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EDITORIAL NOTES.

If people knew the joy which springs from joining heartily in the mission work for the world, no appeal would be needed to awaken their interest in it. In a letter from Mr. Gammon, our missionary to Brazil, written to Mr. Lane in this country, we find an expression which aptly fits the case. Mr. Gammon had been preaching in Jundiahy, and says: "The *sala* was crowded, and the people listened with an inspiring interest. I have not before preached with so much interest, or with so much ease and pleasure to myself. I left the place feeling that *I had met with the Lord.*"

It is not every one that can be a missionary and preach. But every one can be in full sympathy and coöperation with Jesus Christ, who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. And the Lord meets with such.

On the other hand, let no one fail to consider the consequences of neglect. Henry Drummond, in his address before the students at Northfield, Mass., speaking of love as the test of a man in the day of judgment, said: "By what we have not done, *by sins of omission*, we are judged. It could not be otherwise. For the withholding of love is the negation of the Spirit of Christ, the proof that we never knew Him, that for us He lived in vain. It means that He suggested nothing in all our thoughts, that He inspired nothing in all our lives, that we were not once near enough to him to be seized with the spell of His compassion for the world. It means that—

I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself, and none beside—

Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died.

"It is the Son of *Man* before whom the nations of the world shall be gathered. It is in the presence of *Humanity* that we shall be charged. And the spectacle itself, the mere sight of it, will silently judge each one. Those will be there whom we have met and helped; or there, the unpitied multitude whom we neglected or despised. No other witness need be summoned. No other charge than lovelessness shall be preferred. Be not deceived."

Are pastors arousing their people, are Christians arousing their fellow-Christians, to understand this truth and act on it?

THE two hundred and four missionary ladies assembled in the recent missionary conference at Shanghai issued a tender and earnest appeal to Christian women in all Protestant lands for help, especially for more laborers, in making known Christ the Saviour to the many millions of their sisters in China. They say that it is not claimed that the evangelization of the women in China cannot be done at all by men, but that there is *more* of it than men can do, there is *much* of it that can never be done unless women do it, and much that men cannot do as well as women can. By the work already done "many lives have been uplifted from the degradation of idolatry and sin, many sad hearts comforted, many darkened minds enlightened, and much solid good effected."

THE Missionary Conference in Shanghai also issued an appeal to the "home churches" to send out "within five years many hun-

When within a day-and-a-half of land, the captain showed us how the indigo blue of the tropical ocean had turned to green by mixture with the yellow Congo water, even so far out at sea.

Ten o'clock last Friday night we began to slow up and ply the lead for bottom. At eleven o'clock we anchored in seventeen fathoms of water, with the light at Sharks' Point, Congo mouth, twinkling in the horizon. At half-past five o'clock we were aroused by

"LAND HO! ON THE STARBOARD BOW!"

and soon we were steaming up the great river along its Southern bank, which extends many miles further out to sea than the North bank. Rounding Banana Point (North bank), we anchored about nine o'clock, Saturday morning, May 10, in Banana Creek.

Banana, as you approach, is a long strip of green, with white patches peeping out (the intermingling of cocoanut palms and the low houses of traders with sides and roofs snow-white), and flags wave above all these snow-white roofs.

The first boat that came alongside was manned by natives, and

I FELT AT HOME IN A MOMENT.

Just our own colored people, manner, feature and voice; one of them at the helm had a cap and shirt, the rest had neither, only the invariable cloth, usually worn as a skirt from waist to knees. The crew that rowed us ashore sang capitally a curious, genuinely African song. Fifty traders, I should say, in their brown linen or white drill suits, with pith helmets, and perhaps as many natives, make Banana. Not a single white lady lives here, I believe. The behavior of the natives is far better than I expected.

We are here at last, and very glad; very, very well too, so well that we can't realize that this is so different a climate from home. It is not so warm now, and winter (!) is coming on. But we shall be very careful for many months, until we know the climate. We take two grains of quinine every morning. . . .

It does me much good to think, away over in this far-off land, that we have your sympathy and prayers.

BANANA, May 16.

Mr. Clark, of Palaballa, A. B. M. U., has been very kind and cordial. I hope to visit his sta-

tion soon. We are waiting for a steamer to take us to Boma. It is very pleasant at Banana now, but the hotel charges are highway robbery—twelve shillings a day for each of us. Why the missionaries have tolerated it I cannot see. There is no escape but to leave now. I have made with the Dutch company similar arrangements to those made by all the other missions: I opened an account with them, covering hotel bill and such trifles as I need from their store (solder, oil and matches) at a trade discount, saving a little. They receive my goods, soon to come, from England (barter), store and forward promptly for seventy per cent. on European freight to Banana. This gets them to Matadi, the head of lower river navigation. There, for large quantities of goods I must find my own carriers; but for the present trip they promise to find me a dozen men whom I shall pay. Accounts are to be settled by cheque on London. None of the missionary societies get goods from the stores here in any quantity, for prices are at about two hundred per cent. advance on Europe.

The two problems are *expense* and *health*. It may be that even we Southerners will find difficulty with the latter. I rather hope not, with due care and God's blessing. The main expense is carriage around the falls, thirty francs a load of sixty pounds (£1 5s). I have arranged for all mail to be forwarded from Boma. Direct via *Lisbon*, remembering that the postage is eight cents.

AFRICA

REV. W. H. SHEPPARD.

BANANA, AFRICA, May 17, 1890.

Our long desires were realized on Saturday, May 10th, when we landed on the Dark Continent. Shortly after our arrival Mr. Clarke, a missionary, informed us of a mission about seven miles by water. We were anxious to see an African mission, to get some idea of our future work. Early on Monday morning we secured a canoe and two natives as pilots, and we were soon under way. The sun was shining brightly, but not unpleasantly. Now and then we would pass other canoes, and a sign of recognition would be given by our pilots. Mr. Lapsley asked many questions about the country, and received helpful information through "pigeon English," which was spoken by one of the pilots, whose name was Malappue. After two pleasant hours we landed within three hundred yards of the mis-

sion station. We were received pleasantly by Mrs. Seil, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries. Many questions of interest were discussed. We were escorted by a native brother to visit his majesty

KING DOMGOLIA.

We were soon seated on a mat spread upon the ground. In a few minutes he and his attendant, or prime minister, made their appearance. There was much scraping and bowing for a few seconds. Then we resumed our seats. Mr. Lapsley asked the guide the king's name. He replied, with a downcast look, "I am no fit to call him name." The king has not learned to wear pants, hat, or shoes yet. He had a piece of cloth around his shoulders and waist, and a staff in his hand. He spoke in a low voice, suggesting his importance. On leaving his most gracious majesty, we gave him (as is the custom) a *dash* (twelve pence). In return, he gave us three eggs and an invitation to come again. I am fond of eggs, so I did not refuse.

Many of the huts were visited. All the children wear a little trinket around their necks to keep off disease. Many of them flocked around to see the American faces.

On returning, we retired to the mission and had a nice dinner, which is always acceptable. On our return Mr. Lapsley asked about the growth of the mango tree. Malappue informed him, "plenty root, all one" (many roots, but one tree). "Well, Malappue, can you take us to Boma in your canoe?" asked Mr. Lapsley. "My canoe, massa, no fit to catch Boma." "Are there any alligators in this river?" With a big smile, he exclaimed,

"ALLIGATOR PLENTY!"

and in a few minutes we saw two sunning on the sand. Mr. Lapsley made Malappue promise not to buy "malaro" with his money. Drinking and other evils are the curses of Africa.

We will leave on the first for the upper river to find a suitable place (according to instructions) for the mission. The Master's hand has gently and kindly led us thus far, and we know his promises are true; so we press on without fear.

I am told it is now winter. It is not much warmer than our Southern summer. The flowers are blooming beautifully, and the shade of the palm-tree is pleasant. I have learned a little of the language. I will be more than glad to have any papers from you which you can spare after you have read them.

I am certainly happy in the country of my forefathers; glad to be in this heathen land to preach

Christ to dying thousands. I know you are praying for us. We often mention you and yours in our prayers.

JAPAN.

Mr. BROWN.

If I had written for *The Missionary* as often as I have thought about it, my name would have appeared in every number, but those who are kept busy from Sunday morning till Sunday morning well know there is not much time to spend in letter-writing.

Doubtless friends will be interested to know something of the work at our station, which is but a little over a year old. In that time our little band of Christians has grown from twelve to forty-eight. Ten of these have been baptized since last October—our year really beginning with October. There are others who will receive baptism before the year closes. The meetings are very well attended. Of late there have been quite a number who have come in and taken their places with the Christians. That requires a good deal of courage in Tokushima, where the enemies of Christianity are so many and so strong, and where, if a man countenances Christianity so much as to go and hear the gospel preached, his name is put into the newspapers and he is ridiculed in every imaginable way.

We have reason to believe the Spirit of God is moving slowly upon the hearts of the people. The word is being faithfully preached and taught. The seed must first be sown, the harvest will come afterwards. And I may remark here that there are not enough of men and women on the field to scatter the seed.

Not long ago I received a letter from a young man who desired to give himself to the heathen, and among other questions he asked was this: "I have seen it stated that the present force in Japan is sufficient to Christianize the whole nation in a few years. Is it so? Is there really no *urgent* need of more laborers?" "Facts are the fingers of God," and I will mention one fact and let the reader answer the above questions. There are in the Empire of Japan over thirty-seven million inhabitants, and of that number there are something over thirty thousand,

NOT OVER FORTY THOUSAND CHRISTIANS.

Exact figures are not at hand. What think you, reader? Is there any *urgent* need for laborers? Remember, too, that it is possible to reach every town in the whole of Japan.