizens and sent to the Governor, Sir Benjamin Durban, who had been urged by the opponents to put in force an old Dutch placaat, which forbade the holding of any service without the Governor's consent. Sir Benjamin Durban made full inquiry into the character of these open-air meetings, and, satisfied that they were likely to do good, he became their defender, saying: 'We must stop nothing that is in any way calculated to be useful.'

This incident quickened Mr. Hodgson's desire for the erection of a church devoted to the coloured people, and in which they could worship without disturbance. Accordingly, a church was built for them in Sydney Street, hitherto a neglected part of the city, and it was opened in 1837. It was soon occupied by a large congregation, and the day-school which was opened proved a great benefit to the children. The great obstacle the workers at this church had to contend with for years was Mohammedanism. 'The worship of the false prophet,' wrote Mr. H. Tindall, 'was introduced into the Colony during the

period of the Dutch rule from Java. It gradually found favour among the slaves, and its popularity continued after the Emancipation. At one time one-fifth of the population of Cape Town was Mohammedan. To many of its votaries it meant little beyond cakes, coffee, and a red handkerchief on the head. But gradually it took systematized form. Youths were sent to Mecca, and came back consecrated priests. Mosques were built. The Sultan of Turkey sent his blessing. The Mohammedans became a political power, and swayed elections. Nearly every church in Cape Town has endeavoured to grapple with this foe, but has had to confess itself beaten. Mohammedanism has great attractions for the carnal mind. Its merry holiday-keeping, its noisy festivals, its vaunted sobriety, and its loose morality, give it a strong hold on the passions of the people.'

In 1837 the Rev. B. Shaw returned to England for the benefit of his health and the education of his children. He remained there for six years, and then the missionary fire was again stirred up in his heart by the successes of the Revs. E. Cook and J. Tindall in Great Namaqualand. He offered himself for further service in South Africa, and his offer was accepted. In 1843 he sailed for the Cape, accompanied by his son the Rev. B. J. Shaw, the Rev. B. Ridsdale, and the Rev. T. B. Catterick.

Upon their landing at Cape Town it was considered that Mr. Shaw was not equal to the fatigue of pioneer work in the interior. He therefore remained at the Cape, and took charge of the Stellenbosch, and subsequently of the Mowbray, circuits. Mr. Haddy and Mr. J. Tindall returned to Damaraland, and Mr. Ridsdale went to Nisbett Bath. The story of the progress and abandonment of these missions has been told. Whilst at Stellenbosch Mr. Shaw, as an experiment, formed a settlement at Raithby for coloured people, purchasing land and letting it to them in small allotments; so that, whilst hiring themselves out to the farmers, they could cultivate their land in spare moments, and send their children to the day-school. The experiment was not a success. Farmers were prejudiced against the arrangement; afterwards, villages sprang up in several places, and provided locations for the coloured people, and the settlement was broken up.

In the year 1849 the Wesleyan congregations in Cape Town, both European and coloured, were richly blessed by the Holy Spirit, and old Gospel truths were clothed with new power,

At Burg Street Church many sought and found Christ. At Sydney Street, when the Rev. B. Ridsdale was preaching, there was a remarkable scene. 'It seemed,' he wrote, 'as if the very windows of heaven were opened. The whole congregation seemed to be moved. Deep and bitter cries and mighty prayer ascended to heaven from every part of the chapel. Such a sight I never beheld. Some, with lifted hands and streaming eyes, were praying for salvation in the most affecting manner; others were kneeling at the seats with their heads buried in their hands, weeping and praying in deep distress. In less than an hour many were rejoicing in God their Saviour. On this one day, thirty souls were delivered from their spiritual captivity. Mr. Hodgson has been unspeakably cheered by these "times of refreshing" in a town in which he has spent so many years of his ministerial life.' The devout student of the records of the early church will not look suspiciously upon such scenes, but will remember that again and again by such revivals has God's kingdom been extended. The Methodist societies in Cape Town rejoiced that year in an increase of 100 members.

The following year Mr. Hodgson died. He had resided nearly twenty years in Cape Town. His last sermon was in Dutch, at Sydney Street. His gentle disposition and courtesy won esteem on every hand. His work among the Barolongs, when he dwelt for months in a waggon, living on coarse food, and often in great peril, can never be forgotten. His death was triumphant. A short time before he died, he said: 'I have such a glorious view of the Jerusalem above. How pure! how holy! It almost makes me tremble to enter. But all our shortcomings are forgiven through the blood of Jesus. I see the pearly gates. They are open for unworthy me, and I shall enter in.' His funeral was attended by more than five thousand persons of all colours and races. He had lived down prejudice, and his manly, unselfish life had transformed enemies into friends. He who a few years before had been hooted and stoned on the Parade, was now carried to the grave with every mark of universal respect.



REV. B. RIDSDALE.

He was succeeded, in 1851, by the Rev. W. Moister, who had laboured at the Gambia and in the West Indies. He was not only charged with the care of the Wesleyan churches in Cape Town, but was also appointed Chairman of the District, an office previously held by the Revs. T. L. Hodgson and B. Shaw.

The duties of the Chairman necessitated occasionally long and difficult journeys into Namaqualand and Damaraland, the outlying portions of the district. It would serve little purpose to describe the many incidents of these extensive tours. Beyond Piquetberg the road lay through deep, heavy sand, and along waterless plains, where a farmhouse was rarely to be seen. Rivers had to be forded, for ponts were not introduced

until later. The Orange River was usually crossed on a raft, hastily constructed: the waggon was taken across in sections, the oxen swimming. About 1850 a boat was provided by friends in Cape Town, but, for safety, it was kept at Nisbett Bath, and, whenever required, had to be brought seventy miles on a waggon. But the inconvenience and dangers of travel were considered to be more than repaid by the hearty greetings of the missionaries and their families, who often saw no white face for two years in succession, and by the intense interest shown by the natives, many of whom walked or rode for miles to pay their respects



REV. W. MOISTER.

to the Head of the Mission, as well as to enjoy the services on the Sabbath. The preaching of the Word, the sweet singing of the Namaquas, and the prayers of the converts on the Lord's Day, the inspection of buildings, the consideration of plans for extension, and the travelling from station to station, made the time pass quickly. From such expeditions the Chairman returned bronzed and fatigued, but happy in having cheered and encouraged toilers on remote and lonely stations.

In 1857 the venerable father of South African Methodism, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, passed to his eternal rest. For forty-one years he had been unwearied in Christian labour. His picturesque narratives of the Namaqua Mission thrilled the home churches, and called forth generous offers of help.

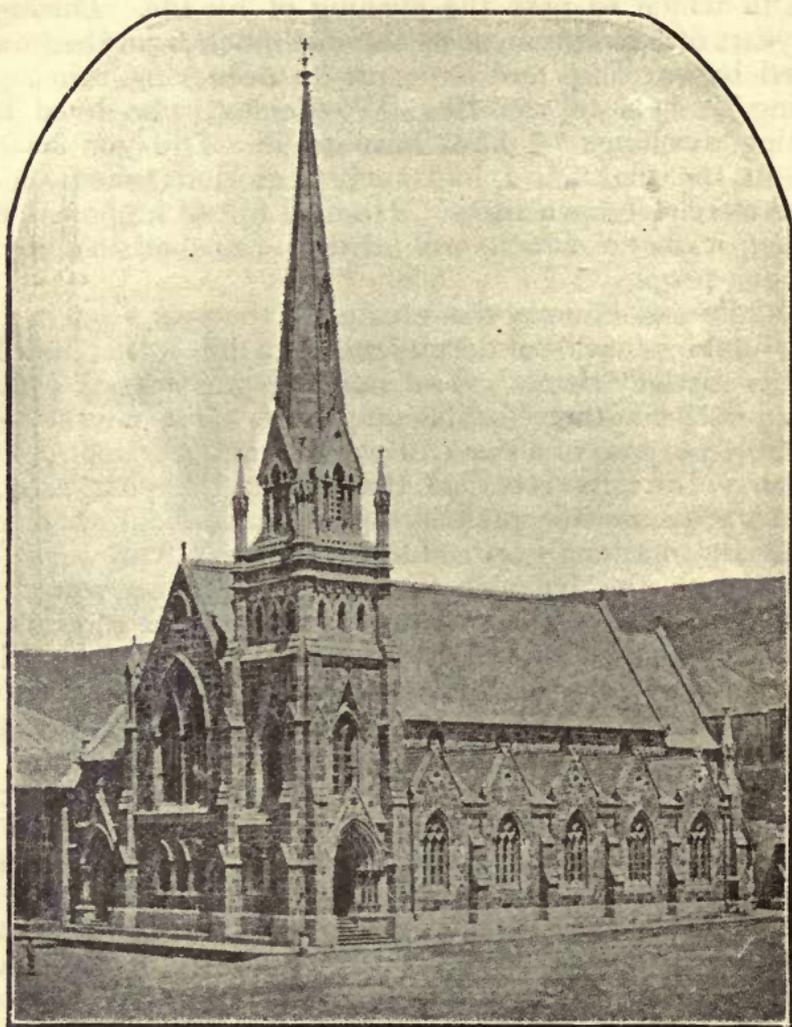
After leaving Lilyfontein for the Cape, his strength was spent chiefly among the native races, to whom he always considered he had a special mission. In the spirit of his Divine Master, he went to the lost, the degraded, the poor. In 1854 he retired to Mowbray, where, near the Wesleyan church, he had built a house in which to pass the evening of his life. During the three years of his retirement he suffered much from rheumatism, induced by hardship and exposure to drenching rains. One morning he said to the Rev. W. Moister, who lived in an adjoining dwelling: 'I have been so ill. Did you hear me shout in the night? I had such a glorious shout, and it seemed to relieve me a little.' He died full of immortal hope, and left a name which will always be cherished by the Methodist people.

An additional church was erected in the year 1859 in Hope Street, on the west side of the city, nearly a mile from either Burg Street or Sydney Street. The building was largely indebted to Mr. James Smithers for its completion. The church served the double purpose of a place of worship and a schoolroom.

We have already recorded that about the year 1867, the Missionary Committee, pressed by financial difficulties, directed that all the stations north of the Orange River were to be transferred to the Rhenish Society. The same retrenching hand fell heavily on the coloured congregations at the Cape. The order was sent from London that the Wesleyan societies at Montagu, French Hoek, Swellendam, and other places, were to be abandoned. The shock was severely felt. Wesleyan ministers are loyal to authority, but it must be admitted that their loyalty was put to a severe test. To cast adrift churches, on which they had spent years of prayerful toil, and which were prospering, seemed as dishonourable as a retreat on the battlefield seems to a soldier. At Montagu the Dutch Reformed Church took over the congregation. When the mandate came to Swellendam the Rev. F. Edwards, son of the Rev. E. Edwards, exclaimed: 'They say I am to go. I will not go.' And go he did not. He applied to Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, for ordination, was readily accepted, and he and his congregation in a body joined the Anglican Episcopal Church. The weakening effect of this desertion of the Dutch speaking coloured population at the Cape was felt for years. The abandoned churches were never regained.

Burg Street Church had become endeared to the congregation worshipping within its walls. Many had begun their

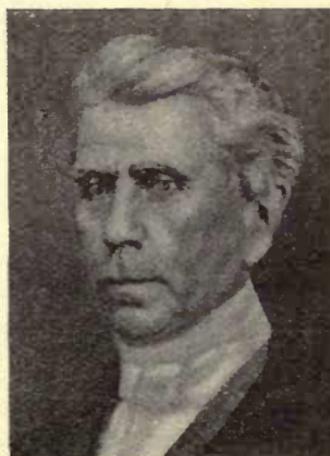
spiritual life there, and their minds had been enriched by its services. When an effort was made in 1871 to free the building from debt, Mr. James Maynard gave £1,100. For some time, however, there had been a growing conviction that a larger



METROPOLITAN WESLEYAN CHURCH, CAPE TOWN.

church, and one more worthy of the capital city, was urgently required. In the year 1875 Mr. Lansberg's store, in Green-market Square, close to Burg Street, was burnt to the ground, and the site was offered for sale. The Wesleyans purchased it for the sum of £1,500. Subsequently a small house adjoining

was secured for £350. The ground being obtained, designs for a new church were invited. It was to be in the Gothic style of architecture, and to seat 1,000 persons. When the plans came in, it was found that the structure would cost more than had been anticipated, and proceedings were suspended. At this juncture Mr. Joseph Maynard, the brother of James, came to the rescue with a gift of £1,000 and a loan of £3,000 at 3 per cent. This generous offer placed the whole scheme in a hopeful position, and the new church was commenced. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of Cape Colony. In his address at the ceremony he said: 'In many respects the Wesleyans have a right to expect my services, for though in this colony the State is unconnected with any religious body, it does not follow that it should be irreligious. On the contrary, it must ever be deeply concerned with all that conduces to the spread of morality and the repression of crime. I have seen too many proofs of the zeal and devotion of Wesleyan ministers in this and other colonies not to have learnt to respect them highly, and to desire to co-operate with them wherever I consistently can. Every church built, every school founded, serves as an outwork thrown up against infidelity and sin, whatever the particular corps of Christians is called by which it is to be manned.'



REV. S. HARDEY.

The Rev. S. Hardey, to whom the scheme was partly due, watched the progress of the building with intense interest, but before it was completed he was taken ill, and died in September, 1878. His death was a serious loss. In India, Mauritius, Australia, and Cape Town, he had laboured, and in every place he was the same courteous, saintly gentleman. Power sat gracefully upon him. He was unwearied in his attention to the sick, whilst his pulpit utterances were always helpful. For fifteen years he had resided in Cape Town, and, possessing great powers of endurance, he toiled on long after he had passed the fiftieth year of his ministry. By adherents of all denominations he was held in the highest esteem. 'Tell my people,' he said, 'that I die in the faith which I have held for half a century; that I am going from them, but that I shall never

forget them.' His name is still gratefully remembered in Cape Town.

By this death the Rev. J. Smith Spencer, who had been invited with the approval of the British Conference, to be Mr. Hardey's colleague, found on his arrival at the Cape that he had to take charge of Metropolitan Methodism. He was in the prime of life, an eloquent preacher, and an able lecturer. The new church was opened for public worship on November 12, 1879, and it is undoubtedly one of the most handsome ecclesiastical edifices in Cape Town. It would have been still handsomer if it had been built in a wide open space with grassy lawns around it, instead of being thrust close to the pavement, and shut in on the other side by warehouses.



REV. J. SMITH SPENCER.

The whole cost, including the organ, was £17,700. In 1887 Messrs. C. H. and J. W. Attwell, with the consent of the trustees, laid the aisles, porches, and communion, with encaustic tiles, in memory of their father, Richard L. Attwell. The old church in Burg Street was not sold, but was transformed into the well-known Metropolitan Hall, in which are carried on a Sabbath-school and other departments of church work.

The spiritual wants of the coloured people were not neglected. In the year 1883 a large wine-store at the corner of Buitenkant and Albertus Streets was purchased on their behalf for £1,827, and under the direction of the

Rev. R. Ridgill extensive structural alterations were effected at a cost of £1,746, which made it an excellent place of worship. It was capable of seating 900 persons, and was speedily filled by the increasing congregation. In 1902, as the building showed decay, it was renovated at a cost of about £2,000; the roof was raised, larger windows were inserted, and the gallery reconstructed. To the success of this scheme the Rev. G. Robson devoted much of his time and energy.

There are signs that Methodism is recovering from the disastrous retreat of 1867 from the work amongst the coloured people. In addition to the congregation in Buitenkant Street there are flourishing churches for coloured people at Mowbray, Stellenbosch, Somerset West, Robertson, Raithby, Lady Grey,

Beaufort West, and Lowry's Pass. At Sea Point a hall has been opened, Port Elizabeth has recently erected a church, and Cradock has long had its church for the same class of the population. At an early period the Congregational Church devoted itself to the spiritual instruction of these people. The Anglicans, at a later date, entered the field. Within recent years the Dutch Reformed Church has taken up the work. Methodists rejoice in the efforts of these churches, but there is yet room for more labourers, and in every town in the western districts the coloured people would welcome Methodist services. It has been urged that if the abler men amongst them were encouraged to become ministers, and a theological institution established for their benefit; if they had their own Synod, and sent their own representatives to the Annual Conference, they would be stimulated to greater exertions. But hitherto the coloured people cannot be said to have displayed the necessary mental vigour and capacity, and the congregations have manifested a decided preference for European ministrations. What is needed is a larger number of trained Dutch-speaking evangelists, full of zeal for the salvation of those of their race who are outside the churches.

At a later date a movement, called somewhat ambitiously the 'Wesleyan Evangelistic Mission,' was commenced. It grew out of the 'Christian Workers' Association,' founded by the Rev. James Thompson, M.A. A branch society was opened in Bree Street, and Mr. Irwin's store was hired for social and religious meetings. From the commencement the principle acted upon was that in God's House there should be no distinction of colour. White or brown or black, all worshipped together. Owing to the inability of the congregation to support an ordained minister, the work devolved upon the laity, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw rendered valuable assistance. In 1896 this movement was formed into a separate organization, and placed under the supervision of the superintendent minister. In the year 1900 the mission entered upon new premises in Strand Street, known as Victoria Hall; but in consequence of the dwellings in the neighbour-



REV. G. ROBSON.

hood being pulled down to make room for warehouses, the congregation diminished. In 1904 the hall was sold, and the Mission was removed to Woodstock, where there is a prospect of usefulness amongst a large labouring population.

The last decade of the nineteenth century was marked by an extraordinary increase in the population of Cape Town and its suburbs. From Sea Point in the west, to Maitland in the east, and to Wynberg in the south, villas, terraces, and streets of houses, sprang up in rapid succession. The population nearly doubled, and land trebled and quadrupled in value. Numerous Wesleyan families migrated from the city to the suburbs, seeking rural quiet or pure sea air. The church in Greenmarket Street might continue to be the chief home of Metropolitan Methodism, but it was seen that suburban churches must be erected, or many Wesleyans would have to join other communions.

As early as the year 1883, during the pastorate of the Rev. J. Smith Spencer, a church was erected at Salt River, chiefly for artisans employed in the Railway Locomotive Works. In 1905 this was superseded by a larger church erected in Roodebloem Road, and the old building was transferred to the coloured congregation.

In 1894 a Wesleyan church was opened at Observatory Road, which was largely assisted by Mr. W. Marsh. The site was given by Mr. J. W. Wood. In 1902 the church had to be enlarged, and still further expansion is contemplated.

During the superintendency of the Rev. E. Nuttall other churches were erected. One at Sea Point, in 1897, to meet the needs of this popular and rising suburb to the west of Cape Town. Another at Rosebank, to supersede the old one built by the Rev. T. L. Hodgson in the year 1845, and the first sermon in which was preached by the Rev. B. Shaw, who informed his hearers how in former days he used to walk down the adjoining road, ringing a bell to summon the people to worship, and then preached under the shade of an oak. Mr. Shaw also told them how he was followed by the Mohammedans, who tried to subvert the coloured people that came to hear him. This aroused his indignation, and he thundered at the intruders the lines lurid enough to satisfy the most bigoted Puritan :

'The Arab thief . . . and fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.'

The old church, transformed into a hall and schoolroom, is in the rear of the new Gothic church with its tall spire, and the former name, Mowbray, has been abandoned for Rosebank. At the side of the church still stands the house in which Barnabas Shaw passed from earth to life immortal.

In 1904 a Wesleyan church was opened at Claremont, six miles from Cape Town. A place of worship was erected here in 1859, on land given by Mr. J. A. Stegman, with a view to benefit the Mohammedans in the neighbourhood; but the



MARSH MEMORIAL ORPHANAGE.

situation was unsuitable, and in 1879 the building was sold. After an interval of twenty-five years the locality is again occupied.

Where Edward Edwards once laboured alone there are now twenty churches and twelve ministers, besides several native evangelists.

Hitherto the Methodist Church, for lack of funds, had been unable to undertake one important form of Christian philanthropy—the care of orphaned children. The Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, having command of greater financial resources, possessed Orphanages and Homes in different parts

of South Africa. That Methodists had no such institution was often regretted, and when the Twentieth Century Fund was initiated, £5,000 of the £50,000 to be raised was allocated to the establishment of an orphanage. Before the fund was fully formed the need was abundantly supplied in an unexpected manner. Mr. William Marsh, a wealthy Cape Town merchant, and a Methodist, died in 1901, and in his will left £200,000 for the erection and maintenance of homes for orphan and destitute children. The only condition attached was that the children should be white; there was no restriction as to creed. The spending of the money was left to the absolute discretion of his only son, the Rev. T. E. Marsh, who entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1879; and the powers vested in him were at his death to pass to the Wesleyan Conference. An estate of sixty-two acres, situated near Rondebosch, known as 'Woodside,' where a Dutch Governor, Simon Van der Stell, once resided, was purchased; and on this estate are already erected several homes, in blocks of two houses, double-storied. Two homes for girls (the



MR. WILLIAM MARSH.

'Stephenson' and the 'Gregory' Homes) have been completed, and also a third for boys (the 'Milner' Home). The family system is adopted, and each house accommodates twenty children, who are under the care of a 'mother,' or matron. In front of the houses is a large lawn. A hall has been erected for Divine worship, named 'Hardey Hall,' and religion in its brightest form pervades the homes. An extensive orchard has been planted, and on the other side of the Kroomboom River, which runs through the property, 1,500 vines have been planted. These, with the kitchen gardens, will provide plenty of work for the elder boys. No servants will be kept in the homes, but all the housework will be done by the girls under the superintendence of the 'mothers.' Thus both boys and girls will receive a useful and practical training. The age limit for admission, as at present fixed, is from two years to twelve, and the children will be retained until they are fourteen years of age.

The first two applications for admission were pathetic. A

railway employé was taking his wife and two children down the line on a trolley to see some festivities at a distance. Suddenly a locomotive came rushing down the track, and all that the parents had time to do was to throw the children clear of the trolley, when the engine dashed into them and killed them on the spot. Both the children were admitted into the home. There are now thirty boys and forty girls in residence.

Large as was the amount which Mr. Marsh left, it appears that it is not sufficient to erect the requisite buildings and at the same time endow them, if the institution is to be large enough to meet the numerous requests for admission. Boys and girls, some of whom are in grave moral danger, have had to be refused for lack of accommodation. A boy sleeping in a disused graveyard and living on crusts of bread given by neighbours, a little girl left alone through her mother's death, a clergyman's son running wild, are a few of the needy cases that have had to be declined. It is necessary that at least another house for boys and one for infants should be erected by friends, and thus allow the original fund to be devoted to the sustenance of the inmates. 'If the homes are provided,' says Mr. T. E. Marsh, 'we can feed and clothe and train the children.'

In the year 1900 the Bookroom was removed from Queenstown to Cape Town, with the Rev. R. Lamplough as steward. In 1905 he died, having spent fifty years in the Wesleyan ministry. He was twice President of the South African Conference. He was also secretary and treasurer of the Missionary Society from its commencement. His ability and courtesy won for him the esteem and confidence of the whole Methodist Church.

An outbreak of bubonic plague in Cape Town in 1901 was followed by the removal of the natives to a location at Uitvlugt, near Maitland, where accommodation was provided by the Government for 8,000 Kafirs. The Rev. E. Nuttall promptly secured a plot of ground, centrally situated, and on this a native church and minister's house were erected. The whole



REV. T. E. MARSH.

cost, including the fencing of the ground, was £1,750. Here is a fine field for Christian effort. House-to-house visitation is carried on; local preachers hold services at street corners, taking the Gospel to the indifferent, and many a native when he returns to his distant home in Kafirland carries away something more precious than the 'gold that perisheth.'

Until the commencement of the nineteenth century the inhabitants of the Western towns were chiefly of Dutch descent, and the work of Methodism was limited to the coloured population, except at Simonstown, the naval station. As the over-sea trade of the colony developed, chiefly with England, English persons settled in the towns of the west, and they applied sometimes to the Anglican Episcopal Church, and sometimes to the Methodist Church, for religious services. English Wesleyan congregations were in consequence formed at Beaufort West, Muizenberg, and other places.

Wynberg is situated amid some of the finest scenery in South Africa, so grand are the outlines of Table Mountain, and so rich is the foliage of the trees. The Wesleyan church, built in the year 1829, had been added to and patched, and was in a very unsatisfactory condition. At the same time, it was heavily burdened with debt, and to build a new church appeared to be impossible. In the midst of this perplexity two brothers, James and Joseph Maynard, erected and presented to the Wesleyans the present church, in the Italian style of architecture. Mr. James gave the building, and Mr. Joseph gave the site and the internal fittings. This was in 1851. The old church was handed over to the coloured people for their exclusive use. In 1894 the new church, now old, was enlarged and improved, so as to seat 360 persons, and a handsome range of school buildings was erected.

Within recent years the Wynberg circuit has expanded. A Wesleyan church for Europeans has been built at Kenilworth, a picturesque suburb, and another at Muizenberg, a popular watering-place at the head of False Bay. In 1899 the coloured congregation at Diep River, with their church built in 1840 by the Rev. R. Haddy, was transferred to Wynberg. A school-room and a catechist's house had been added in 1884 by the Rev. R. Ridgill. The Diep River church was enlarged in 1902, and the catechist, Mr. Macleod, laboured there for thirty-seven years, and died in the work.

For half a century Methodism at Simonstown made very little progress. Soldiers and sailors were constantly moving, and if won to Christ did not permanently strengthen the local church. 'When I began to attend this church,' said a soldier, 'I was like one of the planks of the floor. I was as hard and as stupid as a piece of wood. But the Lord had mercy on me.' A sailor testified: 'I came to the service drunk, but the Lord convinced me of sin, and delivered me, so that I can now rejoice in Jesus.' Within six months both speakers were probably at the other side of the world. In 1886 the Rev. Ellis Williams made a humble attempt to provide a 'Home' for the men of both the naval and military services, which was urgently needed, but the only premises he could secure were unfavourably situated at the back of another building. What was required was a fully-equipped institution in a suitable position, and as no local help was available Mr. Williams obtained permission to visit England and solicit funds. He collected £500, but on his return, not being able to procure a convenient site, he placed the money in the bank. In 1896 the Rev. W. S. Caldecott and Mr. John E. Wood, M.L.A., interviewed Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, and obtained from the Government a grant of £750 towards the building fund, but no further step could then be taken. The Rev. J. H. Gathercole, on his arrival, entered heartily into the scheme, and was able to secure a suitable piece of ground. In 1890 the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was at length completed, and was opened with many congratulations by Rear-Admiral Sir R. H. Harris. The home contains library, reading-room, dining-room, and dormitories with thirty beds. During the first year over 6,000 men slept at the home. The value of such an institution can scarcely be overestimated, for it furnishes food at moderate prices, and without the fascination of intoxicating liquor. In several instances men staying at the home have been rescued from intemperance, and have entered upon a Christian life.

The Rev. W. S. Caldecott, during his brief pastorate (1896-97) renovated and beautified the church on the hillside built in 1829, and added thereto a schoolroom for Sabbath and Day schools. He also erected a convenient parsonage. With this equipment Methodism in Simonstown has a hopeful future.

Stellenbosch, an old Dutch town, with wide streets lined with oak-trees, was visited by the Rev. E. Edwards as early as

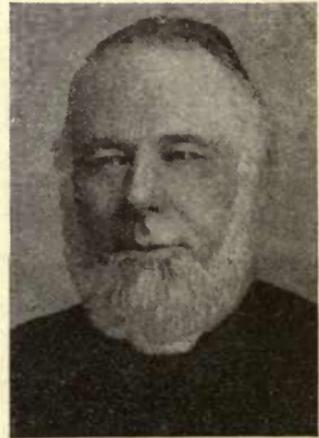
the year 1837, in order to preach to the newly-liberated slaves employed in the vineyards. The Dutch were not favourable to the instruction of their servants, but they offered no opposition to the Wesleyans, whom they looked upon with friendly feelings. Mr. Edwards resided at Stellenbosch for nearly thirty years.



REV. E. EDWARDS.

At first he preached in the hall of his house, but in 1840 a church was completed, and the Dutch Reformed minister, the Rev. J. T. Heroldt, preached the opening sermon. In 1843 the Rev. B. Shaw was appointed to Stellenbosch, but in 1848 Mr. Edwards returned to his former charge, and whether in Namaqualand, Cape Town, or Stellenbosch, he was always assiduous, fearless, and devout. After forty-seven years of faithful service he retired in 1864, and died in 1866, saying: 'All

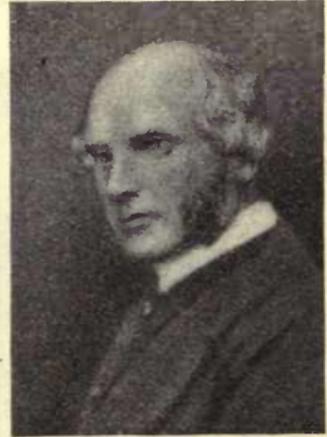
is well, give my love to the brethren.' He was succeeded at Stellenbosch in 1865 by the Rev. J. Priestley, and in 1874 by the Rev. R. Ridgill, who, during his seven years' residence, built, in 1878, the present handsome and commodious Gothic church at a cost of £2,500. In 1881 the Rev. H. Tindall took charge of the congregation, and remained at Stellenbosch for fifteen years. The work was carried on amid discouraging circumstances. Numbers of the coloured people removed to Kimberley, Cape Town, and the Transvaal, attracted thither by the prospect of higher wages. In this way the local church lost many of its most promising young people, and not a few of its experienced officials. Methodism retained, however, its distinctive features. The class meeting was maintained and appreciated, as it generally is by the natives. In 1896 Mr. Tindall's health failed, and he retired from the active ministry after having laboured for forty-six years. He was President of the Conference in 1888.



REV. H. TINDALL.

The Rev. W. F. Edwards succeeded him, and removed from Robertson, where for twenty-one years he had been pastor of the coloured congregation. His death, in 1901, was a great loss to the Dutch department of Methodist work in the Western Province. A name to be honoured is that of Mr. C. W. Hendrickse, who for forty-two years was catechist at Stellenbosch, and was a man of devoted piety and zeal.

Somerset West is a pleasant village lying within a crescent-shaped opening at the foot of the Hottentot's Holland Mountains. The Mission was commenced in 1837, just as the coloured people were emerging from slavery, by the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, who purchased an old wine-store and transformed it into a place of worship. The floor was made of earth, smeared once a week with cow-dung, a more cleanly process than might be supposed. Numbers of coloured men and women came on Sundays from the surrounding farms, walking several miles, and carrying their shoes in their hands, putting them on when about to enter the village. Maidens came bare-headed, matrons covered their heads with a white kerchief, and the men wore leather trousers, fustian jackets, and rough shoes of untanned hide. In 1847 this building was enlarged, and accommodation was provided for 500 persons. Two years later Somerset West was separated from Stellenbosch, and placed under the pastorate of the Rev. R. Ridgill, who resided here at different times for sixteen years. In the year 1861 he completed the existing handsome church, the first at the Cape in a creditable style of architecture. Hitherto Wesleyan churches had been ugly barn-like specimens of the hideous style prevalent in the early Georgian era. Recently services have been commenced on Sunday evenings for the European residents.



REV. J. BAILIE.

At Somerset West, in 1883, the Rev. J. A. Bailie died, after thirty-seven years of self-denying labour at Nisbett Bath, Lilyfontein, Simonstown, Wynberg, and Somerset West. The claims of the heathen and of the coloured people, constrained him to a life of toil and privation in rough pioneer-

ing days. He was buried at Stellenbosch in the Dutch cemetery.

Mr. Ridgill's later years were spent at Wynberg, where he died in 1899. He had been a minister for fifty-six years, and from the first devoted himself to the Dutch-speaking natives. He was President of the Conference in 1885, and discharged the duties of that office with his usual urbane and dignified manner. He compiled a hymn-book in Dutch, of which he lived to publish seven editions. He had a fine poetic taste, and many of the hymns were either his own composition or translations of Wesley's hymns. He was a preacher of a fine order, and never cared to preach a sermon which did not contain sufficient Gospel truth to guide a seeker to Christ.

Robertson is another neat town of the Dutch type, and was for sixteen years the scene of the labours of the Rev. H. Tindall from 1859 to 1874. The mission is exclusively to the Dutch-speaking coloured people, and the work is rendered difficult by the intemperate habits of many, and the wretched dwellings they occupy. Education and improved habitations, together with the preaching of the Gospel, are slowly uplifting them from their squalor. In the year 1867 Mr. Tindall succeeded in building a beautiful Gothic church, the appearance of which was a constant incentive to the congregation to improve their own dwellings. This church was enlarged by the Rev. W. F. Edwards, who succeeded Mr. Tindall in 1874, and during his long and faithful



REV. R. RIDGILL.

pastorate of twenty-one years, from 1874 to 1880, and again from 1881 to 1896, the congregation increased, and a schoolroom was built. At Lady Grey a church was erected chiefly through the exertions of Mr. J. D. Lindsey; and now Robertson and Lady Grey form one of the most promising Mission circuits in the west.

It will have been perceived that from the first the work of Methodism in the west was of a missionary character. It could scarcely be otherwise. The coloured people, hitherto neglected, were naturally those to whom the Wesleyan ministers devoted their labours. They went to those who needed them

most. The iron hoof of slavery had left its degrading marks upon its victims in the form of lying, uncleanness, and indolence. Many of the liberated slaves spent their scanty earnings at the canteen, and lived in dwellings in which an English farmer would disdain to keep his pigs. The practice of the western farmers of paying their servants, partly in wine, given in the intervals of labour, tended to degrade them. Many of them occupied small plots of ground, and eked out a precarious livelihood by growing vegetables, and they were very poor. The labour bestowed upon these people was, however, attended with encouraging results. Many of them became consistent Christians, and as lay preachers and class leaders sought with earnestness to lead their neighbours to Christ and a higher life. The Government, by lessening the temptations to drunkenness, and making the prohibitory clauses of the Innes Act compulsory, and municipalities by insisting upon sanitary dwellings, can largely assist in their moral and material improvement. Without such aid the missionary is hindered, and sometimes baffled in his efforts. The permanent degradation of the labouring poor no one can desire.

Yielding to repeated requests, Beaufort West was occupied in 1883 as an outpost of the Cape Town circuit. The Rev. J. Smith Spencer, with Messrs. C. Lewis and S. Tonkin, two well-known Methodist laymen of Cape Town, visited Beaufort West, and a church, erected for the use of a Presbyterian minister, was presented to them by the trustees. The Rev. W. W. Rider was appointed to the town, and steady progress was made from the commencement. A few years later an excellent parsonage was presented by Mr. D. M. Wilson, as a thank-offering for his success in commercial pursuits. He was on his way from Johannesburg to Europe, when the train broke down at Beaufort West, where he had formerly resided. He walked into the town to see old friends, and, meeting the Rev. T. D. Rogers, who had succeeded Mr. Rider, he inquired how the Methodist congregation was progressing. Finding that a parsonage was needed, Mr. Wilson bought one for £1,100, paid for it, presented it to the Wesleyan church, and in a few hours resumed his journey. Within recent years, during the pastorate of the Rev. D. Moore, a church for the coloured people has been built in the town, and one for the Kafirs in the location. With few notable events, Methodism is a force in Beaufort West, making for righteousness, not to be ignored.

The opening of the copper mines in Namaqualand, and the arrival of a number of Cornish miners to develop them, rendered it necessary for the Wesleyans to provide for the spiritual wants of the newcomers. For some time the mining stations were visited from Lilyfontein, a distance of ninety miles; but in 1876 the Rev. W. Cliff was sent to O'okiep, and he extended his labours to the other mines. There are now two ministers on the ground—one at O'okiep, and the other at Concordia—for whom residences are provided by the South African Mining Company, which also makes grants towards the cost of the Mission. The congregations are small but active, and sixty-eight persons are members of the church. Attention is also given to the natives who earn good wages, and could make their homes comfortable; but what should be spent in food and clothing often passes into the hands of the canteen-keeper. By means of the services, not a few of the native labourers have been rescued from drunkenness and abject poverty, and assisted to temperate thrifty habits and a devout life.

THE BRITISH SETTLERS OF 1820.

AT the close of the wars with Napoleon England suffered severely from commercial depression. Bread was dear, and flour sold at famine prices. Trade was diminished, and labour was ill-paid. Disbanded soldiers and dockyard labourers wandered over the country seeking in vain for employment. Bankruptcies were numerous, and thousands of families struggled for a bare existence.

To relieve this distress, Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of Cape Colony, suggested that a number of English families should be located in the district called the 'Zuurveld,' where they could obtain a comfortable livelihood as farmers and agriculturists.

The Zuurveld has no definite boundary, but it may be said to extend from the Great Fish River to Algoa Bay, and from the Zuurberg Range to the sea. It derives its name, Zuurveld, or Sour Pasture, from the acid nature of the grass, produced, it is supposed, by the saline sea-breezes. Mimosa-thorn trees stud the landscape, whilst on the slopes of the hills grow succulent shrubs, as the spekboom (the favourite food of the elephant), hollow-skinned euphorbias, with their melancholy-looking branches, and aloes, with their brilliant crimson flowers. This district had for nearly forty years been overrun by various clans of the fierce Ama-Xosa, under their chiefs, Cungwa and Ndlambe.

This aggression was a distinct breach of treaty. In the year 1780 the Ama-Xosa formally acknowledged to the Dutch Governor, Joachin Van Plattenberg, that the Great Fish River, which, as a nation, they had not yet crossed, was the boundary of their country, and that beyond it they had neither right nor claim. But they never attempted to keep within the recognised limit. The cattle of the Dutch farmers excited their cupidity, and on several occasions the Ama-Xosa swarmed across the

Fish River and laid waste the Zuurveld, burning houses, slaying farmers, and sweeping off thousands of cattle and sheep.

These destructive raids continued until Cape Colony became a British possession. In the year 1811 the Governor, Sir John Cradock, resolved to clear the Zuurveld of the marauders. By his orders, Colonel John Graham, at the head of a large body of soldiers and burghers, entered the Addo Bush and drove the Ama-Xosa before them. Cungwa was shot in a skirmish near Alexandria. Ndlambe fled; and, before the close of the year, 20,000 natives had been driven across the Fish River. Military posts were established on or near the river to guard the frontier, and the largest, built on a farm belonging to Lucas Meyer, was called Grahamstown, in honour of the commander of the expedition.

For some time the Zuurveld was unoccupied. Here and there a Dutch farmer ventured back to his old homestead, and resumed farming operations, but the dread of the Ama-Xosa hung over the land. In 1819 the Gcalekas, the royal tribe, led by Ndlambe, and a celebrated witch-doctor, Makana, crossed the Fish River, and, to the number of 10,000, attacked the military fort of Grahamstown, then garrisoned by about 400 soldiers under Colonel Wilshire. 'To battle! To battle!' shouted Makana. 'Let us drive the white men into the sea; then we will sit down and eat honey.'

The few soldiers met the attack with volleys of musketry and grape-shot. The Gcalekas fought with great bravery. They penetrated into the barrack square; they rushed upon the muzzles of the guns, but were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Before mid-day they fled, leaving 1,700 of their number dead on the ground. The natives never again attacked a garrison town.

The unwisdom of leaving the Zuurveld tenantless was thus forced upon the attention of the British Government, and Lord Charles Somerset urged that it should be filled up with British emigrants. 'Here is a country,' he wrote, 'unrivalled in the world for beauty and fertility.' Parliament readily voted £50,000 for the purpose, and so great was the desire of Englishmen to seek their fortunes in South Africa that 90,000 persons applied; and out of these, with great care, 4,000 were selected. The descendants of the British settlers have every reason to be proud of their forbears, who, though they were poor, were shrewd, enterprising, industrious, and men of

character. Glowing representations of the country they were to occupy were circulated. It was suited to the mulberry, the vine, and the melon; it could grow all kinds of vegetables; the surface had but to be tickled with a plough and it would smile with abundant crops of grain. The people emigrating to this Arcadia would soon find themselves, if not wealthy, very comfortable. Of the dangers they would probably have to encounter from Kafir incursions nothing was said. Such concealment may have been unintentional, but in subsequent days it created great discontent.

The plan of the British Government was to send out the settlers in parties of ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred families, each party being under a head with whom the authorities transacted their business. The religious wants of the emigrants were not overlooked, and, where a hundred families combined to form one party, they were at liberty to choose a minister of any denomination, and the Government would make an annual grant towards his support.

A number of Wesleyan families, chiefly resident in London, decided to take with them a Wesleyan minister, and with the approval both of the Government and of the Missionary Committee, the Rev. William Shaw, who was in no way related to the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, was selected as chaplain to the London or Sephton party.

The selection was a happy one. The Rev. W. Shaw was then a young man, possessed vigorous health, and took a deep interest in the affairs of the settlers. He proved to be an able preacher, a devoted pastor, and a sagacious administrator. He was dignified, without being austere; genial, yet never frivolous. In later years the colonists learned to trust him as one who recognised and advocated their just claims to protection. The natives, when they knew him, loved him as a missionary who had their best interests at heart. Successive governors consulted him as one on whose sound judgment and accurate knowledge they could always rely.

The emigrants arrived in Algoa Bay in April, 1820. The low sand hills on which grew a few stunted bushes, the salt marshes covered with short wiry grass, were disappointing to eyes fresh from looking on the rich green pastures of England. Fort Frederick and four small houses were then the rudiments of a town which has grown to be the chief commercial port of Cape Colony.

Large surf-boats conveyed the emigrants from the ships to

the shore, where tents had been erected for their accommodation. Numerous waggons were in readiness to carry them to their destination, and then commenced the journey which to English minds must have been full of wonder. The long spans of oxen that drew the heavy waggons slowly over the veld, the cracking of the huge whips of the drivers, the hoarse cries to the oxen in a strange speech, the impish-looking fore-louppers or leaders, the open country without fence or road, the crimson aloes on the hill-sides, the elephants that roamed the Addo Bush, the quaggas that galloped wildly over the plains, the



LANDING OF THE BRITISH SETTLERS IN ALGOA BAY.

(From a painting in the possession of Miss Ayliff.)

baboons that barked defiance from the rocks—all was strange, wonderful, and exciting.

After a journey of 100 miles, the scenes of their future homes were reached. The settlers to whom Mr. Shaw was chaplain had their allotments in the beautiful valley of the Assagai River, where Salem now stands. Mr. Shaw, in describing their arrival, wrote: 'We took our boxes out of the waggon and placed them on the ground. The driver bade us "goeden dag," cracked his whip, and drove away, leaving us to our reflections. My wife sat down on one box and I on another.

The beautiful blue sky was above us and the green grass beneath our feet. We looked at each other for a few minutes and exchanged a few sentences. But it was no time for sentiment, and we were soon engaged in pitching our tent and removing into it our trunks and bedding. All the other settlers were similarly occupied, and in a short time the extensive Valley of the Assagai presented a lively and picturesque appearance.' This was the home of the Sephton party.

The Rev. H. H. Dugmore, who was then ten years of age, has described in his usual graphic manner the places where the several parties were located. 'Bailie's party made their way to the mouth of the Fish River, where it was said the Head hoped to found a seaport town. The Duke of Newcastle's protégés from Nottingham took possession of the beautiful Vale of Clumber, naming it after one of their patron's residences. Wilson's party settled between the plains of Waai-plaatz and the Kowie bush, right across the path of the elephants, some of which they tried to shoot with fowling-pieces.' These, with Sephton's party, formed the four large groups of settlers. The smaller ones filled up the intervening spaces, from Seven Fountains in the west to Kleinemonde in the east, and from Grahamstown to the sea. Each party was guided to its allotment by Colonel Cuyler, the Landdrost of Uitenhage, who, as he bade them good-bye, significantly said: 'Gentlemen, when you go out to plough, never leave your guns at home.' The blackened gables of deserted Dutch homesteads which the emigrants had passed on their journey must have warned them that pioneer farming, with heathen savages not far away, would not be the Arcadian pursuit they had been led to expect.

Tents were the first dwellings of the settlers, but they were soon superseded by 'wattle and daub' huts of a very primitive form. 'Many a father and son, with axe on shoulder, ranged the wooded kloofs in search of door-posts and rafters; and many a mother and daughter cut wattles and thatch nearer home for walls and roof; ay, and many a back ached under successive loads, borne toilsomely from tangled thicket and rushy swamp. Stone and brick were among the visions of an advanced order of things belonging to the future.' Mr. Shaw's first dwelling was a single room, 12 feet square, made of twigs plastered with mud; he and his wife slept above the rafters and under the unlined thatch.

The majority of the settlers had come from English towns

and knew little of farming. 'Some sowed carrot-seed at the bottom of trenches two spades deep, filling up the trenches with soil as soon as it was done. The remark of one who saw the process was: "It will come up most likely in England about the same time it does here." In another case, a man wishing to get some mealies (maize) for seed, applied to his neighbour who had obtained a supply; but found he had planted the whole cob without knocking off the grain. A third person planted out a lot of young onions, roots upwards. The results of these blunders rather disgusted some of the cockney farmers, as the wags called them.' At best, farming was carried on under difficulties. The driving of untrained oxen, the use of the long, unwieldy whip, the breaking up of the hard veldt, all under a semi-tropical sun, made agricultural pursuits laborious and exhausting.

Then one trouble followed another. Rust destroyed the wheat crops as they were shooting into ear. A severe drought in 1821 impoverished and all but ruined the struggling settlers. The drought was followed by a great flood, which washed away their crops and destroyed their dwellings. One man inquired of his neighbour 'if he had seen anything of his house passing that way.' But misfortunes fell lightly on merry hearts.

The Government came to their assistance with liberal rations of meat and meal, which, distributed at headquarters, had to be conveyed twenty or thirty miles in days when the settlers owned no waggons, and when the roads were little more than footpaths. Much of the food was carried home laboriously on back or shoulder. To a mechanic, fresh from an English town, it was no easy task to drive ten or fifteen ration sheep from Grahamstown to Bathurst over hill and dale. A rustling sound in the bush, perhaps a hare startled from its lair, and the sheep scattered, two in one direction, three in another, and the rest anywhere. A swift pursuit through the bush, in which face was scratched and clothes were torn, only made the errant sheep flee the swifter. Driven to desperation, the driver at length exclaimed, 'Dead or alive, I'll secure one of you at any rate,' and a discharge from his fowling-piece stretched a sheep on the ground. He was still miles away from home, but he carried his load the whole distance. That was the only sheep of the lot that reached its intended destination. The wild dogs, wolves, and jackals got all the rest.

There was no grocery or drapery store in the district, and

many were the devices adopted to supply some of the luxuries, or, as we should consider them, the necessaries of life. The leaves of a Cape shrub did service for tea. Roasted barley formed a substitute for coffee, and honey out of the rock supplied the absence of sugar. Dried potato-tops were the nearest approach to tobacco that the lovers of the weed could procure. Hats were manufactured from indigenous straw; veldschoens or shoes were made from hides slightly tanned; and sheepskin garments replaced worn-out tweeds and broadcloth. Life was rough, but it had its compensations. Meat was plentiful and cheap. The utmost freedom was enjoyed, and there were no narrow roads with boards announcing 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' The veldt and bush abounded with game, and in pinching times a man could sally forth with his gun, shoot his breakfast, and then carry it home and cook it. The climate was healthy—so healthy, in fact, that the doctors who had accompanied the emigrants from England retired in disgust, as there was no request for their services.

Many of the emigrants were skilled artizans, and found that they could more profitably employ themselves at their trades. Lord Charles Somerset had proclaimed Grahamstown the capital of the district, and there was a need for mechanics of all kinds for the purpose of erecting houses and barracks. Stores and shops were required to supply the troops and the population with food and clothing. There sprang up a demand for masons and carpenters, for smiths and painters, at high wages; and those who were familiar with these crafts quitted farming and settled in town. Other settlers migrated to the north-eastern border, where they became large sheep-farmers, for the introduction of merino had made wool-growing a most profitable pursuit. Some travelled as hawkers, first with pack on back, and as they gained money with tented ox-waggon, and developed into wealthy merchants. Others betook themselves to elephant hunting, for a shot might secure a pair of tusks worth £40. But whatever the pursuit was, the energy, the skill, and the moral worth of the British settlers of 1820 laid the foundation of the subsequent prosperity of the eastern districts of Cape Colony.

SALEM, THE MOTHER CHURCH.

THE Sephton party named their new home Salem, for their hope was that the fair valley of the Assagai would never again be disturbed by war. Not far from the river stood a 'wattle and daub' house, put up by a Dutch farmer, but which he had deserted when the Ama-Xosa swept through the district. It was about 60 feet long, 12 feet broad, and had an open thatched roof. This frail building became for a time the centre of the religious and political life of the settlement. It was the Town Hall, where the people met and discussed public questions. It served as a commissariat store, from which rations of meat and meal were distributed. One end was cut off by a curtain, and was used as a hospital. On Sunday, after it had been cleaned and swept, it was employed for public worship.

The furnishing of this building for the services was extremely scanty. For a pulpit a writing-desk was placed on the top of a flour barrel, the preacher stood on an empty ammunition case, the people brought their own stools or chairs, and with this simple arrangement the congregation assembled. But if the service was plain, the sermons were rich in spiritual instruction, for Mr. Shaw was a close student of the fifty volumes of Wesley's Christian Library, and his preaching was enriched by his acquaintance with the best Puritan writers. The provisions stored in the building attracted rats, and the rats were hunted by snakes. On one occasion Mr. Shaw was addressing the congregation when someone exclaimed: 'Oh, sir, there is a puff adder between your feet!' Looking down, Mr. Shaw saw one of the most venomous of African reptiles lying on the ground. He quietly stepped aside, and the deadly intruder was quickly despatched.

Mr. Shaw understood his commission in no narrow sense. He was the appointed chaplain of the Sephton party, but he

was no hireling, doing cold duty for formal pay. 'I belong to a sect,' he said, but he loved to add: 'I never had a sectarian heart.' His sympathies went forth to all his countrymen. The various parties of settlers were scattered over an area of 1,500 square miles, in the valleys of the Assagai, Kasouga, Karioga, and Kowie Rivers. He was not officially responsible for their spiritual welfare, but, knowing they were without public services and in danger of lapsing into irreligion, he began to visit the various encampments. This was a work of no small difficulty. There were no roads, no bridges across the streams, and no map of the district. He had to trust to vague directions from wandering Hottentots, as they pointed to this hill or the other valley. In his earliest journeys, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback, he often missed his way, and occasionally had to sleep in the forest, which at that time was infested with ferocious animals. When darkness fell on the landscape the deep roar of the lion, the scream of the leopard, and the hideous laugh of the hyena were borne on the night air. Mr. Shaw sought security, and such repose as could be obtained, by climbing a tree, and seating himself among its branches. At other times, at the close of a fatiguing walk over pathless hills, and after wading through unbridged rivers, he lay on the ground in a settler's tent, or half-finished hut, without doors or windows, and wrapped in a blanket, enjoyed the deep, sweet sleep of a labouring man. As may be imagined, Mr. Shaw had little time for study, and most of his sermons were made when proceeding from one encampment to another.



REV. W. SHAW.

These toilsome journeys, however, bore rich fruit. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists—nearly all without pastoral care—welcomed him as heartily as did his own people. They greeted him with a warm clasp of the hand, and eyes often dim with tears, for they felt grateful to the man who came to their rude settlements to bring to them the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.' The services were held under the shade of a wide-spreading tree or the shadow of a rock. Mr. Shaw avoided all controversy, and preached

the great essentials of the Christian faith. To men and women pioneering in a strange land, and for whom no Sabbath bell rang, these services were doubly refreshing. With many expressions of gratitude, and requests for future visits, they bade him good-bye, and, with wistful eyes, watched him disappear over the hill.

Mr. Shaw sought out and gathered round him a noble band of lay assistants, or the spiritual needs of the people could not have been supplied. Amongst these helpers were Messrs. Oates and Roberts, of Salem; Richard Walker, of Port Francis; John Ayliff, of Wilson's party; William Shepstone, of the New Bristol location; William Pike, of Clumber; Messrs. Aldham, Bonnin, Sargeant, Booth, Attwell, and many others who fed and fanned the flame of piety. 'These plain preachers of a plain Gospel went from location to location, taking shady trees or sheltering woodside as their standing-places, and gathered around them little companies, seated on the grass, listening attentively, and thankful to find themselves remembered and cared for in reference to their highest of all interests.' Messrs. Ayliff and Shepstone, at a later date, entered the ranks of the ordained ministry, and became distinguished missionaries. Richard Walker rendered scarcely less valuable service as an assistant-missionary on several stations.

Opposition was overruled in one instance 'for the furtherance of the Gospel.' Dr. Calton, the head of the Nottingham party, was a determined opponent of Methodism, and attempted to prevent any of its adherents being in his vessel, the *Albany*. Great was his vexation to find, when at sea, that at least one Wesleyan, Mr. Pike, was on board, and that he was holding meetings for prayer. Dr. Calton threatened the offender that unless he kept his religion to himself he would have no allotment of land on his arrival in Cape Colony. Strange to say, Dr. Calton died in Algoa Bay. After the settlement of the party at Clumber, Mr. Pike regularly held services in the bush, close to his tent; and his simple piety and manifest sincerity having won the esteem of his fellow settlers, they elected him head of the party. Clumber became a centre of spiritual influence, and has so continued to this day. The people have retained not a little of the quaint simplicity and religious fervour of English rural Methodism when at its best.

The most distant camp from Salem was that of Bailie's party, near the mouth of the Fish River, who were too far away for Mr. Shaw to visit them. Mr. Bailie was a generous

and brave man, and, thirty years later, lost his life on the Natal coast, whilst attempting to save some shipwrecked persons. One of his sons, Charles, fell into a state of deep depression on account of his sins. The father, when on a visit to Bathurst, found a volume of the Methodist Magazine, and, on opening it, read a graphic account of the wreck of the *Grosvenor*. 'This will interest Charles,' he said, and he took the book home. Charles discovered in the volume the way of salvation by faith in Christ, and soon rejoiced in the forgiveness of sins. He told his brother John, who in a short time shared his happiness. The father, to whom conversion was a mystery, deeply lamented the change, saying: 'Both my sons are lost to me.' In the war of 1834 Charles was placed in command of a number of native volunteers, and won the respect and esteem of Colonel Harry Smith. Whilst patrolling in the Amatolas he was surrounded by a large body of Kafirs, and he and all his men were slain. His body was subsequently recovered, and in his belt was found his Bible, which was sent to his widow. John, his brother, vacated a comfortable post in the Civil Service, and, as we have seen, entered the Wesleyan ministry, commencing mission work at Lilyfontein. For many years he laboured with much success in Namaqualand and the Cape, and two of his daughters married ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church—the Revs. Charles Murray and A. Luckhoff.

As the settlers rose to circumstances of greater comfort they erected, at considerable cost and labour, a number of neat, substantial places of worship. Clumber church was built on a green knoll overlooking a picturesque valley. At Trapp's Valley and at Bathurst the churches were placed amid lovely park-like scenery. At Port Francis, now Port Alfred, the church stood among dark woods and in sight of the sea. At Collingham, Green Fountain, Manley's Flats, and Seven Fountains, the churches were built near perennial springs. And thus Salem became the mother of churches, which were continually being increased in number as the people spread on every side.

The 'anniversaries' of these plain but sacred buildings were held with each recurring year, linking the settlers with scenes in the homeland. On the day appointed the people came from far and near. Some arrived in carts drawn by oxen, some on sledges, and others on horseback, or on the backs of oxen, and not a few on foot. What hearty greetings, that oft trembled between a laugh and a tear! What reminiscences of the 'Old

Country' were awakened in many a breast! But the bell rings, and soon the little church is crowded to the door. Songs of praise in a strange land ascend to God from grateful hearts. The sermon, preached for years by Mr. Shaw, refreshes and strengthens the hearers. The service ended, the people issue forth into the sunshine; the table is spread in Nature's dining hall, under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and the guests from a distance are treated with generous hospitality. The meal over, and, whilst the children join in mirthful games, fathers and mothers, seated on the grass, talk long of old times and old deeds in the Fatherland, of trials and successes in the new home, until the lengthening shadows cast by the setting sun remind them it is time to disperse. From scenes like these the people went home, carrying away memories which cheered their solitude for many months.

Fifty years later the Rev. H. H. Dugmore recorded his pleasant recollections of the settlers who worshipped in these infant churches in the days of his early ministry. 'Old names and scenes rise before me as I look back on those times—Cook, Penny, Bonnin, and Lee, in connection with Reed Fountain. From thence I had to be ferried across the mouth of the Kowie by the old ferryman, Joseph King, my horse swimming behind me, to keep my Port Francis appointment, where the names of Gilfillan and Thornhill recur. Then, further eastward, was Green Fountain, where Mrs. James's far-famed cheese was made, and where resided the venerable head of the Wedderburn family. At James's party chapel there gathered the Jameses, the Ushers, the Haywards, the Randells, and the Bartletts. At Manley's Flat, much nearer home, I have a grateful recollection of the hospitality of the kind Major Bagott and his warm-hearted lady. Still nearer Grahamstown was the congregation at Collingham, where lived the Wallaces, the Marshalls, the Honeys, and the Wentworths.

'But the chief centre of evangelical interest and effort in those days, so far as Lower Albany was concerned, was Clumber, the location of the Nottingham party. The chapel stood on a natural mound at the brook side, in the centre of a beautiful wooded valley. This spot, on a Sunday morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, presented a very animated picture. The days of buggies and spring carts had not yet arrived, but the young settlers of both sexes belonged to the equestrian order. On Sunday morning, as service time drew near, little troops of riders might be seen coming into sight

from all sides. The Cawoods from Kafir Drift, and the Mounceys, and Cockcrofts, and Bentleys, from Harewood—these came from the greatest distance. From Wilson's party came the Purdons, headed by the stately old soldier who had fought for King George in the wars of the last century. Bathurst sent in a troop of Hartleys from the opposite direction. The half-way bush contributed the Goldswains, the Tarrs, and the Elliotts, a double family—the shrewd, thrifty William, and the mild, simple-hearted Mark, ever-ready for devotional exercises with his fellow Christians. From the Lushington Valley direction came the Timms. Following the course of the chapel brook came the Gradwells, the Foxcrofts, the Peels, the Hulleys, the Pikes, and the Goldings; Lemon Valley sent the Brents, the Birts, the Newths (a couple of them old man-of-war's men, who could talk of Nelson's sea victories), the Bradfields, the Hodgkinsons, and Joshua Davis, the old cavalry soldier, who was at home on the subject of the Peninsular War, and could tell of the horses he rode at the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, and whose wife was one of the most devoted Christians in the neighbourhood. The very features of the men stand up before me as in a mirror. Young Thomas Hartley, scrupulously careful in dress and polite in manners; the graver brother, William, in after-years school-superintendent, class leader, and local preacher; and "Gentleman Cawood," as James was called, from his appearance and manners. All these names, so far as I know, are borne by their great-grandchildren, who have spread them far and wide, and have made the "little one become a thousand."

Mr. Shaw was fully employed. 'I ride,' he said, 'every other week upwards of one hundred and thirty miles, and preach eight times during my round, independent of my labours at home on the Sabbath, and occasional labours in other places; but, after all, I cannot go to many who are saying: "Come and help us." I desire to go to the frontier, where there are upwards of a thousand British soldiers without any chaplain; I am anxious to visit Somerset, and to preach regularly on the Sabbath at Grahamstown, and some other places; but I can only be in one place at a time.'

Grahamstown was yet little more than a garrison town. In addition to the European troops, there was a Hottentot regiment, 500 strong, with a large following of women and children, most of whom were heathen. The trading population was increasing. For this mixed community there was

neither church nor minister of any denomination, not even a chaplain for the troops. The absence of Christian teaching bore its usual bitter fruit. One who wrote at the time from personal observation, said: 'All classes at Grahamstown are sunk—who can marvel?—very low in drunkenness, lewdness, and many other deadly sins.'

On Christmas Day, 1820, Mr. Shaw rode over from Salem in a heavy rain, determined, full-handed as he was, that if the door was opened for the preaching of the Gospel he would not spare himself. He found two non-commissioned officers, Sergeants-Major Price and Lucas, who had been led to Christ by Sergeant Kendrick at Capetown, and as the latter was building a house for himself, he arranged for one large room in it, which he offered to Mr. Shaw for public worship. How much Methodism owes to soldiers! Captain Webb assisted to introduce Methodism into North America; John Haime, who fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, was one of John Wesley's assistants, and a man of mark. The first Methodists in Gibraltar were soldiers, five of whom were tried by court-martial for holding services among the garrison, and were sentenced to receive 500 lashes each. Sergeant Kendrick laid the foundation of the Methodist Church in South Africa, and Sergeants Lucas and Price were the first to welcome the Wesleyan minister to Grahamstown. The Methodist Church has in recent years devoted increasing attention to the spiritual wants of the army, but she is only repaying a debt. Methodist soldiers have carried the influence of their church all over the world.

Sergeant Lucas's room, near Fort England, was speedily crowded to excess, and in a few months the congregation removed to a disused mess-room of the Royal African Corps, in African Street. This building was soon afterwards sold, and the people then worshipped in a carpenter's shop on Settlers' Hill, and when this proved too small, they assembled in an Odd Fellows' Lodge.

Migratory habits suit swallows, but seldom benefit churches. The erection of a Wesleyan chapel in Grahamstown became of supreme importance. The undertaking was no light one. Money was scarce, and the inhabitants were poor. But whatever the difficulty, Mr. Shaw resolved to act. He purchased a plot of ground in the best place he could find, for 'there were not many willing to sell, who were able to give a legal title to their property.' When the foundation stone was laid, on

December 5, 1821, Mr. Shaw had half a crown in his pocket, and a few promises of help. Frequently, as the structure progressed, in order to meet the demands of the builder, he had to deprive himself and his family of some of the necessaries of life. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, 'we never lacked meat and milk.' The church cost £500, and when it was opened, in 1823, half the amount had been obtained, chiefly in small gifts from the soldiers. Mr. Shaw preached in the morning, and as he sat in the pulpit and looked upon a congregation of Europeans and coloured persons, worshipping together in the first church erected in Albany, and which had entailed 'no common pains and perplexity,' his heart overflowed with deep thankfulness to God. The Rev. William Threlfall, whose missionary career was to terminate so tragically in Namaqualand, preached in the evening.

The 'Yellow Chapel,' as it was called, was situated in Chapel Street, a narrow thoroughfare, running from High Street to Market Square, and was for years the spiritual home of Grahamstown Methodism. For a time it was lent to the Anglicans, who held services in it twice every Sabbath. The Wesleyans assembled at 10.30 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6.30 p.m.; and the Episcopalians at 9 a.m., and 2 p.m. When the cathedral was built, the Anglicans returned the kindness by granting its use for the annual sermon on Settlers' Day. The friendship of those days has, alas! vanished before the hauteur of the modern clergyman, with his ecclesiastical exclusiveness. However, as years passed, the Divine blessing richly rested on the Methodist services in Grahamstown, and the Yellow Chapel, once in such request, becoming too small, was vacated for larger buildings, and though still standing in its original form, is now in its obscurity used as a grocer's warehouse.

At Salem a church was erected, for 'the people had a mind to work.' Some felled yellow-wood trees, and sawed them into boards and scantling; some made the walls of earth pounded hard, whilst others cut rushes for thatching. This building stood for ten years, when it was pulled down to make room for a more ornate and commodious structure.

The position of the settlers in relation to education was very unfavourable in those early years. Day-schools were, as a rule, impossible. Sunday-schools were begun, as circumstances admitted, in connection with the small congregations that assembled in the country chapels, and these, in many instances, supplied the only means of instruction within the

reach of the children. The only public school was at Salem, under the care of Mr. W. H. Matthews, and here not a few of the men who have since filled important public situations received their education. For nearly half a century Mr. Matthews was the teacher, magistrate, doctor, counsellor, and universal referee for all the country round, and he left a name that is still cherished with honour.

Taking a retrospect of what had been accomplished, Mr. Shaw became unwontedly exultant. 'Desert and solitary places have been peopled by a multitude of men to make room for whom even the beasts of the field have retreated from their ancient haunts; houses have arisen and villages sprung into existence as by magic; hundreds of acres of land which had hitherto lain untilled have been disturbed by the plough, and the clods torn to pieces by the harrow; but, what is better than all, many of these hills and dales which echoed with no other music than the dreary screams of the jackal, the harsh croaking of the frog, or the dissonant notes of the raven, now resound with the praises of the Saviour.'

The Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London nobly responded to the repeated appeals of the colonists for ministers, and the Revs. W. Threlfall, S. Young, and S. Kay were among the earliest arrivals. The Revs. J. Edwards, W. H. Boyce, S. Palmer, J. Cameron, W. J. Shrewsbury, G. H. Green, J. Archbell, W. H. Garner, W. J. Davis, and R. Giddy, followed at intervals. The area of missionary operations extended until it touched the borders of Natal and Basutoland. Up to the year 1840 the Methodist Church was almost the only one which provided for the spiritual wants of the colonists in the Eastern Province and of large numbers of natives in Kafirland. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore, in his 'Reminiscences of an Albany Settler,' of which use has been made in this and the preceding chapters, wrote: 'Let it not be supposed that in this enumeration there is any wish to ignore what has been done by other denominations. Much has been done by various branches of the Church Catholic, Roman and Anglican, Episcopalian and Nonconformist; but their exertions belong to a later period of colonial history. For years the Wesleyans stood virtually alone in the work of preaching the Gospel among the rural population. Zealously and energetically have other churches laboured since; but all this leaves the honour of priority where the God of providence saw fit to place it.'

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN THE EASTERN DISTRICTS OF CAPE COLONY.

GRAHAMSTOWN is the oldest, and for many years was the largest, town in the eastern districts. Sometimes in ironical allusion to the religiousness of its inhabitants, it was called 'The City of the Saints'; but generally it was known as 'The City of the Settlers.' Many of the immigrants of 1820 had settled there, and the majority were adherents of the Methodist Church. Of these persons, the Rev. W. B. Boyce wrote in the following racy manner: 'A more truly respectable and worthy community than these first settlers in Albany never existed. There was a marked originality about almost every individual colonist. Nobody imitated anybody, for every man was, as a settler, as good as another (or a little better) in his own opinion—an opinion, however, which was never offensively put forth—for the settlers were in feeling gentle and unobtrusive. Shovelled into a wilderness and left to make their own way, these patriarchs of Albany were a peculiar people. Show and style were things unknown; there was no pretence as to appearances. Business claims were not by any means absorbing. We were not too busy to be happy. We could spare time occasionally for rest and recreation. The storekeepers would shut up for a day to go to a chapel opening, an anniversary, or missionary meeting, or picnic. This was not idleness, but the result of the easy position in which, with no artificial wants and a rough plenty, the majority were almost without cares. Religiously and morally, the settlers were for the most part a "godly seed." Whether Churchmen, or Methodists, or Independents, or Baptists, they lived in peace. No angry controversy on religious topics arose among them. I cannot but look back to this period as the golden age of the Albany Colony.'

'I am obliged,' continues Mr. Boyce, 'to confess that we

Methodists were, on the whole, a plebeian set. Except an editor and printer, and a few wholesale storekeepers who, by general consent were termed merchants, the rest of us were retail storekeepers and artizans. In the country we were small farmers and graziers. In those days we made no pretensions to the gentility which is supposed to be connected with freedom from labour, for we all had to work for our living. None of us were ashamed of this or of our useful occupations, however lowly they might be. Our successors and descendants need not blush for us, for we made the colony what it is.'

At Grahamstown the Wesleyans still worshipped in the 'Yellow Chapel,' and within its homely walls were heard the Revs. S. Kay, J. Ayliff, W. J. Shrewsbury, John Davis, junior, and William Shaw, who returned from Kaffraria to Grahamstown in the year 1829. On several occasions, notably in 1822, 1830, and 1831, there were revivals of religion. Many of the young men who gave themselves to the Lord in those times of spiritual quickening became lay preachers, and some entered the ranks of the ministry. The Rev. T. Jenkins, afterwards the apostle to the Pondos; the Rev. Jeremiah Hartley, who died of brain fever in Bechuanaland brought on by exposure to the sun while preaching in the open air; the Rev. John Bailie, who left the ease of the Civil Service to pursue laborious mission work in Great Namaqualand; the Rev. J. P. Bertram, who did good service amongst the Tembus at Wittebergen and at Lesseyton; the Rev. R. Haddy, remarkable for his self-taught scholarly attainments; the Rev. J. T. Daniel, who laboured for years among the Baralongs; and, at a later date, the Rev. C. White, a saintly indefatigable worker; and the Rev. W. Sargeant, who through a long life was a diligent student. All these men had few educational advantages; they never received any collegiate training, and in their day books were few and costly. Their labours were severe, and often they had to build the church before they could preach in it, and to erect a house before they could live in it; yet by diligence and the prayerful consecration of their mental powers to God and His service, they became pioneers, and pastors, and preachers, of whom any church may be devoutly proud.

The 'Yellow Chapel' became too small for the increasing congregation, though the Congregationalists and Baptists had migrated to churches of their own. It was resolved to erect a large church in a more eligible position in High Street at a cost of £3,000. The new structure was called 'Wesley

Chapel.' It was opened in December, 1831, and accommodated 800 persons. Mr. Shaw thought it was 'very handsome and substantial'; but the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury who conducted one of the opening services, said, in his enthusiasm: 'It is an elegant building, the best chapel in the whole continent.' Undoubtedly, both in respect of appearance and situation, it was a great improvement on the 'Yellow Chapel' in Chapel Street, which was handed over to the Fingos, and was for years used by them for public worship.

Wesley Chapel had its baptism of Divine blessing in 1837. For weeks previously a prayer-meeting was held at five o'clock in the morning. The habits of the people were simple, and early rising was more common than now. Then came the Pentecostal Sabbath, when the congregation was swept, as it were, to its knees, and sought the Lord for salvation. The Rev. W. Shaw was absent, visiting the stations in the Transkei; but Mrs. Shaw wrote: 'Such a blessed revival of religion we never expected to see. The Lord is saving sinners by whole families. Scoffers have been soundly converted. The whole town is astonished. Our dear brethren Cameron and Green are labouring in season and out of season, and the Lord is crowning their efforts with success. There are no jarring strings.' In six weeks 300 persons, mostly young men and women, were added to the church. Why did the work cease? It is difficult to say. Perhaps God's people are too easily contented. Satisfied with the success attained, their prayers lose grip and force, and, like Joash, they strike three times when they should have stricken six. Conversions are not intended to be curiosities seen at rare intervals, and startling a drowsy church into the recognition of a forgotten hope. Conversions should be looked for, prayed for, as absolutely necessary to the existence of a church.

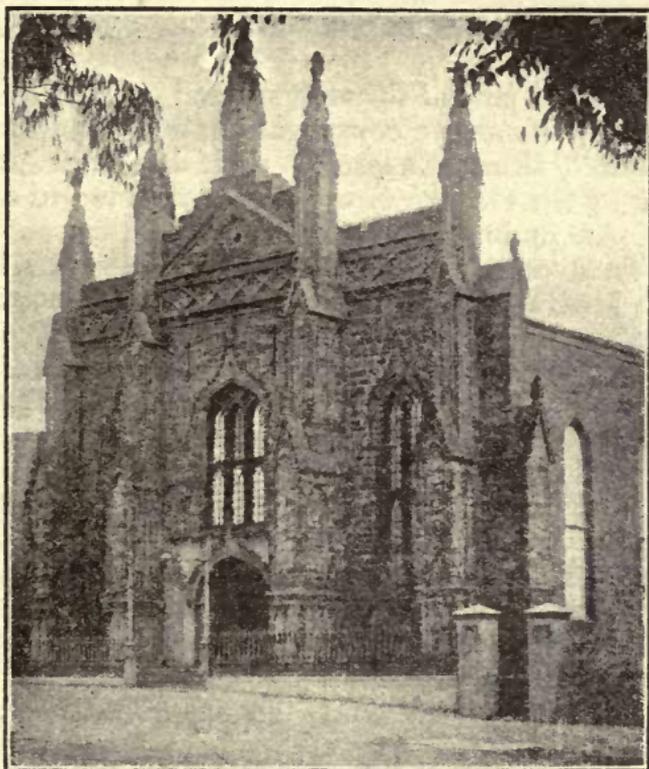
Though not chronologically accurate, in the year 1844 the semi-jubilee of the arrival of the settlers was held. April 10, the anniversary of the day on which they landed in Algoa Bay, was observed in Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, Bathurst, and other places with great rejoicings. Morning services were held in the various places of worship, followed by discharges of cannon and musketry; and in the evening banquets, at which glowing speeches were delivered on the wonderful history of the previous twenty-four years. At Grahamstown the sermon was preached in the cathedral by the Rev. W. Shaw, by permission of the Rev. J. Heavyside, the Rector, and 1,400

persons crammed the cathedral in every part, who, with few exceptions, were either settlers or their descendants.

The sermon was largely historical. Mr. Shaw described in picturesque language their arrival at the several settlements, the white tents amid the foliage of the copse and brushwood, the felling of the trees, the erection of the first 'wattle and daub' houses, the first furrow made by the plough in the virgin soil. He spoke of the blight that year after year fell on their crops, and how these failures had turned many of the settlers from farming, and 'made Albany a commercial settlement.' In not a few cases the pedlar's pack had been taken up, and had led to the well-stocked trader's waggon, and that in turn to busy warehouse. From Albany, the settlers had spread over the divisions of Uitenhage, Somerset, Cradock, even as far as Graaff Reinet and Colesberg, and had given an impetus to farming in the principal districts of the Eastern Province. Their fixed property could not be valued at less than £1,000,000 sterling. Their imports for the previous year had amounted to £135,919, and their exports of wool, hides, etc., to £132,975. This trade, by offering employment to British capital, had amply repaid the Mother Country for the expenditure of £50,000 in establishing the settlement. Nor had the settlers been indifferent to the claims of religion. During the previous twenty years they had built five Episcopal, four Congregational, one Baptist, one Roman Catholic, and eighteen Wesleyan churches—in all twenty-nine substantial places of worship. Missions had also been extended 300 miles into Kafirland, and seven settlers, or sons of settlers, were engaged as missionaries, and twelve others as catechists and teachers. Finally, with not a little impressiveness, he anticipated the time when British rule in South Africa would extend from the Cape to the tropic of Capricorn, and all races of men, white and black, would enjoy peace and prosperity. Alas! the vision is only in part fulfilled.

In fourteen years the congregation outgrew the accommodation of Wesley Chapel, and in 1845 it was determined to erect a larger church as a permanent memorial to the glory of God, who had so richly blessed the settlers since their arrival in the country. When this decision was made public, contributions flowed in from all parts of the Eastern Province, and from British settlers in other religious communities. A site almost opposite to Wesley Chapel was purchased for £2,000, and the foundation-stone of 'Commemoration Church' was laid by Mrs. Shaw on April 10, the anniversary of the landing of the

settlers twenty-five years before. The walls had not risen many feet when the War of the Axe broke out, and the work was stopped. Grahamstown was in a state of siege, the streets were barricaded, the windows were boarded up. Ministers went to their country appointments with armed escorts. All available men were required either to repel the invaders or to protect the country from further inroads. Provisions and labour rose to unusually high rates, so for four years the walls



COMMEMORATION CHURCH, GRAHAMSTOWN.

of the church were left untouched. When the war was over the building was proceeded with, but as no workmen could venture into the forests to cut timber the roof was ordered from London. The church was completed and dedicated to the worship of God on November 24, 1850, Mr. Shaw preaching the first sermon in it on 'Our holy and beautiful house.' The collection amounted to £157, a large amount in those days. The total cost was £10,000. The Government had made large financial grants towards the support of the clergy of the

Anglican and Roman Catholic churches in Grahamstown, and had defrayed nearly the entire cost of St. George's Church. Mr. Shaw thought he was justified in appealing to the Legislature for assistance, and after a little delay Parliament voted £1,000 towards the cost of the building. Architectural taste has greatly improved during the last half century, and the modern critic can easily detect in Commemoration Church faults of style and construction, but at the time it was erected it was one of the handsomest ecclesiastical structures in Cape Colony, and was a noble monument of the gratitude and liberality of the settlers.

Wesley Chapel passed through several changes. It was for a time used by the native congregation, but when they vacated it for a church situated nearer to their dwellings, on the location given by Sir George Grey, it was devoted to educational purposes. An embryo college was formed, classes for higher education were conducted by able teachers—the Rev. P. Smailes and Mr. P. McOwen—but after a struggle with increasing debt the college was closed, and the guarantors suffered considerable loss. Subsequently it was repaired and beautified, and renamed 'Shaw Hall.' Within the building large day and Sabbath schools are now conducted, and church meetings are occasionally held.

In the year 1856 the Rev. W. Shaw, on account of failing health, finally left the colony. For thirty-six years he had devoted himself not only to the building up of the Methodist Church in South Africa, but to the general welfare of the Eastern Province. Perhaps his highest ambition was to be remembered as the Chaplain of the British settlers. He lived to see formed fifty-one circuits grouped into three districts. He was a plain, practical preacher, and an unexampled pastor; and once, looking down on Grahamstown from a neighbouring hill, he said: 'There is not a house in that town in which I have not had the opportunity of offering prayer.' 'What Richard Baxter was to Kidderminster, William Shaw was to Grahamstown.' His knowledge of men and affairs, and his calm judgment, made him a wise and trusted counsellor. 'He had the sagacity of the statesman, without the craft of the diplomatist.' Military commanders sought his advice. Governor after Governor acknowledged the assistance he had rendered to them in times of trouble. Settlers honoured him for the sake of his services, always ungrudgingly given. He spent several years in England in active ministerial work; and

was elected President of the British Conference in 1865. He died in London in 1872. His unfailing courtesy animated the last words he uttered to his wife: 'Thank you, bless you, a thousand times.' He bade adieu to earth without a sigh, as though expecting in another world he would have even better work to do.

As Grahamstown extended suburban churches were erected—one at West Hill, in the year 1860, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Mrs. Impey, daughter of the Rev. W. Shaw, and another at Fort England, not far from the house occupied by Sergeant Lucas, in which Mr. Shaw preached on his first visit to Grahamstown.

Separate congregations were formed of Dutch-speaking coloured people, of Kafirs, and of Fingos, and each section had its own place of worship. So important did this work become that in 1843 a minister was appointed to take charge of it. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore was the first pastor, followed by the Revs. H. Pearce, W. H. Garner (who died in Grahams-town in 1864), and a long train of honoured men, closing with the Rev. W. C. Holden. A native minister has at the present time charge of the work, and a handsome native church has been erected in the location.

As a large number of natives are employed in the colony as servants, labourers, etc., most European churches in the towns have native congregations affiliated to them, under the care either of the English minister or of a native pastor. English circuits are thus Mission agencies as well, and promote the extension of Christianity among the heathen living in their vicinity. It is not necessary to dwell at length on the details of this work, as it differs little from that carried on in Kafirland.

In 1874 a valuable addition was made to Commemoration Church by the erection of an organ chamber, and the introduction of a very fine organ at a cost of £3,000, and in 1893 the organ was enlarged and improved at an additional cost of £1,200. The Puritan in thought will object that such expenditure is unjustifiable, and it undoubtedly is unjustifiable if in order to provide it the poor are neglected and spiritual work is crippled. Human beings are more precious than organs to the loving heart of Christ. But, on the other hand, the people to whom the Lord is precious feel that nothing is too costly for His service. If we lavish wealth on our public buildings and private dwellings, making them fit scenes of our civic and domestic life, we should deal generously with our churches, the centres of our spiritual life.

In 1878 the Rev. W. Impey, who had been for many years the honoured General Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in the eastern districts, changed his doctrinal views, and resigned his connection with the Methodist Church. His resignation, followed by that of his son, the Rev. B. S. H. Impey, caused general and sincere regret. He will always be remembered for the devoted character of his labours and the personal charm of his manner.



REV. W. IMPEY.

The vacancy thus created was filled by the Rev. J. Walton, who, at a few days' notice, left England for Grahamstown. He had a noble presence, and was an eloquent preacher and platform speaker. He had acquired a wide experience in India and in England, and his bold, saga-

cious ministration will be long held in affectionate remembrance. He was made Chairman of the Grahamstown District, was elected the first President of the South African Conference on its formation in 1883, and was re-elected the following year.

To Mr. Walton's untiring energy and skill is largely due the existence of the 'Wesleyan High School for Girls.' No such institution had hitherto been attempted, and Wesleyan parents in the eastern districts had often been compelled to send their daughters for advanced education to Anglican and Roman Catholic schools, where the influences were antagonistic to the church of their fathers. The Government-aided schools made no provision for religious instruction, and so long as education was made the football of contending religious factions no improvement was possible. Many thoughtful persons considered that if religious teaching was to influence the whole character it must be definite and imperative, and dogmatic. The Christian family life of the home needed to be supplemented by



REV. J. WALTON.

Christian instruction in the day-school. Accordingly an attempt was made in 1880 to provide a high class education for girls in a Wesleyan institution, and £3,000 having been subscribed a day-school was commenced in a house in Beaufort Street in January of that year, and a boarding department in July. Miss Walton was Lady Principal, and Miss Lowe was Lady Resident. The year closed with sixty-five pupils. From the first the scholastic efficiency, the discipline, and moral tone of the school were excellent. In 1882 a large block of buildings was erected near the railway station for the accommodation of the increasing number of scholars. The total cost, including the internal fittings, was £11,000, a large portion of which was raised in Grahamstown. The building is of fine proportions,

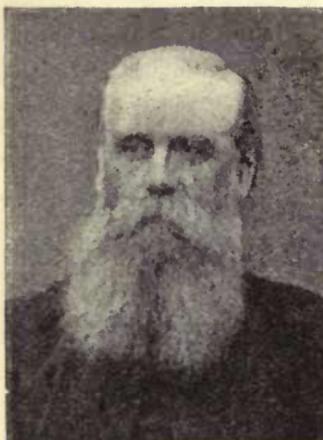


WESLEYAN HIGH SCHOOL, GRAHAMSTOWN.

and homely comfort has not been forgotten in its construction. To the rear of the school has since been erected a large teaching hall, with class-rooms, at a cost of more than £4,000, and the original building is devoted wholly to boarding purposes. Another building to accommodate forty boarders has also been erected, and is called 'Walton House.' The Wesleyan High School for Girls occupies a widening field of usefulness, and has gained an honourable place amongst the educational institutions of Cape Colony.

This success stimulated the Wesleyans of Grahamstown to establish a Boys' High School on English public school lines. A modest commencement was made in 1893, in a temporary building placed in the parsonage grounds, with the Rev. T.

Chubb, B.A., as Principal. Four years later, very extensive buildings, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, were erected on an admirable site near the girls' school, at a cost of £14,000 without the assistance of any grant from the Government. E. G. Gane, Esq., M.A., was headmaster from the first, and his ability and tact in a few years raised Kingswood College, as it is called, to a high position for sound teaching and healthy moral training. In connection with Kingswood College are a laboratory, a gymnasium, and a cadet corps. The Girls' High School and Kingswood College have each about 100 boarders, and a large number of day scholars. The success of these two schools is assured, but their financial condition would be greatly improved if the buildings were free from debt.



REV. T. CHUBB, B.A.

In 1903 the old parsonage in High Street, having been sold, Mrs. Bransby generously built a new one near Oatlands, and presented it to the Methodist church in memory of the late Rev. T. A. Chalker, who died suddenly at Shawbury, at the close of the District Synod.

From the first Methodism took a firm hold of the inhabitants of Grahamstown; and, notwithstanding the keen rivalries of other churches, she has never wholly lost it. Generation after generation of godly laymen have been raised up to carry on

the Christian work which the settlers commenced. The revivals of past years have left their sacred mark on the character of the people, and nowhere in South Africa is the Sabbath more reverently honoured, or moral worth more highly appreciated. Where so many have excelled, it would be invidious to mention names; but it may be allowable to refer to those members of the congregation assembling in Commemoration Church who have, at different periods, risen to eminence in public life:

The Honourables Robert Godlonton, George Wood, senr., W. Cock, and Samuel Cawood, were members of the Legislative Council.

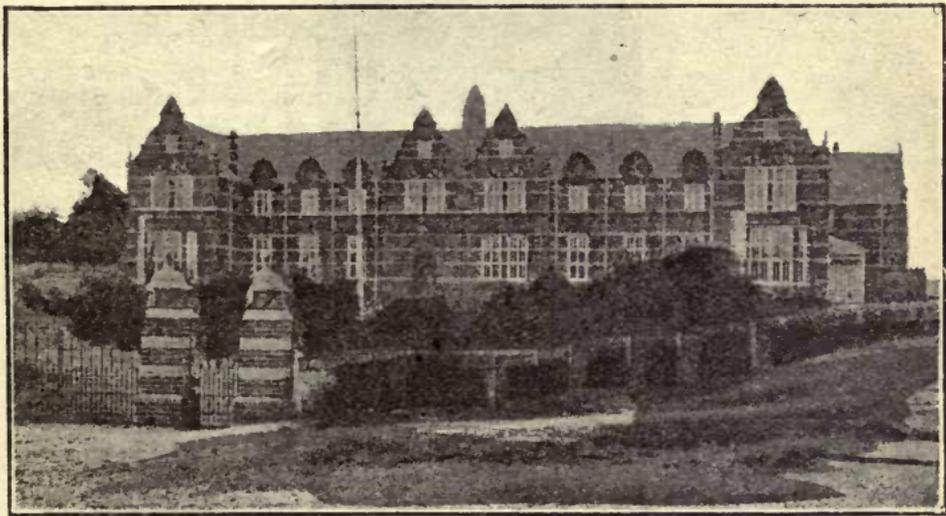
The Hon. William Ayliff was Secretary for Native Affairs in the first Sprigg Ministry in 1878, and the Hon. Jonathan

Ayliff was Colonial Secretary in the Upington Ministry in 1884.

Messrs. James Thackwray, J. C. Hoole, J. Cawood, R. Ayliff, H. Blaine, John E. Wood, Joseph Wood, George Wood, junr., G. C. Clough, and J. Trower were members of the House of Assembly.

Messrs. Henry Wood and Josiah Slater, B.A., are members of the House of Assembly at the present time.

Perhaps no other Wesleyan congregation, or congregation of any church, in South Africa can furnish a similar record.



KINGSWOOD COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN.

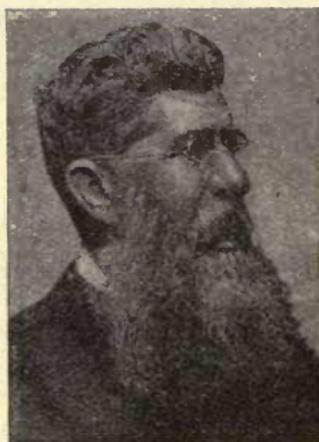
Grahamstown has been chosen by several Wesleyan ministers as their place of rest in the eventide of life. Its bracing air, its freedom from the rush of busy commerce, its congenial society, make it attractive. Here dwelt for several years the Rev. J. Edwards, one of the leaders of the Barologs in their migration to Thaba Nchu, the pioneer Wesleyan minister at Port Elizabeth, Cradock, Somerset East, and Graaff Reinet, a vivacious preacher, a lover of animals, an expert horseman, and who, during his long ministry, probably rode as many miles as John Wesley himself, and was bright and cheerful to the end. Here spent some of his last years the Rev. W. Tyson, who had, for Christ's sake, braved the deadly yellow fever in Central America, and recovered from it as by a miracle, the

faithful circuit minister, a close student of the Pauline Epistles, and a trained theologian. Here lived the Rev. W. C. Holden, whose spare, wiry body seemed to defy for years the touch of



HON. R. GODLONTON.

time, who, whether in Natal, or among the Bechuanas, or in Cape Colony, was always the diligent pastor, caring for the



REV. W. TYSON.



REV. W. C. HOLDEN.

dwellers on solitary farms as truly as for the population in towns; the author of 'The Past and Future of the Kafir Races,' and other works; who continued to labour on long

after the seventieth milestone of life was passed, and then 'ceased at once to work and live.' Here resided the Rev. B. J. Shaw, son of the Rev. B. Shaw, of the Namaqua Mission. Throat trouble shut him out from the ministry of preaching; but, with cheerful resignation, he turned to other work, and at Salem, the Ghio, Peddie, and Grahamstown he was for years the faithful Christian educationist. Quiet, modest, and bright, 'in beauty of soul he was passing rich.' The names of these saintly men linger sweetly still on the lips of the living; their welcome faces are no longer seen in wayside walk and Sabbath pew, but the memory of their deeds, when it recurs, makes life less hard and prosaic, and lights up the earth with not a little of the glory of heaven.

BATHURST.—During the Christmas holidays of 1830 a party of young people from Bathurst visited the seaside at the mouth of the Kowie River. Whilst there a remarkable revival of religion commenced amongst them, and the first to obtain a joyful sense of the mercy of God was a youth who subsequently entered the Wesleyan ministry, and was known and honoured as the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, an able preacher, a skilled musician, and no mean poet. Upon his return to Bathurst he rushed into a house, exclaiming with great rapture: 'O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise!' A powerful spiritual influence fell on the company, and they adjourned to the woodside, where, under the light of the stars, they engaged in prayer, and many found peace with God. Amongst them was Joseph Warner, who became a Wesleyan missionary, and, after several years' service, was appointed Government Agent to the Tembus. Two other young men found Christ that evening—George and Charles Rhodes. George one day set out on an excursion to Mansfield, a favourite resort for holiday-keepers, and sat beside the driver on the front of the waggon. Just as he was singing the words, 'There is a land of pure delight,' the front wheel struck a large stone, he fell from his seat, the front wheels passed over his body, and the hind wheel over his head. One nervous quiver of his body, and his spirit sprang at a bound into 'the land of pure delight,' of which he had been singing. The body was taken to Grahamstown, and his premature death tended greatly to deepen the glorious revival of 1831, with which the closing year of the Yellow Chapel was so richly blessed.

In 1832 the present Wesleyan Church was built and dedi-

cated by the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury. It was a small structure with thatched roof, but has been improved from time to time, until now it is a comfortable place of worship. During the Native War of 1846 it was turned into a fort, surrounded by earthen embankments, and here Mr. Ayliff, his family, and many of the inhabitants, found refuge and safety. At Clumber the services were held in the house of Mr. Pike, the leader of the Nottingham party, and a devoted Christian. Afterwards, a church was erected on a beautiful hill, overlooking a valley, which, with its rounded knolls, and its groups of forest trees, is not unlike parts of Devonshire. The present church was built in 1867. Six miles from Clumber a Wesleyan church was built at Shaw Park in 1863, on ground given by Messrs. T. and W. Cockcroft, and on the spot where formerly stood a tree, beneath which Mr. Shaw had often preached. The Wesleyan Church at Rokeby Park was built in 1884, and in 1886 an iron church was put up at Kleinemonde. In 1889 a handsome parsonage was built at Clumber, having attached to it twenty acres of ground well adapted for pine-growing.

The Methodists of Lower Albany have characteristics of their own. Cultivators of small farms, living near to each other, they are eminently social, quaint in speech, original in character, and devoted to their church and its ministers. In them the fine qualities of the early settlers are continued, little affected by the movements that, in the busy centres of trade, encourage superficiality and change.

At Salem, July 18 was for a long time observed as the anniversary of the formation of the settlement, and it was on that day, in the year 1850, that Mr. W. H. Matthews laid the foundation of the present church. His academy, in days when schools were few, made Salem an important educational centre, and here were educated boys who afterwards developed into merchants, or lawyers, or even statesmen. After Mr. Matthews' death the school was conducted by the Rev. B. J. Shaw, who gave special attention to the education of the sons of ministers. When Sir George Grey promulgated his scheme of industrial schools for the natives, the institution at Salem was taken over by the Governor, with Mr. Shaw as its principal. After Sir George Grey left the Colony, a penurious Government withdrew the grant-in-aid; the institution was converted into a public day-school, and was conducted by Mr. S. Shaw. The grant of £100 per annum made by the Government to the

chaplain of the Sephton, or Salem, party was continued up to the year 1881, when it lapsed; but the increased liberality of the people more than compensated for the loss. In recent years the population of Salem has diminished, and the village is a picturesque, slumberous retreat. But the circuit is expanding in other directions, and recently Sandflats and Alicedale have been occupied. Nine miles from Salem is Seven Fountains, one of the earliest homes of the settlers, where, in 1885, a new church was erected, the design for which was drawn by Mr. T. Cook, son of the missionary at Nisbett Bath. Nine miles further stands the hamlet of Sidbury, where, in 1860, the Rev. H. H. Dugmore commenced services in the large room of the hotel. A neat church was built at a later date, and to the fortnightly services the farmers in the neighbourhood come for miles, and keep up the forms of Christian worship.

Port Alfred has not fulfilled its early promise. At one time there was a prospect of it blossoming into a prosperous port. Steamers anchored off the mouth of the river. A civil engineer and a port captain were in residence. Masons and carpenters were employed in erecting piers which were intended to narrow and deepen the entrance to the river. It appeared as if, with a railway to Grahamstown, the success of the port was certain. The railway was made, but the Government, after spending about three-quarters of a million sterling, stopped the sea-works, and Port Alfred declined. At first the population dwelt on the west side of the river; a Wesleyan church was built for their use, and in 1879 the Rev. J. Priestley was appointed resident minister. Then the Magistrate's Court, the Post Office, the Custom House, and the Railway Terminus, were placed on the east side, and many of the people migrated to that side of the river. For a time services were held in a private house, and subsequently a church was built; but this division of interest in a small population was a source of weakness, and little progress was made. Within recent years the place has become a favourite seaside resort, and, Methodistically, it has been made an out-station of the Grahamstown circuit.

Fort Beaufort, as its name implies, was a military post, established to protect the colony from the raids of the Amaxosa, and here was established a large body of troops. The farms in the neighbourhood were at that time healthy for sheep,

and many of them were occupied by Wesleyans from Lower Albany. As there was neither church nor pastor in Beaufort, both soldiers and civilians asked for the occasional visit of a Wesleyan minister, and about 1833 the ministers at Grahams-town held services at Beaufort once a month. The journey thither was fifty miles long, through a rugged country, intersected by rivers often swollen by rains. In 1838 the Rev. G. H. Green, just arrived from England, was sent, and churches for Europeans and natives were provided. Both these buildings were found to be inconvenient, and in 1849 they were sold, and the present English Wesleyan Church was erected, and also a native church. About 1874 the church was at the height of its prosperity. The building was crowded, and people had to wait to secure sittings. Then the military were withdrawn. The farms in the district were decimated by heart-water, and sheep-farming fell into decay. Trade drooped, and people left the town. The congregation declined, and financial embarrassment began to trouble. For many years Methodism in Beaufort has been able to do little more than hold its own. Recently, the burden has been lightened by the generous assistance of Mr. Wesley Wilson, and the Rev. T. W. Pocock. The former has given £800 towards a new parsonage, and, with the aid of both, the church has been renovated inside and out.

Seymour received for many years a monthly visit from the ministers at Fort Beaufort, and on the intermediate Sundays the services were conducted by Mr. Cadwallader, a farmer living close to the village, and a man of noble Christian character. Chiefly through his exertions a church was built, which was a plain structure with open rafters overhead, and looked not unlike a large farmer's kitchen. Even after Seymour was detached from Fort Beaufort, Mr. Cadwallader continued to render valuable help, and his name is still cherished. The district is occupied by small farmers, whose chief crop is tobacco.

Port Elizabeth was for years outside the sphere of Methodism. An Anglican clergyman resided in the town, and the missionaries of the London Society at Bethelsdorp occasionally came over and preached to the people. The moral condition of the inhabitants was low; they were noted for intemperance, and, in the absence of liquor laws, men grew rich by the sale of

intoxicants. The port was in its infancy, and only a few sailing-vessels visited the bay. Houses were scattered in an irregular manner over the sand-hills, and Fort Frederick, with its ancient cannon, dominated over all. As the town expanded, the spiritual needs of the people increased, and the Wesleyan ministers of Grahamstown rode over twice in three months, a journey of 100 miles, to conduct services. This arrangement was too laborious to be continued, and, in 1839, the Rev. J. Edwards, who had been a missionary among the Barolongs, on the border of Basutoland, was appointed to Port Elizabeth, and received from the few Wesleyans a hearty welcome. At first he hired a house on the beach, and fitted it up for worship. (That house has long ago disappeared.) In 1841 a plain square church of the early Methodist type was erected in Queen Street, on the spot where the settlers, on their arrival in 1820, had pitched their tents, and where Mr. Shaw, standing on a rock, had preached in the open air. The church had a small, old-fashioned pulpit on the back wall, and near the ceiling; a shallow gallery over the entrance, and high pews with doors, the heads of the congregation only being visible to the preacher. During its erection, John Owen Smith, a merchant, though not a Wesleyan, gave liberal assistance and his personal supervision. Its completion was considered an important event, and the Revs. W. Shaw and W. B. Boyce came from Grahams-town, and conducted the dedicatory services. For thirty years this plain building was the spiritual home of Methodism in Port Elizabeth. At the time there was in the town only one Episcopal church and a native congregation belonging to the London Society. Upon 'the Hill,' now the popular residential part, there was a leper hospital, which Mr. Edwards visited every week. 'It required,' said he, 'a man of iron nerve and resolute mind to bear the sight and endure the smell of these unfortunate victims of a loathsome disease. They were about thirty in number, and I preached to them in Dutch, taking care to stand above the wind. Poor creatures! almost every week some of them went to the grave.'

At Cradocktown dwelt many natives employed by Messrs. Chase, Schubelies, and the Metlerkamps, and for their benefit Mr. Edwards was accustomed to ride out every Sabbath afternoon and hold service. 'Morning and evening,' he wrote, 'I preached in English to my Port Elizabeth congregation, and in the afternoon I was engaged with the natives at Cradocktown. There was very little time between these

services. Whilst partaking of my dinner, the horse would stand ready saddled at the door for me to ride to Cradocktown. On my return I would get a cup of tea, retire for a short time to my study, and then be in the pulpit in time to conduct the evening service.'

In 1870 the present church in Russell Road was commenced. The foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Hill, a lady of great sweetness and nobility of character, and whose husband Mr. Sydney Hill, a merchant, was not only a generous promoter of the effort, but an active worker in the church. The pastor at the time was the Rev. T. Guard, one of the finest orators in the Wesleyan ministry, and his eloquent addresses made a great impression, doctors, lawyers, and persons rarely seen inside a Wesleyan Church, being attracted by his ministry. The site of the new church was unfortunately disadvantageous, abutting as it did on a road with a steep gradient, and having in the rear a high cliff. It can scarcely be said that the difficulties of the site have been successfully overcome, and it is to be regretted that Russell Road Church, with its beautiful interior arches, should be buried in an excavation. The building cost £5,000, and of this, in 1872, when the church was completed, all was raised except £500. The Rev. James Fish and Mr. Sydney Hill waited upon the merchants in Main



REV. T. GUARD.

Street, and in a few hours obtained the required amount. Port Elizabeth merchants are keen, shrewd men of business; but they are noted for their open-handedness when appealed to for any laudable undertaking. There was yet only one resident Wesleyan minister, though there was work for two. Food was dear, rents were high, and the church income, though improving, was small.

The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley and the development of the northern republics was followed by a rapid expansion of the trade of the seaport. Population increased, and both to the north and south of the town houses and streets extended parallel with the beach.

In 1878 a Wesleyan church was erected at the north end at

a cost of £2,320. It was a neat Gothic structure, and a few years later a schoolroom was built in the rear. The Rev. G. Parsonson, who had come to Port Elizabeth from Western Africa for the benefit of his health, rendered valuable assistance in meeting the increasing demands for ministerial service.

In 1881 the Rev. O. Carey was appointed to the south end, amongst an artizan population. Services had hitherto been conducted in a very humble building called 'The Bethel,' erected on ground in South Union Street, given by Mr. W. Bishop; but it was of little use to the sailors visiting the port, and soon proved too small for the congregation. In 1882 the present church was commenced on the highest part of the neighbourhood, and the memorial stones were laid by Mr. R. King and Mr. H. Bisseker. The total

cost was £3,000. The church was opened in 1883 by the Rev. J. Walton, M.A., and the appearance of the church cannot be considered tasteful, for the roof was so lofty that a second and lower ceiling had to be introduced to improve its acoustic condition. In 1892 a manse was provided, the first minister to occupy it being the Rev. R. Jenkin. For several years the congregation was stationary; but in 1888, during the pastorate of the Rev. W. W. Rider, South End Methodism grew and was formed into a separate circuit. Mr. Rider commenced services at Walmer, a rising suburb, on Sabbath afternoons, and chiefly through his efforts

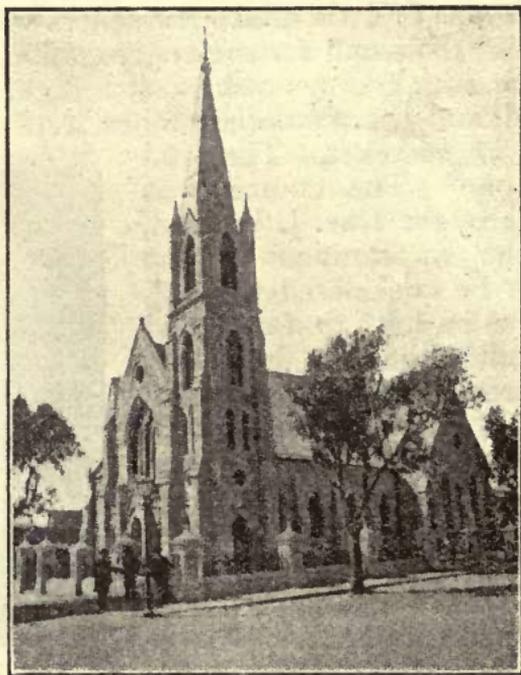


REV. W. W. RIDER.

a small church was built there in 1900, the site being given by Mr. G. Newton. To the rear of the South End Church an excellent schoolroom was erected by two brothers, James and George Newton, and in their honour it is called 'Newton Hall.' There are now four Wesleyan ministers in Port Elizabeth.

But the boldest step in church building was the erection of St. John's Church in Havelock Street, due largely to the exertions of the Rev. W. Wynne and his energetic officials. The church is a beautiful Gothic structure, with a tall spire seen from all parts of the town. The cost was about £9,000, and half of this amount had to remain as debt. For many

years this heavy financial burden seriously retarded progress ; but in 1902 an anonymous donor offered £1,000 towards the extinction of the debt ; the conference granted another £1,000 from the Twentieth Century Fund ; the Rev. J. Robb collected more than a third £1,000 ; and the debt was reduced to £1,400. The inquiry arises, were the Wesleyans of Port Elizabeth justified in building a costly church, incurring a heavy debt, in a locality which was already well supplied with churches of other denominations ? Would it not have been wiser to wait



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

until Providence had made the way plainer and freer from financial embarrassment ? It can scarcely be doubted that if the building had been delayed a few years, St. John's Church would not have been erected where it is, but amongst the increasing population along the Cape Road, for whom there is at present insufficient religious accommodation. At the side of St. John's Church, a neat schoolroom was erected in 1901 at a cost of £1,000, and in 1905 a handsome manse.

Amongst the Wesleyan laity of past generations, mention may be made of Mr. and Mrs. G. Uppley who, for twenty

years, extended their hospitality to every missionary who landed in Algoa Bay. Mr. Uppleby was known for his rectitude in business and his shrewd sense at the Council table. One of his last acts was to give £300 to redeem the debt on church property. Mrs. Uppleby was an active promoter of education and one of the founders of the Collegiate School.

Methodism has a fine field of usefulness in this thriving seaport. Its citizens are keen in business, fond of amusement in moments of leisure, generous in giving; but do not appreciate deep spiritual life. To set before the people in forcible, cultured speech the great truths of the Gospel is the work of the churches; and Methodists, both ministerial and lay, are endeavouring to do their duty. At the North End and South End are increasing congregations. Russell Road congregation consists largely of young men, but suffers from frequent removals. A face may be seen at the services for a few Sabbaths and then it vanishes, having left for some up-country town or returned to England. To say, as some do, that the surroundings of this commercial port make spiritual life impossible is to lose faith in Christ. 'Even in Sardis' Christ's servants were able to keep, amid pagan pollution, the 'white flower of a blameless life.'

Uitenhage Methodism was at first an offshoot of the Port Elizabeth Circuit. In July, 1839, the Rev. J. Edwards preached in the Government schoolroom to about forty persons. The local industry was the washing of wool, and several washing establishments were formed along the banks of Zwartkops River. In these works a large number of coloured people were employed, and to them Mr. Edwards occasionally preached in the drying-grounds. In August of the same year a house was rented in John Street; but in 1840 the house, with the erf on which it stood, extending 750 feet, including another house fronting Cuyler Street, was purchased from Mr. Hitzeroth for £280. Land was cheap. The larger dwelling in John Street was transformed into a chapel by taking out all the interior walls, and for twenty years the Wesleyans met here for worship, services being conducted by the ministers at Port Elizabeth with such lay help as could be obtained. Mr. Matthew Hall settled in Uitenhage and commenced business as a tanner, and, being a local preacher, was offered the use of the house in Cuyler Street free, in return for the valuable assistance he rendered by holding services as often as required.

In 1860 the Rev. W. R. Longden was appointed to Uitenhage and married Mr. Hall's eldest daughter. He was held in high esteem, but his health was delicate, the work was laborious; he retired in 1862, and two years later he died.

The Wesleyans in Uitenhage, in view of the complex nature of the work, petitioned for a minister who could preach in English, Dutch, and Kafir, and said: 'You have the man we want in the Rev. W. Sargeant.' Mr. Sargeant was sent. The place of worship in John Street had fallen into a dilapidated condition; the ceiling was low, and bats by scores had taken possession of the roof. The building was renovated, and here the Revs. W. Sargeant, Purdon Smailes, and W. C. Holden officiated in succession. There were several lay preachers who took the services when the minister was absent on his 'round;' for, in a few years, eighteen congregations were collected in various places, including Sunday River, Jericho, and distant Jansenville.

In 1866 land more conveniently situated in John Street was purchased for £240; the house upon it was made the parsonage; and on the vacant ground was built, in 1870, during the pastorate of Mr. Holden and chiefly through the exertions of Mrs. Uppleby, the present pretty church. It was opened in May, 1871, having cost £1,400, and was named 'Jubilee Chapel,' in honour of the settlers of 1820. The former mission house and adjacent land were sold; and the old church, repaired and reroofed, was transferred to the natives. Mr. and Mrs. Uppleby left Uitenhage for Port Elizabeth, and the financial position of the congregation being still weak, in 1873 the Missionary Committee in London recommended that the minister should be withdrawn, and the congregation supplied from Port Elizabeth. Happily, wiser counsels prevailed at the Annual Synod, and it was resolved that Uitenhage should be continued and assisted.

With the establishment of railway workshops in Uitenhage the population received a large accession of mechanics, principally British; but upon this new element, which now comprises at least 400 employees and their families, Methodism has made little impression. In 1881, when the Rev. W. H. Price was pastor, Methodism in Uitenhage reached high-water mark. The church was crowded. There were fifty-three English members, three catechumen classes, and a large Sabbath-school. But from this position there has been a slow decline, notwithstanding the efforts of successive ministers.

A Congregational church was erected in Uitenhage towards the close of the year 1881, and those who sympathized with that form of worship seceded from the Wesleyan congregation. There was also little opening locally for business, and many removed to more favourable places. In 1882 the Wesleyan church in Uitenhage lost in this way two circuit stewards, three local preachers, and seven church officials. In 1884 the Rev. T. H. Wainman held special services, which were attended by many conversions. Three classes were formed; but the flush of revival faded away, and the decline continued. Recently the congregation has increased, and there are signs of expansion.

Jansenville began to be visited in 1875, and the Dutch kindly lent their church for the services. Twenty years passed away in occasional visits; but in 1896 the municipality gave a piece of ground in a prominent position, and, under the spirited lead of Mrs. Heydenrich and Mr. J. E. Nash, a pretty church was built. A resident minister was secured, and out-stations formed at Klipplaats, Mount Stewart, and Steytlerville, at which latter place a church has been erected on ground given by the Kerkraad of the Dutch Reformed Church.



REV. J. EDWARDS.

Cradock was a small, straggling village when the Rev. Thornley Smith entered it in 1840, and preached in the Court House to the English inhabitants. Hottentots and newly-emancipated slaves were employed as servants and labourers, and to them he preached in a wattled hut. When he left, the work was continued by the Rev. John Ayliff, who rode over from Haslope Hills, sixty miles distant; and in 1842 a small church was built, and the resident Dutch Reformed minister, Mr. Taylor, conducted one of the dedicatory services. The year following the Rev. J. Edwards came from Port Elizabeth; and his evangelistic fervour was not satisfied with preaching to the residents in Cradock, for he rode, explored, visited, and preached over a wide district. Every six weeks he took a journey, which he thus describes: 'I would leave Cradock in the morning, go on to Grootfontein, at that time the large

establishment of Mr. James Collett, where there was a congregation of both English and natives; thence on to Waterkloof for the service next night; then away over the Sneeuwberg; thence down to Zwaager's Hoek, crossing the Little Fish River twelve times in as many hours; and thence into the town of Somerset. After conducting the several services there, and remaining the usual time, I would return to Cradock by an opposite route. Crossing the Little Fish River, I would pass on to Cookhouse, over Slagter's Nek, cross the Great Fish River at Bull Kraal, and travel on to Dagga Boer's Nek, where a good congregation was found. This round completed, I would start for "Home, sweet home" in Cradock. "Yes," says one, "I think it high time you did." Ah, friend, you don't know how often and how long, in those days, a missionary had to be away from home comforts while in the discharge of his duties.' But by these long journeys the flame of piety in many a lonely farmhouse was kept alive.



REV. E. D. HEPBURN.

During his last year in Cradock, on one of these journeys, Mr. Edwards had a singular experience. A gentleman named Mr. E. D. Hepburn was engaged as a teacher to the children of the Scotch settlers in Baviaan's River Valley. He had been sent out by the Presbytery of the Free Church at Lanark, but, becoming dissatisfied with his position, arranged to return to Scotland. Whilst praying for Divine guidance, it was forcibly impressed upon his mind that he should join the Methodist church, and that before twelve o'clock at noon he would be visited by a minister, who would advise him what to do. Just at the time named Mr. Edwards walked in and said: 'Brother Hepburn, what is it you want with me? I was going along another road when something said that I must come to you.' The conversation that followed decided Mr. Hepburn. He entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1848. He was at Salem in 1850, and assisted to defend the village from the attacks of the enemy. He had charge of the school there for a time, after Mr. Matthews' retirement. He commenced the native work in Port Elizabeth. He was a man greatly

beloved, had charge of many circuits, and died at Stellenbosch in 1885.

In the year 1850, during the pastorate of the Rev. G. H. Green, what may be called the nave of the present church was built. The Rev. J. Wilson, then of Port Elizabeth, was the architect, and Mr. Shaw pronounced it to be a 'model chapel.' In 1861 Mr. Wilson was himself the resident minister in Cradock, and the church he had designed had become too small for the congregation. The building was too narrow to admit of lengthening, so wings or transepts were added, giving the church almost the form of a cross. Mr. Wilson also commenced a parsonage, but when the foundations were laid the funds were required for the enlargement of the church, and the effort was abandoned. The schoolroom was built in 1870. In 1902, upon the foundations laid by Mr. Wilson, a handsome parsonage was erected, the cost of which was, with outbuildings, £2,000. It is one of the finest dwellings in Cradock.

In the location are Wesleyan churches for Kafirs, Hottentots, and Basutos. One was erected to the memory of the Rev. James Lwana, who died at Cradock in 1896. His last request, when too feeble to walk, was to be conveyed to the church, that he might administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his own people.

The Wesleyan church in Cradock has had its times of trial. Opposing counsels, divergent opinions on minor points of church order, have divided and weakened the energies of the congregation. Private opinion has its claims, but, if not held in loving subordination to the welfare of the rest, it may seriously injure the progress of God's work. But the people are realizing the need of unity and absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit, and the pastorates of the Revs. R. Hornabrook and P. Tearle have been marked by increasing prosperity.

The Wesleyan church in Middleburg has passed through many vicissitudes. As an out-station of the Cradock circuit, an attempt was made in 1879 to occupy it with a resident minister, but, his voice failing, he had to retire. In 1881 the Rev. G. A. Currier was sent, but there were few Wesleyans in the town, and, whilst the services were well attended, there was a lack of cohesion and strength. In 1885, after the Rev. O. Carey had been pastor for two years, financial difficulties increased, and the Quarterly Meeting wired to Conference:

Cannot take a married man; not disposed to take a single

man,' so no one was sent. In 1887 the Rev. A. J. Lennard made another attempt, and during his two years' pastorate, Methodism took permanent form. In 1890 the Rev. H. J. Withers became the resident minister, and the present neat church was erected. Since the war of 1899-1901 Middleburg has been constituted the headquarters of the military in the midland districts, and several thousand men are constantly in camp. The field of usefulness thus presented is of the first importance, and Middleburg is developing into an important Methodist centre. The outlying stations are Schoombie, Steynsburg, and Rosmead.

SOMERSET EAST.—As early as the year 1821 the Rev. W. Shaw occasionally visited the Government Farm at Somerset East to preach to the servants employed upon it, who included Dutch, prize negroes, and Hottentots, and for whom there was no minister or any church. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony gave a plot of ground at the foot of the Boschberg, and on it a small church was built, in which the Revs. S. Kay and J. Ayliff successfully ministered. In 1825 the farm was broken up and converted into a town and seat of magistracy. Many of the servants left; the Dutch population increased; a Dutch minister arrived, and the Wesleyans retired. The church was sold, and changed into a residence for the Dutch Reformed minister. Mr. Ayliff went to Grahamstown. Perhaps the retrocession was unavoidable, but it created difficulties when an attempt was made to reoccupy the ground.

The Rev. J. Edwards, who came to Somerset in 1847, when he left Cradock, thus wrote: 'I had now to begin the work afresh, and wished no one had before commenced and failed. I found there were those who were unfriendly, and said some bitter things, being opposed to our attempt to establish there again. Others prophesied another failure, and it was said to me: "Mr. So-and-so was an eloquent preacher, and he had to give it up." I thought within myself: "I will try. Energy and hard work may prevail where eloquence failed." This opposition continued for years.' A small church, in the centre of the town, had been built in 1843, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Rev. W. C. Holden, and an erf, on which were two small cottages, had been purchased. Between the two cottages a quince-hedge grew; this was dug up, a roof put up over the intervening space, one or two doorways made, and a mission house was provided. Ecclesiastical architecture

was not appreciated in those days, and the little church, with its barn-like walls, its round-headed windows, its skeleton pews, and its high pulpit on the rear wall, were not very pleasing to the eye. In later times the church has been improved.

Mr. Edwards was accustomed to pioneer difficult enterprises. He cheerfully did what was practicable in this prettily-situated but small town, and he also rode over a wide district, preaching to the farmers and their families. Many sons of settlers, driven from Albany by the Kafir wars, had settled in the country between Somerset and Graaff Reinet, and for such a scattered population Methodism was adapted, but Mr. Edwards had to pass much of his time in the saddle. Westward, he travelled to Ebenezer, the hospitable residence of Mr. William Carey Hobson, a relation of Dr. Carey of the Serampore Mission; to Wheatlands, Stapleford, the Zwart Ruggens, and finally Graaff Reinet, eighty-four miles from Somerset. Southward, he extended his journeys to Russell Park, where there is now a neat church, Ben Leegte, and Ann's Villa, on the slopes of the Zuurberg. Eastward, he travelled as far as Bedford. Northward, he visited Glen Avon and Stockdale, in Zwaager's Hoek. At all these places services were held in the largest room of the farmhouse, or in the waggon-shed, which was cleaned and swept for the service. The English would assemble in the morning, arriving in carts and buggies; and later the natives would assemble, to whom Mr. Edwards preached in Dutch. The work was laborious, but in this way the Gospel was carried to persons who lived far away from town and minister. In many of these places neat churches have been built.

For such extensive journeys Mr. Edwards kept four horses. 'But why does the missionary require so many horses?' says one. Mr. Edwards' reply is worth repeating if only for his description of travel at the Cape half a century ago. 'Not only are some of his appointments at a great distance from the circuit town, but the roads to them lie through a dreary country and but thinly populated, and it is neither safe nor prudent for him to ride alone. He may travel for hours without meeting with an individual. His horse may knock up, he may fall, the rider may be thrown and injured, and where is he to obtain assistance if he has not a man with him? Imagine also a missionary with a day's journey before him of some fifty or sixty miles, and at every two or three hours' ride he has to

unsaddle his horse, tie its head to its knee that it may not run away from him, and then saddle it up again. What would the missionary be fit for by the time he arrives at his journey's end, when perhaps he has to preach that same evening after his arrival, if he had not a man with him to take off a part of the fatigue of his journey? No man ought to travel any considerable distance in this country without three horses—one for himself, one for his man, and a spare horse. Then in travelling here we have not everywhere inns where you can get your horses baited at every few miles, and thus keep up their strength and spirit. Here they are on their journey, at intervals knee-haltered for a few minutes to roll, eat a little grass, and drink a little water, if there be any, but often neither the one nor the other is to be had. The day closes; the rider turns into some house to tarry for the night. What becomes of his faithful steed? Often it is tied up to a bush or to a waggon outside, under the pelting storm and cutting wind, for the night, without a mouthful to eat, nor can a mouthful of anything be procured for it. The next day perhaps it fares no better—its work no less, its food no more abundant. Perhaps the following week the missionary has a similar journey before him, in order to perform similar duties. Are these same horses fit for the labour of that week which have done so much, and suffered so much, in the toil of the journey of the past? Here, then, you will find an answer to the question why so many horses are needed in some of the Mission circuits.'

For twelve years, from 1846 to 1854, and from 1867 to 1870, Mr. Edwards continued these long, rough journeys in the saddle, often under a hot sun, or through pelting rains, or detained for days by swollen rivers. Once he crossed a river in flood at the peril of his life and arrived home in time to witness the death of one of his children. Six weeks later another child died of croup. 'Somerset was noted for its kind, sympathetic people,' he wrote, 'and of their friendly feeling we received such evidences as will never be forgotten.'

During his second term of residence the English Wesleyan church in the town was enlarged, but there was not much room in Somerset for development. The population was small, and there were now three churches for the English inhabitants. Sectarian competition created overlapping and weakness, and where there was room for one church three crowded in. The strength of Methodism in the Somerset circuit is in the rural or farming population, which contains many generous, earnest

Christians, and in many a farmhouse to-day the name of John Edwards is still a 'household word.'

In 1889 it became necessary to rebuild the parsonage. It had stood for fifty years, and where the quince-hedge had been dug up the ground was often soft and damp from underlying water. The tradition runs that the Rev. E. Lones, hearing that his stewards were about to pay him a visit, was found by them dramatically sowing parsley-seed on the kitchen floor. The old house was pulled down and rebuilt according to plans prepared by the Rev. N. Abraham, the resident minister, and now the parsonage is a very pleasant residence. Mr. Abraham was not only an able preacher, but was an enthusiastic student of nature. There is a Wesleyan native church in Somerset which sustains its own minister, and a Dutch-speaking congregation has also been formed. Handsome little churches have lately been erected at Middleton, upon ground given by Mr. G. Webster, and at Cookhouse, in connection with the Railway Mission, conducted by the Rev. A. Wellington. There are now three ministers where in Mr. Edwards' time there was only one.

In the Somerset cemetery is the grave of the Rev. A. M'Aulay, President of the British Conference in 1876. He came out in 1890 to Natal to confer with his old friend, the Rev. S. E. Rowe, and commenced services in Maritzburg, which were attended with great spiritual power. That was the commencement of an evangelistic tour which ended at Somerset, where he was taken ill, and died in his seventy-second year, beloved by all.



REV. N. ABRAHAM.

At Bedford, about the year 1852, a number of Wesleyan families desired the settlement of a minister amongst them. Retrenchment was then in the ascendant, and no one could be sent. The Wesleyans united with others in establishing a Congregational or Union church, of which the Rev. E. Solomon was for twenty-eight years the pastor, and his ministry was very acceptable. After his death dissatisfaction with some of his successors found expression in an urgent request to the

Wesleyan Conference for the appointment of a minister to Bedford. The appeal was difficult to resist ; it was urged by Wesleyans residing in the town, and accordingly the Rev. R. Floweday was appointed in 1901. Bedford has a small English population, for whose spiritual requirements there was not only the Congregational Church, but also an Anglican Church, and there was really no room for a third. The passion for having every denomination represented in a small town produces weak congregations and a great waste of ministerial power. One church may prosper, the formation of two churches ends in debt and urgent appeals to central funds for help. Methodism had its opportunity and lost it. The attempt to occupy Bedford, the population of which is stationary, or nearly so, was not successful, and in 1904 the minister was withdrawn. There is a prosperous Wesleyan native church in Bedford, which owes much to the self-denying labours of Mr. F. P. Gladwin.

About the year 1865 several gentlemen in Graaff Reinet offered £100 a year for three years if a Wesleyan minister were sent to that town, and Messrs. Atkinson and Smith placed £300 in the bank as a guarantee that the offer was reliable, but the official mind was timid, and shrank from extension. When the Rev. J. Edwards was leaving Somerset in 1870, he offered at the Annual Synod to attempt to form a Methodist congregation at Graaff Reinet, but he was allowed to go only on the express but chilling condition that he made no claim on the Mission funds for financial help. The congregations at Zwart Ruggens, Wheatlands, Brandfontein, and Stapleford, were detached from Somerset and attached to Graaff Reinet. To these he had preached for years, and he could look to them for assistance, but beyond this everything was uncertain. Mr. Edwards left his family at the house of a hospitable farmer, and with a buggy, two horses, and a coloured servant, drove into Graaff Reinet and put up at an hotel. He had not been there many hours when the Rev. Charles Murray, senr., Dutch Reformed minister, called, and offered the hospitality of his manse until a house could be obtained, and with him Mr. Edwards stayed for several weeks, receiving kindness he never forgot. The Government schoolroom was placed at his disposal for Divine worship, and on Sabbath evenings it frequently happened that more came than could gain admittance. A Sabbath-school was also commenced, at which sixty children attended. ' We

had now to commence,' said Mr. Edwards, 'under unfavourable conditions, not being able to obtain the money which was once offered, and having lost many who would have joined our church at an earlier period.'

A small house was procured and furnished room by room, until they had something to sit and sleep upon. Debt was sacredly avoided. A corner of a bedroom was cut off from intrusion by a green baize curtain, and here was Mr. Edwards' study. 'Ah, in that corner,' he wrote, 'behind the green baize curtain I have spent many a blessed hour. In that little corner I have made more and better outlines of sermons than I ever made in my life before or, perhaps, ever will again. Perhaps I was then in the zenith of my studying power; but one thing I know—that God helped me. I felt at home in the work and as happy as a lord, perhaps happier than many of the aristocracy of the world.'

Mr. Edwards visited Aberdeen, and the Rev. Mr. Gray, the Dutch Reformed minister, readily lent his church. When the church bell rang one Tuesday evening, the people rushed out of their houses, inquiring:

'What's up at the church? Let us go and see what it is.'

After the service, they asked: 'Who is he? Where does he come from?'

'Oh, from Graaff Reinet.'

'We heard a Wesleyan minister had come there to live,' said another.

'A Wesleyan! A Wesleyan! What sort of people are they? What is the preacher's name?'

'His name is Edwards,' said one.

'Oh! that's the old preacher who has been in Somerset so many years and travels about the country preaching.'

And in this way Methodism commenced its career in Aberdeen. A little church was built in 1883, and a minister was stationed there. Another church was erected a year earlier at Oatlands. Saxony was visited regularly and so was Klipplaats, where resided Mr. C. Lee, a descendant of one of the settlers and afterwards a member of the House of Assembly, and here a Wesleyan Church was completed in 1905. Harefield Church was built in 1899.

A suitable corner plot of ground in Caledon Street, Graaff Reinet, being offered for sale by public auction, Mr. Edwards bought it for £105; he then went among the people, collected the money, and paid for it. Debt he abhorred, especially on

places of worship. The plans of a church were selected, and the foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Edwards in 1871. Mr. Edwards said to the builder: 'Go on with the stone-work, and when the foundation is finished, stop! Give in the measurement and get paid. Lay not a single brick till the foundation is paid for.' Subscriptions coming in, the walls were proceeded with, and thus the building was carried on from stage to stage as the funds permitted, until walls and gables were up and ready for the roof. Then the work was stopped. Mrs. Edwards died. For forty years she had been scarcely less zealous than her husband, sharing with him the perils of the Barolong Mission, and thought no labour burdensome if she could promote the prosperity of the cause of Christ. Mr. Edwards' health having failed, he received permission to visit England to recruit.

During a heavy storm of rain the gable fell before the roof could be proceeded with, and the wall had to be rebuilt. The church was not completed until the year 1875, and the opening was a high day. Friends came from long distances, and the building was crowded to excess. During the residence of the Rev. A. Brigg, the congregation increased and filled the building. At a later date, in 1894, when the Rev. T. Roper was pastor, the church was enlarged and a series of beautiful stained-glass windows were inserted to the memory of members of the families of Collett, and Roberts, and Hobson, and Lee. Two windows, in memory of the Rev. J. Edwards and Sarah, his wife, were placed in the front gable, and now the church is one of the prettiest in Cape Colony. The same year a large schoolroom was built, and named 'Dudley Hall,' in memory of a son of Mr. B. F. Roberts, and in the year 1900 a commodious parsonage was erected.

With church and school-hall and manse, the equipment is well-nigh complete; but it is doubtful if the spiritual progress has kept pace with the material. Church prosperity is not a chance product. The laws that govern the reception of spiritual blessing are as definite and unerring as the laws that regulate the universe, and have to be devoutly studied and obeyed. Fervent prayer, expectant faith, surrender of self to Christ, and complete loyalty to the Spirit of God, are the elementary conditions of a revival of religion. Where these are attained, the Holy Spirit descends 'as the dew,' and the desert blossoms as the 'garden of the Lord.'

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN THE EASTERN DISTRICTS OF CAPE COLONY. (*Continued*).

QUEENSTOWN sprang into existence after the 'War of Umlangeni' in 1851-1852. The Tembus at Lesseyton, restrained by the Rev. J. C. Warner, continued faithful to the colonists and were left in undisturbed possession of their land; but the Tembu clan of Mapassa joined the enemy, and at the close of the war the British Government confiscated their country—an elevated and fertile plateau between the Stormberg and Amatola Mountains, and intersected by the Black Kei River. This district was divided into farms and given out by Sir George Cathcart on what may be called 'feudal tenure,' the farmers receiving the farms on condition that they assisted to defend the frontier in time of war.

Sir George Cathcart had plans drawn of the proposed township of Queenstown, and to facilitate its defence against the attacks of hostile natives, the Market-place was made six-sided, and from each angle extended a main thoroughfare, thus enabling a battery of guns in the centre to rake every one of the principal streets. When Sir George arrived in Grahams-town, he sent for Mr. Shaw, and pointing on the plan to a large plot of ground, consisting of three erven, said: 'Mr. Shaw, I propose to transfer that plot of ground to you for a Wesleyan church and a school-house. You know that I am a churchman, so I have reserved another plot for the Episcopal Church; but I expect you Methodists will be there first.' It did, in fact, so happen. Some of the early inhabitants of Queenstown were Wesleyans, and, at their request, the Rev. E. D. Hepburn then in charge of the mission at Lesseyton, rode over every Sabbath and preached in a private room. Queenstown consisted of one street of about thirty houses. Through the kindness of Mr. W. B. G. Shepstone, the Civil Commissioner, the

use of the Court House was granted; and here, under the direction of Mr. Hepburn, a congregation was formed and steps were taken for the erection of a church on the ground given by Sir George Cathcart. The foundation-stone was laid by the Rev. W. Shepstone, of Kamastone, in 1853, and the building was completed in the following year. During its erection, the Rev. H. H. Dugmore was appointed to Queenstown, and for some time was the only resident minister, adherents of all denominations attending his services. A mission house was built next to the church. Mr. Dugmore became deeply attached to the Queenstown people and they to him.

In 1861 the congregation having greatly increased, a larger church was erected on a site in the Market-place. Mr. Dugmore, who had removed to Salem, was invited to lay the foundation-stone, and when the church was finished, two years later, he was requested to preach the first sermon in it. The Rev. W. C. Holden, who had energetically promoted the success of the undertaking, was at the last moment struck down by serious illness. The Rev. W. Impey, the General Superintendent at Grahamstown, at once proceeded with Mr. Dugmore to Queenstown, and, taking up Mr. Holden's work, remained until he had recovered. The old church was for a time occupied



REV. R. LAMPLOUGH.

by natives; but when a church was built for their use on the location, it was sold, and the site is now occupied by 'Barrable Chambers.'

Queenstown continued to increase in size and in number of population, a profitable trade with Kafirland rapidly expanded, the architecture of the stores and dwelling-houses improved, and by the year 1881, during the twelve years' pastorate of the Rev. R. Lamplough, it was felt that a still larger church was absolutely necessary. The Wesleyans had shared in the commercial prosperity of the district, and gave liberally towards the scheme. A very handsome and commodious Gothic stone church, with a lofty spire, was built in Ebden Street, at a cost of £12,000, and was named 'Wesley Church.' Mr. Lamplough,

surveying with not a little delight the completed edifice, had reason for saying: 'I do not think that there is another such Wesleyan church in this country outside Cape Town.' The church in the Market-place was sold, and converted into the extensive stores now occupied by Messrs. Morum Brothers.

The Rev. R. Lamplough, whilst in Queenstown, established the Methodist Book-Room, which, after a time, was recognised by the Conference as an official concern, and in the year 1900 was removed to Cape Town.

The Wesleyans in Queenstown did not confine their energies to church-building, but gave also considerable attention to education. Situated as they were, far from the older towns of the colony to which access was both difficult and costly, they attempted to provide schools to meet local requirements. About 1875, chiefly through their efforts, a school for European boys was opened at Lesseyton; but the outlay was heavy, and in a few years it was necessary to close it, and each member of the managing committee had to pay £150 to defray its debts. Undeterred by this failure, the Wesleyans commenced in Queenstown itself a boys' and girls' school, the capital for which was raised by debentures. This school was unable to meet its expenditure, and within two years it was discontinued, and the buildings were sold by the debenture holders. Other persons, however, still hopeful of success, purchased them, and, in 1882, reopened them as a grammar school for boys. A high school for girls was established elsewhere as a separate institution. The boys' school was under the headmastership of the Rev. J. E. Parsonson, but it had to compete with a public undenominational school, assisted by grants from the Government, and its outgoings always exceeded its income. In 1886, in order to lessen expenses, the two institutions were united under one roof. Financial difficulties still continuing, it was decided, in 1903, to close the boys' side, and continue the girls' school only, under the name of 'Queenswood,' which from the success it has already attained promises to have a prosperous career.



REV. J. E. PARSONSON.

In small communities denominational day-schools, unless

they can be largely subsidized from church funds, generally have a precarious existence, and are often crushed by accumulating debts. It is patent that the education of the youth of a country can never be undertaken by the churches alone, for the work is too vast to be accomplished by anything less than the resources of the nation. Public Government-aided schools are therefore an absolute necessity, and if the churches were willing to lay aside their rivalries, the formulation of a Christian national system of education would not be impossible.

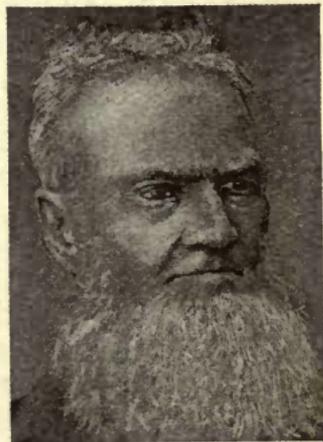


REV. P. TEARLE.

A handsome parsonage was built at Queenstown in the year 1899 during the much appreciated ministry of the Rev. Philip Tearle.

The Methodist Church has had in Queenstown many excellent laymen, among whom the Hon. John Peacock, M.L.C., George Peacock, Albert and Stephen Morum, George Barrable, and George Edkins, have been the most prominent; but many others, though less known, have been not less worthy of honour.

For many years the most familiar face in Queenstown was that of the Rev. H. H. Dugmore. After forty-five years of active ministerial service at Salem, Grahamstown, King Williamstown, and Mount Coke, he returned to the people and the place he loved. At Queenstown, he spent the last twenty-one years of his life. He was a great reader and a true student, and had a wide acquaintance with the best works on theology and philosophy. He could preach with equal facility in English and Kafir, and wrote over 100 hymns in the latter language, which form one-third of the Kafir Hymn-book. He was an enthusiastic musician, and his lecture on 'The Reminiscences of an Albany Settler'—lecture, songs and music, being wholly his own composition—was not only



REV. H. H. DUGMORE.

unique, but is still the raciest published account of the struggles of the settlers of 1820. He died in 1897, at the ripe age of eighty-seven.

Around Queenstown sprang up a number of smaller Methodist circuits.

Molteno, named after the first Premier of Cape Colony, had, in 1883, but 150 English inhabitants; and it was a bold step when the Rev. T. Spargo proposed that they should erect a Wesleyan church to cost £1,500. In the district round Molteno were many prosperous farmers, and Mr. Spargo rode from farm to farm collecting donations of money and live stock, and so the church was built. But the strain was exhausting, the minister had to be withdrawn, and the church was supplied from Burghersdorp. In 1890 a second attempt was made to occupy Molteno by the Rev. C. K. Hodges, and as the development of the coal mines had been followed by an increase in the number of the inhabitants, the attempt was successful. Recently a church has been erected at Sterkstroom, which is periodically visited.

Cathcart was made a circuit in 1880, four years after the foundation of the town. The farmers were scattered over a wide area, the roads in some parts were impassable for vehicles and could only be traversed on horseback, the drifts in the rivers were often dangerous, but the Rev. T. E. Marsh found the work pleasant and health-giving. He was at the time the only resident minister in Cathcart. In 1882 he succeeded in erecting a Wesleyan church, and his successor built a parsonage, but on such a costly scale that financial embarrassment followed. The house was sold, and for six years an unmarried minister had to be sent. During the pastorate of the Rev. F. F. Cosnett, the debt on the church was paid, a smaller but neat parsonage was completed, and from that time progress has been made.

Hilton and Whittlesea form pre-eminently a rural circuit. In vain will map or gazetteer be examined for the name of Hilton. It is neither town nor hamlet, but the centre of an enterprising farming community, where stands to-day a Wesleyan church, a manse, and a large boarding-school. The farmers who settled in the district at the close of the war of 1851-52 were of a sturdy, progressive type, but they had

neither church nor minister. About the year 1875 Mr. John Weakley, of Queenstown, often rode over and preached to them, and he also stated their need to the Rev. W. B. Rayner, then at Queenstown, who made Hilton one of his country stations. In 1877 the farmers erected for themselves a church, and in the following year the Rev. D. Jones was appointed as pastor; but his health failed, and within twelve months he died. Other invalids followed, for Hilton was famous for its salubrious climate, and for two years little was done.

In 1880 the Rev. G. Weaver was appointed to Hilton. He laboured hard, rode far, built a parsonage, and the congregation increased. Five years later was felt the first breath of revival, and one Sabbath afternoon twelve persons openly sought the Lord. Towards the end of the year forty-five adults stood up in the little rural church to be accepted as members. A deep spirituality pervaded the service, and financial prosperity followed. In 1893 the Rev. T. Spargo went to Hilton, and devoted himself to the establishment of a boarding-school with an energy which won the commendation of Dr. Muir, the Superintendent-General of Education. This school has been a great boon to the district, and, though situated far from any town, has sixty boarders besides day scholars. The church, built in 1876, became too

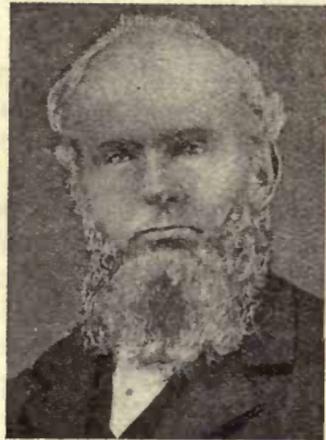


REV. T. SPARGO.

small, and in 1903 the farmers resolved to erect a larger one more worthy of the present time. Designs for a church in the Early Gothic style were secured, and in the following year the building, costing £3,500, was completed. It is one of the finest country churches in Cape Colony. A vigorous piety and unity of effort distinguish the people, and excite the wish that there were many Hiltons in the country. The Whittlesea Wesleyan church was built about 1880, and nothing has occurred to disturb the tranquil flow of its history.

King William's Town was at first a military fort, for the defence of the frontier, but at the end of the War of the Axe, in 1846, a township was laid out, which was subsequently

known as the German Village, as many of the inhabitants were Germans, who came before and after the Crimean War. Partly by purchase and partly by Government grant, a site was obtained; but, as little money could be collected in consequence of the poverty of the people, services were held in a little wattle and daub structure in Berkeley Street by the missionaries from Mount Coke, the Rev. J. W. Appleyard being the first. The Rev. F. P. Gladwin, after the station at Butterworth was burnt down, took up his abode in King William's Town, and, in 1849, a church was built in Durban Street, the foundation stone of which was laid by Sir Harry Smith, the Governor of the Colony. Six years later this proved to be too small for the congregation, so it was sold, and for many years has been a private dwelling. Very near to the site of the wattle and daub building a substantial stone church was built in Berkeley Street, at a cost of £2,000, and within



REV. G. CHAPMAN.

its walls the ministry of the Rev. G. Chapman was made a great blessing, especially to the soldiers who composed the garrison.

As time passed the town expanded in a southerly direction, and it was found necessary to open a church in Cambridge Road, where one of the best features was the Sabbath-school. Two churches were now occupied, but it was soon apparent that one good central building would be more convenient. In 1883, upon a suitable site in Alexandra Road, given by Mr. J. W. Weir, an admirable school-church was built, and the two congregations united. The Berkeley Street chapel



REV. A. T. RHODES.

was purchased by the Baptists, and the building in Cambridge Road was sold to Dale College. During the ministry of the Rev. A. T. Rhodes the present commodious Gothic church

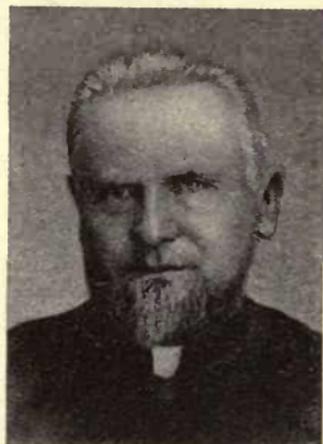
was completed in 1893, and the previous building was devoted to school purposes. Methodism has found a central and pleasant home in Alexandra Road; and it is interesting to know that close at hand are the magistrates' offices and post office, the clock tower of which was erected to the memory of the Rev. J. Brownlee, of the Scottish church, who founded the first Mission station in Kaffraria on the site of the town, before it was even a military fort. A very handsome Wesleyan native church has been erected in the town, but nearer the river.

In the 'Grantee' portion of the neighbourhood about 200 English farmers settled, who were without any religious provision whatever. The Wesleyan ministers rode from farm to farm, conducting services, and some of the farmers walked ten or fifteen miles to listen to a sermon. A church was built, in 1862, at Ncera, in the vicinity of which many of the farmers resided, and it has been a great benefit.

EAST LONDON.—As early as 1848 the Rev. J. W. Appleyard came occasionally from King William's Town to preach to the few residents; but when he removed to Mount Coke these visits were discontinued. In 1859 the Rev. James Scott periodically visited East London from 'King,' and preached in a small, dilapidated building on the west side of the river Buffalo, and the town was known as Port Rex, but it was little more than a fishing village. In 1872 the harbour works were commenced, and, three years later, the railway was begun, which was to connect the coast port with the interior towns. The terminus of the railway was placed on the east bank of the river, and this transferred the trade and the population from Port Rex to what began to be known as East London, its former name having been Panmure. The building on the west side was sold, and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of a site on the east side, where Mr. J. W. Weir, of King William's Town, offered them a plot of ground with a frontage to what is now Waterloo Square, for £100. The inhabitants were few, and money was scarce; but Mr. Richard Tainton, book in hand, collected £300, and a church was commenced. In the meantime workmen were arriving in large numbers, and, when the church was finished, a congregation of 300 persons crowded it to the door. Some of them were Wesleyans from Cornwall, and they brought with them not a little of the zeal and hearty psalmody of their native county.

A choir, exclusively of men, was formed, and the volume of sound was 'occasionally overwhelming.' The whole work was under the care of the Rev. W. B. Rayner, of King William's Town, who, with his colleague, the Rev. P. Tearle, assisted occasionally by a lay preacher, kept up the Sabbath services. This necessitated a weekly drive or ride of seventy-six miles.

A piece of ground adjoining the church was purchased for £180, and on this was subsequently built Wesley Hall—a spacious wood and iron structure, which largely contributed to the prosperity of the Sabbath-school. It speedily became manifest that a resident minister was needed to take charge of the expanding work, and in 1876 the Rev. Charles Pettman was appointed. The Wesleyan congregation was at the time the only English-speaking one in East London, and members of all religious communities attended the services. As other denominations felt strong enough to organize churches of their own they left—first the Episcopalians, then the Presbyterians, and afterwards the Baptists. The departure of so many persons, combined with some unfortunate circumstances, checked the growth of the Wesleyan congregation. East London was yet in a village condition, and Oxford Street was covered with grass, on which cattle grazed in front of the hotel.



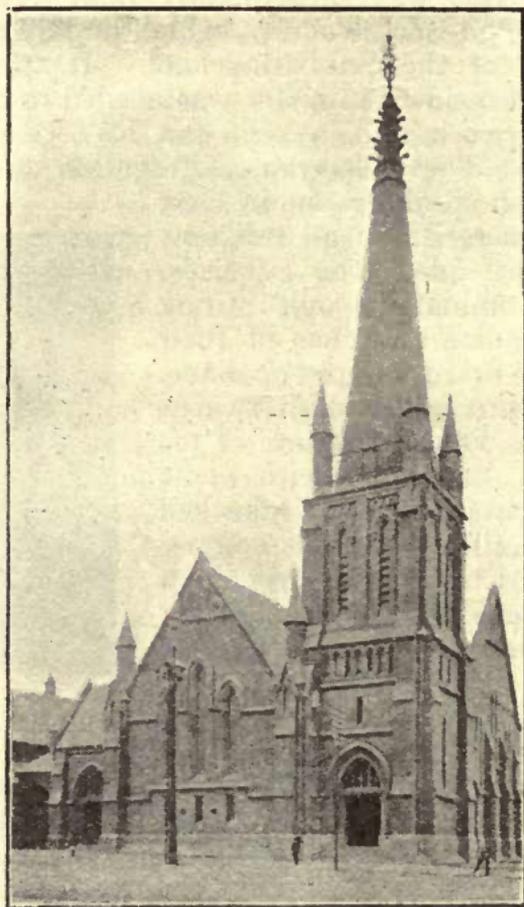
REV. W. B. RAYNER.

With the advent of the Rev. S. Clarke in 1884 new hope was excited.

The heavy financial burdens, which were depressing the people, were reduced, and a forward movement was inaugurated which was nobly sustained by his successor, the Rev. A. H. Hodges, who built up a strong and vigorous congregation in the church in Waterloo Square.

The gradual deepening of the water at the mouth of the river by dredging, so that vessels of 6,000 tons could enter at high tide, was attended with a rapid increase of trade with the northern towns and states. The population of East London advanced from 7,000 in the year 1891 to 25,000 in the year 1904, and it became necessary for Methodism to spread out in various directions. A small mission hall was opened in St. Paul's Road, which has since developed into a well-organized

society and a handsome church with a resident minister. Then the sea slopes, called 'The Beach,' demanded attention, and about 1897 the Rev. W. J. Hacker secured a site, and built Victoria Church at a cost of £1,600. The result is a good congregation, and all the activities of a devoted people. At Southernwood a mission hall was secured, where regular

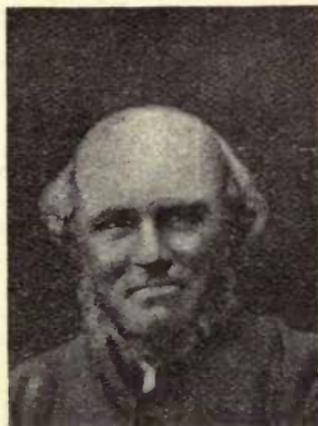


TRINITY CHURCH, EAST LONDON.

services are held, and the work will probably develop into a flourishing congregation. At Cambridge, a suburb four miles to the north, where the population is growing rapidly, a church has been erected, and the work is expanding at a rapid rate.

The prosperity of East London was manifest in its numerous

imposing commercial stores, and almost palatial public buildings, and the congregation worshipping in Waterloo Square felt that their humble place of worship had become obsolete and unworthy. A suitable plot of ground in Oxford Street was purchased for £2,400, and the old site, bought twenty-eight years before for £100, had increased in value to such an extent that £10,500 were offered for it for business purposes. The trustees, however, resolved to lease it rather than sell, and the land in Waterloo Square was therefore leased at rentals which will meet the interest on £12,000. On the new site in Oxford Street a very fine church, named 'Trinity Church,' was erected in the year 1904; it is in the Early English Gothic style, and possesses a lofty crocketed spire. At the side is a spacious hall for the Sabbath-school. The whole cost was about £17,000, and the church and hall form one of the most complete properties in South African Methodism. There is every prospect that, by the blessing of God, the Methodist Church will exercise a commanding influence in East London, and take a fair share in extending the kingdom of Christ.



REV. J. WILSON.

Between the Drakensberg Range and the coast and islanded, as it were, amid native Mission stations, are four English circuits, which have been formed for the benefit of small trading communities, and farmers who have settled in the adjacent districts. They lie far away from any railway, and are little known; but they keep alive the flame of piety in many English families. They are Cala, Umtata, Maclear, and Kokstad.

The early days of Cala are associated with the names of C. J. Levy, Esq., the magistrate, who took great interest in making the town healthy and picturesque; and of the Rev. J. Wilson, the first resident Wesleyan minister. Mrs. Levy, in 1887, laid the foundation stone of the little church which Mr. Wilson succeeded in erecting and opening free of debt. He toiled as diligently in visiting the homes of the people as he did in the pulpit, and sought to strengthen the

spiritual life of his congregation. Like Goldsmith's village preacher :

' Remote from towns he ran his Godly race,
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.'

His death, in 1891, closed a long and useful career, in which he had always been earnest, devoted, doing his utmost to promote the cause of Christ and the prosperity of the church he loved.

The first Wesleyans in Umtata were optimistic, for in 1882 they built a church, costing £1,800, and left upon it a debt of £1,200 for their successors to defray. Perhaps they thought that the annual interest would be easily paid, for those were the palmy days of Methodism in Umtata, when magistrate, merchants, storekeepers, and professional men, in fact, the whole town, attended the Wesleyan services. But Umtata was selected by the dignitaries of the Anglican Church as their headquarters for Kaffraria. A bishop, a dean, and several lesser officials arrived, and the presence of so many clergymen in a small town containing less than 1,000 inhabitants made Umtata as ecclesiastical as a cathedral close. Church rivalries ran high, and there was



REV. W. S. DAVIS.

scarcely room for a humble Nonconformist to breathe. Only by the untiring efforts of both ministers and people was the debt on the Wesleyan church paid off; but, encouraged by this success, they contemplate establishing an efficient day-school in order to protect their children from some of the worst features of ecclesiastical competition.

When the Rev. W. S. Davis retired from the active work of the ministry, he settled at the hamlet of St. John's, near the mouth of the river of the same name. Chiefly through his exertions a small church was erected in an admirable situation within sight of the sea. During the season St. John's is filled with visitors, and the little church is then well attended. Within a month of the opening of the church, in 1902, Mr.

Davis passed to his eternal rest. He was an able Kafir scholar, and at Shawbury and Clarkebury he had for many years rendered invaluable service in the native educational institutions.

Ugi was originally the head of the present Maclear circuit. English farmers purchased Crown lands with the hope that the veldt was good for the grazing of stock. Many of them were Wesleyans from Albany, and Amms, Dugmores, Trollips, and Sephtons, were amongst the settlers. But the winters were severe, the rains were heavy and cold, the grass proved coarse and in winter innutritious, and the farmers lost heavily. Many left, Ugi was almost deserted, and Maclear became the circuit town. There a neat church has been erected, and the resident minister regularly visits the contiguous places of Mount Fletcher, Wainwright, Kenelm, and Waldeck, where are still many Wesleyan farmers.

Kokstad was first inhabited by Griquas, of whom Adam Kok was the chief, the clan having removed from the Orange Free State. A few European traders were allowed to settle in Kokstad, and a small number of Basutos. About the year 1868 the Rev. Mr. Kirby began to ride over from Etembeni, sixty miles distant, and preach to the Basutos, who built a church for themselves. Mr. Kirby also established a school for European children. There was no intention to hold services for the European adults, to whom the Rev. W. Dower, the pastor of the Griqua Congregational Church, preached every Sabbath evening. When the Rev. J. Kilner made his tour through South Africa, he visited Kokstad, and somewhat hastily recommended that the schoolroom should be used on Sabbaths for European services, and accordingly the Rev. J. W. Househam was appointed. Friction between the Congregational and Wesleyan churches ensued, for in a small town like Kokstad there was no necessity for two European congregations. Mr. Househam, dissatisfied with his position, asked to be removed, and for several years the service for Europeans in the Wesleyan schoolroom was discontinued.

Meanwhile, during the seventies, there had been a gradual displacement of the Griquas, who fell victims to the fascinations of intoxicating drink, and many of them sold their farms for a trivial amount, which was soon spent in 'Cape smoke.' The process continued in later years, until at the present time

of the 1,200 farms once held by Griquas it is said not twelve remain in their possession. In 1879 discontent culminated in rebellion, headed by Lodowijk Kok. Captain Blyth, in a sharp encounter, defeated the rebels, many of whom were killed and others surrendered; about 200 were shipped to Cape Town and confined in the Amsterdam battery. Griqualand East was annexed to Cape Colony, and the Griquas lost their semi-independence. Then followed the Basuto War, and Kokstad was made the headquarters of the Colonial forces. At the close of the war the farms in the vicinity held by the Basutos were confiscated, and were occupied by Europeans.

From many of the new arrivals came a request for the appointment of a Wesleyan minister to Kokstad. The Rev. C. J. Hepburn was sent, and, notwithstanding his faithful labours, the congregation continued small and feeble, due to some extent to the mean appearance of the schoolroom in which they assembled. But enterprise is awakening. At a recent meeting it was resolved to build a church at a cost of £1,400, and half of the amount was promised. The native congregation fills their church to excess, and they have had to enlarge it. The night of depression is passing away, and the day of prosperity seems to be dawning.

On the west of the Drakensberg Range are two of the highest towns of the colony—Barkley East and Dordrecht—neither of which, commercially or in number of inhabitants, has expanded, and consequently in both towns Methodism has been unprogressive.

A church was erected at Barkley East in 1884, during the pastorate of the Rev. W. B. Foggitt. The interior was made lofty to permit of the insertion of galleries at a future period, for the hopes of the people as to the prosperity of their town were somewhat inflated. Wool was at a good price, trade was brisk, and money was plentiful. But with the opening of the railway to Aliwal on the north-west, and subsequently to Dordrecht on the south-west, circumstances changed. Wool came no longer to Barkley East, but went to other towns for conveyance by rail to the coast, and local trade suffered. Some of the congregation left for more profitable places of traffic, and the church revenue decreased. The district is a very wide one, and contains many enterprising sheep farmers, but in order to carry the Gospel to them the Wesleyan church in

Barkley East has to be closed three Sunday evenings out of four. This arrangement is unavoidable but discouraging. It does not seem probable that the sanguine anticipations of the the year 1884 will be realized.

Dordrecht has about 800 European inhabitants and three European churches—Dutch, Anglican, and Wesleyan. The result is that the two latter churches are weak. During the ministry of the Rev. Zadok Robinson a Wesleyan church and parsonage were built, but financial difficulties followed, and both were sold and the town vacated. In 1880 the town was reoccupied and a church was erected, but the congregation continues small, and there is little success. The real strength of the circuit is in the farmers residing in the surrounding country. A beautiful native church has been built in the location, and presented to Methodism by Mr. J. K. Stretton and his brothers in honour of their father. A minister has been appointed to Indwe, where a considerable population is engaged in the coal-mine industry.

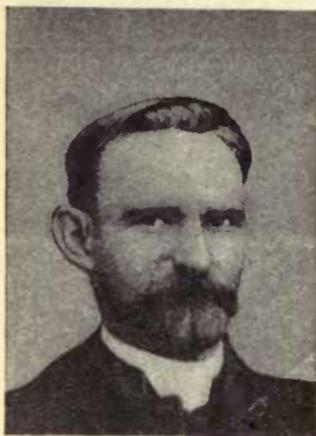
Colesberg was occupied by the Rev. W. C. Holden as early as the year 1838. For sixty years and more the Wesleyan church has pursued a quiet and uneventful but useful career among the English residents, and there is little to record. During the dark days of the war with the Republics the Boers held the town for months, and confined the Rev. A. W. Cragg a prisoner in his own house. He was not allowed to minister to the sick British soldiers left in hospital when the Imperial forces retired, or to read the burial service over the dead; but Mr. Jones, a Wesleyan layman, was, however, allowed to conduct services in the church. Upon the retirement of the Boers, after the capture of Bloemfontein, Mr. Cragg regained his freedom, and he extended his labours to Norval's Pont, Naauwport (where a minister now resides) Hanover Road, and De Aar. The circuit is thus a wide one, and to visit the various places often necessitates travelling by night as well as working by day.



REV. Z. ROBINSON.

Between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth along the coast-belt are two Wesleyan circuits—Knysna and Oudtshoorn—and a recent attempt has been made to occupy Mossel Bay.

The work commenced in 1887 at Millwood, where gold had been discovered in small quantities and in patches. The Rev. C. S. Franklin was appointed to minister to the pioneer diggers, and he took up his abode in the camp, which consisted of a collection of wooden and iron houses. He endured considerable privations, but did his best to gather around him the somewhat reckless men who generally form the majority in gold-mining communities. He soon found himself in a position to build a church; but scarcely was it opened, when the rush to the Transvaal goldfields drew most of the diggers away, and the camp was deserted. In 1889 a gale wrecked the church and left it a pile of useless lumber.



REV. C. S. FRANKLIN.

Soon after the commencement of his work at Millwood, Mr. Franklin rode over every Thursday to Knysna, a village situated near a land-locked estuary fed by the river Knysna, in order to preach to the woodcutters and a few traders and their families. He had to ride fifteen miles over fearful roads, through a dense forest tenanted by elephants, and down the steep 'Phantom' mountain-pass. When Millwood collapsed, Mr. Franklin removed to Knysna. There were no Methodists in the neighbourhood; but

a number of well-wishers welcomed and assisted him in his work, grateful to him for supplying spiritual instruction. The change from the bracing mountain air of Millwood, to the moist enervating atmosphere of Knysna, so prejudicially affected Mr. Franklin's health that the following year he left, and the Rev. R. P. Underwood was sent.

The work began to assume a more organized form. Bible Meetings, a Band of Hope, a Mutual Improvement Society, as well as the Sabbath services, drew the people together, and some testified to a gracious change of heart. During the residence of the Rev. F. Holmes a pretty church was built, the congregation having hitherto met in a hall. The native Fingos living in the neighbourhood were visited, and bi-monthly

services held for their benefit. Any great extension of the work is impossible, as the population is scattered, and Anglican and Roman Catholic ministers have entered the field; but it seems to be too valuable to be abandoned.

Oudtshoorn made an urgent appeal for a Wesleyan minister, and when Mr. Underwood left Knysna he removed thither. The town is situated on the Grobelaars River in the midst of a wealthy and prosperous farming community, chiefly Dutch, and its inhabitants belong to many nationalities—Dutch, English, German, and Jewish. Oudtshoorn has a very handsome Dutch church, Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, and a Jewish synagogue. But many of the residents desired the simple worship and evangelical teaching of the Wesleyan church, and they gave Mr. Underwood a hearty reception. He speedily won the affection of his hearers and the respect of the whole town. In 1894 he succeeded in erecting a neat church. The work thus commenced has been sustained by those who followed Mr. Underwood, and if each step taken has been slow, it has been a step forward. Methodism has a work to do in Oudtshoorn which cannot be neglected.

Kimberley is a town dating from 1870, when diamonds were discovered on the farms Dutoitspan and Bultfontein. The first diamond was discovered almost by accident. The children of a poor Dutch farmer played with a stone which they supposed was made of glass. A trader admired it, obtained it for the asking, and sent it to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who pronounced it to be a diamond of the first water. Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor, bought it for £500. The news spread, and the excitement throughout South Africa was intense. Visions of rapidly-made fortunes floated before the minds of the people and ordinary industries were neglected. Thousands of colonists flocked to the diamond fields. Scarcely a family but sent one of their number to the Vaal River diggings. Doctors, lawyers, editors, graduates of universities, farmers, and tradesmen were found in rough garb, handling the spade or sorting pebbles at a table, searching for the precious gems, which in a moment could make a poor man rich. The different parties worked their way up from the junction of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, by Pniel and Barkley as far as Hebron, carefully prospecting as they went. In 1870 10,000 persons were scattered along the river banks, their

number daily increasing as the news of their 'finds' circulated. They lived in small canvas tents, and the 'camp' extended from the river to the hills on either side. Hotels, billiard-rooms, shops, portrait saloons, private dwellings, were all of canvas, supplemented by waggons and reed sheds. For miles on both sides of the river the diggers were busy picking and sifting the soil, or carting it to the river to be washed. All day long could be heard the 'rock, rock' of the cradles, and long before dawn the rumble of carts betrayed that labour had again commenced. Some diggers made fortunes; but most toiled on, buoyed up with the hope of wealth that never came within their reach. The discovery of a diamond, especially if it was a fine one, was followed by the cessation of labour by all the neighbouring diggers, and an adjournment to the nearest 'bar' to drink the health of the lucky finder.

Some of the diggers were Wesleyans and endeavoured to keep up the forms of religion. The Rev. J. Thorne paid them a flying visit, and money was promptly subscribed to purchase a large tent for public worship. In January, 1871, the Rev. B. S. H. Impey was appointed to the 'diggings,' and he lived in a waggon, preaching in the open air, in a billiard-saloon, or in a photographic gallery. About July of that year diamonds were discovered at Dutoitspan and at Bultfontein, twenty miles from the river, and later at De Beers and Kimberley; and though the stones were not of such pure quality as those found by the Vaal, they were more abundant. There was a rapid migration of the diggers to the 'New Rush,' as the dry diggings were first called, until the river was comparatively deserted. The Rev. B. S. H. Impey followed the people to Kimberley and held services in tents or in the open air. Towards the end of the year 1871 the Rev. J. Priestley superseded Mr. Impey, and the Rev. James Scott came over from Bloemfontein to assist. Services were held by the side of Mr. Kidger Tucker's store at the West End, and in the billiard room of Smith's canteen, in what is now called Main Street. The billiard table was used as a reading-desk and empty bottles served as candlesticks. There was a good congregation and some of the diggers found true riches in Christ.

In those days wood and iron had to be carried by the slow ox-waggon 600 miles from the coast, at a cost of 3d. per pound, and were thus exceedingly costly. Large tents or marquees were put up at the West End and at Dutoitspan. By the side of one of these Gospel tents stood a canvas canteen, and during

the service the congregation could hear quite plainly the orders for 'whisky and soda.' There were no roads, and sometimes after a storm the men had to pick up the ladies as they came out and carry them across the pools of water. One Methodist digger, having obtained a top hat, was escorted to church as the possessor of unwonted dignity. In organizing services in several parts of the camp the local preachers rendered valuable assistance. One of them still lives at Kimberley, Mr. A. Stead, M.L.A.

The diggers were generous, and in a few months a wood and iron church was erected, at a cost of £1,000, at the West End. This was at the time the largest building on the Diamond Fields. As the mine was worked, the West End was filled up with reef and tailings, and the population drifted to the East End, and the site on which Trinity Church now stands was secured, and a place of worship was erected. It was not a strong structure, and in 1874 it was blown down during a high gale. The Rev. James Fish called a meeting, and it was resolved to erect a larger and more substantial building. In August, 1875, the Hon. Sir H. Barkley, the Governor, laid the foundation stone; but the material used in the erection was wood and iron. This building is known as 'Trinity Church.' More Wesleyan ministers were needed, and the Rev. James Calvert, the veteran Fijian missionary, came out from England to assist. He was vigorous and enthusiastic, notwithstanding his advanced years, and soon won the warm esteem of the people. The Rev. Gardener Scates also arrived; he was an attractive preacher, but died of enteric fever in the year 1877. At Dutoitspan the canvas tent was replaced by a building of wood and iron, the expense being borne by the Good Templars, who used the hall for their meetings.

By the year 1878 the population of Kimberley reached its height. When it was discovered that the 'blue' beneath the yellow surface soil was rich in stones, and descended to unknown depths, the permanency of the diggings was assured, but a change in the method of working became necessary. As the open mine increased in depth, the falling of reef, and the increased difficulties of haulage made the old system of working impossible. Deep shafts, underground galleries, pulsators, and tramways were introduced, and the individual digger gave way to syndicates and companies. These in turn were amalgamated in 1885, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and the De Beers Company, the largest and richest diamond

combination in the world, came into existence. The inevitable result was that the population decreased, and whole streets of houses at Beaconsfield were left tenantless. Kimberley has always been a place of considerable wealth, but it early attained its greatest expansion.

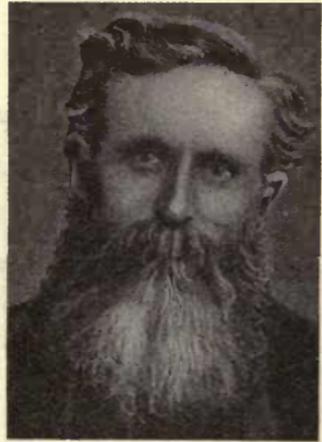
As the diamond industry assumed a more permanent form, the dwellings of the residents became more substantial in character. The churches shared in the improvement. The wood and iron structure at the West End was replaced in 1886 by a brick building known as 'Wesley Church.' It had parapet and buttresses, with a good pitched roof, was Gothic in style, and was looked upon with not a little pride. In the year 1901, the foundations proving defective, it was with considerable skill reconstructed. Side aisles were added, the roof was carried on arches surmounted by clerestory windows, and now the church is one of the prettiest in Kimberley. It is lit by electricity.

The facility with which diamonds could be stolen, and the great profit to be made by theft, attracted to Kimberley a large number of dishonest characters from all parts of the world, who found ready tools in the natives employed in the mines. Severe repressive measures were adopted by the Legislature, and numerous detectives were engaged, but the illicit trade, though checked, was not destroyed. After the amalgamation of the companies, it was possible to adopt a system which almost extinguished the evil.

Every native who is employed by the De Beers Company is required to live in a compound, a quadrangular enclosure, not unlike a barrack, with a large, open yard, covered with wire netting to prevent anything being thrown over the walls; and eight or ten have been erected, each holding about 1,000 natives. From the day of his engagement until the day of his discharge the native labourer is not allowed to leave the enclosure. Here he is supplied with bed and fuel and water free, but he has to purchase his food, and for his supply there are shops in every compound. He is thus deprived of some of his liberty and the opportunity of stealing stones; but he is protected from the vile attractions of the canteens, and the solicitations of thieving scoundrels. A native within these compounds has therefore not a bad time. He gets about £4 a month; he buys his food at almost cost price, and the hospital is at hand in case of accident or sickness. There is no Mrs. Grundy to dictate how much or how little clothing he shall wear.

These compounds furnished facilities for the preaching of the Gospel, which could be done only on Sundays, as the natives were engaged every day in the mine. It was easy on the Sabbath to get at the men. In 1888 the Rev. J. S. Morris was appointed minister to the mines, and for fifteen years he was accustomed to preach six or eight times every Sabbath within the several compounds. On that day the enclosure presented a busy scene. Large fires blazed before the open doors of the rooms, the cooking of food was carried on, the men chatted, smoked, and played with pebbles or cards—anon, a number formed into a dance, and there was the deep roll of native songs. The natives came from all parts of South Africa, but were chiefly Basutos, Sekukunis, Zulus, Batlapins, Matebeles, and Barolongs. Some of the men were Christians, but the great mass of them were heathen, as untutored as in their native kraals. The Kafir doctor, with his roots, bones, etc., might not unfrequently be seen. Various languages were spoken, but the great majority understood either Xosa or Sechuana.

The men in the compounds did not gather together in anticipation of the service. Mr. Morris's plan upon entering a compound on the Sabbath was first to select a suitable spot, and then a friend played upon an instrument, or a boy went round ringing a bell, whilst he himself went from fire to fire, and from group to group, collecting as many as he could persuade to join him. Then the service commenced. A few who generally sat near the preacher were orderly and reverent, but the attitudes of the rest were singularly easy. One man patched his trousers, another made rings or bangles, a little farther off a group sat round a pot waiting for the preacher to finish, when they would eat their food, but all listened more or less attentively. These services were sometimes trying, owing to the surrounding noise, but God often wonderfully blessed them. In some of the compounds the De Beers Company built neat churches, and the meetings held therein were often very impressive. During the week Mr. Morris conducted educational classes, teaching the men to read and write. It is



REV. J. S. MORRIS.

almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work. Those who heard the Gospel, and especially those who were brought to Christ, carried back with them books, especially Testaments and hymn books, in one or other of the native languages. Not long ago a native who had been converted during his residence in one of the compounds came to Mr. Morris for his removal note. Upon being asked, 'Where are you going?' he replied, 'I am going home near the great Zambesi Falls, and am taking with me some books, and when my people ask me, What are they? I shall then explain.' In this way the seed of the Word is carried far and wide.



IN THE COMPOUND.

On July 11, 1888, a terrible calamity occurred at the De Beers Mine. The timbers to one of the shafts had been damaged, and Mr. Lindsay, a mine manager, and six miners went down to accomplish the necessary repairs. A few minutes after their descent the alarm was given that the Friggins shaft, a small vertical one between the 505 feet and the 685 feet level, was on fire. There were two inclined shafts between the same levels, but the flames must have broken out at the bottom of the vertical shaft, for in a very short time both the inclined shafts were filled with a dense smoke rendering escape by them impossible. There were hundreds

of men, European and native, in the mine at the time below the fire. An attempt was made to reach Mr. Lindsay by one of the inclined shafts, but the men were driven back by the smoke in an exhausted condition. The mine was ventilated through a small outlet into the old open workings, but this was unknown to most of the men below. Providentially, about ten o'clock at night, a native discovered this opening, and one white man and six Kafirs came through. During the next day, 42 white men, and 445 Kafirs were rescued through the same opening; but 24 white men, of whom 23 were Wesleyans, and 78 natives, lost their lives. The congregation at Trinity Church deeply felt this calamity, and an impressive memorial service was held by the Rev. W. Wynne, the resident minister; and another was held at Beaconsfield by the Rev. J. S. Morris to the memory of the natives who had perished. To prevent the recurrence of such a disaster, the De Beers Company made escape tunnels in several places in the mine.

From time to time improvements were made in Trinity Church. It was brick-lined, and in 1887 an organ loft was added, and a fine organ placed in it at a cost of £1,750. In 1882 extensive school buildings were erected in Woodley Street. Trinity Church is endeared to its congregation by many sacred associations, but it is intended to erect, in the near future, at a cost of £7,500, a church worthy of the traditions of the past, and equal to the demands of the future.

At Gladstone, formerly De Beers, there is a fine Wesleyan church, built in 1886; and quite recently, through the efforts of the Rev. J. Ward, spacious school buildings, with a central hall capable of seating 250 persons, have been completed. Facilities for the education of the young and the social work of the church have thus been provided.

The congregation at Beaconsfield worshipped for a time in a place known as the Old Cock Inn; but, in 1880, a church was built which, in point of size and appearance, was one of the finest on the Diamond Fields; but, with the amalgamation of the mines, population steadily decreased, and the congrega-



REV. J. WARD,

tion was reduced in numbers. The work reached so low an ebb that many considered the church should be closed. Coincident with the appointment of the Rev. W. H. Clulow, in



REV. W. H. CLULOW.

1901, circumstances changed. The opening of the Wesselton Mine, and the resumption of operations at the Bultfontein Mine, led to a steady growth in the population, and the congregation soon felt the benefit. Mr. Clulow infused his hopefulness into all departments of the work, but the church was situated far from the homes of the people. In 1904 the De Beers Company granted four stands in the heart of the township, at a moderate rent, and on these a church has been erected at a cost of £2,500, and Beaconsfield Methodism is fulfilling its early promise of success.

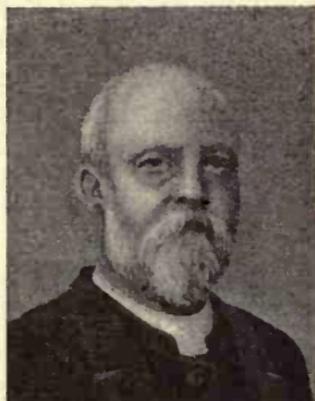
Many Dutch-speaking coloured people came to the Diamond Fields in search of work as grooms, and gardeners, and general servants, and for a time Mr. Goch, watchmaker and claim-owner, preached to them. In 1884 the Rev. W. Pescod was appointed their pastor, and for twenty years he has been a powerful factor in the elevation of this class of the population in Kimberley. The Bean Street church, in which they worship, had to be enlarged several times, and the congregation which assembled in it was a noble sight. In 1903 the church was pulled down, and on the same site was erected, at a cost of £4,750, a larger and more imposing building. Day schools have been established, and the congregation, with its numerous interests, is one of the most prosperous on the Fields.



REV. W. PESCOD.

Kimberley suffered severely during the siege by the Republican forces. For 120 days the town was closely invested, and egress or ingress was impossible. To the dangers of bursting

shells were added the privations of insufficient food. Before deliverance came horseflesh was a welcome article of diet. The lack of vegetables and the limited supply of other food stuffs brought on scurvy. The congregations in the churches consisted chiefly of women and children, for the men were garrisoning the redoubts which held back the foe. What was suffered by the inhabitants during the siege will never be known. When the men could not attend the services in the churches, the ministers carried the services to the men, and preached in the various redoubts and camps. The hospitals were regularly visited, and many a sick soldier was cheered by their ministrations. The Refugee Relief Committee consisted of all the ministers in Kimberley, but both during the siege and for some time subsequently the burden of the work fell chiefly on Archdeacon Holbeach, the Revs. J. Scott and William Pescod, and Harris Isaacs, the Jewish Rabbi. For nearly two years they met weekly, and carefully investigated all cases needing relief. They gave food and clothing, and helped to provide lodging; but their great difficulty was to find employment for the men whom the war had thrown out of work. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, on the first rumour of war, had hurried to Kimberley, solved the difficulty by employing the men in repairing all the roads of the De Beers



REV. J. THOMPSON, M.A.

Company. When the war was over, Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, made honourable mention, amongst many, of three Wesleyan ministers—the Revs. J. Scott, W. Pescod, and J. S. Morris. Their presence and active help had brightened the dark days of a weary and painful siege.

During the investment, and amid the booming of heavy guns, the gentle and loving spirit of the Rev. James Thompson passed to its eternal rest. He had broken down in health the year previously, and, from the nature of the disease, he knew that his work was done, but he was sustained patiently to endure. 'I am in the Palace Beautiful,' he said, 'for I am in the Lord's presence.' He was a graduate of the Dublin University, and for years was a member of the Cape University Council. He had marked literary gifts, and was an able

preacher, lecturer, and platform speaker. He had been twice elected President of the Conference of the Wesleyan Church of South Africa. His character is tersely described on the memorial tablet placed in the Metropolitan Church at Cape Town: 'A ripe scholar, an eloquent preacher, a wise administrator, a constant friend.'

In the early days of the Diamond Fields, when, by a stroke of the pick, a fortune might be unearthed, a restless, adventurous, gambling spirit prevailed, which was unfavourable to religion in any form. The race to be rich was keenly contested, and few gave more than a passing thought to things of greater importance. The fevered search for diamonds absorbed the energies of both body and mind, and the Sabbath was little observed. The diamond industry is now as free from unhealthy excitement as ordinary trade, and men's thoughts are no longer strained by endeavours after fabulous wealth. Religion has benefited by the change. Kimberley Methodism has within its ranks Christian men and women who, for rectitude of conduct in daily life, faithful attention to religious duty, and generous help to the needy, are unsurpassed in any town of South Africa.

The work of the Methodist Church amongst the European races in South Africa increases every year in importance. The dwellers on lonely farms, often far removed from a place of worship, and in danger of lapsing into irreligion, need to be followed and assisted to make the external quietness of their life, and their contact with the silent forces of Nature, a daily aid to direct and constant communion with God. The busy inhabitants in towns and ports, some of whom have come from Methodist churches in other lands, require special attention, lest, amid morally enervating influences, they drift away from the faith of their fathers. To make and keep our colonial Methodist churches spiritual, complete, and aggressive, so that colonists shall be built up in vigorous piety, and new-comers shall realize that we are one in spirit and aim with the Greater Methodism at Home, will do much to knit our people together in Christian affection, and enlist their services in our various congregational activities.

Perhaps the message from the pulpit needs to be more simple, more direct, and fuller of Christ. The ground-swell of controversies with unbelief in other lands scarcely reaches our shores, and the great obstacle to the acceptance of a full Gospel

is utter indifference to any form of belief. Multitudes are never or seldom found within a Christian church; but they are weary of negations and barren intellectualism. The success which has attended the efforts of the Missioners who have at times visited us, reveals that the hearts of men respond to direct, earnest, prayerful preaching. Without sacrificing literary grace, the preacher has not so much to make or deliver a sermon as to 'persuade men' to yield themselves to Christ. It was in the application of the Gospel message to the consciences of men that many of the early Methodist preachers were especially successful. They took aim, whereas many a modern sermon is accurately described in the poet's words: 'I shot an arrow into the air; it fell to earth—I know not where.'

In some circuits the work makes great demands on the faith and energy of the ministers. They have few lay helpers, few inspirations drawn from success, and the round of duty is in danger of being filled in a dull and lifeless manner. Only as they retain firm hold of the sources of their strength in a Divine and ever-present Christ can they succeed. All praise and thanks to those who, amid depressing circumstances, keep bright their own faith, and help others to 'a closer walk with God.'

Visitors from the Home churches have said that in this country there is a light sense of sin. But that is not peculiar to South Africa: it seems to be characteristic of the age. Numbers of persons who listened to John Wesley fell to the ground smitten with an overwhelming consciousness of the wrath of God. How could their sins be forgiven? was the irrepressible cry of the soul. The same intense feeling throbs in Charles Wesley's hymns. The penitent is represented as confessing, 'Me, the vilest of the race, most unholy, most unclean'; 'On me I feel Thy wrath abide'; 'Nothing is worth a thought beneath but how I may escape the death that never, never dies.' Larger views of the Divine Love have given to modern religion a sunnier aspect; but are we not in danger of being carried to the other extreme? Do we not exalt Christ, the Man of Sorrows, the Shepherd-Saviour, at the expense of Christ, the Divine Lawgiver and Judge? Does not the general conscience treat sin as a blunder? Where is the deep sense of sin's guilt, its terrible power to delude, its eternal consequence? Are not few sermons preached on the necessity of conversion? Are we not satisfied to live without the assurance of God's forgiveness? The authority of the Bible is lessened;

we are not quite certain about hell, and gloss over the future with vague hope. We insist less on spiritual change of heart, and resort more to concerts and socials, to build up the church of the living Christ. And so Christian life loses its grip, its spirituality, and its seriousness, and becomes shallow and gay, and powerless to grapple with evil. We need to revert to the early ideals of Methodism, if we are to possess the saintliness and zeal of our fathers.

It may be said that it is impossible to retain the early Methodist type—changed circumstances necessitate changed methods. But whilst our systems may be adapted to the altered conditions of society, that which was the glory of early Methodism may still be cherished—its insistence upon the need of conversion; its exaltation of prayer and Christian fellowship; its incitement to holiness of heart and life; its joyous hope of an eternity with Christ. Such teaching made men like John Fletcher, whose life was a perpetual benediction; like William Bramwell and Thomas Collins, who were flames of fire, and kindled a blaze wherever they went; like Sammy Hick and Billy Bray, whose strength and simplicity of faith enabled them to reach the heights of achievement. No fear need be felt that, if the standard of Christian life be made high, inquirers will be repelled. As Mr. Rendal Harris says: ‘Nothing saves people so quickly as the preaching of a high Gospel.’ John Wesley says: ‘I always observe, wherever a work of sanctification breaks out, that the whole work of God prospers. Some are convinced of sin, others justified, and all stirred up to greater earnestness of salvation.’ A holy church makes a holy community in proportion as it is a holy church. O that the power and spirituality of early Methodism may be revived amongst us in these later times!

THE 'CHAIN OF STATIONS,' 1823-1833.

SEATED at Salem, in his lowly study, the Rev. W. Shaw wrote, soon after his arrival: 'There is not a single missionary between my residence and the northern extremity of the Red Sea.' Already his thoughts were travelling beyond colonial boundaries, and designing the establishment of Wesleyan Missions among the Bantu tribes as far as Natal.

In the year 1799 Dr. Vanderkemp, of the London Missionary Society, attempted to form a Mission among Gaika's people, who dwelt on the lower slopes of the Katberg and Elandsberg. The Doctor was a remarkable man, had studied at the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh, and was familiar with many of the ancient, and most of the modern European languages. It was his habit, when with the Kafirs, to dress in the roughest garb, and appear without hat, shoes, or stockings. His object was to conciliate the natives, but the endeavour to place himself on their level aroused their suspicion. They looked upon him as a spy sent by the Dutch to devise plans to get possession of their country and their cattle. Rumours reached him that his destruction was intended, and at the close of the year 1800, finding that the animosity of the Gaikas was increasing, he relinquished the Mission.

It was not until the year 1816 that Kafirland was again entered by the missionary, when the Rev. Joseph Williams, also of the London Missionary Society, with the concurrence of Gaika, established himself on the Kat River. With his own hands he built a house and a schoolroom, and dug a water furrow several miles in length; he made a dam across the river, and cleared ground for cultivation. But these exhaustive labours sapped his strength, and in two years he died. No successor was sent, and in the war between Ndlambe and Gaika the station was plundered and destroyed.

In 1820 the Colonial Government formed a semi-official Mission near the Tyumie River, and placed it under the care of the Rev. J. Brownlee, of the London Society, and the Rev. W. R. Thompson, of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, that through them communication might be obtained when needed with Gaika. But it proved to be highly inexpedient for missionaries to hold anything like a political office; they were suspected as Government Agents, and not only was their work obstructed, but their lives were endangered. The arrangement had to be abandoned.

The whole of South-Eastern Africa was thus occupied by numerous tribes of heathen savages, destitute of any Christian instruction. To penetrate this spiritual darkness with the light of the Gospel was Mr. Shaw's earnest desire. His plan was to establish a 'chain of Mission stations' from the Fish River to Natal, a distance of 400 miles. His belief was that a number of Christian fortresses, within easy distance of each other, would enable peaceable incursions to be made into the surrounding heathenism. It was the plan of a benevolent and statesmanlike mind.

The natives of the South-East of Africa belonged to the great Bantu (=the people) family, which occupies the Dark Continent as far north as the equator. Their colour varied from jet black to a light brown. The nose was broad, and the lips were usually thick and protruding; but some have finely-cut features, indicating probably a mixture of Arab blood centuries ago. The eyes were bright and large, and the teeth were regular and of ivory whiteness. The hair was short and crimped up into short tufts. Like the men of the Stone Age in Europe, they lived in bee-hive shaped huts, which, however, were made not of stone but of twigs plastered with clay. The Kafirs worked in circles; their huts, their fireplaces, their kraals or villages were all circular. Their language abounded with clicks, which were supposed to have been derived from the Bushmen or the Hottentots. The explanation is that when the Kafirs waged war against these races they slew the men but retained the women as wives, who clung to their own language, and gradually imposed the clicks upon their conquerors.

The Bantu were generally well built, tall, and muscular. Their mental capabilities were considerable, and at a Pitso, or tribal gathering, they displayed great shrewdness, and in their

law cases they argued with skill. They were eloquent in speech and patient listeners, but suspicious, kind to their families, but not demonstrative. When surprised, they placed their hand upon their mouth and uttered an exclamation, as 'Wow!' A successful lie was considered clever; it was only an offence when found out.

The division of labour was curious. The men hunted, made war, herded the cattle, and milked the cows. The women,



NATIVE WARRIOR.

assisted by the children, made the hive-shaped huts, hoed the ground, sowed and reaped the corn, and cooked the food. On a journey the women carried the household goods on their head and the babies on their back. The men drove the cattle, and carried weapons in their hands ready for use.

At the time of which we write the Bantu were grossly heathen. They had scarcely any religious ideas. They had no knowledge of God and very little of a future life. They

built no temples, made no sacred groves, and had no idols before which they bowed down. A profound silence rested on the subject of religion. Their only objects of reverence were the spirits of dead chiefs, or the oldest Uthlanga, the first great chief, to whom the poet Pringle alludes in his poem 'Makana's Gathering':

'Hark! 'tis Uthlanga's voice
From Debe's mountain caves;
He calls you now to make your choice,
Or be for ever slaves.'

The Bantu had an inchoate belief that the spirits of the dead lived underground in a region of light, where there was no sickness, but plenty of food and numerous wives. There they received knowledge of what was transacted on the earth, and wielded an undefined power over the living, the seasons, and the weather. With these spirits intercourse could be held, but they were never credited with kindness; oftener they were dreaded as causes of misfortune, and were propitiated with beef placed in cleft sticks and Kafir beer, both deposited near their graves. If not appeased they might send drought and sickness on the land. Hence Kreli once offered a sacrifice to the 'Manes' of his father, Hintsu, and confessed he had not honoured his name sufficiently. There is no evidence that the Bantu ever offered human sacrifices.

Whilst much illness was regarded simply as illness, sickness and misfortune were often believed to be due to the interference of ancestral spirits, or to magic effected by human agency. The bewitching material called 'Ubuti' might be a snake's skin, a jackal's bone, or a bit of dry dung; which reminds one of the witches' song in 'Hamlet,' where

'Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,'

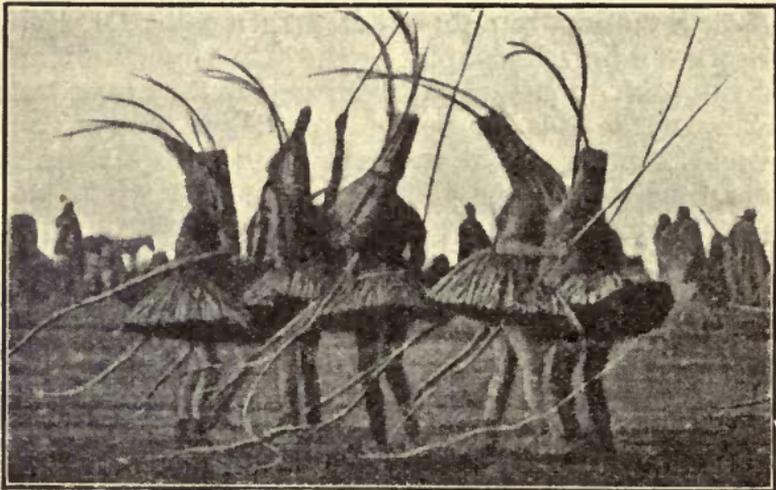
are said to make the hell broth. Sometimes sickness was supposed to be transferred to an article, as a thorn, or a lizard, and anyone touching it would contract disease. To discover this bewitching material, and the culprit, the witch-doctor was employed. Frequently he was a political engine in the hands of an unscrupulous chief, who, if he feared a powerful subject, or coveted the cattle of a wealthy one, secretly instructed the witch doctor to accuse the offender of witchcraft. The victim was immediately seized, and subjected to the most revolting

cruelties, to make him confess where he had hidden the supposed bewitching stuff. A native who was charged with having caused the illness of some of Kreli's children was pegged to the ground on the broad of his back, and hot stones were placed to various parts of his body. When he was allowed to rise the flesh fell from his legs, and after staggering a short distance his brains were mercifully knocked out. Upon the death of the victim his cattle became the property of the chief. In another case a man charged his wife with having bewitched him, and she was fastened down to the ground by her hands and feet, then she was sprinkled with water, and over her were thrown fierce black ants, which, creeping into her mouth, and eyes, and nostrils, inflicted the most excruciating pain. This torture was continued for days, until life was extinct. Such cruelty was revolting, but not wholly irrational. Dr. Fairbairn, in his work, 'The Philosophy of the Christian Religion,' has pointed out that to believe a given person has over nature or the spirits of the dead a secret compelling power, and can make them torment or kill an enemy, or injure his health, was in former days to believe that here was one whom common justice could not punish or ordinary laws control. He must therefore by any process, however brutal, be promptly cut off from life. Belief in witchcraft, whether in England or Kafirland, was always attended by a blind fury which nothing less than the death of the supposed witch could pacify.

The witch doctors were credited with the power of making rain, to secure which they sometimes killed birds having bright red breast feathers, and threw them into the river, or they sacrificed oxen to appease the offended ancestral spirits, who in their anger had caused the drought. The dress of the witch doctor was bizarre. He was clothed with the skins of wild animals, and with an abundance of tails and feathers. In his cap was placed a goat's gall-bladder, and round his neck was a necklace of leopard's teeth, or small antelope's horns. When engaged in finding out a culprit, he often indulged in a dance, working himself into a frenzy, in which state he was supposed to receive messages from the dead.

Youths were introduced into the privileges of manhood by the rite of circumcision. The ceremonies connected with the custom lasted for three or four months, during which they dwelt apart in the bush; they smeared themselves with white clay and wore a fringe of dried grass around their waists. They spent their time in eating and dancing, and some of the

closing scenes were grossly polluting and immoral. An analagous custom was observed at the coming of age of girls, and was attended with such indecency that any vestige of modesty remaining was destroyed. Polygamy was practised, and, practically, wives were bought with cattle, the payment, or 'ikazi,' being from ten to a hundred head, according to the rank or beauty of the bride. The women attached great importance to this custom of 'ukulobola'—liked to feel they were worth so many head of cattle, and thought they were disgraced if they were given away for nothing. The husband might turn on his wife and tell her she was 'only a cat,' the one living thing natives never buy. Girls were often disposed



THE ABAKWETA DANCE.

of without the slightest knowledge on their part, generally to the man who offered most cattle—not unfrequently an old polygamist who, being rich, could outbid the young men. If a girl resisted, which was a rare occurrence, she was punished until she submitted. The wife, however, did not become the chattel of her husband, for she could not be sold. In one way the 'lobolo' cattle acted as a salutary check. If the husband ill-treated his wife beyond condonation, she was justified in returning to her father's protection, and the husband lost both wife and cattle. If the wife misbehaved, she lost caste, and was sent back to her father who had to deliver up the cattle to the injured husband. In either case the woman could not own

anything, even though earned by her own labour. She was something 'better than an ox; a little dearer than a horse.'

From Kafir corn or from mealies (maize), the Bantu made a thick acid beer called 'utywala,' which, taken in moderate quantities, was nutritious; but drunk to excess was intoxicating, and the cause of many quarrels. The principal food was mealies and sour milk. Meat was a luxury only eaten on special occasions. In order to keep the body cool, and as a protection against the sun and rain, it was smeared with fat mixed with red clay. Some of the natives were skilful in working copper and iron, and made assagais, anklets, picks, and hoes. Beer-pots and grain-jars were made of clay.

The Bantu were divided into tribes and clans, ruled by hereditary chiefs, whose power over the lives of their subjects was almost absolute. A nod of condemnation and the offender was promptly slain. The chiefs were therefore dreaded and flattered. At a dance one of Krel's men stood forth, and thus sang the praises of his chief: 'His eyes are like the sun, his body is as large as the earth, his people are as numerous as the blades of grass, and the milk of his cattle is like the ocean.' This was the usual style of complimenting a chief.

The Bantu tribe, dwelling nearest the frontier of the colony in 1820, was the fierce Ama-Xosa, which consisted of two prominent clans—the Gaikas, who lived inland among the hills, and the Gcalekas, who lived near the coast, between the Fish River and the Kei—their two most powerful chiefs being Hintza and Ndlambe. There were many sub-clans, amongst which were the Gонуquabi, under Pato. To the north of the Kei dwelt the Tembus; and beyond St. John's River, near the coast, were the Pondos. Inland, about the base of the Drakensberg, were located several small but warlike clans—the Pandomisi, the Ama-Baca, and the Xesibe. Between these several tribes there was frequent deadly strife, the chief object of war being not so much to conquer each other as to capture cattle.

The condition of the Bantu when first sought by the missionary was thus deplorable. They had no idea of God. Nature in all her grandeur had no message of a Creator. 'They looked on the sun with the eyes of an ox.' They knew little of a future state of existence. They were fierce, cruel, and licentious. They went in terror of their own superstitious beliefs. Their lives were at the mercy of a suspicious chief or a revengeful witch doctor. They were 'without God and

without hope in the world.' As one of them said to a missionary, after the Gospel had brought him a new life: 'You found us beasts and not men.'

In July, 1823, Mr. Shaw set out from Grahamstown to explore Kafirland. He had made an attempt the previous year; but, after visiting Gaika, was compelled to return in consequence of the failure of his horses. He was now accompanied by Mr. Shepstone as surveyor and builder, and by Tsatsoe as interpreter, who carried a heavy musket as a defence against wild animals. Up to the border of the colony they followed the tracks of waggons; but beyond, they had to find their way as best they were able through forest and jungle, over mountains and across rivers. Mr. Shaw's aim was to reach the Gcalekas, amongst whom no Mission had been attempted. The Gaikas, he considered, had received, however limited, a Gospel call from Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Williams, and he sought a people hitherto untouched by Christianity.

After a journey of 100 miles, they arrived at the kraal or village of Pato, with whom lived his brothers Kama and Kobi. They were greeted with the usual questions: 'Who are you? Where do you come from? What do you seek? What is the news?' The chiefs welcomed Mr. Shaw and his companions with pleasure. The following day the councillors of the tribe assembled, and to them Mr. Shaw explained at length the purport of his visit. After a long discussion over the novel proposal, full consent was given to the establishment of a Mission amongst them. The prevailing idea seemed to be that a resident missionary would add to their political importance, and provide an easy method of communication with the Government. Kobi rode round the neighbourhood with Mr. Shaw to assist in selecting a site for the station where wood and water and land for cultivation could be secured. This done, Mr. Shaw left for the colony to fetch his family; but was followed by the parting request of Pato: 'Make haste; we shall strain our eyes in looking out for your arrival.'

Attempts were made both at Grahamstown and Salem to dissuade Mr. Shaw from undertaking so hazardous a Mission. 'The country is disturbed, the Gaikas have just carried off many cattle from European farmers and killed the herdsmen. The probability is that the natives will not respect the lives either of yourself or any of your family. Besides, is it wise to desert the infant churches in Albany for ferocious savages?'

In his perplexity Mr. Shaw consulted his wife, a woman of noble character. Her counsel was: 'You have long prayed for this opening; you stand pledged to the chiefs, and the conduct of the natives only shows how much they need the Gospel. We shall be under the Divine protection; let us go in the name of the Lord.' Mr. Shaw, with a full heart and streaming eyes, replied: 'That settles the matter; we will start.'

Leaving the Revs. S. Kay and S. Young in charge of Grahamstown and Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw commenced their journey on November 13, 1823, and they were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Shepstone and several drivers and interpreters. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Shepstone rode on horseback, and their wives and children occupied one waggon, and the native women occupied another, which also contained implements and stores of various kinds. To-day such an expedition would excite no comment; but at that period it was not a little perilous. After passing Fort Beaufort, the party entered a trackless country, through which axe and spade and crowbar had to clear a way. Pato sent a body of men to cut a road through the dense forest, and to point out fords and make them passable. At length, after a toilsome journey, they arrived at Pato's village, near the river Twecu, where they were received by Kobi and Kama and a multitude of people with acclamation. The chiefs had been accustomed to the unwelcome appearance of military patrols in pursuit of stolen cattle. They had been outlawed as the fiercest of the Kafirs who had attacked Grahamstown in 1819. Now white men placed themselves, their wives, and children at the mercy of barbarous caprice, for the purpose of preaching to them the Gospel of Christ. It was the opening of a new era.

As the waggons moved forward to the camping-ground, crowds poured out to stare at the new-comers. The long hair of the visitors, the dresses of the ladies, the white children in their novel garments, struck them with astonishment. But greater wonders were seen when the waggons were unpacked. The portable tables, the plates and dishes and glasses, the knives and forks, articles of which they had never heard, raised conjecture to its height.

The waggons were drawn up under the shade of a large yellow-wood tree, and had to serve as a house until one could be erected. The cooking of food, the daily meals, the morning toilet, the dressing of the children, the family worship—all had to be done in the open air under the gaze of scores of curious

eyes. But curiosity was the least annoyance. Thefts were common. Axe-heads, bolts, or nails left lying on the ground were stolen; even the food was taken out of the cooking-pots when the servant's attention happened to be diverted. Upon complaint being made to Pato, he appointed a sentry to keep off the crowd and to deal smart raps to any who came too close. But with sunset the intruders retired, and the Mission party enjoyed some degree of quiet. Then were heard the shouts of the native boys driving the cattle to the kraal, the soft swish of the milk as it fell into the pail, the song of the dusky girls as they carried water from the spring, and the chatter and laughter of each family as they ate the evening meal. When night fell, what mystery seemed to gather round forest and river! The shrill cry of the jackal and the laugh of the hyæna sounded from the hills:

'The bush-buck barks; the duiker sudden springs,
The timid blue-buck through the moonlight glides,
And monkey mimics chatter saucily.'

DUGMORE.

And listen! the roar of the lion is heard as he stalks forth, the undisputed lord of the forest. Those nights in the bush can never be forgotten.

The Sabbath dawned—the first Sabbath to Pato's people. The news had gone forth of the advent of the missionary, and down the hill-sides, and along the kloofs, came the wondering natives to hear the 'New Word.' As they arrived they seated themselves on the ground. The preacher took his stand under the shade of a tree. A hymn was sung, and for the first time the hills and kloofs which for ages had echoed the warriors' loud song resounded with the praises of God. Prayer was offered, whilst with hand on mouth, and eyes wide open, the natives looked on in mute amaze. Then followed the sermon, if sermon it can be called. It was a simple story of Christ and His love, rendered sentence by sentence into Kafir by Tsatsoe, and listened to with profound attention. Another hymn and prayer closed the short service, and the natives dispersed to talk in kraal and hut of the wonderful things they had heard.

Succeeding services were followed by criticism and inquiry. 'If God be almighty, why does He not change us without the need of a teacher? Why does not God change the devil? To pray all our lives is too hard.' Occasionally, the whole assembly would burst into uncontrollable laughter, and worship

was rendered impossible. But the people soon became orderly and attentive, and if anyone proved noisy and ill-behaved, he was subdued into quietness with the reproof: 'If you do not accept the Gospel, civility to the teacher requires that he should not be affronted when he is engaged in the worship of God.'

During the week the missionary and his assistant were busily employed in felling trees, and trimming them into shape for building. Upon the side of a rounded hill they erected a cottage of four rooms, two for each family, and a church and a schoolroom, all of 'wattle and daub.' Brick and stone were among the visions of the future. Food was paid for with beads and cotton goods which were of more value to the uncivilized Kafir than coin. People came from considerable distances, and requested permission to live on the station until they numbered more than a thousand. The village was called **Wesleyville**. The appearance of the children that assembled in the schoolroom was painfully novel, for most were naked. A few had small pieces of skin thrown over their shoulders. It was not a 'ragged,' but a 'naked school.'

At an early date Mr. Shaw had to act as intermediary between the Gонуquabi and the military authorities. Major Somerset, Commandant of Kaffraria, sent word that cattle had been stolen and traced into Pato's country. Mr. Shaw called the chiefs and their councillors together, and told them that if they did not put a stop to all stealing it would be of little benefit for him to dwell among them, and that peace with the English could not be maintained. The chiefs promptly sent strict orders through the clan, forbidding all thefts of cattle, and they appointed men to watch the fords along the Keiskama River, through which stolen cattle would be driven. For a series of years Mr. Shaw declared 'no stolen cattle were traced among them, nor during that period did a single patrol of military or party of burghers come after any cattle into the country of these chiefs. Sometimes a batch of stolen cattle were captured from robbers belonging to other tribes, who attempted to bring them through their country, but they were invariably sent to the nearest military post that they might be returned to their lawful owners. The single missionary was more effective than many police.

Slowly the light of the Gospel penetrated the dark minds of the Gонуquabi. Pato, Kama, and Kobi, attended Divine service on the Sabbath. Increased interest was taken in the Scripture narratives, and the love of Christ began to exert

a transforming power. 'I am always glad,' said one, 'when I hear the bell ring to call to church. I could not live where I could not hear the Great Word.' A native woman said: 'All my sorrow arises from feeling I am a great sinner.' Mr. Shaw made frequent visits to the surrounding kraals, and for a week at a time slept in his clothes on the ground or in a hut, rubbing often against persons covered with grease and red ochre. The end of the week saw him returning home—worn, hungry, and dirty. The experience was not pleasant, but, wrote Mr. Shaw, 'I am persuaded that no other plan but that of an extensive and regular itinerancy around the centre of each mission station can awaken an interest in the great objects and aims of the Christian missionary among the natives living in kraals scattered all over the country.'



THE CHIEF KAMA.

Kama had his residence near to Mr. Shaw, and he paid frequent visits, evincing a growing desire for knowledge. He accompanied Mr. Shaw in one of his journeys to Grahams-town for supplies, and wondered at what he saw. He attended the 'Yellow Chapel,' and witnessed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with which he was deeply impressed. He left Grahamstown convinced of the supreme advantages of a Christian civilization. Further instruction led him to Christ, and he expressed his desire to be admitted into the church by

baptism. Pato, his brother, cunningly offered no opposition. His hope was that Kama, by becoming a Christian, would alienate his followers who would then turn to him as their leader. Kama's wife, a daughter of the great chief Gaika, also accepted Christ, and both were baptized on the same day. Many were the attempts made to seduce Kama from the faith. Hintza, the paramount Gcaleka chief, sent his favourite daughter to him for a second wife; to refuse the honour was perhaps the greatest indignity one chief could offer another, but Kama firmly declined the alliance and sent the daughter back to her father.

The results of Christian instruction gradually appeared. The Sabbath was observed, and no dances or feasts were

allowed on that day. At a later date the Gонуquabi chiefs issued a general order commanding all their subjects to reverence the Lord's Day. No law cases were to be heard, no trade was to be practised, no manual labour was to be undertaken on the Sabbath. Hunting was forbidden, and the people were urged to attend Divine service. Henceforth, on Sunday, the plough and the hoe were at rest, the trader's store was closed, and the church bell summoned the people to worship God. What a change in a few years!

The cultivation of the ground was no longer left to the women, but was done by the men with the aid of the plough. The old hut, with its common living and sleeping room, was superseded on the station by neat cottages of two rooms each. A store was opened by Mr. Richard Walker, and there sprang up a brisk demand for clothing, and blankets, and ploughs, and spades. Christianity had brought not only salvation to the heathen, but had created a taste for decency and cleanliness, and this stimulated the men to active labour. The missionary prepared the way for the trader, and in a short time several stores were opened in the country.

In later years, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Samuel Young and the Rev. W. Shepstone, the work was greatly extended. In the year 1833 a missionary meeting was held at Wesleyville, when over 1,000 natives were present. The meeting was necessarily held in the open air in front of the mission house, the verandah of which was used as a platform. Colonel Somerset, the Commandant, presided, and six sub-chiefs, besides Kama, spoke, all of whom testified to the reality of their conversion. Then Kama, asking the vast crowd to kneel down on the ground, fervently prayed to God in his own language; he thankfully acknowledged the inestimable value of the Gospel, and pleaded for its continuance amongst them as the choicest of their blessings.

About forty miles east of Wesleyville, in the basin of the river Buffalo, not far from where King Williamstown now stands, dwelt the powerful chief, Ndlambe, and his scarcely less powerful son, Dushani. Mr. Shaw had occasionally visited their kraals, and had always been received with great hospitality, meat and curded milk in abundance being set before him. With these chiefs, Mr. Shaw determined, if consent could be obtained, that the *second* in the 'chain of stations' should be established.

Ndlambe's career had been a remarkable one. He had, in the previous century, plundered and laid waste the Zuurveld, out of which he was driven by the British forces in 1811. During Gaika's minority he had been regent of the whole tribe. Gaika, on attaining his majority, carried off Ndlambe's favourite wife, said to have been a beautiful woman, and the feud which ensued culminated in the battle of Amalinda, in which Gaika and his men were defeated with great slaughter. In 1819 Ndlambe and Dushani had attacked Grahamstown, and had been repulsed with heavy loss. He was now eighty years of age, and nearly blind. Dushani was a man of large stature, and a noted warrior.

Mr. Shaw first visited Dushani, who welcomed the prospect of a resident missionary as likely to add to the political importance of the clan. 'Had the King sent him? Did the the Governor know of his coming? Would he write from time to time what the chief had to say to the Governor?' This Mr. Shaw promised to do, but added that the business of a missionary was to preach the Word of God. Dushani then said: 'The country is before you; you must choose a place where you will reside.' On arriving at the kraal of Ndlambe, Mr. Shaw found the aged warrior sunning himself at the door of his hut. He gave a short address to the assembled natives on the Saviour of sinners, and at the close Ndlambe rose with great dignity and said: 'The news we have heard to-day is too great for Kafirs, who are deaf and stupid, that you can never make them understand. I am old, but my children are young, and they shall learn of you.' At a later visit the old blind chief stepped forward, and, leaning on his staff, exclaimed: 'I see strange things to-day. I have been an earth-worm, but now I creep out of my hole. Like wolves and dogs we have been hid in dark places, but we are now called men and see the light. A hundred oxen have been offered for my head, and now I am prayed for. I never expected to see this.'

The site of the station was selected near the river Umkangiso, a tributary of the Buffalo. A remarkable hill being near the place was called **Mount Coke**, in honour of Dr. Coke, and the Rev. S. Kay, with Mr. Tainton as lay assistant, was sent to commence the Mission. Ndlambe died soon after their arrival, but his last words were: 'Take care of the missionary, and he will take care of you. If you do wrong, he must reprove you.' The natives offered to assist in the erection of a church and a residence, but they could only come in the middle of the

day. The milking and the morning meal claimed their first attention, and when they were concluded the day was advanced. The result was that every day at noon work was suspended, and Mr. Kay preached to the workers as they squatted on the ground. Each Sabbath the British flag was drawn up to the top of a tall flagstaff, as a reminder to a people who took 'no note of time.'

The early history of Mount Coke was encouraging. There was much to overcome in the moral darkness and superstition of the people, but after a few years a Christian congregation was formed. At the close of a Sabbath morning's service one of Dushani's clan went into a thicket near to the church, fell on his face, and prayed earnestly for the pardon of his sins. His father was alarmed, and threatened: 'If you do not leave off praying, I will not give you any cattle to buy a wife.' Practically it was a threat of disinheritance. The son replied: 'Father, the salvation of my soul is of more importance than all the cattle in the country.' The penitent not only found peace with God, but became an effective evangelist to his own people. Mount Coke passed through great vicissitudes and dangers, but still carries on its beneficent work, and is the oldest existing Wesleyan Mission in South-Eastern Africa.

THE 'CHAIN OF STATIONS' (*Continued.*)

THE third station was established in the year 1827 at **Butterworth**, seventy miles north of Wesleyville, with Hintza, paramount chief of the Gcalekas. He lived in a beautiful horse-shoe shaped valley, bounded on three sides by the river Ghoowa, an affluent of the Kei. Hintza was known to be treacherous, cunning, and avaricious, and it was not without apprehension that Mr. Shaw, accompanied by the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, an able preacher and scholar, visited his kraal. They arrived on the day that Hintza was celebrating the marriage of his eighth wife, and at least 1,000 persons were assembled, dancing, eating, and drinking. They were informed the 'Great Bull' was 'not at home.' To their amusement they found that the phrase bore the same meaning it did in the fashionable precincts of Hyde Park. The 'Great Bull' declined for the time to see them, and sent his attendants to inspect the strangers, and report if it would be dignified to receive them. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Shrewsbury sat in the shade of a tree, and were great objects of curiosity, especially to some of Hintza's wives. In a few minutes the chief approached, accompanied by four of his councillors; he soon left to attend to public business, but sent them an ox for food. At sunset the tribal jester cried aloud the events of the day. 'Our chief is a great chief. When the white men came, he received them. He looked at them. He gave them an ox to eat.' Then followed a long recital of the pedigree, titles, and glorious deeds of the chief. The scene, as Mr. Shaw said, 'was a strange burlesque on the proclamations made during great State ceremonies in highly civilized courts.'

When Hintza was asked if he were willing to receive a missionary, he declined to give a reply until he had consulted his councillors. 'What did Gaika, and Ndlambe, and Pato say on the subject?' He would confer with these chiefs, and send

an answer. No further progress was found possible, so the party returned to Wesleyville.

Six months passed away in diplomatic interviews with the various chiefs, but they declined to express an opinion lest in doing so they should acknowledge the paramountcy of Hintza. The Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, who had been selected to commence the mission, became impatient of delay. He was absolutely fearless in the performance of duty, and he and his wife proceeded to Hintza's country, both prepared to run the risk of his anger. Upon their arrival the great chief would not oppose the Mission, nor would he express his approval. Mr. Tainton came over from Mount Coke to assist in putting up the necessary buildings, and thus was the Butterworth station commenced.

Several months afterwards, in August, 1827, Hintza's vacillation seemed to vanish. With great Kafir ceremony he sent one of his brothers and several aged councillors of his father, Kauta, with the assuring message: 'Hintza sends to you these men that you may know them; they are now your friends, for to-day Hintza adopts you into the same family, and makes the mission the head of the house.' Then pointing to an ox they had brought, they said: 'Here is a cake of bread from the house of Kauta.'

Now that Hintza had placed the mission under his protection the people began to attend the services in greater numbers. A resident population settled around the church, and they began to desire the Word of God. The goat-herds brought their flocks within sight of the church on the Sabbath that they might hear the truth. Occasionally Hintza himself would enter, listen to a few words, and then retire. He tried to serve two masters. He came to the services and ordered his subjects to attend; sometimes he denounced the witch doctors as liars; but they were profitable, and he clung to the tribal superstitions. A wolf seized some of his oxen, and a man, rich in cattle, was charged with sending the wolf by means of witchcraft. The accused was put to death and all his cattle were swept into Hintza's herds. When remons-



REV. J. SHREWSBURY.

trated with by Mr. Shrewsbury, he listened without displeasure, but he persisted in his heathen ways.

The Gcalekas were slow to accept Christianity. They willingly conformed to external rites, but when the truth was pressed home they evaded its force by captious objections. 'How could a man go to heaven when he died? The wolf ate him up.' The practice had been not to bury the dead, but in order to escape defilement to drag the corpse into the bush and leave it. 'What sort of a being was God? Had He a wife? Had He any cattle?' But the preaching of the Gospel was not in vain. 'Oh,' said an old man, all of whose children had died, 'I can scarcely believe they are alive in another world. Why, if that were true, I should weep for joy.' Another old man lamented: 'We hear with our ears, but the word cannot get into our hearts. We are like so many dead men and cannot stir.' A youth exclaimed: 'We are sunk in a miry place,' and crying: 'What must we do? How can we get out?'

Mr. Shrewsbury regularly visited the neighbouring kraals, and preached to those who would listen. He lived on maize and milk, he slept in native huts, and his sermons rarely exceeded ten minutes in length. If the men would not hear he preached to the women; if the women left, he would sit on the ground and talk to the children. Hunters returning with game were stopped on the path, and for a few minutes were spoken to. When cold winds blew, or rain fell, he sought shelter in a hut, and lying on his back and closing his eyes to escape the pungent smoke, in that position he would preach the Gospel. Feasts were attended, and when the games were over he would address the hundreds assembled, and urge them to seek the Saviour. There were no towns, a few huts in one place, a few in another; the people had no written language, and oral teaching was the only means of instruction. Mr. Shrewsbury's reasons for selecting this course of action continue in undiminished force to this day. 'Natives are not disposed,' he said, 'to travel to a mission station for instruction. Unless, therefore, the missionary will go to them, he might as well have remained in his native land. The people are scattered over the face of the country. All cannot be absent from their kraals at once, the women especially from sowing to harvest. Itinerancy among them impresses them with confidence, and promotes a friendly feeling toward the missionary. Eating their food, sleeping in their huts, they look on the missionary, not as

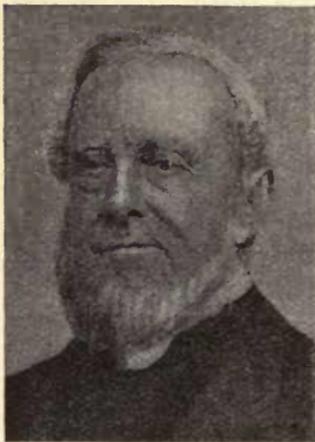
a stranger, but as one of themselves. The work has discouragements, but no cross is too heavy when the soul is supported by the grace of God.' These utterances are the echo, in new scenes, of John Wesley's saying: 'There is nothing like field preaching for spreading the Gospel of Christ.'

Mr. Shrewsbury's diligent labours deeply impressed the heathen. The power of the Holy Spirit rested on the public services, and the natives wept and prayed for strength to abandon their sins. The bare reading of the text sometimes broke down the congregation into loud cries, and the preacher was obliged to pause before he could begin his address. Converts were baptized, the Lord's Supper was observed, the Sabbath was revered, and, despite the influence of polygamy, the new converts sought marriage according to Christian rites. The people possessed no money, and the first public collection consisted of 100 strings of beads and two buttons, valued altogether at 6s. They gave what they valued highly.

Hintza and his tribe held as slaves the fugitive remnants of various clans driven south from Natal by Tshaka, the Zulu despot. They called themselves 'Fingos' or 'Wanderers'; but the Gcalekas called them their 'dogs,' and treated them with great cruelty. They were set to the severest labour, and at the slightest offence were strangled or burnt. Their lot was a hard one, and in their misery they welcomed the Gospel more readily than their masters. The congregation at Butterworth largely consisted of these oppressed people. One Sabbath, when Hintza was present, several Fingos were baptized by the Rev. J. Ayliff, who had succeeded Mr. Shrewsbury. The 'Great Bull' was full of wrath, and rising from his seat, went away, muttering: 'How dare Ayliff throw water on my dogs! I will make him take it off, and then I will kill them.' Hintza's fierce temper and treacherous nature proved his ruin.

Sixty miles north of Butterworth and near the sea lived Depa, a Pondo sub-chief. His country was broken up into deep gorges, intersected by ridges covered with dense bush. About the year 1750, thirty-two years before the loss of the *Grosvenor*, a British vessel had been wrecked on the coast, and one woman and a sailor escaped to land in a boat. The natives took the woman and made her the 'great wife' of their chief Sango, by whom she had two sons and several daughters. One of the sons was Depa, who remembered that his mother's name was Bessie. Depa had European features, an aquiline

nose, blue eyes, a yellow complexion, and long hair. His sisters had been sought after by the neighbouring chiefs as wives because of their good looks. Depa was now an old man and had often sent messengers asking for a missionary. 'I am now ill,' he urged; 'let the missionary come that he may bury my bones.' Mr. Shaw paid him a preliminary visit, crossing the river Umtata, which teemed with hippopotami, one of which was shot for food for the natives. Upon his arrival, he found Depa full of complaint. 'The calves were dead, the cattle were dying, there was no milk, and the children were perishing.' The complaint had a twofold object, to plead for a present and to excuse himself from giving one. Depa's desire for a missionary was prompted by political motives.



REV. W. SHEPSTONE.

The 'Ufundi' would be a protection, a bush in the storm. A service was held; but during prayer the old chief was engaged picking up beads which had been scattered on the floor. When told of the duty of praying for himself, he said: 'Yes, yes, I do pray that Udali may give us more cattle, more corn, and more pumpkins.' To his dark, pagan mind food was the supreme good.

The Rev. W. Shepstone was sent in May, 1829, to commence the mission, and the station was called **Morley**, after the Rev. G. Morley, one of the General Secretaries. Its early history was darkened by calamity. George Robinson, a young colonist

from Salem, of much piety and promise, was cutting down a tree in the forest, when the tree suddenly fell, struck him on the left temple and instantaneously killed him. The country was in a very unsettled condition, and a report was brought that Qeto, a Zulu chief, was advancing from the north with a considerable force. Morley was to be attacked at night; but the Zulus raided the cattle kraals they passed, and this delayed them, allowing time for Mr. and Mrs. Shepstone to escape with their children. Providentially, as soon as the waggon had started, a thick mist came up from the sea and covered the whole landscape, screening the fugitives until they had crossed the river Umtata.

Qeto's Zulus continued to ravage the district until they were

lured by Faku, chief of the Pondos, into a mountain gorge from which there was no outlet. He then advanced upon them with his whole army and slew them all. Not a man escaped.

Depa's clan removed south of the Umtata, in order to place its broad stream and rugged banks between it and Zulu raiders. Mr. Shepstone accompanied them, and on the new station he laboured for many years. His employment, as of all missionaries in those days, was of the most comprehensive nature. He was woodcutter and builder, showing the heathen an ideal of neatness and comfort in their dwellings; he was an agriculturist, teaching the cultivation of waste lands; he was a doctor, treating their ailments with not a little skill; he was a magistrate, to whom the residents on the station referred their disputes; he was, above all, a minister of the Gospel, telling men of Christ and pointing to a new life.

Depa's sister Betty was a fine, tall woman, with European features and hair as white as snow. Very little Christian truth had descended to her from her mother; but she was a humble inquirer. 'Where does God live?' she asked. 'How can I pray to him? My mother knew God; but she had so much to do with the laws of the tribe that she forgot Him.' Without Bible, or preacher, or church, with no light but that which comes from nature, the knowledge of God and of religious truth is amazingly little. Betty, before she died, sought and found the Lord.

One night a young woman stole into Morley, to escape marrying an old man to whom her father had sent her. Next day the father came and demanded his daughter. 'But why,' asked Mr. Shepstone, 'do you give your daughter to a man she dislikes?' 'Because I see cattle in the man's kraal,' was the reply. 'Then you love cattle more than your daughter?' The father coolly replied: 'Yes, cattle is good. I want the cattle, and she must take the man and do as she can.' These marriages for barter were a great incentive to cattle-stealing. Young men at that period often went into the colony and raided a farmer's herd, in order to be able to purchase a wife. Whether the cattle were looked upon as a dowry reserved for her should her husband desert her, or as a purchase price, the practice led to much crime and was firmly discountenanced by all the Wesleyan missionaries.

The fifth link in the chain was formed in the year 1830 at

Clarkebury, near the river Bashee, where lived a Tembu chief called Vossani, or the 'Wolf's Cloak.' He had often promised a cordial welcome to a missionary, if one were sent. The Rev. Richard Haddy was appointed, and the station was named after Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated commentator. Mr. Haddy possessed great energy, both of body and mind. He could work as hard at making bricks with which to build a church, as he did at making sermons to preach in it. He had taught himself a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, and could preach in English, Dutch, and Kafir. He was accompanied by Mr. J. C. Warner, a catechist, but who subsequently entered the ordained ministry, and, becoming a perfect master of the Tembu dialect, in following years obtained such influence over the tribe that he was called the 'Uncrowned King of the Tembus.'

Mr. Haddy and Mr. Warner proceeded to build a chapel and a residence—a three-roomed building, which still forms part of the mission-house. Money had a greater purchasing power in those days, for the furniture for the house cost only £21 19s. 8d. Some cattle were needed, and twenty-eight oxen, at a cost of £49 13s., were bought in Grahamstown for draught purposes, and twenty cows for £8 10s., which were required to supply the families with milk.

Raids and reprisals were frequent, and little could be done to minimize the attendant evils. Ncapai, a Baca chief, made a raid on Tembuland, slaying men and women and capturing cattle wherever he went. Hearing that the invaders were only a few miles distant, Mr. Warner, with many misgivings, went to Ncapai, and asked him to leave the station unharmed. This he agreed to. Later, when the Bacas were returning with captives and much spoil, it was reported that among the captives were the wives and children of Tyopo, a Tembu chief. The residents on the station were preparing to sally forth and attack the raiders, now weary and footsore. Mr. Warner reminded them that their lives had been spared at his request, and that in honour they were bound to be neutral. Some of the men, of warlike temper, were insubordinate, and their leader was making off, assegais in hand, when Mr. Warner, finding desperate measures necessary, sprang forward with a thick stick, and dealt him such a blow on the head that he fell senseless to the ground. After a short interval of painful suspense to the striker, the man got up, rubbed his head, sneaked off to his hut, and the mutineers submitted. Mr. Warner,

with a few unarmed men, then went to the Bacas. Upon his approach they sprang up and cried out: 'White man, are you come to fight?' Mr. Warner replied: 'Missionaries know nothing about war. I do not come to fight, but to ask you for those women and children whom you are carrying away from their friends.' After a short parley they said: 'They are yours, and we give you an ox for their food.' The joy of the rescued, and the pride of the rescuer, when he handed them over to their friends, were things the Tembus long remembered with delight.

At an early period the Gospel made a deep impression on the Tembus. Many of the tribe became Christians. Umtilani said: 'When I began to pray, my friends declared that I was mad, but I want you all to know that I trust in Christ alone.' Umtigwani confessed: 'I used to come to the station to beg tobacco and beads; but there I learned that I was a sinner.' Umbani said: 'I was driven here by war and hunger, but my hope is now in God alone.' These testimonies from men who had been reared in heathenism, and trained to war, arrested attention. The chiefs took alarm when they found that Christianity lessened their power by destroying the belief in witchcraft, and they persecuted the converts. Licentious dances were got up to entice them from Christianity. They were forcibly seized and smeared all over with red clay and fat, thinking that this would nullify the new charm which had overpowered them. They were accused of bewitching the people, but they remained steadfast, and endured cheerfully the reproach of Christ.

Vossani became ill. Whilst always friendly to the missionary, he never accepted the Gospel. The tribal witch doctors were summoned and ordered to discover who had caused the chief's illness. Ten persons, all of them rich in cattle, were accused of having used magic to injure the chief, and, notwithstanding Mr. Haddy's endeavour to save them, all were tortured to death. Vossani died. He was buried in his skin kaross in his cattle kraal, and the hoofs of the oxen trampled out any recognition of the exact spot where he lay, lest his spirit should be disturbed by the spells of the wizard.

The Rev. W. J. Davis succeeded to the charge of Clarkebury in 1833, and during the following year the first permanent church was erected. In common with most of such buildings at that time, it had a thatched roof. When the station was first formed the summer rains left streams of water issuing

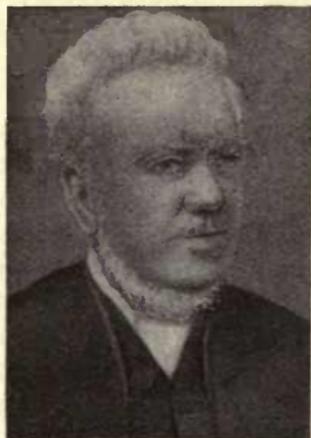
from the kloofs, fountains were numerous, and the hills were covered with forest. But with the increase of population the forest was denuded of timber, and the water supply became insufficient. Mr. Davis, in the interludes of ministerial labour, planted trees and opened up springs from which the station still derives a supply of water. When the children came naked to school Mrs. Davis made simple garments for them, which, when the school was dismissed, were left at the parsonage for use on following days. Money as a medium of exchange was useless amongst a people to whom shops were unknown. So each year, at the time of the Synod, the Mission waggon was stocked at Grahamstown with goods suited to the natives; the cost price was marked upon each article, and, when disposed of by barter to the Tembus for labour, its value appeared in the accounts. Almost necessarily the missionary was a trader, and some of the older missionaries acquired a taste for trade; but no better system could at the time be devised. The burden of the missionary was increased without his spiritual work being promoted thereby.



REV. W. J. DAVIS.

A mixed class of people came to Clarkebury. Some were attracted by a desire for instruction, or they fled thither to escape persecution and the cruel tortures of the witch doctor; but others who came were outcasts from heathen society, and brought with them vices which injured the character of the other residents, but which were carefully concealed from the missionary. Even if their immorality were discovered, they knew that the missionary could not resort to physical force. These were the cases which originated the stock objection that mission stations were hotbeds of vice. The Rev. J. C. Warner—in fact, all the missionaries—saw the evil from which every station suffered, but were unable effectively to combat it. They had no magisterial authority, and no police to compel obedience to their decisions. When the time came that European magistrates were appointed, and Colonial law was enforced, these evils were checked; and the missionaries, relieved of their civil duties, were able to pursue their spiritual work untrammelled.

The sixth station was established at **Buntingville**, about seventy miles north of the Umtata, amongst that portion of the Pondo nation over which Faku ruled. Faku was a dandy. He was tall and muscular, and his habit was to wear his hair long and curled like a wig. He wore a tiger-skin kaross, and was a fine specimen of a native. When Mr. Shaw visited Faku in the year 1829, the Pondos were suffering from recent Zulu raids. Nearly the whole of their cattle had been swept off by the invaders, many men killed, and not a few women and children had been carried away as captives. The Zulus had even killed all the dogs and eaten them, believing they would thus be made 'more fierce and powerful in battle.' After Mr. Shaw had explained the object of his visit, the councillors held a conference, and their decision was expressed by an aged sub-chief: 'The news you have told us to-day is good; it is sweet, it is like the sweet cane. Make haste, and let a missionary come. You talk of peace: it is good. We are tired of war, tired of prowling about like wild beasts, or being hunted like game.' Towards the end of the year 1830 the Rev. W. B. Boyce arrived, with Mr. Tainton as assistant, and Faku himself chose the site of the station. The land was found to be 'dry,' and was only fertile when rain was plentiful. When complaint was made Faku laughed, and said that he understood the missionaries were great rain-makers, and could at will procure a plentiful supply from the sky. Prayer, and the gift of a beneficent Creator, were as yet incomprehensible. However, Faku readily granted lands on a more elevated and more fertile spot.



REV. W. B. BOYCE.

Umkalu, the mother of Faku, said to Mr. Boyce: 'I want no presents. Beads are of no value to an old woman like me. I wish to hear the great news that I may make my son hear it, and that I may set the Pondos a good example.' In the darkest heathenism were some 'who waited for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.'

When the missionaries first entered Kafirland, not a word of the native language had been reduced to writing, and its

acquisition had often to be made under unfavourable circumstances. After a day's manual labour, moulding bricks, or working at the anvil, the missionary was scarcely in a fit condition to study a strange language. An efficient interpreter was not to be obtained; and it can easily be understood that the mastery of the native language was beset with difficulties. Its study had to be pursued, with paper and pencil in hand, in smoky huts, or in the cattle kraals, in actual conversation with the people. First, vocabularies of common nouns and simple adjectives were drawn up, the missionaries spelling them as best they could, and using the English alphabet. Then verbs were collected and written down. But the accident proved for a long time utterly inexplicable. That the inflection of Kafir nouns and verbs differed from any European language was soon perceived; but what laws governed the structure of a sentence? Mr. Boyce devoted close attention to the solution of this problem, and was assisted by Theophilus Shepstone, a son of the Rev. W. Shepstone, to whom the native language was as familiar as English. There is a tradition that as Mr. Boyce was one day pacing backwards and forwards in front of the mission house, young Shepstone rushed forth, exclaiming, 'I have found it.' Mr. Shaw says, that with the assistance of Shepstone, Mr. Boyce collected a large number of words and sentences as spoken by the people, and that upon examining the list, his quick perception discovered the law which governs the construction of Kafir sentences. This is the more probable account. Mr. Boyce spent several days in testing the accuracy of the theory, and, satisfied that it was correct, gave it the name of the 'Euphonic Concord.'

At an early period it had been found that the whole business of declensions and conjugations was effected in Kafir, not by change of termination, as in Greek or Latin, but by change of prefixes and initial letters. But these changes were apparently so erratic that all attempts to reduce them to a law had been unsuccessful. What Mr. Boyce, assisted by Mr. Shepstone, discovered was that the prefixes of the adjectives, verbs, and adverbs in a sentence were determined by the prefix of the subject noun. A sentence was therefore a group of words thrown into alliterative form; hence the law was called the 'Euphonic Concord,' or agreement of sound, wherein the noun set, as it were, the key-note. Some prefixes expressed a plural, and others a singular meaning.

Mo-suto, singular.

Ba-suto, plural.

Mo-rolong, singular.

Ba-rolong, plural.

Nu-ana u-ako u-afua nda-nu-zika.

Your child is dead, and I have buried him.

Ba-ana ba-ako ba-afua nda-ba-zika.

Your children are dead, and I have buried them.

Aba-ntu ba lenthlu aba-tatu aba-hle aba-gulayo ba-ti.

The people of this house, which are three, good and bad, say.

Izin-tombe za lenthlu ezin-tatu ezin-hle ezi-gulayo zi-ti.

The girls of this house, which are three, good and bad, say.

The prefix of the subject noun is thus repeated in a more or less modified form before the verbs, adverbs, pronouns, and adjectives. The alliteration is not always so obvious in consequence of the contraction of the prefixes. The key to the Kafir language having thus been discovered, the work of presenting it in a written form made rapid progress. Before the end of 1833 Mr. Boyce completed a Kafir Grammar, the first ever published, and it was printed at the Mission Press in Grahamstown. Greater certainty having been attained as to the structure of the language, the missionaries were stimulated to translate portions of the Bible. The work was full of difficulty. Christian terms, as 'love,' 'forgiveness,' 'atonement,' 'salvation,' had no equivalent in Kafir. The ideas themselves had to be taught, and then the native words which approximated nearest in meaning had to be purged of their baser contents and allusions, and filled with a new and spiritual meaning. The process was necessarily slow, but the missionaries were eager to make the attempt, and several portions of the New Testament and the Psalms were translated into Kafir and circulated in manuscript amongst the converts.

A 'Chain of Stations' was now formed from Wesleyville in the south to Buntingville in the north, a distance of 200 miles. How they were sustained by arduous and prayerful toil, how they suffered in repeated wars, how they were vacated and reoccupied and held for Christ amid many discouragements, how the Gospel triumphed over cruel heathen superstitions, will never be fully known in this world. The noble workers have joined the Great Host before the heavenly throne, and have left few written records of their labours.

All these stations became centres of Christian influence

which gradually penetrated the surrounding heathenism. The sight of the church and the schoolroom; the manse, with its well ordered family life; the sound of the Sabbath bell; the reverent observance of the Lord's Day; the assembling for worship; the songs of praise which were soon repeated in hut and field—all had their message to the heathen. Conscience was aroused into activity, and the natives began to realize the existence of an omnipotent spiritual power outside nature and above men, 'the source of moral ideas, and the author of moral commands.'

These stations were 'cities of refuge,' to which fled the unfortunate victims of witchcraft, who always received welcome and secured safety. Men of wealth, whose numerous cattle had excited the cupidity of their chief, or who for some other reason had incurred his anger, fled and sometimes succeeded in reaching the mission station, where they found 'sanctuary.' The pursuers would arrive and claim their prey, but upon the missionary asserting his right to protect the fugitive they generally retired, and the man was safe so long as he remained on the station. As in the Middle Ages, the minister of God was the concrete embodiment of the Divine and the spiritual, to whom lawless chiefs submitted and relinquished their revenge.

These stations were centres of trade and improved agriculture. The first plough that turned up the soil north of the Kei was guided by the hands of a Wesleyan missionary. The first store opened in Kafirland for the sale of clothing and agricultural implements was at Wesleyville. The first cotton grown in South Africa was at Morley. Before Buntingville was established among the Pondos there was no road or waggon, no article of European manufacture in Pondoland, but within thirty years English goods to the value of £10,000 went annually up St. John's River for sale to the natives. Civilization follows the Gospel, and the missionary opens the way for the trader, who should be, and sometimes is, the foremost helper of the Christian teacher.

Then these stations furnished valuable object lessons on Christian family life. The clean native hut; the decently-clad inmates; the one wife, honoured and relieved of much of the heavy field drudgery; the husband taking his share of the labour of providing for the wants of the family; the children going each day to school, half naked at first, but ere long neatly dressed and learning to read, to the wonder and envy of

many; the New Testament in Kafir occupying the place of honour among the household goods, and read probably slowly but eagerly each day; the little garden plot with its supply of vegetables—all had a voice to the heathen which could not be silenced or misunderstood.

The 'Chain of Stations' was a chain of Christian instruction and regenerated life.

THE BLIGHT OF WAR, 1834.

THE British Government, desiring to prevent, if possible, any conflict with the Ama-Xosa, compelled them to retire beyond the river Keiskama, which was henceforth to be the boundary of their country. The land between that and the Fish River was formed into a neutral zone, a buffer territory, between Bantu and Colonist, which neither was to cross without authority.

Makoma and Tyali, sons of Gaika, were infuriated at being expelled from a district which the Gaikas had held for generations; and this, more than any other event, led to the war of 1834. In the depopulated zone along the Kat River a large number of Hottentots, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Read, of the London Missionary Society, were allowed to settle, and this still further exasperated the Gaikas.

Some horses were stolen from a farmer living near the Koonap River, and were traced into Gaika territory. As they could not be found, forty head of cattle, belonging to Tyali, were seized. When the expedition was returning and near Fort Beaufort, it was attacked by the Gaikas in force, and the soldiers in self-defence fired on their assailants. Xoxo, a brother of Tyali, was wounded by a buck-shot in the forehead; the injury was slight, but Makoma and Tyali resolved to make it a pretext for war. 'The blood of a chief has been shed,' was the cry, and the war-fires blazed on all the hills.

Without the least warning, with the swiftness of a prairie fire, thousands of the Ama-Xosa rushed into the colony and carried devastation and death as far as Sunday River. It was Christmas-time, and the settlers were assembling at their homesteads to observe the customs of the Fatherland. Suddenly the horrors of war fell on these peaceful family groups. Destitute of any military organization, they could offer no resistance. Farmers were slain at their own doors. A farmer's

wife was making her Christmas pudding, when her husband, rushing into the house, caught her up, thrust her on a horse, and both rode for their lives. In a few days, 23 farmers were slain, 456 farmhouses were burnt, and 5,700 horses, 11,400 cattle, and 169,000 sheep, were driven off into Kafirland. Hintza, with his usual duplicity, professed to be neutral whilst he secretly supported the war.

The Wesleyan Mission Stations on the frontier were completely destroyed. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore was in charge of Mount Coke. Since Ndlambe's death, Umkwe, the grandson, had been chief, and, influenced by the missionary, he stood aloof from the strife. But the strain was at times almost beyond endurance. Of those dark days Mr. Dugmore wrote: 'Return parties of warriors, laden with the spoil of the settlers' dwellings, passed through Mount Coke, taunting us with our helpless condition and telling us they could afford to let us alone for a while, as they intended to finish us at leisure. The suspense arising from the cutting off of all intelligence from the colony was horrible. The burning homesteads of Albany lighted up the horizon night after night, and imagination was left to paint its most fearful pictures. Where the end was to be we knew not. Days grew into weeks, and week after week elapsed without any sign of aggressive movement from the colony till old Zeta, the brother of Umkwe, impatiently exclaimed: 'Akuseko, 'm lungu! inkomande ingavelinje, bapelile bonke!' 'There are no white men left! No commando makes its appearance; they must be all finished up!'

The Gaikas became more insolent, and it was considered that the safest course of action was to abandon the station, retire on Wesleyville, and join Pato's people. Placing what goods they could on waggons, the Rev. H. H. Dugmore and his family, Umkwe, and the peace-observing natives, left in a body for Wesleyville. In the night the fugitives looked back and saw the sky reddened by the glare of the burning church and houses at Mount Coke. The Gaikas had set them on fire, and the labour of years was a blackened ruin.

At Wesleyville the Rev. W. Shepstone was the resident missionary. Kama and Pato 'sat still' and resolved to be neutral—would, doubtless, always have been neutral, but for the arrogance of a British officer, who, at the close of the war, taunted Pato as a coward for not having joined his tribe against the colony. Pato's savage nature was roused, and in a fury he retorted: 'You shall not have to say that of me next time.'

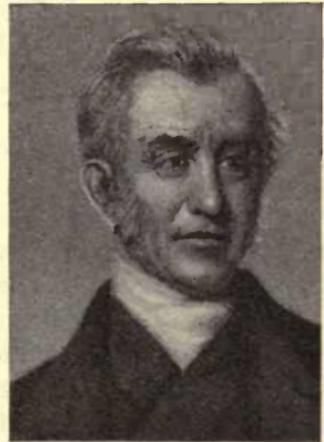
In future wars he was the colony's bitterest foe, and the patient work of the missionary was undone by the blatant folly of a military fop.

Early one morning a messenger brought word that the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, of the London Mission, were, with their children, in a Kafir hut, four miles distant, completely exhausted by a hurried night's journey through the forest. Their cattle had been seized, their house had been plundered of all food, and they were left to starve. Father, mother, and children had to make their way at night through a country teeming with enemies, and avoid the paths leading to their kraals, until they were utterly prostrated. Mr. Shepstone promptly sent a waggon to their rescue, and the whole family were brought in.

Wesleyville was now crowded with fugitives. Traders who had narrowly escaped with their lives; Hottentot waggon-drivers with their wives and children; Umkwe and his clan, together with Pato, Kama, and their followers—all these, with the families of the Revs. Dugmore, Shepstone, and Brownlee, and also of Mr. Walker, had to be removed to a place of safety. For many weary months nothing could be done; then peremptory orders came from the British commandant that they were to remove into the neutral zone within twenty-four hours. Hastily the women and children, the clothing and bedding, the books and the valuable translations, were crowded into three waggons, and in the gloom of the evening they left, escorted by the men marching on foot. The way lay through the deep defiles of the Umkalana. Slowly through the night the procession threaded the intricate bush-paths down to the Keiskama, Mr. Dugmore and Mama, the father of the Rev. Boyce Mama, bringing up the rear. A heavy rain, with rolling mists, came on, and the roads were slippery. One waggon containing the children was upset; but, happily, no one was hurt. It was important to cross the Keiskama before halting; but upon reaching the drift, the river was already running high, and the drivers refused to cross in the dark. Supperless, the fugitives had to crouch under the bushes to escape the pelting rain. When morning broke, the waggons were got through without accident, and then only was there leisure for eating. Within a few hours of their departure Wesleyville was burnt to the ground by the Gaikas.

Butterworth shared the same fate. Hintza became impatient of the restraint imposed upon him by the presence of Mr.

Ayliff, and removed his kraal several miles distant. He drove off the cattle of some of the residents at Butterworth, saying: 'Thus shall you all be served if you remain with that fellow,' pointing to Mr. Ayliff. Later, he gave orders for the destruction of the station; but said to his warriors: 'Don't touch the missionary. I've got my assagais ready for him.' One day, two native Christians knocked at the door of the parsonage and informed Mr. Ayliff that Hintza was approaching with his army, intent on destroying the station and killing him. At once, Mr. Ayliff ascended the hill to meet Hintza, who, seeing him, gruffly said: 'Why do you come here?' Mr. Ayliff replied: 'When I first came, you said that you would be my father; should not a child greet his father?' 'But I am angry; I will not receive you?' exclaimed Hintza, in passionate tones. 'But, chief, why are you angry?' asked Mr. Ayliff, 'will you come and have some coffee?' 'Go away!' said Hintza; 'who thinks of food when he is angry?' Mr. Ayliff sent word to Mrs. Ayliff: 'Make some coffee and send it up quickly.' The coffee was made and sent by a servant, and when Hintza saw the steaming, fragrant beverage, his anger cooled, the coffee was accepted, and the storm was averted. Late at night the manse door was opened, and Nonsa, the great wife of Hintza, whom Mrs. Ayliff had nursed through a dangerous illness, entered, and sitting down, said: 'Sing some of your hymns.' During the singing, Nonsa said: 'There is a snake in the grass, and you will not see it until you tread on it. Take warning.' The warning was taken. In the early hours of the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Ayliff and the Christian natives set out for Clarkebury and took refuge with the Rev. W. J. Davis, where they were under the protection of the Tembu chief Vedana. Finding that his prey had escaped, Hintza battered in the doors and windows of the church, set Butterworth on fire, and utterly destroyed it.



REV. J. AYLIFF.

Morley, Clarkebury, and Buntingville were outside the area of strife, and escaped injury. But the order came from Sir Benjamin Durban that all missionaries were to remove into

the colony for safety, and a strong military guard was sent for their escort. Accordingly, Mr. Ayliff, from Butterworth; Mr. Satchell, from Buntingville; Mr. Palmer, from Morley; and Mr. Davis, from Clarkebury, set out with their families and succeeded in reaching Grahamstown.

Colonel Harry Smith rode from Cape Town to Grahamstown in six days, and collected burghers from Graaff Reinet, Somerset East, and Albany. Makoma and Tyali were driven out of the thickets of the Fish River, and fled to their fastnesses in the Amatola Mountains. Sir Benjamin Durban invaded Gcalekaland, and such was the rapidity of the movements of the British troops that Hintza was alarmed, and surrendered. The Fingos appealed to the Governor for deliverance from bondage; but he was unwilling to interfere until every peaceable method had been exhausted. The proud Gcaleka chief was furious when he heard that his 'dogs' were seeking to be free, and whilst a prisoner in the British camp issued orders for their massacre. Sir Benjamin Durban, when informed of what was being done, hastily summoned Hintza into his presence, and sternly addressed him: 'If the slaughter is not instantly stopped, I will hang you and your son Kreli on the nearest tree.' Hintza was alarmed, and sending messengers in every direction, the massacre was arrested. The Governor now took steps to liberate the Fingos, and, allotting them ample lands near Fort Peddie, requested the Rev. J. Ayliff to take charge of them during the journey to their new home.

On May 9, 1835, 16,000 Fingos, old and young, crossed the river Kei, protected by a small body of British troops. Mothers carried one or two children on their backs, and burdens on their heads. The elder children carried sleeping-mats and blankets. The men drove the cattle, many of which there is reason to believe they had not scrupled to plunder from their late masters. The column slowly moved over the veldt, and the journey was 100 miles in length; but there was not the least complaint of fatigue. Were not safety and freedom before them? When they passed the river Keiskama, ten days later, not a child or old person was missing. They were placed on land around Fort Peddie, and, after they had become settled, Mr. Ayliff held a mass meeting of all the men at Emquashini, half-way between Peddie and Breakfast Vlei, near a large milkwood-tree, and, in an impressive address, reminded them of what Christianity and the Government had done for them. Then, calling upon each man to lift his right hand, he recited

a pledge, which they all audibly repeated. As with one voice, they promised to be faithful to God, to be loyal to the British Government, and to do all in their power to support the missionaries and educate their children. The milkwood-tree still stands, but steps are being taken to erect a more durable monument of that day's vow, and of their deliverance from slavery. The Fingos prospered in their new home, and developed into agriculturists, and sheep farmers, and owners of waggons. They increased in numbers, and some had to seek settlement elsewhere. But to this day there is no name so deeply cherished by the Fingos as that of the Rev. J. Ayliff, who first taught them the Gospel, and then led them out of a cruel bondage into freedom and prosperity.

Hintza promised to restore the cattle stolen from the colonists, and, accompanied by Colonel Smith, went to collect them from their hiding-places. In crossing the Xebecca River he attempted to escape and to stab Colonel Smith, but was shot by one of the guides. The 'Great Bull' fell dead, and his career of duplicity and treachery was at an end. Kreli, his son, was acknowledged as his successor, and with him, as Chief of the Gcalekas, peace was made.

Makoma and Tyali were still hiding in the Amatolas, unconquered and unyielding, and it seemed as if a costly and tedious war was inevitable. Hoping to divide and weaken the enemy, Sir Benjamin Durban announced that Makoma and Tyali were banished beyond the Kei, but that for their subjects lands would be provided between the Kei and Fish Rivers. His hope was that the chiefs would be deserted by their followers, and that they would be compelled to flee. In this he was mistaken. The Gaikas would not forsake their chiefs, and to expel Makoma and Tyali from the Amatolas would involve much loss of life. When Sir Benjamin Durban arrived in Grahamstown, the Wesleyan missionaries thought it was their duty to remonstrate with him on the impolicy of conducting the war on such lines. The Governor listened, but replied that he could not recede with dignity from his proclamation. The missionaries said: 'If you consent, we will endeavour to send a message to the belligerent chiefs, advising them to seek peace at your hands, and to ask to be admitted as British subjects.' To this Sir Benjamin Durban did not object.

No time was to be lost if the missionaries were to secure peace. The next morning the Revs. W. B. Boyce, W. Shepstone, and S. Palmer, with an armed escort, rode out of

Grahamstown on their perilous enterprise. When they arrived at the kraal of Pato, near Wesleyville, they sent for him and his brothers, Kama and Kobi, and together they selected four native women, and told them to seek Makoma and Tyali, wherever they might be in the Amatolas, and deliver to them this message: 'The Governor is going to sweep the country clean. Ask for mercy. Say, "Mercy, Great Chief." Ask for a place in which you can sit and plough. If you do not act on our advice, we are clear of your blood. Send to the Governor, and we will speak for you.' The women departed, and day after day passed—days of anxious waiting. The twelfth day dawned, when the women returned with the reply: 'The chiefs thank the missionaries. They must not tire now the path is open. We will seek for mercy.' The missionaries returned to Grahamstown, and in a few days a messenger arrived from the two chiefs, who laid at the feet of the Governor an assegai, in token of their submission, and said, in native fashion, 'that they wished to be his children.'

To this request the Governor sent a gracious reply. Makoma and Tyali came in and submitted. The efforts of the Wesleyan missionaries to terminate the war had been crowned with success. The Ama-Xosa were placed between the Keiskama and the Kei, under British rule. The chiefs were made sub-magistrates, to administer native laws, subject to the control of a British agent. Witchcraft was abolished, and, to compensate the chiefs for the loss of fines, a small salary was allowed them, payable during good behaviour. Missionaries were to settle among them, and establish schools for the education of their children. The sale of intoxicants and materials of war was strictly prohibited. There is every probability that if these wise plans had been allowed to be carried out, the predatory habits of the natives would in a few years have been eradicated, and the tranquillity of the frontier would have been secured.

One man wrecked these statesmanlike proposals and inflicted years of strife on Cape Colony. Lord Glenelg was at the time the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, and relying, not on the despatches of Sir Benjamin Durban, but on private and prejudiced communications, he pronounced an official judgment on the war, which, as Judge Cloete said, for cruelty and injustice, 'might have been penned by an enemy.' Lord Glenelg, in his despatch, made the astounding statement that, 'in a long series of years,' the colonists and the public

authorities had treated the Kafirs 'with systematic injustice,' and that they had 'a perfect right to extort by force the redress they could not otherwise obtain.' He recalled Sir Benjamin Durban, and ordered the district between the Keiskama and the Fish River to be restored to the Ama-Xosa, who rapidly swarmed back to their old fastnesses in bush and forest, and kept the whole border in terror for years. Never, perhaps, has the despatch of a Colonial Secretary wrought greater calamity.

The Dutch burghers were so embittered against British rule that, to the number of 10,000, they left a country which, as they said, afforded them neither protection nor justice. The British settlers were not prepared to abandon flag and home, but, strong in the consciousness of their innocence, they demanded the appointment of a Commission to investigate on the spot the charges made against them. The only satisfaction obtained was that Lord Glenelg was compelled by the force of indisputable facts to withdraw his accusations and to make a reluctant apology.

The heat and passion of the controversy of those days have long ago subsided, and it is possible calmly to investigate the causes of this political blunder. Lord Glenelg was closely intimate with a remarkable group of men called the 'Clapham sect,' which consisted of William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, Grenville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, and Thomas Fowell Buxton—men who devoted themselves to the defence of the oppressed in every clime. They had recently fought and won in the British Parliament the battle for the emancipation of the slaves, and, in the excitement of their victory, some of them were incapable of judging impartially any conflict between black and white men. Their sympathies rallied at once to the protection of the native, as almost certain, in their opinion, to be the victim of oppression; and, with little independent inquiry, they denounced the frontier farmer as a cruel oppressor. The anti-slavery press in England, misled by false reports, represented the settlers as raiding Kafir-land, killing men, carrying off women and children into captivity, and, when impatient of their footsore pace, shooting them on the road. The Wesleyan missionaries, at the time they were risking their lives to save the Gaika chiefs, were branded as 'sanguinary' and 'truckling.' The British public, or at least a portion of it, was in one of its superior moods, and ready to believe any vile story of the colonists.

The anti-slavery party had its enthusiastic supporters in Cape Colony, of whom, undoubtedly, the ablest was Dr. Philip, of Cape Town. He had given up an important pastorate at home to become the superintendent of the operations of the London Missionary Society in South Africa. He possessed indomitable energy, and constituted himself the champion and defender of the native races. In his eagerness to remedy their wrongs he was blind to the just rights and claims of the settlers, and, credulously accepting unreliable statements, attributed to them deeds of oppression and cruelty of which they were wholly innocent. He boldly advocated the natural equality of mankind—a doctrine which, as understood by the natives, became a direct incentive to insubordination and rebellion.

In the year 1830 Dr. Philip and Mr. Fairbairn, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, both residing in Cape Town, visited the frontier, and held conversations with Makoma and Tyali respecting their claim to the neutral territory. The Wesleyan missionaries, who were aware of the slumbering disaffection of the Ama-Xosa, and knew that little was required to excite it into open war, protested against Dr. Philip's interference, but he would listen to no remonstrance. In June, 1834, he again visited the two chiefs, and the mischief he wrought was disclosed in the confession of Tyali: 'Philip said, "This is your land. I will speak in the Governor's ear." Philip said, "The land is yours on this side of the Fish River. I will write to the King of England, and speak to the Governor." *This, and the Hottentots talking to us, set us on fire.*' The impression was left on the minds of the irritated chiefs that Dr. Philip was more worthy of confidence than their own missionaries, whose influence for a peaceable settlement of disputes was thus seriously impaired. Misguided, one-eyed philanthropy has at various times produced not a little confusion and trouble in South Africa.

When Sir Benjamin Durban arrived in the colony early in 1834, he opened up communication with the Kafir chiefs, and assured them that, if they wished their claims to the neutral territory to be considered in a friendly manner, they must cease their cattle-stealing and keep within their border. But, buoyed up with the hope of Dr. Philip's advocacy, this pacific overture was rejected. The majority of the Ama-Xosa had long desired war. The valuable herds of cattle grazing on the frontier were tempting objects to a predatory people, knowing, as they did, there was no military force at hand to protect. The settlers

were not responsible for the creation of the neutral zone, or for the expulsion of Makoma and Tyali across the Keiskama; and they were the innocent sufferers of a Government policy, in the shaping and administration of which they had had no share.

After the war Dr. Philip visited England, and declared in numerous public speeches that the natives had been incited to make war by the settlers, who at particular seasons had driven their cattle in thousands across the border and pastured them on native lands. When resistance was offered, they burnt down huts and destroyed whole villages. He denounced the Wesleyan missionaries in defending the settlers as prejudiced and untrustworthy witnesses. Fortunately, the Rev. W. Shaw was at the time in England, and in a vigorously written open letter addressed to Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary, he indignantly repelled these unfounded accusations. He emphatically asserted that the 'present disturbed state of the Kafir border is due, not to any cruelties perpetrated by the British settlers on the Kafirs, but to the moral state and predatory habits of the Kafirs, the evil tendencies of which have been aggravated by the exceedingly mischievous character of our border policy.' At a later date he declared: 'Intimately acquainted as I am with the history of the settlement, I bear my most decided and unequivocal testimony to the fact that the British settlers have not at any time made any foray, or committed any acts of aggression against the border Kafir tribes.'

We have no wish to revive an extinct controversy, but without some reference to it the altered attitude of the colonists towards missionaries and their work could not be understood. In 1833 the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury wrote from Grahamstown: 'I never have known a community of Englishmen so free from illiberal prejudices. All colours love as brethren, have their love-feasts together, and meet at one table of the Lord.' After the war this kindly feeling towards the natives no longer existed. The colonists were alienated from Mission work. They lost their grasp of the great vocation of a Christian people, and ceased to recognise that as English Christians their privilege and duty were to extend the Gospel to the heathen. It is only within recent years that the prejudices born of the conflicts of those days have begun to yield to a healthier sense of Christian responsibility.

Colonel Smith, whose ideas of religion were largely military, issued an address to the natives as to their future conduct.

‘Leave off,’ he said, ‘the wicked practice of stealing. Attend Divine worship, and send your children to school. Let the men work in the fields, and the women make and mend your clothes, keep your children clean, cook the food, and take care of the milk. Omit the witch dance. Bury your dead, and do not drag out the corpse and cast it forth as food for wild beasts. Listen to your missionaries. Forget all animosities among yourselves. Fear God, honour your King, and respect the Governor.’

With this bluff, shrewd advice, the war of 1834 may be said to have closed.

THE STRENUOUS STRUGGLE WITH HEATHENISM, 1836-1852.

PEACE was once more restored on the frontier, but many of the native converts said: 'We cannot believe there is peace, and we cannot sleep safely unless the missionaries come back and dwell among us.' Even those who had personally engaged in the war appeared to be weary of strife, and were willing to listen to the Christian teacher. 'The whole land is now before us,' wrote the Rev. W. J. Davis. 'The missionary can go to any village and obtain a congregation.'

In 1835 the several missionaries left Grahamstown for their respective posts. A few changes were made. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore went to Buntingville, where Faku accorded him a royal welcome, and presented him with an elephant's tusk. The Rev. S. Palmer proceeded to Morley, where the church still stood, but destitute of doors and windows. The Rev. W. J. Davis returned to Clarkebury, where Vedana had taken care of the Mission property by placing around it a thick thorn fence. The Rev. J. Ayliff, at the request of Kreli, returned to Butterworth, to rebuild what had been destroyed. The Rev. W. Shepstone took charge of Wesleyville—a blackened ruin—as well as of Pato's tribe. The Rev. W. H. Garner, who had been labouring among the Mantatees on the northern border of Basutoland, was installed missionary to the Emancipated Fingos. The Rev. W. B. Boyce went to Mount Coke, where everything had been burnt to the ground. On the journey to their several stations they were struck with the desolate appearance of the country as far as the river Kei. Scarcely a native was met or a hut seen.

Of the labours of the missionaries from 1835 to 1852 little is recorded. Beyond an occasional letter published in the Missionary Notices, or an allusion in a rare book, scarcely any-

thing is known. They were depressed by the recent war, and either there was little to report or they did not care to place on paper the details of their weary toil. They changed from station to station, rarely staying more than two years, often only one, seeking the relief of frequent change, and any attempt to follow them in their removals would only bewilder. They preached to the people and taught the children, and they visited heathen kraals, taking advantage of a wedding or a dance to hold an open-air service. They exposed the delusions of witchcraft, sometimes at the peril of their lives. They were overtaken in their solitary rides by heavy rains or icy cold winds, and illness supervened, necessitating rest with friends or at the seaside. But the brightness and hope of early Mission work had vanished, and the fear of the renewal of war hung over them all.

It is therefore only a very brief survey that can be taken of the older Mission stations during the fifteen years following the war.

Wesleyville was rebuilt, but Pato refused to return to it, and he and his people settled about ten miles below Peddie, on the river Beka; and in 1836 a Mission station was formed about two miles from his 'great place,' and named Beka after the river. Pato occasionally came to the services with a few of his councillors, all clad in red blankets. He was regarded as one of the wealthiest chiefs in the land, but neither he nor his subjects accepted Christianity, and little progress was made.

Kama, and those who chose to share his lot, separated from Pato and removed to Newtondale, twelve miles south of the Beka, and near to the Fish River. He petitioned for a missionary, but, owing to the numerous claims on the Mission funds, no one could be sent. Kama kept up the forms of worship, and his broad, intelligent face shone with delight as he talked to his people of the love of God in Christ. At Grahamstown he spoke from the platform: 'I am a black man, but I have a white heart; the Saviour who died for you died for me.' Pato was constantly urging him to take another wife, if only to keep up the dignity of the chieftancy, but Kama stood firm, and his consistency made a profound impression on his subjects. 'When God's Word came to Kama,' they said, 'he held out his hand, and it fell right into the middle of it, and he has held it fast ever since.' Kama continued to present that Kafir anomaly—a young chief with the paltry establishment of one wife.

Pato, jealous of Kama's growing influence, endeavoured to stir up strife between the two clans. To preserve the peace, Kama, in the year 1838, left the district. The Government granted him a tract of country in Northern Tembuland, and thither he and his followers removed. At Kamastone, as the settlement was afterwards called, Kama was chief and pastor for eleven years, for no missionary could be sent. He was alone as a Christian. He was threatened by the neighbouring chiefs that they would wipe him out if he did not join them in their heathen practices. But Kama calmly refused. Every Sabbath this priest-chief collected his people for worship, his son, William Shaw Kama, who had been educated at Salem, reading the lessons and hymns, and he preached. At the end of eleven years, when the number of inhabitants at Kamastone was increased by the arrival of the Fingos from Haslope Hills, the Rev. W. Shepstone was appointed pastor, and he found a society of fifty members. If every chief had been like Kama, Kafirland would have had a different history.

By these removals Wesleyville was so diminished that the resident missionary was withdrawn, and it was attached to Mount Coke. In the year 1844 it was placed under the care of the missionary at Beka.

Mount Coke was rebuilt by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, who remained two years, and was followed by the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, who thus returned to his old post. But there was little extension of the Gospel among the Gcalekas residing outside the station, many of whom had taken an active part in the war, and were suspicious and unfriendly.

Butterworth, under the direction of the Rev. J. Ayliff, regained a portion of its former prosperity. Kreli came clad in his leopard-skin kaross, and expressed his regret that the place had been burnt, and gave more than 100 head of cattle to pay for the cost of rebuilding the church and the manse. But he wavered between Christianity and heathenism. He attended the services on the Sabbath, and conversed with deep interest on the existence of God and the way of salvation



WILLIAM SHAW KAMA.

by faith in Christ; but early training, the influence of his councillors, and political ambition, held him back from being a Christian. It is probable he was convinced that the tribal superstitions were a delusion and a mockery; but, when occasion served, he used the witch doctor and the terror his supposed powers excited, to accomplish his purposes. His disbelief in heathen ideas would at times flash forth in a cruel sardonic temper, revealing the tempest raging in his mind. One day he sent for the rain-maker, and said: 'You are the man who has the rain. You say we must not go to the school to listen to the missionary, but when we went to pray for rain, we had it. Men, kill him.' Instantly his head was severed from his body and thrown into a ditch, whilst the trunk was thrown in another direction. 'Masters of rain' seldom died a natural death.

In order perhaps to influence his people in favour of Christianity, Kreli sent messengers to two neighbouring chiefs to observe among other things their treatment of the missionaries and the effect of the Word. They returned and said: 'We are stupid things; we know nothing. They leave us far behind; they will not have the witch doctor. They all go to chapel and hear God's Word. They have clothes like the white people, and their children learn to read and write. They have the school to themselves, but we have allowed the Fingos to take ours.' The Gcalekas had, in fact, allowed the Fingos, of whom about 3,000 still remained, to crowd the church, whilst they, acting on the advice of the witch doctor, had stayed away. Kreli saw this, and was irritated that other tribes were outstripping his people in education and dress, but, proud as he was, he had not the courage to remedy the evil.

Mr. Ayliff was followed at Butterworth by the Revs. W. J. Davis, H. Pearse, and F. P. Gladwin, and the material result of their labours is described in a letter of a visitor in 1843: 'The Mission premises stood in a conspicuous position and presented a beautiful appearance. Close by was a row of neat cottages, after the English style, erected by the natives for their own accommodation. It was gratifying to witness the life that pervaded the village. Some were digging in their gardens, others building habitations, and one man was occupied as a blacksmith at the forge.'

The stations outside the area of the recent war made greater advancement.

Clarkebury flourished under the pastorates of the Revs. W. J. Davis (1835-1837), F. P. Gladwin (1839-1845), and J. S. Thomas (1845-1847). How great the change wrought in some of the Tembus by the Gospel was displayed in the confession of Umtshikamsi, a famous warrior, and the hero of many a fight. 'You all know that from a child I have been in the midst of war. As soon as I had strength to carry an assegai and a shield I began to shed blood. I have been wounded all over my body, and everything has happened to me but death. But when I came to Clarkebury, I saw God wanted me to hear His Word, and to-day I stand up for another Captain—Jesus.' In 1836 Mr. Davis published during his residence at Clarkebury, a Kafir Grammar, an improved edition of Mr. Boyce's work, and which for many years was the only guide on the subject. During the residence of Mr. Gladwin a larger church was necessary, and the Tembus built one at their own cost. It was made, Devonshire fashion, of earth rammed hard, and thatched, and outstood many a storm.

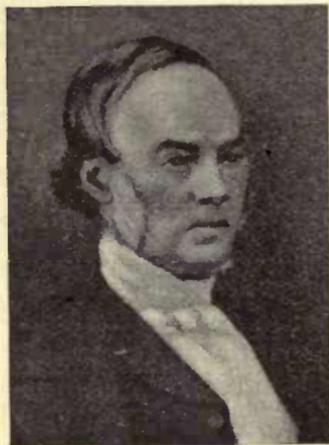
At Morley ministerial changes were less frequent, and the tribe became enthusiastic for the education of their children, which was unavoidably of a very elementary form, and consisted of the ability to read the New Testament. The Sunday school assumed great importance, and contained scholars of all ages. At the anniversary in 1841 nearly 1,000 scholars were present, and over 1,000 parents and friends came to listen to the examination of the children. This Christian festival supplanted the old heathen dance, and the wealthier members gave eight beasts to provide the visitors with food. Mr. Pearse, who was present, wrote: 'It was a day not to be forgotten.'

At Buntingville Faku still dwelt. He never accepted Christianity, though he valued the presence of the missionary. That was the attitude of most of the chiefs, who looked upon the missionary as adding to their dignity, and furnishing facilities for communicating with the Government. Faku's mother became a sincere Christian. Often she assembled her grandchildren, prayed with them, and urged them to seek Christ. 'Great people,' she said, 'laugh at me, and say that I am old and foolish, but I know that Jesus is my Saviour.' When not able to attend the service, she sent two men to hear, and return to tell her what had been said.

No longer afraid of Zulu or Dutch raids now that Natal was British territory, Faku removed, in the year 1844, north of

St. John's River. The Rev. T. Jenkins accompanied him and formed a new station, which was called **Palmerton**. Mr. Jenkins was a master of many crafts, and taught the Pundos to make bricks, to build straight vertical walls, to cut timber, thatch roofs, and grow vegetables. He erected at Palmerton a number of small cottages, and taught some of the tribe how to make chairs and tables. A demand arose for picks, axes, shovels, hoes, woollen and cotton goods, and then came the trader, who profited by the labour of the missionary.

The Pundos were ignorant and superstitious to an almost incredible degree. 'The first time I went to the service,' said one, 'I saw a sight I never saw before—a bright light against the wall keeping alight of itself. Ah, I thought, that is God. I never saw such a thing before. I took the candle to be God hanging on a wall.' The mind of the speaker, under the quickening influence of the Gospel, expanded, and he became an intelligent evangelist.



REV. T. JENKINS.

The Pundos were brutalized by witchcraft. A woman, who was accused of causing the death of a child, was tortured by the application of hot stones to her naked body, and her screams were appalling. Her son begged her torturers to set her free, but he was seized and thrown headlong into the fire, from which he crawled with difficulty, and escaped to Mr. Jenkins.

Faku became ill, and there was a grand smelling out. His own brother, Cingo, was declared by the witch doctor to be the cause of the sickness, and was condemned to torture and death. Mr. Jenkins gained access to Faku, and interceded for the unfortunate victim. 'Teacher,' said Faku, 'do you see how some of my people hate me in sending wild cats to kill me?' This led to a long conversation, in which Mr. Jenkins pleaded: 'Faku, Cingo is not guilty of your illness, and I know you are not the man to stain your hands with innocent blood.' Cingo lay bound and helpless on the ground, and with anxious eyes waited for the reply. After sitting for some time in deep thought, Faku looked up and said: 'Teacher, you have saved Cingo. He shall not be killed.' Cingo's bonds were severed,

and he sprang to his feet, his face flashing with delight, and from that day he was the firm friend of Mr. Jenkins.

The Pondo chief and the missionary became strongly attached to each other. Sometimes Faku would say that there were only two good men in Pondoland—Mr. Jenkins and himself. He gave 100 head of cattle towards the cost of a church which was capable of holding 1,000 persons. A mission house was built by Mr. Jenkins, largely with his own hands, and wholly at his own expense. He loved the Pondos, and devoted himself to their welfare in every form. He became profoundly versed in their customs, and preached in their language. Perhaps he was a little blind to their faults, but he was one of the bravest and best of the early Wesleyan missionaries.

We now turn to two enterprises of a novel character.

In 1838 the natives residing on the Grahamstown commonage wanted larger grazing grounds and lands for cultivation. Mr. Shaw saw an opportunity of forming a Christian native settlement, and with the approval of the Missionary Committee purchased a farm of 6,000 acres situated below Salem, and named it Farmerfield. The land was divided into plots and let at a fixed annual rental, and the aggregate rents more than covered the interest of the purchase money. Each tenant had to build his own dwelling and enclose his own ploughed lands. Four hamlets were formed, occupied respectively by Kafirs, Fingos, Bechuanas, and the inmates of the 'Watson Institute'—a small school of industry for training native youths to be agriculturists and schoolmasters. No wandering native was allowed to squat down on the farm with the plea that he desired spiritual instruction. The whole was placed under the management of Mr. D. Roberts, and upon his retirement he was succeeded by Mr. W. Walker, a man of sterling character. The settlement was a success. The neat dwellings clustering on the hillsides, the cultivated lands with little orchards of fruit trees, the church built of stone near the Assagai River, the decently clad inhabitants, made a pleasant scene, which excited the admiration of Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, when he visited Farmerfield in 1849. Some of the tenants rose to comparative wealth, and possessed waggons and oxen.

In the same year a similar experiment was made at Haslope Hills, on the northern side of the Great Winterberg, where Mr. Shaw purchased a farm for the benefit of emancipated slaves, Fingos, and Tembus. The Rev. J. Ayliff left Wesley-

ville to take charge of the station, and in a short time he built a stone wall across the river Kei, and led out the water, irrigating seventy acres of land. The natives at Haslope Hills rendered valuable assistance to the Government in the war of 1846, and at its close Sir Harry Smith offered them lands elsewhere. The Tembus settled at Lesseyton, the Fingos went to Kamastone, and the farm was sold, Haslope Hills thus ceasing to be a mission station.

The year 1839 was the centenary of Methodism, and was celebrated in England by a Thanksgiving Fund, which amounted to £350,000, a portion of which was devoted to Missions. The Missionary Committee was enabled to augment the staff in South Africa by sending out the Revs. H. Pearse, J. Smeeth, F. P. Gladwin, W. C. Holden, F. Taylor, Thornley Smith, John Smith, J. S. Thomas, and J. W. Appleyard, who formed a splendid reinforcement to carry on the strenuous struggle with heathenism. How these noble men, and their no less noble wives, 'laboured in the Lord' will never be fully told on earth. Messrs. Holden and Thornley Smith became authors at a time when literary work was rarely undertaken by Wesleyan ministers; Mr. Appleyard developed into an honoured translator and editor; Mr. Thomas was unintentionally, and Mr. Pearse was accidentally, killed; Mr. Gladwin passed through thrilling dangers in war time. Some, after years of service, returned to England.

This reinforcement rendered it possible to form three new stations—at Beecham Wood, Imvani, and Shawbury.

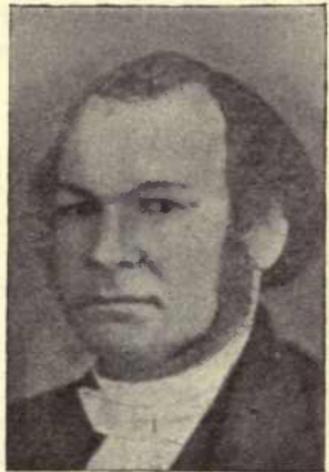
Beecham Wood is situated in a beautifully wooded district near the mouth of the river Bashee, where dwelt the Velelos, a Gcaleka clan, of which Gxaba was the chief. Gxaba was shrewd and observant, and said to Mr. Shaw: 'Pato and Kama made the missionary their friend, and they are safe. They have grown rich and strong. Let a missionary come, and we will listen to him.' The Rev. Horatio Pearse was sent, and Gxaba gave a square mile of ground for the Mission.

The depraved condition of the Velelos was not more marked than that of other tribes, but to Mr. Pearse it was distressing. Witchcraft was rampant; one night a number of men entered a hut and smashed the occupant's head in with a knob-kerrie because he was suspected of being a wizard. Another was 'eaten up'—had all his cattle confiscated, and was tortured to death by ants. Lying was practised without shame, and it

was no insult to say even to Mr. Pearse: 'You tell a lie.' Thieving was an art which won admiration; beer orgies were common. Enemies captured in battle were sometimes roasted over a slow fire. The innocence of the savage is a sentimental dream. He is sensual, cruel, wretched, and lives in dread of a violent death.

Mr. Pearse built a little 'wattle and daub' cottage, in which he and his wife and infant daughter made a home. He also erected a temporary oval-shaped chapel, and two years later built a more substantial structure capable of holding 100 persons. He commenced a school in the open air, teaching the children by means of a board attached to his waggon. The Gospel was the power of God to these depraved Velelos, and, convinced of their sin, they cried out in their distress: 'Where shall we bury our sins? Where can we hide ourselves from God?' They prayed to Christ, and entered upon a new life. They made attempts at wearing European clothing when attending public worship on the Sabbath. 'One man came in a pair of trousers patched with various colours; another in a suit of clothes belonging to some English soldier; and many of them wore red nightcaps.' But, oddly as they looked, these attempts showed that they were beginning to respect God's house and themselves. One convert said: 'I feel God has forgiven my sins, and so great is the change that my very body feels comfortable.' A second said: 'I think I am the same person, but I cannot say, the change is so great. If I am the same person, then God's grace is strong.' In this simple manner did these men testify that 'if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation.' Before such testimonies, upheld and confirmed by the altered lives of the speakers, the mouths of the heathen were closed.

Gxaba was still heathen at heart, and, having quarrelled with Makass, a neighbouring chief, resolved on war. Mr. Pearse repaired to his residence, and exhorted him to desist. Gxaba listened in sullen silence, but in a day or two he came to Mr. Pearse and said: 'I shall abide by your counsel; if



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you say I must not fight, I will not. Be our Umaghluli—our mediator—because you are our father.’ Gxaba’s docile mood was transient, and after Mr. Pearse had left, and the station was for a time without a missionary, he was drawn into a tribal fight and was killed.

Beecham Wood passed through many vicissitudes caused by native wars and the shifting of the population. It was placed in charge of a native minister, and is now part of the Malan circuit, in the Gcaleka Mission.

When Umtirara, the son of the Tembu chief Vossani, left the neighbourhood of Clarkebury, he made his great place at **Imvani**, an open grassy country to the south of Queenstown, and, having become attached to the Rev. J. C. Warner, he was glad to obtain him as missionary to the clan, not from a desire to see his people converted to Christianity, but in order to receive assistance in his relations with the Colonial Government.

Mr. Warner found the Tembus very unwilling to attend the services on the Sabbath, and complained to Umtirara, who sent for the councillor responsible for the affairs of the Mission. Addressing him, Umtirara said: ‘You must see that there is always a congregation to hear Mr. Warner. Mind you, I don’t say they must be converted, but it is of importance to me that Warner should stay with us, and this must be done because he wishes it.’ The native chiefs viewed the Christian religion as a department of statecraft, and the missionary as an important State agent; conversions were few, and mostly of the poorer members of the tribe. Imvani is now a portion of the Queenstown circuit.

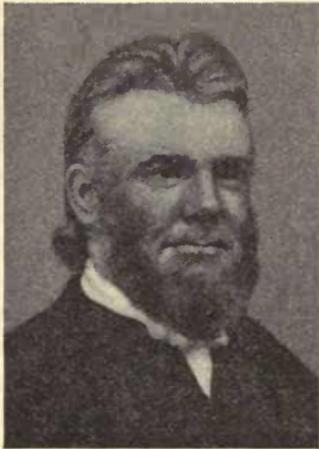
After the death of Umtirara Mr. Warner removed to Lesseyton to commence a Mission among the Tembus from Haslope Hills. He lived in a Kafir hut, but within a year he had established a day school and two Sabbath schools, and built a church. In the year 1853 he was requested by the Government to accept the appointment of British Resident to the Tembus, by whom he was held in the highest respect, and his connection with the Wesleyan ministry ceased. But he still took the greatest interest in Mission work, and rejoiced to see his two sons resign their position as magistrates to become missionaries to the natives. After his retirement from the Public Civil Service, he was elected to represent Queenstown in Parliament, but died on his way to Cape Town.

Shawbury was established in 1839 among a small but fierce tribe called the Bacas. Ncapai, their chief, resided near the river Tsitsa, and the station, by the advice of Mr. Jenkins, was placed not far from the Tsitsa Falls, where the river pours over a precipice, 375 feet in height, and almost vertical. Ncapai was violent and combative, and he and the Pondos were bitterly hostile. The Rev. W. H. Garner was appointed to unfold the Gospel among this truculent clan. The equipment of the Mission was painfully inadequate, consisting of two small cottages for the missionary and the catechist, and a place of worship made of rough poles cut from the forest, raised on end so that they formed the sides of a triangle, the ground being the base. The sides were covered with reeds and rushes.

Ncapai became seriously ill. The witch doctor advised the usual native remedy. 'The spirits are angry: you must kill three large oxen at three separate kraals; then the spirits will be pleased, and you will get well.' The illness was supposed to be produced by ancestral spirits, who were angry because they had not been sufficiently praised or provided with food. The slaughter of oxen was believed to restore them to good temper, and then the illness would cease. Ncapai was prostrate on the ground with intense pain, but when he heard the witch doctor's advice, he exclaimed: 'The doctor is a liar! I will not kill the oxen. All he wants is meat. Tell Garner to come, and he will make me well.' Mr. Garner came, administered medicine, prayed with him, and the chief was restored to health. Most missionaries found it necessary to acquire a knowledge of medicine, and how to treat ordinary complaints. Natives, when ill, sent for the missionary, or, if able to walk, attended at the parsonage, and expected to be treated medically without charge. To refuse would have thrown them into the hands of the witch doctor with his charms and incantations. To charge for the treatment would have exposed the missionary to the imputation of mercenary motives. So the missionary, already heavily burdened by his various duties, had to prescribe and give medicine to the natives who, every morning, waited outside his residence, and, at the same time, refrain from imposing fees. The arrangement still continues, and is not a satisfactory one, but probably will not disappear until properly qualified medical men take up the work.

Mr. Garner acquired great fame as a doctor. 'There was a man on the station,' said the Bacas, 'whose child was dead,

and its soul was in its throat. Garner gave it medicine, and it lived and is well.' The witch doctors were enraged, for the repudiation of their advice meant not only the loss of meat, but injury to their professional character. The Bacas had a practice that, when a young chief attained the rights of manhood, his grandfather should be killed, and his skin be made into a kind of amulet, to be worn by the chief. It was believed that qualities were transferable, and that old age would thus be secured. When Dushani came of age, the Bacas demanded the death of his grandfather, Umgema. 'It must be done,' they said. 'Madikan had such a charm, and he lived to be gray-headed. If Dushani hasn't one, he will die young.' Umgema fled to Mr. Garner, and, at his intercession, the life of the old man was spared.



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The Bacas were swift to shed blood. Scarcely a day passed but some brutal deed was reported. A man stabbed, a woman beaten to death, or thrown from a high rock and dashed to pieces below, a child killed to save the trouble of rearing it. Every petty chief could put to death anyone residing within the area of his authority, and the fine imposed, if any, was trivial. All the head chief was told was that 'a dog had been killed.' Mr. Garner's denunciations of such atrocities were not without effect.

When Ncapai's uncle was sick, one of the clan was accused by the witch doctor, and seized and condemned to death. But the invalid said to the trembling victim: 'I cannot kill you. If I do, how can I face Garner? Let him go.' At another time a Baca killed and ate a leopard, which was food for the chief only, as it was believed that, by eating the flesh of the savage beast, increased courage was acquired. The penalty of the offence was death and confiscation of property. But Ncapai said: 'By this he not only kills me, and deserves to be eaten up. Let him be thankful that Garner is here, and that he escapes with a fine.'

The country was infested with lions. They broke into the kraals and carried off the calves. They were even known to lie down in the porch of the parsonage, and wait for any of the inmates to come forth. One night a lion put his head over

the lower half of the frail door, and gave a terrific roar. The inmates had no means of defence, and had to hide as best they were able until the ferocious animal took his departure.

Ncapai made an attack on the Pundos, and carried off a number of cattle. He was pursued by the Pundos, overtaken, and killed. The Bacas exclaimed: 'We see now what Garner said was true: "If we sow blood, we shall reap blood."'

Mr. Garner frequently lamented the deadening effect of barbarism on his own spiritual life. The loneliness of his position, the stolid indifference of the natives to Scriptural teaching, the lapses of those who had seemed to be converted, the immoral scenes he was compelled to behold, the frequent deeds of cruelty, created at times a deep mental depression. 'I need a greater zeal for souls,' he wrote. 'Why is my heart so dead? Oh, to be wholly sanctified and free from sin! I have been harassed with evil thoughts, and feel very low.' Such depression was followed by Divine uplifting, in which he received new courage for his lonely and exhausting labours.

Shawbury, which had such an unpretentious and stormy commencement, developed into one of the most prosperous Missions in Kafirland.

In the year 1846 the smouldering discontent of the various Xosa clans broke out into open war. Makoma and Sandile, his younger brother, had long looked upon the policy of Lord Glenelg with contempt. They scorned to respect boundaries, and small bodies of natives constantly raided the country between the Fish and Sunday Rivers, killing and thieving in broad daylight. From 1837 to 1845 nearly 100 persons were treacherously killed. No man could move from his farmstead unarmed, and cattle had to be sent to graze under double guards. This unrest culminated in the 'War of the Axe.' Several of the Gcaleka clans joined the Gaikas, and together they rushed into the Colony as far as Sunday River, setting farmhouses on fire, and driving off large numbers of cattle and sheep. Happily, there had been time for warning, and the farmers on the frontier were able to form themselves into laagers or camps, and to defend their positions often against fearful odds.

Wesleyville and Mount Coke were again destroyed by fire; and the Rev. J. W. Appleyard, from Pato's tribe, the Rev.

G. H. Green, from Mount Coke, and the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, from Durban, were driven from their posts, and sought refuge in Fort Peddie, from the walls of which they saw one of the most decisive engagements of the war. Pato, as he had threatened, joined the enemy, and, at the head of 9,000 warriors, made a determined attack on the fort, under the walls of which the Fingos were collected. Pato's forces were eager to revenge themselves on their former slaves; but, as they advanced to the assault, they were decimated by shells and rockets from the fort. They fled, swiftly pursued by the Fingos, followed by a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who, overtaking the fugitives in an open place, rode through them again and again, until several hundreds were slain. Kama and his men came down



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from Kamastone, and, by arrangement, defended the line of communication from East London to Fort Beaufort, and thus enabled supplies to be forwarded to the British forces.

Butterworth was once more made a ruin. A horde of Gcalekas, armed with guns and assagais, invaded the station, intent on robbery and violence. The Rev. F. P. Gladwin, who was unknown to most, having only arrived two months previously, moved unruffled amongst the excited mob with nothing but a switch in his hand, calmly directing the inspanning of the oxen, and the placing of his wife and children in the waggon. Quietly he mounted his horse, and they all passed through the fierce-looking rabble before the Gcalekas realized that their intended prey, and most of the people on the station, had escaped, and were on their way to Clarkebury. Within a few hours of their departure Butterworth was looted and burnt to the ground. Night came on, and as there were numerous bands of roving Kafirs, mattresses were placed on



REV. F. P. GLADWIN.

the sides of the waggon to protect the sleepers from stray shots. The following morning they had not proceeded far when they were met by hundreds of Tembus, in full war costume, who had set out from Clarkebury to rescue their former pastor. At the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin they threw their shields into the air, and shouted: 'You have come out of the mouth of the pit. You are safe now.' The waggons halted for refreshment, and then the travellers started again, escorted by the Tembus. They had got but a short distance when they met the women of Clarkebury, who, after hearing Mrs. Gladwin relate the peril through which they had passed, exclaimed: 'Never mind: we have got you, whom we never thought to see again. Forget your troubles now.' Mr. Gladwin had been six years at Clarkebury (1839-1845), and had won the love and reverence of the Tembus.

Upon arriving at Clarkebury they were received by the Rev. J. S. Thomas and the Rev. S. Palmer, who had ridden over from Buntingville, and both urged them to move up higher to the other side of the Umtata, where food could be more easily obtained. In the evening the Mission party started, accompanied by twenty-one waggons, hundreds of men, women, and children, with cattle and goats. They moved on rapidly through the night, the Rev. S. Palmer riding in front with a native teacher to show the way. Shortly after sunrise Mr. Palmer fell forward on his horse's neck, and the teacher raised the cry: 'Mr. Palmer is ill.' Mr. Gladwin rode quickly forward and found Mr. Palmer lying on the ground. He attempted to lift his friend up, thinking he had fainted, but found, to his amazement, that he was dying. The excitement of a perilous journey had proved too much for a feeble heart, and in a few moments Mr. Palmer had passed away from earth. His body was taken to Buntingville, and buried at the foot of a magnificent willow-tree. Mr. Palmer's piety, 'his extensive acquaintance with the character of the natives, and his influence over them, made his death a cause of deep regret to all lovers of Missions.'

Clarkebury narrowly escaped destruction. A Tembu galloped in, bringing the news that Kreli and a large body of his men intended to attack the station early the next day. The Rev. J. S. Thomas sent word round to the chiefs, and all night the Tembus came in, until by daylight a strong defensive force had assembled. When the Gcalekas found that the Tembus

were not to be taken by surprise, they turned back to their own country.

Bathurst lay in the direct path of the Kafirs as they entered the Colony, and was in great peril. The Rev. J. Ayliff and his congregation raised an earthen embankment round the Wesleyan church, and within this enclosure he and his family, with many of the inhabitants, resided for many weeks. The fires of burning farmhouses were seen in all directions. One morning Mr. Ayliff's son, James, was taking the horses to water when two Kafirs sprang upon him, and pulled him to the ground. The animals bolted, the Kafirs fled in pursuit, and the son escaped. John Ncapai, a native local preacher and class leader, a Fingo of fine manners and devoted piety, was herding cattle when the Kafirs rushed down and killed him. Some English settlers, who deeply respected him, at the risk of their lives, searched for his body, and gave it Christian burial.

Messages were sent into Farmerfield by women that the enemy intended to destroy the settlement and drive off the cattle. Promptly the church was turned into a fort, in which Mr. Walker and his family took up their abode, and the natives built their huts around the church. One Sunday morning several hundred Kafirs attacked the village, firing volley after volley. Mr. Walker and the natives made a vigorous defence, and, at a critical moment, the Basutos living on the other side of the river took the assailants in flank, pouring in a heavy fire, and drove them off with great loss. The leader of the attacking force was found dead about 100 yards from the church.

Mr. James Howse, the brother-in-law of Mr. Ayliff, was farming extensively near Fort Beaufort. The Kafirs raided his farms, swept off 17,000 sheep and goats, 380 head of cattle, burnt five farm houses, and killed six of his servants.

Grahamstown presented a desolate scene. The shops were closed, and the windows were boarded up; the streets were deserted, and crossed at different points by barricades. An attack on the town was expected, and the troops were absent on the frontier.

Salem was kept in constant alarm. The church was turned into a barrack and guard house. Four farmers were bringing into Salem some Kafirs when, suddenly, the prisoners seized the guns of their guards, and fired at them. Wedderburn was shot, and was brought into Salem, but died of his wounds. The prisoners escaped.

For twenty-two months the war continued, and then the belligerent chiefs sued for peace. A drought had left them without corn, and there were no more cattle which could be readily stolen from the colonists. First, Stockwe gave himself up; Makoma followed; Sandile submitted; last of all, Pato, haggard and thin, surrendered, saying: 'I have been living among the monkeys. I am no longer a man, but a baboon.' Peace was at last restored. The district between the Keiskama and the Kei was added to the British dominions, and the policy of Sir Benjamin was adopted and acted upon.

A portion of the press seized the occasion to assert that the war proved Missions were a failure; but the tribes that waged the war were tribes which had rejected Christianity. Few native converts fought against the Colony, and those few were dragged into the conflict by threats of the loss of life and cattle. On the other hand, more than 4,000 natives, drawn principally from the various mission stations, bore arms in the defence of the Colony. This fact may be accepted as a proof of the confidence of Government in their loyalty. The failure of Christianity to prevent war lies far more seriously at the doors of European nations, which have had Christian teaching for more than 1,000 years.

The work of reconstruction was once more commenced. Wesleyville was partly rebuilt, but on another site, 300 yards away. Within the walls of the old church a British officer, who had died during the war, had been buried; and, remembering the feeling of the natives with regard to dead bodies, it was decided to remove the station a short distance. Wesleyville, however, never regained its former importance.

Mount Coke for two years was left in ruins. Part of the site had been taken by the military for a camp, which was called Fort Murray. In 1848 the Mission was resumed on another site, near the Buffalo River, under the management of the Rev. W. Impy. A mere handful of people were all that at first could be collected; but natives flocked in from the clans of Pato, Umkwe, and Siwane, until the population numbered more than 1,000, with 15,000 in the neighbourhood. New mission premises were built; improved methods of agriculture were introduced; and, a large substantial building having been provided, the printing-press was removed from King William's Town and set up at Mount Coke, which again became a flourishing Mission.

Kreli expressed his deep regret that Butterworth had been destroyed by fire; but he was a master of intrigue. He said the mischief had been done by certain wild, ungovernable fellows without his knowledge, and he offered 300 head of cattle towards the cost of reconstruction. He begged that the missionary might return. Sir Harry Smith wrote a characteristic letter, combining spiritual and material appeals in the strangest fashion: 'My son, Kreli, I rejoice to hear you are a repentant man. I hope this reparation is a great step towards your becoming a Christian. Listen to your missionary, then God Almighty will bless you, and your cattle will increase, and your land will be covered with houses and corn, and you will live in hope of eternal life.' The appeal was one Kreli would appreciate. He had many desires to be a Christian, but he loved the power heathen superstitions gave him. His offer of the cattle was accepted, and Butterworth rose out of its ruin. The Rev. F. P. Gladwin returned, and, at his first service, held in the open air, Kreli came in state, and, sitting at the feet of the missionary, paid great attention to the sermon.

The devastations of the 'War of the Axe' had not been fully repaired when, on Christmas Day, 1850, there broke out the longest and costliest war which the Government had to engage in with the natives. Makoma and Sandile saw that their wealth and power were decreasing. The British authorities, weakly succumbing to the demands of certain ill-informed members of Parliament, had reduced the number of troops on the border, so the chiefs determined to make another and desperate attempt to regain their power. Kreli took an active part in the war. The Tembus, under Mapassa, heedless of Mr. Warner's expostulations, joined the Ama-Xosa, as did also the Kat River Hottentots, most of whom were armed with guns. Whittlesea was repeatedly attacked by the Hottentots, and the beleaguered inhabitants had reached their last charge of powder, when Kama and his men came over from Kamastone and fell on the besiegers with such vigour that they fled, leaving many of their men dead and wounded. Fort Beaufort was surrounded, and many of the wounded defenders were carried into the Wesleyan mission house, and attended to by Mr. and Mrs. Ayliff. Mr. James Howse, who had lost heavily during the previous war, was captured by the enemy as he was riding from his farm to the village of Alice.

He was well known to be a friend of the natives, but the chiefs had issued orders that no white man should be spared, and he was ruthlessly slain. For many months the war went against the colonists; there was no pitched battle; it was a huge bush fight.

The Wesleyan Mission stations suffered, but not to the same extent as in the preceding wars.

Wesleyville was destroyed, and was not rebuilt. The land in the neighbourhood was confiscated and divided into farms and sold to Europeans. Nothing now remains of the 'Iona' of Wesleyan Missions but the broken walls of the chapel, a little cemetery where a decaying tombstone marks the grave of a child of Mr. Shaw, whilst where the village once stood grow luxuriant crops of corn. But Wesleyville will ever be remembered with deepest interest as the commencement of a movement which has been of incalculable benefit to the natives of South Africa.

Mount Coke was attacked three times by the Kat River Hottentots. The second attack was made on a clear moonlight night. The Rev. W. Impey, who had retired to rest, rose and dressed, and on issuing from his house was fired upon, the bullet passing between his legs. The object of attack was the cattle, and these having been obtained, the Hottentots disappeared before the troops from Fort Murray could arrive. At the third attack the Fingos came to the assistance of the residents, and after a sharp fight drove off the Hottentots, but not until several of the defenders had been killed.

The Hottentots plotted to attack Clarkebury. They arranged for two of their number to call at the mission house, and on the plea of wishing to speak to the Rev. J. S. Thomas, they were to get him outside, and then shoot him. The rest were to plunder the station. Mr. Thomas received information of the plot, and sent a message to Mr. Garner at Morley, sixty miles distant. Mr. Garner mounted his horse, rode fast, and got to Clarkebury in the night. Whilst at breakfast next morning, the Hottentot messenger knocked at the kitchen door, and asked to see Mr. Thomas, as he had a special message for him. Mr. Garner, who was a big burly man, rose from the table, went to the door, quietly unbuttoned the lower half of it, seized the Hottentot by the neck, spun him round, and then applied with great vigour a very substantial boot to the lower part of his person. The man yelled, but

Mr. Garner continued the application until he considered the justice of the case had been satisfied. When liberated, the fellow bolted with some others who had been lying in ambush awaiting results, followed by Mr. Garner, shouting, 'Tell Uithalder I will serve him the same if he comes here.' It was a signal triumph of muscular Christianity. Uithalder was the leader of the Hottentots—a dandy, wore black kid gloves, and rode a white horse. When he found that his dream of a Hottentot kingdom could not be realized he shot himself.

Morley was deserted. Every man, by order of Mr. Flynn, the Government agent, had left to join Faku to assist in attacking the Gcalekas. Mr. Garner threatened that if the Pondos left Buntingville he would break up the station. Flynn was annoyed. Civil and religious authorities were opposed. Flynn said it was a bad job, for if they had gone they might have killed 200 of the Gcalekas. Flynn seems to have been impetuous and imperious, fining the natives for trifles; and the missionaries complained of the insulting nature of his messages. For a trivial offence Flynn fined Faku 1,000 head of cattle, which he paid under the impression that if he refused the English would invade his country. Subsequently, the Government made an inquiry into the proceeding; the cattle were returned, and Flynn was superseded.

Butterworth was again the chief sufferer. First came a message from Kreli that he could not restrain his men, and that Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin must leave. The next day Kreli sent another message, that 'where *they* died *he* intended to die. Gladwin was his child, and would not be harmed.' Later news was brought that the Gcalekas were moving on Butterworth with the intention of destroying it. Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin betook themselves to prayer, and God, in His mercy, answered not by fire, but by water. For five days a thick, driving rain fell, turning the ground into a swamp and flooding the rivers. Kreli's warriors, destitute of shelter, cowered before the persistent storm, and, wet and cold, turned home again. At another time the war cry was raised in the church during the service, and the whole congregation rushed out to rescue their cattle, which were being driven off. The position became perilous, for the Hottentots were eager to attack the station. In their distress Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin sought the Lord: 'O God, undertake for us; we are reluctant to leave.

Guide us aright!' In December, 1851, the British troops, under Colonel Eyre, after a sharp skirmish at the Kei, reached Butterworth, and on their return to the border, by the order of Sir Harry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin accompanied them to King William's Town. The morning after their departure, a huge column of smoke showed that Butterworth for the third time had been given to the flames. For a whole year Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin had remained at their post, undeterred by the surrounding perils of war; but now that safety was attained the effects of the long strain were felt. Mrs. Gladwin sickened; her new-born son died, her little strength was exhausted, and she passed away from earth. She was only thirty two years of age, and she and her infant son were buried in the same grave.

Little has been said in these pages of the wives of missionaries, but their great worth can never be forgotten. If the husband preached on the Sabbath, or as he travelled from kraal to kraal, the wife taught the native children in the school and instructed the native women how to make their own garments. The orderly arrangements of the mission house, the neatly-clad minister's children and their spotless purity in speech and action, composed a sermon which the wife preached, as powerful to impress the heathen as the sermon the husband preached from the pulpit. Her lot was cast far away from the resources of civilization and the pleasures of social intercourse, and she had to practise and enforce the most rigid economy. Her home might no sooner be made comfortable than the stern fiat of authority removed her and her husband elsewhere. When her children grew up, they had to be sent far away, to Salem, perhaps to England, for their education. In time of war the wife shared the dangers of her husband, having to flee, and carrying not unfrequently the youngest child in her arms. Sometimes, for months together, husband and wife would be deprived of the comforts of life, and salt, sugar, tea, coffee, and wheaten meal were luxuries not to be had. Mealie bread, a cup of water, and a little milk were the only food obtainable. The perils of motherhood often came when no medical aid was within 100 miles, and when no countrywoman was near to minister sympathy and aid. All honour to the noble women who, by their hopefulness and industry, brightened homes far away from civilization, and by their unflinching courage lit up the dark days of disaster and retreat! Often worn out with

their numerous tasks, they died, and with their latest breath they prayed for the speedy coming of the kingdom of Christ. Over their graves, as over the graves of our noblest men, we cast our wreaths, praising God for the heroic deeds they did whilst they were on earth, and that now, their labours ended, they have joined

‘ The choir invisible
Of the immortal dead, who live again
In lives made better by their presence.’

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR, 1855-1865.

ACHILL of discouragement fell on missionary effort at the close of the late war. Morley, Shawbury, and Butterworth were left without pastors. Butterworth was deserted for years, and the church, schoolroom, and mission house were heaps of blackened ruins. The church at Clarkebury, for want of repairs, fell into decay. Converts were scattered, savageism once more ruled the land, and cruel superstitions regained their former power.

Heretofore, when a station was formed, a lay assistant or artisan was sent to assist in putting up the necessary buildings and to preach when needed. All these assistants were now withdrawn. In 1854, where seven missionaries and seven lay helpers had once laboured, only two ministers and one assistant and a catechist were appointed, and these were disheartened, knowing that the work was altogether beyond their power. Retreat in missionary operations can never be euphemistically described as a 'strategic movement to the rear.' Native Christians are discouraged. The heathen think they have reason to triumph. Future efforts to promote the extension of Christianity are made more difficult. But no one could foresee the tragic results of this retreat.

In 1855 the Rev. J. S. Thomas was placed in charge of Butterworth, Clarkebury, Morley, Buntingville, and Shawbury, with the Rev. C. White as assistant, residing at Buntingville, and Mr. R. Hulley, a catechist, at Shawbury—an utterly inadequate arrangement. Mr. Thomas resided at Clarkebury, but as the supply of wood and water was deficient, he selected a more favourable site on the left bank of the Umtata River, about thirty miles from Clarkebury. It was an unfortunate choice, as the district was claimed by the Tembus, the Pundos, and the Pandomisi, and was the scene of frequent strife. Mr.

Thomas named the place Beecham Wood, but it is now known by its native name—Ncambele. Some of the people at Morley migrated to Ncambele in order to be near Mr. Thomas, but they brought calamity in their train.

Some time previously, Damas, the son of Faku, and ruler under his father of the Pondos west of St. John's River, made a raid on the Pandomisi, and, on their return with captured cattle, the Pondos were ambushed by the Umdumbi, a reduced tribe living by permission on the sea-board of Tembuland, and were assisted by some of the Morley people. Three of Damas' men were killed and the cattle were taken. It is a law on all mission stations that no native resident shall take part in aggressive war, and had there been a missionary at Morley it is highly probable this attack would have been prevented.

Damas was angry with the Morley people, and protested to Mr. Thomas, at Clarkebury, against any of them being allowed to settle at Ncambele. Mr. Thomas deferred taking action until he arrived at the new station. The Pondos were impatient of delay, and attacked that part of Ncambele which was occupied by the natives from Morley. One man was slain, five were wounded, and a little girl was unintentionally burnt to death. Damas said he was satisfied now that he had chastised his assailants. At this stage, Mr. Thomas arrived at Ncambele and commenced the erection of the necessary buildings.

He had been there only a few days when Umbola, a Pondo sub-chief, without the knowledge of Damas, determined to attack Ncambele, hoping doubtless to capture a number of cattle. The assault was made on a moonlight night, and the cattle kraal was surrounded. Mr. Thomas had retired to rest, but was awoke by the noise of the conflict. He threw around him a blanket, and, with the native teacher, proceeded towards the kraal to see what was occurring. On his approach, he called out in Kafir: 'What is the matter?' It is possible he was not heard in the tumult. The yells of the assailants, the roar of the burning huts, the shouts of the defenders, made any single voice inaudible. It is also probable that Mr. Thomas was not known by sight to the Pondos, and that clad in a blanket he was mistaken for a native. However, the cry came back: 'Stab, stab, stab!' Mr. Thomas said to his companion: 'Let us return; they will do us mischief.' Scarcely had he turned, when assagais were thrown, and he was struck in the

back, the neck, and the thigh. He was carried to his house, but never spoke again. His death was a great loss to the Mission. He thoroughly knew the native character and the native language, and for fifteen years had laboured with self-sacrificing zeal.

When the news of Mr. Thomas' death was taken to Faku he was stunned, and could only gasp out: 'I am overwhelmed. This has been done without me. The country is dead, and I am dead. Go home, and I will follow with my men.' Damas was not less affected. When he met Mr. Jenkins, he sat down and burst into tears, exclaiming: 'I had no hand in this. When I heard that a party of men had gone off armed to Ncambele, I sent a messenger to recall them, but he got there too late. The fight was over. I am blind, and cannot see what is to be done. Help me, for no one can help me but you.' Damas thrashed Umbola nearly to death, and ordered the captured cattle to be restored. He fined the offenders 300 head of cattle and offered them to Mrs. Thomas, who declined to take them, so they were left at the disposal of the Governor. Then, afraid that the Mission might be abandoned, Damas begged Mr. Jenkins to write for another minister. 'My young men are wild,' he said, 'and nothing can tame them but the Word of God. Do let a missionary come, and I will show you how I can appreciate him.'

Mr. Thomas was buried at Ncambele, but a few years later the body was removed to Morley, where Mrs. Thomas subsequently died, and there the dust of both lies until the Resurrection.

The news of this tragic death produced in the remaining missionaries a feeling akin to despair. They were a few solitary units placed at such a distance from each other that mutual support was impossible. Their work had been shattered by repeated wars, and the heathen were sullen and suspicious. Would it not be wise to abandon the country, and go to other tribes, more accessible to the Gospel? The year 1856 closed in many mission homes amid gloom and depression; yet never was it truer that the darkest moment is just before the dawn. Already events were preparing, which, in the overruling Providence of God, were to assist in raising Missions in Kafirland to a height of prosperity surpassing the hopes of the most sanguine.

The *first* event was the reinforcement of the missionaries

from England. It was generally acknowledged that Mr. Thomas' life had been sacrificed to a mistaken policy of economy. Accordingly, the British Conference of 1857 sent out four additional missionaries, who sailed from London in the *Alice Maud*, a ship of about 350 tons burden, and, after a voyage of eleven weeks, landed at Port Elizabeth. The Rev. W. R. Longden was intended for Clarkebury, but, as he was suffering from weakness of the lungs, he was sent to Faure-smith, and thence to Uitenhage, where he put on immortality. The Rev. P. Hargreaves was appointed to Butterworth, but settled at Clarkebury. The Rev. J. Longden was to have gone to Ncambele, but, as the Tembus and Podos were at war, he went to Buntingville, thus releasing Mr. White, who removed to Shawbury. The Rev. E. Gedye took charge of Morley. Some of the old stations were reoccupied at last, but, looking at the extent of the field, the labourers were deplorably few.

The *second* event was the destruction of the power of the chief adversaries of the Gospel, the proud Ama-Xosa, by their own ignorance and superstition.

Early in the year 1857 a Kafir maiden, Nonquasi, went down to the river to fetch water. Whilst there she heard, she declared, voices from beneath the water, which commissioned her to carry this message to the Ama-Xosa chiefs and people: 'We are the spirits of the old warriors, Ndlambe, Gaika, Hintza, and Makana, and we are coming back to earth to lead you against the white men, and drive them into the sea. We shall bring with us endless herds of fat cattle, plenty of guns and ammunition, and all kinds of food. We shall have the power to make old people young again, and give them immortality. To herald our coming, the sun will rise blood-red, and at noon it will return to the east; a frightful whirlwind will sweep away all the English. But before this can happen, you must kill all your cattle, destroy all your corn, leave the ground untilled, and wait for our coming.'

This was the startling story which Nonquasi told her uncle, Umhlakaza, and he retold it to the chiefs and the people. Kreli encouraged belief in the message, and sent the order from clan to clan: 'Slaughter your cattle! Empty your corn pits! Eat! eat! eat! No one must plough the ground.'

The order was obeyed, and the land stank with dead beasts.

Not even a fowl was allowed to live. Grain was destroyed, and the people began to suffer from famine. At last the appointed day of resurrection arrived. The cattle kraals had been enlarged to receive the expected herds; the corn pits had been cleaned ready for the promised grain; huts had been rethatched to resist the coming storm. Old men and women decked themselves in gala costume, and sat waiting to be made young again. The whole nation watched for the sunrise. The east grew light, the sun rose, but it was not blood-red. Morning wore to noon: the sun did not return to the east. Not a breath of wind stirred the air. And then the truth dawned upon the people that they had been deceived. Nothing met their gaze but deserted kraals and empty granaries. The land was silent, dead—not even a cock crowed. Multitudes tried to reach the Colony in search of food, but thousands died on the road. They picked up bones bleaching in the sun, and gnawed them in their pain. They burned the hoofs and horns of cattle, and, biting portions off, attempted to eat them. Young men lost their voices, and, piping like little birds, fell dead. Whole families sat down and perished together. More than 30,000 persons died, and as many more were scattered over the eastern districts seeking for food and employment. The once wealthy Kreli took refuge in the rugged country beyond the Bashee, and had to live on charity. The power of the Ama-Xosa was for ever broken, and by themselves. They rejected the Gospel, and judgment fell upon them with a shock that was felt from one end of Kafirland to the other.

The *third* event was the benevolent native policy initiated by Sir George Grey, who, both in Australia and New Zealand, had displayed marked ability in dealing with aboriginal races. Hitherto, the practice had been to fight and punish the native when he was rebellious, and, after having vanquished him, to leave him very much to his barbarous ways. The three great sources of native trouble were idleness, ignorance, and superstition. To combat idleness, Sir G. Grey planned roads and other public works on which unskilled labour could be employed. To destroy superstition, especially the power of the witch doctor, he proposed to establish hospitals in various places, only one of which—at King William's Town—he was permitted to complete. To overcome ignorance, he encouraged the formation of mission, and especially of industrial, schools; and, to meet the expense of these institutions, he persuaded

the Imperial Government to vote considerable sums of money for several years.

Sir George Grey visited the eastern frontier. Butterworth was still in ruins, and he urged the resumption of the Mission. Mr. Shaw objected: 'It has been burned down three times.' Sir George Grey humorously replied: 'I have never heard of a mission station being burned down four times.' The mission was, after some delay, recommenced.

He also gave financial aid for the establishment of schools at Grahamstown and Kamastone; and, convinced that the natives needed training to habits of labour, he promoted the formation of Wesleyan industrial schools at Salem, Peddie, Lesseyton, and Healdtown, in which native youths could be taught carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, and waggon-making, and the girls could learn sewing, cooking, and housework.



REV. J. P. BERTRAM.

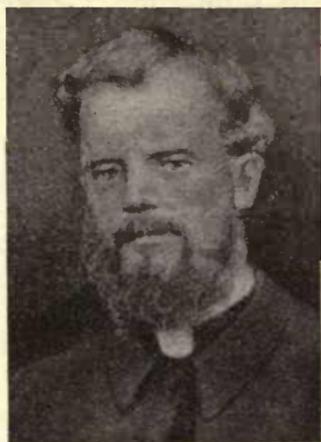
Salem School was conducted by the Rev. B. J. Shaw, and the industrial departments were under the supervision of Mr. Amm, a skilled tradesman. For half the day the pupils were engaged in some kind of manual labour, and the other half was devoted to education. Lesseyton was in charge of the Rev. J. P. Bertram, an indefatigable missionary. The

industrial school, near Peddie, was under the care of the Rev. W. Impey.

The most important institution of the four was at Healdtown. When Sir George Grey visited the neighbourhood, he saw at a glance the suitability of the position for an industrial school. From Fort Beaufort there extends a wooded glen, five miles in length, terminating in a precipice, beyond which is an open plateau, and across this flows a mountain stream. This level ground was the site chosen by Sir George Grey: He drew a rough plan of the proposed buildings, and gave £3,000 out of Imperial funds towards the cost. The Rev. J. Ayliff superintended the erections, which included a mission house, a church, schoolrooms, workshops, accommodation for 100 boarders, and a flour-mill. The boys learnt carpentry and

waggon-making, and the girls household work and sewing. In 1857 Sir George Grey came to inspect the completed work. He greatly admired the appearance of the Institution, and, in allusion to some unfriendly criticism, said: 'Well, gentlemen, these castles in the air are assuming a very solid appearance.' He remained for the service on the Sabbath, and, at the close of the morning sermon, addressed the Fingos present, and urged them to persevere in their Christian career. Three years later he brought Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria, to see the Institution. At the afternoon service about 700 natives were present, and the Prince expressed his delight with their appearance and the hearty congregational singing. The Rev. W. Impey officiated.

For six years Mr. Ayliff was Governor of Healdtown, and then his health failed. In 1862 he visited his son, Mr. Reuben Ayliff, who resided at Fauresmith, hoping that the rest would be beneficial. There he died, saying almost with his last breath: 'Had I a thousand lives, and each life ten thousand years long, I would give them all to Mission work.' He was an ardent lover of Methodism, and faithful to every trust. He was the apostle of the Fingos, and at Butterworth, Peddie, and Healdtown his name will never be forgotten.



REV. E. LONES.

After Mr. Ayliff's death the Rev. Gottlob Schreiner was Governor of Healdtown, and here his illustrious children spent some years of their early life. He was followed by the Revs. R. Lamplough, T. Chubb, B.A., W. S. Barton, and E. Lones. The educational department was controlled by Mr. Rose, and, subsequently, by Mr. Birkett and Mr. Baker, all from Westminster College.

After Sir George Grey left South Africa, in 1861, the Government, in order to reduce the expenditure, withdrew the annual grants from the labour schools, and they were compelled to be discontinued. The Salem institution was sold, and reappeared as a school for European children. Lesseyton was changed into a Collegiate School for European boys, and

ultimately into a Theological Institution for training native candidates for the ministry, with a native girls' boarding-school as an adjunct. Healdtown was shorn of its industrial department, and became, for a time, an ordinary day school. Peddie school was shut up.

The closure of these industrial institutions was a distinct loss to the natives, who need instruction in the various crafts. A nation of unskilled labourers will never rise high in the scale of civilization. If the Government had generously supported the sagacious policy of Sir George Grey, it would have found that the expenditure was the truest economy, for schools and workshops cost less than gaols and police. Twenty years later the policy was revived, and now scattered over the Transkei are numerous Government aided industrial schools for the training of natives in the simpler handicrafts.

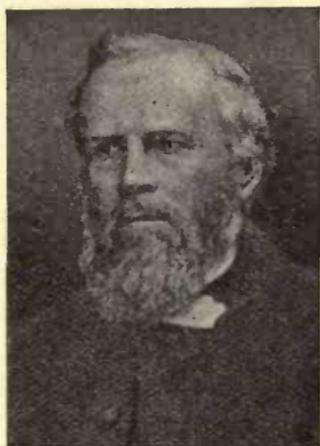
Sir George Grey confirmed to Kama and his people the grant of a tract of country along the river Keiskama, made by Sir George Cathcart, as a reward for their fidelity in several wars, and to form a barrier against future incursions. The land was about twenty-five miles long, and ten miles broad, and was endeared to Kama from old associations. Wesleyville, the place of his conversion, was only a few miles distant. So Kama and his followers left Kamastone, by the Great Winterberg, and settled at Annshaw, as the central village was named, with the Rev. W. Sargeant as their pastor, and there the people have ever since dwelt, increasing in numbers, until Annshaw is one of the largest native circuits in Cape Colony. Mr. Sargeant was followed by the Revs. W. H. Garner, R. Lamplough, J. R. Sawtell, and W. C. Holden, and many were the triumphs of the Gospel which they saw.

Kamastone was not left unoccupied when Kama left. The Fingos preferred to remain, under the spiritual care of the Rev. W. Shepstone, to whom they had become deeply attached. For twenty years he laboured at Kamastone, loved by his people and honoured by his brethren in the ministry, and there in 1873 he triumphantly ended his career on earth. Amid severe pain his bright face asserted its supremacy, and gleams of playful humour made smiles oft shine through tears. 'The fulness! the fulness! to all eternity!' he exclaimed. Then speech failed him, and he passed to God in his sleep at the age of seventy-six. He had displayed throughout a long life 'the prudence and meekness of wisdom.'

We are now able to follow the operations of the Revs. J. Longden, E. Gedye, and P. Hargreaves, after they arrived at their respective stations in the year 1857.

Mr Longden found Buntingville old-looking and dilapidated. During the time that no missionary had been resident heathenism had revived. The observance of the Sabbath had been neglected, and when the Podos yielded so far as to attend the services, the men came armed with assagais and kerries. Cases of witchcraft were common, and attended with diabolical cruelty. About five miles from Buntingville lived a sub-chief, who was becoming either too rich or too powerful, and the witch doctor marked him and his family for destruction. The messengers of death were sent, the unsuspecting people were decoyed into a hut, the door was fastened, then the hut was set on fire, and it was soon in a blaze. Some saved themselves by leaping through the flames, but seven persons were burnt to death, and two were crippled for life. Damas justified the cruelty, saying: 'When you English people have a troublesome fellow, you put him in prison. We have no prisons, and the only thing we can do is to kill him.'

Mr. Longden went to pay his formal respects to Damas at his great place, about thirty miles from Buntingville, and the chief made the visit a great occasion. He called together a portion of his army, and the soldiers appeared in full war dress with guns and assagais. They sat in a circle about 100 feet in diameter, the chief sitting with his counsellors, near the top, and at the bottom was a small opening through which Mr. Longden and his interpreter entered, and, walking across the circle, greeted the king. A good hut was set apart for his use, and here Damas visited him in the evening, bringing, as he said, 'a mouthful for his supper,' which proved to be a fine fat beast. Damas seemed to be a pleasant man, with a desire to act justly; he was a heathen, but a good heathen. One day he said to Mr. Longden: 'Missionary, I often pray a little prayer I learned in your church at Buntingville, it is this: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass



REV. J. LONGDEN.

against us." How much it cost Damas to offer that little prayer and to live in its spirit the Great Searcher of Hearts only knows.

Buntingville was unfavourably situated, as the coarse grass, often 8 feet high, was unsuited for nearly all kinds of live stock; and in the summer rain and fog alternated for weeks together. After Mr. Longden's departure, in 1864, Damas removed about twenty miles farther inland, nearer to the Umtata River, and New Buntingville was formed. The Rev. W. Hunter was then the resident missionary. Damas did not like repeated changes of pastors; in thirty five years he said there had been six ministers. 'If I take a wife,' he reasoned, 'and she ran away, I can stop her. Now if Hunter'



REV. W. HUNTER.

—there were no misters among natives in those days—'runs away, can I stop *him*?' Mr. Hunter replied: 'Damas, be to me what your father, Faku, was to Jenkins, and I will be to you what Jenkins was to Faku.' This seemed to satisfy Damas, and he forthwith selected eighty head of fat cattle and gave them towards the cost of building a church and a manse on the new station.

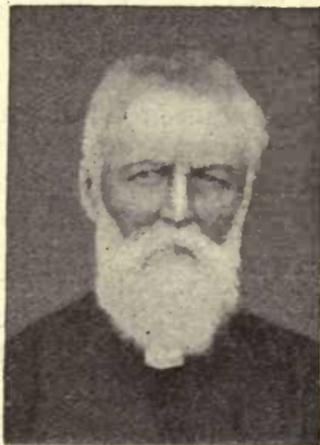
Mr. Hunter became an expert Kafir scholar, and had several young men sent to him to train for the ministry, for whom he wrote a theological manual in Kafir, called 'Umhlobo Wabashumayeli,' or 'The Preacher's Friend.'

The doctrines of revelation were stated with great clearness in a barbaric language. Amongst the students were the Revs. Johannes Mahonga and William Sigenu.

When the Rev. E. Gedye arrived at Morley in 1857, he found both church and mission house in ruins, thatch rotted away, floors sodden with rains, the whole place an abode of rats, owls, and snakes. The natives had fallen back into heathen habits, but Mr. Gedye did not despair. He went down to the shore, sixteen miles away, and manufactured lime from sea-shells, he handled the trowel and the saw, he became glazier, painter, preacher, and doctor. Three school slates were found on the station, and the children, all but naked, were

driven each day, like a flock of goats, to school. More than once the whole congregation, hearing the war signal, rushed out of church, and in five minutes the men were transformed into an army rushing wildly on the war path. Then came a gracious revival, and many souls were won to Christ. Sub-stations were formed, and 'wattle and daub' churches and schoolrooms were built.

There were still too few missionaries, and when Mr. Gedye left in 1861 Morley was for two years without a resident pastor. The people exclaimed: 'We are dead to-day. Our head is taken from us. We are orphans, for our father is gone.' There can be no doubt that the natives keenly felt the disadvantages of the Methodist itinerant system, with its frequent changes and occasional vacancies. For a time Morley was placed under the care of the Rev. J. Longden, of Buntingville, who visited the station once a month, and had to travel over steep mountains and through the dangerous drifts at the Umdumbi and Umtata Rivers. This unsatisfactory arrangement continued until the arrival of the Rev. W. B. Rayner, in the year 1863, when Mr. Longden introduced him to the Morley people.



REV. E. GEDYE.

As there had been an excessive mortality among the children at Morley, due, it was thought, to the unhealthiness of the situation, Mr. Rayner's first work was to select a new site, eight miles farther from the coast, on higher ground, near the Ungungi River, and there the Mission took fresh root. For months Mr. and Mrs. Rayner lived in a native hut until a small house was erected. A neat village was laid out, a commodious church was built, and New Morley became an attractive place. From the ridge on which the station stood fifteen native villages could be seen, and every Sabbath parties of young men went out among these villages holding services, and often returning with heathens who wished for further instruction.

Old superstitions, however, die hard. A short distance from New Morley a native discovered lung sickness among his cattle, and employed a witch doctor to smell out the man who had bewitched them. The owner's nephew was pointed out as the

guilty person. He was seized by his uncle and his relatives and secured to one of the posts of his house, and he was slowly roasted to death for thirty-six hours. The cries of the victim were appalling, but his relatives sat round and coolly smoked their pipes, heedless of his sufferings. After his death his body was dragged to the nearest precipice and thrown over to be food for birds of prey. A day of Gospel light came when these atrocities were banished for ever.

Morley decreased in importance. The population migrated elsewhere, and the station, with its deeply interesting associations, was deprived of European oversight. It is now a portion of the Xora circuit, and is under the care of a native minister.

The Rev. P. Hargreaves arrived at Clarkebury in 1857, and here he laboured for twenty four years. His fame as a doctor extended to distant villages, and medical treatment often made an opening for the preaching of the Gospel. At an early period he gained the full confidence of the Tembus, and never lost it. The population of the station and around it increased until it numbered several thousands. The mud walls of the church built by Mr. Gladwin in the forties had cracked, and were considered unsafe; they were therefore pulled down, and a neat brick church was erected, but on a smaller scale. The membership rose to 1,200 persons, all converted from heathenism.

By the year 1871 it became necessary to erect a large and substantial church in stone. The building when completed was opened by the Rev. W. J. Davis, who had commenced his long missionary career at Clarkebury in 1833, thirty-eight years before, and in glowing terms he contrasted the past with the present. Then all were heathens; now a thousand Tembus were members of society, of whom fifty were local preachers. Then the children came naked to school, and garments had to be provided for them; now ten thousand blankets, besides prints, calicos, axes, and ploughs, were sold annually on the station. Missionaries had a far nobler object than to promote commerce, but merchants and storekeepers were indebted to them for opening up avenues to trade.

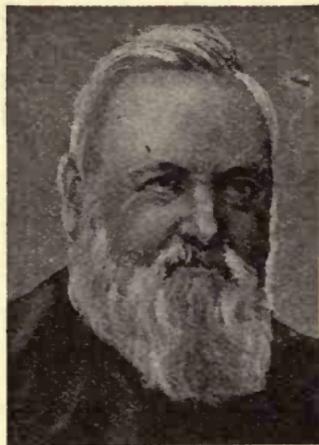
The neighbouring Tembu chief, Ngangelizwe, was passionate and savage, and but for the firm opposition of Mr. Hargreaves would often have involved the district in war. He was the grandson of Vossani, the Wolf's Cloak, and when a youth was for a short time a scholar in the school at Clarkebury, and

resided with Mr. Hargreaves with the full consent of the tribe, but he never became a Christian.

Ngangelizwe determined to attack a Pondo sub-chief, cattle being the object, and commanded his warriors to go on the war path. Mr. Hargreaves sent a messenger to warn the Pondos, who rapidly drove off their cattle, and the war collapsed. Ngangelizwe rode over to Clarkebury in a rage, rushed into Mr. Hargreaves' study and, flourishing a knobkerrie, screamed out: 'You, Hargili, you stopped me from going to the Pondos; you must look out!' Mr. Hargreaves calmly said: 'Chief, will you have a cup of tea?' Ngangelizwe stared, his passion subsided, and, after a moment's pause, he replied: 'Yes, I will.' When he had drunk the tea, Mr. Hargreaves said to him: 'Chief, it is not good for you to be angry in this way.' 'No, father,' he admitted, 'it is not'; and, with an abashed look, he rose and left.

Ngangelizwe had married Novile, a favourite daughter of Kreli, and in a passion thrashed her so severely as to strip her flesh off, laying bare the bone. In this mutilated condition, Novile crawled to her father's kraal on the other side of the Bashee, and complained of her cruel treatment. Kreli was furious, and, summoning his warriors, advanced on Ngangelizwe, burning every Tembu kraal on the march. Kreli's army swept all before it. Ngangelizwe and his people were so unprepared for war that flight offered the only safety, and for several days they fled through Clarkebury towards the Gulandoda mountains, driving before them their cattle. At the approach of Kreli, Mr. Hargreaves, hoping to save the station from destruction and possibly stop the war, accompanied by Mr. Venables, a trader, rode forth to meet him. On reaching the Sitebe hills, which overlook Clarkebury, they found Kreli's army, and at once requested to be conducted into the presence of the Gcaleka chief.

Upon meeting Kreli, Mr. Hargreaves addressed him, 'Chief, what are you about to do?' Kreli replied: 'I shall not injure Clarkebury, but I shall punish Ngangelizwe.' Mr. Hargreaves



REV. P. HARGREAVES.

remonstrated: 'But, chief, is the sword to destroy for ever? You have done enough to prove your superiority. The burnings and bloodshed will inflict great suffering on the women and children. Why not stop?' Kreli angrily inquired: 'Where is Ngangelizwe? Is he in Clarkebury?' 'No, he is not,' replied Mr. Hargreaves; 'I do not know where is.' Again and again Mr. Hargreaves entreated Kreli to recall his men, and return to his own country. The chief was much moved by these appeals, and, calling his councillors together, consulted them. Meanwhile, he gave directions that food should be furnished to Mr. Hargreaves and his companion, which was a favourable sign, and they, tying the meat to their saddles, bade Kreli good-bye. As they mounted their horses, they had the joy of seeing the warriors of Kreli's army rise to their feet as one man and start towards the coast. The day was won. This calm-browed man, by his simple faith and fearless conduct, was a 'rock of defence' to those in his care, and the Tembus enthroned him in their hearts.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR, 1855-1865 (*Continued*).

THE war of 1851 was attended probably with less damage to Mission property than any previous war, but it inflicted a deeper and more abiding injury to Mission work. It covered a wider area, it drew into its vortex tribes and clans hitherto friendly to the colonists, it embittered the natives against Europeans, and the missionaries had to suffer. Though Buntingville, Morley, and Clarkebury escaped fire and plunder, the aroused distrust of the natives, and the awakening of the war spirit, made Christian work increasingly difficult. The same hostile influence was felt in places so far apart as Butterworth, just beyond the Kei, and Shawbury in the north of the Transkei. There was everywhere a resuscitated antagonism to Christian teaching; the missionary was not welcomed as he had formerly been, and even the morality of the converts on the stations became deteriorated. The years from 1852 to 1864 were years of continuous depression such as had at no previous period fallen on Mission work, and the workers were disheartened. Then followed the visit of the Rev. W. Taylor in 1865, and the Great Revival, when suddenly the clouds lifted and the whole scene was changed and irradiated with success. This will become apparent as we continue our brief survey of the mission stations.

Though Butterworth was burned down in 1851, little could be done to repair the ravages of war until Mr. Gedye came from Morley in 1861. The mission house and the whole village had been destroyed, and nothing was standing but the walls of the strongly-built church. A plantation of magnificent yellowwood trees, in which about fifty beautiful crested cranes used to roost every night, and all the fruit trees in the mission garden had been cut down, partly by the Kafirs, but chiefly by the British soldiers, and used for their camp fires.

Apart from the few people who had built their huts amid the ruins, the whole of the district was depopulated by the cattle-killing mania, and the country had become the pasture land of various game and the feeding ground of leopards and other beasts of prey.

When the Rev. E. Gedye arrived, the only place of shelter for him and his family was the communion end of the church, and here, screened from view by a curtain, they dwelt, as it were, 'within the veil.' When a small two-roomed cottage was built of 'wattle and daub' it seemed 'a palace for comfort.' The church was restored, and at its dedication six natives were baptized.

Mr. Gedye left Butterworth for Shawbury in 1864, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. Longden. The population was still small, and there were only forty-two members connected with the church. For about two years Mr. Longden's labours were confined to Butterworth, to two native locations in the Idutywa Reserve, and to the headquarters of the police at Fort Bowker, at which place he conducted a service in English once a month. It was during this period that, finding the two-roomed cottage was too small for his family, he built of brick, almost entirely with his own hands, a larger mission house, which is still standing, a witness to the thoroughness of his work. Skilled mechanics were not to be had, and such labour fell heavily on the missionary.

In the year 1866 the Fingos, who had greatly prospered and were crowded in their locations in the Colony at Peddie, Healdtown, and Mount Coke, were directed by the Government to move into the almost tenantless country around Butterworth, and Fingoland was formed. Where the Fingos in Hintza's time had been slaves they were now landowners, and as rich as their former masters. Christianity had made them a free and a prosperous people.

The preservation of the commonage of Butterworth to the residents was secured in a curious manner by the unexpected discovery of the deed of sale. Sir Walter Currie, who had been appointed by the Government to superintend the settlement of the Fingos on their respective allotments and to fix their boundaries, on approaching Butterworth, sent word to Mr. Longden that he intended to take all the mission pasture lands, leaving to the Mission only the land on which the village stood. His impression evidently was that the missionaries had squatted on land to which they had no title. It had

hitherto been believed that the lands had been ceded to the Wesleyan church by Hintza; but where was the title deed? Had it perished in the mission house when it was burned down? One evening Mr. Longden was sitting in his study anxiously pondering what could be done, when his eye rested on a heap of old papers lying at the end of one of the bookshelves. Wondering that he had never examined them before, he took them down, and, turning over a number of worm-eaten documents, came at last to one which, on closer inspection, proved to be the missing deed. It was signed by Hintza, by two of his councillors, and witnessed by an agent of the Colonial Government and by the resident Wesleyan minister. Mr. Longden's delight may be imagined. A few days later, when Sir Walter Currie arrived, the document was shown to him. Upon reading it, he said: 'Mr. Longden, this is a title deed! I will not take a yard of your station lands.' These lands are now the recognised garden and grazing grounds of Butterworth.

The area of the country the Fingos came to occupy was about fifty miles square. Over this wide circuit Mr. Longden constantly travelled in search of the new comers. He kept six horses in use for himself and his servant, for they had usually to carry with them food sufficient to last for two or three days. Wherever he found two or three Methodists he held a service, the people being summoned together by striking the broken tire of a waggon; he organized a congregation, appointed a class leader, and arranged for a local preacher to carry on the work until he could visit them again. For six years—exhausting years—this toil was strenuously pursued, and in this manner were begun full forty of those churches which are so vigorous and prosperous in Fingoland to-day. The circuit became too extensive for one minister to manage, and the western portion was separated from Butterworth and formed into two circuits—Tsommo and Wodehouse Forests.

A great hindrance to personal religion amongst the Fingos was the use of Kafir beer. The subject was discussed at the Synods from year to year; but there was no unanimity of opinion. Some of the ministers made abstinence a test of membership, and others were unable to adopt so drastic a measure. Elderly natives said: 'We have no teeth by which we can masticate our hard, grain food, and in winter we can get no milk; and if you require us to relinquish our beer, how can we live?' There was evidence, too, that, taken in

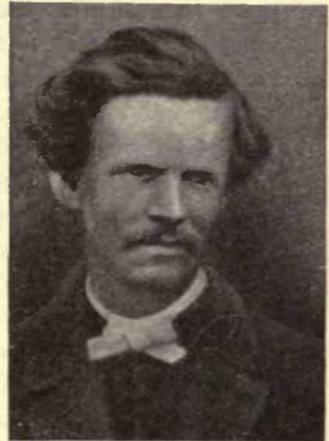
moderation, it prevented scurvy, to which the natives were very liable, as their food rarely included green vegetables. If the natives could have used it only as an article of diet and in moderation, little objection could have been offered; but, used to excess, it induced quarrels and fights, and brought shame on the church. A native confessed: 'Master, when a Kafir places a can of beer to his lips, he cannot take it away until the beer is done.' Though in some cases a hardship, total abstinence appeared, therefore, to be the only safeguard.

The abandonment of polygamy by the native converts was a severe test of sincerity, and often involved a painful conflict. At the close of a solemn service one Sabbath at Butterworth, a Fingo headman rose from his seat, and, throwing himself down in front of the communion rail, began to pray earnestly. The blessing he sought was realized, and he was received on trial for church membership. He had two wives; one, his first, was old and faded, the other was young and good-looking. According to the rule laid down in such cases, before the convert could be admitted into full membership, he must marry according to Christian rites the first wife, and put away the second. The headman clung to his younger wife; and it was only after a long struggle and much prayer that he was able to decide to separate from her and marry the older one. Soon afterwards Mr. Longden was walking outside Butterworth, when he saw approaching him the younger wife carrying a baby, and, on meeting him, she said reproachfully: 'Missionary, this is your doing. I am going to my father's house.' Mr. Longden, though convinced the right thing had been done, was deeply affected; his eyes filled, and he tried to comfort her. Her husband had not sent her away empty; she had an ample dowry and was well cared for. She went home to her father, but refused to marry again. In course of time the old wife died; then the headman at once sent to the younger woman and she returned to Butterworth, when the two worthy people, so long separated, were married as Christians and were happily united once more. Such an instance increased the respect of the natives for the marriage tie and for Christian purity.

The Rev. W. B. Rayner went to take charge of the new circuit of Tsomo in 1867. The circuit covered a wide area, and many of the places were forty miles apart. Dwelling-house, church, garden, out-buildings—all had to be done under

his superintendence and often by his own hands. This, and the work of preaching and pastorizing the scattered Fingos, occupied his exclusive attention for five years, and left no time for mental culture. But he had his reward. 'We have now,' he wrote, 'twenty five preaching places, thirty local preachers, and twenty eight classes; and this in a land where a few years ago the bushbuck and the haartebeeste roamed unmolested. But, although our work is so extensive, 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are still heathen. In some instances there are whole locations without a single professing Christian. So, however vigorously we work, long years must pass away in arduous but happy toil before this mass of heathenism can be enlightened and saved.' The missionaries on the older stations from which the Fingos had emigrated had used their influence to detain as much as possible the Christian natives, with the result that those who came into Fingoland were largely heathen. This policy retarded the development of the new missions.

The Rev. E. J. Barrett was appointed to the other circuit cut off from Butterworth—Wodehouse Forests—in 1866. The population consisted of Tembus, from the Glen Grey district, with Fingos, in the Eastern portion of the area. The problem was how to make these immigrants into a Christian community.



REV. E. J. BARRETT.

Seasons were good, food was abundant, and Kafir beer stimulated the animalism of the natives, who were little inclined to look at the spiritual side of life. But Mr. Barrett was in his youthful prime, and worked often to weariness. For days together he rode from kraal to kraal, talking nothing but Kafir, preaching under trees, living on sour milk and millet, sleeping on earthen floors, among natives, dogs, and fleas, until the round was finished. Then, for a few days' rest, he rode over to Butterworth, and when he got a glimpse of Mr. Longden's house, it was like a look into paradise. The natives gave him the name of 'Citumsi,' or the scatterer of smoke. Often, in order to prevent him talking to them in their huts, they would burn damp wood and fill the dwelling with smoke. But Mr.

Barrett was not deterred. He broke up the fire, scattering the sticks, and then held a short informal service. This work was continued for six years.

SHAWBURY.—During the interregnum created by the war of 1851 the Bacas at Shawbury lapsed into heathen habits. On the Sabbath the people on the station spent their time in mending karosses, threshing out the corn, and lounging about almost naked in the sunshine. The Mission was resumed in 1853 by Mr. R. Hulley, a valuable lay evangelist, who urged them to attend the services; but they cynically replied: 'Shall we go to church naked? We have no blankets, no clothes, and you will not give us any.' But Mr. Hulley was very successful in winning their confidence, and the station became crowded, so that the pasture lands were not sufficient for their cattle. He located many families a short distance from the station, and formed several sub-stations which were visited on Sundays by the native local preachers and himself. By this means the centres of Christian influence were multiplied. Mr. Hulley built a small house, which is now a storeroom and cartshed, and also the present church. He was a powerful preacher in Kafir and exercised great influence over the Bacas.

In 1858 the Rev. C. White was appointed to Shawbury. The church was repaired, a schoolroom and a larger house were erected, on which Mr. White spent a considerable amount of his personal income. No Mission money was available, and in those days a missionary often spent a portion of his own funds to meet local needs rather than the Gospel should be hindered. The condition of the people improved, and heathen practices on the station were checked.

In 1864 Mr. White was succeeded by the Rev. E. Gedye, who remained at Shawbury for eight years. It was chiefly a time of spiritual ploughing and sowing, and little impression seemed to be made on the stubborn heathenism of the Bacas. Few conversions were seen.

Umhlonhlo, the Pandomisi chief, resided not far from the mission station, but he never really accepted Christian teaching. He desired a missionary to reside with him; he welcomed the native evangelist that the Rev. E. Gedye sent; he commenced to learn to read; but his impulse soon swung in another direction. When one of his children was ill he called in the witch doctor, who accused one of his own wives, and also a

wife of his grandfather, of having caused the illness. Umhlonhlo ordered both to be killed. His councillors were horrified, and remonstrated: 'These are the chief's own blood: will you kill *them*?' In a fury he rushed to his hut to get his gun, and the terrified men dragged the women down to a rivulet just out of sight, and battered their heads in with knobkerries. When Mr. Gedye, at his next visit, told him that for such murders he would have to answer to God, Umhlonhlo replied in a subdued manner: 'I thank my missionary for being faithful. Satan stole away my heart, and made me angry. But do not be tired: you must keep close to us and teach us.' At another time his own stepmother was accused of witchcraft, and he put her to excruciating tortures. The native evangelist hastened to inform Mr. Gedye, who, mounting his horse, rode hard, and arrived just as the poor creature was being driven out to slaughter. Instructing the evangelist not to leave her, he hurried to Umhlonhlo and pleaded for her life. The chief got enraged, heaped abuse upon him, and threatened personal violence; but after a time he calmed down, and gave permission for his stepmother to be taken to the mission station. She was lifted on to one of the horses, for she was unable to walk. She had been pegged out upon the ground, beaten with rods, tortured with black ants, and her ankles were swollen and furrowed with the thongs that had held her to the earth. Before Mr. Gedye departed Umhlonhlo lamented his cruelty: 'You know, teacher, that heathenism is not conquered all at once. When you preach and pray, I feel the power and acknowledge the truth of God's Word; but I was born a heathen, and heathenism is still strong within me. You must have patience and teach me better. If you were living nearer to me you would restrain me, and it is only you missionaries who can do so.' Umhlonhlo's subsequent conduct gave rise to the suspicion that this deprecatory attitude was due to the fear that Mr. Gedye might forsake Shawbury, and that he would thus lose the prestige of his presence.

Mr. Gedye rode long distances to preach to the people dwelling on the slopes of the Drakensberg, whether European or native. He sought out the Basutos, then living in holes and caves of the rocks. He visited the English farmers, among whom were a few Wesleyans, and arranged for quarterly services. These labours were the beginnings of the present Tsitsana, Fletcherville, and Maclear circuits, with their fifteen sub-stations.

Palmerton, situated beyond St. John's River, was not only outside the area of war, but had enjoyed the continuous labours of the Rev. T. Jenkins, the apostle to the Pundos. The mission village was unique, and when Mr. Shaw visited it in 1855, just before his departure to England, he wrote: 'I do not know one missionary station belonging to any society in which neatness, comfort, and good order are equal to Palmerton. Mr. Jenkins works very hard. With his assistance the people have erected a number of very neat cottages. In this remote country has grown up as pretty a village as you can imagine. The suitable church, the commodious mission house, the neat schoolroom, present a pleasing appearance, heightened by the flower, vegetable, and fruit gardens, which are kept in admirable order. On the Sunday the church was crowded, and at the meeting of the Society about 100 members were present. All these were once heathens.'

Outside the mission village, stark cruel heathenism prevailed. A Pondo was accused by Deya, the great rain-maker, of bewitching some cattle, and was sentenced to be thrown from a high precipice. The victim was seized, conveyed in the early morning to the brink of a lofty cliff, and tossed over. In his fall he came in contact with branches of trees, which broke the force of the descent, so that he arrived at the bottom alive, but dreadfully bruised and insensible. He lay until the evening, when, consciousness returning, he crawled, for three days, to Mr. Jenkins' house for refuge. When Deya found that the man had escaped, he demanded from Faku his surrender. Faku replied: 'No; you cannot kill a man twice.' Deya, in revenge, refused to make rain when ordered to do so. As a punishment Faku commanded him to be driven out of Pondo-land. As he was led across the border Deya shouted: 'I'll take care your country does not get a drop of rain.' Mr. Jenkins hearing of the threat invited the Pundos to attend the church on the next Sabbath and pray for rain. They came in great numbers, and the church was crowded. Mr. Jenkins addressed them on the folly of witchcraft, and showed that God was the giver of all good; and then asking all to kneel, he prayed for rain. Even as he prayed the drops began to fall, and then descended in torrents, until every mountain stream was swollen and the land was soaked. God honoured His servant in the sight of the heathen.

In 1859 the Rev. F. Mason was appointed to Palmerton to assist Mr. Jenkins. On his arrival Faku gave him a hearty

welcome, but, disappointed with his youthful appearance, said : ' You must say exactly what Jenkins says, and do exactly what Jenkins does.' Mr. Jenkins, in the opinion of Faku, was the beau ideal of a missionary.

Three years later, in 1862, Mr. Jenkins left Palmerton in charge of Mr. Mason, and went to form a new station at Emfundisweni, to which place Faku had removed a few months previously. Faku was getting old and infirm, and wanted his cherished friend to be near him. He shrank from a decided acceptance of the Christian faith, and to all Mr. Jenkins' entreaties, replied : ' Child, it will not do for me to alter ; if I did, the whole nation would go wrong.' Faku died in 1867, and in the following year Mr. Jenkins died, laying down his work and his life together. He had toiled hard, too hard in fact, in founding Emfundisweni. At his dying request, the burial service was read over his grave in Kafir. He loved the Pondos, was with them in their poverty, and saw them rise to prosperity and power. ' He was,' said the Rev. F. Mason, who knew him intimately, ' profoundly versed in native customs and affairs. Many mechanical arts were easy to him, and whatever work he did was done with great celerity. The blacksmith's forge, the carpenter's bench, the tinsmith's table, the woodman's axe, the sawyer's pit, the bricklayer's trowel, were almost equally familiar. On the platform he was a real power. His ready speech, humorous stories, gravely comic manner, his thorough acquaintance with the joys and sorrows of missionary life, his intense earnestness and spirituality of purpose, gave a strange charm to his homely addresses. The vast influence he exerted was due to his sincerity, his capacity, his long residence among the people, and unselfish efforts for their good.'

After his death Mrs. Jenkins decided to remain at Emfundisweni. ' She might have returned to her friends in the colony, but her heart was with the Pondos. She had shared her husband's labour and perils. Her influence on the native women had been great and salutary. Her judgment was sound, and her piety fervent. For twelve years she sought to promote their best interests, and became known as " the Queen of Pondoland." Her influence was of undoubted advantage to the Government and the Pondos. From the cosy corner of her sitting-room she could look out towards the little God's acre where her husband lay, and think of the time when she, too, would cross the harbour bar. She died in the year 1880,

after having spent forty-three years in Pondoland. She sleeps beside her husband at Emfundisweni, but never through all time will labourers more devoted, more sincere, live or die there.'

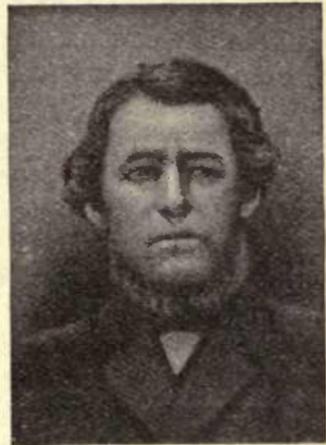
Leaving the seaboard, and crossing the Drakensberg range, we come to a tract of country, triangular in shape, lying between the Wittebergen and the Orange River, known as 'Herschel,' on which two Wesleyan mission stations, named 'Wittebergen' and 'Bensonvale,' have been established. This country was set apart for the exclusive use of the natives at the close of the war of 1834. It was literally a 'No Man's Land,' and springbucks, blesbucks, wildebeestes, ostriches, and quaggas roamed the plains; whilst in the mountains koodoos, and even lions, were sometimes seen. About 20,000 natives—Fingos, Tembus, and Basutos—moved into this country. The people of each clan dwelt apart in small villages scattered over the Reserve. The Rev. W. Shepstone, in one of his visits from Basutoland to Aliwal North, was assured by a farmer that Wittebergen was a favourable place for a mission station. He carefully inspected the district, and, seeking a pure, dry air for his asthmatic complaint, he decided to erect a church and a manse on a rocky plateau 70 feet high, overlooking a lovely valley at the foot of the Wittebergen. The walls of both buildings he made of clay well tramped; the timber of the roofs was cut in the adjoining forest; and the thatch was tied on with strips of quagga skin. The floors were solid rock levelled in places by earth beaten hard. In the church, which was 70 feet long, the seats were little walls 15 inches high, and the pulpit was a packing-case. These primitive furnishings have long disappeared, and been replaced by modern equipments.

Then followed the usual development: the Sabbath services, conducted in Kafir and Sesuto; the Sabbath school, the day school, and afterwards the night school. The Gospel was the herald of civilization. Well-built, square brick houses superseded in many cases the hut; waggons were acquired and employed in the transportation of merchandise; and the pick and the hoe were abandoned for the plough drawn by oxen. The men, instead of lounging idly in the sun all day, laboured in the fields, or built the dwellings, whilst the girls learned to sew and cook, and the women devoted themselves to household affairs. 'As civilization advanced, heathen

customs and superstitions fell into abeyance. The Sabbath was generally observed, at least as a day of rest, even by the heathens, who kept a watchful eye on the Christian part of the population, and found fault at once if they saw a Christian carrying a bucket to the fountain, or chopping fuel, on the Lord's Day.'

The station was known as 'Wittebergen,' and when Mr. Shepstone removed to Kamastone the work was carried on by the Rev. J. P. Bertram, who had married his daughter. He was succeeded in the year 1858 by the Rev. Gottlob Schreiner, and here were born his son William Philip, subsequently Premier of Cape Colony, and his daughter, Olive, who acquired fame as the authoress of the book entitled, 'The Story of a South African Farm.'

In these days of railways it is difficult to realize the dangerous nature at that time of a journey to the annual Synod, which, during Mr. Schreiner's residence at Wittebergen, was held at Thaba Nchu. On one such journey, when half way there, his horses broke down; unable to procure others, and being a man of great physical endurance, he walked the remainder of the journey—seventy miles—without a halt. Crossing a hollow, two lions suddenly rose within a few feet of him, and, all equally startled, they stood for several moments motionless, staring at each other. Happily, Mr. Schreiner made no attempt to escape.



REV. G. SCHREINER.

The lions retreated a few paces, then turned and roared; retreated again, once more turned and roared, and then finally bolted. Mr. Schreiner, thankful for his deliverance, pursued his pedestrian journey, and reached Thabu Nchu in safety.

Mr. Schreiner was followed, in 1861, by the Rev. A. Brigg, who wrote a charming little book called 'Sunny Fountains and Golden Sands,' in which he describes his work as a missionary at Wittebergen and Bensonvale.

Wittebergen on the Sabbath day was a busy scene. At sunrise a prayer meeting was held, attended by the residents on the station. After breakfast the Sunday-school bell rang, and the children were cared for. The morning service was attended chiefly by Fingos, many of whom came considerable

distances. Frequently in the summer time there would be crowds sitting outside the chapel, but joining in the worship, the windows being open. At its conclusion two classes met in different places, while the Sunday school was again held in the chapel, many adults, including the old and gray-headed, attending. At two o'clock service in Dutch for the half-castes was commenced, the sermon being interpreted for the Basutos who were present. After this there was another class. In the afternoon those living at a distance wended their way homewards, and the station people cared for their sheep and cattle, seeing them properly folded for the night. At dusk the evening service was held, which was conducted entirely in Sesuto by one of the local preachers. On Monday morning early there was a prayer meeting, the bell often ringing while it was still dark, and on all the other mornings classes were met at the same early hour. Even in winter the members would attend these meetings, walking barefoot through the hoar-frost, and leaving their implements of husbandry outside the door, ready to take up on coming out of the meeting.

'To men and women converted from heathen darkness, and having acquired the art of reading in adult life, the Bible presented a garden of inexhaustible sweets—an Eden of delights. At family worship in the Kafir hut, the wood fire burning in the centre of the floor with no outlet for the smoke, the head of the house would sit with the sacred volume in one hand, and in the other a rude lamp, consisting of a saucer or shallow calabash of melted fat with wick of twisted rag, lighted, and leaning over the side, which wick, as necessity arose, he would dress and snuff with his fingers. Often Christian natives were seen ensconced in the 'ipempe,' or little temporary hut, erected in the middle of their corn land, where they sat securely sheltered from the sun or rain, guarding their growing crops from trespassing cattle or predatory birds, and passing the time in the study of the Word of God, or lifting up their voice in a hymn from its companion volume.'

Twenty miles from Wittebergen, in a central position, another station was formed in the Reserve in 1861 by the Rev. J. T. Daniel, and named 'Bensonvale.' The valley was one of the most fertile spots in that part of the country, a basin among the hills, abounding in water and vegetation. At the lower end was a natural lake, the resort of numerous herons and other wild-fowl. Close to the lake was laid out

the village, composed of pretty cottages, each with a small garden attached. At the upper end of the valley the church and mission house were built, and were surrounded by beautiful trees, in which herons nightly roosted. Here for twelve years Mr. Daniel laboured, and the people became exceedingly attached to him. When, in 1872, he was appointed to Thaba Nchu, and Mr. Brigg was sent to succeed him, the change was distasteful to the Bensonvale people. A deputation waited on Mr. Brigg at Wittebergen, and they told him he was not wanted at Bensonvale, and that if he came they would all turn out and leave. Of course, the change took place; but when Mr. Brigg arrived at Bensonvale he met with no welcome. Mr. Daniel had commenced the erection of a new church, and when he left the walls were 4 feet high, and the opposition took the form of refusing to proceed with it. Seeing the indifference of the men, the women set to work, and trod clay and made bricks; but still the men stood aloof. Mr. Brigg adopted the following expedient: Calling the principal men together, he told them they were acting like children; but one thing was certain, the chapel should be built, and if they would not help to complete it, he would obtain help from his old people at Wittebergen, and it would then be said that the Wittebergen people had built their chapel for them. This roused the men to action. Waggons were provided, timber was cut, the roof was placed in position and thatched, and within fifteen months of his arrival the building was completed. The Rev. James Scott from Bloemfontein, the Rev. R. Giddy from Wittebergen, the Rev. J. T. Daniel from Thaba Nchu, conducted the opening services. On the following Monday a mass meeting was held in the open air, under the shade of the trees. Mr. H. J. Halse presided. 'A few short speeches were made, and then the collection. The largest tea-tray that the mission house could furnish was placed on the table in front of the chairman, to be used as a collecting plate. During an hour or two a continuous stream of silver and gold flowed in, each one's name and contribution being written down, and when the last coin had been received the proceeds were counted, and found to amount to £173. The chapel was not only completed and opened, but was out of debt.' It comfortably seated 500 persons; but before Mr. Brigg left Bensonvale the work had so prospered that on sacramental occasions the class members alone were unable to find accommodation within its walls.

Eight miles from Bensonvale, to the east, was a dark gap in the mountain range, but of the country called Blikana that lay beyond it Mr. Brigg could only learn that it was tenanted by a fierce, barbarous tribe of Tembus, who were shunned by all the traders. Mr. Brigg urged some of the native local preachers to penetrate this dark region, but they declined to face the unknown perils. 'We shall be stoned,' they exclaimed; 'and they will not hear us.' Whilst Mr. Brigg was revolving in his mind how to obtain access to this district, one day three stalwart Tembus, in their red paint, approached the mission house, and sat down under the trees.

'Where are you from?' asked Mr. Brigg as he approached them, 'and what do you want?'

The middle figure of the three threw off the blanket from his left side, disclosing a massive ivory ring, the sign of chieftainship, and one of his companions said: 'This is Gibisela, Chief of the Tembus in the Blikana.'

'I have come,' said Gibisela, 'to present two requests: one is for a shop to be established among my people, and the other is for a missionary.'

'What do you want to buy?'

'Everything.'

'What! Trousers, blankets, picks, dresses, hats—all these?'

'Into zonke; yes, everything.'

'Brandy?'

'Yes, brandy; that's what we want more than the other things.'

'Gibisela,' replied Mr. Brigg, 'if I were your greatest enemy, I might put brandy before you. Don't you know that it causes quarrels and enmities, and kills people?'

'Yes, I know all that; but if you were to put a bowl of brandy before me, and you were to tell me that it would kill me if I drank it, I should drink it at once.'

Gibisela was told that a native teacher would be sent, and, if the traders were willing, a shop would be opened, but no brandy would be sold.

A few weeks later Mr. Brigg rode through that mysterious mountain gap on a visit to Gibisela, who placed a hut at his service, and gave him a site for a station. Mr. Brigg was curious to find out what had led Gibisela, who had evidently no desire to forsake his heathen customs, to visit Bensonvale and ask for a missionary. Was there some force, unseen, to which could be attributed all that had taken place? He

asked: 'Are there any Christians in the neighbourhood?' 'Yes, one, a woman; but she lives a long way off.' At his next visit Mr. Brigg, having specially invited her to come, met this woman, and found her a Christian indeed—a humble, joyful follower of the Lord. The tears flowed down her face as he shook her hand and inquired into her history. She had been converted at Queenstown, and when her husband died she had returned to her own people. 'That was three years ago,' she said, 'since which time I have never ceased to pray for a missionary; and now to-day I see him with my own eyes, and my tears are tears of joy.' Here was the secret. This lonely Christian for three years had lifted up her effectual prayers, and now she had obtained her petition. Paulus, a teacher trained at Healdtown, was sent; a Christian village was formed, and to-day Blikana is the head of a native circuit, with a native resident minister.

Only a passing allusion can be made to several stations formed among the Tembus. Glen Grey was occupied by the Rev. W. Hunter in 1861, and Mount Arthur by Mr. Wakeford, an evangelist. In 1870 Mr. Hunter removed to Mount Arthur, and held Glen Grey as an out-station. At a later date Fransbury and Lady Frere were made separate circuits, with a European minister at the latter place, where a pretty church was erected in 1895. In 1882 Seplan and Wodehouse Forests were placed in the care of native ministers, who were responsible to the minister at Mount Arthur. At Southeyville a church has been erected to the memory of the Rev. J. Wilson, who when at Cala often rode over to minister to the European population. The Glen Grey Act, creating Native Councils and providing individual titles to land, proved highly beneficial to the natives. Within twelve months of the enforcement of the Act the chief inspector reported that the prison at Glen Grey was empty, and with the cessation of the liquor traffic crime had largely decreased.



REV. A. BRIGG.

One other Mission needs to be noticed, which, though attacked in the war of 1851, escaped serious injury—Mount

Coke. In 1854 the Rev. F. P. Gladwin was in charge, but that which invested Mount Coke with special importance was the work of the Rev. J. W. Appleyard, editor and translator. From the Mount Coke printing press issued spelling books, readers, catechisms, and New Testaments, all in Kafir, and for which there was an increasing demand. In those days of sailing ships and slow posts the conducting of a printing-press was a constant test of temper and patience. Type arrived from England, but sometimes no paper, and a few reams had to be obtained from the nearest merchant. Occasionally Mr. Appleyard complained that either the compositor or the bookbinder had been intoxicated and unfit for work. But these annoyances had to be endured. It was impossible to secure at a



REV. J. W. APLEYARD.

private press the correct printing of books in Kaffir. There was another Mission press at Thaba Nchu, under the superintendence of the Rev. R. Giddy. The time came when books in Kafir could be correctly and more cheaply printed in England, and then both printing establishments were closed.

Two works printed at the Mount Coke press deserve mention. One was the Kafir Hymn-book, which at a later date was enlarged. Most of the hymns were composed by the Revs. J. W. Appleyard and H. H. Dugmore, and a small number by the Revs. E. Gedye, W. Hunter, and

others. A tune-book to accompany it was printed in 1891 in London, under the editorship of the Rev. J. W. Househam. A liturgy in Kafir was revised by the Rev. E. J. Barrett, who used Mr. Appleyard's version of the Psalms.

The other work was the translation of the whole of the Bible into Kafir. As preliminary, Mr. Appleyard published in 1850 an entirely new Kafir Grammar, which was really an able treatise on the history and structure of the Kafir language, and embodied ten years of patient labour. Dr. Bleek spoke of it 'as a work of the highest importance and value to South African philology.' But Mr. Appleyard's *magnum opus* was the translation of the Bible into Kafir. Portions of Scripture had previously been translated. The missionaries of the Free

Church of Scotland, of the London Society, and of the Berlin Mission, had rendered valuable aid; but undoubtedly the Wesleyan missionaries had been pre-eminent in the work.

The Rev. W. Shaw had translated Genesis; the Rev. W. B. Boyce, twelve books of the Old Testament and Luke; the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, Isaiah, Joel, and James; the Rev. J. Ayliff, Judges, 1 and 2 Timothy, and Titus; the Rev. W. Shepstone, Joshua; the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, the Psalms; the Rev. W. H. Garner, Ruth; and the Rev. E. J. Warner, Proverbs.

To obtain native words and phrases to express Christian ideas had been attended with great difficulty. There was no word in Kafir for God, and the word 'Utixo,' primarily a Hottentot word, had to be introduced. Other words had to be cleared from lower associations to express the Christian doctrines of Christ, of pardon, of purity, and heaven. These difficulties, however, had been overcome, and the way was now open for a translation of the whole Bible. For this work Mr. Appleyard was well qualified. He understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Dutch, and Kafir, and had read most of the current works on Biblical science. His method was to read a verse in the original, then in English and in Dutch, afterwards carefully to translate it into Kafir, and this was subsequently read over with an intelligent native teacher. All this required great patience and long-continued labour. The work of other translators was revised, and in some instances almost a new translation was made. He displayed great judgment in selecting a pure and dignified phraseology. From early morning to late at night the work of translation went on. An edition of the New Testament in Kafir had been printed in 1846; a revised edition of this was issued in October, 1854. Two months later, in December, 1854, Mr. Appleyard commenced the translation of the Old Testament. For more than four and a half years he laboured devotedly at the work, and at length in September, 1859, he had the pleasure of seeing the whole Bible in Kafir completed and printed at the Mount Coke press, and bound in two volumes. Mr. Appleyard's labour entitles him to the honour of being called 'the Tyndale of South Africa.' In 1880, at the request of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he went to England, and spent four years in superintending the issue of a new edition, printed at the sole expense of that Society, and which was published in one handy volume.

This translation, unhappily, was not favourably received by

the Scottish and German missionaries, who issued a pamphlet, containing, what many persons considered, needlessly severe strictures on Mr. Appleyard's work, and they demanded another translation. Mr. Appleyard replied in a booklet entitled 'An Apology for the Kafir Bible.' He did not claim that his translation was faultless—no first translation is—but it was the best he could then produce. He did not shrink from fair and candid criticism, but at the same time he considered that many of the objections were prejudiced and unjust. The Scottish and German missionaries were still dissatisfied, and appointed a revising committee; but they agreed that Mr. Appleyard's translation should be made the basis of their labours. This agreement was not adhered to, and the revisers proceeded to make what was practically a translation of their own. The version they produced was alleged to be a more accurate rendering of the original Greek or Hebrew, but the language employed was to a large extent that of the natives living in the neighbourhood of King William's Town. Whilst they made but scanty use of some of the best and most effective Kafir words, they used others which were little known. Mr. Appleyard's translation was simpler in its style, contained fewer tribal peculiarities of speech, and was intelligible to the natives generally as far as Natal, and to this day is preferred, especially by the older people. The Bible Society for some years printed only the new version; but in the interests of Missions, and at the request of the Wesleyan Conference of South Africa, it now prints Appleyard's version also.

Mr. Appleyard did not excel as a preacher. His voice was weak, his health was frail, his imagination was inert; but he had a genius for translation. His homely, lovable character lives in his great work, which will never perish. He continued at his editorial duties until 1874, when he became enfeebled, and removed to King William's Town for medical advice. He died in the house of his friend, the Rev. T. Chubb. 'I have not a doubt or a fear,' he said shortly before the summons came. His sun set in an unclouded sky.

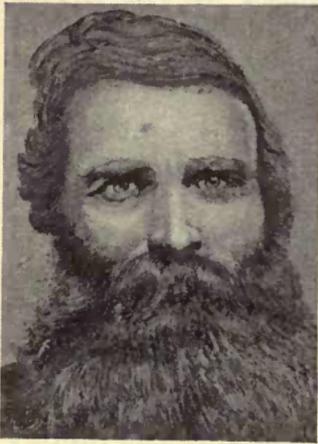
A GREAT REVIVAL—1866.

THE history of the Methodist Church in South Africa is a history of many revivals. When heathenism has seemed to triumph, when the workers have been faint and almost despairing, God has raised up the herald of a brighter day. We have now to write of a revival that extended from Cape Town to Durban, which quickened European and native churches alike, and in which thousands of persons professed to find a new life in Christ. Out of the spiritual world it came, silently, irresistibly, and, like the spring, left 'no corner of the land untouched.' The extraordinary nature of the work, the amazing power which at times attended the preaching of the Gospel, and the immediate results, are without a parallel in this country, and recall the scenes in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost.

The Rev. William Taylor was an honoured minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. He laboured for several years in California, among the motley population attracted thither by the discovery of gold. Impressed with the conviction that he was called of God to be an itinerant evangelist, rather than a settled pastor, he obtained leave of absence, and travelled through the States, preaching wherever he had an opportunity. He visited Canada, where he remained for four years, and then proceeded to Australia, where his wife and children joined him. His son, Morgan Stuart, had a serious attack of malignant fever, and, on his recovery, was ordered to leave Australia and try the effect of a sea voyage, as well as the cooler climate of the Cape. Accordingly, at the end of March, 1866, the Rev. W. Taylor and his family landed at Table Bay.

Though Mr. Taylor knew little of the country to which he had come, he fully believed that he had been led thither by the hand of God, and that the work awaiting him was the preach-

ing of the Gospel—where, and to whom, he had yet to learn. He was an evangelist of the finest type. Tall and muscular, and in the prime of life, he was capable of great labour, without fatigue. He had a penetrating voice, under complete control, and to preach Jesus to the lost, to the neglected, even to the street wanderers, was with him a passion. Food, clothing, home, friends, he left to the Lord to supply. To save sinners was his one paramount work. Yet his preaching rose rarely to the heights of impassioned speech; he made little appeal to the emotions; he deprecated excitement; his addresses were calm, deliberate, logical, incisive, but, accompanied as they were by the Spirit's power, they placed his hearers as in the presence of God, and foreshadowed the solemn scrutiny of the Judgment Day. Then followed tender unfoldings of the love of Christ, which filled the eyes with tears, and subdued the heart into penitence and prayer.



REV. W. TAYLOR.

It was not clearly seen at the time, but it is now easy to discern, that the times were favourable to a revival of vital religion. From 1863 to 1865 were black years in the history of Cape Colony. A prolonged heavy drought had crippled the farmers. This was followed by widespread insolvency amongst the merchants and traders. Lung-sickness swept off thousands of cattle, and large numbers of sheep perished from the drought.

Money became scarce, and families, once in prosperous circumstances, were reduced to poverty. The population had thus been learning the uncertainty of earthly riches, and their thoughts had been turned to higher good. In many circuits special prayer meetings had been commenced; and when Mr. Taylor arrived, and it was known how signally his labours had been successful in other lands, desires after spiritual blessings were quickened into expectation. Into this prepared soil Mr. Taylor was permitted to cast the seed of the Word, and to reap a marvellous harvest. He made God, the forgiveness of sin, heaven, and eternity real and supreme to multitudes, to whom these words had hitherto been meaningless symbols. 'Leaders in vice became champions of the religion they had

once reviled. Men of profligate lives with bitter shame made confession, and endeavoured to repair the evil of their former courses. Drunkards, who had been the terror of their families, renounced the use of intoxicating liquors. Profane swearers shuddered at the recollection of their former oaths. Frauds and wrongs were acknowledged, and restitution made. Quarrels that had lasted for years ended in reconciliation. 'These,' as the Rev. H. H. Dugmore said at the time, 'were specimens of the practical effects of the revival. They told their own tale.'

It is needless to say that wherever Mr. Taylor went he received a hearty welcome from the Wesleyan ministers. His unassuming manners, his scrupulous delicacy in abstaining from any interference in local church affairs, his shrewd observations, and his intense devotion, won their affection, and they honoured the gifts of God in him.

Mr. Taylor commenced his work in South Africa at Cape Town, in the Wesleyan church in Burg Street. At first the church was only half filled. For nine days Mr. Taylor conducted services, and delivered thirteen addresses. His practice was to commence by enforcing the requirements of the law of God, as exhibited chiefly in the Ten Commandments, and to press home on the conscience the guilt of wilful disobedience. In successive sermons he set forth Christ as the loving, omnipotent Saviour of sinners, and then urged all who desired to accept Christ to kneel at the communion rail, in order to be prayed for and to be instructed. Few persons came forward on the first night, and on the ninth day, at the close of the services, only twenty-one had given satisfactory evidence of their conversion. Mr. Taylor was disappointed with the result. In Australia he had preached in large churches to packed audiences, and hundreds had responded to his appeals. But the Methodist people in Cape Town were despondent, and for years had been struggling with debt. The belief in the conversion of sinners, whilst actually listening to the preacher, seemed incredible. Mr. Taylor's boldness startled them. 'I look,' he said, 'for the immediate conversion of sinners. When the people cried out at Pentecost, "What shall we do?" did Peter tell them to go home and meditate, and call at his house next day, and he would have a talk with them on the subject? When the Holy Spirit awakens sinners, He is waiting to lead them directly to Christ.' However, if the immediate result of the services at Cape Town was small, it was the first page of a glorious history of extended revival.

At Port Elizabeth and at Uitenhage the work proved still to be limited. The churches were small, and the helpers were few. At both these towns Mr. Taylor made attempts to preach to the natives through an interpreter, but the result was discouraging. 'I did not enjoy the service,' he said, 'and saw but little indications of good from the effort.' Yet it was in this direction the greatest triumphs of his preaching were to be won.

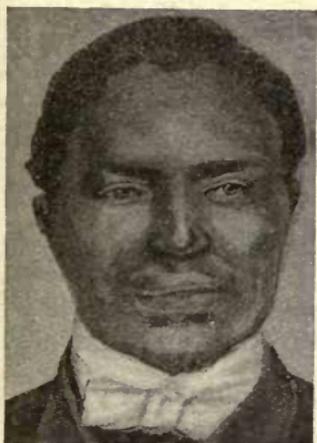
At Grahamstown the work began to expand. Mr. Taylor's shrewd, practical sense was here curiously displayed. 'Commemoration Church,' he declared, 'is not fitted for the scene of a great revival. It is not sufficiently ventilated. Carbonic gas blunts the nervous sensibilities of the people, and sends them to sleep. It is out of the question to have a great work of salvation without a good supply of oxygen.' The officials stared, and were almost aghast at the idea that oxygen was as necessary as prayer to a revival; but one of them, Mr. Attwell, promptly ascended the stairs to the gallery, and, with hammer in hand, knocked out several panes of glass from each window. For three weeks Mr. Taylor continued the services, and more than 170 persons professed to find forgiveness of their sins. One gentleman bore a clear testimony to his conversion: 'I have lived forty years in sin, tried horseracing, cards, billiards, and other worldly amusements, but never knew what happiness was until the Lord pardoned my sins.' The revival became the one topic of conversation. In the store and on the market, in the street and in the home, this wonderful work of God was the great theme of discussion; and, as of old, some were puzzled, some scoffed, whilst many rejoiced that God had visited His people.

Sir P. D., the local commandant of the British troops, when in the hands of his barber one day, inquired in a somewhat cynical manner: 'Who is this man Taylor—aw—who is making such a stir in the town?' 'Oh,' blandly replied the barber, 'have you not read, Sir P., of men who, in olden time, turned the world upside down?' 'Um, yes,' said Sir P., 'I have read something of the sort, I think—aw—in the Acts of the Apostles, is it not?' 'Ah, well,' said the barber, with a flourish of the razor, 'I believe that Mr. Taylor is a distant relation of those men!'

Mr. Taylor made another attempt to preach to the natives through an interpreter, but, said he, 'I found it very slow business.' When the right interpreter was found, a very different result was attained.

At King William's Town the congregation was at first irresponsible. The people had a self-possessed, wide-awake spirit, and were apparently suspicious of deception, but slowly the power of the preached word grew. On the fourth day the barrier of reserve was broken down, and twenty eight young people sought the Lord. On the following Sunday the Holy Spirit fell upon the hearers, and twenty six adults were seekers of God's pardoning mercy. Strong men bowed themselves, confessing their sins.

During the first week's services three Wesleyan ministers, accompanied by a few natives, walked in from Annshaw, twenty-four miles distant, in order, as they said, 'to warm themselves at the fire.' They were the Revs. R. Lamplough, J. Hillier, and J. R. Sawtell. With them came Charles Pamla, then preparing for the ministry, and destined to be the ideal interpreter for Mr. Taylor when preaching to natives. He stood 6 feet high, was black as jet,



CHARLES PAMLA.



REV. J. R. SAWTELL.

and had a powerful voice. Above all, he was an earnest Christian, and had sold home and farm that he might devote his whole life to the work of teaching Christianity to his countrymen. He had studied Wesley's writings, and when appointed to conduct a service would often read one of Wesley's sermons, and endeavour to make it plain to his hearers. No better training could at the time have been provided to enable Pamla to interpret the utterances of one who in his preaching exhibited not a little of the terse directness and logical force of John Wesley's addresses.

Whilst Mr. Taylor was preaching to the English congregation, Pamla devoted several days to preaching at the native location. His word was with great power; it pierced the con-

sciences of the people, and during three services nearly eighty persons, chiefly young men and women, were converted. Even after he left the work continued until 136 natives were added to the church.

The Rev. J. Hillier received a wonderful revelation of Divine love. He returned to Peddie, one of the largest mission settlements at that time, and prayed and preached as if inspired from heaven. A marvellous revival followed, and hundreds of natives yielded themselves to God. Then came a brief illness, and the busy worker exchanged pain for rest, and earth for heaven. In those last few weeks had been compressed the work of a lifetime.



REV. J. HILLIER.

At Annshaw, Mr. Taylor may be said to have commenced his work amongst the natives. Here Charles Palma had for years been an unpaid evangelist, and had been carefully trained by the Rev. R. Lamplough. It was Mr. Taylor's practice to preach the sermon privately to Pamela, so that he might fully understand what he had to translate in public; and so thoroughly in accord did the two become that the tone of voice, the facial expression, and the gestures of the one were faithfully portrayed by the other. At the first

service at Annshaw, Mr. Taylor preached for an hour and a quarter amid the profoundest silence. At the second meeting, in the afternoon, the solemn feeling increased; and when penitents were invited to advance, 200 at least stepped forward, and knelt down in prayer. There was no loud screaming of anyone, but their pent-up emotions found vent in audible prayers, sighs, and floods of tears. Some one timidly suggested: 'Had they not better be dismissed, and let them go alone, and seek by the river?' 'No,' shrewdly replied Mr. Taylor. 'Why send them to the river to battle with Satan alone, and take a bad cold as well? This is the work of God. Let the good Spirit work in His own way.' That day seventy persons professed to find remission of sins.

The heathen endeavoured to account for the wonderful effect of Mr. Taylor's preaching. 'He had brought a medicine with him that made the people mad.' 'He had sprinkled the com-

munion rail with blood, and as soon as any native touched it he was bewitched.' 'He blew in their ears, and they were forced to submit.' Some of the heathen resorted to violence, and husbands thrashed their wives and children to deter them from attending the services. But nothing arrested the progress of the work. Mr. Taylor's visit to Annshaw was limited to two days, but not only were hundreds of natives brought to religious decision, the effect on the native local preachers was astonishing. They became bold for the truth. William Shaw Kama, Charles Pamla, Joseph Tele, and Boyce Mama, after Mr. Taylor's departure, visited the neighbouring heathen kraals, preaching and praying, almost night and day, until about 300 more persons were brought to the Saviour. An old man, residing eight miles from Annshaw, was roused at night by the singing of his grandchildren, and, being told of the wonderful services at which they had found salvation, he at once set off, and walked into Annshaw about break of day. A prayer meeting was being held in the church. He went in, and, listening to the prayers of the new converts, he fell down on his knees, and before the day was over he was happy in a Saviour's love. He had two wives, and he asked: 'What shall I do with them?' Mr. Lamplough said: 'You will have to give one of them up.' 'Well,' replied the old man, 'one is a young woman, and I love her. The other is an old woman, but the wife of my youth. She cannot work much, but she is my true wife, and I will keep her. But tell my young wife I am not angry with her.' When the decision was announced to the two women, the old wife cried out: 'I *am* glad. I always loved my dear old man. I am so glad to get him back to me, and now he is all my own.' The young wife stood weeping, but exclaimed: 'I thank God for this. I have felt I was living in sin, and now I want to find Jesus Christ, too.' Tearing off her heathen charms and trinkets, she resolved that she and her children would become Christians. Who will say that these people were not taught of God?

The results of the services at Healdtown equalled those at Annshaw. About 1,000 natives were present. In the first after-meeting about 300 sought salvation together. As they obtained a sense of the forgiveness of sin by faith in Christ, they were led to seats to the right and left of the church, where they gave their testimony to the Rev. W. Sargeant, who took down their names. With sparkling eyes and beaming faces they praised God. 'Oh!' said one, 'Satan

is conquered.' A very old woman exclaimed, with uplifted hands: 'He is holy! He is holy!' An aged man said: 'My heavenly Father hath set me free.' In two days more than 300 persons rejoiced in the Lord.

Was not such a work too sudden to be permanent? Was it not a straw fire that would soon burn out? But was the work really sudden? The emergence of a young plant above the soil appears to be sudden; but we know that for days, perhaps for weeks, there has been a process of preparation going on out of sight. The seed swelling, the thrusting down of the root, the gathering of moisture and vitality. The sudden lifting of the green blade above the soil is the outcome of a series of hidden processes extending over many days. These converts at Healdtown and Annshaw had for years been listening to the preaching of the Gospel. Impressions had been made, truths had been taught, consciences had been trained; and their conversion was the emergence into sight of a work of long duration. Twelve months later, when Mr. Sargeant left Healdtown for Grahamstown, he wrote: 'Out of about 400 persons professing conversion to God, not more than two or three have fallen away.' This steadfastness showed that their decision for Christ, though it appeared to be sudden, had certainly not been superficial.

At Somerset East persons came sixty and seventy miles to attend the services. Living on solitary farms, to whom no church was easily accessible, they had relapsed into an irreligious and prayerless life; but the conversion of their friends at other places had quickened in them a desire to be saved. 'I am a dreadful sinner,' said one of these visitors, 'and I thought there was no hope for me; but when such a man as C—— finds peace in God, I don't see why anyone should despair.' That man drove back to his distant farm happy in God.

Mr. Taylor had, by this time, become accustomed to preach through an interpreter. But at Cradock he ventured to take a bolder step. No church was large enough to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him. A united service was therefore held in the courtyard at the back of the mission house. The verandah was the pulpit. Kafirs and Hottentots of every shade of colour occupied the centre of the yard, many of them sitting on mats which they had brought. Around them were the European hearers, most of whom had to stand. When Mr. Taylor preached, the Dutch interpreter stood on his right

hand, and the Kafir interpreter on the left; and each in succession translated sentence after sentence slowly and impressively. For more than an hour the 'Gospel flowed out through the medium of three languages at once, without the break of a single blunder or a moment's hesitation.' In the prayer-meeting scores of natives knelt on their mats; the Europeans, having no such provision, knelt in the dust; and in this and the subsequent services 150 Europeans, and 160 natives and coloured people were converted and added to the various churches of the town.

At Queenstown there was a similar result. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore, who was the resident Wesleyan minister, was publicly challenged for abetting proceedings which were alleged by hostile critics to be at variance with propriety. He vindicated the work in a sermon distinguished for clear and cogent reasoning. 'Some thirty or forty persons,' said he, 'came forward on the first evening to request the prayers of the ministers on 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 the penalty of their procedure would be the ridicule and scorn of their former associates; persons in nearly every social grade that Queenstown affords. They came not under the influence 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.' 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.' 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, about 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.

'But will all this endure?' All? Possibly not. Is the work therefore unreal? As well say that because many of the blossoms of spring fall before the fruit sets that there has been no vegetable life in operation in their case. The result of every revival of religion, after every drawback has been counted, is the abiding of a large proportion of souls faithful to their profession, a strength to the church, and a blessing to the world.'

Charles Pamla came to Queenstown from Annshaw, and Mr. Taylor felt that, with his aid, he was in a position to make a bold invasion of heathenism. Beginning at Kamastone, he visited in rapid succession—too rapid indeed—the mission stations at Lesseyton, Wodehouse Forests, Butterworth, Clarkebury, Morley, Buntingville, Shawbury, Osborn, Emfundisweni, and then proceeded to Natal. It is not necessary to describe minutely the details of the services held at each station, for they presented, with few variations, the same features. There was at every place the huge crowd of natives, generally assembled in the open air, clothed in every variety of dress, from the European tweed suit to the red blanket and the skin kaross. There was the mass of swarthy, upturned faces, across which, as the preacher proceeded, smiles and tears chased each other like sunshine and shadow across a mountain slope, followed often by a burst of half-smothered emotion. There was the after-service, when hundreds of inquirers knelt side by side, and, tearing off their amulets and charms of teeth or shells, sought with earnest prayers and tears the forgiveness of their sins. There was the marvellous lighting up of the face when the mercy of Christ was realized, the exclamations of ecstasy, the affectionate appeal to others to seek salvation. There was the gathering in of the harvest, when careful examination was made of each case of conversion, the taking down of the names, the grouping into

classes for spiritual instruction, and the selection of class leaders. These were the general features of the services at every station, and at the end of the series it was reported that about 6,000 natives had entered upon a new life in Christ. In several instances these converts had to suffer persecution from their heathen relatives. Some were driven from their homes; some were severely beaten; others were tied fast to the pole of the house and watched, that they might not go out and pray to the Great Spirit. But in almost every case persecution only produced the effect it did in the days of the Apostles—it made the objects of it more determined than ever to serve God rather than man.

Upon a review of these services, it is significant that few of the converts were from the raw heathen. Most of them had for years been listening to the preaching of the Gospel. The heathen, for the most part, shunned the meetings; or before their attention had been drawn to them Mr. Taylor was gone. But the natives on the mission stations and those residing at the adjacent kraals, and who had become more or less familiar with the truths of Christianity, were the people who were led to decision by Mr. Taylor's earnest addresses. No stronger testimony can be given to the value of patient, continuous instruction. Conversion is not the outcome of unintelligent emotion. The mind must possess some knowledge of God as a Supreme Being, some knowledge of Christ as the Saviour of sinners, some knowledge of sin in relation to Divine law, some acquaintance with the teaching of Scripture as to the possibility and attainment of a renewed life; or the appeals of the preacher are ineffective. As might have been expected, it was where the seed of the kingdom had been diligently sown that the harvest of conversions was reaped.

Mr. Taylor, in his enthusiasm, declared that equal success would attend the preaching of the Gospel to the raw heathen; and when some doubted, asserted that to believe otherwise was to limit the power of the Holy Spirit. To meet his wishes, congregations of ignorant heathen natives were summoned to meet the wonderful teacher, and hear his message. They came, but as they sat and listened there was no response. Hate shot out of their eyes. Fear sat on their sullen faces, whilst dread of some unknown witchery made them shrink back and escape at the first opportunity. At the close of such a service at Butterworth a chief rose and said: 'Sin! I have never committed a sin in my life.' It was manifest that un-

less the human mind has some apprehension of the elementary truths of Christianity the Gospel falls on deaf ears.

Another feature of the services was that not one prominent chief accepted the Gospel. They were all polygamists, and in every case polygamy proved to be an insuperable obstacle. 'The great thing is our wives,' said one. 'If the Gospel allowed polygamy, we should all become Christians.' At Wodehouse Forests Mantanzima, a Tembu chief, was amongst the penitents, and was asked: 'How many wives have you got?' 'Two,' was the answer. 'Are you willing to retain your first wife as your lawful wife, and give the other one up?' 'Yes,' was said hesitatingly; but soon Mantanzima began to put on his gloves, for he was a well-dressed man, and saying, 'Now I must go home,' he left. He never became a Christian.

At Clarkebury, Ngangelizwe, the paramount chief of the Tembus, with his brother Usiquati, both tall, strong men, came to hear Mr. Taylor, and were deeply impressed. In the after meeting Pamla, whilst standing a few feet from them, spoke with amazing power: 'Ngangelizwe and Usiquati, you know that Kobi and Pato were great chiefs. Kama, their brother, was a boy, and had no people. All three had the offer of Christ, but only Kama accepted Him. Kobi and Pato refused, and called Kama a fool, and said he would be a scabby goat, and never have any people. But what was the result? Kobi died a miserable refugee, and got the burial of a dog. Pato spent many miserable years as a prisoner on Robben Island, and died neglected. Kama remained true to God, and now all the Ama-Xosa, once ruled by Kobi and Pato, belong to Kama, who is going down to his grave in honourable old age, full of a glorious hope of heaven.' Both chiefs almost shivered as the truth was thus pressed upon them; but they found an excuse for leaving, and before sunset were on their way home. Native chiefs were glad to have missionaries residing with their subjects, to watch over their interests, and speak for them to the Government; but in most cases they refused to be Christians. Polygamy was clung to as a sign of wealth, witchcraft as a source of power; and the Gospel was rejected.

The early missionaries initiated a policy on this question of polygamy which has never been departed from. They maintained that the essence of marriage was that two persons shall pledge themselves to each other, forsaking all others for the

term of their natural lives. Consequently, a polygamist could not be admitted to membership in a Christian Church. That the Lord Jesus might pardon the sins of a polygamist was not doubted, but it was held that a Christian native, having a knowledge of Christ's words, was not fully obedient to the Great Master unless he separated himself from all his wives but one. The consciences of the natives generally approved of that decision. It was better that chiefs who refused to abandon polygamy should be excluded from church membership than that, by yielding, a deadly blow should be dealt at Christian purity.

The revival was not a temporary excitement. In most of the Methodist churches there had been a spirit of expectancy and preparation that only required the divinely qualified instrument to bring it to a crisis, and lead thousands to decision for Christ. Even after Mr. Taylor had left for other fields, the conversion of sinners continued for a long period with almost equal effectiveness. At Grahamstown the aftermath took the form of a noonday prayer meeting, at which for weeks a hundred persons attended daily. As many as 400 remained to the Sunday evening prayer meeting, and there were many cases of genuine conversion. The circuit had been heavily in debt, and there was a proposal to close Fort England Chapel; but on the tide of the fuller spiritual life the debt was swept away, and retreat was no longer contemplated. In some circuits for years it was the custom to hold special services in commemoration of Mr. Taylor's visit, and as memory recalled the marvellous scenes the faith of ministers and people was quickened; they looked for conversions, and rarely looked in vain.

The native churches were purified. At an early date the Rev. J. C. Warner pointed out forcibly the evils arising from what he called the 'station system.' A missionary became the headman or ruler of the people that gathered round him. He not only taught them religion, but necessarily he had to exercise magisterial functions, and punish and fine evil-doers. The unavoidable result was that a certain portion of the station residents resorted to petty craft and villany to evade punishment and deceive the minister. The unsatisfactory character of many of the 'station people' was, in Mr. Warner's opinion, directly traceable to the false position in which the missionary was placed, having to unite in himself ecclesiastical and magisterial functions. At the same time the missionary

could not evade the responsibility of establishing laws and enforcing them within the precincts of the station. In the Transkei the morality of the native members was deplorably low. Beer-drinking and sensuality went on furtively amongst members of the church, and were sedulously concealed from the missionary. At one sub-station, in a society of about thirty members, these vices had become so prevalent that concealment was no longer possible. At the close of a service the Rev. W. B. Rayner upbraided them for their hypocrisy, and declared they were unfit to continue in church membership. Taking out of his pocket the roll of members, he tore it up into strips, and throwing the pieces over their heads, exclaimed, 'There is no church here!' The revival, however, brought into the native churches a purer life. Class leaders and local preachers made a determined attempt to uproot the evils arising from the frequent use of Kafir beer, and voluntarily pledged themselves to abstain from its use. They even asked that total abstinence should be a law to which all members of the church should submit. Was not beer-drinking responsible for the frequent stumbles and falls of native Christians, and their exclusion from the church for flagrant sin? Remonstrance and punishment had proved powerless to curb the evil; abstinence—total abstinence—was the only safeguard. From that day commenced a campaign against beer-drinking, which was carried on until the Government, at the request of the natives themselves, prohibited the sale of all alcoholic liquors within native areas.

The ministers were endued with increased courage for their work. Heathenism had been to them a wall that they thought could only be broken down bit by bit. The toil of rebuilding churches and manses after the war of 1852, the sullen resistance of the natives, the opposition of the chiefs, entrenched behind the cruelties of witchcraft and the impurities of polygamy, all weighed heavily on their hearts. They preached regularly, they taught the children, they rode from kraal to kraal doing their work faithfully, but with little expectation of immediate success. The most that they expected was a solitary conversion here and there. In one short month the scene was changed. The wall of heathenism went down at a blow. Thousands of natives were won to Christ, and none rejoiced over this more than the ministers. Their labour, after all, had not been in vain. They were emboldened to commence enterprises which a few months before they would

have pronounced to be impracticable. The Rev. W. B. Rayner at Tsomo, and the Rev. E. J. Barrett at Wodehouse Forests, secured a waggon and oxen, and, with a few native helpers, went on a tour among the heathen in the district. Word was sent to the chief of a location: 'On a certain day the missionary is coming with his people; get us a hut to sleep in, and have a good gathering of your people.' On the day appointed the missionary party arrived, and for three or four days they preached and prayed and visited the people at their huts. The last day was devoted entirely to the new converts, pointing out the necessity of abstaining from Kafir beer and other heathen customs, and ending with a lovefeast and the Lord's Supper. Christianity became bold, and aggressive, and triumphant. The Rev. R. Lamplough adopted a similar plan at Healdtown. He took some of the native candidates for the ministry, and spent the holidays in holding special services in the adjacent circuits. They visited Peddie and Mount Coke, walking most of the way, and many were won to Christ as the crown of their efforts. Perhaps the time spent at each place was too short, for heathen prejudices do not readily yield to the truth. But the ministers never lost the inspiration of those days of revival.

Not the least result of Mr. Taylor's visit was the perception that native ministers must be more largely employed than hitherto if South Africa was to be Christianized. Missionaries had hesitated to commit the preaching of the Gospel to recently-converted heathen. In this they followed on the lines laid down by the Moravian missionaries, whose long experience in Mission work entitles their opinion to respectful attention. 'When converts from among the heathen are established in grace, we would advise not immediately to use them as assistants in teaching, but to act herein with caution, and reference to the general weakness of their minds and consequent aptness to grow conceited.' The early missionaries had, in fact, scarcely any choice of action. The native converts for many years were necessarily ignorant of letters, and had an imperfect knowledge of the Word of God, and were not fitted to be ministers. During forty years a great change had taken place. Education had become diffused among the natives, and what was possible in 1866 had not been possible at any previous period.

As Mr. Taylor listened to the addresses of Charles Pamla, Boyce Mama, Joseph Tele, William Shaw Kama, and many

others, he exclaimed: 'These are the men to evangelize Africa.' Missions cannot permanently depend on foreign brains, and foreign devotion, and foreign money. The work must be done by Pauls and Apolloses rising from within the native churches; men to whom the language of the natives is their mother tongue, and to whom the native superstitions and habits and modes of thought are quite familiar. Their changed lives are living illustrations of the transforming power of the Gospel, and, being already on the ground, they can be employed at small cost. No church can be called a success which does not furnish preachers and pastors of its own.

A tentative effort was made to raise a native ministry. Several young men of piety and intelligence were placed in charge of sub-stations at Peddie, under the direction of the English minister. Their attainments were scanty, but sufficiently in advance of their own people to command respect. In 1867 arrangements were made to give them at Healdtown a theological training by the formation of a native Theological Institute. The first to be admitted to the Institution were Charles Pamla, James Lwana, Charles Lwana, and Boyce Mama. After three years' training they were ordained at Healdtown in 1871 by the Revs. W. Impey, W. J. Davis, J. W. Appleyard, and R. Lamplough, the charge being delivered by Mr. Davis. James Lwana was a man of saintly character, and died at Cradock in 1890, where a church has been erected to his memory. There are now eighty native Wesleyan ministers, who, by their intelligence, piety, and fidelity have proved themselves worthy to be admitted into the ranks of the ministry. Their employment has been followed by a remarkable extension of the Gospel among their own countrymen, and at the commencement of the twentieth century nearly 100,000 natives are either members of the Methodist church, or are on trial for membership, and the present century will doubtless see the number greatly increased.

AN ERA OF EDUCATION, 1875-1905.

FOR nearly half a century after the establishment of Missions in Kafirland there were few day schools for the secular education of the natives.

The missionaries were occupied with more important duties. The preaching of the Gospel, the erection of churches and manses, the demands of the sick who could not be left to the cruel methods of the witch-doctor, the frequent visits to the out-stations, and the long journey to the annual Synod—the one recreation and relief of the year—left little time for secular instruction. The Sunday schools were utilized to the utmost in teaching the art of reading, and beyond this little could be attempted.

There were necessarily no trained native teachers, and until Healdtown was established there was no Wesleyan institution for training teachers in South Africa.

The natives were indifferent to the education of their children beyond what was received in the Sabbath school, for they were useful in various ways in kraal life. They watched over the kids and the lambs whilst the flocks were grazing in the veld; they cared for the calves, and drove them out to their feeding grounds; they carried water; they herded the cattle, and kept them out of the mealie lands; they led the oxen when yoked to the plough or waggon; they assisted to collect wood for the fires; and they protected the ripening grain from predatory birds. The parents preferred to employ their children in these tasks rather than send them to school. A new generation had to grow up before the advantages of education were understood and appreciated.

From about 1875 the natives began to perceive the value of secular instruction. They had increased in material wealth; the power of superstition had relaxed its grasp; and the importance of reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing took a firm hold of the native mind. The Colonial Government saw the danger of allowing the native races to continue in igno-

rance, and came to the aid of day schools with annual grants. Schools were multiplied to such an extent that teachers in sufficient numbers could not be provided. Training institutions were established at Clarkebury, Shawbury, Peddie, Lesseyton, and Buntingville, in addition to Healdtown. Lovedale, the well-known Presbyterian institution, was repeatedly enlarged, and still the demand for teachers exceeded the supply. As early as 1870 the change was recognised. The Rev. J. Longden wrote from Butterworth that year: 'We greatly rejoice in the widespread desire for education in this land. It is a most hopeful sign of the times. It has burst forth all at once, and takes us by surprise.'

This enthusiasm for education was, to some extent, mis-directed. Industrial training was costly; it required workshops and skilled tradesmen to teach. Book-learning was comparatively cheap. So the acquisition of handicrafts, important to a race struggling to escape from barbarism, was neglected, and elementary mental education assumed an exaggerated value. Native parents were eager for their children to acquire the power to read and write the English language, to work out sums in arithmetic—anything, in fact, that would qualify them to be civil servants, teachers, and preachers—but they had little desire to see their sons trained as masons, or carpenters, or waggon-makers; or their daughters made familiar with housework.

Now the natives have almost a phenomenal facility for acquiring knowledge. In a few months they can speak English, and in a year or two they find no difficulty in passing an examination in the lower standards; but their knowledge is superficial, and this ready acquirement is largely due to their retentive memory and marvellous gift of imitation. They speedily become vain of their attainments, and shun physical toil. True education does not consist in cramming the mind with processes and facts, but in bringing out what is best in a man or woman for practical use in daily life. If the natives are to improve their social and material condition they will have to learn the necessity and dignity of labour. A race destitute of trained artisans will not rise to the higher levels of civilization by abstract education only. The ability to read Latin, or work a sum in fractions, or write a letter, is a poor compensation for the inability to build a decent house, or make a chair or a shoe. An unskilled people are not far removed from barbarism.

Unless the old heathen environment can be amended or

abolished, secular education will largely fail of its purpose. The little learning gained is overborne by the habits and superstitions of generations. The daughter of a Gcaleka chief was sent by some philanthropic ladies to England, and was educated in a first-class school with English girls. She acquired some of the latest results of English training; but on her return to Cape Colony and rejoining her relations, what awaited her? The old barbarous surroundings, the kraal, the smeared hut, and the kaross. A few years later she greeted a Wesleyan minister in the purest English, but she wore a Kafir blanket, had bead bangles on wrists and ankles, and was the wife of a polygamist. Until natives can create improved social conditions by their own labour, school education will fail largely of its purpose.

Trade schools, costly as they may be, are absolutely necessary to the elevation of the native races. They create the need they are intended to supply. When natives see their sons making strong and good seats, they are less willing to squat on the ground. When they see windows and doors made by their own children, they perceive how dark and ill-ventilated their huts are. When their children come home from school decently clad, they discover how mean their heathen garments are. When they see a European house, the desire arises to possess comfortable cottages of their own. The trade school is an important factor in the regeneration of the habits of the people.

Book learning alone tends to the formation of exaggerated ideas of progress. Many natives cherish the belief that it is possible for them to climb in one generation up to the level which Europeans have taken many generations to reach, and reached only by a willingness to toil. They claim political and racial equality, for which, a few individuals excepted, they are not yet prepared. Out of this immoderate estimate of themselves has arisen the Ethiopian movement, which is largely a revolt against the English missionary, to whom they owe their rescue from savage heathenism.

The Ethiopian church originated in 1892 in the Transvaal with M. Makoni, a native minister, who aimed to form a religious community composed of, managed, and maintained by natives only. Two years later James Dwane, another native minister, left the Methodist Church, and for similar reasons joined the movement. In 1896 Dwane went to America, and sought affiliation with the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He was received with open arms, and appointed general super-

intendent in South Africa. Upon his return, he endeavoured to bring the Ethiopian members into the fold of the American negro denomination. The following year a negro bishop, H. M. Turner, visited South Africa, and with great ostentation travelled over the country, and boasted that in six weeks he had ordained sixty ministers and deacons, and welcomed into fellowship numerous congregations, all seceders from existing churches which had laboured long in the country. It is not easy to understand why the negro Methodists of the Southern States of America should enter into open rivalry with the Wesleyan Methodists of South Africa, who could not be expected to approve of their hasty and unfriendly action.

Scarcely had a year elapsed when Dwane, who evidently did not find his personal ambitions realized in the American fold, interviewed the Archbishop of Cape Town with a view to the reception of himself and his followers into the Anglican Church. In August, 1900, Dwane, with a number of natives, was formally accepted by the Archbishop, and he was appointed 'Provincial of the Order of Ethiopia.' The Ethiopians were now divided. One section followed Dwane; the other section remained true to the original movement, and denounced Dwane as a traitor. The Ethiopians became increasingly active. Secessions took place from the Free Church of Scotland at Lovedale and in Natal, from the Congregationalists at Cape Town and Johannesburg, and many Methodist Missions were seriously disturbed. The object was racial independence in religious affairs; but underlying it, and giving great impetus to the movement, was a strong political antagonism to Europeans.

The Rev. J. P. Ritchie, secretary of the Congregational Union, thus trenchantly writes: 'The Ethiopian movement is not born of any vital principle of spiritual power. To have seen the spirit of native devotion revolting from the bondage of European formalities, and breaking forth into fresh manifestations of its own distinctive life—that would have been a most interesting spectacle. But there is not a vestige of spiritual originality in the movement. The Ethiopian takes black missionary from America instead of white missionary from England. He turns English Methodism out of the door to bring negro Methodism down the chimney. He bites the white hand that has ministered for so many years to his spiritual destitution and kisses the black hand of the negro bishop. His Ethiopian pastors have not manifested, as far as we can see, the least interest in the assault of the red heathenism that

throng and presses them on every side, but confine their aggressive energies to the creation of discord and division in the existing native churches, with the view of gaining ground by means of splits from them.' It is difficult to conceive what benefit can accrue to the natives from these divisions. The distance between the native and European population will be widened, and the natives, out of touch with European thought and life, will be arrested in their progress towards a Christian form of civilization.

'Besides being the promoter of schism,' says the Rev. F. B. Bridgeman, 'Ethiopianism must answer the charge that its influence is on the side of low morals. Not many native churches have the moral power, unaided from without, to enforce high standards of discipline. The leaders of secession have naturally been eager to secure as many adherents as possible. Strict discipline would alienate many coveted supporters, and would entail such financial loss as to threaten ruin. The result has been a compromise with heathenism.'

The desire of the natives to possess self-government has always been sympathetically considered by the Methodist Church. Native ministers are placed in charge of native circuits. Native ministers and laymen have their own annual Synods, and they form an essential part of the Annual Conference. To the European missionaries the natives owe their Christianity, their civilization, and much of their education; and any agitation which disturbs the harmonious co-operation of the two races must inevitably be disastrous to the natives themselves. As the natives prove their fitness for the higher administration of authority and finance, and can be entrusted with the care of all the native churches, Methodism will gladly welcome them to a wider responsibility.

The survey of the progress of the various educational institutions and mission stations during the last thirty years must necessarily be brief.

Healdtown, near Fort Beaufort, is the parent Wesleyan Normal Institution in South Africa, and is now devoted to the training of native teachers of both sexes. There are more than 200 students in residence, with a training-school attached, in which about 400 day scholars are educated. Only by slow stages has this position been attained, and from the first the operations have had to be carried on in an atmosphere of financial difficulty.

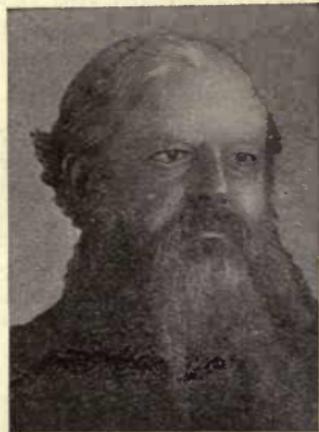
When it was proposed, in 1866, to utilize the extensive buildings erected by Sir George Grey for the training of native teachers and candidates for the ministry, the want of funds blocked the way. The missionary committee in London could render no help, and in this emergency Mr. Heald, of Manchester, after whom the station was named, and his sister, came to the rescue with a gift of £1,000, and in 1867 the training institution was established, with the Rev. W. Impey as principal, and the Rev. R. Lamplough as vice-principal. Mr. G. Baker, from Westminster College, was appointed headmaster. Fifteen pupil teachers were admitted, and four candidates for the ministry.

In 1875 the buildings were enlarged to accommodate forty-five students; but such was the multiplication of day schools, and the increasing demand for teachers, that this supply was wholly inadequate. Under the management of successive governors—the Revs. G. Chapman, W. Holford, T. Chubb, B.A., R. Hornabrook, and W. Hurt—the advancement was rapid. The Rev. R. Hornabrook, during his first term of office (1890 to 1898), endeavoured to relieve the financial pressure of the diminishing grant by enlarging the buildings so as to accommodate three times the number of boarders. At this juncture an anonymous gift of £400 was sent, with only one condition attached to it—that no inquiry should be made as to the name of the donor. This generous aid came at an opportune moment, and led to an expenditure of £2,000 in enlarging the boys' department. Subsequently, a very handsome building, costing £2,500, was erected for the accommodation of the female pupil teachers, who hitherto had been obliged to lodge in the village with their friends. This expansion, in both sections of the work, was devoutly accepted as from 'the good hand of God.'

Dr. Muir, the Superintendent-General of Education, says: 'The work done at Healdtown in all three classes of pupil teachers calls for special praise.' But the inspectors complain that the practising school is overcrowded, and the staff of teachers needs reinforcing. The practising school is the old church erected by Mr. Ayliff, and it is in so dilapidated a condition that it is useless to attempt to repair it. Neither floor nor roof is safe. Yet in this schoolroom 300 children have each day to be taught. How to obtain the requisite funds for a new training school and additional dormitories is the problem Mr. Hornabrook, who again became governor in 1903, is trying to solve.

Healdtown has been largely indebted to Westminster College for its teachers. Messrs. Lightfoot, Webster, Chapman, Spensley, Caley, Elderkin, Lewis, Weale, Kissack, Kerruish, and Towers, were all trained at Westminster. Southlands sent the first lady principal for the girls' department, Miss Inge. The influence of Healdtown has been far-reaching, and ministers, teachers, interpreters, headmen, law-agents, farmers, and journalists, have here received their education.

For the brief period the theological class was conducted at Healdtown it was under the care of the Revs. R. Lamplough, T. Chubb, G. Chapman, and W. Hunter. In the training of the native candidates for the ministry little attempt was made at imparting a knowledge of the classic languages. The English language alone opened up to them mines of mental wealth. Theology, Biblical and general information, homiletics, grammar, and Wesley's sermons, made a fairly comprehensive curriculum for natives. In 1880 the class was removed to Lesseyton, where where it has since remained, and room was secured at Healdtown for more pupil teachers.



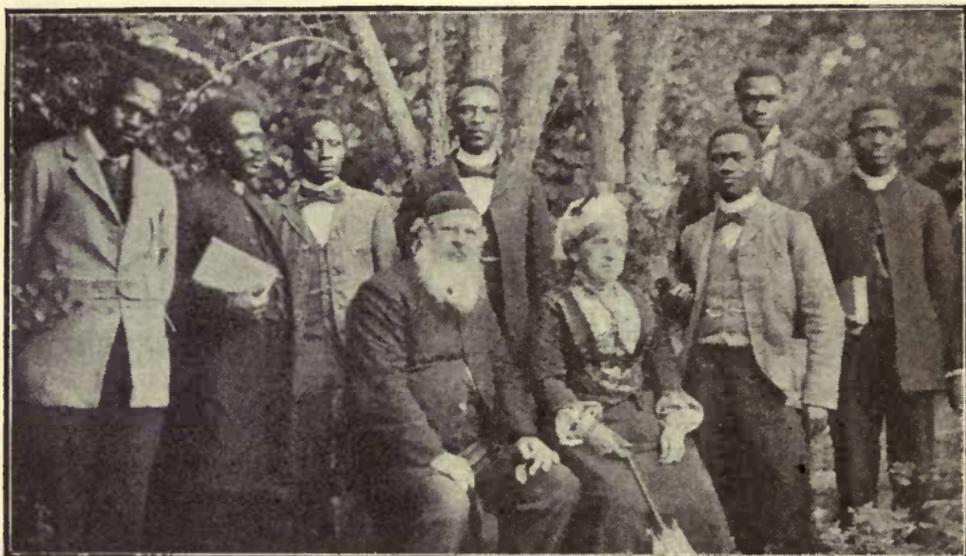
REV. WESLEY HART.

Lesseyton presents several forms of Mission work. In addition to the usual features of an ordinary native circuit is the Institution for Native Ministers, which generally contains about ten students, and also a school for native girls. The village itself is situated in a beautiful triangular-shaped valley at the base of the broad Hangklip Mountain. Close to the village is the mission glebe and the common lands, which are well wooded and watered.

The Industrial School for native girls was established by the Rev. G. Chapman, and was continued uninterruptedly until 1899, when it was closed temporarily in consequence of the death of the Rev. E. Gedye, the principal. The following year it was reopened by the Rev. W. Hurt, with seventeen boarders. There are now nearly sixty boarders, and additional buildings have been erected to accommodate 100 girls, who are instructed in household work, and nothing is omitted

that is needful to make them good daughters, wives, and teachers.

A few years ago, Dr. Muir adopted the policy of strengthening the chief institutions for the training of native teachers, and placed severe restrictions on the smaller schools which had been doing fair work in the same direction. He forbade the training of native teachers, except at certain centres, as Healdtown, Bensonvale, etc. The result is that the Lesseyton Girls' School, the Ayliff Institution at Peddie, and the Lamplough Institution at Butterworth, have been deprived of an important source of income. The object is to concentrate



WESLEYAN STUDENTS FOR THE MINISTRY, LESSEYTON, WITH
REV. W. AND MRS. HURT.

teaching-power, but this new policy will necessitate a complete rearrangement of the work of the smaller schools if they are to be placed on a sound financial basis.

Peddie.—The Rev. J. Longden was appointed to Peddie in 1879, and, finding that a serious obstacle to efficiency in the sixteen day schools he had to superintend was the lack of suitable teachers, he made arrangements for the training of a few native girls as pupil teachers, and Dr. Dale, the Superintendent-General of Education at the time, willingly assisted with grants-in-aid. Mr. Longden commenced with ten girls,

who lodged with friends in the village. Upon Mr. Longden's departure in 1882, the Rev. E. Gedye took up the plans of his predecessor, and the following year he established what is now called 'The Ayliff Industrial Institution for Girls.' His chief aim was to impart a plain school education up to Standard V., and combine with it a thorough acquaintance with household work in order to lift them out of the mean surroundings of the Kafir hut, and fit them to manage cottage homes of their own. The pupil teachers' class was retained for girls who showed a special aptitude for teaching. They were prepared to attain the teachers' certificate, and were afterwards employed in the various native schools. The work of erecting a boarding-house and schoolroom, and providing the necessary equipment, taxed Mr. Gedye's energies to the utmost. He wrote, he pleaded, he begged; year after year in the Synod he urged the claims of his institution; no rebuff from unsympathetic critics quenched his enthusiasm, and at last, to his great delight, buildings were completed and furnished to accommodate thirty boarders and seventy day scholars, with their teachers.

In recent years the Ayliff Institution has suffered, as we have said, from the changed policy of Dr. Muir. He closed the pupil teachers' class, and compelled the girls to attend Healdtown, or some other large educational centre. The number of boarders decreased, and financial embarrassment ensued. The Rev. E. O. Barratt, M.A. wrote: 'The school is needed, and if it is possible to conduct it on different lines, it should more than regain its former prosperity. There is hardly a more valuable auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel than the application of Christian ideas to daily life, which residence in a missionary institution presents to the girls who come here for training.'

The Peddie circuit is divided into four sections: Durban, the native village named after Sir Benjamin D'Urban; Tuku, fifteen miles from Peddie, with the mouth of the river Keiskama in its limits; Newtondale, about the same distance to the south-west, along the Fish River to its outlet to the sea; and Horton, extending to the postcart road from Grahams-town to King William's Town. Each section is in charge of a native minister, and the whole is under the superintendence of the English minister residing at the Ayliff Institution. Within the area of the circuit are twenty three native day schools with thirty five teachers, and the English minister has to engage

the teachers, see that the school buildings are in good repair, keep financial accounts, and purchase and retail all the school requisites from a reader to a pencil. The twenty three sewing schools in connection with these day schools are conducted by the missionary's wife. In these four sections are eighteen churches and sixty other preaching places, and 2,000 natives are members of society. But there remain 12,000 red heathens; and when crops are good there is not a little Kafir beer made, and much drunkenness, so that there is extensive work yet to be done.

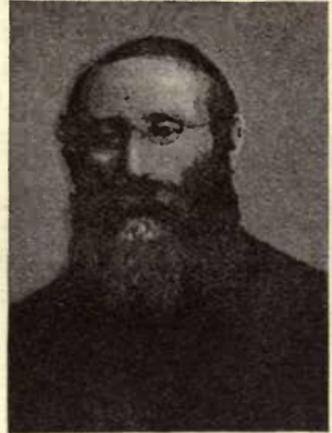
In 1893 it was resolved to replace the old native church at Durban by a larger one, to cost £700—a large sum for a poor community. The first donor was Joseph Mpahla, who came out of Hintza's country in 1834, and who had stood by the missionaries in their toils and privations for nearly sixty years. As an evangelist he never received more than £20 a year, and now in his old age was receiving a pension of £5 a year. Out of his poverty he gave cheerfully. 'The church looks well on paper,' he said, 'but I shall not be satisfied until I see it completed. I offer twenty sheep, and when all have done what they can, if more be wanted, by God's help, I will give more.' The other natives at the meeting contributed £300, the gifts of small agriculturists and farmers. The church, when completed, was called 'The Ayliff and Fingo Memorial Church,' in honour of the pastor who led them out of Gcaleka bondage.

In the English village of Peddie, a mile distant from Durban, are a few stores and shops, a post and telegraph office, and for the small population, as well as for the English farmers scattered throughout the neighbourhood, there is a neat little Wesleyan church and a resident English minister.

Butterworth.—Notwithstanding the humorous assurance of safety given by Sir George Grey, Butterworth narrowly escaped being burnt down a fourth time during the war of 1877 between the Gcalekas and the Fingos. The ostensible origin of the strife was a marriage beer orgy, held a few miles from Butterworth, but the real cause was the anger of the Ama-Xosa, suppressed for years, at seeing the Fingos in possession of the country which had formerly been their own. Their former slaves were richer than they. Mr. James Ayliff, chief magistrate of the Fingos, and Colonel Eustace, magistrate of the Gcalekas, had, by their firmness and tact, hitherto checked any open violence, but the Gcalekas now in their fury spurned

all control. They raided Fingo territory, burnt villages, drove off cattle, and slew those who resisted. Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, hastened to Butterworth, and sent a messenger to Krelu requesting an interview; but Krelu refused to attend. Sir Bartle Frere moved up the Colonial forces, and on September 28, 6,000 Gcalekas made a determined attack at Gwadana on a small detachment of police and 500 Fingos, who had to retreat with the loss of several men.

The fight at Gwadana was visible from Butterworth. The Rev. E. J. Warner, who was the resident minister, said: 'It was a very anxious time, for we knew that if our forces gave way the Gcaleka army would be down on us, and sweep through all Fingoland.' Mr. Warner proposed to send his wife and children into the colony for safety, but the Fingos objected. 'If you send Mrs. Warner and the children away, it will cause a panic on the station. There will be a stampede, and Fingoland will go.' The heroism of Mrs.



REV. E. J. WARNER.

Warner saved the situation. She remained, at what cost of nerve few can imagine, for each night the sky was red with the glare of burning huts. Mr. and Mrs. Warner came out of the peril, but with enfeebled health.

Two days after the fight at Gwadana the Gcaleka army, 7,000 strong, attacked the camp at Ibeka, where 200 mounted police, and 2,000 Fingos, led by Veldman, boldly resisted and drove them back. Veldman was a fine Christian Fingo chief, a class leader, and a local preacher. A few days later the Gcalekas were again defeated at the Springs, and their power was broken. Sandile was killed in the



REV. W. J. HACKER.

Pirie Bush by a stray shot, and Krelu fled to Bomoanaland; the war came to an end, and Butterworth was safe.

During the twelve years' pastorate of the Rev. W. J. Hacker,

which commenced in 1883, the Mission made remarkable progress. Parts of Gcalekaland had been denuded of those who had taken part in the recent war, and given out to Fingos, who were sandwiched in between the Gcalekas, who were allowed to remain. Mr. Hacker visited the new Fingo locations, held services, and established schools. Out of this section was formed the Fort Malan Circuit. At a later date the Gcaleka



TEACHING STAFF AND GIRLS OF LAMPLOUGH TRAINING INSTITUTION.

chiefs made a decided move towards Christianity, and the Idutywa Circuit was made.

Mr. Hacker, convinced that industrial training was essential to the development of native character, established a 'Boys' Industrial School.' He commenced in a humble way in a trader's store, near the mission house. The institution was popular, and boys came from Pondoland, and even Basutoland, to learn carpentry and building. The school directly affected the habits of the natives, who began to erect roomy and substantial cottages, partly for their own comfort, and partly

because the costlier dwelling gave the occupier a vote! There are now thirty apprentices in the school.

In the year 1890 Mr. Hacker made a further attempt to promote industrial education by establishing the 'Laplough Training Institution for Girls.' The education of one sex only would end in comparative failure. The girls are carefully trained in domestic work—cooking, baking, sewing, ironing, and tailoring—in addition to the usual school instruction. The aim is to prepare the girls to make good housewives and mothers, and to lift them and their families to a higher plane of living.

In 1884 a neat little church was erected at Butterworth for the European residents; and ten years later, in 1894, a large native church was built to the memory of the Rev. John Ayliff, and was called the 'Ayliff Memorial Church.' It seats 750 persons, and has been known on occasions to hold 1,000 persons. It cost £2,000, of which £1,050 were contributed at the opening ceremony in money, cattle, sheep, goats, and corn. The meeting was an extraordinary one, and lasted eight hours.

Since the Rev. T. R. Curnick was appointed to Butterworth in 1894, twenty churches have been built in Fingoland alone, and eleven in the Gcaleka mission. Most of these have been erected by the boys in the trade class at Butterworth.



REV. T. R. CURNICK.

The Gcalekas, dwelling between the Qora and Shixeni Rivers, in their haughty reserve, were averse to having evangelists among them, and when they were at last received it was on condition they did not teach the children. But before long both chiefs and people realized the value of education. Sigcau, the son of Kreli, who lived on the other side of the Bashee River, sent word that they were to form schools and obtain teachers, and fourteen schools were established amongst them, the cost of each of which was paid at the opening.

The Gcalekas, broken and impoverished remnants of a once royal tribe, awoke at last to the value of the Christian religion, and in 1904 they sent a pathetic request to the Wesleyan Conference for the settlement of a minister amongst them, who

could be their 'father.' The request was acceded to, and the minister took up his residence in the picturesque village of Willowvale, where a church and schoolroom were soon erected. The Gcalekas, who for seventy years have stubbornly resisted the Gospel, are bowing to its influence, and 250 of them are now members of our church.

The area, which in Mr. Longden's pastorate constituted Butterworth, is now five circuits, and contains 62 Wesleyan churches, 3 European and 3 native ministers, 16 evangelists, 233 local preachers, 90 day school teachers, and more than 8,000 natives meeting in various classes. Notwithstanding this expansion, it is computed that 70 per cent. of the population is still heathen. The superstitions and practices of ages are no teasily uprooted; and if a native seems to be serious about spiritual things, he or she is often hurried off to the witch doctor as if mysteriously bewitched, or enticed to a beer feast, that convictions may be dissipated. But the Gospel is in the ascendant, and every year it is more widely accepted and obeyed

Clarkebury.—The Gcaleka war spirit of 1877 extended to the Tembus, some of whom took up arms. Through the influence of the Rev. P. Hargreaves, Ngangelizwe, the paramount chief, remained quiet; but Daliseli, a sub-chief, joined in the fray, and sent word that he was coming to Clarkebury to burn it down lest it should be used as a military centre by the English troops. Again he sent a message that all the white persons who had taken refuge at the mission station were to be driven away. Mr. Hargreaves calmly refused to comply, and kept the refugees until they could be safely sent into the colony. A few days later several thousand Tembus entered Butterworth, intending to plunder the trading store of Mr. Hedding, and the houses on the station. Mr. Hargreaves met them, and boldly appealed to them not to disgrace themselves by plundering and robbery. His exhortations were not without effect, and by-and-by they left, and property valued at £10,000 was saved.

As early as 1875 Mr. Hargreaves made Clarkebury an important educational centre. Believing that Christian instruction and manual training were alike necessary to the permanent uplifting of the native races, he commenced an 'Industrial School for Boys,' in which native boys should be taught various handicrafts, as shoemaking, masonry, agriculture.

The Tembus themselves, convinced of the value of such a training, gave £1,000 towards the cost of the buildings, and Mr. G. Baker, of Healdtown, was placed in charge of the educational work.

When Mr. Hargreaves left, in 1881, for a well-earned holiday in England, he was succeeded by the Rev. T. Chubb, B.A., with the Rev. H. W. Davis, B.A., as headmaster, and the institution expanded in a remarkable manner. A carpenter's shop was added. Then a dining-hall, capable of seating 300



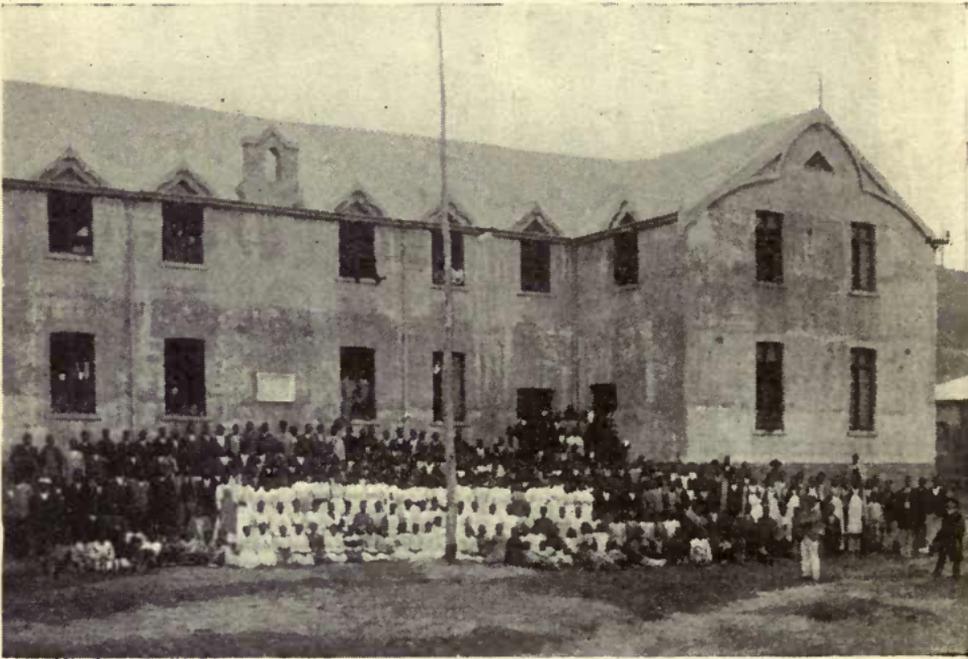
CLARKEBURY INSTITUTE, SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

boys. In 1897 an extensive block of school buildings, with a frontage of 122 feet, and of two stories, was commenced, but when the foundations were laid the sudden death of the Rev. T. A. Chalker checked the progress of the work. Three years later they were completed, amid general rejoicing. There are now about 200 boarders and nearly as many day scholars.

The Rev. A. J. Lennard, the present governor, is planning for larger buildings, a lavatory, additional teachers' residences, and dormitories. The deficiency of water has been remedied

by bore-holes, from which an excellent supply is obtained ; and as occasionally there has been an outbreak of scurvy, Mr. Lennard is sanguine enough to anticipate the time when a herd of thirty or forty cows will be a necessary adjunct to the institution.

In January, 1904, the foundation stone of a large native church was laid by Mr. Hargreaves, who alluded to his twenty four years' pastorate at Clarkebury. 'When I came here,' he said, 'on Easter Monday, 1858, all the country from here to King William's Town, and Old Buntingville, and up to Shaw-



CLARKEBURY INSTITUTE, SCHOOL BUILDING.

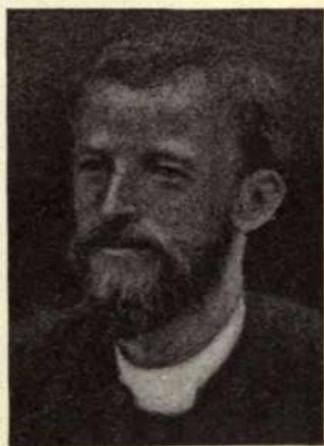
bury, was empty ; and now look at the tens of thousands of people, and churches, and schools everywhere ! I never saw a white face. There was no post-office, and we had to send two men every month to King to fetch our letters ; and when they came we read and re-read them, and put them under our pillows at night, just as young girls do with their love-letters.'

With this increase of population Clarkebury has become the mother of churches. From her have sprung the English circuits of Clarkebury, and Umtata, and Engcobo ; and the native circuits of Emqekweni, Cwecweni, Engcobo, Ncambele,

and Wesleyville. Thousands of Tembus are members of the Wesleyan church, and besides supporting their own ministers, churches, and schools, they contributed last year nearly £300 towards sending the Gospel to their heathen brethren. 'The little one' of the time of Vossani, the 'wolf's cloak,' and Mr. Haddy 'has become a thousand.'

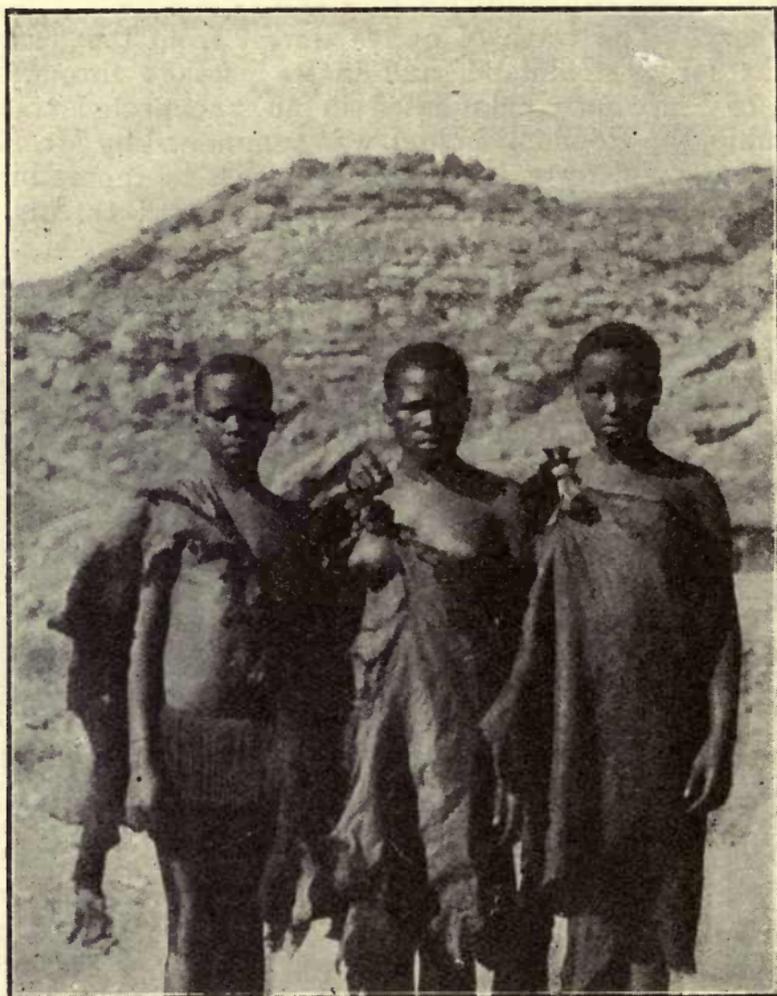
Shawbury.—The wave of native unrest from the Transkei swept as far as Zululand, and in its passage through the district of Shawbury culminated in an unexpected tragedy. Umhlonhlo, the Pondomisi chief, was summoned by Mr. Hope, the resident magistrate at Qumbu, to assist in repressing the Basuto rebellion. Mr. Hope imprudently used threats, and the Pondomisi, already discontented, only needed this provocation to openly defy the Government. The warriors of the clan assembled, ostensibly to march on Basutoland, but really to slay the Government officials, and to regain their independence.

The chief and his clansmen met Mr. Hope and his assistants, Mr. Davis, a son of the Rev. W. J. Davis, Mr. Human, and Mr. Warren at the place appointed; but the magistrate observed that the impi surrounded them in an ominous manner. Knowing that coolness of demeanour was essential, he sat down on a rock, and, lighting his pipe, said to his companions: 'If we are all to be murdered, we may as well smoke.' In the meantime, the warriors formed a circle round them, and commenced dancing a war-dance, and singing a war-song. The circle gradually contracted. Umhlonhlo approached Davis, saying: 'Sunduna, I wish to speak to you privately.' Mr. Davis was interpreter to the court, and conversations between him and Umhlonhlo were not infrequent. The chief took Davis outside the ring, and told him: 'You are the son and brother of missionaries I have known and respected, and I have stipulated that whatever happens to-day nobody is to touch you.' Before Davis could realize the situation the fierce yells of the Pondomisi caused him to look round, when he saw the bodies of his late companions being rolled along the ground with the points



REV. A. J. LENNARD.

of the assagais of their murderers. He immediately seized his revolver case, and was extracting the weapon, when the chief exclaimed: 'What are you going to do?' Davis replied: 'To shoot.' Umhlonhlo quickly pinioned him by the elbows, and cried out: 'Hand that revolver to me, or you are a dead man!'



RAW MATERIAL.

Being thus disarmed, Davis could do nothing but await the issue. The tribal executioner, who had held the office for years, and gloried in the shedding of blood, came with his assagai, intending to murder Davis also; but Umhlonhlo snatched a rifle from a bystander, and threatened to shoot

him if he did not desist. The chief prevailed, took charge of Davis, sending him, with all the other European residents, into Shawbury, to the care of his brother, the Rev. W. S. Davis.

This tragic event, followed by the flight of Umhlonhlo into



CIVILIZATION.

Basutoland, seriously injured mission work in Shawbury. The Rev. W. S. Davis had recently founded a 'Training Institution for Girls,' and had been assisted by the Ladies' Auxiliary in England. But the Pondomisi, in their rage with the Government, stood aloof from Christianity, and the institution suffered.

Parents refused to send their daughters to be trained. The Revs. J. R. Cameron and C. S. Lucas successively tried to sustain the work, but there were times when the institution had to be closed, once for nine months. With the appointment of the Rev. S. Clark, in 1893, the tide seemed to turn; native prejudices had weakened, and in October of that year the institution was reopened. One difficulty after another was overcome, and at last success was won. There are now 135 girls boarding in the institution, and there are 130 day scholars, and of the boarders 40 are pupil teachers. Sewing, tailoring, knitting, quilt-making, cooking, and housework are taught; and the cry of the present governor, the Rev. H. W. Davis, B.A., is for more room, more dormitories, more classrooms, and a dining-hall.

Shawbury Circuit extends over the whole of the Qumbu, and half of the Tsolo districts, an area of probably 3,000 square miles. Close to the mission station is the famous Tsitsa Waterfall, the highest in Cape Colony, where the river falls over an almost vertical precipice of 375 feet. The upper portion of the circuit is mountainous and picturesque, and here are the two sections, Culunca and Enyanisweni. The lower portion of the circuit is divided into four sections—Kwa Valelo, Lotana, Qumbu, and Cingco. There are sixty four places where services are held, and around these evangelistic work is actively carried on by 130 native local preachers. Kraals are visited, prayer meetings are held, and so the Gospel is carried to a large number who never come to the regular services.

Osborn.—After the death of Ncapai, the Baca chief, in a fight with the Pondos, Makaula, one of his sons, and part of the tribe, left the neighbourhood of Shawbury and settled at Tshungwane, about thirty miles farther north. Mr. Hulley, the lay evangelist at Shawbury, followed with a number of Christian natives from Clarkebury, and commenced a Wesleyan mission among the emigrants.

Tshungwane, now better known as Osborn, is indissolubly associated with the name of the Rev. C. White, who gave to the Bacas seventeen of the ripest years of his life (1864-1881). He was a minister of rare simplicity and purity of character. He completed the first brick church at Osborn, and did all the carpenter's work himself. The opening of the church was followed by a remarkable revival, in which a number of Baca

young men were converted, who afterwards largely assisted Mr. White in preaching the Gospel to their own people.

In those days raids and counter raids were frequent, and the Bacas and Pondos made reprisals on each other. At one time a Pondo army swept over the district without any previous warning, and in the gray dawn of morning attacked Osborn. The Bacas on the station offered a stout defence, and drove the assailants off with the loss of ten men. The Pondos advanced on Makaula's great kraal or village, when suddenly a white calf ran across the front of the marching warriors. The Pondo witch doctor cried out: 'It is the ghost of Ncapai, whom we slew in battle.' Immediately a panic set in, and the Pondos took to flight, pursued by the Bacas. The line of retreat was through Osborn, and the people, incensed by the morning attack, cut the fugitives down by hundreds. A small party of Bacas ran ahead, and held the fords across the Kenegha and Umzimvubu Rivers, forcing the Pondos to cross in deep water, and many were drowned. At sunset the pursuit ceased. Thirty prisoners, most of them wounded, were brought to the mission house, and Mr. White dressed their wounds, gave them food, and sent them home next day under an escort of three men. But for his presence they would probably have been all killed. The effect of this war upon the work of the church was disastrous, and two years passed before it regained its former vigour.

In 1883 Mr. White removed to Tsomo, and afterwards to Butterworth; but upon his retirement from the active work of the ministry, he settled at Mount Frere, close to Osborn, that he might be near the people he loved. During a visit to Umtata he was suddenly seized with illness, and, saying to his wife, 'Let me go—good-bye—Jesus is coming,' his spirit winged its flight to God.

The Revs. T. W. Pocock (1882-1890), R. Matterson (1890-1894), R. P. Underwood (1895-1900), and William Mears had successively the charge of Osborn. During Mr. Pocock's pastorate the present spacious church, seating 600 persons,



REV. C. WHITE.

was erected. Three circuits have been formed from Osborn—Rode, Mount White (really in a valley), and Dumsi. Every year sees conversions from heathenism, and though other churches have entered the field, Methodism is the choice of the great majority of the Bacas. The names of Wesleyan missionaries are 'household words,' even with heathen natives. The Bacas regard abstinence from jiki, or kafir beer, as one of the signs of Christian character, and look down with an incredulous stare upon any church which permits its use. With a fine contempt they say: 'What is the difference between them and the heathen? They drink kafir beer like the rest.' In the Osborn and Dumsi circuits more than 2,400 natives are members of our church.

The Rev. R. P. Underwood, during his residence at Osborn, established a trade school, and the apprentices travel as far as Emfundisweni, putting up buildings and repairing furniture. Though this is the type of training most deserving of help, Government refuses to make any grant-in-aid, and the development of the school is arrested.

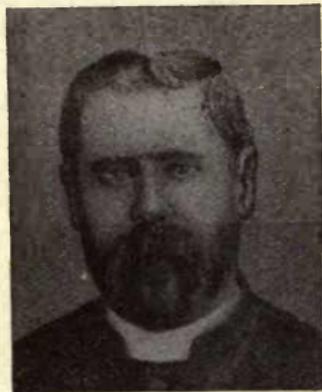
Buntingville, in West Pondoland. Though the Pondos were the most degraded race on the coast, they could not remain untouched by the prevailing desire for education. Damas was dead, and Nquiliso was now chief, and when the Rev. J. S. Morris was appointed to Buntingville in 1875, the result of many conversations between him and the chief was a resolve that a training school should be established. Nquiliso sent orders throughout the tribe that cattle should be given to pay for the buildings, and so large was the number sent that their sale realized £3,500. Soon there arose at Buntingville a massive stone structure, containing school hall, class rooms, dormitories for eighty boys, governor's residence, and workshops. The total cost was £6,000. This expenditure would not have been incurred, but the Colonial Government promised that when the buildings were completed the institution would be placed on the same basis as similar institutions in the colony, and Dr. Langham Dale stated that the annual grant would be £890. The training school was opened, a teacher of carpentry was engaged, several native youths were received as apprentices, when an unexpected reverse ruined the whole scheme. The Dutch were in the ascendant in the Cape Parliament, and they were opposed to the education of the natives. Serfdom was their appointed lot. They opposed the action of the

Ministry and cut down the annual grant to £90. Mr. Morris was placed in a painful position. He was pledged to the tribe to do what, for want of funds, it was impossible to do. He made desperate attempts to carry on the institution without Government aid, but finally had to close it. The massive buildings stood for years empty and useless. Mr. Morris' health completely broke down, and he left Buntingville in 1887, after twelve years' labour, very much like a dying man. His life was, however, spared, and after a year's rest he rendered valuable service in the native compounds at Kimberley.

The closing of the Buntingville Institution was to Nquliso a bitter disappointment. The sight of the silent, deserted buildings, whilst hundreds of native youths were eager for instruction, weighed upon his mind. During his last illness he often referred to the failure, and with almost his last breath he urged that the institution should be reopened as soon as possible, and so spread among the Pondos the advantages of industrial training.

The cloud had its silver lining. Unencumbered with the cares of a large institution, the minister in charge was able to devote uninterrupted attention to the spiritual side of the mission. Native evangelists were employed visiting kraals, holding services, and during the pastorate of the Rev. J. W. Househam a revival of religion occurred in Western Pondoland, in which hundreds of Pondos were drawn to Christ, and the membership of the society at Buntingville rose from 46 to nearly 300

It must not be supposed that more than the fringe of Pondoland was touched. Five evangelists could not make much impression on 50,000 Pondos, who practised witchcraft in its vilest forms. Many chiefs and their followers resented the settlement of evangelists amongst them. 'They were quite willing,' they said, 'that the missionary should come whenever he pleased, but they would not have the evangelist living amongst them. They drank beer, and were accustomed to fight; the evangelist drank coffee, and they would probably fight *him*. Why could he not come occasionally? It was the



REV. J. W. HOUSEHAM.

old cry of Satan's victims: "Let us alone; art thou come to destroy us?"' The evangelist went, and his life was threatened. The native woman at whose hut he dwelt was warned she would be 'smelt out.' But the chief's own mother came to the rescue, and through her influence the chief built for the evangelist a house, and gave him a garden, and asked him to preach at his place every Sunday. And there every Sabbath a large congregation assembled to listen to the Gospel.

The chiefs of both Western and Eastern Pondoland were either powerless or unwilling to check the barbarities of heathenism, and they kept the border in constant disorder with their frequent petty wars. At length the Cape Government sent in the Cape police; Mr. C. Rhodes visited the chiefs, Sigcau and Nquiliso, and informed them their authority was to be subject to the rule of British magistrates, and the country was annexed to the colony without a shot being fired. British law and order and British respect for life became supreme.

When the Rev. E. J. Barrett was appointed to Buntingville in 1897 he was strongly urged by Bokleni, the son of Nquiliso, and his people, to recommence the work of the institution. Deputations attended the annual Synod, and earnestly requested that the deserted buildings should be used for their original purpose. As they had borne the cost of the buildings the Pondos said the working expenses ought to be found either by the Government or the Missionary Society. Neither source of help was available. However, Mr. Barrett, in 1901, re-opened the school with forty scholars, that have increased to seventy, of whom thirty-nine are boarders. It was found impracticable to resume the industrial department, which is a distinct loss and a disappointment to the Pondos. Dr. Muir seems to centre his attention on the training of natives as teachers, whereas God has not fitted every boy and girl for that particular calling. Besides, it is an open question whether the making of a door or a window has not a higher educational value to natives, at their present stage of development, than learning the date of the Norman Conquest, or working a sum in compound proportion. 'If,' as Herbert Spencer says, 'the function of education is to prepare for complete living,' there cannot be any doubt as to the answer.

AN ERA OF EDUCATION (*continued*).

PALMERTON.—A visitor to Palmerton in East Pondo-land, may see at a certain spot long lines of brick foundations slightly protruding above the surface of the ground. They are all that remain of the two streets of cottages erected by Mr. Jenkins. The early promise of the mission has not been fulfilled, and the vanished dwellings are symbolical of a vanished spiritual success. When Mr. Jenkins left for Emfundisweni many of the Christian Pondos accompanied him, and Palmerton was weakened and diminished in importance. Within a few years the European minister was withdrawn and native ministers were sent. In 1875 the Rev. Clement Johns, the first ordained native minister in Natal, was appointed to Palmerton, where he had previously been assistant to the Rev. J. Allsopp. He left Emfundisweni on horseback, accompanied by Josiah, a young chief, to proceed to his new appointment. When within a few miles of Palmerton, and whilst descending the Nkongolo hill, a heavy thunderstorm burst over them. A flash of lightning struck both riders. Josiah was stunned, and fell to the ground. Clement Johns and his horse were killed. Clement was fearfully burnt; his clothes were scorched, his leggings were torn to strips, and his boots forced off his feet. When Josiah recovered consciousness and found his companion dead, he rode on to Mr. White, a trader, who sent a waggon, and the body was conveyed to Palmerton, and buried in the little cemetery there. No one could be sent to fill the vacancy, and Palmerton fell into decay.

A return to European supervision was attempted in 1879, when the Rev. W. M. Douglas was appointed to Palmerton. Umqikela, the Pondo chief, formed a strong attachment to Mr. Douglas, and, like Damas and his father Faku, he was opposed to the frequent change of ministers. When Mr. Douglas left, in 1881, for a year's furlough in England, Umqi-

kela understood that on his return he would come back to Palmerton with his bride. He was, however, required for Clarkebury. Umqikela was a savage, accustomed to having his slightest wish obeyed, and in his wrath he vowed that he would never allow another European minister to be stationed at Palmerton. No one was appointed. The church buildings were neglected, and the schoolroom was turned into a waggon-maker's shop. When Mr. Hargreaves visited the station in 1882 he almost wept at its condition. 'The sight of the place distressed me much. I got no sleep all Thursday night.' In 1883 the Rev. Charles Lwana was sent, and unexpectedly Umqikela became attached to him. With the best intention, but somewhat thoughtlessly, Lwana was removed the following



REV. C. JOHNS.

year, and the Rev. R. W. Lewis was appointed. Umqikela refused to allow Lwana to leave, and Mr. Chubb and Mr. Hargreaves were deputed to formally visit the chief, and explain the position. Umqikela so far yielded as to say: 'I shall not stop Lwana from leaving my country.' But he positively refused to receive Mr. Lewis. There was another interregnum, and the condition of the station became worse.

In 1885 a native minister, John Nomvete, was sent to Palmerton, and remained eleven years. He was diligent, but could accomplish little. Discipline was almost impossible.

Many of the residents on the station had relapsed into immorality and drinking. Outside the station was the Pondo 'reign of terror,' with its iron yoke of witchcraft and murder. Umqikela fell a victim to Cape brandy, and had wild fits of drunkenness. Then came the annexation of Pondoland to Cape Colony in 1894, and with the entrance of English magistrates and English law a new era was opened up to the Pondos.

An attempt was made in 1896 to reintroduce a European ministry into Palmerton in the person of the Rev. W. S. Davis, but the work had to be commenced afresh. The condition of the people was such that it almost daunted the faith and energy of the worker. No one seemed willing to stay long. Mr. Davis remained two years, the Rev. B. Taylor one year, the

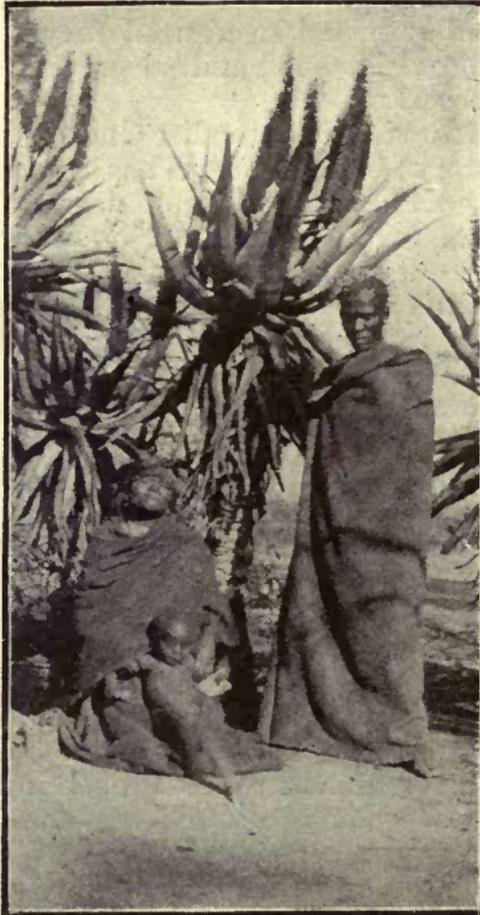
Rev. G. H. P. Jacques two years, the Rev. W. Hindes three years. In 1905 the Rev. J. S. Morris was sent at his own request, and, as he is well known to the Pondos from his work at Buntingville, he may be able to win their attention, and retrieve the losses of the past. One of his first duties was to bury Sigcau, the chief who died comparatively young, and who was buried in the gateway of his kraal in his clothes, with his saddle and bridle and bedding, and then the grave was filled in and the cattle driven over and over until they trampled out all recognition of the exact spot, and so prevented it being used for magical purposes.

No other station of the Methodist Church has had a more discouraging history; but the Gospel has not lost its converting power, and in the Palmerton Circuit nearly 400 Pondos are either members of our church or are on trial. Palmerton is situated amid beautiful scenery, and is idyllic in its quiet loveliness. 'Only man is vile.' But that vileness can be changed into moral beauty by the Holy Spirit, and there may yet arise a new Palmerton which shall inspire the workers and richly bless Western Pondoland.

Emfundisweni, East Pondoland.—After the deaths of Mr. Jenkins and Faku, the Pondos were less disposed to listen to the Gospel. The personal links were broken, and no missionary remained a sufficient time at Emfundisweni to secure the attachment of the chiefs. The Pondos were brutal, sensual, and cunning; and were continually engaged in petty wars with their neighbours, the Bacas and the Xesibes, two small fierce tribes living higher up on the slopes of the Drakensberg range. For several years the Rev. J. R. Cameron toiled against increasing opposition. Kraals were broken up; people were scattered; and new conversions did not compensate for the migration of members elsewhere. The few native local preachers lost hope; two or three of them would go out together on the Sabbath, 'a man and his calves,' as the Pondos contemptuously called them, and visit the nearest kraals. Probably they found the people occupied in beer-drinking and beef-eating; there was no disposition to hear their message; and in the evening the preachers returned, having made little impression on the sensual minds of the heathen. When Mr. Cameron left in 1881 no European minister was sent for a year.

The Rev. P. Hargreaves was appointed to Emfundisweni in 1882 upon his return from England. His success at Clarkebury

encouraged the hope that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Pondoland might yet be won to Christ. The station, on his arrival, presented a forlorn appearance. The house was in a filthy condition, and the thatched roof was full of holes. The verandah floors had been grubbed up by pigs, the fences were broken down, and the whole scene was one of neglect



PONDOS, NEAR ENFUNDISWENI.

and ruin. But the spiritual outlook was equally saddening. The services on the Sabbath were thinly attended; in dress and morals the people on the station had retrograded, and Mr. Hargreaves exclaimed: 'Such a state of things is more than flesh and blood can bear.'

In a few weeks the mission house put on a new appearance.

Then, visiting from hut to hut, Mr. Hargreaves fanned the smouldering embers of spiritual life into a flame, until the church was too small for those who came to hear. His quiet, unobtrusive manner won the confidence of the Pondos, whilst his medical skill extended his influence to the remotest corner of the country.

Tribal wars still seriously interfered with mission work. One Sunday morning in March, 1886, as the congregation was worshipping in the church, and Mr. Hargreaves was preaching, a native woman stood on the hill overlooking the station, and raised the war cry. The sound came through the open windows of the church, and in a moment the men rushed out for their weapons. The Xesibes were invading Pondoland, burning kraals, and firing on the Pondos. Next morning 8,000 Pondos, under Umhlangaso, streamed up to the border, and prepared to cross it, to attack the Xesibes, which meant war with the colony, for they were under the protection of the Government. Mr. Hargreaves went to the Pondo camp, and urged Umhlangaso to inquire first of the magistrate at Mount Ayliff, sixteen miles distant, if he could tell them why the Xesibes had raided Pondoland. To this he consented, and a messenger was sent, who returned with a letter from the magistrate, stating that the Xesibes had attacked the Pondos because they had stolen some of their horses. Mr. Hargreaves read the letter to Umhlangaso, and repeatedly urged him to disperse his men. Umhlangaso refused, and ordered up more men, preparatory to crossing the border. Three days later Mr. Hargreaves sent a strong remonstrance against the invasion of the Xesibe country, and this had the desired effect. Umhlangaso ordered his warriors to disperse, and came down to the mission house to tell the missionary what he had done. 'That night,' said Mr. Hargreaves, 'I had a little sleep; but for four nights I had not slept an hour. It is difficult to give an idea of our anxiety. We saw no means of getting out of the country. My heart ached when I thought of our little ones.' The Government formally thanked Mr. Hargreaves for his efforts to prevent war.

Six months later the Xesibes again invaded Pondoland, to avenge thefts of cattle. The Pondos fought, but were defeated and fled. Emfundisweni was completely deserted. A messenger came to Mr. Hargreaves, telling him to leave immediately. 'You are sure to be killed; go at once.' The traders on the station left, urging him to follow them. 'No,' he said,

'I cannot go, I am a missionary.' He got a letter through to Mr. Stanford, the chief magistrate, who met Mr. Hargreaves at Fort Donald on the road to Kokstad, and commissioned him to use all his influence with the Pondos to secure peace. The Cape Mounted Rifles were massed at Fort Donald, ready to enter Pondoland and attack the Pondos if they renewed the fight. The Pondos assembled in great force a few miles distant, and the Government sent them an ultimatum, giving them fifteen days in which to meet representatives and discuss the terms of peace. The fifteen days expired on November 29, but at Umqikela's request the time was extended to December 2. Umqikela delayed, and in the middle of the night Mr. Hargreaves sent a messenger to him, saying: 'You must come at once, or there will be war.' Still Umqikela did not come. Mr. Hargreaves sent for Umhlangaso, the chief's cousin and general. 'You must go with me, or I shall not remain in the country.' They set off in a pouring rain, and met the Cape Mounted Rifles just as they were about to move on the Pondos. Four days more grace were secured, and it was arranged they were then to meet within Pondo territory at Ntola's kraal. On the day appointed the Government forces took up their position. The Pondos, in large numbers, assembled at some distance in a huge circle, but they would not approach. Umqikela retired to a neighbouring kraal, saying he was ill. The English commander was unwilling to fire, and at Mr. Hargreaves' entreaty granted twenty four hours further delay. The next day came, and thousands of armed Pondos assembled with Umqikela in their midst; but to all Mr. Hargreaves' messages that they should lay down their arms and salute the English they returned no reply. They were, in fact, planning how to attack the English forces should they fire first. It was now noon, and Mr. Hargreaves sent word to the Pondos: 'If you do not come to meet the English I shall go home, and you must take the consequences.' Then they yielded, and began to draw near. The conference commenced at half-past five o'clock, and lasted until half-past ten at night. The terms of peace were agreed upon, and next day they were signed. Mr. Hargreaves was again thanked by the Government for his unselfish labours.

Mr. Hargreaves employed the interval of quiet which followed the settlement of 1886 in stationing, in various parts of Pondoland amongst the heathen, several native Christian men, full of zeal and devotion, to preach to them the unsearchable

riches of Christ. It was a wise step, and woke in many of the Pondos a consciousness of their spiritual destitution.

In 1888 a son of Umhlangaso was sent to Germany to be educated as a doctor, but the climate not suiting his constitution he was suddenly ordered back, and, landing at Durban, died on the road from Natal. A letter was forwarded to the parents, informing them of his illness, but it was not delivered until after his body had been brought to Emfundisweni. For this delay, and even for the youth's death, the local trader, being postmaster, was held responsible. The day after the funeral a number of Pondos looted the trader's shop, which was about five hundred yards from the mission house. When Mr. Hargreaves got there he found the shop surrounded by Pondos, almost mad with drink. He spoke to the chiefs, saying: 'This is a dreadful thing you are doing to a white man. Let all this cease, and let the man be called to the Great Place, so that the matter may be talked over. Their passions were excited, and they refused to listen, so Mr. Hargreaves went and sat down by the trader. A big Pondo came up with an assagai, and, waving it about, said: 'Why are you sitting with that white trader? Why are you sitting with the man who has killed a child of our chief? He ought to be killed and cut up.' Mr. Hargreaves had a stick in his hand, and, lifting it up, he brought it down with considerable force on the man's back, saying: 'Why do you talk these things in the name of Umqikela?' Again and again the stick descended on the man's back, until he fled as hard as his legs could carry him. The end of the affair was that the trader was fined eighty blankets and thirty head of cattle, besides losing the goods taken out of his store.

The same year a sickness broke out among the people which baffled all their doctors, and they came up in hundreds to Emfundisweni for medicine. In the course of a week Mr. Hargreaves administered about four thousand doses. Early in the morning they besieged the parsonage for treatment. He gave them medicine, but added: 'You must go and bathe every morning; you must have your houses smeared according to your custom every day; you must put your calves and goats outside, and keep your dwellings clean.' The people came from all parts, and Mr. Hargreaves got them into the church, and preached to them on the pity of the Saviour for sinners. Many of them had never seen a brick building or a missionary. 'Some may say,' observed Mr. Hargreaves, 'that this sickness

was chance, but I believe it was of God. A few months before they were for driving the missionary away, and now God brought them to the missionary.'

Mr. Hargreaves had to endure the contumely and slander which are sometimes cast on the missionary by dishonest and unscrupulous men. Pondoland was suddenly credited with untold wealth. Diamonds, gold, copper, and coal were alleged to exist under the soil in fabulous quantities. What Mr. Hargreaves had to do with the alleged discoveries it is difficult to understand, unless the speculators believed that he would use his influence with the chief to dissuade him from granting them the much-coveted concessions. But for months Mr. Hargreaves was ferociously reviled in the local press. Subsequently, at a missionary meeting held at Umtata, he alluded to these attacks. 'It is said that I am using my position for acquiring ground to enrich myself; well, it is true, I have acquired a little ground, but the only plot I possess is that wherein lie the bodies of my two little children waiting the resurrection morn, and I scarcely think that even my traducers will rob me of that.' The effect was electrical, and there were few present who were not deeply touched by so pathetic an appeal.

In 1891 Mr. Hargreaves was President of the Conference, which met in Maritzburg, and he discharged the duties of the office in a manner which won for him the increasing esteem of his brethren.

Two events have had a favourable influence on the recent history of the Pondos. One was the death of Umqikela. After he became a victim of drink, he was the tool of unscrupulous adventurers, whose greed threatened to imperil the country. When he died, Sigcau succeeded to the chieftaincy; he was cruel and sensual, but not easily imposed upon, and land-grabbers were checked in their nefarious schemes. The other event was the annexation of Pondoland to Cape Colony in 1894, which was arranged in the mission house at Emfundisweni, where Major Elliott met Sigcau, and, assisted by Mr. Hargreaves, they arranged the terms of union. The missionary's influence and advice, as much as Major Elliott's firmness and conciliatory conduct, secured a pacific settlement of a very thorny problem. With the entrance of English magistrates, many of the evils afflicting Pondoland were swept away, and greater facilities were afforded for the spread of the Gospel. Sigcau chafed occasionally against English rule, and

once refused to pay the hut tax imposed by the Government. When a small colonial force entered Pondoland to enforce payment, he fled to his mother's kraal, and was there arrested.

In the face of formidable difficulties, 1,600 Pondos have been won from heathenism, and are at present members of the Methodist church at Emfundisweni, and at Emnceba, twenty-five miles to the west. No one but the Great Master knows what unwearying faith and labour have been put forth to wrest even that number from the grip of barbarism. A witch doctress found Christ in revival services at Emfundisweni, and went home, told her husband and neighbours what wonderful things the Lord had done for her, destroyed her medicines and charms, and showed by her daily conduct that she had commenced a better life. Even the people that cling to their old institutions and customs have largely lost faith in them, and are feeling their way to the light of the Gospel.

This account would be incomplete without some allusion to the long and valuable services of Mr. Coster, an old Westminster student, who, as an itinerant evangelist, has bravely worked for many years in the north-eastern portion of Pondoland. He lives close to the Umtamvuna River mouth, quite alone, and for cheerfulness and devotion to his work it would be hard to find his equal.

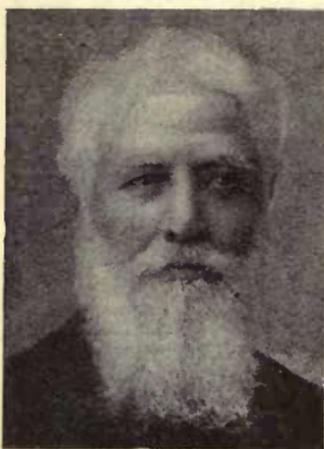
Emfundisweni is now a fine old place. The mission house is a wild rambling dwelling, with a romantic garden containing some marvellous fruit trees, and round about are gigantic oaks and well grown chestnut trees. The Rev. S. Clark now inhabits it, and is no unworthy successor of Mr. Hargreaves, or even of the founder, Mr. Jenkins, who, if the sainted dead are permitted to revisit the scenes of their earthly labours, will oft rejoice in the coming of the Kingdom of Christ with power to the Pondo nation which he so deeply loved.

Bensonvale.—When the Rev. J. Start was appointed to Bensonvale, in the Herschel Reserve in 1876, the sight of thousands of heathen natives raised in his mind the question, How are these to be won to Christ? His answer was 'Chiefly through native agency. Youths must be truly converted, then carefully trained, and sent forth to carry the Gospel to their degraded countrymen.' He attempted to embody his convictions in a training institution. In buildings already existing he commenced with sixteen boys. When the Government Inspector pronounced the buildings unfit, he appealed to the

Missionary Committee, who gave £500, and with this sum and the assistance of the natives of Bensonvale, suitable buildings were erected. Mr. G. Baker came from Clarkebury to take charge of the educational work, but unexpected difficulties hindered its expansion.

First, there was Moirosi's rebellion, which created great unrest among the people. For nine months the old chief held his mountain fortress against the colonial forces, until one morning it was stormed and taken.

Then an unsympathetic Government refused to give capita- tion grants for more than twelve boys, though twenty-seven were in residence. The Dutch were supreme in Parliament, and the education of the natives was discouraged. To avoid debt, the number of students was re- duced to twenty.



REV. J. START.

When Mr. Start left in 1885, the Institution was carried on in succes- sion by the Revs. G. Waterhouse, and W. Baker, both of whom placed it on a broader foundation, and estab- lished an order and discipline that left little to be desired. Mr. G. Baker, the able headmaster, saw the number of scholars increase until three European teachers were required. There were only two class-rooms, and one class had therefore to be taught in a dormitory among the bedding. Money or no money, more accommodation had to be provided. The natives

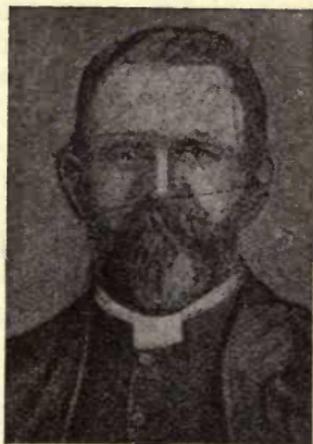
realized the value of the Institution, and gave their services to secure the enlargement of the premises. They quarried stone from the hillside; native masons put up the walls; a Euro- pean carpenter did the more difficult work; the Rev. W. Baker, was his own glazier and painter, and by September, 1898, Bensonvale Institution entered into new dormitories and additional class-rooms.

So popular became the Institution, and so large was the number of youths who applied for admission, that when in 1900 the Rev. G. Weaver was appointed governor, he had to consider the necessity for providing more dormitories, more class-rooms, new furniture, and a larger carpenter's shop. The greater portion of the cost of these additions will be given by

the natives themselves, who have learned to make sacrifices for the education of their children. There are now 142 boarders and 280 day scholars.

The one difficulty which is felt in all native schools is that the Education Department requires the syllabus of instruction for the natives to be modelled on that drawn up for the education of Europeans. What may admirably suit the one race may be unfitted for natives just emerging from barbarism. More elasticity in educational methods is much to be desired.

Idleness is not allowed at Bensonvale. The boys rise at six o'clock. Private study occupies them for an hour, and scholastic instruction is given from nine until half-past one o'clock. From three to five o'clock is the time for manual labour, in which all the boys engage. They chop wood, prepare mealies for their food, knead their own bread, and till the land. The excellent crops reaped in harvest time are the admiration of all the neighbours. A contingent receives instruction every afternoon in wood-work, while others repair roads, fix wire fences, transplant trees, and engage in a variety of industries. Two hours in the evening devoted to study complete the day, and the boys retire at nine. When a scholar proves to be a confirmed dunce, he is allowed to go home to see his parents and stay there. All this presents a remarkable contrast to the indolence of their ancestors for ages.



REV. G. WEAVER.

The spiritual tone of the school is good. On Sabbath mornings about thirty youths go forth in companies to the neighbouring kraals and hold services in which many of the heathen have been led to Christ. As Mr. Weaver pithily says: 'The fact that 150 young men are living daily for years amid the educational, industrial, and spiritual influences of the Institution, means a great deal, not only for the youths themselves, but for the native people in various parts of the land with whom they come in contact in the years to come.'

A few words must be said about the Bensonvale native circuit, including Blikana and N dofela. In this area are

2 native ministers, 4 evangelists, 108 local preachers, and 2,300 natives meeting in class. Most of the old fragile churches have been replaced by good stone buildings, and at Bensonvale the church has been enlarged to seat 1,000 persons. On sacramental Sabbaths, this large church is filled with *communicants alone*, and numbers have to stand outside for want of room. The early toilers have passed to their reward, but on the foundation they laid good substantial work is being done by their successors.

Wittebergen.—To a European it may appear insignificant what clothing a native Christian wears, but it is not to the natives themselves. The discarding of the skin kaross, with the beaded ornaments and bangles, and the adoption of European clothing, is often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change. A trader at Wittebergen said to the missionary: 'You must have had a number of heathen people joining your church lately.' 'Why?' was the inquiry. 'Because I have had a lot of fresh people buying dresses, shawls, and blankets.' Another trader said: 'Twenty years ago, when I came to Wittebergen, the average number of pieces of print that I kept on my shelves was four, and they lasted a long time. Now I keep 400 pieces on the shelves.' This did not arise from increase of population, but from change of wearing apparel. Conversion created a desire for personal cleanliness, and the red clay and the skin kaross were cast aside for the products of the looms of Manchester and Whitney.

In the circuit of Wittebergen are some fine examples of enlightened native laymen, scholars of Bensonvale. One native has been interpreter on the station for fifty years. He was a married man when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and still rides long distances to his appointments as a local preacher. His name is Jacob Mlamleli.

Scattered over the district are many European farmers, who would be destitute of religious services but for the missionary. The Rev. M. J. Letcher, in addition to the native work, devotes considerable attention to their spiritual needs. He periodically holds services at Lady Grey, twelve miles distant, where a pretty little church has been erected. He rides long distances in order to visit the residents on lonely farms, crossing the Orange River into Orangia, and travelling as far as Smithfield and Zastron in the Conquered Territory. This is true

missionary work, and equal in importance to his labours amongst the natives.

Kamastone.—This district has grown, by immigration and natural increase of population, into a native reserve, and includes the Ox Kraal and Kamastone locations. The latter may be said to be the recognised sphere of influence of the Methodist church, in which the greater portion of the people have become Christians. The membership in 1904 was 863, with 220 on trial, and 112 juniors.

In 1877 the Government surveyed the location, and gave individual titles to the occupiers. This was a great incentive to the improvement of their dwellings. The Kamastone section was divided into eight blocks, each of which has about ninety allotments, and forms a convenient centre for mission work. A large piece of land, in extent about 390 acres, was secured as a glebe for the Methodist church, and provides a source of considerable revenue.

Sites for churches and schools, and garden-plots for teachers were set aside; but transfer was not applied for until the year 1900, when the aggressive attitude of the Ethiopians made the possession of titles imperative. Since that time, however, the proselyting character of the movement has subsided.

Kamastone has two sub-stations—Tarkastad and Winterburg. The native church at Tarkastad has been very successful, though the Presbyterians and Anglicans have since established themselves in the town. The fact that the place can be visited by the Kamastone minister only once a quarter, as it involves a journey of seventy miles, is a testimony to the attachment of the congregation to Methodism, and to the fidelity of the successive evangelists placed in charge.

Several years ago English services were held at Tarkastad—indeed a church was built—but financial embarrassment led to the abandonment of the work and the sale of the church to the Anglicans. Methodists worshipping with other congregations, but retaining their Methodist sympathies, are desirous that their own church should recommence services in Tarkastad. The total European population is about 1,000, and the experience gained in Bedford, where the circumstances were similar, suggests the utmost caution in re-entering a town once abandoned, and now well supplied with Christian services by other churches.

At Tendergate, on the Zwartkei, about twenty miles from

Kamastone, a church has been built, in which the Wesleyan minister preaches on the second Sunday in the month, and the Anglican minister on the fourth. This arrangement has been in existence for years, and gives satisfaction to the community.

Tsomo, in Fingoland, was for many years neither picturesque nor useful. Few Fingo families lived on the station, and their huts were meaner than usual. The transition from heathenism to Christian civilization sometimes left for a time those who made the change with little stimulus to progress. The control of the chief was withdrawn, whilst the new Christian motive was imperfectly understood. The result was in many instances careless, slothful habits. The final issue was not doubtful, for Christianity does not only destroy, it constructs and uplifts to a higher level of life.

The Rev. J. S. Morris arrived at Tsomo in 1873, and with characteristic energy he devoted himself to the material improvement of the station, and the moral improvement of the people. The church, erected by Mr. Rayner, was decaying—to-day it is a grass-covered mound—so he commenced a large stone church, which, when completed, was pronounced by the Rev. W. J. Davis at the opening service to be ‘the best built and best furnished place of worship east of the colonial boundary.’ On the opening day natives flocked in from every part of Fingoland; the collection amounted to £450, and the church, which had cost £1,000 was opened free from debt.

During the pastorate of the Rev. W. S. Caldecott in 1891, some of the Fingos set up a claim to the Tsomo mission lands on the plea that they were included in the grant of Fingoland to their headmen. The date of that grant was 1871. Mr. Caldecott, happily, was able to prove that six years before Sir Walter Currie had given the lands to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the grant had been confirmed by Sir Philip Wodehouse. In Sir Walter Currie’s note book, which was produced, were clearly marked down the boundaries of the ground; the title was recognised by the Colonial Government; it could not do otherwise, and this was one of the few cases in which the safe tenure of mission property was secured.

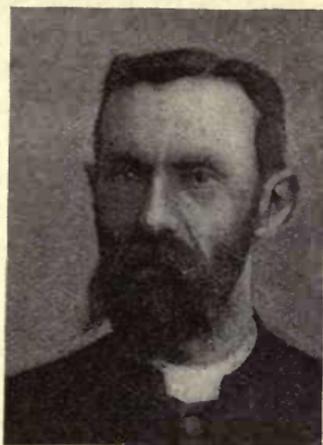
Whilst the Rev. C. S. Lucas was the resident minister (1896 to 1904), seventeen new churches were built in the Tsomo Circuit. Although some of them are small, others are built of stone, and fairly well furnished. When Mr. Rayner

built his church there was not another within thirty miles; now almost every valley has its place of worship to which the people come every Sabbath neatly clad.

The latest development in Tsomo is the erection of a school-room, which was completed in 1902. Nearly 1,000 natives crowded into the building, and hour after hour, gift after gift was made until the whole of the cost was defrayed. The natives give freely out of their poverty.

In 1900 services were commenced in the court house of the little trading town of Cofimvaba, twelve miles from Tsomo. In 1904 the congregation built a neat church costing about £500, and having a stained glass window to the memory of Miss Thomas, daughter of a Wesleyan missionary.

Annschaw.—In 1871, the year in which the Rev. W. C. Holden arrived at Annschaw, Kama was seventy years old. He lived in a cottage, with thatched roof and verandah, covered with climbing flowering plants. He was infirm, and had to be driven to church on the Sabbath; but as he slowly walked down the aisle to his seat, his tall figure still erect, and a benignant smile on his intelligent face, he presented a fine type of a native Christian gentleman. As a chief, he ruled justly, and promoted peace. He was trusted by his subjects, Christian and heathen alike. He was modest, where other chiefs were vain and proud; he was pure in the presence of low ideas of morality; he was generous and forgiving where the tribal code inculcated revenge. In his last illness he was urged by those of his councillors who continued heathen to call in the aid of the native doctors, but he declined. He became speechless, and smiling several times, as if thanking those who waited upon him, he quietly passed away. He died in the year 1875, and on his tombstone was placed the simple record: 'A noble man, a just governor, and a faithful Christian.'



REV. C. S. LUCAS.

Four years later the tribe built to his memory a church costing £3,000. A drought caught them in the middle of the

enterprise, but they completed the building, and the 'Kama Memorial Church' embodies the love and respect of the tribe for their chief. His wife, Nongwani, a daughter of the great chief Gaika, and sister of Makoma and Sandile, lived on into the twentieth century, and each Sabbath saw her worshipping in the church erected to the memory of her husband, until blindness and weakness compelled her to remain at home. She died in the year 1901, at least 107 years old, and had been a member of the Wesleyan church for seventy-six years.

Shortly before Kama's death the Colonial Government entered into arrangements with certain persons for the sale of 4,000 acres of the common lands of the tribe without any reference to Kama, and sent down a surveyor to draw up a diagram of the land to be sold. It was one of those high-handed proceedings which occasionally Government officials transact in the supposed absence of a restraining title. Fortunately, Sir George Grey's deed of gift was preserved in the deeds safe of the General Superintendent at Grahamstown, and was easily produced. The Commissioner of Crown Lands was embarrassed by the production of the deed; the Surveyor-General, he said, had no copy of it, and in order to escape from an unpleasant position, he declined to treat with Mr. Holden on the subject. Kama was the only one with whom he would negotiate. But Kama was in his last illness, and was unable to attend to business. Prompt action was taken on the advice of Mr. Holden. Kama transferred the chieftaincy by legal deed to his son William Shaw Kama; that was the last act of his public life. The son communicated with the Government, and after considerable correspondence, the claim of the tribe to the land they held was finally admitted, but made contingent on good behaviour.

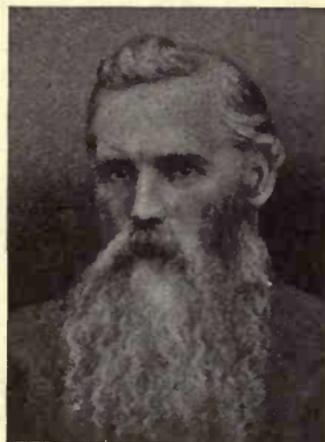
In the original deed of gift, Sir George Grey pledged the Government to dam up the Keiskama River, and lead the water out for the irrigation of the lands. But the Government could not shake off the feeling of antagonism generated by frequent wars. Kafirs were Kafirs, even if they had been loyal, to spend money on whom was not to be thought of, so it declined to fulfil the pledge given. Twenty-five years later the Government reconsidered the subject, and made a furrow from the Keiskama eight miles long, but the work was badly done, and within nine months of its completion, the furrow broke, and has been useless down to the present day. In the course of years Annshaw assumed an attractive appearance.

The cultivated lands, the groves of mimosa thorns, the neat church and mission house, the tidy cottages of the people, with the distant view of the lofty peak of Thaba Ndoda made a picture on which the eye rests with pleasure.

William Shaw Kama at one time intended to enter the Wesleyan Ministry, and for a time was a probationer; but at the request of his subjects he relinquished his cherished desire and assumed the duties of chieftainship. Like his father, he was tall, retiring in his habits, and gentlemanly in his manners. Under his rule the people prospered. He died in 1899, leaving no son to succeed him.

After his death the tribe was split into factions. Gangelizwa, a son of Samuel Kama, was appointed headman, but he joined the Ethiopian church, which had already created dissension and disorder among many of the native congregations. Gangelizwa's brother and rival, Songo, adhered to the Wesleyan church; the people became divided in their sympathies; ecclesiastical disputes were introduced into church affairs, and the spiritual character of the congregations was lowered.

Notwithstanding the disintegrating influences of Ethiopianism, the Methodist mission in the Annshaw circuit is not retroceding. There are four sections in the circuit: Annshaw, fourteen miles by six, occupied by 5,000 of Kama's people; Perksdale, ten miles by six, tenanted by another 5,000 of Kama's people; Amatole Basin, eight miles square, inhabited by 4,000 Fingos; and Keiskama Hoek, eighteen miles by ten, occupied by 8,000 Fingos. Over each section is a native minister, and the whole is under the guidance of the European minister, who lives at Annshaw. In these four sections are more than 3,000 members of the church, 87 preaching places, 168 local preachers, and 31 day schools.



REV. W. HOLFORD.

Mount Coke.—After the death of Mr. Appleyard, the printing press continued its useful work under the management of the Rev. W. Holford. In 1876 the press was removed to Grahamstown, and there it remained until it was closed, as Kafir books could be printed more cheaply and better in England.

The residents at Mount Coke are poor. Uncertain employment, destruction of crops by drought or locusts, result in debt, from which it takes years of careful labour to recover. At Mount Coke, and its sub-stations, Etyolomnqa, and Tamara, 1,400 natives are members of the church; Christianity has improved their condition; they live in better houses than the heathen; they try to clothe themselves and their children; but in the absence of any ability to undertake skilled work in any form, little progress can be made. A community of unskilled labourers must always be poor.

Mount Coke is the oldest mission station in the east of Cape Colony; it shared for many years in the liberal grants made by the Missionary Committee in London; it had the benefit of the labours of experienced missionaries; but the natives did not develop that self-reliance which on many other mission settlements has been an important element of success. The result is an enervated piety which does little, hopes for little. In the neighbourhood of Mount Coke are still thousands of raw heathen natives, and these can only be reached by a return to early missionary methods. Methodism must become aggressive and vigorous. Using Mount Coke as a centre from which raids may be made into the surrounding heathenism. The secret of success is to attack.

The magnitude of mission work is beginning to be comprehended. Within the area controlled by the Wesleyan Conference of South Africa, in extent 367,918 square miles, or three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, are 2,564,000 natives, and of these about 103,000 are either members of our Church, on trial for membership, or are meeting in junior classes. It would not be safe to multiply this number by a higher numeral than four to arrive at the total number of adherents of our church, or about 412,000. So that of this vast native population only 16 per cent. can be considered as attached to us, and only 4 per cent. as united with us in the closer bonds of Christian fellowship. In Transvaal and Rhodesia are 1,721,000 natives, and it is probable that the percentage of those who are associated with Methodism is much smaller than in the older colonies. Other Christian churches are zealous in extending the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ among the native races, and in their successes we sincerely rejoice; but, after making a liberal estimate of their work, we have to acknowledge that at least

60 per cent. of the natives of South Africa are still heathen. This mass of human beings, degraded by centuries of superstition and war, debased by polygamy and witchcraft, furnishes an unlimited field for evangelistic effort.

It is impossible to leave them alone in their heathenism, as some advocate. In many ways, and especially at the mines and seaports, the natives come into contact with the European, and they more readily acquire his vices, which meet their view everywhere in the public street, than imitate his virtues and sobrieties. As the Commission on Native Affairs pointedly states: 'It must be accepted as an axiom that contact with what we are accustomed to regard as civilization has a demoralizing tendency as its first effect on primitive races. The native is year by year becoming familiar with new forms of sexual immorality, intemperance, and dishonesty, and his natural imitative disposition, his virility, and escape from home and tribal influences, provide a too congenial soil for the cultivation of acquired vices.' The Kafir has centuries of barbarism behind him, and it cannot be surprising that he is unstable in character. Often after a few months' employment, and not unfrequently without any ostensible reason, he forsakes his work and goes back to the lazy life of the kraal. It is in this moral instability, and not in intellectual capacity, that the natives are deficient. We may not leave them alone. As a Christian people, we cannot shake off the 'white man's burden' of responsibility. We have to cure, and not to increase, their natural immoralities; we have to correct, not perpetuate, their habits of capricious and spasmodic labour. To neglect them, to exclude them from the influences of Christianity, is to make them 'a menace to civic peace, a reproach to our consciences, and a festering source of corruption for our children.'

It is idle to say that commerce will raise up a new Africa. Where humanely and lawfully carried on, trade has produced beneficial results. But often it has no lofty ideals, and a poor morality. In past years trade made no effort to check the tortures and bloodshedding and superstitions of heathenism, but in the lust for gain it often debased the natives by selling them vile intoxicants. Trade has little educative force, and the wonders of civilization, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the phonograph, do not inform, but only perplex the native mind. They are looked upon as specimens of the white man's wizardry. Even the simple implement, the plough, was not appreciated by the natives until the Chris-

tian religion had aroused in them a conviction that it was unmanly to leave the sole cultivation of the land to be done by women, many of them with infants on their backs. The new man, who can understand the value of trade and the benefits of civilization, is a Christian product.

Even scholastic education, valuable as it undoubtedly is in raising the standard of intelligence and material comfort, needs to be co-ordinated with moral and religious instruction. The complaint has frequently been made that education makes many of the natives restless and ambitious. If that is true, it is because in the acquisition of knowledge the formation of character has lagged behind. 'Knowledge,' as Lord Selborne says, 'is tools'; but tools in unskilful hands may inflict serious injuries. Character, or in other words the power to use knowledge aright, lies in the cultivation of reverence, self-reliance, humility, independence of thought, integrity; and if these are neglected, knowledge often puffs up, and gives the natives inflated ideas of their own ability. It is some safeguard that most of the native education is imparted in State-aided mission schools in which moral training is not neglected.

We have pleaded that the education of natives should include industrial training, in which they can learn the various arts needed to improve the conditions of their daily life. In old civilized communities tradesmen and mechanics abound, and it is easy for a youth to acquire the mastery of a handicraft. Among the natives are no such facilities, and for the present, and probably for years to come, trade schools will have to supply training in agricultural and mechanical arts. The native has abounding energy, though it is fitful; and before the European came he found exercise for his faculties in hunting, war, and tribal politics. But new conditions have closed this field of activity, and if he is to be saved from besotted idleness, other outlets for individual energy must be provided. The Native Affairs Commission, from whose valuable report we have already quoted, says, 'Workshops and school-farms in connection with elementary native schools should receive a special measure of encouragement and support; but such aid should be conditional upon the payment by the students of fees, bearing some reasonable proportion to the cost of their board and education. . . . The Commission is impressed with the advisability of establishing a native college, for the efficient and uniform training of an increased number of native teachers, and the provision of a course of study in this

country for such native students as may desire to present themselves for the Higher School and University Examinations.' Emphasis is added to the last suggestion by the fact that each year, in the absence of such a college, native parents are sending their sons to the United States to be educated in negro colleges, from which they return with a smattering of knowledge, and a more or less bitter race hatred, which may be excusable in a Georgian or Carolinian negro, but is unjustifiable in a South African native. At a college in this country they would acquire the education they desire, and presumably would learn to appreciate the privileges and duties of British citizenship.

But the elevation of the native races depends chiefly and finally on their acceptance of Christianity. Notwithstanding that some converts do not at once cast off the sins which, when they were heathens, were not looked upon as moral offences, there can be no dispute that the great majority of Christian natives are examples of purity and integrity. The Christian religion does not debase, but exalts and refines. Christ is the centre of Christianity, and shows what we feel God is, and what we ought to be. He is the Source and Sanction of all goodness, and wherever He is accepted and loved, men try to be like Him. Jesus Christ is the greatest moral and spiritual force in the world. That the native races are to be won to Christ is more than a pious dream. The Gospel that from the lips of twelve labouring men overturned the stubborn paganism of the Roman Empire is equal to accomplishing the full triumph of missionary enterprise. The rate of progress may depend, as history shows, largely on the character of the Christianity of those who call themselves Christians. The purer, the more prayerful, the more humane, the form of Christianity they present, the more rapid will be the acceptance of the Gospel by the heathen population. If missions fail, or partly fail, the failure will not lie wholly with the missionaries employed, but will have to be shared, and largely shared, by the European churches.

But there is no need that missions should fail. The work is the Lord's, and behind every missionary is the Divine Presence and promise of final success. Never at any previous period have missionary operations been attended with greater spiritual results. The complaint of former times that heathenism was hard and unyielding is seldom heard now, and there is often a joyful note of triumph over increasing con-

versions of heathens to Christ. New churches are erected and paid for; leaders and local preachers are devoted, and classes are well attended; women's meetings are raising the life of the churches; and, greatest marvel of all, the women form themselves into bands, visit heathen kraals, and by their addresses strike heavily at prevalent secret vices. The cry for the Word of Life is heard on every side. On some stations purity lodges are formed amongst the native women, who go from hut to hut dealing with individuals. The women refuse to make Kafir beer, and polygamy is discouraged. There is a general desire for knowledge, and schools are being multiplied. It may be said that only the fringe of heathenism has been touched, and that around our oldest mission stations are still thousands of natives sunk in degrading superstitions. But the Gospel is leavening even these with its purifying and saving influence. The horrible cruelties of witchcraft, the savage raids and counter-raids with the reckless loss of human life, the immolation of men and women at the death of a chief, are all things of the past. The many tribes of South Africa are being uplifted by the Gospel to the high level of a Christian civilization. If to some the progress appears to be slow, let us remember we are not thrusting out a pier into the sea: we are striving to raise a continent. The uplifting force is not ours, but God's, though as Methodists we may fitly pray that we may be not unworthy successors of the missionary heroes and saints who led the way. Christ sits on His throne, and that assurance should calm our hearts and stimulate us to greater exertion.

'All things grow sweet in Him;
He draws all things into an order fair:
For He alone it is that brings
The fading flower of our humanity to perfect blossoming.'

THE MISSION TO THE BAROLONGS.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1821, in the heat of a South African summer, the Rev. S. and Mrs. Broadbent set out from Lilyfontein, in Namaqualand, for remote Bechuanaland, where they had been directed to form a mission. Mr. Broadbent was a tall, noble-looking man, and as brave as he was gentle. The journey was one that few would even now care to undertake, for it lay through the northern part of Namaqualand and across Bushmanland, one of the most desolate and barren regions on the face of the earth. Rain seldom falls, and the air is dry in the extreme. As far as the eye can reach stretch vast plains of sand, crossed by rugged lines of rock. The vegetation is sparse, stunted, and spinous. As day after day Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent pursued their journey, not a living creature was seen beyond a few quaggas and ostriches. The rays of the sun at mid-day burnt like flame. At times the sufferings of the oxen were intense. Often for days together no water could be obtained to quench their thirst, and frequently an ox would fall to the ground to rise no more. 'We ascend a low eminence,' wrote Mr. Broadbent, 'hoping to see some relief; but there is the same sickening aspect--sand, sand, and nothing besides.'

The travellers arrived at the Orange River, and crossed at Bishop's Ford, and then they traversed the dry district of Western Griqualand. After a painful journey, they arrived at Griquatown, where they received a cordial welcome from the Rev. Mr. Helm, of the London Missionary Society.

During the journey, in descending a rocky kloof, and whilst Mr. Broadbent was endeavouring to steady the descent of the waggon, the chain that locked the hind-wheel broke, and he was thrown violently forward, and received serious internal injury. His strength left him, he became weak as a child; and when two months' rest at Griquatown brought no im-

provement, it was resolved, as the only hope of recovery, to take him to Graaff Reinet for medical treatment.

The Dutch Reformed minister at Graaff Reinet, the Rev. A. Faure, heard of Mr. Broadbent's approach, rode out to meet him, climbed into the waggon where he lay, cheered him with his sympathy, accompanied him into the town, ordered the waggon to be driven into the manse yard, and then stood at the manse door with his wife to receive his guests. Under that hospitable roof Mr. Broadbent lay for six months, hovering, as it were, between life and death. For this prolonged hospitality the Rev. A. Faure refused to accept any remuneration. He dismissed the obligation with the generous reply, 'I have only done my duty. Indeed, the obligation is on my part. I am grateful for the profitable conversations which I have had with my afflicted guest.'



REV. S. BROADBENT.

The Rev. T. L. Hodgson having arrived from England, and Mr. Broadbent's health being restored, the two missionaries started for Bechuanaland. It was a strange journey, for they had no definite destination. The country was little known. They were advised to seek a tribe of Barolongs, of which Sifonello was the chief; but where he and his people dwelt no one could tell. So, like Abraham, they set out, 'not knowing whither they went.'

The missionary party crossed the Vaal River on rafts, and kept along its right bank in a north-easterly direction. After several days' journey they saw a cloud of dust rapidly approaching, and with it came the lowing of hundreds of cattle, the bleating of sheep and goats, which were being rapidly driven along by a multitude of men, women, and children, whilst a host of armed warriors brought up the rear. Amid the noise and confusion they inquired who they were, and who was their chief. The reply was given, 'We are Barolongs, and our chief is Sifonello, and we are fleeing from the Mantatees, who have suddenly attacked us. Part of our people have fled with Sifonello in one direction, and we have fled in another with the chief's brother, Tsabalira.' The missionaries were amazed, seeing a providential guidance where they had scarcely hoped

for any, and discovered that the people whom they had been seeking had been driven, by the calamities of war, close to their encampment.

Towards evening a fine-looking body of warriors arrived, and cried out, 'Tsabalira! Tsabalira!' as if announcing a great chief. Opening their ranks, they revealed a tall, strongly-built man armed with shield, battle-axe, and assagais, who advanced to interview them. An interpreter having been obtained, the missionaries explained the object of their visit to the country. Tsabalira seemed pleased, assured them his brother would give them a hearty welcome, and then, with true native hospitality, gave them for food an ox, a heifer, and two sheep.

In order to avoid the fierce Mantatees, who might be following in the track of the fugitives, the missionaries turned southward into a wooded district, and there they remained until it was safe to resume their journey. The miseries inflicted by war met their gaze every day. A little girl, left to perish of hunger, was found in a deserted hut. She was a mere skeleton. Mrs. Hodgson fed her back to health, and Orphena, as she was baptized, became a faithful and trusted servant. A youth was found so weak that, when set on his feet, a light wind overthrew him. He was nourished and cared for, and afterwards rendered valuable help. He was the first Barolong convert to Christianity. He accompanied Mr. Broadbent, nursing him in sickness, until his departure to England. He then removed to Thaba Nchu, where he preached, and taught, and managed the printing-press, and lived to the year 1904, a class leader and a local preacher of the old Methodist type. His name was John Liratsagae.

In this wooded retreat the missionaries employed their time in acquiring a knowledge of the Sechuana language. Every ascertained term was carefully written down. Naturally, one of the first phrases learnt was 'Tlha koano' (Come here), which proved of unexpected value. A small body of Mantatee warriors discovered the missionary encampment, and approached with hostile intentions. Mr. Broadbent, looking out of the back of the waggon, saw them advancing, and, desirous of conciliating them, shouted out the only greeting in their tongue that he knew—'Tlha koano.' In a moment every weapon was lowered; each warrior took a step backward, suddenly turned, and then ran as for life. Never having seen either waggons or white men before, they fled and told their countrymen that 'they had seen houses walking, full of white devils.'

One morning all the oxen were missing. Upon search being made for them, the footprints of men and dogs were traced, as if in pursuit. There could be only one conclusion: the oxen were stolen. Mr. Hodgson and a few servants started to find Sifonello, and procure his assistance in recovering the stolen cattle. The district abounded at the time with wild beasts, and one night, so terrible was the roaring of the lions, that the servants, after hastily making a thorn fence, left Mr. Hodgson to his fate, and took refuge in some adjacent trees. In this peril Mr. Hodgson knelt down and pleaded with God for preservation. When morning broke, it was found that outside the frail thorn fence the ground was torn up by the claws of the lions, who all night had careered round and round, without being able to enter, Mr. Hodgson's retreat.

Mr. Broadbent, in his little work, 'The Barolongs of South Africa,' adds the following interesting statement: 'My esteemed colleague had laboured in the Retford circuit in Nottinghamshire, and by the congregations he was revered and loved. Among these one was named Thomas Willey, a local preacher, who showed a warm affection towards his pastor. At the period referred to, Mr. Willey was remarkably impressed by a dream that his friend in Africa was in some great peril. He could not account for his dream, and tried to compose himself again, but could get no rest. So he rose from his bed and prayed, if his friend was in danger, that God would be his shield and protector. Several months afterwards it was found, on comparing dates, that the time of Mr. Willey's dream was the same as that of Mr. Hodgson's danger and deliverance from the lions.' Such a narrative presents no difficulty to the believer in the teaching of Scripture that prayer is one of the instruments by which God accomplishes His purposes.

The stolen oxen were abandoned by the thieves, and found by Sifonello's men in the open veld. So the waggons were once more in motion; and, led by Sifonello himself, the missionaries journeyed to the place where the tribe was dwelling. 'The chief, wrapped in his skin kaross, and carrying his shield, assagais, and umbrella, which was made of ostrich feathers fastened on a stick, crowned with Mr. Hodgson's hat, marched in front with great dignity, accompanied by his son, Moroka, and fourteen warriors fully armed. Thus were the heralds of the cross welcomed to the country of the Barolongs.'

For a time the wandering habits of the people rendered it impossible to form a station. The missionaries lived in their

waggon, and preached the Gospel as opportunities arose. On spiritual subjects the Barolongs were intensely ignorant. Their inquiries revealed the materialistic character of their ideas of God: 'Where is He? How big is He? Has He any hair? How many wives has he?' In war or barter they were courageous and shrewd; but of spirit as opposed to matter, and of a spiritual world, they had but a faint idea.

Doctrinaires who talk of the innocent child of Nature only betray their ignorance. Barolong parents would bring their own children to the missionary and offer to sell them for a few beads. Perceiving a fire in a wood, Mr. Hodgson quietly approached, and was horrified to find two women cooking the leg of a human being; and, unabashed by his presence, they ate the flesh with greediness, and broke the bones on a stone, sucking them with delight. Fierce hunger had made them for the time cannibals. The Barolongs had no God, no temple, no Sabbath, and no worship. They had no book, no writing, and no knowledge of letters. They had no marriage tie. Women were exchanged, and bought and sold, and given away as presents, and cast off in mere caprice. War was their sport, and cattle their spoil. The country was in a state of constant unrest, and whole tribes were at times completely destroyed. Agriculture was impossible, for the sower never knew that he would reap the fruit of his toil. Christianity brought peace and the blessings of civilization to the native races, and lifted their thoughts out of the narrow circle of their barbarous and degrading pursuits up to the eternal God and to everlasting life.

Sifonello decided to settle at Makwassie, in a range of mountains north of the Vaal, and not far from the present town of Klerksdorp. Huts were erected, cattle kraals were made, and soon a populous town arose. The missionaries built with their own hands two small cottages, dragging stones from the rocks, digging foundations, cutting timber, building walls, making doors and window frames, and thatching the roofs with grass. The buildings were rough, but, after residing for months in a waggon, the missionaries thought they were almost like mansions.

Mission work was prosecuted amid many difficulties. The language had to be learned, and then reduced to printed form. Mr. Levick, of Sheffield, sent a case of type, some ink, and printing balls; and with these aids Mr. Broadbent printed the alphabet and words of two or three letters for use in the school.

A more ambitious attempt was a little book of fifteen pages, containing very elementary lessons in the language, no copy of which, unfortunately, now exists. The services were held in the open air, and the Sabbath was observed as a day of rest. Nor was the material improvement of the Barolongs neglected. They were taught to cultivate the ground, to grow wheat, and to find water underground by digging wells. At the sight of a bucket of water drawn up from below, Sifonello was astonished. At first he looked on the water as magical or poisonous, but, being persuaded to taste, he exclaimed: 'How cool!' Within two months there were eight wells in different parts of the town, dug by the natives themselves. One unexpected result was that the influence of the rain-makers declined.

The fierce Mantatees, to the number, it is said, of 50,000, still roamed over the country, carrying death and desolation wherever they went. They had been driven southward by the still fiercer Matabele, and, pressed by hunger, had assailed several tribes in order to despoil them of their cattle. The towns of Mokanning and Latakoo had been destroyed, and this vast horde was advancing on Kuruman. The Rev. R. Moffat hastened to Griquatown and secured the assistance of about a hundred and fifty mounted Griquas armed with muskets, and led by Andries Waterboer. The combined forces of Griquas and Bechuanas attacked the Mantatees near Latakoo, and a long, fierce fight ensued. The Bechuanas soon retreated, but the Griquas adopted the tactics that the Dutch burghers subsequently employed with such success. Riding up to the foe until they were within musket range, they poured in a deadly volley, then retired to reload, and so on for hours, until several hundreds of the Mantatees had been killed, and the whole Mantatee force fled before 'the thunder and lightning' of the Griquas. The defeated army retired towards Swaziland, and happily they missed Makwassi, which for the time escaped destruction.

Orders came from London in 1824 that Mr. Hodgson was to remove to Cape Town, a change that neither he nor Mr. Broadbent approved of. About this period there was considerable uncertainty as to the appointments of several of the missionaries. Expenses were incurred and valuable time was lost by unnecessary and apparently useless changes. As the Rev. Richard Watson wrote, 'There was danger of too much rambling in Africa.' But the rambling was caused by the absence of any intelligent plan of operation. Mr. Hodgson

had won the confidence of the Barolongs, and had partially acquired the language; whilst to Mr. Broadbent the separation was almost as painful as death. 'When the waggon moved off from Makwassi,' wrote Mr. Broadbent, 'myself and my wife sat and wept for a long time, feeling as if we were suffering a bereavement.' The Rev. J. Archbell, then at Lilyfontein, was appointed to succeed Mr. Hodgson, but before he could arrive Mr. Broadbent's health again broke down. The old injury received on the Namaqualand journey, the diet of flesh and milk on which they had been obliged to subsist for months, without any farinaceous food or vegetables, the depression of loneliness, brought on a severe illness. One night it was deeply impressed upon his mind that he must leave. 'Something says forcibly to me,' he said to his wife, 'that we must set off for Griquatown, and we must go soon.' Mr. Broadbent was not superstitious, but he did not think it prudent to set aside such impressions. Preparations were commenced for the journey. Sifonello, Tsabalira, and Moroka consented to his departure only on condition that, if spared, he would return. They took their departure amid cries of 'Lumela, Khosi!' (Farewell, Chief!) It was considered bad form to speak of a wife by her own name, so Mrs. Broadbent was addressed as 'Lumela, Ma-Sammy!' (Farewell, mother of Sammy!) This son Samuel, then nearly five years old, fell out of the waggon when near Grahamstown, and the hind-wheel passed over his body, breaking four of his ribs. To the astonishment of everybody, he recovered, grew up a vigorous youth, and twenty years later went as a missionary to India.

The mission commenced with so much toil was thus for a time deserted, but the desertion had its providential aspect. Within a few days of Mr. Broadbent's departure Makwassi was attacked by the combined forces of the Batau, or Lion people, under Moletsane, a tribe long ago extinct. They surprised the Barolongs by forced marches, and made their assault just before daybreak. Sifonello and his people fought bravely, and secured most of their cattle, but, overpowered by numbers, had to flee. Makwassi was burnt to the ground. The mission houses were destroyed. Clothing, books, furniture, coffee, and sheep, all were stolen, or destroyed, or scattered over the ground. The invaders found in Mr. Broadbent's house a leather bag containing a few pounds of gunpowder. In the evening, when seated around the fire, this bag was produced, and the small black grains curiously examined. 'It is seed:

the white men use it as food,' said one. 'Ah! but the white man never eats his food raw; we must roast it,' said another. Into the fire went the bag, when presently an explosion took place that threw them all on their backs. As soon as they regained their senses, they fled to the hills, exclaiming, 'It is the white man's medicine!'

Late in the year 1825 the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, accompanied by the Rev. J. Archbell, returned to the Barolongs, and attempted to re-establish the mission. Sifonello, since his defeat, had been leading a wandering life, and was now very poor. He made an attack on his enemies, hoping to capture their cattle, but was defeated. Tsabalira was killed after laying six of his foes dead at his feet. Makwassi was still in ruins, and presented a dismal scene. Broken pots, fragments of furniture, leaves of Dr. Adam Clarke's famous Commentary, strewed the ground, and the mission garden was trampled into barrenness. The Batau still roamed the country, and any attempt to rebuild Makwassi would be the signal for renewed attack.

To escape from his enemies, Sifonello and his people resolved to remove westward, and Mr. Hodgson undertook to search for a suitable place. He discovered a fountain near *Plaatberg*, not far from the present Warrenton Railway Station, north of Kimberley, and there they settled. The work of building cottages and church had to be done over again, but the missionaries counted no labour too heavy, if only the Gospel light could penetrate the heathen darkness in which the Barolong lived. Within a few miles were other clans, with whom friendly intercourse was opened: the Griquas, under Barend Barends; the Korannas, under Jan Kaptain, a lover of sport; and the Newlanders, under Piet Baatjes.

Scarcely was *Plaatberg* occupied, when Sifonello, worn with repeated trouble, died. He desired to know the way of salvation, and with a sigh he said, 'When shall I be able to pray? How shall we live in another world?' After his death his son Moroka became chief, and he always cherished a deep sympathy with missionaries. 'I believe the Gospel,' he said. 'Many things are not the less true that we cannot understand them.'

At *Plaatberg* the Barolongs enjoyed at last quiet and safety. Their numbers increased, until there were eight or ten thousand people attached to the station. A school was commenced, a printing-press was set up, regular religious services were held,

and every effort was made to promote the welfare of the people.

In July, 1828, Mr. Hodgson left *Plaatberg* in order to devote himself to the *Griquas* at *Boetsap*, about fifty miles to the west. At first Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson lived in a native hut, and suffered considerable discomfort; but it was better than the open air. Soon a small house and then a church were built. Under the preaching of the Gospel the dormant conscience woke, and the darkened mind was enlightened. Numbers were admitted into the Christian Church by the rite of baptism; women rejoiced in a Saviour who exalted and purified their life; boys met in the huts for prayer. *Barend Barends*, the chief, became seriously ill, and frequently uttered the penitent's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The day before he died he said, 'Jesus is my Saviour; my sins are forgiven.' In these triumphs of the Gospel Mr. Hodgson rejoiced, and felt amply repaid for all his toil.

In those days the missionaries were compelled to keep a flock of sheep and goats to provide themselves with meat, and cows to obtain a supply of milk. Numbers of pigmy *Bushmen* infested the neighbourhood, and were a great annoyance. The sheep, when they went out in the daytime to feed, were shot down by the poisoned arrows of the *Bushmen*, often three and four in a day. They would not touch the carcasses; these would lie for the vultures to eat. It was therefore obvious that these acts of lawlessness were prompted by a spirit of wanton cruelty, and were not the result of hunger. The native herds were dreadfully afraid of these pigmies; for, though of dwarfish stature and of spare build, they were nevertheless dangerous by reason of their expert use of the bow and arrow, the poison of which is most deadly.

The health of Mrs. Hodgson having failed, she and Mr. Hodgson left for England, and were succeeded by the Rev. J. and Mrs. Edwards, who commenced their long and honourable missionary career at *Boetsap*. 'The country was barren, the people, though respectable, were poor and downcast, and could scarcely subsist. On the station there was a strong fountain, but the water was so salt that it burned everything up when led on for irrigation. The people had therefore to go every year to *Daniel's Kuil*, a place belonging to *Waterboer*, about seventy miles distant, to plough, sow, and reap. 'As their language was Dutch,' said Mr. Edwards, 'I was determined to learn to speak it as soon as possible, so as to preach the

Gospel to them in their own tongue.' At the close of his first sermon preached in Dutch, Jan Hendricks, acting as spokesman for the congregation, said: 'When we came to hear you formerly we were like persons going to a fountain for water, but the spring ran very weak, and we brought scarcely anything away; but to-night we have had our calabashes filled, we have understood all that Mynheer has said.'

At Plaatberg the people so rapidly increased that the scanty water-supply became insufficient, and it was urgently necessary that a more fertile and better watered locality should be secured. It was known that there were tracts of beautiful and unoccupied country along the Caledon River, belonging to Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, and Sikonyela, chief of the Mantatees; hence it was resolved to form an expedition to explore this country. 'When all were ready and had come together, it was a large and formidable company. There were several waggons, and many people on horseback. The natives had their guns, powder, and ball, with new flints, for theirs were flint-lock guns.' Mr. Archbell and Mr. Edwards accompanied the expedition, each in his waggon, containing food for the journey. For animal food they depended on the spoils of the chase.

Their course was up the valley of the Modder River, then inhabited by nothing but Bushmen and wild animals. Thousands of blesbok, springbok, wildebeest, and hartebeest, covered the plains; they were easily shot down, and meat was abundant. The Matabele had a short time before swept like a tornado over the district, and as the waggons travelled through the long grass it was horrible to hear the wheels crunching the bones of human beings slain in war. The corn-pits were full, not of grain, but of human skulls. Lions and wolves abounded, and had acquired a taste for human flesh. Such was the country in 1833.

On the tenth day of their journey they came to the country they sought, Thaba Nchu, 'the mountain of blackness,' with its sombre basaltic front, its crown of massive rocks, its perennial springs, and the fertile plains that stretched on every side. Here was room enough, water enough, for thousands, and here they resolved, if possible, to make their home.

'Steps were taken,' wrote Mr. Edwards, 'to induce Sikonyela and Moshesh, with their councillors, to meet us at a given place. They came. Sikonyela had a mean, sneaking look; Moshesh had a bold, manly appearance, with an open

and firm countenance. Having all met together, the object of our visit was explained. It was to obtain sites for mission stations, where the Gospel might be preached to each and all who should attend. We also explained that if we came into the country to reside, we should bring the people from our other stations near the Vaal River, who would be glad to settle in a country where, by cultivation, they could obtain a living. To all this they listened with interest, and acquiesced in the object of our visit. They asked where the sites were that we thought would suit us. These having been pointed out, as there was no land-surveyor in the country, certain hills and other prominently defined boundaries were pointed out and agreed to, which encompassed in the aggregate a large tract of country about twenty-five miles square. A document was then drawn up, a kind of deed of sale, showing the various beacons agreed upon, and the amount and manner of payment were fixed. This was signed by the chiefs who ceded the territory and the influential men of our stations, as also by Mr. Archbell and myself, on behalf of the parent Missionary Society. This document is still in existence in the Land Registry at Bloemfontein.'

The exodus of the Barolongs from Plaatberg and the other stations now commenced. Each missionary had the oversight of the people belonging to his station. Altogether there were nearly 12,000 souls, men, women, and children. They travelled in a body, as a mutual protection against the Bushmen, who from behind the rocks watched their march with suspicious eyes.

At last they arrived at their new homes. Moroka decided to settle at Thaba Nchu, where in a short time a large native town was built. To European eyes the sight was a novel one. No public buildings were to be seen. A vast assemblage of huts jostled together, without any apparent order, with cattle kraals between. The dwellings occupied two rounded hills, forming two distinct communities, under the government of two chiefs, Moroka and Tauane. The mission premises were placed on a third eminence, somewhat lower down, and standing between the two.

The Griquas settled at Lishuani, nearer to Basutoland; but as they had little firewood, they became dissatisfied and left, some to join Adam Kok at Philipolis, and others to join Waterboer in Griqualand West. Many of the Basutos came down from the mountains and settled at Lishuani, and to these

Mr. Edwards devoted himself unsparingly. There were many children amongst them whom he was anxious to teach to read. Of books there were none. The printing-press was packed up, and there was no one who knew how to work it. So, like Gutenberg, Mr. Edwards cut letters out of the bark of trees, dipped them in ink, and stamped them on a sheet of foolscap. This paper was then hung up on a hut-pole, and the letters were pointed out to the children with a long stick. A more comfortable residence than one of reeds and poles was the next undertaking. Mr. Edwards with his own hands made bricks, about eight hundred a day; he dug stones out of the mountains for foundations, until his bleeding fingers had to be tied up with rags. 'Some may say,' he said, 'that is not suitable work for a minister. True. But for a pioneer missionary these are some of the hard and rough duties he has to perform in order to establish himself in the midst of a heathen tribe to whom he may preach the Gospel. He is doing it unto the Lord, and will be rewarded.'

The house at Lishuani being completed, the station established, and the Basutos settled upon it, Mr. Edwards was directed to form a settlement at Impukani, amongst the once dreaded Mantatees, but who were now broken and poor. The Matabele had swept down upon them and slain thousands, and carried off all their cattle. 'Turn whichever way one might, he was met with the spectacle of human skulls—skulls of men whose bodies had been left in war to be devoured by prowling carnivora.' One of the headmen said to Mr. Edwards: 'It was well you came when you did. We were once a warlike people, proud, savage, barbarous, and some of us were cannibals. Had you come into the country then, not one of you would be now alive. We should have killed every one of you, and we should have taken possession of all your waggons, oxen, horses, and everything you had. But when you came we could do nothing. We were poor, downcast, timid, afraid of any stranger, fearing he had come to take our lives.' This wild, predatory, bloodthirsty career seems to have been the normal condition of the various Bantu races for hundreds of years.

At Impukani the usual laborious work had to be undertaken. With the assistance of a wandering Englishman, a good-sized church and a mission house were erected; but as the district was destitute of wood, all the timber for the buildings had to be obtained from the Kat River, in Cape Colony. 'After

some time employed in teaching and preaching to the people the things pertaining to their salvation, a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit took place. Such a revival,' said Mr. Edwards, 'I have never seen since.' In the midst of this blessed work there came to the station a German doctor, who was passing through the country obtaining information in the interests of science, and gathering curiosities. Some of his views as to his experience of religion were rather sceptical, but seeing the work and hearing the earnest crying to God for mercy and salvation, he exclaimed: 'Why, this is primitive Christianity! This is like it was on the day of Pentecost! I never saw the like before!' Most of these converts remained steadfast in the Lord amid much discouragement. The Mantatees, who had fled to the mountains during the attacks of the Matabele, seeing the peaceable character of the missionary, came down from their fastnesses and settled around the station, and Impukani became a prosperous town.

Mission stations were also formed at Imparani, with Sikonyela, the Mantatee chief; at Moting, Inkhala, and at Korannaberg among the Basutos; and on these places at different periods the Revs. J. Allison, R. Giddy, G. Schreiner, T. Jenkin, J. P. Bertram, and J. T. Daniel, laboured with not a little success. The church, the manse, the garden with its fruit-trees, the land with its corn and vegetables, and the altered habits of many of the people, formed an oasis pleasant to the eye, and full of instruction to the heathen.

Then on all these stations there fell disaster, first of retrenchment, and then of war. About the year 1859, in consequence of financial embarrassment in England, orders came for the withdrawal of the missionaries from Lishuani, Impukani, and Imparani, and these stations were left to the care of native teachers.

Political changes had a calamitous effect on the work. The politicians of what was called 'the Manchester School' were in the ascendant in England, and in their enthusiasm for Free Trade they were disposed to lop off all colonies as burdensome to the Mother Country, and secure their attachment by commercial ties only. Cobden wrote: 'Our colonies do not pay for the expense of protecting and governing them, leaving out of the question the interest on the debt contracted in conquering them.' Even Disraeli wrote: 'These wretched colonies are a millstone round our necks.' Politicians of all shades of opinion looked on the colonies with a ledger-keeping mind.

The Transvaal was sent adrift in 1852, and constituted an independent Republic. Two years later the Orange River Sovereignty was thrown out of the British Empire as worthless, and fit only for wild beasts. Politicians on both sides of the House of Commons seemed to agree that colonies were a weakness to Great Britain, and with more or less politeness they were bidden to go their way :

‘ Keep you to yourselves ;
So loyal is too costly. Friends, your love
Is but a burden. Loose the bands and go.’

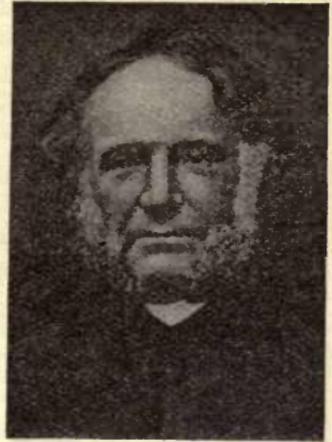
The day came when those severed bands had to be reunited with the blood of thousands of brave men.

Freed from the restraint of British law, the Boers commenced a process of slow, grinding encroachment on their native neighbours. For years there was border strife with the Basutos about boundaries and grazing rights. In 1867 the strife blazed up into open, merciless war. The Dutch wrested from the Basutos what has since been known as ‘ the Conquered Territory,’ which extended along the Caledon River, and in which most of the Wesleyan mission stations were situated. The Free State Government not only seized the country, but, after removing the natives, converted the mission stations into farms, and prohibited the Wesleyans from occupying them any longer. The Dutch burghers were strongly opposed to any instruction being given to the natives, and the Wesleyan missionaries had to retire. They dug up the fruit-trees out of the gardens and carried them away ; and when harvest time came, they stepped in and reaped the crops both of the missionaries and of the natives. *Plaatberg*, *Lishuani*, *Imparani*, and *Impukani*, with many smaller places, ceased to exist, and all that remained were the graves of the dead. As compensation the Government subsequently gave a farm at each station, but the natives being scattered, mission work was impossible, and the farms were sold.

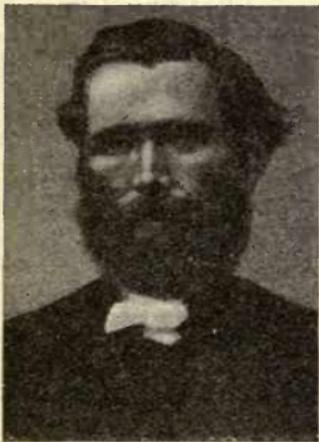
Meanwhile, the work at *Thaba Nchu* had been quietly progressing. The printing-press had been set up, and was in the charge of the Rev. R. Giddy, who had been trained as a printer. School books, portions of Scripture, the Wesleyan Catechisms, and a small hymn book, were printed in *Sechuana*. To Dr. Moffat, of the London Missionary Society, belongs the honour of preparing the first version of the New Testament for the use of the *Bechuana*s. Eternity alone will reveal its value.

A central church was erected capable of holding 800 people. Two smaller buildings for worship were put up in the distant parts of Thaba Nchu. A sewing school for the women was established. Native youths were trained to be teachers. Several rendered valuable service as local preachers. Reading and writing became familiar arts, and to a limited extent old heathen customs were abolished. Moroka, the chief, though he never became a member of the church, always befriended the missionaries and their work.

As years passed the mission was strengthened by the labours of a number of devoted men: James Cameron, an able preacher; Gottlieb Schreiner, father of a gifted family of sons and daughters; D. M. Ludorf, doctor and Sesuto scholar; Richard Giddy, printer and editor; James Scott, beloved by English and Barolong alike; John T. Daniel, pastor and counsellor of the Barolongs for seventeen years. These names shine like stars whose brightness has not yet begun to fade



REV. R. GIDDY.



REV. J. T. DANIEL.

Thaba Nchu was sometimes shaken by severe trials. About the year 1853 it was in comparative decay. The Barolongs and Mantatees had for a considerable time kept up a series of petty fights, in which few lives were lost, but cattle and horses were stolen, and the land dropped out of cultivation. Old superstitions and abominations revived. Such was the unrest that the population declined from 10,000 to 5,000. Moroka was self-willed, and abetted the quarrel with the Mantatees. Some of his people were in a destitute condition, and in

danger of dying from starvation. The Rev. D. M. Ludorf, who was appointed to Thaba Nchu in 1853, bravely faced the situation. He succeeded in reconciling the two tribes; he

endeavoured to raise the moral character of the people; the schools which had been closed were re-opened; a new and larger church was built; and drunkenness, which had largely increased, was firmly checked. Many of the members of the Church drank 'boyaloo,' a highly-intoxicating Kafir beer, and under its influence relapsed into heathen practices. Mr. Ludorf expostulated with the offenders, but in vain. He therefore wrote on the class tickets of all who clung to this intemperate practice the words, 'Monoï oa boyaloo' (Drinker of strong beer). This had the desired effect, and ashamed of the stigma, they left off the evil habit. Slowly Thaba Nchu rose to its former state of prosperity.

A branch of the Barolong tribe, which had removed from Thaba Nchu, resided at Moshaneng, several miles north of the present town of Mafeking, and between the two widely-separated portions of the tribe there was constant passing to and fro. A Methodist Church of a very simple character had been formed at Moshaneng by emigrants from Thaba Nchu, and the services were conducted by native local preachers. Montsioa, the chief, was anxious to have a missionary; but, unfortunately, no one could be sent. Mr. Ludorf was instructed to visit them once a year, and stay at least two months, to preach and administer the sacraments. The



REV. D. M. LUDORF.

distance was more than 300 miles, and involved a journey of nearly three weeks' duration. When he passed through Potchefstroom in 1862, the Boers were in a state of civil war. There were four miniature republics, each denouncing the rest as traitors. Mr. Ludorf does not appear to have been favourably impressed by the Dutchmen whom he met. 'Because he is able to control a number of natives, the Dutch farmer thinks himself fit to guide this young State. Each man is a legislator that no one wishes to obey. To hear them declaim, one would think that each Dopper jacket contained a Machiavel.'

Mr. Ludorf's journal during his visit to Moshaneng displays the versatility of the man. He could be doctor, preacher, mechanic, and waggon-mender by turns. Here are a few extracts:

' Preached in the Khotla, or chief kraal, to a good assembly, and had a precious time.

' Performed an operation on the eye of a councillor.

' Visited the sick, and prayed with them.

' Made an ablution of a large tumour on the forehead of another councillor.

' From morning to night occupied with the sick. Performed several severe operations.

' Bound a dozen hymn books in leather.

' Sewed up the wound of a girl, gored by a cow.

' Catechumen class ; sixteen prepared for holy baptism.

' Repaired the wheel of a poor traveller, who could not help himself.

' Attended many sufferers for sore eyes.

' About in all parts of the town, preaching without interruption. Our gatherings were good.'

Mr. Ludorf was a striking example of a missionary in those days as the general helper of the people amongst whom he lived. He thus concludes his account of his visit: ' Started for home. The chief, Montsioa, accompanied me and Mrs. Ludorf for three days on the journey. He thanked us with tears for our kindness. On the way shot a lioness, but the male escaped. After seventeen days' journey arrived at Thaba Nchu. Found all well. God be praised.'

The distance was too great for such visits to be frequently made, and the Moshaneng mission for many years received little fostering care.

In 1865, during the residence of the Rev. James Scott, the Anglicans entered Thaba Nchu, and, as though declaring their unfriendly rivalry, erected a church and manse close to the Wesleyan church.

It may seem strange that the Anglican Episcopal Church should thrust itself into a district held by another Christian society for forty years. Doubtless Dr. Webb, Bishop of Bloemfontein, justified the encroachment by reasons similar to those he employed when the French missionaries of Basutoland complained to him of a similar intrusion into their stations: ' Basutoland is not a Christian country ; your teaching is incomplete. The doctrine of the apostolic succession is put aside by you, and that of the sacraments enfeebled.' The intrusion of the Anglicans into already-occupied mission fields, sanctified by years of holy toil, whilst vast masses of heathens in other districts were without Gospel teaching, was certainly not an apostolic proceeding. To turn a good Methodist Barolong into an Anglican is a triumph which the Apostles would have shunned as un-Christlike. ' Yea,' wrote Paul, ' so have I

strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named, lest I should build on another man's foundation.' The Church of England long held an honoured place among the Protestant churches for the catholicity of her spirit; but the Anglican Church of South Africa represents only the ritualistic section of the Mother Church. It is the church of Laud, with its narrowness, not the church of Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer.

When the aged chief Moroka died in 1882 he appointed his son, Sepinare, his heir and successor, who was an adherent of the Methodist Church; but Samuel, another son, an Anglican, who was restless and ambitious, organized a rebellion against his brother. Knowing that he would receive little support from the Barolongs, he secured the assistance of some Dutch farmers with a promise of farms when he attained to power. They attacked the house of Sepinare, setting it on fire, and when he came forth, shot him dead. To prevent further disorder and bloodshed, Sir John Brand, the President of the Free State, called out his burghers, occupied the Barolong territory, and annexed it to the Republic.

The district was divided into farms, of which 15 were granted to white persons, 95 to natives, 7 were set apart for locations, and 29 were reserved by Government, but subsequently were leased. Two farms—Rietpoort and Willows—were given to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and one to the Anglican Church. Eight thousand morgen were set aside as commonage for the township of Thaba Nchu. All natives living on farms had the right to remain there during their lifetime, if not forfeited by misconduct or voluntary removal. Many of the Barolongs left the country and migrated to Bechuanaland, where dwelt the other portion of the tribe. The total number of the inhabitants in the Thaba Nchu territory was reduced to less than 7,000, and the population of Thaba Nchu itself fell from 10,000 to 1,200, most of whom were poor. The Mission passed through a revolution, and the character of the work was completely changed.

If the Barolongs were to be reached by the Gospel a number of native itinerant evangelists would be required to travel from farm to farm. The perception of this fact led the Rev. T. Chalker, during his residence at Thaba Nchu, to establish the Moroka Institute, for the training of native evangelists and teachers. Should this succeed, Thaba Nchu may become an important educational centre, from which Christian Barolongs

may proceed throughout the whole country, and, like Wycliffe's field preachers, carry the glad tidings of salvation to their countrymen.

An industrial school for boys was opened on one of the farms in 1903, but it is proposed to remove it to Thaba Nchu as being more central and convenient.

As the result of the war with Great Britain the Free State lost its independence, and became British territory. It is too early to judge what effect the change will have on Mission work; but who that thinks of the history of this Mission and of the missionaries who have toiled and suffered on its behalf will not pray that, out of the ruins of the old, may rise a new and nobler order of things to bless the natives of what is now the Orange River Colony?

METHODISM IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

WHEN the Dutch Emigrant Farmers left Cape Colony in 1836, and began to settle in the extensive plains which lie between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, the Methodist Barolong Mission had been in existence three years. As the Dutch had their own church and pastors it was to be expected that, if the Wesleyan missionaries extended their labours beyond the borders of Thaba Nchu, they would devote their attention to the natives, who were scattered over the country.

Bloemfontein, being the capital, and having a number of natives residing on the town location, was the first place to be visited. A small congregation was collected, which met for public worship in a hut. In 1851 the Rev. Purdon Smailes was appointed to Bloemfontein, to care chiefly for this little native church. How feeble financially the people were is evidenced by the first Circuit account rendered. The total annual income was £22 18s. 4d. Among the items of Mr. Smailes' expenditure were: postage, £14 (a letter from England in those days was a costly luxury); skins, £3 (carpets were rare, and the earthen floors were covered with skins, generally of antelopes); twelve oxen, £30, and a waggon, probably second-hand, £17 (railways were half a century in the future). The deficiency on the year was paid out of the missionary grant.

Mr. Smailes' residence at Bloemfontein was abruptly terminated. Three years before, in 1848, Sir Harry Smith had proclaimed the country British territory; but the authority of Major Warden, the British Resident, was only nominal outside Bloemfontein. Barolongs and Basutos quarrelled about grazing rights, and petty fights were frequent. Major Warden marched on Platberg with 1,000 men to meet Moshesh, and

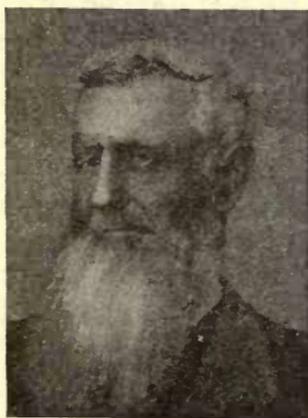
demanded 6,000 head of cattle and 300 horses within seven days. As they were not delivered, the Major and his men advanced from Plaatberg on Viervoet Mountain, but the Basutos defeated them with a loss of 200 men. Plaatberg and the other stations had to be vacated, Thaba Nchu was deserted, and the Wesleyan missionaries removed into Bloemfontein for protection. After the invasion of Basutoland by Sir George Cathcart, the disputes as to boundaries were for a time settled, and the missionaries returned to Plaatberg, Impukani, and Imparani. But the British Government, alarmed at the prospect of repeated war with the natives, handed the country back to the Dutch, who established a Republic. Mr. Smailes left for Burghersdorp, and for several years the Wesleyan congregation at Bloemfontein had to depend upon what pastoral care could be furnished from Thaba Nchu.



REV. J. G. MORROW.

In 1860 a second attempt was made to occupy Bloemfontein.

The Rev. T. Cresswell was appointed. He left the following year, but was succeeded by the Rev. J. G. Morrow, and during the ten years of his pastorate Methodism took permanent root. Every Sabbath he preached to the natives; but he also commenced services in a private house for the English residents. A lady—the late Miss Cumming—gave an erf of ground in the centre of the village, and on the corner of this plot a Wesleyan school-church was erected in the year 1868. The Revs. James Scott (afterwards so closely identified with Bloemfontein Methodism) and G. Vanderwell, of the



REV. JAMES SCOTT.

Dutch Reformed Church, conducted the opening services. A small native church was also built in the location. In 1871 Mr. Scott removed from Thaba Nchu to Bloemfontein, and the congregation continued to increase. It included adherents of

other churches—Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Lutherans—but Mr. Scott's catholic spirit and instructive ministry won their respect and affection. On December 3, 1873, the foundation stone of the present place of worship, called Trinity Church, was laid by Sir John Brand, the President of the Republic, and the building was opened in July, 1875, the Rev. James Fish, then at Kimberley, preaching the first sermon.

So little room for expansion was there in the Free State, that in 1872 there were only two towns where English congregations assembled under the care of Wesleyan ministers. Bloemfontein was one, Fauresmith was the other.

Fauresmith, named after the Rev. A. Faure, a much-loved pastor of the Dutch Church, and Sir Harry Smith, the Governor of Cape Colony, was situated in the midst of a prosperous sheep-farming district. In 1857 the Rev. W. R. Longden was appointed, but his health failed, and he left. The following year the inhabitants erected a building to hold about a hundred and fifty persons, and this they placed at the disposal of any minister who might visit the town. Such visits were rare, and the desire for more continuous spiritual care found expression in an application for the appointment of a resident Wesleyan minister. In 1864 the Rev. George Scott was sent. He was a diligent student of Scripture, unselfish, considerate, and a loving pastor of children; but he was delicate in health, and the work had to be pursued amid unfavourable circumstances. Intermittent strife with the Basutos was carried on from 1858 to 1868, and heavily taxed the energies of the young Republic. In 1867 the murder of a trader by the Basutos intensified the war, and every fighting man was called out. Trade was paralyzed, and paper money was forced into circulation. The minds of the people were filled with anxiety, and religious progress was arrested. 'Matters in general,' wrote Mr. George Scott, 'are gloomy and depressing. To-day a body of armed men left this town for the frontier. Every now and then my health pulls me up. The native work especially weighs me down. Just when I seem to have got the work organized I have to loose my hand, and the stone rolls down hill, and the work has to be gone over again.' Mr. Scott, however, kept bravely at his post, leaving only when his strength was exhausted, and returning when it was partially regained; but in 1871 his health finally broke down. By slow stages he went to Bloemfontein, and

there in his brother's house he entered into 'life immortal'. The Rev. S. B. Cawood resided at Fauresmith from 1871 to 1874, but after he left no successor could be sent, and the work at Fauresmith for the time had to be abandoned.

The towns in the Free State were small, and not one, excepting Bloemfontein, had a thousand inhabitants. At least a third of the urban population were natives, dwelling in locations, and two-thirds would belong to various nationalities—Dutch, German, and English. The latter were representatives of several religious denominations, and, often numbering not more than from forty to seventy adults, they were too few to justify the appointment of a resident pastor. Their spiritual needs could only be supplied by a minister travelling from town to town, and holding services at intervals. The work was thus difficult and laborious. But why trouble about these little places? Because, without reflecting on any other section of the Christian Church, the inhabitants needed the ministry of the Methodist Church, in its plain doctrines and old-fashioned statement, and insistence upon the need of conversion; and in every place were some Wesleyans who would have grieved to miss the care of their own pastors.

Like Fauresmith in the south, Kroonstad in the north was situated in the midst of a prosperous sheep-farming district, and had its little trading community of various nationalities. In his extensive journeys from Potchefstroom the Rev. G. Blencowe visited the town, and preached in the office of the landdrost. His services were highly appreciated, and secured for the Rev. C. Harmon a warm welcome when he arrived there the following year, in 1874. One merchant gave a site for a church, and another a site for a parsonage, and in a short time £900 were promised towards the cost of a church for the English inhabitants, which was completed in 1875. A native church, already in existence, was handed over to Mr. Harmon's care, and it had an unusual history. A Dutch carrier, whose home was in Kroonstad, whilst conveying goods to Potchefstroom, met Magatta, a native Methodist, and through his words and prayers became a sincere Christian. Upon his return to Kroonstad, remembering that his conversion was due under God to 'a black man,' he began to preach to the natives on the location. He received no encouragement from his townsmen, but he held on his way, and under his direction the natives bought ground, erected a church, and in this he regularly held services for their benefit. When Mr. Harmon

arrived the church and congregation were placed in his charge.

In 1877 Mr. Harmon was succeeded at Kroonstad by the Rev. S. B. Cawood, and in 1881 he was followed by the Rev. W. Baker, with the Rev. J. Culshaw as assistant. Mr. Culshaw had been at Kimberley for two years, but, having been stricken down by fever, he was sent to Kroonstad to recruit. In one of his monthly visits to Heilbron he attempted to cross a swollen drift, and, unfortunately, was drowned. About ten miles from Heilbron is the Rhenoster River, with a dangerous crossing. About six o'clock in the evening Mr. Culshaw was seen by some people to drive down to the stream, then swollen by heavy rains. As the current was swift he drove back for about half a mile, paused, turned again, and, coming back to the river bank, he outspanned. That was the last time he was seen alive. A farmer living beyond the river, and who was expecting him, sent some natives to see if he was on the road. They returned, saying they had found some distance below the drift a spider, and one horse harnessed to it, but dead, a whip, and a hat. The farmer called out his servants, and acquainted his neighbours, who joined in searching the river. All that day and the next they searched, and found Mr. Culshaw's body in a deep hole. It is supposed that he had inspanned during the night, and attempted to cross the swollen torrent, when he was swept down to death. His body was taken to Heilbron and buried there. His open-heartedness, his cheerful disposition, and his earnest godliness, had won for him the esteem and love of his people, and his sudden death was keenly felt.

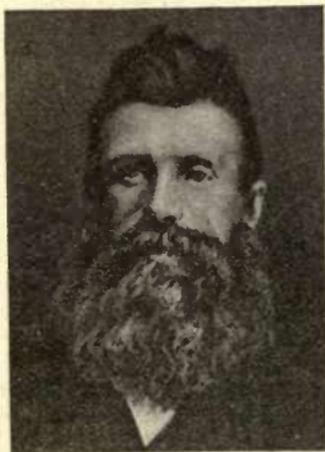
For some years it was a struggle to maintain the work in Kroonstad, and in 1877, owing to the depressed state of the country, the idea of abandoning the place was mooted. But the revival of trade caused by the discovery of the Witwatersrand goldfields brought about an improvement. The advent of the railway, and the consequent growth of the town, rendered it necessary to erect a larger church in the centre of the town; but as the congregation was not then in a position to provide the cost, the church was postponed, and a temporary hall was built in 1895.

Heilbron was separated from Kroonstad in 1883, and the Rev. Harvey Wilkinson was the first resident minister, followed by the Rev. C. Harmon in 1887, the Rev. C. S. Franklin in 1889, the Rev. J. K. Derry in 1897, and the

Rev. R. Matterson in 1898. Heilbron gives the visitor an impression of prosperity, as though, in the language of Trollope, the inhabitants sat down every day to roast mutton for dinner. The Wesleyan church was built in 1882, the parsonage ten years later, and both are a standing proof of the enterprise and liberality of a small community. In later years Frankfort and Vrede were offshoots from Heilbron. Frankfort Wesleyan Church is one of the prettiest in the country. When Mr. Harmon left Heilbron in 1889 he commenced the 'Vaal River Mission.' The opening up of the Witwatersrand gold reefs had given a great impetus to trade in the adjacent territories, and soon speculators and miners were busy prospecting for minerals. Coal, gold, and diamonds were found south of the Vaal River; Parijs, Vredefort, and Viljoen's Drift became busy centres, and Mr. Harmon endeavoured to provide Wesleyan teaching for the increasing population. He was an excellent traveller; he spoke Dutch and Sechuana, as well as his own language; he was a *persona grata* with the Dutch, he was influential with the natives, and a faithful preacher. He was very successful in these northern towns. In 1902 he removed to Bloemfontein to assist Mr. Franklin in his duties as chaplain to the troops, but was suddenly taken ill and died. He had been fifty years in the ministry.



REV. R. MATTERSON.

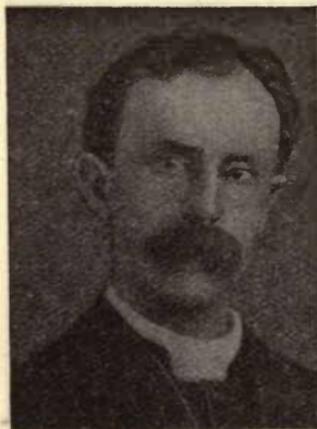


REV. C. HARMON.

When Ficksburg was declared to be a 'dorp' or town, the Rev. James Scott was applied to for the appointment of a Wesleyan minister, but no one could be sent. The gap was filled for a time by Mr. Barker, a Congregational minister,

who conducted a day-school during the week, and preached on the Sabbath. After his death no one could be obtained to supply his place, and the people lapsed into irreligion. Boys

and men spent the Sabbath in all kinds of sport, even indulging in horse-racing on the commonage. At the earnest solicitations of a faithful few, Mr. Scott visited the town in 1892.



REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

After the service a committee was formed 'to secure a Wesleyan minister for Ficksburg and Ladybrand.' It was considered that Ficksburg was the more suitable place of residence. At the close of the meeting the conviction was expressed that 'young and old Ficksburg would be better in body, soul, and spirit for the step taken.' The Municipal Board gave a valuable piece of ground for church purposes, and when the Rev. Isaac Dugmore arrived there was general satisfaction. The Good Templars readily granted the use of their hall for Sabbath and week-day services, but the first two years were years of preparation. In

1894 Mr. Dugmore, having removed to Ladybrand, was succeeded by the Rev. J. Hill Williams, formerly a probationer of the Canadian Methodist Church, and in 1898 a successful effort was made to erect a very neat church. The new building was opened by the Rev. P. Tearle, President of the Conference, and the whole town kept festival, the stores closing at mid-day to enable all to be present.

According to agreement, the minister to Ficksburg spent two weeks in each month at Ladybrand; but in 1894 the Wesleyans at Ladybrand considered they were able to support a pastor of their own. Mr. Dugmore commenced the work, and when he left for Thaba Nchu he was succeeded by the Rev. A. W. Cragg, and Ladybrand Methodism commenced an independent career.



REV. I. DUGMORE.

Harrismith, named after Sir Harry Smith, lies in a shallow basin near the Drakensberg. It stands on the main trade route to Durban, and, Methodistically, it is included in the Natal district, but it will be more convenient to detail the few

facts of its history here. The Rev. G. Blencowe, when residing at Ladysmith, and the Rev. R. Hayes, who succeeded him, often came up Van Reenan's Pass to visit this little town. In 1874 the Rev. W. Wynne secured a block of land consisting of four dry erven in the centre of the town, and built thereon a church and a manse. The town grew, and nine years later a larger church was needed. 'The zeal of the friends, fully shared by their minister, the Rev. A. T. Rhodes, projected a scheme for a building which would hold 400 hearers. This new church was completed in 1883, and cost £3,000. It stands opposite the old church. One of the most gratifying features of this advance was that the old church was handed over for the use of the native congregation, and was a great contrast to the dark shanty in which they formerly worshipped. Harrismith now possesses one of the finest church properties in the district, thanks to the foresight of the pastors and the liberality of the people.'

Bethlehem was visited monthly for two years by Mr. Wynne, but the first Wesleyan minister appointed to reside there was the Rev. R. W. Bryant, who arrived in 1877. The town contained not more than 250 inhabitants, but they were liberal in their gifts. The Dutch had a substantial church and a resident pastor; and Dr. Webb, the Anglican Bishop of Bloemfontein, refusing, as was his practice, to recognise the labours of other Churches, sent a clergyman; so here were three ministers and three churches in a town of less than 300 inhabitants. At first the Wesleyan services were held in the Dutch church, by the kindness of the Kerkraad, and their pastor, the Rev. C. P. Theron, who in every way encouraged the work. Within two years a stone church was built, funds for which were contributed by Dutch as well as English. To avoid debt, Mr. Bryant, accompanied by Mr. Rosenzweig, then schoolmaster and afterwards landdrost, drove out to various farms to secure promises of stock. On one occasion as many as seventy sheep and a quantity of turkeys, fowls, etc., were secured. The building was opened free of debt. During the residence of the Rev. J. G. Wenyon in 1882 the parsonage was erected, to which also the Dutch gave generously, for they have often shown themselves the liberal helpers of Methodism.

Lindley is an offshoot from Bethlehem, and was made a separate circuit in 1889.

In 1883 the Rev. G. A. Rose was appointed to Winburg,

with the hope that his health would improve in the drier climate of the district, but he died on his way thither at Bloemfontein. His place was supplied by the Rev. W. C. Burgess, subsequently so well known in Kimberley. The work at Winburg was characterized by peace and prosperity. In 1885 the foundation stone of the church was laid by Sir John Brand, and it was opened the following year.

Diamonds were discovered at Jagersfontein, near Fauresmith. The stones found were few, as compared with the Kimberley mines, but they were of very fine quality. A population of about 2,000, European and native, was employed in and about the mine, and in 1881 the Rev. C. Harmon was appointed to conduct Wesleyan services for their benefit. The native church at Fauresmith, once cared for by the Rev. George Scott, was still in existence, but was poor and dispirited. The effect of the action of the Dutch Government was to keep the natives depressed both mentally and financially. The one commendable feature of its rule was that it protected them from Cape brandy; but to have allowed them access to intoxicating liquors would have rendered them useless as servants. Mr. Harmon held his services at first in the courthouse, but a church and a parsonage were built, and then the work took a more stable form. A mining population fluctuates, and spiritual results are not easily tabulated.

The war of 1899-1902 disorganized the work of the churches throughout the country, especially in the northern towns. At Parijs the parsonage was looted and turned into a stable by the Dutch, and, subsequently, the English removed all the inhabitants into refugee camps. At Lindley the people were escorted to Kroonstad. The native church and English parsonage having been destroyed, the Rev. W. C. Burgess left, became chaplain to the British troops, and accompanied them on their marches, sharing their privations. At Bethlehem the parsonage and native church were plundered by the Dutch, and most of the English inhabitants fled into Basutoland. Those who remained were removed by the British troops to Harrismith. Frankfort was deserted, and the Wesleyan church was reduced to a ruin; the Rev. C. W. Lister was escorted by the Dutch over the border, because in a private letter which they opened he had expressed his satisfaction at the British victories. At Heilbron the church was turned into a hospital, and the Rev. R. and Mrs. Matterson devoted themselves to nursing the British sick and wounded. Kroonstad

was crowded with refugees, and the Rev. Oliver Carey ministered to both Wesleyan soldiers and civilians for nearly two years. At Winburg the Rev. C. Harmon did similar work in town and camp, forming a soldiers' home, and promoting the comfort of the men. At Harrismith the health of the Rev. J. M. Watkinson broke down, and being compelled to leave for England *viâ* Delagoa Bay, he was arrested and imprisoned at Pretoria as a British spy.

At Bloemfontein most of the English congregation left for Cape Colony before war actually commenced; but on the occupation of the town by the British, large military camps were formed in the vicinity, and enteric fever became a terrible scourge. The foul water at Paardeberg, of which the soldiers drank, was responsible for the outbreak, and for many weeks more than 1,800 men were prostrate with fever. There were neither beds nor bedding to accommodate so large a number of patients, and for a time they lay on the ground, and the mortality was heavy. The public buildings were turned into hospitals, nurses and doctors were sent, and the scourge was at last arrested.

Sometimes on the Sabbath the Wesleyan Church was crowded with soldiers in their khaki uniforms, travel-stained and torn; and sometimes the preacher was in khaki, for he was the Rev. E. P. Lowry, chaplain to the Wesleyans in the Guards Brigade. The Rev. C. S. Franklin threw himself zealously into the work of ministering to the sick, and was greatly assisted by the Revs. E. J. Williams, J. K. Derry, and several others. The schoolroom was opened as a soldiers' home, and from 200 to 600 men were daily supplied with refreshments.

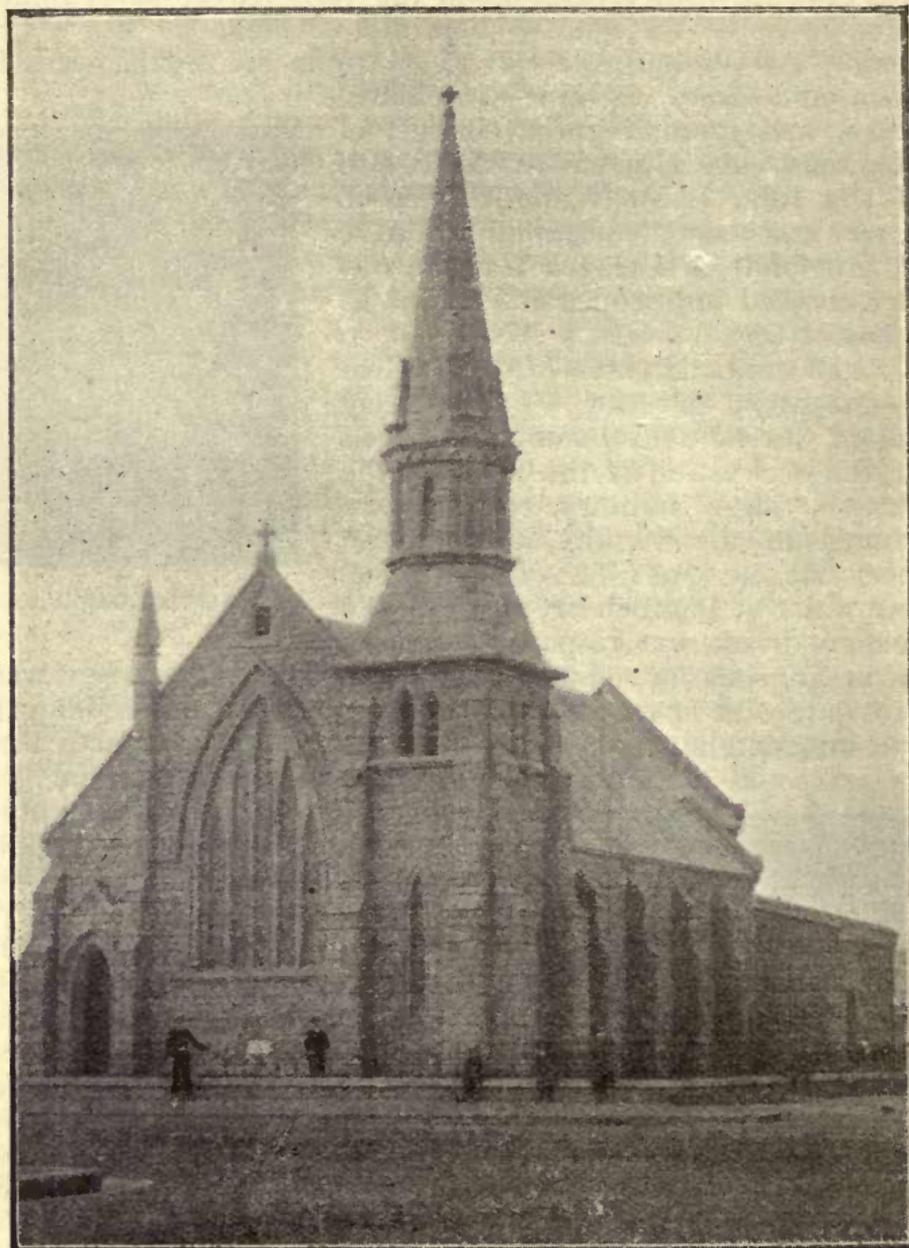


REV. O. CAREY.



REV. J. K. DERRY.

With the termination of the war the restrictions as to resi-



WESLEYAN CHURCH, KROONSTAD.

dence were removed, the refugee camps were broken up, and the people returned to their homes in the various townships, or what was left of them. Notwithstanding their heavy losses,

they began with surprising cheerfulness to repair the ravages made by war. Houses were rebuilt, churches were restored, and in a short time there was a prospect of the return of prosperity.

At Kroonstad a handsome Gothic church has been erected in a commanding position, being situated on a corner site in the principal street, and having a spire rising to the height of 80 feet.

Bloemfontein rapidly increased in size after the war, and Methodism shared in the expansion. Trinity Church was too small for the congregation, and a second Wesleyan church was erected at the east end of the town amongst an artisan population.

As the Government required the site on which the Wesleyan native church stood for educational purposes, it erected another church elsewhere for the natives on ground generously given by the Town Council.

In the majority of the towns of the Orange River Colony Methodism is the only representative of English Nonconformity. Its pliant, connexional system furnishes facilities for meeting the spiritual needs of small and scattered communities. The dominant Church is the Dutch Reformed, which is zealous for the language and nationality of its adherents, and is often semi-political. In many of the chief towns are Anglican Episcopal churches. These two religious bodies stand widely apart as to doctrine and form of worship, but both obscure—the former by its formalism, the latter by its ecclesiasticism—the important truth, that the essential condition of Christian life is not confirmation or baptism, but a spiritual change of heart: 'Ye must be born anew.' It is a complete inward change, of which the Divine Spirit is the agent, and the Divine Word the means. The Lord comes to the soul that waits for Him; He takes away not only the guilt and thralldom of sin, but its deep, polluting stain; He opens up in the heart a spring of purity and gladness. 'Now I know, I know!' exclaimed John Bunyan; 'I can scarcely lie in my bed for joy and peace and triumph through Christ.'

This was the glad message John Wesley carried to the people of England in the eighteenth century. Before his day conversion was almost a lost word. He respoke it; he set forth that the soul could be delivered from sin through faith in Christ, and by the power of the Holy Spirit. Take that

message away, and what was left? As Dr. Fairbairn says: 'You have Walpole sitting in the House of Commons, looking round and saying, "Every man here has his price." You have David Hume coming into England like a blight, saying wherever he went, "God is but a creed; seize Him you cannot. All you get hold of is a passing sensation."' Conversion, as taught by John Wesley, saved England from scepticism and political corruption. And it is that message Methodism has still to deliver, not least in the Orange River Colony. The complaint is occasionally heard that the spiritual life of many professing Christians is unsatisfactory, and that even officials of the Church are unsympathetic and worldly; but the reason is that they have never been converted. The preacher may hold up before his hearers the charms of a lofty morality, but if he fail to enforce the necessity and blessedness of conversion, he will engage in a futile endeavour to grow fruit on trees that have no root. Only as men and women are cleansed from sin, regenerated by the Holy Spirit, will they have a passion for righteousness, for true comradeship, for devotion to Christ, which alone can leaven society and prepare it for the coming of the Kingdom of God.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN NATAL.*

WHEN the Rev. W. Shaw planned his 'chain of mission stations' it was his intention to include Natal. If he could have had his way, Wesleyan missionaries would have been the first to preach the Gospel to the fierce Zulus. In the stations for 1829, as given in the Minutes of the Conference, appeared, 'Tshaka's tribe, Port Natal. One to be appointed.' In 1830 the entry stands: 'Robert Snowdall. Another is requested.' Mr. Snowdall died early in the following year at Grahamstown. Another name appeared in 1831: 'Tshaka's tribe, William Satchell.' But Mr. Satchell went to Pondoland, so it may be presumed that the way was not open to Natal. For twelve years, though no minister could be sent, the entry of Tshaka's tribe was made in the British Minutes of Conference. It was the hoisting of the flag which proclaimed that the land conquered by the Zulus was about to be seized for Christ. The actual occupation was not accomplished until twelve years later, in the year 1842.

In those twelve years many important events happened. English traders had already settled at the Bay, and held communication with Tshaka, and afterwards with his son and successor, Dingaan. The Dutch emigrant farmers, through the defiles of the Drakensberg, entered the 'fair meadow of Natal,' hoping to find in it a home, and they settled in the valleys of the Tugela and Bushman Rivers. Seventy of their number were treacherously murdered by Dingaan at his kraal, and probably over five hundred more, including coloured servants, were slain in the encampments at the rivers by the Zulu impis. The Dutch, rallying their forces, and strengthened

* For this and the two following chapters I am largely indebted to a series of papers written by the Rev. F. Mason for the *South African Methodist*.

by fresh arrivals from Cape Colony, took, ten months later, their revenge on Dingaan at Blood River. The defeated Zulu chief fled northward, fell into the hands of the Swazis, and by them was put to death. The Dutch, with due formalities, proclaimed 'The Republic of Natalia,' and laid out Maritzburg. But at an early date they began to harass the natives on the southern border, and Faku, the Pondo chief, appealed to the Rev. W. Shaw, and Mr. Shaw appealed to the Governor of Cape Colony for protection. Sir George Napier stationed a small British force with Faku, and subsequently ordered Captain Smith, with 250 men, to march from Faku's country into Natal and occupy Durban. This was done, and the Rev. James Archbell, with his wife and family, accompanied the troops, and was the first Wesleyan minister to settle in Natal. This was in 1842.

The Dutch burghers took possession of the village, and besieged the British camp. Mr. Archbell and his family had to endure the privations of the siege, when a soldier had at last to live on a few ounces of horseflesh and a handful of rice dust a day. The troops would have been forced to surrender but for the daring ride of Richard King, who in ten days rode the whole length of Kaffraria and took the news to Grahamstown, 600 miles distant. Strong reinforcements were sent to the relief of Captain Smith and his men from Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The Dutch farmers gave up the struggle, and many of them retreated over the Drakensberg, and helped to found the Orange Free State and the South African Republic.

Mr. Archbell soon erected a wattled building, with a verandah all round, a thatched roof without any ceiling, and an earthen floor. This was the first place of worship in Natal, with the exception of a plain stone structure built by the Dutch at Maritzburg, and used by them for years, until their new church was completed. A mission house was also built, and was composed of wattles plastered with mud and of unburnt bricks, fairly well put together, with thatched roof and verandah.

In 1846 the mission was strengthened by the arrival of the Revs. W. J. Davis and J. Richards. Mr. Davis remained in the Bay, and Mr. Richards proceeded to Maritzburg, where, after a time, a little thatch-covered church was completed. Mr. Archbell also at a later date removed to Maritzburg. In 1847 the Rev. W. C. Holden joined the mission at Durban, and Mr. Davis moved up to the Zwaartkop location. Mr.

Holden gives a somewhat humorous account of his experiences in the primitive mission house. Snakes and rats made a carnival of the place, and nightly hunts went on between the canvas ceilings and the roof. 'As soon as the darkness of evening came on the rats began to scamper about on the calico ceiling, whilst the snakes pursued them with great swiftness and seized their prey; a squeak was heard, and then all was quiet.' Mr. Holden frequently killed snakes both inside and outside his house.

Durban was yet but a quiet, unpretentious village, consisting of a few thatched cottages embowered amongst exuberant vegetation. The streets were hardly defined, and the paths wound amongst the grass and thickets, which were haunted by pythons and various kinds of deadly serpents. The coast lands were covered by tall, luxuriant grass, the home of numerous wild animals and richly-plumaged birds.

Mr. Holden, whilst attending to the spiritual needs of the European population, devoted much of his time to the natives. Within fifteen miles of Durban were thousands of Kafirs, the whole of whom were in a state of barbarism. They were all in nature's undress, with the exception of a few tails of wild animals hanging from the loins, and revelled in all the abominations of heathenism. Mr. Holden was appalled at their condition, and, procuring an interpreter, a converted Fingo, he rode round to the kraals, and held services in the open air. The natives assembled. Of dress they had none, of ornaments a great profusion. The men had their heads adorned with the richly-coloured feathers of African birds, and on their necks strings of teeth of wolves, panthers, and wild dogs. The women wore necklaces and bracelets of beads, and brass rings on the right arm from wrist to elbow. Mr. Holden preached no regular sermon, but stated in the simplest language two or three Scriptural truths, on which he questioned his hearers the following Sabbath, to see how much they remembered. It was 'line upon line, here a little, and there a little.' At the end of a year some of the natives began to pray and seek God. On May 4, 1848, Mr. Holden wrote: 'Last Sabbath I began the first Kafir Class Meeting in Port Natal. Eight persons attended: one elderly man, six young men, from twenty to twenty-five years old, and one boy about fifteen years old. Two were clothed, three partly clothed, and three naked. We met out of doors at the back of a friend's house. Two came a distance of fourteen miles, one six miles, and the others live

in the place.' Seldom has a class meeting been held in more unfavourable circumstances.

Among the converts was an old warrior, Abantwana, uncle to the great chief Tshaka. He had been next to him in command, and was sitting by his side when Tshaka was assassinated by his son Dingaan. He had slaughtered many human beings, whilst he had never quailed before a host of infuriated men; but now he was smitten down by the Holy Spirit, and was in great distress on account of his sins. He spent hours alone in the bush in prayer, and whilst thus engaged Christ was revealed to him as his Saviour, and he was made happy in the love of God. He was baptized by Mr. Holden, and the Zulu chief's youngest son and daughter were baptized at the same time. For five years this work was continued, and many were won to Christ. There are few chapters in mission history more interesting than Mr. Holden's account of 'conversion work among the Kafirs.'

In 1850 a new and far superior church was erected in Aliwal Street, Durban. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. G. C. Cato, and it was completed on May 13, 1850. It was the first building of the kind in the village, and before the experiment was tried the promoters of the scheme were afraid that as the foundation rested upon sand, the structure might fall; but all such apprehensions proved needless. Mr. Holden describes it as a 'neat, substantial brick building, and as chaste as any I have seen of the kind, either in Africa or England. It is 50 feet long, and 20 feet wide inside.' The opening services were conducted by Mr. Holden, the Rev. D. Lindley, of the American Board of Missions, and the Rev. H. Pearse. The old chapel was handed to the natives, who hitherto had been compelled to worship in the open air.

Both at Durban and at Maritzburg the Wesleyan church was the only one for English-speaking civilians. Members of all denominations attended the services, and were admitted to the Lord's Table. Of this period Mr. Richards at Maritzburg wrote: 'I have Governor, Secretary, Judge, Surveyor-General, and Captains in my congregation, so that I am in reality Court Preacher. However, I pursue my course in endeavouring to apply evangelical truth to my hearers for their edification, and thankful shall I be if I can but secure the approbation of my Lord.' In process of time Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists were so strengthened by immigration that they were able to form churches of their own. When

they did so, Methodism rejoiced in seeing her foster-children establishing spiritual homes for themselves, and maintained on its side the 'unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'

Between 1849 and 1851 several thousand British emigrants arrived, and their advent was followed by momentous results. Many of them were from the North of England, chiefly Yorkshire; some came from London and the South, some from the Midlands. Not a few of them were devoted Methodists, local preachers and class leaders; and even when living in tents they held services on the Sabbath. There can be no doubt that the present position of Methodism in Natal is mainly due under God to the zeal and loyalty of these men. At Durban, Verulam, Maritzburg, York, and elsewhere, they set up or rallied round the old standard, and in a few years had changed to a large extent the religious prospects of the country.

At Verulam the first Wesleyan service was a prayer meeting, held on the first Sabbath evening after the settlers had arrived, in a marquee given by the Earl of Verulam. The whole population assembled. On the following Sunday, in the same place, Mr. William Todd, a Northumbrian, preached the first sermon on the words, 'Which things the angels desire to look into'; and he and Mr. Garland and Mr. Champion for many years preached the Gospel to the dwellers about the Umgeni, journeying sometimes as far as Kearsney. A small church made of poles and clay walls was erected at Verulam, and Mr. Holden, who had been instrumental in choosing the site for the settlement, conducted the dedicatory service. Fifty years later, in 1900, Mr. Todd, nearly eighty years of age, but hale and vigorous, preached the sermon at the Jubilee. The Wesleyan ministers at Durban and Maritzburg, the Revs. W. C. Holden, H. Pearse, C. Spensley, J. Gaskin, F. Mason, G. Blencowe, J. Jackson, and others, were men of untiring zeal and noble enterprise. They visited and encouraged the new-comers, giving them wise counsel in things temporal and spiritual. They often rode from twenty to a hundred miles to preach the Gospel to the widely scattered settlers in villages, hamlets, and on farms. Services were held at York, Greytown, Riet Vlei, Caversham, Mooi River, Ladysmith, Newcastle, Wakkerstroom, besides many nearer places. Congregations were small, but some of the hearers travelled ten or a dozen miles to join in the worship of God, and the preacher was always sure of a cordial welcome. This may be looked upon as the formative period of Methodism in Natal,

and, indeed, in the Colony itself. All honour to the brave men who upheld the banner in times of difficulty, and made the battle easier for their successors to win.

In the year 1847 the Rev. James Allison came into Natal with a party of refugees from Swaziland. At Mahamba, in that country, he had established a mission, which was full of promise. Thirteen hundred natives assembled for worship on the Sabbath. Umswazi, the great chief, offended several of his sub-chiefs, and they, with their followers, removed and settled near the mission station. Mr. Allison endeavoured to reconcile the parties, but failed. The sub-chiefs were obstinate, and refused to acknowledge the authority of their suzerain.



REV. J. ALLISON.

The consequence was that Umswazi organized an attack upon them, and was assisted by a number of Boers, who doubtless hoped to get loot, either in the shape of cattle or land. The commando arrived at Mahamba on the Sabbath just as the bell was ringing for worship. On its approach all the people in the neighbourhood fled to the station, and fifty natives were shot down and killed in the presence of the missionary, whose attempts to arrest the slaughter were unavailing. Mr. Allison and his family were not molested, but he found it necessary to leave the station with those who wished to accompany him.

The fugitives settled at Indaleni, in Natal, on land granted by the Government. Mr. Allison had with him a fine body of native men, most of whom were recent converts from heathenism. He taught them how to use plough and spade, hammer and saw, and trowel. More than that, he taught them how to preach Christ with great zeal and power to their fellow-men. Some of the finest characters, some of the best workers, who have yet risen amongst native South Africans were in the ranks of these refugees. One of them, Daniel Msimang, became an ordained minister, and, thirty-five years later, was sent to re-occupy the station from which they had fled, and Mahamba again appeared as a Mission. Who would have thought when it was abandoned that it would be again occupied, and that the first missionary sent to it to recommence the work there would

be one of the men who left it with Mr. Allison? We ought surely to find in such a fact strong ground for encouragement in the hour of disappointment and seeming defeat. Another refugee was Nathaniel Matebule, who also became a minister.

Not long after Mr. Allison's arrival in Natal circumstances arose which led to his withdrawal from the Mission. It is unnecessary to go into details. He was a man of strong will, impulsive, full of capacity and energy, impatient of restraint. The times were troublous. Methodism in England was being torn by the fiercest agitation it has ever known, and some of the waves of conflict were borne, though feebly, to these distant shores. Somehow, Mr. Allison was misled into the belief that the party of change was in the ascendant, and would gain the victory. Certain circumstances had led him to think that he was an ill-used man. Possibly there was, on the other side, a lack of perfect patience and tact. So he left Indaleni, and, accompanied by the majority of the people, established an independent Mission at Edendale. Ten years afterwards the breach, except in some of its merely personal aspects, was happily healed. Edendale, which has grown into a large and prosperous station, was transferred to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1861, by the consent of all concerned, and by the earnest desire of most. Mr. Allison was never again united with the church of his early choice, but a friendly feeling gradually arose on both sides. His body, with that of his wife, now reposes in the Wesleyan Cemetery, Maritzburg, in the plot reserved for ministers and their families. All the differences and strifes to which reference has now been made lie buried in that grave, and they will rise no more.

In June, 1856, a remarkable revival of religion began in Maritzburg, and continued for several months. The Revs. H. Pearse and F. Mason were the resident ministers. The revival affected both younger and older people about equally. The work was singularly calm and deep. The more modern plan of an inquiry room had not yet come into use; penitent seekers of salvation knelt at the communion rail, where local preachers, class leaders, and others, gave counsel to the inquirers, and rejoiced over them with great joy. Two young men who then gave themselves fully to the service of God afterwards entered the ministry. One of them, the Rev. J. Jackson, junior, became a most effective preacher in English and Kafir, wrote several books in Zulu, and, after a brief and honourable career, entered into rest. The other, the

Rev. William Shaw Davis, became well known as an able Kafir scholar and Missionary Superintendent. In Maritzburg the English membership was doubled. A few native and coloured people were added to the church, but their Pentecost was to come later. Nor did the work spread manifestly to other places. Commercial discouragement and religious apathy were widely prevalent. Still, an impulse was given which was never lost, and which produced good results in the following years.

An era of church building now commenced. The Maritzburg English congregation had outgrown the little, old-fashioned structure which had been erected in 1848. This was about 50 feet long by 26 feet wide. It had a hip-roof, covered with thatch. A tiny organ gallery had been placed over the door; a new front had been added, surmounted at the corners by enormous blocks of freestone, curiously, if not handsomely, wrought. The whole appearance of the building was so unusual that it was said to belong to the Roman-Dutch order of architecture. But it was a grand old place for all that, for the associations connected with it and for the work done in it. The present comely schoolroom, much lengthened, with its suite of class-rooms, does but faintly remind one of the 'old chapel,' as it was for long affectionately called. The site, which had been given by Government, is a very fine one, being situated in the centre of the town, and has frontages to three streets.

In August, 1856, a meeting was called to consider the question of enlargement. Opinion was unanimous, or nearly so, against this plan. Everybody wanted a new church suited to the needs of the time. One gentleman rose and declared that he would not give anything towards the old building; but if it were decided to erect a new one, he would give £25. The reader may smile, but the sum was large in those days—it was more in proportion than £500 would be to many now. In fact, the largest contributions were three subscriptions of £50 each, and noble gifts they were, considering the means of the givers. Many delays occurred, and it was not till July, 1857, that the foundation stone was laid by Mrs. Pearse. To obtain help towards the erection, the Rev. H. Pearse went on a collecting tour in the Eastern Province, and raised a sum of nearly £650, generously contributed by the people of Albany and of other parts. Of this amount over £40 was given by natives. The opening services were held in March, 1859. The church is built in Grecian style: it is not handsome, but is

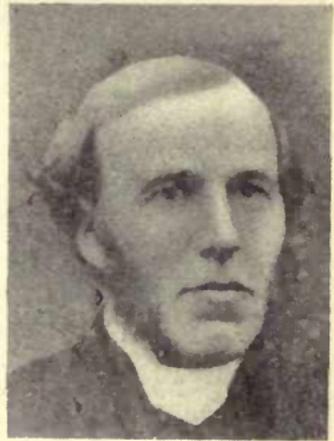
massive, with four large stone pillars in front; it is roomy, commodious, and durable. A gallery opposite the pulpit was added in 1863. From the date of its erection Methodism took a leading place amongst the churches in Maritzburg, and has never since lost it.

Meanwhile Durban was bestirring itself in the same direction. The old chapel in Aliwal Street, which had been enlarged by the addition of a wing at one end, had become too small, and was anything but commodious. Population and trade were moving towards the west end of the town, and it was very desirable to secure a more central site. A piece of ground was purchased in West Street, subsequently added to by another purchase; and it still remains one of the finest positions that could be found. Here the foundation stone was laid by the Rev. Thomas Jenkins in March, 1857. It was an honour worthily conferred on the veteran missionary. The building was in the Gothic style, pretty in appearance, but too light in construction. The Rev. Calvert Spensley devoted himself to this enterprise with an ardour beyond his strength. It was to be his last service to Methodism in Natal before his return, in shattered health, to England. He was architect, superintendent of works, collector of subscriptions, inspirer and director of the whole undertaking. The church was dedicated in January,

1858. It was the scene of many memorable occurrences of a spiritual kind, until it gave place, twenty years later, to the present large and imposing structure, in which have been held the most notable religious gatherings, both denominational and general, which have ever taken place in Natal.

In 1861 Methodism in Natal was strengthened by the arrival of several missionaries from England: the Revs. John Allsopp, James Langley, William H. Millward, Daniel Eva, and Charles Roberts. Edendale and Verulam were each supplied with an additional minister, and new stations were formed.

The natives of Natal numbered probably 200,000, and were tall, muscular, and intelligent, but they lacked incentive to



REV. C. SPENSLEY.

work. Their food was easily obtained, their wants were few, and they were satisfied with an indolent life in their locations. The sugar-planters along the coast were therefore compelled to import coolies (labourers) from India in considerable numbers. They came from Bombay, Bengal, and the valley of the Ganges. Most of them were Hindus, and a few were Mohammedans. After their term of service had expired many of them remained in Natal. Some bought land, and gained a livelihood as gardeners; others became cooks, waiters, and general servants. But whatever their career, it was of supreme importance that they should be brought into touch with the Gospel, lest their presence should become a moral danger. In 1862 the Rev. Ralph Stott arrived to commence the 'Indian



REV. R. STOTT.

Mission.' He had been eighteen years in Ceylon, where he had reclaimed hundreds of wild Veddahs from their savage life in the jungle, and could preach fluently in Tamil and Hindustani. He had that rare tact which enables its possessor to make friends amongst all classes; and planters and coolies, ministers and people, alike welcomed him. The area of his labours was a belt of coastland extending from Isipingo, twelve miles south, to Kearsney, fifty miles north of Durban, and within this area was an Indian population of about 30,000 people. For eighteen years he toiled on, never doubting, never faltering, under condi-

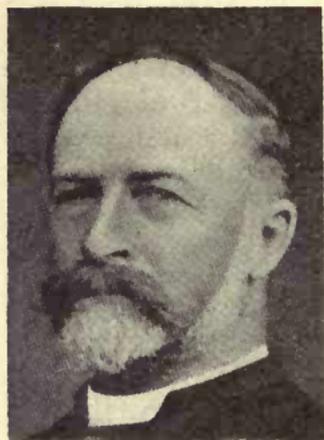
tions which most men would have found utterly discouraging. The cheerful optimism with which he relates some of his journeys is amazing. 'I had to cross a river,' he wrote, 'deep and full of quicksands, and got a dipping. When I reached the bank I pulled off my shoes and stockings. My stockings I wrung and tied on my saddle to dry, and, after pouring the water out of my shoes, I put them on again. On my return I crossed five rivers, and it rained the whole day, and I, and doubtless my horse, thought that was sufficient, considering the roads. I reached home in safety. I believe such journeys are a great blessing, and I derive as much good from them as many people in England do from going to a watering-place. I get a change of food, water, air, and relaxation from ordinary studies.'

The success of the Mission was small, if it is to be judged by numerical returns only. Assistants who could speak Tamil or Hindustani were not easily obtained; and the opposition of the coolies to Christianity was vigilant. Worshipping, as they did, gods whom their books spoke of as guilty of lying, thieving, and fornication, it could not be expected that their morals would be otherwise. Nor did they desire any reformation. They would not travel even a short distance to hear the Gospel, and they had to be visited from house to house. Thus the work for one minister was tedious, and yielded few results. Some, however, were won to Christ, and returning to India, held fast their Christian profession; and others, who remained in Natal, joined the Methodist Church, and honourably kept the faith.

Under the charter given to the colony in 1856 there was a sum of £5,000 per annum reserved for native purposes, and placed at the disposal of the Governor. The question arose how this money was to be spent. It was at length decided that grants-in-aid should be given to mission schools belonging to various denominations, and that industrial institutions especially should be encouraged. The Natal Synod resolved to establish three of these institutions—one at Edendale, one at Indaleni, and one at Verulam. These institutions were started with praiseworthy energy. Some of the boys learnt how to use tools, and to do certain kinds of mechanical work, and the result was as satisfactory as one could reasonably expect, considering the newness of the experiment, and the inaptitude of the native for mechanical arts. But after a few years they were given up one after another, Edendale surviving longest. The mistake was in having three institutions. In so small a district it was not likely that three men could be found with the peculiar qualifications needed for taking charge of them, nor was the number of available pupils at that time sufficient. There ought to have been one institution in a central place, well-manned and equipped. But the experience of failure was not lost.

Ladysmith, which had previously been visited from Maritzburg, 100 miles distant, was made a circuit in 1866, under the care of the Rev. G. Blencowe. At first he held services in the Court House, but after he had built a house, to some extent with his own hands, he held services in his dining-room. There were at the time very few families in the town that were Wesleyans even in name. Mr. Blencowe, however, made Lady-

smith the centre, from which he made long journeys through the Biggarsberg and Newcastle districts, visiting Dutch and English farmers, and holding services as occasion offered. He crossed the Buffalo into the Transvaal, visiting Utrecht and Wakkerstroom, and penetrated the country right up to Potchefstroom and Pretoria. He visited Colenso to the south, and travelled into the Free State as far as Harrismith and Kroonstad. His labours were little short of herculean. He was a keen observer, and as early as 1868 he expressed his confidence in Natal as a coalfield. 'The coalfield,' he wrote, 'is about 100 miles square. In a field of such extent there are coals of great variety. Some are poor, as the coals of India; but others are much better, burn clear, and throw out great heat. If the coal is worked the population will increase, and this circuit will become half a dozen.'



REV. A. P. CHAPLIN.

From Ladysmith Mr. Blencowe removed to the Transvaal, taking charge of what was called the 'Transvaal Mission.' From 1877 to 1882 he was in England, where he wrote 'The Sabbath Divine and Regal' and 'Christian Positivism'; but at the end of 1882 he returned to South Africa, and resided chiefly at Wakkerstroom. He died at Maritzburg in 1893. Both Natal and Transvaal Methodism owe much to the untiring labours and the statesmanlike policy of Mr. Blencowe.

Mr. Blencowe was followed at Ladysmith in 1873 by the Rev. R. Hayes. The circuit was still a wide one, and included Dundee, Estcourt, Colenso, and Harrismith. Four years later, in 1877, he was succeeded by the Rev. A. P. Chaplin, and circumstances being more favourable, the circuit entered upon an active career. The European farmers had increased in numbers and wealth, trade had developed, and the native work was expanding. At Ladysmith there was still no Wesleyan place of worship, and services were held in the Dutch church on Sabbath evenings; but in 1881 Mr. Chaplin succeeded in erecting a church, and the Rev. F. Mason came from Maritzburg to preach the opening sermons. The population during the Zulu War rapidly increased, and the new building was

often well filled. Then came an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and a tide of prosperity set in; the congregation increased, and the members were 'strengthened in the faith.'

About the year 1865 a migration commenced from Edendale, which led to a wonderful extension of Christianity amongst the natives in the north of Natal. The principal men at Edendale had for some time felt that the land on that station was too small for their support, and as good and cheap land was to be obtained in the Klip River county, they seized the opportunity and bought. By the advice of the Rev. G. Blencowe they purchased the farm 'Driefontein,' about 8,000 acres in extent. The following year they bought the adjoining farm, 'Kleinfontein,' and, subsequently, they secured a third farm, 'Dornhoek.' This block of farms comprised 22,000 acres, arable and pasture lands, well watered, and cost about £5,000. This sum the natives raised and paid by themselves. In the title deeds a clause was inserted which guarded them against the alienation by any of their number or their heirs of any portion of the property to Europeans. This protected them from land speculators. Another clause provided that if any proprietor became a polygamist he forfeited his share, and could only claim the amount of money he had paid. The farms were situated on the Klip River, about twelve miles north of Ladysmith. A continuous ridge of low kopjes runs right through the farms three miles in length, and along the foot of this ridge the natives built their houses, a little distance apart, devoting the land in front to agriculture, and the land behind the ridge for pasturing their cattle. Most of the houses were well built, each with iron roof and verandah, garden attached, and plantation of trees. Dornhoek was kept as a cattle run.

The leaders in this movement were a fine lot of men. Nathaniel Matebule, a Swazi, who during his residence at Indaleni became a house builder, and after eight years' residence at Driefontein threw up an income of £250 a year to do the work of a Methodist missionary on a pittance barely sufficient to provide the necessaries of life; Daniel Msimang, who fled from Mahamba with the Rev. J. Allison, and thirty-five years later returned thither to preach the Gospel to the Swazis; Elijah Kambule, who was considered by the Shepstone family the finest native in Natal, and was often employed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in negotiations with

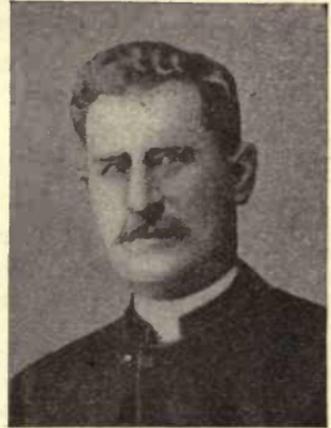
native chiefs; Timothy Gule, remarkable for his straightforwardness; Johannes Kumalo, a grand old man; Job Kam-bule, the headman; Luke Msimang, day-school teacher, and subsequently a minister of the Gospel—these and many others were not only industrious and shrewd, but all of them were earnest Christians. The Rev. R. Hayes, of Ladysmith, took the pastoral oversight of the new settlement, and held services for their benefit, but these only quickened their sympathies for the heathen around them. The Edendale men were determined if possible to plant the Christianity which had elevated them in the new parts of the country in which they were placed. Daniel Msimang would go to the mission house in Ladysmith on horseback, leading a horse, and would say to Mr. Hayes in his own language, 'Let us go, minister, and preach to the heathen'; and they would go for three or four days at a time, living on such food as is found at Kafir kraals. Daniel and his native companions visited all parts of the district, preaching the Gospel with great success. The whole country for miles round, and even as far as Zululand, heard the Word of God. Congregations, classes, and societies were formed at native kraals, and the foundations laid of a work which has been growing ever since.

The Christian work at Driefontein could not be hid. Heathen people from far and near came to see and hear for themselves. A number came from Jonono's Kop, a heathen location about twelve miles north-east of Driefontein, and, deeply impressed, they carried back to their own people the message of salvation. The native local preachers followed up the visit, and many conversions followed. Practically the whole of the community which lived in the village built on the side of the mountain came over to Christianity. When Mr. Hayes and Daniel Msimang visited Jonono's Kop, and were met by all the men, women, and children, cleansed from all signs of heathenism, and dressed as Europeans, Daniel's joy was so great that he burst into tears. On their return to Ladysmith Daniel bought print and other things, which were cut into frocks by a friend, and made up by his own family. These articles he took with him to Jonono's Kop on the occasion of his next visit. The first agent of the Unzondelelo, Eliam Msimang, was located at Jonono's Kop, and in 1882 he was accepted as a native minister. In the same year the place was formed into a Circuit, it having become the centre of a new and wide area of Christian work. By 1883 a

good stone-built church and a comfortable native minister's house were completed.

When Mr. Chaplin succeeded Mr. Hayes at Ladysmith in 1877 he took charge of the Mission. In 1885 Driefontein was made the head of a Circuit, and was still under the care of Mr. Chaplin, who went to reside there to superintend the native work. The field of operations was enlarged, and the Gospel was carried to other settlements.

Some of the natives from Edendale and other places purchased from the Government land at Telapi, one of the large mountains in the Biggarsberg range, about twenty-eight miles north of Ladysmith. They differed greatly from the Driefontein men, and not a few had practically abandoned the Christian profession. However, native local preachers from Driefontein visited them, and in spite of much opposition held services in their midst. A great religious awakening followed, and many of the people were converted. A church was built, and a native minister was appointed. About the year 1891 the farm at Telapi was sold to a Roman Catholic Mission, and with the proceeds of the sale the natives bought other ground nearer to Dundee and removed there. They were then included in the Dundee native circuit.



REV. J. METCALF.

In 1881 a native boy from Ezingekeni came to Driefontein, and was converted to Christ. His family and friends were all heathen, but he returned home firmly resolved to win them over to the Lord Jesus. His efforts were successful beyond expectation. Not only his relations, but many of the neighbours, became sincere Christians. The native youth was baptized, and received the name of Simon. He developed into a powerful preacher in his own language, his addresses being simple but practical, glowing with Scriptural light, and attended with Divine power. Ezingekeni was taken in as part of the Telapi Circuit, and rapidly grew into an important centre of mission work. Subsequently, during the pastorate of the Rev. J. Metcalf, a farm—'Quick Vlei'—was purchased in the name of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the whole of

this section was constituted into a separate Circuit, and received the name of 'Evansdale.'

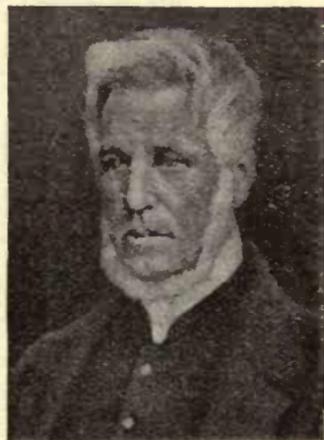
Another Edendale native, Timothy Gule, left Driefontein and settled on a piece of land close to the Buffalo River, and he and his friends invited Mr. Chaplin to visit the neighbourhood with a view to commencing Methodist services. His first visit was in 1883. A large number of natives were soon gathered as adherents, buildings for worship and schools were erected, and an evangelist was appointed, who resided at Kelvin Grove, close to where Glencoe Junction Station now stands. The whole of this new section appeared in the Minutes of the Conference as the 'Buffalo Circuit,' but in 1887 it was renamed 'Enyanyadu,' from the locality in which the work developed its greatest strength numerically, and where now the native minister resides. Many of the natives bought land in the neighbourhood on a large scale, and to-day are extensive landowners.

From Enyanyadu the native ministers and local preachers crossed into Zululand, and this entry was the first missionary enterprise carried on in that country by the Wesleyan Church. They also worked across the Transvaal border at different points, the most important being by way of Majuba and Laing's Nek, and near what is now Volksrust, and some splendid results were reaped amongst the purely heathen population. This section eventually developed into the present 'Charlestown Circuit.'

In the year 1904 the work which in 1887 had Ladysmith and Driefontein for its nucleus, and was covered in the travels of the Ladysmith minister, was represented by 11 Circuits, with 5 English ministers, 6 native ministers, 400 local preachers, and 17 native evangelists. The native membership is 7,300, with 3,000 on trial. The larger proportion of these are converts from heathenism. There are 303 English members. Has the history of Wesleyan missions in South Africa a brighter page?

Too much credit cannot be given to the native local preachers at Driefontein and other places, who laboured most faithfully in evangelizing their fellow-countrymen throughout the north of Natal. But for them the work could not have been carried on, and would not in many instances have been begun. To know them and their apostolic labours is to venerate them, and pray that the succession may be continued. Is it not a similar agency that will ultimately fully evangelize the aboriginal population of Africa?

From 1850 to 1861 the Rev. Horatio Pearse was stationed at Maritzburg, first as Chairman of the District, then as Chairman and General Superintendent. He had previously laboured at Beecham Wood, Butterworth, and Grahamstown, and was conscientious, devoted, and careful in all things. His health having failed, he obtained permission to return to England. His last sermon in Natal he preached in Kafir, and the following week he started for home, on January 31, 1862. His friend, Mr. William Hartley, offered to drive him to Durban in his own vehicle. In descending a hill near the 'Half-way House,' about twenty-eight miles from Maritzburg, the horses bolted. Mrs. Pearse and her daughter were thrown out first, the former on her head, and for some time was insensible. The latter was not much hurt. Mr. Hartley had his leg broken. Mr. Pearse was found lying on his back, with one of the wheels of the carriage on his head, the carriage itself having been dashed to pieces. For sixteen hours he remained senseless. The sufferers were carried to Durban in cots swung in waggons. Messrs. Cato and other friends did everything possible to promote their comfort, and, if possible, their recovery; but Mr. Pearse was found to be seriously injured internally. He was loved by the natives, and one of them walked all the way from Maritzburg to see him. When told that the doctor had ordered absolute quiet, he entreated, 'Do let me see him! I will not utter a word. I will only look at him.' Upon being admitted, he stood looking for a few moments at the bruised, distorted face, then, overcome at the sight, he hastened into the adjoining yard and gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears. After lingering for fifteen days, with only brief intervals of consciousness, 'the silver cord was broken,' and Mr. Pearse passed quietly away to his eternal reward. He was a judicious adviser, a faithful friend, earnest in duty, and very useful in his work.

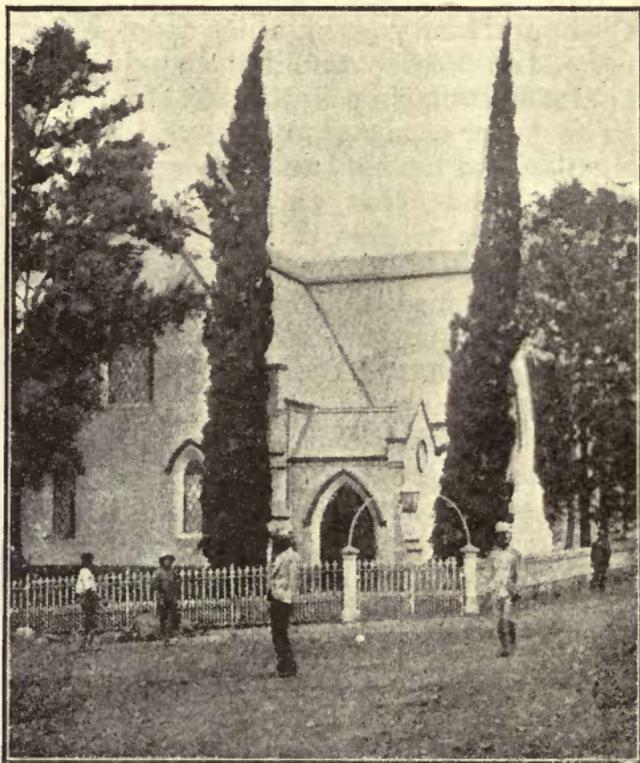


REV. J. CAMERON.

His successor in the Chairmanship was the Rev. Jesse Pilcher. He had been a missionary in the West Indies, and subsequently was for six years Superintendent of Irish

Missions and Schools. The work was so different from what he had been accustomed to that he seemed unable to adapt himself to the new circumstances, and after three years he returned to England.

He was followed by the Rev. James Cameron, a remarkable man. He was well read in most things, deeply read in theology, and had a powerful and logical mind. He was a marvellous sermonizer, and kept on making new discourses at



WESLEYAN CHURCH, VERULAM.

an age when most preachers are content to rely on the productions of earlier years. He generally prepared with great care, but there were occasions when he would preach from a text which was impressed on his mind in the pulpit. His wide reading, knowledge of Scripture, and strong grasp of mind, made him always prepared. He had no small share of the Covenanter spirit, and smote with the claymore whatever he believed to be wrong. In conversation his Scotch humour and powers of description made him a delightful companion. He

had a good knowledge of the Dutch and Seralong languages. For eleven years his General Superintendency lasted, and he died in 1875, after forty-five years of active service, unbroken by any visit to England. He was one of the princes of his people, and his memory ought not to be forgotten.

Methodism in Natal expanded, and new circuits were formed. Verulam was separated from Durban in 1861. It used to be called 'The Holy City,' but the influx of Mohammedans into the town threatened to turn it into a Natal Mecca. Happily, it still retains its predominantly Christian character. In 1859 an industrial institution for native girls and boys was started, chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. J. Gaskin. The native boys learnt the arts of bricklaying, shoemaking, and agriculture; whilst the girls were taught sewing, cooking, and all kinds of household work. During the last year of Mr. Gaskin's pastorate he erected a beautiful church, cruciform in shape, and combining elegance with stability. It was completed in 1864, when it was opened by the Rev. T. Guard, whose brilliant sermons made a profound impression. Mr. Gaskin also erected a native church and a mission house, and a good deal of the work of both buildings was done by his own hands. When Mr. Gaskin left in 1863, in consequence of ill health, Verulam was left for months without a pastor, and the industrial school declined. The Rev. J. Allsopp, however, took the work in hand, and restored the institution for a time; but in 1869 the Natal Government withdrew the grants to the industrial schools at Verulam, Indaleni, and Edendale, and all these institutions were closed. If native education has been directed into wrong channels, the Governments of South Africa are not free from blame.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN NATAL (continued).

IN 1866 commercial depression prevailed throughout the whole of South Africa. It began the previous year, and continued until 1870, when the discovery of the Diamond Fields commenced to improve the trade of the country. It was the first great commercial crisis in this part of the world. Property was lost or depreciated, business was stagnant, and money could scarcely be had. Happily, during this crisis, or a great part of it, food was plentiful, for the crops were abundant. But through their 'losses and crosses' many turned towards higher things, and were disposed to listen to spiritual appeals.

Another aspect of the times may be referred to. Bishop Colenso had a few years before published his work on 'The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined,' in which he called in question the inspiration and historical accuracy of the first five books of the Bible. The controversy which arose was injurious to the personal religion of many. If the Pentateuch was unhistorical, if the Lord Christ was fallible and liable to err, what foundation was there left for Christian faith and life? At this juncture, when, in consequence of Bishop Colenso's writings, the authority of Scripture and the doctrines and ethics of Christianity were seemingly imperilled, a mighty spiritual movement occurred which proved that the Gospel is still the power of God to change the hearts and lives of men.

The Rev. William Taylor, after several months of successful evangelistic work in Cape Colony, arrived in Natal, and on Sunday, September 9, opened his commission in Maritzburg by a powerful appeal to the members of the Church. In the evening, to a large congregation, he preached an awakening sermon on the law of God as the rule of life. Only a few that

night openly avowed their desire to find peace with God. The meetings continued for a fortnight, the power and influence increasing every day. Ministers and members of several other churches attended and took part in the services, and many of them received great spiritual blessing. About fifty persons professed conversion. Still, in Maritzburg there were none of those overwhelming manifestations which had been, and were afterwards, witnessed elsewhere. The Church in this case was evidently not prepared for an extensive movement.

From Maritzburg Mr. Taylor went to Durban. Here the work was greater and more widespread. All classes of the community were more or less influenced by it. Night after night the church was crowded with hearers and enquirers. Such scenes had never been witnessed in Natal before. Yet there was no extravagance, no 'wild-fire,' as it used to be called. Excitement there certainly was, fervid and intense; but it was deep below the surface, and based upon intelligent conviction. Men and women, adults and children, alike yielded to the same mighty influence. Over one hundred persons professed to find salvation, and joined the Wesleyan Church. The youngest son of the Rev. James Cameron was converted, and four years later entered the ministry. The Rev. W. H. Mann, Congregational minister, was almost as active in the work as any Wesleyan could be, and some of the American missionaries were present to sympathize and help. For years afterwards a united meeting was held annually of Methodists and Congregationalists to render thanks to God for this visitation of grace, and to encourage one another in the service of Christ's kingdom.

From Durban Mr. Taylor proceeded to Verulam. Here this glorious work may be said to have culminated. Earnest prayer and zealous toil had long been going on, and the spirit of expectation was now raised to the highest point. The Holy Spirit descended upon the people with amazing power. In that small and scattered community about one hundred and twenty persons obtained saving benefit from the services. The memory of those days was vivid and precious for many years.

During Mr. Taylor's visit to Natal he preached to the natives only five sermons. There was, Mr. Taylor thought, a strong prejudice amongst the Natalians against employing natives in the ministry, and to combat it he left the native work to Charles Pamla, who had accompanied him. Pamla preached at Maritz-

burg, Edendale, Durban, Verulam, and other places, and everywhere the word was with power. At Edendale it seemed as if, at one time, the whole of the people on the station would be converted. Zealous native preachers carried the glad tidings to heathen kraals which, up to that date, had been rarely visited. 'This did more,' said Mr. Taylor, 'to break down a foolish caste and colour prejudice than volumes of argument could have done, and thus opened the way for the employment of native agency, which God will mainly employ for the evangelization of Africa.'

The increase to the Wesleyan Church in Natal resulting from this revival was great, especially considering the smallness of the population at the time. In one year the membership rose from 1,064 to 1,551, an increase of nearly 50 per cent. What the accessions were to other denominations could not be ascertained. But the least advantage of this glorious movement was the numerical increase to which it led. Every interest and agency in the Church was strengthened. The foundations of religious life were broadened, on which could be built a more vigorous Christian character, and of more useful service in the kingdom of God. Many believers date from this period a wider and deeper view of Scripture truth, a closer fellowship with Christ, a fuller sense of duty, a larger qualification for Christian work. The flood of sceptical teaching and opinion caused by the Colenso controversy was arrested in its course, and the truth, the simplicity, the efficacy of the Gospel were once more amply demonstrated.

The commercial depression reached its lowest ebb in 1868. A severe flood in August of that year increased the general dejection in Natal. Some left for other lands; but the majority waited and worked on, hoping for better days. One noteworthy feature in the history of this period is that new movements were begun, and new Circuits formed, notwithstanding the prevalent adverse circumstances.

The 'Weekly Offering,' or 'Sunday Collection,' was first established in Natal during this period. In Maritzburg the finances had fallen, in 1868, to about the lowest point. There was no prospect of raising the requisite income. As yet the principle of complete self-support had not been adopted; but there was a limit to the privilege of drawing upon home funds. Unless something could be done it was probable that the second minister would be withdrawn, and that meant the abandonment, to a large extent, of the country work. Four

gentlemen suggested a plan to meet the difficulty, and that was to make a collection twice every Sunday. The gentlemen were Messrs. Robert Richards, Robert Topham, Paul Henwood, and John Ayliff. They urged the Rev. F. Mason to adopt their proposal, but before doing so he consulted the members of the Trust Committee and the Leaders' Meeting. The vote in favour of the change was almost unanimous, and on the following Sunday the new system was commenced. The response was hearty and generous. Nobody stayed away because it was collection day. The average amount of the monthly collection had been about £8; the weekly offertory during the first quarter averaged a little over £5. This was a large sum, considering the size and resources of the congregation at that time. Thus a method of raising money to assist the cause of God, at once simple, reasonable, and Scriptural, was determined on, and the secret of financial stability and prosperity was discovered when people began to lay upon the altar of the Lord every week as He had prospered them.

At Edendale tribal differences and jealousies led to a temporary rupture between the residents. The dissenters erected a separate place of worship, and established a Day and Sunday School. But for the tact of the Rev. H. S. Barton, a permanent schism must have resulted. He did not exclude them from membership, but gradually incorporated their organization into the circuit. In course of time the leader of the dissenters left the station, the race antipathies cooled down, a reunion took place, and the breach was healed. The work grew and developed. A large church, costing £1,000, was built, chiefly by native hands, and paid for by native money. There was a growing desire for education of a better kind. The station itself materially improved. The dale near to the river, with its grand waterfall, the mill for grinding their corn, the streets along which hundreds of peach-trees had been planted, its two churches, its schools, made the place with some reason an Edendale.



REV. H. S. BARTON.

Several new Circuits were formed during this period—York

in 1869, Zwaartkop in 1872, Harrismith in 1874, and Etembeni in 1874. York for a time did well, and the Rev. C. Harmon, who arrived there in 1869, worked with zeal and energy. The Rev. J. Langley followed him, and during his eight years' pastorate he built the day school at York, and several churches in the Circuit. Then, for some time, York was without a minister, and all the churches were closed except York and Greytown, which were kept open by the local preachers. In 1883 the Rev. S. B. Cawood arrived, and reopened the closed buildings and improved York church.

In the year 1870 an effort was made to provide an efficient training for native young men, who might afterwards be employed as teachers and preachers. The plan proposed was that the superintendents of native stations should each take a few men and give them instruction in various branches of knowledge to qualify them for future service. The scheme was economical, and was agreed upon because a training institution was at the time impracticable on account of the heavy cost. The plan was not a success, and the few students were sent first to Indaleni and then to Verulam. After many delays and many misgivings, an Institution was established at Edendale in 1884, during the pastorate of the Rev. E. Nuttall. The building was T-shaped in form, with three gables and attic windows. On the ground-floor were two fine class-rooms, the head tutor's suite of apartments, refectory, kitchen, and pantry. On the upper floor were dormitories for fifty pupils. The Hon. Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor, was present at the opening ceremony, and in his address said: 'The natives, like many Europeans, thought that education meant to learn to read and write, and to wear clothes like a white man; but this was a mistake, and it was because of this false estimate of education that many people thought a Kafir educated was a Kafir spoilt. The true object of education was to lead out the native mind from everything of a barbarous character, and to give a new talent to the recipients of education, leading them also to a knowledge of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The idea that the Gospel tended to inculcate sloth and carelessness could not be too strongly reprobated, and he knew that the good men who were to direct that Institution would ever seek to inculcate the opposite principle.'

Two years later a building was erected for carpentry and blacksmithing, and a much-needed industrial training was added. But the Institution had to contend with keen com-

petition. Healdtown and Lovedale were very popular with the natives, and the Roman Catholic Church, with marvellous resources and ability, threw itself vigorously into the education of both European and native. But the value of the Institution was slowly recognised.

Methodism failed in Natal, as it did in Cape Colony, in its first attempts to provide schools for the children of its English adherents. About 1854 infant and primary schools were opened at Maritzburg and Durban, and did much good for many years. In 1859 a Methodist Boys' School was started in Maritzburg, of which the first headmaster was the Rev. T. B. Glanville, a man of considerable culture and charming personality; but within a year he left to undertake the editorship of the *Grahamstown Journal*, and, after a struggle, the school was closed. About 1860 a Wesleyan Boys' School was commenced in Durban, and a trained master was obtained from England, but it had a very brief life. A Wesleyan day school was established at Verulam, but subsequently it was transformed into a Government school. In 1877 a school was started at York, but debt was incurred, and it, too, was merged into an undenominational school. In 1873 an effort was made to unite the Wesleyans of Maritzburg and Durban in a scheme for a Boys' High School, and representatives met to discuss the proposal. Some wanted the school at Durban, and others thought it should be at Maritzburg, so, for want of agreement, the scheme came to nought. An attempt was made by the Rev. James Calvert, in 1876, to establish a girls' school in Maritzburg, but it was abandoned in favour of a Girls' Collegiate School on an undenominational basis, in which all could unite.

Other churches have undertaken to establish high schools for boys, but their success has been small except in a very few instances. Girls' schools of a similar class have been more successful. The Government, which aids the churches little, provides education at a cheap rate, and, under the fostering care of Mr. R. Russell, the Superintendent Inspector, and his successor, the Government schools for boys and girls have risen to a state of great efficiency, and are equal to schools of like grade in England. But whatever the difficulties, it is desirable that Methodism should provide the best education that can be obtained for her sons and daughters. One cannot but cherish the hope that some day Maritzburg may follow in the steps of Grahamstown, with its 'High School for Girls,'

and its 'Kingswood College' for boys, both of which institutions have been remarkably successful.

Ruskin, the great art critic, writes in the most caustic terms of religious people who erect churches and do not pay for them: 'Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a sandpit, or a coal-hole first?' If Christian people buy or build without being able to pay, or borrow money satisfied if only they can pay the interest, they cast away much of their power to rebuke the loose commercial morality of worldly men.

The Natal district was in debt—not heavily, as we should think now; but the burden was not pleasant to bear. In 1868 the Rev. H. S. Barton devised a scheme to pay off the whole of the liabilities on the different properties, chiefly in Maritzburg, Durban, and Ladysmith. About £1,200 had to be raised—a large sum for those times. The Missionary Committee in London promised to contribute largely towards such an effort. In about three years the scheme was completed, and not a penny of debt remained in the district. It was clearly understood that when the whole debt was paid off no further debt should be incurred. Alas for the vanity of human purposes!

The scheme, as devised by Mr. Barton, included the formation of a building fund for the District, and was intended to aid church extension. This, however, was found to be impracticable, on account of the scarcity of money. A fund of this kind exists in the Grahamstown District (due to the foresight of the late Rev. W. Impey), and has proved of great use there. It would be well if such a fund were established in every District.

The immediate effect of the discovery of the Diamond Fields was such an exodus of people from Natal that things seemed more depressed than ever. At Maritzburg the ordinary Sunday congregation did not exceed 100 adults. The tide began to turn in 1871-1872, from which date the attendance at Divine worship slowly increased. Most of those who had left for the Fields returned, on the whole better off than when they went away, whilst many new-comers arrived from England. The improved financial condition of the country enabled Durban, Maritzburg, and Verulam to relieve the Missionary Committee in London of all charges for ministerial incomes, houses, furniture, and the usual assessments. They became self-supporting.

Henceforth, native and English statistics were separated in

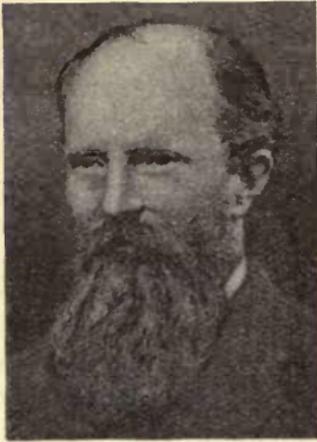
the annual returns. Where practicable, a division was effected into English and native Circuits. It was now shown how many Europeans and how many natives respectively were in Church fellowship, and how much they contributed to the maintenance of their own institutions and agencies. Then it also became evident what progress was being made in the work of God amongst these two sections of the community.

Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley said in 1875 that the Zulu power was like a dark cloud hanging over the colony of Natal. Cetywayo, the Zulu King, compelled all the young men of his nation to bear arms, and formed numerous military kraals. To remonstrance, he replied: 'It is the custom of our nation to kill, and I shall not depart from it.' In 1878 two Zulu women fled across the Buffalo River into Natal. They were followed, taken out of the huts in which they had sought refuge, and were dragged back into Zululand, where they were killed. Sir Bartle Frere, the British High Commissioner, demanded from Cetywayo the surrender of the murderers, and the disbanding of his military regiments. As Cetywayo refused, war was declared.

Two days before the disastrous fight at Isandhlwana, a missionary meeting was held at Maritzburg in connection with the District Synod. Sir Bartle Frere was present, and spoke on the value of mission work, and expressed the hope that when peace was re-established it would be resumed and carried on more vigorously in Zululand than before. Little did anyone imagine that within thirty-six hours a sanguinary conflict would take place, in which 850 European soldiers and 400 Natal natives would be slain. About 2 p.m. on the day of the battle there was an eclipse of the sun, and while it was being observed from Government House, Sir Bartle Frere remarked, 'How strange it would be if fighting were now going on in Zululand. Great battles have often occurred at the time of eclipses.'

When it became evident that the war would be prolonged, and that reinforcements would have to be sent from England, it was determined to despatch chaplains to the front to minister to the troops. The Rev. T. Woolmer, junior, was the first to be sent. He went up to Rorke's Drift towards the end of February, was with Major Black's party when it paid its first visit to the battlefield of Isandhlwana, was in the fight at Kambula Camp on March 29, and remained with the troops until the final battle at Ulundi on July 4. As the result of

communications with the War Office, three more chaplains were appointed. The War Office supplied them with tents, rations, and transport; the Missionary Committee provided horses and equipment. The Rev. T. H. Wilkin arrived from Grahamstown, and was gazetted chaplain to the Wesleyan soldiers in the First Division on the Lower Tugela. He soon became a favourite both with officers and men, but in a few weeks was stricken down with fever, and never fully recovered from its effects. The Rev. T. W. Pocock took his place, and was one of the last chaplains to leave the field at the close of the war. The Rev. G. Weaver, of Queenstown, was employed on the lines of communication. The services of these chaplains were gratefully acknowledged by Sir H. Clifford from the local headquarters, and Sir Bartle Frere expressed his appreciation of the promptitude and zeal which the Methodist Church had shown in the time of need.

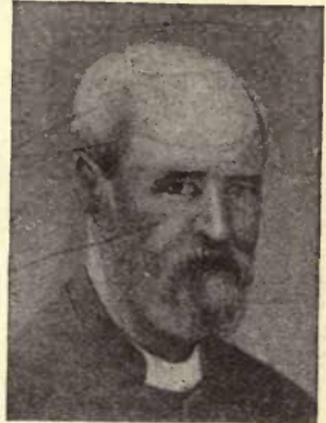


REV. J. ALLSOPP.

During the progress of the war a troop of mounted men, fifty-five in number, was raised at Edendale. They provided their own horses and saddles, and no soldiers were braver or more orderly than these native levies. They were at Isandhlwana, and marvellously escaped with the loss of four men; they took part in the fights at Hlobane, Kambula, and Ulundi. They were not ashamed of their religion. It was their custom to have worship in their part of the camp, and every day the sound of praise and prayer was borne afar upon the air. Many soldiers gathered around to listen, and some were deeply impressed by the simple and earnest way in which these sons of Africa acknowledged the Lord of Hosts. On their return the Rev. J. Allsopp, then in charge of Edendale, arranged that they should have a public welcome. Sir H. Bulwer, the Governor, and a number of leading citizens of Maritzburg, were present, and Sir Henry, amongst other words, said to the men: 'Your conduct has been without reproach, and has been marked by courage and other good qualities which have always distinguished the men of Edendale, and made them a most useful force. You have won the

praise of all under whom you have served. I give you a hearty welcome home. I thank you in the name of the Queen.' Possibly, it may be said, that such a demonstration ministers to pride, and fosters warlike tendencies; but if war is ever permissible or justifiable, those who do their duty well in it are worthy of honour. In this instance, no evil could follow the recognition of perilous and faithful service.

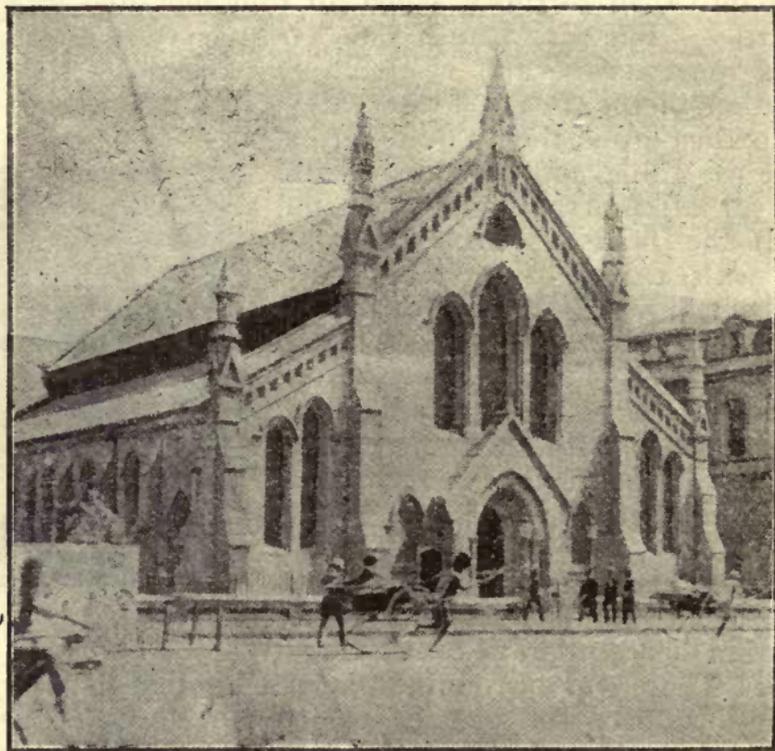
A wave of conflict passed over South Africa at this period. In the Cape Colony the Ama-Xosa, long jealous of the Fingoes, rushed into their territory, killed all they met, and swept off the cattle. The Pondomise and Griquas were affected by the war spirit and became restive. The Basutos resisted the application of the Peace Preservation Act, and rather than give up their guns they took up arms against the Cape, and for three years defied all attempts to subdue them. In 1881 the Transvaal Boers, discontented with British rule, commenced a war which was full of disaster to British troops, and at the end of it the Transvaal secured its independence. False ideals, racial feuds, sprang into existence, and, gathering increasing bitterness, broke forth twenty years later into the fiercest war South Africa has known.



REV. S. E. ROWE.

Natal had her share of these troubles. Many of her sons found a soldier's grave. But within her borders she had tranquillity. There was no diminution of Christian activity, and in some instances the people seemed stirred up to greater activity. After the death of the Rev. James Cameron, the Rev. Ralph Stott took charge of the affairs of the District for nearly a year. Between 1876 and 1880 the Revs. W. H. Millward, C. Roberts, Z. Robinson, and J. Langley returned to England; the Revs. O. Watkins, T. Matterson, W. M. Douglas, and S. E. Rowe came out from England; and the Rev. F. Mason returned to Natal in 1876, after five years' service at home. The Rev. S. E. Rowe was made Chairman of the District in 1886, and President of the Conference in 1890. Three young men were received into the ministry—Mr. Woolmer in 1876, Mr. Bryant in 1877, and Mr. Franklin in 1879. During the latter half of 1876 the Rev. J. Calvert had the

care of the Maritzburg Circuit, and for a year afterwards was at Durban, where the rapid growth of the work rendered additional help necessary. At a time of life when most men would have craved for well-earned rest, this veteran of Fijian story came out to South Africa at the request of the Missionary Committee, and rendered valuable aid at Potchefstroom and at Kimberley in the early days of the diamond mines. His stay in the country was short, but rich in spiritual influence.

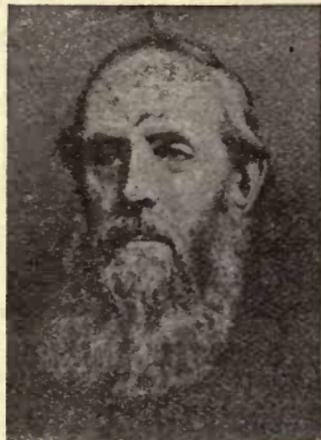


WESLEYAN CHURCH, WEST STREET, DURBAN.

About 1877 an epoch of Methodist church building commenced in Natal. Durban led the way in the erection of a new church in West Street, on the site of the one opened in 1858, and which is now one of the largest ecclesiastical structures in Natal. It is plain Gothic in style, with nave and side aisles, and a small front gallery. Liberal donations were made towards the undertaking, one well-known firm giving £1,000, another £250. The foundation stone was laid by Mrs. W. B. Greenacre, daughter of the venerable Ralph Stott. The total

cost was over £6,000, and it was opened early in 1878. Another church was built in Musgrave Road and dedicated early in 1877, and cost £1,200. The success of both these enterprises was largely due to the Rev. Z. Robinson, who walked, and talked, and worked, and begged with unflagging energy. A fine organ was placed in West Street Church in 1881, costing £900; and in this effort the Rev. W. Wynne was the prime mover, encouraged by a contribution from one donor of £350, which made success certain.

The little church at Congella was enlarged to nearly double its former size. A piece of land was secured in Russell Street, and on this a school-church was built, sufficient space being left for a large church when the need for it arose. The name of Mr. John Cowey will ever be connected with this enterprise, for he toiled early and late, year after year, until it was accomplished. The Grey Street Church, which it superseded, was sold to the Jewish community for a synagogue. In 1877 the Rev. R. Stott succeeded in erecting at the west end of Durban a small church in the midst of the Indian settlement, and thus secured a permanent basis for his work. Some years later, for the benefit of the same class of people, a church was erected at Verulam, which was used as a day school as well as a place of worship.



REV. F. MASON.

At Maritzburg in 1878, during the pastorates of the Revs. F. Mason and O. Watkins, the church was enlarged by the addition of more than half its length, and a gallery was erected at the back for a new organ, the choir, and children. The building may not be attractive to the artistic eye, but it is dear to the hearts of many from its associations. A plot of ground was obtained for a parsonage, which was built in 1882. At the east end of Maritzburg ground was bought for £700. Land had risen in value, for twelve years earlier a piece double the size in the same locality could have been purchased for £110. But the money was not then to be had. Upon this ground a commodious school-church was erected, costing £1,500. Towards the cost Mr. Richard Baynes left a legacy of £200.

A church was built at Camperdown in 1868. At Caversham, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. T. Greathead, a neat little church was built in 1877. At Howick, where services had been held for twenty years in private houses, a good stone church was completed in 1879. At New Leeds the people put up a small church in 1878.

Substantial little churches were opened at Riet Vlei and at Noodsberg in the York Circuit in 1877. At Greytown the services were conducted at first in the court-house and then in a church, of which Bishop Colenso was the trustee, and which, being seldom used, was kindly lent to the Wesleyans. However, in 1878 a neat church with a belfry was completed. All these erections owed their success to the indomitable energy of the Rev. James Langley.

At Ladysmith the little church built by the Rev. A. P. Chaplin became too small when the railway to the Transvaal passed through the town and brought an increase of population, and a larger one was erected in 1891 during the residence of the Rev. W. Cliff.

About the middle of the year 1877 there was a gracious visitation of Divine blessing in Durban and its neighbourhood, in which most of the Churches shared. The chief human agent in this work was Mr. David Russell, of the Presbyterian Church at Addington, near Durban. He had come out not long before from Glasgow, where he had begun to conduct mission services, and was familiar with the methods of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The movement in Durban commenced in Grey Street Church, where Mr. Russell had been invited to preach. At the evening service a solemn feeling pervaded the congregation, and all remained to the after meeting. Many were under deep religious conviction, and ten persons professed to find peace with God. The meetings were continued for the rest of the week, with similar results. Then it was arranged that a second week of services should be held. The work increased, and the church became too small for all the people who wished to attend, and it was then arranged to call together all the ministers and Christian workers in the town. At this meeting it was resolved to visit the various churches in the town and in the suburbs and give a week to each, and to one a fortnight. Thus the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches took part in the work, and shared the blessing. Durban itself, Addington, Berea, Congella, Sydenham, and one or two other places, were visited in

turn, and in every instance good work was done. The chief conduct of the meetings was entrusted to Mr. Russell. The general result was a great stimulus to Christian life and work. Several young men began to preach, others to help in Sabbath schools and other forms of usefulness. Some of the most earnest workers in the Church in subsequent years were converted in that revival. Mr. Russell himself was led to see his true vocation. He gave up business, and devoted himself entirely to spiritual work. He received a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Maritzburg in 1885, and was ordained to the full work of the ministry. He preached the Gospel with great variety of illustration, and much spiritual power, labouring with equal readiness in connection with any branch of the Christian Church. He subsequently became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Cape Town, but has now for some years past been doing the work of an evangelist in various parts of South Africa.

In March, 1880, the Rev. Ralph Stott went home to God after fifty-one years of active ministerial labour. He was one of the oldest teetotalers in the world; and in India, England, and Natal had been a warm advocate of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors. His judgment was sound and his aims were pure, and hence he was the trusted counsellor of many. His labours among the scattered coolie population of Natal were full of difficulty, yet for many years he laboured on with the hopefulness of youth. His sun set without a cloud. Some of his last words were: 'What a grand thing it is to have a certainty of eternal life!'

About this time there was considerable change in Circuits, which were divided and rearranged, names appearing and disappearing in a surprising manner. Stanger was one of the new Circuits. First it was known as Umhlali, then as Lower Tugela and Nonoti, and at last it received its present name, Stanger. Amid its vicissitudes one man there was whose confidence never failed, the Hon. J. L. Hulett, M.L.C., and to his persistence more than to anything else is the present position of Methodism in Stanger due.

The first Wesleyan church in Dundee was built before there was a town of that name. It stood alone in the veld, and the congregation was drawn from the surrounding farms, trading stores, and the few men who were working the surface coal. The year 1885-86 saw a great development in coal-mining, and Mr. Peter Smith, owner of the farm Dundee, apportioned

a section of his property to form a township. Building sites readily sold, buildings sprang up, the present town of Dundee was laid out, and the Methodist Church expanded into the now wide and important Circuit of Dundee. During the pastorate of the Rev. S. H. Ravenscroft a handsome Gothic church was erected, costing £2,600. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. W. J. Hacker.

A Wesleyan minister was appointed to Newcastle in 1881. His stipend was guaranteed not only by Wesleyans, but by Presbyterians and Congregationalists, who had little sympathy with Methodist usages. The church was placed on a Congregational basis, and the Congregational hymnbook was used. For four years this unsatisfactory arrangement was carried on, when the Presbyterians obtained a minister of their own, and he shared with the Wesleyan minister the duty of preaching to the one congregation. At the next Wesleyan Synod it was decided that this dual pastorate was undesirable, and, to the great disappointment of the Wesleyans in the congregation, the minister was withdrawn. In 1890 Newcastle was re-occupied, and placed under the care of the Rev. C. J. Hepburn, of Dundee. In 1894, the congregation having increased, Newcastle was formed into a separate Circuit, with the Rev. R. F. Rumfitt as resident minister.

At Verulam during these years there was a gradual displacement of the population. A good many English residents, especially young men, left the village, and Arab traders came in; while English farmers removed elsewhere, and Mauritians, Frenchmen, and Indians, took their place. Local Methodism suffered by this diminution of its adherents, but, on the other hand, the Indian Mission was extended. A school-church was erected at Bridgeford for their benefit, a second at Woodlands, and a third at Cornubia. For years Mr. Stott, senior, was the only European worker in this field; afterwards, other churches entered it, the Episcopalians taking the most prominent part.

Towards the end of 1881 Mr. C. J. Varley, of Maritzburg, invited a few friends to meet at his new house for religious conversation and prayer. Portions of Finney's work on 'Revivals' were read, suggestions were made, and the rest of the time was spent in earnest prayer. Ten or twelve persons usually attended, but gradually the feeling deepened, and extended to the Friday evening prayer meeting, one of the oldest Methodist institutions in Maritzburg. Soon the

schoolroom was filled, and at one of the meetings the first conversion took place

Then for a month services were held in the church, conducted by the resident ministers. The work was genuine, deep and widespread. Many sought salvation; some who had long led a life of sin turned to the Lord. Soldiers sought God's mercy. Special meetings were held for a fortnight amongst the Dutch-speaking coloured people, and about fifty professed to find peace with God. The revival continued for several months. The Spirit of the Lord rested mightily on many, and not only ministers, but local preachers, leaders, and Sunday-School teachers, spoke publicly and earnestly for God.

The work extended to the country stations—to Malton, Camperdown, Howick, New Leeds, and Caversham, even as far as York, and at each numerous conversions took place. Local preachers rode out ten or fifteen miles when the day's work was done, praying as they went, held meetings, often long ones, then rode back singing joyfully, and were found next morning at their usual posts of business. This continued from May to September, 1882.

It is believed that about 200 Europeans professed conversion, nearly half of whom were in the country churches. The numbers in the native Circuit increased by 170. At the English covenant service held the following January, most of these new converts were publicly recognised as members of the Church, and when they stood up in a large body the effect was overwhelming. Hearts thrilled with thankfulness, and eyes were filled with tears of joy. In the same year—1882—a school-church was erected at the east end of Maritzburg, and a parsonage a few years later.

A more extensive revival was experienced by the Wesleyan churches in Natal in 1892 during the visit of the Rev. T. Cook from England. For weeks before his arrival special prayer had been offered for a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, and old men spoke of the days of William Taylor. Expectation was quickened.

On the first Sunday in Durban after his arrival rain fell steadily all day, and in consequence some of the churches were closed, but the Wesleyan Church was crowded to the door. Neither rain nor wind will stop willing feet if the heart be set on heavenly things. On the Thursday following the rain still fell. A grand concert was to be held in the Town Hall. Owing to the rain there was no house, but the Wesleyan

church was filled, and that night many were converted. At the subsequent services all classes of the community from the Governor downwards attended. A local paper said: 'The town has been shaken to its centre.' For two weeks the services were continued, and many of the people, finding the church crowded and unable to gain entrance, were content to stand in the rain outside, and listen through the open door.

One example of the work must suffice. On the first day of the Mission a letter was read from an anonymous person: 'I shall be glad if you will pray for myself and my wife. We are both anxious to know Christ for certain. Ask God to let us see as plain as daylight that Christ is ours.' It need not be said that earnest prayer was offered on their behalf. At the evening service on the following day the writer himself was present, and at the after meeting rose and said: 'My wife and I did not attend last evening, it rained so heavily; but we sat at home talking over the subject. Suddenly a strange power descended upon us, and we were compelled to fall on our knees and cry earnestly to God. The Saviour revealed Himself to us as a blessed reality, and we both arose filled with the rapture of a pardoned past.'

At the native church one service was held, and at least 1,200 natives were present. At the close of the address hundreds remained to pray. They knelt by the communion rail, in the aisles, and in the pews. Three hundred natives that night sought the Lord in prayer.

When the services were concluded the Wesleyan Church in Durban received an addition of 300 members, and sixteen new society classes were formed. 'And there was great joy in that city.'

At Maritzburg Mr. Cook's services were equally rich in blessing. The service for men only was a time to be remembered. 'The compact mass of men, a thousand in number, the sonorous volume of Christian song, the racy hard-hitting of the preacher, the rush for the inquiry room, the chronicle of answered prayers, made together a memory to be cherished.' The work among the young men was a special feature of the Mission, and one of the most hopeful. A mother came in great distress: 'I am a widow, and my eldest son is a source of great anxiety. He ridicules sacred things, and I am afraid of his influence over some of the younger members of the family, who have been converted in these services. Do pray for him.' Two nights later the mother came with a beaming

face: 'My eldest son has this night decided to serve God, and has found peace. Now we are all going to heaven together.'

In another family a mother and three daughters were all saved, and filled with joy in believing. 'Life seems quite a different thing!' exclaimed the mother. 'I don't feel as if anything could make me miserable now. Our home is a different place altogether.'

During the services 500 inquirers were prayed with, of whom four-fifths were adult persons. When Mr. Cook left Maritzburg the railway-station was crowded with people to bid him farewell, and as the train moved away from the platform they joined in singing the well-known refrain, 'God be with you till we meet again.'

The Rev. Ezra Nuttall resided at Durban for ten years, from 1886 to 1896, a period during which the seaport rapidly extended its boundaries. The Berea, once a tangled thicket of trees and creepers, was now largely occupied by villas and gardens, and became the most picturesque suburb of Durban. To provide for the increasing population, new churches were built, and old ones superseded by larger ones. Stamford Hill Church was opened in 1893, replacing one built in 1865; Manning Road Church was erected in 1893, in place of Berea Ridge, built in 1866; the same year—1893—a small wood and iron building was opened in Windmill Road; in 1894 a handsome church was completed in Musgrave Road, chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. G. W. Rogers, in place of one built in 1877; Greyville Church was opened in 1898, whilst the Rev. W. F. Evans was in charge; Addington Church, opened in 1865, was twice enlarged. The Durban Circuit now includes ten churches. Much of this material extension was due to the enterprise of the laymen, who devoted both time and wealth to the advancement of the Church they loved. The local preachers were unsurpassed in South Africa for intelligence and zeal, and but for their unpaid labours much of this extension could not have been secured.



REV. E. NUTTALL.

Another long pastorate was that of the Rev. S. E. Rowe,

who was at Maritzburg from 1880 to 1893. He was an eloquent and impressive expositor of Scripture, and his sermons were often attended with great spiritual power. In the annual Conferences he was distinguished for broad, statesmanlike views, and full knowledge of Methodist usages. He was elected President in 1890. In 1897 he visited England in order to recruit his health, and on his return, whilst his ship was in Algoa Bay, he was taken seriously ill, and died on board.

The native girls' schools at Edendale and Evansdale became financially embarrassed, and had to be closed. That the work was of paramount importance was indisputable, for the girls who are trained will one day be the mothers of families, and impart incalculable good to future generations. After conferring with friends, the Rev. D. Tolmie Fraser made an attempt to fill the gap by establishing an industrial and training institution for native girls at Indaleni. Miss Hancock, who had undergone two years' training at a missionary institute at Edinburgh, nobly volunteered her services without remuneration for the first year. From the day of opening the institution steadily progressed, until it now has more than fifty boarders. The curriculum embraces Biblical and secular education, sewing, knitting, cookery, physical drill, and a little garden work to preserve the health.

The war waged by the two Dutch Republics against Great Britain—1900-1902—fell heavily on Natal. Within twenty-four hours of war being declared the Dutch forces crossed the border. Newcastle, Charlestown, Dundee, and the whole of the north, fell into their hands, notwithstanding the heavy blows they received from British troops at Elandslaagte and Talana Hill. Pressing steadily and boldly on in overpowering numbers, they compelled the defenders to retreat, and forced them into Ladysmith, hemming them in on every side. The work of the northern churches was for the time paralyzed. Ministers and people alike had to flee, and find a refuge in the towns in the south. The Wesleyan churches at Charlestown, Newcastle, and Dundee were deserted, and the parsonages were looted by the invaders.

For nearly four months the tide of war ebbed and flowed around Ladysmith. The British cannon were inferior in range and power to the Boer artillery, and little could be done beyond acting on the defensive until deliverance came. Shells fell all over the town; they shrieked overhead, they fell at the

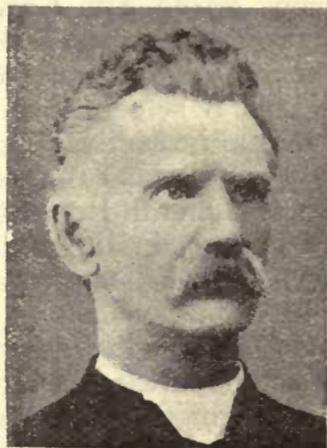
back of the Wesleyan parsonage and in the garden ; a melanite shell exploded about ten yards from the front door of the parsonage ; another shell destroyed the finial of the school-room ; but no person in or near the house was struck.

When the shelling commenced, the Rev. S. B. Cawood followed the example of others, and sought shelter in a 'nullah' along the Poort road. But the next day he returned to the parsonage. He felt it was dishonouring to God and a disgrace to religion to hide away. He stayed in the parsonage during the whole of the siege.

The Wesleyan church was used as a hospital, so the verandah in front of the parsonage was covered with chairs, and other chairs were placed among the trees ; and here every Sabbath services were held, conducted by Mr. Cawood and the Rev. O. S. Watkins, the chaplain to the Wesleyan soldiers. In the evening lanterns were hung up, and in the dim light they afforded, carabineers, volunteers, regulars of all ranks, and a few civilians, worshipped God. Generally on the Sabbath the Dutch abstained from firing.

Food within the beleaguered town got less and less, until horseflesh was a luxury, and was served up as chevril and steak and sausage. Vegetable marrows sold at 18s. apiece, a bottle of fruit realized 8s., a tin of condensed milk 10s., eggs fetched 48s. a dozen, and fowls were considered cheap at 20s. each. The dearth of food was felt most keenly by the sick and wounded, many of whom died for want of milk and farinaceous diet.

Mr. Cawood shared with the ministers of other churches the work of visiting the sick and wounded in the hospital camp at Intombi, four miles outside the town, and in the four hospitals in the town, in which there were at one time nearly 3,000 patients. Pocket book in hand, he went from bed to bed, bringing short messages from friends, comforting the despondent, directing them to Christ, and receiving in return not unfrequently the grateful acknowledgment, 'You have done me good, sir.' Fever and enteric were more deadly than



REV. S. B. CAWOOD.

bullet and shell, and the sight of the gaunt, weak, half-starved fellows was sometimes more than the heart could bear. Through gross mismanagement, the ground on which the Intombi Hospital was placed was not drained, and after heavy rains doctors and nurses had to wade through the water to get to their patients. The nurses had to cook in the open veld between the tents, with no shade from the hot sun, or shelter from wind and rain. Arrangements were improved after the attention of Sir George White, the commander, had been called to the neglect, but the marvel is that more did not die than actually did.

Sometimes thirty men died in the twenty-four hours. As the Dutch fired on burial parties during the day, most of the funerals were conducted at night. 'The solitary lantern, my own,' wrote Mr. Cawood, 'making the gloom and ghastly surroundings more weird, the dead soldiers lowered down into the graves sewn in their blankets, the solemn recital of the Burial Service, the dull thud of wet earth on the uncoffined dead, almost unmanned one.'

For 118 days the grip of the besieging force did not relax, until General Buller's troops stormed after a fierce struggle Pieter's Hill, the key of their position, and then the Dutch fled—fled in such haste that huge stores of provisions, rifles, and ammunition were left behind in the trenches and sangars they had made. General White and his staff rode forth to meet the advanced guard of the victorious relieving army, and as they met cheer upon cheer rent the air, and the sound must have floated down the breeze to the Intombi camp, bringing to the invalids the glad news that deliverance had come at last. The famous siege was at an end.

As an appreciation of the services the Rev. S. B. Cawood rendered to the sick and wounded, the colonial volunteers gave a new carved pulpit to the Wesleyan church, on which were inscribed the names of the several regiments employed in the defence of the town.

With the restoration of peace the people returned to their homes and the ministers to their charges. Newcastle and Dundee soon showed cheering results. At Estcourt a new church was erected, and many soldiers were won to Christ. At Endwedwe there was a general increase of membership. The Indian Coast Mission was strengthened by the appointment of an Indian catechist.

But the most important advance proposed was at Maritz-

burg. The year before the site of the old mission house had been leased to Mr. E. W. Ireland, on which to erect stores, and for this he engaged to pay £300 a year as ground rent. Land rapidly increased in value, and Mr. Ireland, finding that the Church would not benefit to the fullest extent by the arrangement, generously offered to cancel the lease if a comprehensive scheme for church extension were adopted. He suggested an erection of stores, one of which he undertook to rent at £725 a year. The scheme ultimately accepted includes the building of a large 'recreation hall' for the use of the congregation, several class-rooms, a new church, to be called the 'Metropolitan Wesleyan Methodist Church,' the present church to be converted into a hall, and English schools for the higher education of boys and girls. Only the recreation hall has at present been erected, but when the whole design is realized the Methodists of Maritzburg will possess one of the most complete church properties in South Africa.

Zululand has at last been peacefully invaded by Methodist missionaries. In 1900 the Rev. T. Major commenced services in the court-house at Etshowe for the European population, and already a beautiful church has been opened, and there are good congregations. Vryheid has also been occupied. Numerous missions have been commenced amongst the natives. At Melmoth and at Babnangor native evangelists are employed. At Indhlebe is an evangelist supported by subscribers in the Old Country. At Mahlabatini and at Non-goma are other native evangelists actively at work. Farther north, 150 miles from Etshowe, at Ubombo, the natives ask for a teacher, but no one can be sent. At Ingwavuma a Methodist district surgeon gathered a native congregation, and after he left the Zulus met in the forest or at their kraals for Divine worship. When the Rev. T. Major visited them in 1902 they still kept to their faith, though still without a pastor. Between Ingwavuma and Kosi Bay are sixteen preaching places, supplied by seven evangelists, who crave for European supervision. The chief of the district is Ngwanasi, who found Christ during his visits to Natal. He carries a Wesleyan hymn book with him, and is never so happy as when singing some of its sacred songs to his people. He is a fine, stalwart man, wants Zulu books, and desires to send his sons to a good school. Here is a grand field for missionary enterprise. The people are asking for the Gospel, and without trespassing on the ground occupied by other

churches, there is ample room for Methodism. There are probably 200,000 Zulus who would welcome a Wesleyan missionary. The Rev. T. Major recommends that one should be placed at Ingwavuma, a healthy locality, 200 miles north of Etshowe, and from which he could superintend the whole district of Maputa. There are at Ingwavuma a doctor, a store, and a small English community. A great responsibility rests upon the Methodist Church to meet, if possible, the wants of the people, who are struggling amid the black waves of heathenism, and send forth their cry for help.

UNZONDELELO.

THIS formidable Zulu word is the name of a very remarkable movement among the native Christians in Natal, having for its object the preaching of the Gospel to their heathen neighbours. It deserves to be chronicled as giving evidence of the existence of intellectual and spiritual forces which, rightly directed, may have a powerful effect on the evangelization of the 'Dark Continent.' If Africa is to be thoroughly Christianized it cannot be accomplished by European agents and European money only; it will have to be done by African teachers, and the financial support will have to be drawn from African sources.

The word 'unzondelelo' is derived from 'ukuzonda,' and means to desire earnestly, to follow after a thing. The New Testament, as translated into frontier Kafir, contains the word in two or three of its forms. 'Ukuzondelela kwamu indlu yako kundidile'—The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up (John ii. 17). So the natives adopted the form 'unzondelelo' to indicate the zeal, the fervent desire, which had been awakened in their hearts for the salvation of their countrymen. The name was chosen at the Verulam meeting in August, 1876. The natives said at the time that its import was contained in St. Paul's words, 'Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved' (Rom. x. 1). Such a feeling is new to the natives. Only the love of Christ can constrain men to seek the salvation of their fellow-creatures. What a contrast to their attitude towards each other in their heathen state, when war and robbery were their dominant passions!

The movement commenced in 1874 after a remarkable revival at Jonono's Kop, in which the agents were native lay preachers. At Driefontein, Edendale, Indaleni, and Verulam there sprang up simultaneously an earnest desire amongst the native Christians to extend the work to the heathen beyond.

Daniel Msimang, Nathaniel Matebule, Stephanus Mini, Cornelius Matiwane, and many others, men of intelligence and high character, were at the head of the movement. In those days there were no native Synods and no native ministers. There was one native probationer, who was admitted on trial just as the movement was commencing. Calls came from the heathen for missionaries, which the European Synod could not respond to for want of both money and men. Many of the natives became dissatisfied. They felt that the work of evangelizing their countrymen was not proceeding fast enough, and were disposed to believe that this was the fault of the missionaries themselves. They believed that if they were allowed a freer hand greater results would be achieved. Most of the missionaries failed at first to understand the real nature of the movement, and looked upon it with apprehension, as likely to end in disorder and mischief.

The first meeting was held at Edendale in August, 1875, and consisted wholly of native men and women, most of whom were Christians, but some who were not took part in the proceedings. For days previous Edendale was a busy scene, as preparations were being made for the entertainment of the deputations from the other stations. Rooms were added to dwellings, verandahs were made into bedrooms, food was stored, and when the guests arrived from far and near the excitement deepened. For several days three meetings were held daily for prayer and conversation on the needs of the heathen. There was a fine missionary spirit manifested, an earnest desire to send the Gospel to those who were sitting in darkness; and at the last meeting a collection, amounting to £100, was made, and this sum was placed in the hands of the Rev. J. Cameron, the Chairman of the District. He died soon after, and to his death may be attributed largely the misunderstandings which arose. The preceding Synod appointed a deputation to attend the Unzondelelo gathering at Edendale, but the ministers selected had the impression that the natives were agitating for the establishment of an institution for the training of native ministers. This was a subject on which the natives had not the least desire to dwell. How could they save the heathen? How could they get the Gospel to their countrymen? That was the problem which was stirring their hearts, and they refused to complicate it with other questions. So the deputation was not able to do anything.

The second annual meeting was held at Verulam in 1876.

The misunderstanding between the natives and their English pastors still continued. The Revs. E. Nuttall, A. P. Chaplin, and J. Allsopp had been appointed by the Synod to attend the meeting; 'But,' said Daniel Msimang, 'when they came they did not talk about the real question. They introduced a new question—ukulobola, the sale of girls. We declined to discuss it, and they retired.' Subsequently, this subject of the purchase of wives was discussed at the request of the Rev. J. Allsopp, and it was decided that the custom was an evil and should be abandoned. The meetings were continued for a week, and the questions considered were: Which is the best way to preach so as to win souls? Are we doing all we can to destroy the belief in witchcraft and other heathen superstitions? Are we doing all we can to carry the Gospel to the heathen. As the result of these conversations a collection was made amongst themselves, amounting to £100 6s., a portion of which was to pay a native preacher to go to a tribe 150 miles inland—a people without the Gospel.

A few weeks later a committee of the Unzondelelo met at Edendale, and resolved to send an agent to Jonono's Kop, where a number of heathen had recently been converted. This was done without any consultation with the Wesleyan minister on the spot. This was looked upon by some as irregular, and calculated to produce mischievous results. So the friction continued.

The third meeting was held in 1877 at Indaleni, and the Revs. F. Mason, Chairman of the District, O. Watkins, D. Eva, and S. H. Stott were appointed to attend it, to secure, if possible, a full understanding of the movement. Great freedom of speech was used on both sides, but after a while the air grew calmer and clearer, and light and order began to appear. The ministers at last understood that the root of the movement was an earnest desire to send the Gospel to the heathen, from whom had come a piteous cry for light. The members of the Unzondelelo had no wish to defy constituted authority, or to break away from established usages, but they did desire to take a more active part than they had hitherto done in extending the Gospel. When this understanding was arrived at the ministers rejoiced in their zeal and devotion. Unity, confidence, and co-operation were secured. Henceforth the work of God advanced with greater vigour and rapidity.

The native speakers at the meeting showed great acuteness,

strength of memory, skill in argument, and, for the most part, admirable temper.

Daniel Msimang, referring to the origin of the movement, said: 'Words came from Verulam and Indaleni: all were moved in the same way. We heard the cries of those who want to be saved. From every side came testimony as to the sad state of the natives all over the land. We felt that we ought to send people to them that their sins might be taken away. The meeting raised £100 for this work, and we took the money to Mr. Cameron, and when he inquired what was to be done with it, we answered, "It is to help our ministers. If they cannot send men to certain places we will do so, and pay them out of this fund." He said, "This is good; this is a second fund." The ministers asked us if we wanted a Native Training Institution. Our reply was, "We know nothing about an Institution. We have a wound in our hearts. What can we do to help our people to the Gospel?"'

When asked why they had sent an agent to Jonono's Kop without consultation with the ministers, they replied with characteristic ingenuity, 'We applied three times to the District Meeting to have a man sent to Jonono's, but without result; so we said we must try and find one ourselves. We could not, however, find a *man*, but we found a *boy*, and sent him to keep away the birds for the time being. We did not take him to the minister at Ladysmith for approval because we considered the arrangement temporary.'

A remarkable address was given by Nathaniel Matebule, who became a native minister in 1880. He spoke strongly, but he was, nevertheless, gentle-hearted, and full of zeal for the salvation of men. He said: 'Why did you not ordain the old teachers as ministers? The first missionaries passed away without making a native ministry. You may pass away also without doing it. The English ministers are not sufficient to occupy Natal, and my heart is sad because of the condition of this land. In Fiji the missionaries ordained converts, and the work prospered greatly. You fear that we desire to form another church. That is not our aim. We have now been six years at Driefontein, and have 100 members. Who did that work? The natives. The missionary lived at Ladysmith.'

To this it was answered: 'Who first preached the Gospel to you? Who translated the Bible? Who made the hymns? Who built most of the churches and schools? The old missionaries. Yet you talk as if they did nothing. You refer to

the missionaries in Fiji. You ask, Why have we not such a native ministry as the Fijians have? Well, they are like *soft* stones, soon got out of the quarry, and soon built into a house. But you are like hard stones, which are difficult to cut and shape and build in, but they will last longer. Perhaps the old missionaries did wrong in not making a native ministry sooner, but they acted, as they believed, for the best. We see to-day that we must have more ministers, but all preachers cannot be ministers. In England we have 14,000 local preachers and only 2,000 ministers. The latter are selected out of the former, and only the most suitable are chosen.'

Nathaniel replied: 'Do not be grieved at my words. I see we must not blame the old missionaries. But I weep because I fear that the great work may not go on. The white missionaries live in the towns, and do not know the needs of the country.'

It was further said by the ministers present to the natives: 'We are as anxious as you can be for the spread of the Gospel amongst the heathen. We hear the cry of those still in the dark, and we want to send the light to them. We left our own country for the purpose of spreading the Gospel in Africa. We must be patient. We must get to know each other's mind. You raise £100 a year for the Unzondelelo, but the missionary society pays seven times as much every year towards the cost of the native agency in Natal and Pondoland alone. You give very little to the mission fund. You are getting rich. You have cattle, waggons, money, and land. How much longer do you think grants from England will be made? The Unzondelelo has sprung from a right motive—love for souls—but there are dangers connected with it. To talk is an easy thing, but it is hard to find the right kind of workers. They must be trained as preachers, and they should be under the rules of the Methodist Church. This conversation has been good for us. We understand each other better. If we are of one heart, if we love God and do right, the Divine blessing will rest upon us, and all the people will be saved.'

At the next Synod of the Natal ministers, held in 1878, rules and regulations for the guidance of the new movement were agreed upon. It was constituted a 'Wesleyan Native Home Mission.' A joint committee of the Chairman, three English ministers, and eight natives elected at the annual meeting of the Unzondelelo, was to manage its affairs, select agents, and

be responsible for their payment. Any native minister appointed to any Unzondelelo station was subject to the control of the District Synod, and subject to the rules of the Methodist Church. Thus, while full scope was given to the newly-awakened zeal of the native Christians, precautions were taken to preserve the purity and intelligence of the agents employed.

The annual income has ranged from £150 to £200. For some years this was allowed to accumulate, and little more than the interest was spent. In 1880, when the Mission to Swaziland was commenced, a grant of £500 was cheerfully voted from this fund; and Daniel Msimang gave up his comfortable home and went as a missionary to Mahamba, the place from which he had been driven with Mr. Allison nearly forty years before. In 1891, when an effort was made to pay off the heavy debt incurred by the South African Missionary Society, the sum of £100 was given towards this object by the committee of the Unzondelelo. About the same period a wave of enthusiasm for the extension of the Gospel in the coast districts and in Zululand led to larger annual grants being made, greatly to the benefit of the work in those parts.

There are now fifteen evangelists employed by the Unzondelelo at Maritzburg, Verulam, Endwedwe, Mill River, Emoyeni, Mount Moriah, Glen Isla, Emgwarumbe, Edendale, Stanger, Kwa Mbazwana, Enkengeni, Zululand, and Tongase. In carrying on this movement the danger is that the efforts of its agents may be devoted chiefly to old-established centres, and not sufficiently to the evangelization of the purely heathen.

The policy of the Government, influenced largely by Sir T. Shepstone, has been to place the natives in locations under the rule of their chiefs and tribal laws, and practically cut off from civilization. It was inevitable that a collision would some day occur between the heathenism of the locations and the Christianity which touched them on every side. The chiefs in some cases persecuted men, women, and children who accepted the Christian religion, intimidating and fining them. In 1895 a chief in the Zwartkop location fined one of his subjects a heifer for becoming a Christian, and expelled him from the tribe. The case was reported by the Rev. W. Baker to the Natal Missionary Conference, who took it up in the interest of religious liberty. The native sued his chief for damages in the Native High Court. The chief pleaded that he had taken this course of action because many of his people complained

that their children were becoming disobedient by attending Christian services. It was shown that the real reason was, Christian civilization limited the arbitrary power of the chiefs, and, by encouraging the use of better food and dwellings, made work a necessity. Justice Shepstone gave judgment in favour of the chief, but on appeal to the Supreme Court it was reversed, and it was declared that it was the duty of every chief to promote religion among his subjects.

The influence of this trial, though it may check the arbitrary power of the chiefs, will not effectively reach the densely heathen inhabitants in the location preserves. The noblest service which the Unzondelelo can render to the natives of Natal is to invade and conquer these strongholds of savagery and superstition in the name of the Lord of Hosts. The cry of the heathen called it into being, and that cry is as loud as ever.

CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCHES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Methodist Church of South Africa was at its commencement an offshoot of the Methodist Church in Great Britain. The one grew out of the other, and was dependent on the older Church for many years for large financial support. The government of South African Methodism by the British Wesleyan Church was thus of necessity strictly paternal. The Missionary Committee in London ruled everything. It selected and sent out missionaries, it appointed them to their stations year by year, it provided for their wants, it decided what new ground should be occupied, what aid should be given to the erection of churches and manses, it furnished waggons and oxen, horses and outfits, for those who had to take long journeys, and its consent was required before any missionary could return to England if he wished to do so.

To what extent this paternal care was carried appears in an interesting work written by one of the earliest missionaries, the Rev. John Edwards. 'In those days,' he says, 'the Missionary Society furnished every Station with as many waggons to do the work on the Station or to travel with as were required; also as many horses, to itinerate among the people who were living at a distance; so many cows for milk and butter, the increase of which went to make up the deficiency among the oxen; so many sheep or goats to supply animal food for the table. One might be tempted to remark: "Surely the missionary would need but little salary after such a provision!" And it was little he got, I assure you; a few shillings a week only to buy his meal, his groceries, and his clothing. Neither party got anything by this system; still, perhaps it was the best that could be devised for the time.'

The condition of the population of South Africa for the first half of the nineteenth century made this paternal system absolutely necessary. 'The English were few in number, poor, and widely scattered. The natives were heathens, barbarous, and for a long period comparatively unsusceptible of religious impressions. The first toilers laboured in dark and seemingly sterile places, yet sowed in hope. Time and strength and earthly fortune were consecrated to this great service. Three of them, William Threlfall, Jacob Links, and James Stewart Thomas, fell victims to savage violence. Others had their days shortened by isolation, toil, and anxiety.' Under such circumstances the direct and constant support of the British Methodist Church was essential to the existence of South African missions, and its help had to be generous until toward the fourth quarter of the last century, when local revenue began to be more largely developed.

The cost of sustaining the mission stations and of ministering to the English colonists was not heavy at first, but the expenditure rapidly increased. There were times when the Home Executive became anxious, as the grant to South Africa grew from hundreds to thousands of pounds sterling a year, and which by the year 1875 had reached the considerable sum of nearly £16,000 per annum. Sometimes stern necessity compelled the Missionary Committee to retrench, and old stations had to be abandoned, to the grief of those who had toiled so earnestly for their establishment. Nisbet Bath and the rest of the missions in Great Namaqualand, with many congregations of Dutch-speaking coloured people at the Cape, as well as several stations on the border of Basutoland, were thus abandoned under severe financial pressure. To British Methodism the Wesleyan Church in South Africa will always owe its deepest gratitude for generous assistance and unfailing encouragement, given even when newer and more populous mission fields appealed strongly to the sympathies of the home churches. To use Carey's parable, if those who descended into the pit of heathenism deserve unstinted honour, those who held the rope are scarcely less worthy of praise.

But the paternal system could not continue. A committee of gentlemen, however intelligent, living 6,000 miles away from the scene of action, could not in many cases judiciously legislate for the wants of expanding Wesleyan Churches, with the conditions of which they were imperfectly acquainted. The British Colonial Office for similar reasons had so fre-

quently and disastrously blundered in its management of the political affairs of the Cape that it had become a proverb: 'South Africa is the grave of political reputations.' But whatever mistakes the Wesleyan Missionary Committee made, there was generally mutual confidence and sympathy between its members and the missionaries at the Cape.

For many years there were only two Wesleyan Districts in South Africa—the Cape; and Albany, which included the eastern districts of Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, Bechuanaland, and the Orange Free State. It is almost incredible that in an age destitute of railways the vast area included in the Albany District was superintended by one minister residing at Grahamstown; but the Rev. W. Shaw attempted it, and with considerable success. He was absent from home for months together, travelling slowly by ox waggon; he spent a few days at each station, receiving reports, inspecting buildings, checking expenditure, preaching to expectant congregations, and giving counsel wherever it was required. For years Mr. Shaw was practically the steward of every circuit, universal trustee, chief manager of the finances of all chapels and schools, and treasurer of the Auxiliary Missionary Society for the District. Where there were no banks he had to act as personal banker of the missionary, who drew upon him for sums of money as he needed them. This necessitated detailed accounts with each. Mr. Shaw's visits were looked forward to by the missionaries, who claimed them almost as a right. Often the journey was attended with peril. Swollen rivers had to be crossed, and on more than one occasion the waggon was upset in midstream, and Mr. Shaw had to jump into the water, swim to land, and dry his clothes as best he could. Some of these journeys were 1,500 miles in length, and occupied five months. The marvel is that Mr. Shaw was able to accomplish such fatiguing journeys, but his calm, even mind shielded him from fret and impatience. Each return home in safety was, however, marked by special thanksgiving.

As the number of European churches increased and the Missions grew in importance, naturally there arose the desire that the Wesleyan churches in South Africa should be formed into an organization having governing powers of its own. The first proposal in this direction was made by the Rev. W. Shaw in 1860, during his residence in England. He strongly urged upon the Missionary Secretaries in London the expediency of forming a South African Conference, and offered

to revisit the scene of his labours in order to carry out his project. The following is a summary of his plan :

The whole of the Methodist Churches as far north as the Tropic of Capricorn to be placed under the ecclesiastical care of the Conference of the ' Wesleyan Methodist Church in Southern Africa.'

Five Districts to be formed, viz. : Cape, Grahamstown, King William's Town, Kaffraria, and Natal.

The Conference to consist of the Chairman of each District and one minister in full connection, chosen at the previous District Meeting.

Ministers residing in the neighbourhood where the Conference is held to have the right to be present and take part in the debates, but not to vote.

So long as the South African Conference receives pecuniary aid from the British Conference through its Missionary Society the President shall be selected from year to year by the British Conference.

The Missionary Society to grant to the South African Conference an amount equal to the total grant in the year in which the Conference is constituted. This amount to be guaranteed for five years, and at the end of every five years the pecuniary arrangements to undergo review. Re-adjustment to be made with due regard to the requirements of the case for the ensuing period of five years.

The South African Conference gradually to lessen the grants to the several circuits, especially where European colonists or natives reside who can render pecuniary aid.

The advantages of this proposal are patent, but Dr. Hoole, one of the missionary secretaries, pronounced it impracticable. 'It would not be fair,' he wrote to Mr. Shaw, 'to create a Conference without giving it power and freedom of action. How could this comport with financial dependence? You may say that France is equally dependent, and yet was made a Conference. The reply is that France is under a foreign Government; its political position made the present arrangement absolutely necessary. South Africa is a portion of the British Empire, and there can be no political reason why it should be formed into a separate Conference. I think, therefore, you may dismiss the hope of your proposal being carried into effect.' Inasmuch as the proposed Conference was to include the Transvaal and the Free State, both 'foreign governments,' it is difficult to see the appositeness of Dr. Hoole's allusion to France.

Dr. Hoole's views were, however, endorsed by the Missionary Committee, and Mr. Shaw's proposals were respectfully declined. The condition of the Wesleyan churches in South Africa was, however, so unsatisfactory that some change had to be made. In 1863 the unwieldy Grahams-

town District was divided into three sections, and named (1) Grahamstown, (2) Queenstown, and (3) Bechuana Districts. Natal had been disconnected for several years. These with the Cape made five Districts. But this division created new difficulties. Each District was made practically independent of the others, and hence arose diversities of usage and administration, which had a tendency to widen every year. Further, no District could provisionally station ministers not within its limits, so all changes had to be left to the missionary secretaries in London, who had to act on information derived from correspondence, and the contesting views of different Districts. Nine years later, in 1871, in order to remedy this inconvenience, the Missionary Committee directed that a meeting of representatives of all the Districts should be held in Grahamstown early in 1872. This meeting was to be triennial, and was to be held at Grahamstown, Queenstown, Natal, and Cape Town in succession. The three main objects of the meeting were (1) to maintain the union of Methodism in South Africa as one and indivisible; (2) the better administration of the Children's, the Educational, and the Preachers' funds; (3) to settle the exchanges of preachers when removing from one District to another. This scheme had the approval of Mr. Shaw, but he died before it was carried into effect.

The counsels sent from London for the guidance of the first triennial meeting reveal how despondent the missionary secretaries had become over South African affairs:

'We believe that our present system encourages reliance upon foreign sources, and thus fails to develop to the full extent the liberality of our people. The (European) colonists as yet are not aware of the real cost of their ministry, and are too often anxious for an increase of Ministers without considering the burden which is thus brought, not only on the Mission funds, but eventually on all the funds of Methodism at home. The point we aim at is a gradual and final extinction of all grants to (European) colonial churches. . . .

'The number of European missionaries (in Kafirland and the Bechuana country) is far out of all proportion to the population and to its claims. . . . All the cost of our Kafirland Missions beyond the colony must be reduced, as soon as possible, to the mere support of the European missionaries. . . .

'The propriety of the continued occupancy of some stations in South Africa appears to us very doubtful. We may call attention to Winburg and Simonstown in the Cape District, to Graaff Reinet and Uitenhage in the Grahamstown District, to Dordrecht in the Queenstown District, and to Burghersdorp and Fauresmith in the Bechuana District. In the Natal District it is questionable whether the sole time of a European missionary should be allowed to Edendale and Indaleni, and whether the two

costly missions in Pondoland—Emfundisweni and Palmerton, the least productive of any of our missions—should not be supplied by one missionary, a catechist, and a native missionary. The committee have already directed the discontinuance of the Coolie Mission, the cost of which properly belongs to the Government and the planter. . . .

' We hope for a fair and thorough examination of these questions. Let no foolish pride as to retrogression affect discussion on this subject. If we have been betrayed into mistakes, the sooner we rectify them the better. . . . In all your consultations, in which opposing views may come into collision, there may be exhibitions of human infirmity; yet, considering your high position and responsibilities, we hope and pray that Divine Grace may in all cases triumph over human weakness, and that the General Meeting may prove a great blessing in South Africa.'

It was unfortunate that the missionary secretaries, after having sounded the bugle-note of retreat in the ears of men who were daily contending with savage barbarism on the one hand, and with keen ecclesiastical rivalries on the other, should proceed to deprecate the latent 'human infirmity' and 'foolish pride' of their South African brethren.

The first General Meeting was held at Grahamstown, but not until February 12, 1873. The Rev. W. Impey presided, and the Rev. R. Lamplough was secretary. The conversations were somewhat informal, but it was acknowledged that in the several Districts there was diversity of discipline and usage. The ministers were not contented with the existing state of affairs. Many of them were strangers to one another, and they did not understand the requirements of the different Districts. The eastern ministers did not comprehend the needs of the western churches; the Cape ministers had little knowledge of the local requirements of the eastern Districts, so little progress was made. The ministers present, however, agreed to make the following recommendations: That at the future General Meetings the laity should be represented; that Simonstown, Winburg, Uitenhage, Graaff Reinet, and Dordrecht should not be abandoned; that Burghersdorp and Fauresmith should be supplied from neighbouring circuits; and that the Healdtown Institution should be enlarged, so as to accommodate fifty pupil teachers besides candidates for the ministry. The Transvaal should be formed into a separate District. A memorial to the Governor, Sir H. Barkley, was drawn up, urging the total prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors to natives. These were the chief items of business transacted. The fact was, connexional knowledge had to be acquired before legislation could be devised to meet the growing needs of the work.

The second Triennial Meeting was held in Natal in 1876. It began its sittings at Durban and concluded them at Maritzburg. 'The occasion,' wrote the Rev. F. Mason, 'was one of unusual interest, for the Deputation from England, the Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., presided. During the sittings Mr. Perks displayed that blended urbanity and ability which made him one of the best beloved men in Methodism. It may, however, be doubted whether he had fully apprehended the problems which had to be dealt with, nor is it to be wondered at if he had not. The complexities of Church work in South Africa are as difficult to understand as its political complexities, and for similar reasons. Mr. Perks had not time to acquaint himself thoroughly with the state of things existing in the country; and, besides, his health had given way under the pressure of work and anxiety in connection with missionary affairs at home.

'He often complained of the horrible roads, the dangerous drifts, the fierce thunderstorms, and found the travelling very exhausting. When waiting on the banks of the Tsomo for a ferry boat an awful storm suddenly arose. "The lightning struck the ground within a yard of the horses' heads, and we were benumbed," said Mr. Perks, "with the fearful shock." The fatigues of travelling injured his health, and to the deep regret of the Methodist Church he died soon after his return to England. The fruit of his observation and experience was lost.

'Another fact,' wrote Mr. Mason, 'that has to be borne in mind is, that this was a period of transition. The old order of things was passing away; some change was imperative. The development of our work, the state of feeling at home, and the pressure of financial considerations, all gave token that things could not remain as they had been much longer. What was the best course to pursue? It must be frankly confessed that the answer supplied by the decisions of the second Triennial Meeting was disappointing.'

The ministers present at the second Triennial Meeting again affirmed their desire that laymen should be admitted to their deliberations. They suggested the establishment of a Wesleyan Missionary Society for South Africa, and that an auxiliary should be formed in each District. They also approved of the removal of the Mission Press from Mount Coke to Grahamstown.

It is not surprising that the relations between the Missionary

Committee in London and the missionaries in South Africa about this time were strained. Methodism at the Cape could not be rigidly moulded on the lines of English Methodism, and the older and more conservative members of the Missionary Committee entertained grave fears that the Methodists in South Africa, or some of them, were in danger of departing from the usages and laws of the parent Church.

There was another reason for anxiety. For years the Missionary Committee had been convinced that, considering the claims of India, China, and Europe, in which countries were towns containing a population as large as the European element of the whole of Cape Colony, too much money and too many men were being sent to South Africa, and that nothing justified the outlay but the hope that in a few years both colonial and mission work would be self-supporting. Before deciding what steps should be taken, the Committee resolved that one of their secretaries, the Rev. John Kilner, should visit the country, and inquire into the condition of the South African churches, and try to ascertain what new measures could be adopted with advantage.

The only published account of that visit was written by the Rev. F. Mason for the *South African Methodist*, and fully merits quotation at length :

‘ Mr. Kilner spent a whole year in South Africa. His visit was a kind of deputation hurricane. He swept through the country from Cape Town to Pretoria, visiting nearly all the Circuits, inquiring into everything. He brought strong opinions with him, he formed strong opinions on the spot, the latter sometimes cancelling or changing the former. He accumulated a vast amount of varied, though not always accurate, information. How he contrived to travel, talk, and work so incessantly was a marvel to all about him ; and that Mrs. Kilner should be his constant companion in his toilsome and often perilous journeys was more surprising still. That their vital strength was undermined and their lives shortened by these travels and fatigues can hardly be doubted. Various opinions have been expressed concerning the real value of Mr. Kilner’s visit. Men who are resolute in word and deed are apt to provoke opposition. Men who do much are likely to make more mistakes than men who do nothing, but the latter can scarcely claim to be the most meritorious class of persons in the world. Some of the things Mr. Kilner said would have been better left unsaid ; some of the things he did

would have been better left undone. His utterances and acts in certain cases were more vigorous than considerate; his solutions of certain problems were rather dissolutions. But a dispassionate survey of his whole procedure, as far as its effects can be seen, leads to the conclusion that our South African Church received from it a great impetus, and has thence derived a great benefit. He was the real creator of the South African Conference. It would have come into being some time had his visit not taken place; perhaps soon, and perhaps under less favourable conditions. Through him a large addition was made all at once to the native ministry; hastily made, it may be, in some cases, yet on the whole of great advantage to the native work. He had a large mind and a large heart; he had great conceptions, far-reaching aims, knowledge both wide and deep of both principles and detail, a judgment not always calm and deliberate, but always decided; and he was pre-eminently anxious that the cause of God should spread amongst the people of this continent. He had previously gained large experience in India; but he had no adequate idea of the effect which the Gospel had produced upon the natives of Africa until he witnessed it with his own eyes, and he was led to form conclusions, perhaps over sanguine, as to the immediate future. This excessive hopefulness is, however, better far than the opposite tendency of mind. Enthusiasm may do much; scepticism can do nothing.'

'The third Triennial Meeting was held at Queenstown in June, 1880, and was probably the most representative gathering, as far as ministers were concerned, which has ever taken place in connection with Methodism in this country. The veteran James Calvert, with his heart too full of Fiji to admit any other claimant to his best affections; John Walton, who had thoroughly grasped the problems of our South African work; William Tyson, a profound theologian; Jonathan Smith Spencer, not only an orator, but one of the best men of business that ever sat in a District Meeting or a Conference; Owen Watkins, who was burning with zealous passion for the spread of Methodism in the Transvaal; George Weavind, who through many varied experiences held on his way, calm and brave; Henry S. Barton, unsurpassed in zeal, diligence, and faithfulness; Richard Ridgill, Henry Tindall, Theo. Chubb, B.A., R. Lamplough, F. Mason, and P. Hargreaves, all to become Presidents of the Conference; S. H. Stott from Natal, and J. T. Daniel from Thaba Nchu. John Kilner presided

with tact, energy, and suavity. Long years may pass before such an array of notable men is again seen together in South African Methodism.'

At this, the third Triennial Meeting, the laity were represented by Messrs. J. Slater, J. Hodges, J. G. Hellier, and T. W. Garland, all men of shrewd perception, business capacity, and devotion to Methodism.

A few minor changes were effected. A new District named Clarkebury was formed, consisting of portions of the Queenstown and Natal Districts. King William's Town and Mount Coke were removed from the Grahamstown to the Queenstown District. The various funds were reviewed. The Hon. J. Ayliff was thanked for an able paper on the tenure of land belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists. The drinking of Kafir beer and the payment of cattle for wives by the natives was condemned. But, undoubtedly, the most important business accomplished was the draft of the Constitution of the proposed South African Conference. It was drawn up chiefly by Mr. Kilner, and after very careful consideration was unanimously adopted. In transmitting this draft to the British Conference for its approval, the Triennial Meeting set forth the reasons why in their opinion it had become necessary to form a South African Conference. In some circuits, for want of oversight, a quasi-independency was being developed, and serious abuses had crept in. Ministers and laymen alike were imperfectly trained in the usages and laws of Methodism, leading to painful attempts at accommodation to meet the views of men who desired official position without joining the society. Mission property was in some instances in great disorder, and deeds could not be found. Valuable estates had for ever been alienated for want of collective review. Several chapels had been erected on land that had never been transferred. It was impossible for the Missionary Committee in London to exercise the necessary supervision. An exclusive Anglicanism was arrayed against Methodism, and with astute policy was working to destroy it. A Conference only could enable them to resist compactly and successfully. The work had so extended that Methodism was in danger of losing its unity, and falling into disintegration. Nothing would so develop English Circuits and a healthy connexional spirit as the formation of a South African Conference. The ministers and laymen present concluded their appeal with an assurance of their entire loyalty to every part of the Methodist economy, and their fixed deter-

mination to establish in every Circuit and on every mission station the system they had received from their fathers.

The draft, with some important modifications, chiefly to give it legal form, received the approval, first of the Missionary Committee, and then of the British Conference of 1882. It is interesting to compare the following summary of the Constitution granted with the plan proposed by Mr. Shaw :

The proposed Conference was to be called the ' South African Wesleyan Methodist Conference '

Six Districts were to be formed: Cape, Grahamstown, Queenstown, Clarkebury, Bloemfontein, and Natal.

The Conference was to consist of the Chairman of each District, two ministers and two laymen from each District, to be elected at the previous Synod. Also one native minister (altered in 1903 to two native ministers), to be elected by the native Synod.

The President was to be nominated by the South African Conference, but to be appointed by the British Conference.

The business to be transacted by the ministerial and mixed sessions of the Conference was defined.

The order and form of business were set forth.

The sum total of the grants made by the Missionary Committee was to be continued at the same amount for five years, after which the grants to colonial Circuits were to be reduced at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and the grants to missionary Circuits at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

At last the Methodist Church of South Africa assumed a corporate and organized form, and with many prayers and not a few fears it commenced its semi-independent existence. The financial arrangements arrived at were as generous as could be expected. In presence of the numerous claims on the Missionary Committee in London from other and more populous parts of the world, it could not be expected that the South African Methodist churches could be assisted as they had been in the past. In 1882 the grant from the Missionary Committee amounted to £14,000 per annum, and the rate of annual reduction finally agreed to was such that the grant wholly lapsed in twenty years. By the year 1902 the missionary grant was extinguished.

The first South African Conference was held in the year 1883 at Cape Town, and was presided over by the Rev. J. Walton, M.A. He was distinguished for courtesy and great administrative ability, and was re-elected President the following year. In 1886 he returned to England, and was elected President of the British Conference in 1887.

The next President of the South African Conference was the Rev. R. Ridgill, whose long and successful labours amongst

the coloured population at the Cape, and his gifts as preacher and poet, made it fitting that he should be the first of the veteran South African missionaries to occupy the presidential chair. The Conference over which he presided was held at Durban, and the Native Representatives excited considerable interest, for their ability to speak English and their intelligent bearing surprised the Natal people. A Missionary Society was formed, the constitution of which was largely the work of the Rev. J. S. Spencer, and much of its future success was due to the business capacity and diligence of the Rev. R. Lamplough, who occupied the post of secretary and treasurer, as well as that of steward of the Bookroom which he had founded, until the Conference of 1905, shortly after which he died, after fifty years of faithful service.

The progress of the Wesleyan Church since 1882 in South Africa has amply justified its formation into a separate ecclesiastical organization. The fear was expressed that the rapid diminution of the annual grant would cripple the mission work, but the fears have proved groundless. It is not a little surprising that as the grant decreased missions increasingly prospered. In 1882, when the home grant was highest, the total number of members, European and Native, was 20,742. In 1903, when the grant had wholly lapsed, the number of members had risen to 72,988, with 28,600 on trial, and 20,916 in junior classes. In 1882 the contributions to the Missionary Society from local sources were £2,800. In 1903 they had increased to £10,951 15s. 10d.

These statistics undoubtedly show that the Methodists of South Africa, both European and Native, have been stimulated by the change to take a deeper interest in the affairs of their own church. Formerly, they depended largely on the aid of the parent society. They expected the minister or the missionary to do everything. Very slowly this apathy disappeared before the tightening grip of the decreasing grant. The partial pampering of some Circuits ceased, and personal service among the laity became more common. Financial development was encouraged. A bolder spirit began to animate both ministers and laymen, and enterprises were attempted which at one time would have been thought impossible. The ministers were trained to look at the business of the Church from a wider platform than local needs. The laity, finding that they had a recognised place in the administration, were prompted to greater effort. Both ministers and laymen were knit together

in mutual confidence and co-operation. Abundant openings still present themselves for Methodist activities in South Africa, and there is every reason to believe that, guided by the great Head of the Church, Methodism will vigorously and prayerfully sustain the work placed in her hands.

LIST OF CONFERENCES AND PRESIDENTS OF THE CONFERENCE.

1883.	Cape Town.	Rev. J. Walton, M.A.
1884.	Grahamstown.	Rev. J. Walton, M.A.
1885.	Durban.	Rev. R. Ridgill.
1886.	Queenstown.	Rev. F. Mason.
1887.	Kimberley.	Rev. R. Lamplough.
1888.	King William's Town.	Rev. H. Tindall.
1889.	Port Elizabeth.	Rev. J. S. Spencer.
1890.	Cape Town.	Rev. S. Evans Rowe.
1891.	Pietermaritzburg.	Rev. P. Hargreaves.
1892.	Cradock.	Rev. J. Scott.
1893.	Queenstown.	Rev. J. Thompson, M.A.
1894.	Bloemfontein.	Rev. T. Chubb, B.A.
1895.	Grahamstown.	Rev. E. Nuttall.
1896.	Durban.	Rev. P. Tearle.
1897.	King William's Town.	Rev. J. Scott.
1898.	Cape Town.	Rev. J. Thompson, M.A.
1899.	East London.	Rev. W. Wynne.
1900.	Pietermaritzburg.	Rev. W. B. Rayner.
1901.	Port Elizabeth.	Rev. A. T. Rhodes.
1902.	Kimberley.	Rev. R. Lamplough.
1903.	Queenstown.	Rev. N. Abraham.
1904.	Durban.	Rev. E. Nuttall.
1905.	Grahamstown.	Rev. A. P. Chaplin.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN THE TRANSVAAL.

EARLY in the year 1871 the Rev. G. Blencowe rode out of Ladysmith, in Natal, on one of his long evangelistic tours. He went northward, calling here and there at a farmhouse for a meal, or to talk and pray with the inmates. Passing the sombre front of Majuba, he arrived at Wakkerstroom, 100 miles from home. There he preached in the Landdrost's court, and stayed several days. The Transvaal he had as yet little explored; the inhabitants were chiefly Dutch, and there appeared to be little need of Methodism in the Republic. He heard, however, that at Potchefstroom, 250 miles to the west, a native, who called himself a Wesleyan, was preaching to the people, and forming a Christian congregation. The distance was great, but Mr. Blencowe was anxious to see for himself whether the rumour was true. Leaving Wakkerstroom, he rode leisurely for days, by way of Standerton and Heidelberg, until he came to Potchefstroom, then a village of scattered houses, almost hidden amongst umbrageous trees. In a few hours the native preacher stood before him, David Magatta by name, and from his lips, and the lips of others, Mr. Blencowe received the story of his life.

David Magatta was a native of the Magaliesberg, but was taken captive by the Matabele in one of their raids, and for years he was a personal attendant of Moselekatse, their fierce chief, whose great kraal was at Mosega, not far from where Zeerust now stands. When Moselekatse was attacked by the Emigrant Boers and driven northward, David escaped, and fled south until he arrived at Thaba Nchu. There he attended the services at the Wesleyan Church, was deeply impressed with what he heard, and became a sincere Christian. He at once felt a strong desire to visit the Magaliesberg and see if any of his people were alive, that he might tell them of Christ. On

his arrival he could not find any of his clan, so he walked to Potchefstroom and settled there. Early every morning he was in the Market Square to see if any natives had arrived; at noon he was out again looking for strangers who might have come in to sell skins, and no native was allowed to leave Potchefstroom without hearing something of salvation. This loving work was pursued without ceasing. When once David got hold of a man there was no escape for the time. The Dutch were indignant that a 'nigger' should dare to preach; he was arrested, and by order of the Landdrost was publicly thrashed with a sjambok, a whip made of rhinoceros hide, and then banished the Republic. After suffering this atrocious



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punishment David went to Natal, and was making his way to Sekukuni's country, when on the frontier he met Paul Kruger. The grim Commandant heard his story, and gave him a written permit to return to Potchefstroom. David went joyfully back, and spent his days in praying and preaching to his countrymen. He never received any salary, but left himself to the care of Him who feeds the sparrows. To his own people he once said: 'I have never asked you for a penny. A white man gave me this coat, another gave me these boots, and now and again they gave me a dinner, and you have sometimes given me a penny or

a sixpence; and when you have offered it, I have taken it. But I have never asked any man for a penny.'

From the time of his conversion David regarded himself as a Methodist. When for years he stood alone, he stood as a Methodist, holding prayer meetings and class meetings with unflinching regularity. At this holy toil David was found by Mr. Blencowe, who, when he had heard his story, said: 'The sending of David to this people is an indication of the goodwill of God, and we may expect his abundant blessing on our work.'

Three years previously the Rev. D. M. Ludorf had entered into a compact with the Congregationalists at Potchefstroom to be their doctor and minister. He was still a Wesleyan minister, but his erratic nature yielded unwillingly to the

restraints of law and order. He became more doctor than minister, and as the annual Synod, held at Colesberg, refused to sanction his action, he left. The few English inhabitants were therefore without a pastor in 1871, and Mr. Blencowe, anxious to meet their need and assist David, succeeded in securing the services of the Rev. W. Wynne, an able young preacher, who had just arrived from England. From Potchefstroom Mr. Wynne paid visits to Marico, Rustenberg, and Pretoria, and held monthly services at Klerksdorp, thirty miles distant, and at Kroonstad, seventy-two miles distant. He also commenced the erection of a church in Potchefstroom, but when the building was ready for the roof a terrific storm destroyed it to the foundations, and left it a heap of ruins. The Missionary Committee in London seem at that time to have formed no settled policy as to the Transvaal. If they could spare a minister they sent one, if he was wanted elsewhere they took him away. At the end of two years Mr. Wynne was sent to Harrismith.

Mr. Blencowe, impressed with the importance of the work, left Ladysmith for Potchefstroom. Even at that early date he was confident that the resources of the Transvaal were immense. 'This country,' he said, 'will one day be the most densely-populated in South Africa. Its mineral wealth is great; iron, copper, lead, coal, and gold abound. And this increase of population will be mainly persons of English parentage.' He was convinced that the Transvaal would become a fine field for Methodist work, amongst both English and native races, and was anxious that Potchefstroom, at least, should be occupied. He recommenced the building of the church. It was no easy task, as all the timber had to be brought up from the coast by ox-waggon. Before he had made much progress he was removed by the Missionary Committee, and nothing more could be done until 1874, when the Rev. J. Calvert, the well-known missionary from Fiji, was sent. He completed the church, respecting which he wrote: 'It is well-seated, with a good boarded floor, a real treat not frequently met with. A good native church has been completed, and having placed the work on as near a self-supporting basis as possible, I shall leave with a clear conscience.' Within a year he also vanished; but these kaleidoscopic changes puzzled European and native alike, and were fatal to anything like wise, effective development.

In the year 1873 the Rev. G. Weavind was appointed to

Pretoria at the request of a few Wesleyans from Cape Colony and Natal who had settled there, and who were dissatisfied with the extreme ritualism of the Anglican Church. Pretoria was but a village, struggling upward to a town, and Mr. Weavind, fresh from England, felt the loneliness of his position. 'I thank you for the parcel of books,' he wrote home; 'there are so few in this out-of-the way place.' The services were held in the Government schoolroom, which was cold and damp in winter, and hot and unpleasant in summer. A few months later Mr. Blencowe rode over from Potchefstroom to inspect, and saw the need of better accommodation. 'Mr. Weavind has done well,' he wrote. 'We selected and purchased an erf of land, 150 feet by 750 feet, in the principal street, for which we paid £130. I think we have been directed to Pretoria at the right time.' It is a striking commentary on the changes thirty years have brought that that land is to-day in the centre of the business part of Pretoria, and is valued at £60,000. On this erf a small church and a cottage for the minister's residence were erected.



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As a side-light on the political condition of the country it may be said that President Burgers was in Europe raising a loan for the construction of a railway from Lourenço Marques to Pretoria. Only part of the loan was obtained, and the locomotives and rails, when they arrived, were left on the beach at Delagoa Bay to rust, and to be turned into old iron. The burghers could not understand their brilliant President, and refused to pay taxes. The President endeavoured to goad them by eloquent speeches into patriotic effort, but in vain. It was Apollo trying to drive dray horses.

No attempt was made for years to occupy any other towns in the Transvaal. The Rev. G. Weavind gained the confidence of the people at Pretoria. The Revs. T. Creswell and S. B. Cawood successively cared for the English and natives at Potchefstroom. The veteran, George Blencowe, laboured at Pilgrim's Rest, newly opened as an alluvial gold field, where 5,000 diggers were in careless fashion

seeking for gold in the valleys and creeks of the Lydenburg Mountains.

The times were not favourable to expansion. The South African Republic was slowly drifting into bankruptcy. The State Exchequer was empty. The natives were rebellious; and when the burghers attempted to reduce Sekukuni to submission, they were driven back from his mountain fort in confusion. Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, was eager to invade the Republic. 'If Sekukuni, my bull-calf,' he said, 'can do so much, what cannot the Black Bull himself accomplish?' Trade was destroyed, and confidence was lost. In 1877 Sir T. Shepstone, believing there was only one way out of the difficulty, proclaimed the country to be British territory. The inhabitants of the towns rejoiced, and the Boers, hard pressed by their poverty, sullenly assented. The effectiveness of British rule contributed in no small degree to its downfall. Cetewayo's power was broken at Ulundi, and Sekukuni was vanquished and taken prisoner by Lord Wolseley. These two dangers, which had made the burghers acquiesce in British rule, were thus removed. The cold, haughty, military manner and the want of tact of Sir Owen Lanyon, the Administrator, exasperated the Boers, who were excluded from any share in the government of the country. Discontent culminated in a war which was disastrous to the British troops; and at its close, in 1881, the Dutch, by force of arms, had recovered their independence and restored the 'South African Republic.'

At Potchefstroom the few British soldiers in garrison, and some of the English residents, took refuge in an earthwork situated on a hillock outside the town, and about 500 yards away from any houses. It was twenty-five yards square, and the only shelter within it from heat and wet were a few tents. In this small enclosure, for more than three months, they kept up a patient defence, living the last month on mealies and Kafir corn. Enteric fever and dysentery were scarcely less deadly than the raking fire of the Boer marksmen. Potchefstroom itself was occupied by the Boers, and the Rev. S. B. Cawood applied to Commandant Cronje, the same who surrendered to Lord Roberts at Paardeberg, for permission to continue his duties without interference. This was granted; but one evening Mr. Cawood was seen in the streets 'after hours.' Next day a notice was served on him to attend the 'Krijgsraad,' or War Council, but as the notice was served upon him after the time notified, he was unable to attend. For this default he

was fined in his absence. Next day he appeared before the War Council to explain, but Cronje refused him a hearing. Mr. Cawood told him he was ill-advised and would have to answer for his conduct. Upon this Cronje threatened to shoot him over his open grave. He inflicted a further fine, which Mr. Cawood refused to pay, as no charge had been proved against him, and he was therefore marched off to prison. After a few days' incarceration a townsman came forward and paid the money, and Mr. Cawood was liberated. But his independent conduct had offended the Boers, and soon after the close of the war he left Potchefstroom for York, in Natal.

The siege of Pretoria was a tame affair. The Boers contented themselves with watching the town from a distance of six miles, and there was little fighting. For more than 100 days the population was cooped up, no one being allowed to pass the Dutch patrols. The Rev. G. Weavind was chaplain to the Wesleyan and Presbyterian troops, and was appointed Assistant Camp Quartermaster. At the request of the Commandant he acted as the medium of communication between the British and the Boer Generals, and on the conclusion of the war was thanked by Sir Evelyn Wood, the Commander-in-Chief, on parade for his services.

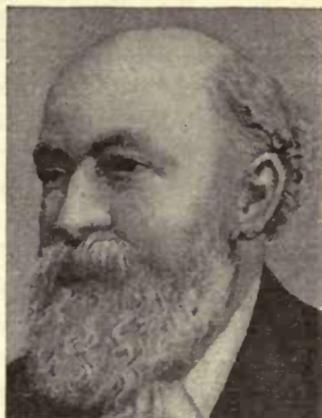
When peace was restored the Missionary Committee in London gave increased attention to the development of the work in the Transvaal. A minister of energy and experience was needed, and on the recommendation of the Natal Synod they appointed the Rev. Owen Watkins, who arrived at Pretoria towards the end of 1881, with the Rev. C. S. Franklin as his colleague. A more suitable appointment could not have been made. Mr. Watkins devoted much of his time to the natives, making long journeys to Swaziland, Sekukuni's country, Zoutpansberg, Waterberg, and Bechuanaland. His untiring zeal, his genial manner, and his warm sympathy, won for him a hearty welcome wherever he went, whilst his bright, enthusiastic letters to the Home Committee roused the deepest interest in the Methodist churches in England, and made it possible to largely increase the ministerial staff. Within a short period there were sent out the Revs. J. G. Benson, G. Lowe, A. S. Sharpe, W. J. Underwood, and R. F. Appelbe, all of whom rendered invaluable service in the following years. The Transvaal was organized as a separate District, and attached to the British Conference.

After a year's rest in England Mr. Weavind returned, and

went to Potchefstroom, where he was soon immersed in work. He reopened the day school, and not being able to engage a teacher, taught the scholars himself. He took charge of the English and native congregations, and visited Klerksdorp once a month.

According to State law no native could possess land. He might rent an allotment, build a house, and improve the land, but at a moment's notice he could be ejected without compensation. This was frequently done. There was therefore no security for Methodist work among the natives, who might at any time be dispossessed of their holdings and be scattered. In order to prevent this, the Rev. T. Creswell, during his residence at Potchefstroom, had purchased a farm a short distance from town, and made it a native station. Uitkyk, as it was called, was soon occupied by 500 natives under Petrus, a white-haired old Christian chief, who had been a local preacher and class leader for forty years. With but little oversight from the English minister the work of the church at Uitkyk had gone on during the war without interruption—Sabbath and week day services, class meetings, prayer meetings, day and Sunday schools—Petrus being the centre of it all. From natives in the district came numerous requests for teachers and evangelists; they were anxious to have their children educated, and themselves instructed in the truths of Christianity. To meet this demand for godly, educated natives, Mr. Weavind commenced at Potchefstroom a Training Institution, which from its inception proved a success.

The years from 1881 to 1885 were years of rapid expansion. Natives came to Mr. Watkins and to Mr. Weavind from all parts of the Transvaal, and told how at Wesleyan services in Natal or in Cape Colony they had found the Saviour. Returning to their own tribes, they had preached the Gospel to the heathen, and formed Methodist societies among the converts. Without any help from Europeans, they had in some instances built plain little churches, in which every Sabbath they worshipped God. For years they had toiled on, unvisited



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by any missionary, unaided by any church, unpaid by any society, moved to their labours and sustained in them by the love of Christ only. Unconscious of their heroism, they told their story of hardships endured and triumphs won, and begged the missionary to visit them in their solitary and far-distant homes. As Mr. Watkins and Mr. Weavind looked into the faces of these simple, earnest, devoted native Christians, and listened to their modest story, what wonder if their hearts were full as they saw the Lord opening the way to the preaching of the Gospel to the tribes of the interior.

By the year 1885 the Wesleyan ministerial staff in the Republic was considerably increased, and vigorous efforts were put forth to meet the religious needs of both Europeans and natives in widely-separated places. The Rev. A. S. Sharpe was sent to Bloemhof, in the south-west. The Rev. R. F. Appelbe resided amongst the Barolongs at Mafeking, in the north-west. The Rev. G. Lowe took charge of the mission farm, Good Hope, in the north, purchased by the Missionary Committee for £1,000 as a resting-place for a number of Pahlala's tribe. The Rev. Isaac Shimmin endeavoured to evangelize the vast district of the Waterberg, still farther north. Daniel Msimang was at Mahamba, in Swaziland, in the west. The Rev. Owen Watkins was at Pretoria, assisted by the Rev. W. J. Underwood; and the Rev. G. Weavind was at Potchefstroom with the Rev. J. G. Benson, in charge of the farm Uitkyk. These ministers were separated from each other by distances varying from 50 to 300 miles; they never saw each other except at the annual Synod, and frequently felt their loneliness; railways were in the future; the roads were simply tracks; often they took long journeys, living in a waggon for months together; their food was sometimes of the meanest; their dwellings were comfortless; but all these hardships were borne uncomplainingly if only the unsearchable riches of Christ could be made known to the inhabitants of the Transvaal. All honour to these men who bore the burden and heat of the day, and made the work lighter for those who entered into their labours.

At Bloemhof a mixed population had collected, attracted thither by the discovery of diamonds in the neighbourhood. A brisk trade was carried on, and one of the storekeepers, Mr. Palmer, a Wesleyan local preacher, single-handed conducted services for years for both Europeans and natives, and so endeavoured to keep alive the flame of piety in an unfriendly

atmosphere. When Mr. Sharpe arrived a wool store was secured as a temporary place of worship, and on the Sabbath nearly all the Europeans in the village attended. A plot of ground in a central position was purchased, and within a year a pretty little church was completed at a cost of £500, a third of which was contributed by the Dutch farmers in the shape of live stock. The natives also built a church of limestone, with thatched roof, themselves raising nearly the whole cost. Bloemhof was looked upon at the time as an important centre for missionary effort. Thirty miles away, by the Vaal River, was Christiana, a busy trading village. Not far from Christiana was Maquassi, where sixty-three years before Messrs. Broadbent and Hodgson had commenced a mission amongst the Barolongs. To the north stood Mamusa, with a large Koranna population, of which Massouw was the chief, and who sent an urgent request that Mr. Sharpe should visit him and his people. To the north-west was Vryburg, the capital of Bechuanaland, and for years the terminus of the Cape railways. The Circuit extended into British and Dutch territory, and there were political dangers to guard against, but Mr. Sharpe went on his way, 'having nothing to do but to save souls.'

In the year 1886 Mr. Sharpe left for Vryburg, and was succeeded at Bloemhof by the Rev. J. G. Benson. Vryburg was then at the height of its prosperity. Men of all creeds expressed their satisfaction at the arrival of Mr. Sharpe, for the town had no minister of any church, and his occasional visits had been highly appreciated. As no house was available he lived in a bell-tent. A few gentlemen met together and arrangements were made for the erection of rooms for the minister, and a church for the congregation. Nor were the natives forgotten. Living in close proximity to the Europeans they had acquired a taste for Cape brandy, and Sunday was the great day for sitting outside their huts, gossiping and drinking. Mr. Sharpe preached to them, and made himself the health officer of the location, insisting upon clean huts, inquiring what work the inmates did, and ordering them when necessary to go down to the river and wash themselves and their clothes.

Within a few months the church for the Europeans was built, and was well attended. Then commercial decline set in, and the trade of the town collapsed. The people, forced by necessity, left for other centres of business. There was a good church, but scarcely any congregation. Mr. Sharpe was inces-

santly active, but could not counteract the results of a failing population.

A similar decline fell on Bloemhof, where the number of inhabitants shrank from 500 to 50. Massouw's tribe at Mamusa left the district. Other tribes moved to be safe from Boer oppression. Then orders came from England that the expenses of the Transvaal mission must be reduced, so Bloemhof and Vryburg were abandoned. Years afterwards, when Vryburg had somewhat recovered its trade, the Congregationalists established a small church, and did excellent work. Bloemhof is now visited from Klerksdorp.

It was remarkable that from all parts of the Transvaal requests came for native teachers and preachers. Headmen pleaded, 'If you will give us a teacher, we will fetch him in a waggon, build a house and a church, and we will support him.' The training institution at Potchefstroom assumed increasing importance, but as the situation was inconvenient a farm was purchased four miles from Pretoria, and named Kilnerton, in honour of the Rev. J. Kilner; and to it Mr. Weavind removed in 1886, taking with him the Institution. The education given was not advanced, but it was all that was practicable at the time. The curriculum included Scripture, English, arithmetic, geography, English history, and reading. Trained godly natives were urgently required for extending Missions and establishing schools.

Besides attending to educational work, Mr. Weavind was able to supply the pulpit at Pretoria during the long absences of Mr. Watkins, who still continued his journeys all over the Transvaal. Showing how widely the influence of Missions in the Cape and Natal had spread, Mr. Watkins found everywhere small parties of native Christians worshipping God, holding prayer meetings, where no European missionary had penetrated. He visited Swaziland, and went as far as Zululand, interviewing Dinizulu, the great son of Cetewayo, at his chief kraal, but came to the conclusion that in the disordered condition of the country the time was inopportune for the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission in Zululand.

After the removal of Mr. Weavind to Kilnerton the work at Potchefstroom was carried on by the Revs. J. G. Benson, T. H. Wainman, and G. S. Sheldon. Mr. Wainman's ministry was of a decidedly evangelistic character, and many were led to decision for Christ. Mr. Sheldon resided at Uitkyk, as Petrus the chief was dead, and took charge of the

natives residing there, as well as those dwelling at Potchefstroom, Klerksdorp, and Ventersdorp. Heathen kraals were visited, but the great obstacle to the acceptance of the Gospel was polygamy. 'When you preach,' the natives said, 'you always talk about our having too many wives. We are too old to alter. Look to the little ones, for they will listen.' The finger of God touched their hearts with concern for their children.

Waterberg, where the Rev. I. Shimmin was doing yeoman service for Christ, was a wide district as large as Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Lincolnshire combined, and thickly populated with natives. He travelled in a waggon from village to village, and, staying a few days only at each place, the 'round' occupied two months. There was much to encourage, for of the sincerity and self-denial of those who had become Christians there could be no doubt. But there was much to depress. Centuries of degradation had almost destroyed conscience among the heathen, and dark deeds were done without shame. As many as thirty men had been known to be thrown to the crocodiles in one day in compliance with tribal custom. A central station, on which natives could reside, and from which the minister could proceed on his quarterly visits, was needed, and accordingly a suitable farm was purchased and named Olverton, after the Rev. G. W. Olver. Mr. Shimmin was also anxious to establish upon it an institution similar to the one at Kilnerton, and combine with it industrial training.

At Mafeking, in the north-west, dwelt the Barolongs, under their chief Montsioa. Formerly they had lived at Moshaneng, a few miles to the north, where they used to be occasionally visited by the missionaries from Thaba Nchu. Montsioa was a heathen, but Christianity had been introduced and kept alive among the tribe by his brother Molema, who was a tall, intelligent native, and who, after enduring much persecution, was recognised as the 'Father of the Barolongs.' He was converted to God at Thaba Nchu during a visit, and on his return he told his friends what the Lord had done for him. 'His father made no objection to his being a Christian, but the Barolongs persecuted him most cruelly. Because he held aloof from all the old heathen customs they attempted to kill him. The rain-makers and witch doctors cursed him; and if there was a dearth of rain, a poor harvest, or sickness, all were attributed to Molema—'Monna oa Lefoko,' the 'Man of the Word.'

'To the Barolongs,' wrote Mr. Sharpe, 'the first half of the nineteenth century was a period of war. The Matabele devastated their country, and after they were satiated the Boers attacked them, seizing their cattle and burning their huts. In every attack on the invader Molema was to the front; he became their acknowledged general and spokesman, and because of his justness he was termed by the Boers the "chief of truth." Driven hither and thither, Molema tried to keep the work of God alive amongst the harassed people. When not fighting he was preaching. When not urging them to repel the invader, this Barolong Cromwell was exhorting them at the early morning prayer meeting to love the Lord with all their heart. Frequently the Christians were interfered with by Montsioa. On one occasion he rushed into the hut where they were assembled and dispersed them with an assegai. Whenever Molema came to Moshaneng he opened the church, rang the bell, and carried on the services, and then rebuked Montsioa for his foolishness.'



MOLEMA, A BAROLONG
CHIEF.

In 1857 Molema founded the present native town of Mafeking, which means the 'Place of Rocks.' The district was then without inhabitants, the few people who were there having been driven off by the Boers. In 1870 Montsioa joined him, and the same year Molema built a church, and sent his sons to Healdtown to be educated. The youngest, Silas, did excellent work for years as the headmaster of the native day school at Mafeking.* In December, 1881, there was great trouble in Mafeking, for Molema lay dying. Calling for his well-worn Bible, the old chief turned to the class leaders and local preachers who had been his helpers for many years, and read to them, 'Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions.' With tremulous and fast-failing breath he said, 'Tell the Wesleyan missionaries they must care for you now.' And with this message he fell on sleep.

* In 1873 the Rev. J. Webb was missionary to the Barolongs, the first to reside in the native town.

Montsioa was deeply affected by the death of his brother. 'Molema is gone,' he cried. 'Why am I left alone? Why cannot I die?' He was then eighty years of age. He was very anxious to have a Wesleyan missionary resident with him and his people. Every morning he ordered the bell at his kraal to be rung, and prayer was conducted by a native teacher. If the teacher did not come in time Montsioa sent a guard to fetch him.

About the year 1882 the Transvaal Boers thought the time was favourable to seize the country from their western border up to the Kalahari Desert, and so shut off the English from the north. They forcibly occupied Bechuanaland, attacked the various clans—the Barolong among the rest—sweeping off their cattle, and set up two petty republics, called Stellaland and Goshen. A large territory was thus given up to anarchy and outrage. The Rev. John Mackenzie was appointed by the British Government Commissioner of Bechuanaland, and he sought to secure for the Bechuana chiefs the protection of Great Britain; but the land-jobbers and speculators saw that their greed would be baffled by Mackenzie's administration, and determined to wreck it. Within six months he was recalled to Cape Town, and Cecil Rhodes took his place. Under Rhodes's rule Bechuanaland fell deeper into disorder, and at last the British Government, in 1884, sent an armed force of 4,000 men, under Sir Charles Warren, into Bechuanaland, who cleared the country of the freebooters, and restored law and order. The military expedition was, happily, a bloodless one, for the Boers, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, and their raids being repudiated by President Kruger under pressure from the British Government, either quietly submitted, or retired into the Transvaal. A humorist of that day wrote :

'So you see there was no fighting in that glorious campaign,
For not a man was wounded, not a warrior was slain ;
And the doctors had an easy time, as doctors always will,
Campaigning with a general who goes fighting with a quill.'

The important result of this expedition was that the trade route into the interior of Africa from the south was preserved to the English. Montsioa had suffered for his loyalty to the British, and desired to become recognised as a subject of Queen Victoria. Governments move slowly, and there was a period of painful suspense when Montsioa knew not what

his lot would be. At length, to his great relief, he was taken under British protection, and guaranteed the possession of his country.

During the war Molema's church fell into decay; only half the roof was left, and all the glass in the windows was destroyed. The Royal Engineers were encamped at Mafeking, and Colonel Durnford, to show his respect for Montsioa, offered to draw the plans of a new church, and find the skilled labour, if the Barolongs would provide the material. This offer was gladly accepted, for the Barolongs had learned to esteem the Colonel highly, and gave him a native name which meant 'The long English chief with the glass eye.' Sir Charles



REV. R. F. APPELBE.

Warren laid the first foundation stone, saying, 'I am glad to help a chief who has in his recent actions placed a determined trust in the British Government.' Montsioa laid the second stone, and said, 'You may know it is properly laid; I do not. They tell me it is well laid. This is a great day, a pleasant day! Let there be peace and rain in the country.' For three hours the contributions of the people were laid on the stone, until they amounted to £256 10s., and it was said that there was not sixpence left in the stadt. The building was proceeded with, all the people assisting in carrying material to the site, from the old chief to the

child who could carry only a brick. Its completion was not only a memorial of their industry, but of the generous help of British soldiers.

When the Rev. R. F. Appelbe arrived in 1885, the church was far from being finished, but already the town wore a new aspect. With British protection and safety fugitives returned, boys and girls began to play in the streets, the plough again turned up the soil, and the lowing of cattle was heard at eventide. Towards the end of the year the church was completed, and the Rev. G. Weavind came from Potchefstroom to conduct the opening service. The whole tribe made the day a festival, and at least 1,000 natives packed the large and lofty building, whilst a vast crowd assembled outside. As this large congregation rose and sang, as Barolongs can sing, the volume of

sound was overwhelming, and tears of joy bedewed many a face. They had been for years hunted like wild beasts, and now they were met in a church of their own, such as the most sanguine had never expected. How would Molema have rejoiced to be with them that day! If spirits are allowed to visit the scene of their earthly labours, his was hovering near. Montsioa rose and expressed his gratitude to the Missionary Society for sending them a missionary, and to the soldiers for helping them to build the church. Sir S. G. Shippard, the Administrator, assured them he would do all in his power to assist them now they were the Queen's subjects. It was a day



MR. APPELBE'S HUT.

the Barolongs long remembered. The old church was soon afterwards repaired, and used as a day school, in which Silas Molema was the head teacher. After a time it was found necessary to use it on Sundays for the overflow congregation, and in the two churches 1,200 natives assembled every Sabbath to hear 'the wonderful words of life.' Four hundred met in class, and during the five years Mr. Appelbe was stationed at Mafeking 500 natives were converted and added to the church. There was a noble band of local preachers, one of whom, Joshua Molema, would go away for six months at a time on a Gospel tour among the tribes dwelling on the western side of

the Kalahari, who were never visited by any European missionary.

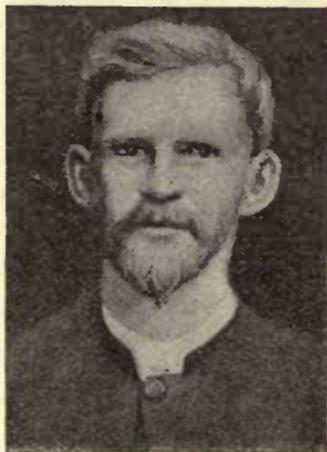
Mr. Appelbe lived for two and a half years in a hut, for no better accommodation could be provided. Montsioa gave five acres of ground sloping down to the river Molopo for a mission house and garden, but the erection of the requisite buildings had to be deferred for want of funds. The Barolongs, consequent upon their prolonged wars, were a poor people, but they gave willingly. Of gold and silver they had little, but they gave sheep and goats and grain. One year they brought to Mr. Appelbe 961 buckets of grain, weighing in all more than ten tons, most of which was brought on the backs of the donors. That year their gifts realized £117 15s. 3d.

The development of Rhodesia made it desirable that a commercial depot should be formed nearer than Kimberley, and a European town was laid out at Mafeking about two miles from the native stadt. Sir S. G. Shippard, at the request of Mr. Appelbe, gave a block of ground in the centre of the new township for a Wesleyan church, a school, and a house. Services for Europeans were meanwhile held in a large tent. In this distant scene it was to be expected that Englishmen would arrive, attracted thither by trade, or hunting big game, or exploring for gold. Prodigal sons, not a few, were found in this far country, men of good birth and collegiate education, who had risked everything in a wild, adventurous career. At the close of one service a man came up to Mr. Applebe and said: 'I'm a Wesleyan, but I have not heard a sermon for ten years until to-night.' Sometimes fever cut short a youthful life, and nothing would have been heard by the 'old folks at home' but for the sympathetic letter from the unknown Wesleyan missionary. In August, 1886, Sir S. G. Shippard came up and laid the foundation stone of the European Wesleyan church, and within a few months it was opened for worship. So England's children were cared for at this remote outpost of the Empire.

The Rev. G. Lowe, at Good Hope, endeavoured to pastorize his extensive District, which was three times the size of Yorkshire. At the central station he laid out a village, with streets fifty feet wide, and required each house to possess at least three rooms. In the erection of the church much of the carpenter's work was done by himself. All over the district native Christians were found preaching and teaching without pay or reward, not knowing their own self-denial. 'Only a

few weeks ago,' wrote Mr. Lowe, 'a native came to me, and I found he had been preaching and holding a Methodist class meeting for above twenty years. This man had not seen one of his own missionaries in the whole of that time. I hope to go to see him as soon as possible.' Kholdko, the chief of Sekukuni's country, sent messengers to Mr. Lowe inquiring: 'When are you coming? We are waiting, waiting for you; but you are a long time coming.' Mr. Lowe had already more work than he could compass, the mere travelling round his wide Circuit occupying a month. The field was white for the harvest, but there were few reapers.

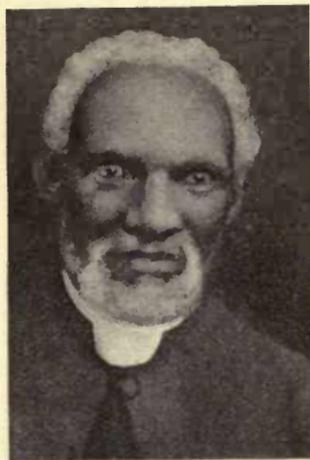
A peculiar interest attaches to Mahamba, in Swaziland. It was the station of the Rev. J. Allison, from which he was driven in 1841, and with him went Daniel Msimang, who settled at Driefontein, in Natal, and for a native became wealthy. When native ministers were wanted for the Transvaal, Daniel, though fifty years of age, was the first to offer himself, and with him volunteered two of his sons, and his brother. Daniel was sent to Swaziland, and, acting on the advice of Mr. Watkins, he planted his mission where Mr. Allison had planted his, and called the place Mahamba. For a time he and his wife and two daughters lived in his waggon. Every evening he had family prayer



REV. G. LOWE.

in the open air, and such was the tenderness and earnestness of his petitions that the Swazis wept, they scarcely knew why. The neighbouring Boers were offended, and appealed to the Commissioner to stop him, but he replied: 'No; I know Daniel very well. He is a good man, and no one shall hinder him.' As the Boers got to know him they respected him, and would even listen to his addresses. The witch-doctors took alarm, and threatened to take his life. Daniel replied: 'When I came to Swaziland I knew it was possible I might be killed. That does not trouble me. I am in the hands of the Lord.' He went on calmly preaching the word. A native woman was converted, and her husband, full of rage, sought his chief, and demanded that Daniel should die. But the chief said: 'No; Christianity is a

good thing; but for the king I would be a Christian myself.' The wife had to return to her husband, but he so ill-treated her that her two sons interfered, and claimed for their mother that she should be allowed to be a Christian if she wished. Daniel found clay in the valley, made bricks, and built a church forty feet long, and thatched it as well as a Devonshire thatcher could have done it. So the word of the Lord triumphed, and when Mr. Watkins came to see what was being done, Daniel's tall figure was drawn to its full height, and his face shone with Divine light, as, standing in the church he had built, he presented thirty adult natives for baptism, all rescued from a foul heathenism, and amongst them were the native wife, her husband, and their two sons.



REV. D. MSIMANG.

The Swazis, like many other races at a similar stage of belief, worshipped the spirits of the dead, especially those of their former kings, and appeased them by sacrifices, lest in various ways they should injure the living. Fear was the sole incentive to worship. Nine miles from Mahamba was 'Emokosini,' the burial-place of the Swazi kings. In a large cave at the base of a conical hill lay in silent state the bodies of the great Swazi monarchs, and twice every year the priest came and offered in front of the cave a solemn sacrifice of oxen to

the spirits of the mighty dead, that the nation might have a good harvest. When the flesh had been eaten by the priest and the worshippers all the bones were collected, mixed with scented wood, and burned with fire. In times of national peril, such as a great drought, a time of war, or the illness of the reigning king, special sacrifices were offered, always before sunrise or after sunset. So it was believed could calamity be alone averted from the land. But the old heathen faiths were losing their power, and in the valleys and hills adjacent lived many natives who welcomed Joel Msimang, one of Daniel's sons, when he came to preach to them the Gospel. Within view of the sacred cave, and in front of its dark entrance, Joel built his dwelling, and every day preached to those who came to listen of the 'one Sacrifice for sin.' Emokosini now appears on the minutes as a Wesleyan mission station.

At one time South Africa was thought to be a land of sand and rock and barren Karoo, tenanted by wild beasts, but it is now known to be rich in mineral wealth. During the year 1886 some very rich gold reefs were discovered on the north-western border of Swaziland, and this hitherto uninhabited country became a busy centre of industry. Thousands of persons were attracted thither, prepared to dare the dangers of travel and the deadlier dangers of climate in order to seek for gold. The reefs were scattered over an area of thirty miles, of which Barberton became the centre. The Sheba reef, yielding six ounces to the ton, spread the fame of the new mines far and wide, and visions of vast wealth flitted before the eyes of multitudes. Syndicates were formed in most colonial towns, and each of them sent a prospector to explore the district; and soon hundreds of men were scattered over the mountains chipping off bits of stone with a hammer, then pounding them in a mortar, and washing the powder to discover gold. Some valuable mines were found, and capital was attracted to the neighbourhood. Barberton sprang into existence with amazing rapidity on the slope of one of the highest mountains. Business was brisk, and stores, canteens, exchanges, theatres, and churches were built within the first year. The appearance of the population was striking, scarcely a woman or a child being seen. The costliness of living and the unhealthiness of the climate rendered the place unsuitable for families.

Among the miners were many Wesleyans from Natal, and they sent an urgent request to Pretoria for a Wesleyan minister. The Rev. W. J. Underwood was appointed, and upon his arrival he commenced his labours, preaching in an unfinished store, the dining-room of an hotel, or any place available. The seats were deals supported by boxes; the chandeliers were small planks holding six candles, and suspended from the ceiling by bits of wire. Every Sunday evening he preached in the Market Square to all sorts and conditions of men. Within six months a church was completed, for miners are generous when times are prosperous. The natives were not forgotten, and services were conducted for their benefit, at first under a tree, and then in a building erected for worship. Other denominations were equally active.

Barberton declined as rapidly as it had risen. Many of the supposed rich reefs proved to be unpayable to work, and properties that were floated into companies with a capital of

thousands of pounds sterling were abandoned as worthless. More than half the population left. Dishonest schemes, over-capitalization, gross mismanagement, and especially the superior attractions of Johannesburg, left Barberton comparatively deserted. The liberality of the people and Mr. Underwood's prudence now had their reward. The church was free from debt; the weekly offerings fully met the expenses, and the work was self-supporting. There was still a population of about 2,000, and it was considered that these ought not to be neglected. Europeans in a strange land required attention as much as natives; so the Wesleyan minister continued at his work, and the congregation, though small, amply repaid the labour bestowed upon it.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN THE TRANSVAAL (*continued*).

JOHANNESBURG grew to be the largest town in South Africa with phenomenal rapidity. Standing on the Witwatersrand to-day, and looking down on its miles of streets, its churches, its banks and warehouses, its parks and squares, its smoking chimneys and roaring mine batteries, it is difficult to realize that twenty years ago where these stand all was bare, desolate veld. Along these hillsides old Bezuidenhout, a Dutch farmer, was then pasturing his sheep, little dreaming of the wealth that lay beneath his feet. In 1884 a man named Arnold fancied there was gold on the farm, and told a neighbour, and the year following a small battery was erected by Struben Bros. The one prominent building was a mud canteen with a red flag; and waggons, Scotch carts, and tents held the few diggers on the ground. In 1886 the South African Republic proclaimed the district a goldfield.

The gold was found in beds or reefs of conglomerate, made up of clay rock and quartz pebbles, locally called 'banket,' the Dutch name for 'almond toffee.' The reefs at the surface stretched from east to west, and dipped from north to south at an angle of about 40° , but as they were followed down the angle was found to decrease, so that at great depths they approached the horizontal. Out of this discovery sprang the large number of deep-level mines, which promise to prolong the gold-mining industry for many years. And whether surface or deep, the reefs were found to retain an average thickness and an average quality. This enabled an approximate estimate to be made of the life and value of a mine.

Within a year the population of Johannesburg rose to 6,000, and the marvel is that without any Christian church, without the restraining influences of family life, living in shanties, and

often on poor food, with canteens at every corner, the diggers did not repeat some of the more violent scenes of mining life in California and Australia. But among the miners were many Christian men. Two of them, Mr. Thornhill Cook, son of the missionary of Nisbet Bath, in Namaqualand, and Mr. J. Dednam, both Wesleyan local preachers, distressed with the prevailing godlessness, commenced services in the mining camp. Other Wesleyans joined them, and they met for worship wherever they could, in a house, or a stable, or a tent, and sometimes in the dining-room of a canteen. At their request Mr. Weavind came over from Kilnerton once a month; but this was found to be inadequate, and the Rev.



FIRST WESLEYAN CHURCH IN JOHANNESBURG.

F. J. Briscoe was sent from England, arriving in Johannesburg in April, 1887. At first he lived in a waggon, but in a month the people built for him a small house. In July the first Wesleyan church was commenced, Captain von Brandis, the Landdrost, laying the foundation stone. When completed it seated 300 persons, and cost £900. It was a plain structure, but at the time was one of the finest buildings on the fields. The various camps along the line of reef were visited by six local preachers every Sabbath, and but for their help the services could not have been held. Once a week, at least, the sordid pursuit of gold was arrested by the voice of Christian teaching. Little attention could be given to the natives, large

numbers of whom flocked to the mines for employment, and coming in contact with the worst class of Europeans, speedily learnt their vices.

Such was the enormous rush of people to Johannesburg that in two years a larger place of worship was necessary, and in July, 1889, a new church was opened in President Street, seating 500 persons. The exterior of the building was not ecclesiastical, but it was to be used also as a schoolroom. Hence the numerous windows to obtain light, and the many ventilators in the roof to secure fresh air. This was enlarged in 1892 to seat 700, and it is still the largest Wesleyan church



WESLEYAN CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, PRESIDENT STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

in Johannesburg. The congregation, filling the building every Sabbath, was remarkable for its masculinity, for seven-eighths were men; its intelligence, for here were some of the shrewdest business men in South Africa; its heartiness of song, for there were not a few Cornish miners who had brought with them their native religious fervour; and its keenness of attention when the preacher was mentally alert and forcible in his speech. Taking a survey of the efforts made by all the churches, there was a painful disproportion between the population and the religious accommodation. The inhabitants numbered probably 30,000, whilst the sittings provided by all the churches were not more than 3,000. Amid this immigrant population the duties of the ministers were necessarily many-sided. 'Strangers just out from home were welcomed; good lodgings were

recommended; situations were found for the unemployed; letters from anxious parents respecting prodigal sons were answered; advice was given to the simple; drunkards were induced to sign the pledge; and, best of all, sinners were led to the Saviour.'

In November, 1889, the Rev. G. Weavind from Kilnerton, the Rev. R. F. Appelbe from Mafeking, and the Rev. G. S. Sheldon from Uitkyk, were appointed, with the Rev. F. J. Briscoe to take charge of the natives—all to reside in Johannesburg. The importance of the work was realized, and it was seen that the field open to Methodism was large enough for all the energies of even four ministers.

The regular pastoral visitation of the people was made difficult by the great amount of Sunday labour at the mines. Greed of gain kept the batteries employed the greater part of the Lord's Day in flagrant violation of the law, which the Government made little effort to enforce. The difficulty was increased by the population being distributed along a thin, unbroken line for thirty miles, broadening here and there into townships. To visit them from one centre on foot was impossible. Horses were not provided for the ministers, and the bicycle was the best aid to locomotion. Four ministers in Johannesburg, and none along the line of reef, was an arrangement which at a later date had to be modified.

Johannesburg was peopled by representatives of almost every nation under the sun, and there was therefore no settled and dominant influence of religion. Young men, who in other scenes had been outwardly Christians, went down before the shock of temptation, and lapsed into godlessness. Some of the popular places of amusement were of the lowest character, and drunkenness and impurity were common sins. The feverish excitement of business during the day, especially in the share market, was followed in the evening by a corresponding eagerness in the pursuit of pleasure. The component parts of the congregations were constantly changing, whilst the paucity of family life checked the growth of unity and zeal in religious work.

The Wesleyan ministers endeavoured to keep abreast of public need. A Wesleyan church was built at Jeppestown; and during the five years' superintendency of the Rev. R. F. Appelbe churches were built at Fordsburg, Ophirton, Jumpers, Langlaagte, and Marshall's Street. At Germiston services were held every fortnight in the Scotch church. There were

also two open-air missions—one on the Johannesburg Market Square, and the other at Fordsburg. At both places every Sunday evening, previous to the services in church, large gatherings were held, which were not only crowned with conversions, but knit the workers together, and made them known to each other.

Tens of thousands of natives were employed in the mines, and they were drawn from almost every nation and tribe in South Africa. By a strange inconsistency, whilst the battery stamps were kept at work the whole of Sunday, no underground work was allowed to be done; the result was that, having nothing to do, the natives fell easy victims to the fascinations of hundreds of canteens. Faction fights, riotous quarrels, often ending fatally, were numerous. It is true that the law imposed heavy penalties on those who sold drink to the natives, but the police were generally bribed, and the Government appeared indifferent.

A small Wesleyan native church was built in the location; but along the line of reef, for want of accommodation, the services were held in the open air. There were twenty native local preachers, and every Sabbath they went forth, 'two and two,' preaching the Gospel. For the native servants in Johannesburg little could be done. During a considerable period the claims of the European work were so urgent that not much attention could be given to the heathen. That work was a later development.

When the Rev. G. Weavind left Kilnerton for Johannesburg, the Rev. O. Watkins became Principal of the Training Institution. Occasionally, as opportunity offered, he made long journeys of exploration, going once as far as Salisbury in Rhodesia, and everywhere he sought openings for the preaching of the Word of God. Towards the end of 1891 he was seriously prostrated by malarial fever, contracted in Manicaland, and for ten weeks he lay nigh unto death. As the only means of recovery, he was ordered to England. For ten years he had, at the slow pace of an ox-waggon, over roads that in a civilized country would be ridiculed, travelled and explored a country as large as Great Britain and Ireland—visiting chiefs, preaching to the heathen, cheering missionaries on solitary stations, guiding, inspiring, and controlling everywhere. By the natives he was spoken of as the 'Great Father,' and he worthily carried on the work commenced by George Blencowe, the pioneer of Methodism in the Transvaal. Upon his departure, Mr. Weavind

came back from Johannesburg to Kilnerton, and was made Chairman of the District.

The Rev. A. S. Sharpe went to Mafeking on the departure of Mr. Appelbe to Johannesburg, and with little intermission laboured there for eight years. He was especially useful in translation, and his admirable Hymn Book and his Exposition of the Parables, both in Serolong, laid the foundation of a Christian literature for the people. The membership in the Mafeking Native Circuit rose to 1,061, with 315 on trial. The



A BECHUANA VILLAGE, WITH WESLEYAN CHURCH.

social life of the Barolongs was changed. The women were relieved of field labour, and left in charge of the home, whilst the men did the agricultural work. Children were sent to school, and were taught not only to read and write, but to cook, and sew, and build. Marriage was conducted according to Christian rites. The practice of polygamy was discouraged. Huts, in many cases, were forsaken for houses. The Barolongs, unlike the Ama-Xosa, did not live in small communities, but in large towns, the population of which varied from 1,000 to 10,000. This made them much easier of access to Christian

effort. The two vices to which they were prone were drunkenness (caused by the use of 'boyaloo,' or Kafir beer, made from corn and maize) and licentiousness, for sexual offences were lightly regarded. In other respects the Barolongs were an industrious people. They made straw baskets, wooden bowls, earthen water vessels, corn jars, iron hoes, and battleaxes. In the manufacture of these they showed considerable skill and ingenuity. They also ploughed immense tracts of land.

Can the Barolongs be spoken of as a Christian people? 'Speaking roughly,' wrote Mr. Sharpe in 1898, 'in every twenty thousand of the population one thousand are members of Christian churches, and about four times that number are regular attendants at Christian worship. Many more are casual hearers, and may be classed among the indifferent masses who follow neither the old faiths nor the new.'

'Again, what may be said of the religious condition of those who have embraced Christianity? Their Christian faith is influenced by their old beliefs. The New Testament idea of the Divine Fatherhood is but faintly realized. Fear is the prevailing element of their religion. They have broken His law, and His wrath is upon them, and to escape that is almost their only concern. There is also a tendency to rely too much upon the outward observance of religious forms. As the result, there is a lack of the positive elements of the faith. Joy and assurance, a deep and settled peace, and a life of active goodness, are features of religion which Bechuana Christians as yet faintly realize. Yet we cannot but rejoice in what has been accomplished. But one generation has passed away since the light dawned upon them; intellectually, morally, and socially, they are a new people.'

The European town of Mafeking rapidly expanded in consequence of the trade with Rhodesia. Though the town was not more than ten years old, it had its Town Hall, Masonic Temple, and Market Hall. There were four churches—Dutch, Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan, the latter being the pioneer church. On the outbreak of the Matabele War, troops, both regular and volunteer, were encamped at Mafeking, and the Rev. R. L. Rogers was appointed Chaplain by the Commanding Officer. As the Wesleyan church was too small, he held services in the Town Hall, and his work amongst the men was greatly appreciated. With the advent of the railway, large workshops were built for the erection and repair of locomotives for the line to Bulawayo. A larger church became

a necessity. The people willingly contributed, and in July, 1897, a commodious and handsome church was opened. The exterior is adorned with six marble slabs bearing the names of the ladies who were most energetic in raising funds for the new building.

A brief survey of the section, of which 'Good Hope' was the head, in the Northern Transvaal, will show that considerable progress was made during the residence of the Revs. G. Lowe and T. H. Wainman. Eighteen miles distant was Zebedelee's tribe, numbering 15,000; at Mphatlelestad, thirty miles away, were 10,000 natives; eighteen miles farther was Mathabatha's tribe, numbering about 3,000. At each of these places a native evangelist was settled. Across the Olifant's River was Sekukuni's country, with 40,000 natives, and amongst them four native evangelists were at work. At Pilgrim's Rest the Rev. T. F. Watson was appointed to minister to the gold-diggers, and he made a monthly visit to Lydenburg. At Pietersburg, the market town near 'Good Hope,' an English minister was placed to care for the English-speaking inhabitants. Between 'Good Hope' and Rhodesia is the Blueberg range, rugged and dark, in which dwelt the chiefs Kebi, and Magogo, and Malaboch, all friendly, and amongst whose followers were many Wesleyans. General Joubert came to Rhenoster Poort to consult his commissioners whether war should not be declared against Malaboch, because he refused to pay the taxes imposed by the Republic. Mr. Wainman was allowed to be present at the conference, and pleaded for delay, which, after a little opposition, was granted. Within a few days Mr. Wainman left 'Good Hope' for the Blueberg, 120 miles distant, to see Malaboch. On reaching the base of the mountains, he and his guides had to march single file on a Kafir trail, up almost inaccessible hills, and reached Malaboch's kraal after a climb of two hours. At the interview Malaboch's defence was this:

'When the English were in the country (1880), Shepstone came to me, and I paid taxes to him. When he left he said to me, "You must not pay anyone until you hear from me again." I am waiting for Shepstone.'

The Government insisted that he should submit to their rule, reside within a location to be marked off by them, and pay taxes and all arrears for ten years. This Malaboch refused to do.

'But,' reasoned Mr. Wainman, 'try to avoid war. Make

your peace with the Government. Resistance will result in the death of hundreds of lives.'

Malaboch's face clouded, but he persisted: 'I am waiting for Shepstone.'

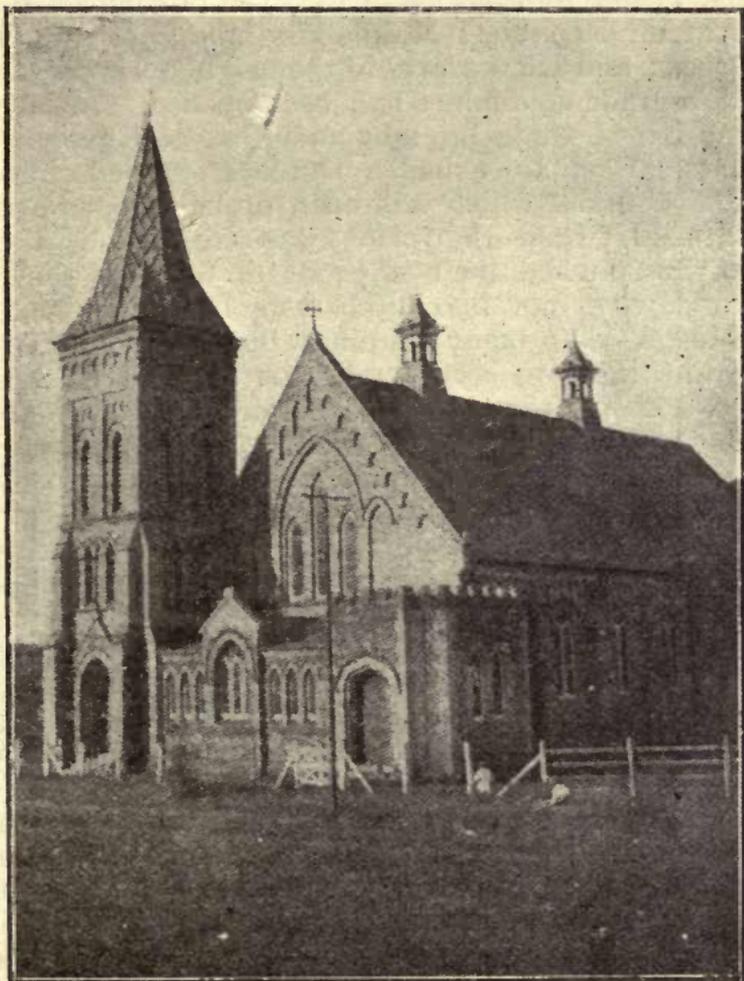
Perhaps Malaboch thought his mountain fastness was impregnable, and so defied the Republic. Forces were raised by the Dutch Government in a very summary fashion. Englishmen at Johannesburg were commandeered and ordered to proceed against Malaboch, but they refused to go. The Boers taunted them as cowards, and, notwithstanding their protest, marched them to Blueberg. Sir H. Loch, the High Commissioner, was appealed to, and he paid a hurried visit to Pretoria. He displayed firmness, and his interview with President Kruger was successful to this extent, that the Government agreed to relieve British subjects from the operation of the Commando Law. The expedition, of which Joubert was the leader, defeated and captured Malaboch, with about forty of his headmen, who were all brought down to Pretoria and thrust into gaol, where most of them died of scurvy and fever, brought on by bad food and vile sanitary arrangements. The rest of the tribe were distributed among the Boers as indentured servants.

Methodism was introduced into the Portuguese port of Lourenço Marques by a native called Robert Mashaba. In the Tembe country, north of Delagoa Bay, amongst a degraded people, Robert was born, and grew up to manhood. In 1875 he went to Port Elizabeth, attracted thither by the high wages natives received there for their labour. He found his way on the Sabbath to the Wesleyan church in the location north of Russell Road, and the Gospel was to him the power of God. He resolved to learn all he could, and by 1885 he had fairly educated himself, and could speak English exceedingly well. He had saved a little money, and, anxious to carry the 'Good News' to his own tribe, he left Port Elizabeth for Lourenço Marques. He at once began to preach and teach, and when his money was spent relatives supplied him with food and clothing. His first convert was his own father. He established a day school, in which he taught about sixty children. At the end of three years he had formed a native church with 200 members, 4 local preachers, and 5 class leaders. At Nkasana, where he lived, he built a place of worship of wood with his own hands. His name became known for hundreds of miles. He established nine

stations on the river Tembe, at four of which were day schools taught by teachers trained by himself. All this he accomplished without any aid or advice from a European minister. The British Vice-Consul said: 'I know Robert well. I cannot understand how he should have come out from such a degraded people and educated himself as he has. He is certainly a marvel.' A Roman Catholic priest said to Mashaba: 'The national religion of the Portuguese is Roman Catholic. Come over to us, and we will pay you.' But Robert said: 'Every thing I have come from Methodism, and the day will come when my church will come to my help.' An Anglican Bishop offered to baptize his converts, but Mashaba replied: 'No; the Methodist Church is our mother!' The Wesleyan natives in Natal heard of Robert's labours, and sent a minister to baptize and receive the 200 converts. In the year 1890 the Mission was incorporated in the Transvaal District, of which it forms to-day a part. In 1894 the Gazas, the chief native tribe, rebelled against the Portuguese. Panic gave rise to all sorts of foolish rumours, some of which involved Robert Mashaba. There was no evidence that Christian natives took any part in the rising, but the local Governor charged it on the Protestant Missions, and arrested Robert, who, without trial, was sent to the Cape Verde Islands, where he was kept a prisoner for six years. The Rev. A. H. de Silva, Wesleyan minister at Oporto, made repeated applications to the Portuguese Government on his behalf, but without result. At last the sympathy of Señor Dias Costa, Director-General of the Colonies, was secured, and Mashaba was released and allowed to return to his own people, among whom there is much yet to be done.

Pretoria shared in the general prosperity produced by the gold-mines on the Rand. Magnificent Government offices, stately mansions, and imposing trading stores, made the capital a surprising contrast to its appearance when it was a little Dutch dorp. In common with other churches, the Wesleyans benefited; and not only was the property they held marvellously advanced in value, but the congregation increased, until the church built twenty years before was totally inadequate. In 1892 the Rev. W. J. Underwood, who was senior pastor in Pretoria for five years, proposed the erection of a large handsome church. The idea was favourably received by the congregation, donations poured in, plans were selected, and on the first Sunday in 1895 the new building

was solemnly devoted to the worship of God. The church cost £9,000. The land not required for church purposes was let for the erection of stores, and there is a considerable income derived from ground rents. During his last years in Pretoria Mr. Underwood was successful in starting a Boys' School, and



WESLEYAN CHURCH, PRETORIA.

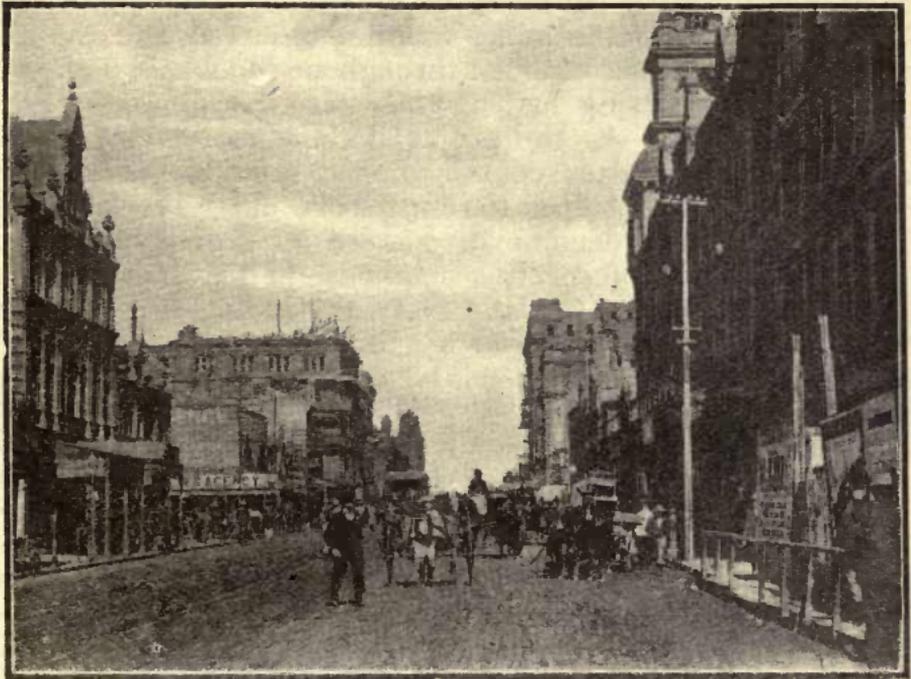
in reopening a Girls' School, which for some time had been closed. The Government regulations placed all schools in the Transvaal in which the English language was the medium of instruction at a great disadvantage. At the same time, the growth of the English population, and their increasing

prosperity, created an urgent demand for first-class English schools. The Anglicans and Roman Catholics were active in meeting this demand, but their schools were strongly sectarian. Children of Wesleyan parentage had therefore to be sent to Natal or to Cape Colony for their education.

Three additional towns were occupied: Heidelberg, from which the Triumvirate issued in 1881 the proclamation of the South African Republic; Middleburg, the centre of a coal-bearing area; and Klerksdorp, in the neighbourhood of which several low-grade gold-mines had been opened. In each town the expansion of trade brought an influx of English traders and agents. Each town had a Dutch Reformed church and a 'Dopper church,' which was open probably once a quarter at *Nachtmaal*, when the place was crowded with Dutch families, who pitched their waggons or tents on the market square, and when not in church were busy shopping. The English belonged to many churches, but found it necessary to unite if they were to secure religious services in their own language. Then a request was sent for a Wesleyan minister, and on his arrival development followed along the usual lines. First a neat church, then a small but comfortable parsonage, services on the Sabbath, with prolonged journeys during the week through the district, preaching to the natives. Weeks and months of patient labour followed, and both minister and people knew what it was to 'toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray'; afterwards came the ingathering and the 'joy of harvest.'

Johannesburg advanced with amazing strides. Wide streets, stately public buildings, palatial business stores and offices, commodious villas, gigantic hotels and theatres, showed the confidence of the inhabitants in the permanence of the gold-mining industry. Commissioner Street was all day as thronged as Regent Street in the height of the London season. Suburbs sprang up in every direction, and were connected with Johannesburg by well-served trams. According to the census of the Sanitary Board, the population of the town itself numbered in 1896 50,000 Europeans and 57,000 Natives. The English were the most numerous, and the English language held possession of commercial life; but when they were passed, there was an extraordinary mixture of races. There were 8,000 Dutch Afrianders, ranging from the highly respectable Government official and merchant to the wretchedly poor and ignorant, who had no knowledge of any craft, and gravitated

to the slum regions of the town. There were 5,000 Jews, chiefly Russian and Polish, who almost monopolized the cheap tailoring and cobbling trades, and the illicit selling of liquor to the natives. There were as many Chinamen, who in the poorer parts of the town kept little grocery stores, with cheap crockery and tinware. Germans, Hollanders, and French were much fewer in number, but their intelligence and skill placed them in the front ranks of commerce. Some coolies hawked vegetables from door to door; others opened stores



COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

for the native trade, and sold blankets, and beads, and grain. But the class which numerically was the greatest was the native. Every tribe in South Africa was represented. Besides the 57,000 natives employed in and around Johannesburg, there were probably three times that number employed along the reef in the various mines. The total population on the Rand could not be less than 250,000.

The increasing political unrest was not favourable to ethical integrity in commercial and public affairs. If President Kruger did not himself accept bribes, he approved of Members of the

Raad and of the Civil Service receiving 'presents' from persons interested in certain financial schemes. Purity of life was endangered by the inducements to immorality which were brazenly public, and little attempt was made to check the evil. Illicit liquor selling was triumphantly open; and, daily, thousands of natives were reduced to a stupefied condition, and incapacitated for their work in the mines, by drinking raw fiery spirits. Sweepstakes, offering the chance of winning thousands of pounds by purchasing a ticket, induced thriftlessness and a love of gambling far more dangerous than the thinly-disguised gambling of the Stock Exchange. The Sabbath at most of the mines was not observed, and the dull roar of the batteries continued throughout the whole day.

But the 'narrowing lust of gold' was not allowed to have undisputed sway. As the people became more settled those who had similar tastes combined, and scientific and educational organizations helped to refine social life. The Christian ministers of every denomination were all actively engaged, according to their respective methods, in leavening society with the teachings of Christ. Notwithstanding every adverse influence, there were many men and women in Johannesburg who kept their life unstained, and followed Christ against the world.

The Wesleyan church had a goodly succession of faithful ministers who laboured often to weariness in the difficult work of laying the foundations of Methodism under most abnormal conditions. The Revs. F. J. Briscoe, G. Weavind, J. C. James, R. F. Appelbe, I. Shimmin, J. G. Benson, G. H. Eva, J. S. Morris, T. H. Wainman, G. Lowe, and E. H. Morgan, were men by whom the best traditions of Methodism were upheld. With the appointment of the Rev. W. Hudson, in 1893, an era of rapid development commenced. He brought to his administrative duties experience gained in thirty years' service in England, and his wise plans made Methodism on the Rand not only larger, but gave it a compact and elevated character. In 1895 he formulated what was called 'The Methodist Extension Scheme,' which had for its object the erection of fourteen churches in the Johannesburg Circuit, at a cost of £50,000. The proposal was not fully carried out, because of the political disturbances and commercial depression which followed the Jameson Raid, and the imprisonment of the members of the Reform Committee. But churches were built at Vlakkfontein, Boksburg, Germiston, New Heriot, Jeppestown, Clifton,

Roodepoort, Champ D'Or, Krugersdorp, Randfontein, and Caseystown, besides enlargements and minister's rooms. That eleven churches should have been built in three years reads like a romance. Mr. Hudson proposed that the President Street property should be sold, as £20,000 were offered for it, and that a large central place of worship, to be called 'Trinity Church,' should be erected. But the trustees held out for a still higher price. Suddenly land values shrank, and the sale of the site was indefinitely postponed—a delay not perhaps to be regretted, as in consequence of the shifting of the population development in the centre of Johannesburg will probably have to be on Mission Hall lines.

During the year 1896 Methodism spread rapidly along the Rand. The effort to pastorize a Circuit thirty miles long, and thickly populated, from the centre in Johannesburg became increasingly difficult. In 1898 the Johannesburg Circuit was divided into three—Johannesburg Central, Johannesburg East, Johannesburg West—and to each was allotted three ministers. The benefit of the change was immediately felt. Local resources were more easily developed, economy in working was secured, whilst, as the areas were smaller, both pulpit and pastoral work was concentrated, and consequently gained in efficiency.

The war of 1899-1902 between the Republics of the Transvaal and the Free State and Great Britain was no surprise to those who had resided in South Africa for a considerable period. For twenty years, at least, the idea of war had been in the minds of the rival races. The Jameson Raid was not, as has been often asserted, the origin of the feud, but it undoubtedly familiarized men with the probability of an ultimate appeal to arms. A wise statesman might have secured the peaceable transformation of a pastoral Dutch Republic into a 'complex and bi-lingual industrial State,' but President Kruger was determined to maintain the military and political supremacy of the Boers. The newcomers, who had built Johannesburg and made the Republic wealthy, were treated as aliens, and denied any voice in public affairs. Pointing one day to the Republican



REV. W. HUDSON.

flag floating over the Raadzaal, Kruger said: 'I may as well pull that down if I give the franchise to the Outlanders.' The resolve to maintain the complete dominance of the Dutch over the new population, which was the more numerous and the more enterprising, could have only one issue.

When war became imminent British subjects began to leave the country, and at last there was a rush to get away. Fifty thousand persons left. The resources of the railway were heavily taxed for military purposes, but the staff put forth energetic efforts to deal with the extraordinary crisis. For a few days only were European women and children obliged to travel in open trucks, exposed to the sun or driving rain.

Johannesburg was well-nigh deserted. Shops and stores were closed and barricaded, and the employés dismissed. Houses were boarded up and left by the owners. Mines were shut down. The commandeering of goods was suddenly enforced by the Dutch Government, and stock, horses, carts, and foodstuffs were carried off, the owners helpless to resist, and convinced that it was highly improbable they would receive any compensation. The poor Dutch inhabitants, following the example set them, broke into shops and private houses, and either lived in them or helped themselves freely to the food they contained. The Wesleyan manse at Fordsburg was looted three times, and was afterwards occupied by a Dutch family that refused to vacate it upon Mr. Appelbe's return. Ultimately they purchased it. Some of the houses in the suburbs were set on fire. The paralysis of trade produced great distress amongst those who remained, and over 4,000 men, women, and children had to be helped out of relief funds, for which large sums were raised in Johannesburg.

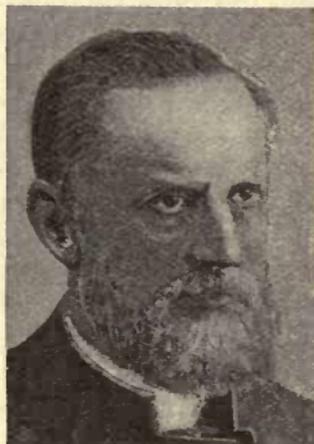
Most of the Wesleyan churches were closed. The number of the President Street congregation fell from 700 to 70; but the Rev. J. S. Morris, having taken the oath of neutrality, was allowed to remain at his post, and rendered valuable aid to the poor and destitute. Of twenty local preachers, only two remained. At Fordsburg was a small congregation of thirty, made up of English-speaking burghers, and the services were conducted by local preachers, of whom 'Father Dednam' was the oldest. All the smaller churches were shut up.

As the congregations had left, the ministers were compelled to follow. At the ports, to which the refugees had gone, they might be of some use; accordingly most of the Johannesburg Wesleyan ministers went to Durban, where 20,000 persons

had sought a temporary home ; and there, beside other services as chaplains, they rendered valuable aid on Relief Committees. When troops arrived oversea the ministers were there to welcome them and supply them with bread and fruit. Letters were written at the dictation of soldiers, sometimes as they were entrained for the front. A common request was : ' Please write to my wife, and wish her a happy Christmas for me. If we do not meet again in this world, we shall in the next.' Money and watches were sent for them by post lest they should be lost. It is sad to reflect that many of these fine fellows did not live to see another Christmas.

By consent of the Republican Government the Rev. G. Weavind continued his work at Kilnerton, the Rev. H. W. Goodwin at Pretoria, and the Rev. E. H. Morgan at Heidelberg. The Rev. E. Titcomb remained at Middleburg, but early in 1900 he removed to Barberton, and the Rev. E. Roland stayed at Pietersburg until required at Johannesburg to assist in the native work. If those who left the Transvaal found the long period of inaction at the ports wearisome and depressing, those who remained had to endure prolonged suspense ; to guard vigilantly their speech, lest offence be given ; and daily to see the painful ravages of war. Amongst them were men of different shades of political opinion, but everyone longed and prayed that the deplorable war might soon be ended.

When the war commenced the Wesleyan Army and Navy Committee sent out two chaplains for the Wesleyan soldiers, the Revs. E. P. Lowry and O. S. Watkins. Mr. Lowry had been chaplain at Aldershot for eight years, and had won for himself a position of unique influence. He was attached first to Lord Methuen's Division, and afterwards to the Guards Brigade, in Lord Roberts's column. Mr. Watkins had been through the Soudan Campaign, and was present at the Battle of Omdurman. He went to Natal and made his way to Ladysmith, where he was shut up with the garrison during the whole of that trying siege. As the war extended, other chap-



REV. E. P. LOWRY.

lains were appointed. The Rev. T. H. Wainman joined the troops under General Buller, and was made Chaplain-Major to the West Yorks. The Rev. W. C. Burgess was appointed to attend the 3rd Division under General Gatacre, and accompanied it in its chequered career from Sterkstroom to Pretoria, and was subsequently chaplain to the camps along the line to Delagoa Bay. The Rev. W. Meara went to East London and Durban, where he acted as chaplain to the troops in camp. The Rev. C. S. Franklin did fine work at Bloemfontein. The Rev. M. F. Crewdson attended the hospitals at De Aar, Naauwpoort, and Norvals Pont. Wherever, in fact, Methodist soldiers were stationed, the nearest Wesleyan minister faithfully and gladly attended to their deeper needs. Other churches were equally zealous in caring for 'that Titan, Thomas Atkins,' and between the chaplains of various denominations there was often a fine *camaraderie*, for the stern realities of warfare had a tendency to break down ecclesiastical barriers and dissipate theological differences.

On May 28, 1900, the cannon fire of the approaching British army was heard in Johannesburg, and great was the anxiety of the few inhabitants left. If the Boers resolved to defend the town bombardment would follow, and the lives of many women and children would be sacrificed. But the rapid marching of Lord Roberts's army took the Dutch Commandoes by surprise, and when the great railway junction of Elandsfontein was seized, they hastily retreated towards Pretoria. On June 1 the British army, 40,000 strong, marched through Johannesburg without firing a shot, and encamped some miles to the north. As regiment after regiment passed, and hour after hour the flow of men continued, an old Dutchman exclaimed: 'Almachtig! You English turn out soldiers by machinery. They are all of the same age.' A Boer Commando would have contained burghers from sixteen to sixty years of age. With the troops came the Rev. E. P. Lowry, who, declining the use of a horse, had marched on foot 1,000 miles with the Guards Brigade in all weathers, with food or without, and ever ready with a cheery word for the men; the Rev. Frank Edwards, chaplain to the Australian Wesleyans; and the Rev. Dr. Lane, the Canadian Wesleyan chaplain.

In the wake of the army followed the ambulance waggons, bringing in the wounded and sick, chiefly enteric cases caused by drinking foul water on the march. Temporary hospitals were opened, and amongst other buildings President Street

church was used. The benches were removed, and a hundred men, with unkempt beards and torn and soiled khaki, mostly Camerons and C.I.V.'s, who had marched 510 miles in fifty-one days, and been engaged twenty-eight times, entered; and so tired were they that many of them immediately spread their blankets on the floor, and were instantly asleep. The schoolroom was reserved for reading and recreation. The small congregation that was left worshipped in the Presbyterian church, which had been closed for months.

Johannesburg was garrisoned by several battalions of troops, and the establishment of a Soldier's Home, which could offer hospitality and comfort to the men, became eminently desirable. The Anglican Church was the first to open one, but it was soon evident there was room for another. The Military Governor gave permission for the use of the large Public School in Brandis Square, and here was established the Wesleyan Soldiers' Home, which was opened by Major-General Wavell in August. Sisters Oates and Gates managed the commissariat; and for many months the 'Home' was a bright, cheerful centre for thousands of soldiers, where they met their friends, wrote letters, and enjoyed games. The Wesleyan ministers, the Revs. Morris, Rogers, and Rolland, devoted much of their time to spiritual work among the men. A Bible-class was conducted every Sunday afternoon and on every Wednesday evening. A concert was held every Thursday evening. The finest auxiliary of the church was the Soldiers' Home.

Turning now to Pretoria, it may be said that after the exodus of British subjects the Wesleyan congregation was small; but the Rev. H. W. Goodwin found that the war provided him with new duties. Severe disasters befell the British troops in the early stages of the campaign, and several thousand soldiers were brought to Pretoria as prisoners, and confined in a camp at Waterfall, outside the town. Among the earliest arrivals was a detachment of the 18th Hussars, in which was Sergeant Dudley, a Wesleyan local preacher. Ministers of all the English churches conducted services at the camp, but Sergeant Dudley was the recognised leader, and he held four services a week, at which from six to eight hundred men attended. In many ways the Rev. H. W. Goodwin endeavoured to relieve the monotony of imprisonment to his countrymen; and when Lord Roberts occupied Pretoria on June 5, 1900, he sent for him, and warmly thanked him for his kindness. He also made

him Chaplain to the Wesleyan soldiers in the garrison, with the rank of Captain.

Slowly the war dragged to its weary close. The resistance of the Dutch Commandoes was worn down. Their stores of food and ammunition were exhausted. All their heavy guns had been captured or destroyed. At last, in May, 1902, the Boer commanders—Botha, Delarey, and De Wet—met the British Commander, Lord Kitchener, first at Vereeniging, on the Vaal River, and afterwards at Pretoria, where they accepted the terms of peace offered them. Their forces surrendered, laid down their arms, and promised allegiance to King Edward VII.

With the declaration of peace the exiles came back to the Transvaal. Ever since the occupation of Pretoria and the establishment of British rule, they had been allowed to return in small numbers; but now all restrictions were removed, and in a few months the population of Pretoria and Johannesburg reached nearly their former numbers. The mines were re-started, and trading operations were recommenced. Churches were reopened, and pastors resumed their duties. In spite of temporary difficulties, a feeling of hope and confidence prevailed. It was recognised that the wounds left by such a war would not rapidly heal, and that racial animosities would not readily vanish. Mutual interests may assist to bridge the gulf which separates the two races, but the great unifying power is the Gospel of Christ. In this work the Methodist Church is taking its full share.

During the war the duties of Chairman of the Transvaal District were undertaken by the Rev. G. Lowe, whose long experience of the country enabled him to guide affairs through a time of great trouble. When peace returned, the Rev. Amos Burnet was sent from England to assume superintendence of the Methodist churches, and his labours at home justify the expectation that he will be a capable and wise Chairman.

The years 1903 and 1904 were remarkable in the history of Methodism in the Transvaal for marvellous activity and rapid extension. More than twenty ministers arrived from England, most of whom brought with them considerable experience of English Circuits. Two additional Wesley Deaconesses were appointed to Pretoria and Jeppestown. The energy in church building was equally remarkable. Thirty-six new churches were erected, seven were enlarged, and fourteen other building schemes were completed. Twenty additional sites were purchased with a view to further development. An important

step forward was taken at Johannesburg. Trinity Church is to be built at last. The site on Von Brandis Square, originally purchased for it, has been sold for £25,000, and a more suitable site has been purchased in Klerk Street; and on this it is proposed to erect a church, schools, and a manse, at a cost of £45,000. The sale of President Street Church, with the proceeds of the sale of the land in Brandis Square, it is expected will cover the cost of the new buildings.

Pretoria proposes to build a church in its rising suburb, Sunnyside, whilst Barberton is gathering up its resources to erect a new church to cost £3,000.

The urgent need of Methodism in the Golden City is a club or 'home' for young men, conducted on Christian principles. Johannesburg contains thousands of young men who in other lands have had comfortable homes, but who, in consequence of the high price of lodgings, have to sleep in small, unhealthy rooms. At night, when business is over, they wander aimlessly about the streets; some go to the billiard room, others to the theatre, and but few have access to pleasant homes. Little is being done for young men without friends in a strange city, and the Church that supplies that want will win their gratitude and affection.

The work among the natives is deepening in interest and power. A million aborigines in the northern districts of the Transvaal are accessible to the preaching of the Gospel; and, as we have seen, many have been drawn to Christianity through the migration of converted natives from Cape Colony and Natal. 'These newly-evangelized and little-taught servants of Christ have a remarkable gift in communicating the essentials of Christ's Gospel to their fellows. So it comes to pass that over the whole land to-day there are insistent voices calling upon us as a Church to come and reap, even where we did not know that we had sown.' The Kilnerton Training Institution has now three departments: one for native evangelists, who receive a three years' training; a normal school for the education of native teachers; and a boarding school for boys, to which the sons of native ministers are admitted at a low fee. Such an institution is unique in the country.

The European work is full of promise. From every side come calls for service which cannot be neglected. In the success of other churches Methodists rejoice; but we have our own special vocation, and must pursue it in the strength of Christ. Vigorous efforts are being made to provide Methodist

worship not only for the larger towns, but for the villages, however small or remote they may be. In every European community are found Methodists, who have come from England, the Cape, or Natal—members often of old Methodist families, whose loyalty to their Church is admirable. To neglect these communities now is to hand them over to other Churches, some of which, to speak frankly, are antagonistic rather than friendly to Wesleyan Methodism.

With the elastic connexional system that Methodism possesses, there is no reason why Methodism should not spread over the Transvaal, as it did more than a hundred years ago over the United States, in the days of Bishop Asbury and Richard Boardman.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN RHODESIA.

UP to the year 1880 Rhodesia was a country practically unknown to the civilized world. A few adventurous hunters, miners, and explorers, had occasionally penetrated it; but the sandy wastes of Bechuanaland, the fever-stricken valley of the Limpopo, and the still deadlier fever belt on the east coast, combined with the terror of the fierce Matabele, deterred peaceable farmers from attempting any occupation of the country. Travellers at intervals had returned, declaring that in this unknown land were healthy plateaus and rich gold-fields, and herds of large game; but the accounts were generally discredited as idle tales. With the concession granted by Lo Bengula to Mr. Rudd and others, to prospect for gold in Mashonaland, and the formation of the Chartered Company in 1889 to work the concession, the curtain of mystery was withdrawn. A pioneer force of 600 men, 300 of whom were natives, marched from Mafeking in March, 1890, to the north, and then to the north-east, constructing as they went a good serviceable road for 400 miles, and erected forts for its protection at Tuli, Victoria (near the famous ruins of Zimbabwe), Charter, and Salisbury, which last place was the goal of the expedition, and situated on high, rolling veld 5,000 feet above the sea.

One of the early acts of Mr. Rhodes, the Chairman of the Chartered Company, was to offer £100 per annum to the Wesleyan Missionary Society towards the expenses of establishing a mission station within the area over which the Company exercised jurisdiction. The arrangement made by the Missionary Committee with the South African Conference was beginning to take effect, and it was resolved to use the income set free by the reduction of the grant to strengthen the work in the Transvaal, and to establish Missions in Mashonaland.

In 1891 the Revs. O. Watkins and I. Shimmin, by direction of the Missionary Committee, made a journey of exploration into the country. Travelling by waggon, they left Good Hope, in the Transvaal, crossed the Limpopo River at Rhodes' Drift, and arrived at Fort Tuli on July 17. The fort was garrisoned by 100 men, for whom Mr. Watkins conducted parade service on the following Sunday. Keeping to the newly-made road, they called at Charter, Victoria, and reached Salisbury early in September. The journey had taken four months.

They were surprised at the size of Salisbury, though it was in the 'wattle and daub' stage. Soon after their arrival they had an interview with Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, who kindly promised them tracts of land in different parts of the country for Mission farms, and also plots of ground in the various townships for churches and schools. All these promises were more than fulfilled. Mr. Watkins and Mr. Shimmin then left for Umtali, where the former, having engaged carriers for his luggage, bade his companion farewell, and started on his journey to Beira, a distance of 200 miles, in order to catch the steamer for Durban. He suffered great hardships, and contracted the deadly coast fever, which compelled his return to England.

After Mr. Watkins's departure, Mr. Shimmin returned to Salisbury, and on the way he shot a full-grown lion at the moment it had seized a hunter whom it had charged. 'In the daytime,' he states, 'the lion is certainly not a very noble-looking animal. He keeps his head down, and gets out of sight as quickly as possible. At night he goes forth to seek his prey, and this is the time when he must either be avoided or killed. His roar on a pitch-dark night and in a lonely wood is a sound that, once heard, will never be forgotten.'

When preparing to visit the chief Lo Magondi, Mr. Shimmin was startled to learn that he and three of his Indunas had been murdered by the Matabele, who had also carried off about fifty women and children and many head of cattle. This was the punishment inflicted by Lo Bengula because Lo Magondi had shown the white men where to find gold. As Dr. Jameson was of opinion that the trouble was local, and that he might travel in safety, Mr. Shimmin proceeded on his journey, and, acting on the advice of Mr. Selous, the hunter, he pegged off, seventy miles north of Salisbury, a farm near the river Hanyane, in Zimba's country, and called it

Hartleyton, after the Rev. Marshall Hartley. 'On Tuesday, December 15,' he wrote, 'we marked out and beacons our new Mission farm, Hartleyton, and I could not help feeling proud of the task. Here I was nearer the centre of Africa than any other Wesleyan minister had ever been before—within ninety miles of the great river Zambesi—the first to carry the Gospel into these wild regions; hundreds of miles of unoccupied territory behind me, and in front an open door to millions of heathens. Since last June our church in South Africa has moved forward nearly 700 miles beyond Good Hope, our most northerly station in the Transvaal.' Another farm was beacons off five miles south of Salisbury, and named Epworth.

The work amongst the English people was commenced by Mr. Shimmin at Salisbury early in 1892. In the absence of a place of worship, the services were held in empty stores, or in the dining-room of the Masonic Hotel. 'I wish I could give you,' wrote Mr. Shimmin, 'a picture of our ordinary evening service. The room is nicely filled, about sixty men being present. My pulpit is a very light music-stand, and the pews consist of rough planks set up on four legs. The chief interest, however, centres in the congregation. Many are young men of good education, and from Christian homes, but "roughing it" has taken off their polish in more ways than one. Others are diggers and adventurers, who have knocked about in America and Australia before coming to try their luck in the new El Dorado. There sits a canteen-keeper in his shirt-sleeves, and near him, in a tennis "blazer," is the son of an Irish rector. Proper Sunday clothes are at a discount, and are regarded by most as a mark of an effete civilization. Through the doorway I can discern in the gloom a group of men listening on the stoep, and I know that some of them are smoking by the odour that steals into the room. We finish an impressive service by singing the good old hymn, "O happy day that fixed my choice," every man joining in with all his heart.'

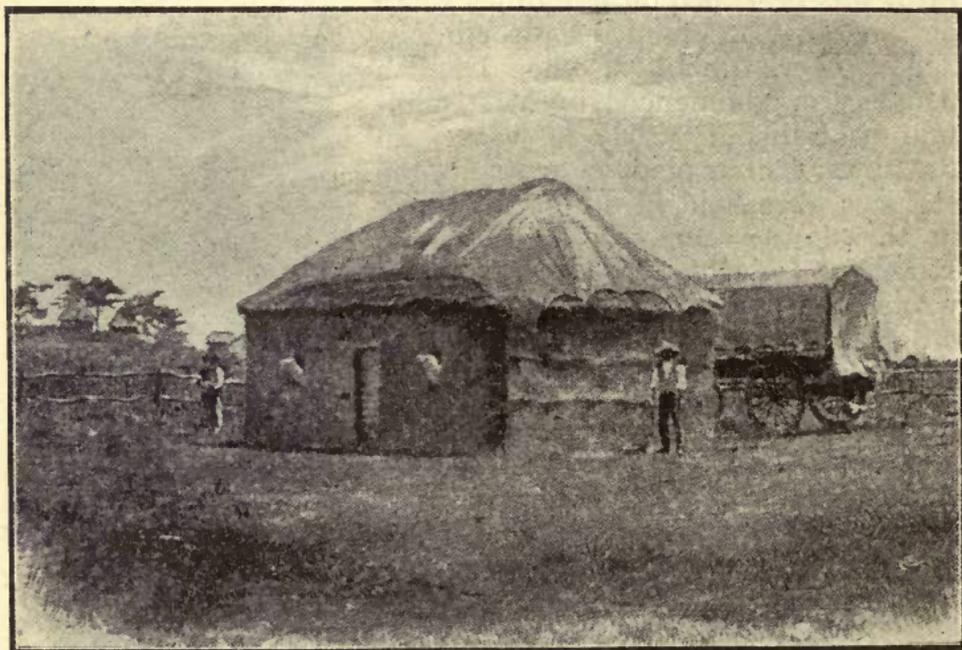


REV. I. SHIMMIN.

The first Wesleyan building in Mashonaland was a par-

sonage. It was built of poles and earth with a thatch roof, covered with a waggon sail. It had one door and three windows, filled in, not with glass, but with calico. The next building was a church, the foundation stone of which was laid by Dr. Jameson, who complimented the Wesleyans on building the first permanent church in the country. It was opened in 1892, and the whole cost was defrayed by the people in Salisbury.

To assist Mr. Shimmin, the Rev. G. H. Eva was sent from Johannesburg, and with him came eight native teachers. It



THE FIRST METHODIST PARSONAGE AT SALISBURY, IN MASHONALAND.

was recognised that if Africa is to be Christianized, it will be by the Africans themselves, under the supervision of European ministers. Two of the teachers were stationed at Hartleyton, and two at Epworth, on the farm given by the Company. It was necessary to station the teachers in couples, so that one could help the other in sickness during the rainy season. Zimba was delighted at the arrival of the teachers, but a neighbouring chief, Shimanga, was opposed to their visits, as he had heard some strange stories about the doings of white men. 'They first build a large house,' he said, 'in which they

make an extraordinary amount of noise of various kinds, and then induce natives to enter, when they are put to death.' When religion was explained to him, he was eager for teachers, and said: 'My people must also hear the truth, and my children must learn the right way.' Shimanga's country was therefore included in the Hartleyton Circuit.

Crossing the river Angwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, Mr. Shimmin entered Lo Magondi's country; but Marimbagupa, the successor of the murdered chief, said he could not allow Christian teachers to settle until he had consulted their great prophetess, who lived in the mountains, a day's journey to the west. So great was her influence that even Lo Bengula was largely governed by her advice, and it was chiefly owing to her counsel that the Chartered Company's expedition was allowed to enter and occupy the country without bloodshed. Whilst the messengers went to consult the great sorceress Mr. Shimmin inspected the neighbourhood, and pegged off a farm in a beautiful valley admirably adapted for a mission station, and which was subsequently granted by the Company. The answer of the sorceress was favourable, so Lo Magondi became a permanent Wesleyan settlement.

Within a few months there was a marked improvement at Epworth. Instead of a few scattered huts was a well-laid-out village with wide streets, square houses, and neat gardens. Every morning at sunrise the bell rang, calling the inhabitants for family worship, which was followed by the morning meal. Then the women went to the lands, the men to their house-building or their plot of ground, and the children to the school. In the evening, after all had returned from labour, class meetings, night classes, and services were held; and so day by day life was enriched by Christian teaching. Chiefs and their followers came from adjacent villages, and plodded at their lessons with almost pathetic zeal. When Sunday dawned all work was suspended; they gathered together to listen to simple stories from the Bible, and took special delight in singing. They even learned to deliver the cry 'Hurrah!' as vigorously as English schoolboys.

Mr. Shimmin discovered what Mr. Taylor had found in the Transkei, that, in the absence of previous religious teaching, conversions could not reasonably be expected. Men, women, and children gladly came to hear what the white teacher had to say, but the simplest truths of Scripture were utterly beyond them. Sin, repentance, faith, pardon, were words that for them had no

meaning. They felt no sorrow for sin, for they knew but dimly what sin was; faith in Christ was incomprehensible. Centuries of barbarism had stereotyped character, and the effects could not be removed by half an hour's address on the doctrines of salvation, however earnest and plain. The people had to be taught patiently, persistently, prayerfully, before an intelligent faith was possible.

Two new mission stations were established, one at Nungubo, fifty miles south of Salisbury, and the other at Gambisa's, fifty miles further south, near to Mount Wedza, which is six miles in length, and a mass of iron ore. The natives took the ore away in sacks on the backs of oxen, and every village had its smithy, where the men made hoes, hatchets, knives, and spears. In the manufacture of these implements they displayed great industry and skill. The missionary soon learned that the Mashonas, or Makalakas, were the original lords of the soil. They were ingenious, mechanical, and had made considerable progress in agriculture. The Matabele were intruders, having entered the country after they were driven out of the Transvaal by the Emigrant Boer Farmers in 1836. They were of Zulu blood, and retained the stern military system founded by the dreaded Tshaka. They despised everything but war. Every year Impis were sent out to crush neighbouring tribes, and secure cattle, women, and boys who might be trained to be warriors. In a successful year perhaps 10,000 natives were 'wiped out.' The Mashonas especially suffered from these raids. 'Until two years ago,' declared Bishop Knight-Bruce, 'poor Mashonaland was kept by the Matabele chief as a Scotch laird might keep a deer-forest. Every spring his regiments of fighting men were marched to kill and sack, bringing back with them girls, boys, and cattle. The timid Mashonas were incapable by nature of offering any resistance, and their disintegration into separate tribes, with no one paramount chief, left them helpless before the disciplined power of the Matabele, with their thousands of fighting men in organized regiments.' In the year 1893, to Mr. Shimmin's knowledge, in one district of seven villages, situated among the mountains, nearly every inhabitant was killed. On one kopje alone 100 bodies were found and buried. Dr. Jameson sent messengers to Lo Bengula strongly protesting against such barbarities, but his expostulations were treated with contempt. Either Lo Bengula wished for war, or he had lost the power to restrain the young warriors of the nation, who were eager to wash their spears in

the blood of white men. But one thing was apparent, that the development of the country was impossible so long as insolent, well-armed savages were allowed to raid at will.

How Dr. Jameson, in 1893, organized a volunteer force of 700 men, fully armed and equipped with Maxim guns; how they marched on Bulawayo and defeated the flower of Lo Bengula's army, first in a sharp encounter at Shangani River, and afterwards in a fierce conflict at Imbembezi River; how Lo Bengula vacated Bulawayo, after blowing up his ammunition, and fled towards the Zambesi; how, stricken down with chagrin and fever, he died on the way; how, with his death, the old barbarous, murderous system passed away; how Bulawayo was occupied by the Company's forces, and made the capital of Rhodesia, it is not necessary to tell in detail, for only in a remote manner did these events affect the Wesleyan mission stations which were in the north-east, whilst the theatre of war was restricted to the south-west. Matabeleland was now fully open for occupation, and farmers from all the neighbouring States flocked in. The soil was fertile; the climate on the high veld was favourable to Europeans; the grass was sweet and was suitable to all kinds of live stock. Companies were formed to work the numerous gold reefs, the old workings of which covered hundreds of square miles. The prosperity of the country seemed a certainty.

In 1895 the Rev. J. White joined the mission. On every hand chiefs welcomed the missionaries to their kraals, and presented a marked contrast to the conduct of certain unprincipled Europeans, who placed every available obstacle to the Christianization of the natives. By the end of the year 3,000 Mashonas were regularly listening to the Gospel, as preached by Wesleyan agents, and at least 700 children were being educated in the day schools.

The new town of Bulawayo, although only a year old, in 1894 was already a place of importance. It contained over 2,000 inhabitants, and in the vicinity were hundreds of miners. The town was laid out on modern lines. Broad streets, planted on either side with trees, water-works, the electric light, large hotels, three banks, Chambers of Commerce and Mines, a Stock Exchange, and a Club, had sprung up with marvellous rapidity. Samples of gold ore were every day brought in from newly-explored reefs, and everybody was cheerful because full of hope. Six coaches arrived and left every week, and during the year 2,000 waggons brought up goods from Mafeking, then

the terminus of the Cape railway. Religious work was full of promise. The Congregationalists, who had long laboured among the Matabele, sent up additional men, for since the war the natives seemed to be more willing to listen to the Gospel; the Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Baptists, were caring for their adherents, and the Wesleyans soon followed. The Rev. G. H. Eva was first appointed, and held services in the Court House; but in 1896 the Rev. I. Shimmin succeeded him, and took steps to build a small church near the centre of the town. The building, when completed, seated 200 persons.

Since Lo Bengula's death no one had risen up to assume the chieftaincy and rule the Matabele; consequently, the people learned to look for direction to their great witch-doctor, who dwelt in a cavern in the Matoppo Hills, and called himself M'Limo, or the Great Spirit. The superstitious Matabele invested him with almost supernatural power, and consulted him on such subjects as the absence of rain and the cause of disease. Outside the cave in which he lived he was rarely seen, for he kept himself as much as possible from public gaze. All who went to consult him took meat, and maize, and Kafir beer, and laid their presents before the mouth of the cave. There had been a long drought in Rhodesia during the previous year, and towards its close rinderpest had decimated the herds of cattle, and the natives were suffering from want of food. M'Limo told the Matabele that these calamities were due to the presence of the white men in the land. If they were killed the rain would come, and the disease among the cattle would disappear. The native police behaved badly, and their employment was a failure. The Matabele had learned to dread the white man's bullets; so, nursing revenge in their hearts, they watched for an opportunity to attack the intruders.

Dr. Jameson's mad raid into the Transvaal in December, 1895, left Rhodesia defenceless, and a few months later the Matabele saw that the fitting moment had come. Thousands of them took to the Matoppo Hills, from which they swept down on solitary homesteads, whilst thousands more spread over the land, burning, plundering, and murdering on every hand. To the surprise of everyone, the Mashonas joined in the rebellion, yielding, it is supposed, to the threats of their former oppressors. Farmhouses were attacked and the inmates slain; stores were plundered and the traders killed. For weeks the ruthless butchery went on, until nearly 500 white persons were slain. Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Victoria were placed

in a state of defence, and those who were able fled thither for safety. Here and there in the country districts small parties defended themselves against attack until armed patrols came out from the towns to their rescue. The miners in the Mazoe valley made a small laager on the top of a hill, but the telegraph office was a mile distant. When the Mashonas attacked them in force two of the miners rode through their fire to the office and wired into Salisbury: 'We are surrounded. Send us help. Good-bye.' On their way back they were both shot dead.



GRAVE OF MOLELE AND HIS CHILDREN.

They had knowingly and willingly given their lives for their friends. The survivors were subsequently rescued.

All the churches suffered losses. Mr. Cass, the Salvation Army Missionary, was killed in the Mazoe valley. The Anglicans lost two native agents. Two Wesleyan teachers were slain.

Molele, the teacher at Nungubo, hearing that an English farmer living three miles away had been shot, spanned two oxen to his cart and started to rescue him, hoping he was only wounded. His wife tried to dissuade him, pointing out the risk

he was incurring. His reply was, 'I am a Christian teacher, and I must do what is right at all costs.' He found the farmer still alive, and, carefully lifting him into the cart, set off homewards. When within 200 yards of his house, he was suddenly attacked by four strange Mashonas, and both he and the wounded farmer were killed. The Mashonas then shot two of his children, and left his wife battered and senseless on the ground. When she regained consciousness after their departure, she crawled to the bush, and, following the line of the telegraph posts, walked to Salisbury, fifty miles distant, travelling by night and hiding by day, and living on a few roots. It was a sad and trying journey for her. Molele was trained at Good Hope, and during his residence at Nungubo had built a church and a dwelling for himself, and was always trying to uplift the natives under his care. He and his children were buried at Nungubo, at the base of a large tree.

Anta, the teacher at Hartleyton, was also killed, and with him all the men on the station, because they refused to give him up. Anta was the son of a chief in Cape Colony, and had a splendid physique. He had been in his day a noted hunter, but on his conversion became a most successful worker for Christ. He had been five years in Rhodesia, and was looking forward to a visit to the Transvaal, where he was to be married. The native converts were greatly distressed at his death.

At Gambisa's the rebels sent messengers to Ranga, saying, 'Give us up those baboons, we want to kill them'—meaning the teacher and his family. Ranga sent reply, 'Go back to your own kraal, or my men will kill you.' No attack was made by the enemy. The few natives who had come under the influence of Christianity stood aloof from the rebellion.

On receiving news of the outbreak, Mr. Rhodes, having resigned the Premiership of Cape Colony, hastened to assist in the protection of the settlement he had done so much to create. Troops were sent up under the command of General Carrington, and the Matabele were slowly driven into the Matoppo Hills. Anxious to put an end to the war, Mr. Rhodes and two or three others went unarmed into the Matabele camp in the Matoppo, and held an Indaba or conference with the chiefs. 'I have come,' he said, 'with peace in my heart. Is there to be peace or war?' One of the chiefs took up a stick and threw it down at Mr. Rhodes's feet, saying, 'There is my gun; I place it at your feet.' The other chiefs said, 'It is peace; the war is over.' By this brave effort, Mr. Rhodes

brought to a close a war which had entailed the sacrifice of many lives, and inflicted heavy losses on both farmers and miners.

It was not until November, 1896, that the Missionary Stations could be visited, and the work resumed. Many months elapsed before the disastrous effects of war and famine were overcome.

New residents continued to arrive at Bulawayo, and the Wesleyan church was already too small for the congregation. It was resolved to sell it, and erect another in the principal street. Mr. Rhodes, having been informed of the scheme, promised £500 towards the building if £5,000 were spent. He subsequently laid the foundation stone with Masonic



WESLEYAN CHURCH, BULAWAYO.

honours in the presence of a great crowd, and delivered a short, pithy speech. 'Only a few years before,' he said, 'the witch-doctor had practised his cruel rites on the very spot where now religion and civilization were building up a better state of things. Colonists were liberal to all churches irrespective of creed, and sympathized with every movement which tended towards the betterment of humanity.' By the end of the year the church was opened for worship. It cost over £6,000, and the greater part of the amount was raised by the people of Bulawayo. The Rev. James Scott and Bishop Hartzell, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, conducted the opening services.

The Rev. J. White, of Salisbury, translated into the Mashona dialect the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, and these portions were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, with its usual liberality and enterprise. The task of translation was difficult, for the Mashonas had no words to express Christian ideas of faith and hope and love—ideas to them absolutely unknown. At a later date Mr. White translated Luke, and John, and the Acts of the Apostles. In this translation work he was assisted by Jonas Chiota, the son of a Mashona chief, who, on his conversion, was associated with some Xosa settlers, and learned to read their version of the Bible, which was Appleyard's translation. Chiota was able to render valuable aid to Mr. White in translating the Gospels into the Shona dialect. Mr. White also wrote fifteen hymns in the Shona language, which were of great service in public worship.

The year 1898 was marked by the commencement of a Mission among the Matabele. A station was formed near the river Tegwani, seventy miles south-west of Bulawayo, and the Company gave a farm of 10,000 acres for the central station. It is admirably situated for Christian work among the people. On the adjoining farm resides the native commissioner of the district, Mr. Thomas, the son of a Congregational missionary, who is always ready to render assistance. During Lo Bengula's lifetime if a native became a Christian he was put to death. That cruel tyranny is now broken, and the profession of Christianity does not now imperil life. Wherever a few huts are found in the veld, the inmates are invited to remove to the Mission Farm at Tegwani, and in this way are more easily brought under supervision. A school for industrial training has been established. To teach reading and writing only has proved to be a mistake. It is of great importance that the natives should be trained to earn their own living amid new surroundings by teaching them the simpler handicrafts.

Two other stations have been opened near to the river Tegwani: one with Majila, a Makalaka chief, and another with Mpini, a Matabele, and there is every prospect of success. It was thought at first incredible that a proud Matabele should listen to the Gospel from a native. It was with not a little misgiving that a teacher was sent to Mpini; but chief and subjects turned out for days together and ploughed the teacher's land and garden, that he might be encouraged to stay. In 1898 the Rev. J. W. Stanlake was appointed to Tegwani, and the work took a wider sweep. For fifty miles in every direc-

tion the villages were visited; and at many of them native teachers have been located, who not only preach on the Sabbath, but carry on the work of a day school during the week.

A year later Mr. Stanlake wrote, 'I hear from Mpini that several of the young men and women of the kraal have declared themselves on the side of Christ.' Mpini said: 'We must stand by the teacher. We must send our children to the school, and we must not work our lands on Sunday, but come to the church.' This utterance was the more remarkable because Mpini still clung to the tribal beliefs. Of God he had the crudest



FIRST WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, TEGWANI RIVER.

idea. There was a great spirit in the unseen world, in whose power all the living were. His human attendant or medium lived in a hut, and when the people sought communication through him with the unseen spirit, they slaughtered black oxen, but since the rinderpest goats had been substituted. Often, at the command of this medium, hundreds of human lives had been sacrificed; but witchcraft was now prohibited by the Government. At death they believed the human spirit passed into a lion, a bear, or a wolf, and there the matter ended.

In 1898 the Rev. A. S. Sharpe was appointed Chairman of the District, to reside at Bulawayo, and his thoughtful addresses

showed that amid the unfavourable surroundings of mission work for many years he had kept up the habits of a student. Of this the latest Wesleyan Mission in South Africa he wrote:

‘It is perhaps early in the history of the work to speak of industrial training. We recognise that our chief work is to evangelize, to win men to Christ; but, on the other hand, it may be found that this kind of work would prove a great auxiliary to evangelization among the natives. We are in possession of well-watered farms, with large areas of arable land, on which we could teach farming. We are near to towns, and all the products of any industry could be disposed of. By this means we might lift the native out of his indifference to the blessings of civilization, and fit him for his right place in the new world that is before him.

‘This Mission is the key to the far north. But a step across the Zambesi, and we are in the great unknown land. And has it not been the ambition of the Methodist Church for many years to occupy that land? Here we are to-day within a few days’ journey of the majestic river and the Victoria Falls. The roar of its water calls to us. If the Methodist Church desires to begin the New Century by a great missionary enterprise, there is, it seems to me, no opportunity so fine as that which offers itself in the possibility of extending the work of this district to the most northerly borders of the country.’

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