

Tiyo Soga

Henry Thomas Cousins

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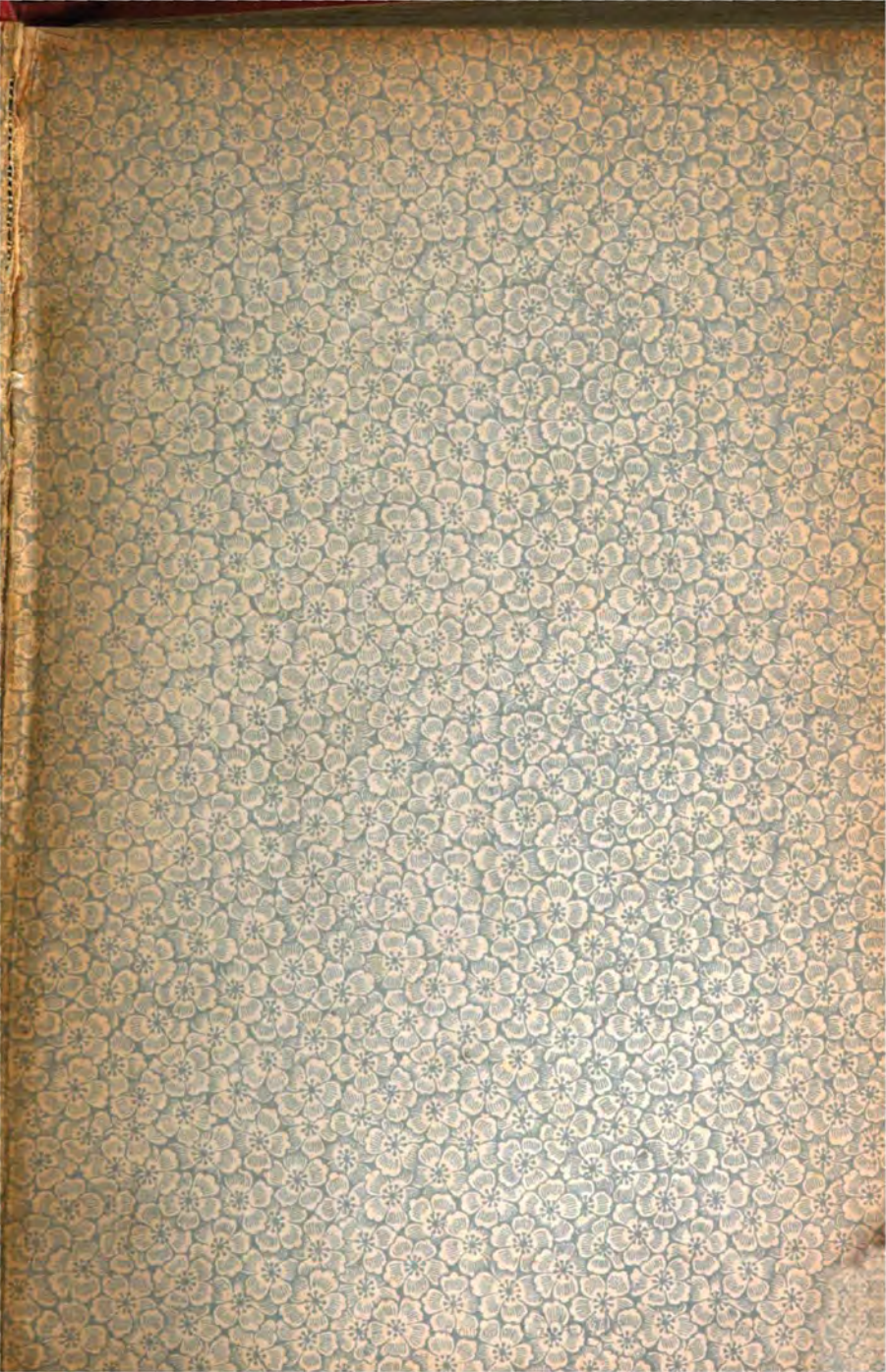
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TIYO SOGA

The Model Kafir Missionary

BY

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AUTHOR OF "SLAVERY IN AFRICA," "MATABELELAND AND ITS PEOPLE,"
ETC., ETC.



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PREFACE.

IN offering to the friends of Christian Missions this simple life of TIYO SOGA, it is the hope of the writer to create a deeper interest in the aborigines of South Africa.

The African question is much with us at present. As a nation we have a serious responsibility in regard to that vast country. Our attitude depends largely on our knowledge of the people. It is the wish of the author to let these folk tell their own tale. The book is a narration of facts, which carry their own verdict.

The author has given a description of the Gaika and Galeka country, with the manners and customs of the natives and their horrible practices of witchcraft and sorcery. Tiyo Soga is the central theme of the book, however. He is one of Africa's noblest products. We must not expect that perfection of

character looked for in the lives of men and women who have been reared in Christian homes, yet we shall find a greatness of heart that might be the envy of every Christian in this highly favoured land.

The materials for this book have been collected partly at first hand, whilst the writer was a missionary in South Africa, and partly from a dear friend and brother, the late Rev. J. A. Chalmers, of Grahamstown, and others.

There is special need of prayer and help for Africa at present. The vastness of the country, with its immense possibilities for doing God's work, have a direct claim upon us. It has long been known as a wilderness; the day is nigh when it will be known as the garden of the Lord.

H. T. C.





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TIYO SOGA.

CHAPTER I.

TIYO'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE history of South Africa is largely one of tyranny, injustice, and bloodshed.

From its early dawn, till now, it has been a continuous story of the civilised strong overcoming the barbaric weak. "Clear the blacks away, or let them crouch before the white man!" has rung through the land by those who wished to be the masters of Africa. And in carrying out this desire, they have not always been very particular about the methods they have used. They have oftener been iniquitous than righteous.

God has turned the curse into a blessing, however, and the country has been gradually opened up to the Gospel. To-day South Africa is growing into prominence, awakening wide interest as a country possessed of great and varied resources, giving bright promise for the future. Even although still shadowed by heathenism, oppression, drink, witchcraft, and fetichism, the labours of Tiyo Soga and other such Christian worthies have produced a marked effect upon the religious life of the aborigines, numbering now almost four millions.

Tiyo Soga was a "Kafir," a term signifying infidel, which was applied by the Mohammedan Arabs to all the dark races of Africa, and adopted by the first Europeans who came into contact with the tribes on the eastern border of Cape Colony. His father was a polygamist, and was one of the chief councillors of the Gaika tribe. He used to boast of being the husband of eight accredited wives, and the father of thirty-nine children.

This large, and what to us would seem unmanageable, family was a mark of high honour and dignity amongst the Kafir tribes. Councillor Soga's many wives were also the demonstrable proof of his great riches. It has often been erroneously thought that because Kafir women are bought for cattle they are serfs to their husbands. The reverse is really the truth, for the men are completely at the mercy of their wives.

If a Kafir rebukes his spouse or administers a slight corporal punishment for some great offence, she immediately gathers up her goods and chattels, takes her youngest child on her back, and wends her steps to her father's kraal, to pour all her grievances into his ear, and so enlist his sympathy and help. The father very naturally listens to his daughter's story of woe and misery, for he has certain interests at stake. It gives him another opportunity to enrich himself with additional cattle. To punish his son-in-law for his temerity and impulsiveness, he invariably demands a bullock before he permits his daughter to return to her married home. The more quarrels, the more cattle. The result is that the men play the sycophant to their wives, and allow them very much their own way.

A Kafir kraal is what might be called a large fold in which cattle are penned at night. All around this enclosure, with the exception of a small space left for an entrance, are the huts, resembling a lot of beehives, for the wives and children to live in. The

door of each hut opens towards the kraal. Each piece of architecture in the village is circular ; as a reason for this the men point to the sun and moon as their models.

In every such village there is a blacksmith, who manufactures assegais, brass girdles, and armlets. Also a pipe-maker, whose only tools are a hatchet, a knife, and a gimlet. There will likewise be a tanner and a tailor, who prepare the ox-hides and cut them after the most approved fashion for the women to wear, as every-day garments, or as court dresses.

The chief, or headman as he is sometimes called, is simply an onlooker, and plays the gentleman to perfection. He will lounge and bask in the sun, and then will have a smoke and a siesta ; or at intervals listen to a lawsuit, or hear from some talkative traveller his deeds of chivalry and prowess. He will converse also on passing events, or descant upon the excellences of a favourite steed or milk-giving cow. The women have their employment, and may be seen drawing water, hewing wood, repairing the huts, weeding the gardens, or preparing the food for the midday and evening meals.

The boys of younger years watch the cattle in the veldt, whilst the youths bordering on manhood, dressed in their native costumes, and with their woolly heads ornamented by feathers, herd the oxen in the distant hills and forests. In the Kafir village now under notice, no article of European manufacture is seen other than beads, brass-wire or buttons, which are the medium of currency. The chief wears a robe of leopard-skin, and the women cloaks of ox-hide.

The tribesmen are adorned with red clay, and never go any distance from their homes without being armed with assegais. Sometimes both the men and women, all in full barbaric dress, their bodies and karosses painted with red clay, resolve to attend the little church at some distant mission station. When asked

where they are going, they indicate that they are "going to the dance," and in the church they soon show that they have but a very vague idea of the nature of the service. It would startle the modern minister to have such a congregation, for in less than half-an-hour these strange worshippers will slip off the forms on which they have been seated, and, squatting on the floor, take out their pipes and commence smoking.

The service over, they wend their steps homeward, and at night-fall the chief, with his attendants, may be seen watching with greatest delight the return of the cattle to be milked by the young men, whose only dress on such occasions is the glittering brass girdle on their loins.

It is usual for the men to partake of the midday meal by themselves, within the cattle kraal; but the boys are expected to crouch at a distance, ready to clutch the food which their seniors may throw to them. Each man has his favourite boy, whom he feeds, with the object of enlisting him as a messenger when he has need of such service. The women, gathered in a hut along with the younger children, are busily engaged in feasting on dishes of milk and baskets of maize or Kafir corn that have been previously served out to them. "This dull monotony," says a late writer, who had been for many years a missionary amongst them, "is varied by the visit of some chief on a begging expedition, a marriage festival, the slaughter of a fat bullock for its hide, a beer party in honour of a chief or influential neighbour, the *intonjane* dance, obscene in all its aspects, a death, a hunt, an ox race, the presence of the family priest to offer sacrifice, or the serious illness of a member of the family, mortality among the cattle, the dance of the youths in their transition from boyhood to manhood, and by the nocturnal revelries in the largest hut, where each man singly and

in turn dances to the lusty clapping of hands and the most barbarous and obscene songs of an enraptured audience.

“Superstition pervades almost every act of this large family. An infant sleeping soundly on its mother's back and taken across a stream for the first time, must needs have its neck or forehead smeared with wet clay taken from the water's edge, to propitiate the mermaids that gambol in its sedgy pools. If one is prostrated by disease, the hair of a sacred cow is plaited and tied about his neck. When an owl utters its doleful wail, it is supposed to be out on an errand of destruction for its owner. Not a buzzard approaches with solemn step, keeping pace to its dismal cry, but is bringing poverty along with it. Each is jealous of, and secretly bent on impoverishing his neighbour. Each suspects the other of possessing deadly charms, or of being in league with a 'miniature elephant, wolf, or baboon, which amid the darkness of the night fulfils its deadly commission. On his person and in his tobacco pouch he carries secret charms to ward off evil. When at work or on his travels, he secretly utters brief ejaculations to the unseen spirits to befriend him in his hour of need.”

It was amidst such scenes that Tiyo Soga lived for the first few years of his life. These discouraging and difficult environments of his early training no doubt helped to make him the true and sterling man he became. They would have been the ruin of a thousand men less strong.

The date of a Kafir infant's birth is invariably marked by some notable occurrence during that year. One is registered in the memory of friends as having been born in the year of the comet; another in the year of the fruitfulness of the karob tree; another in the year of the great winter flood; another in the year of the caterpillar, or in the year of some other

great historical event. To be more specific as to the month of the infant's advent, the mother relates that it was in the spring-time, when the crops were being sown, between the "increscent and decrescent moon"; or it was when the *Pleiades* appeared before the dawn above the eastern horizon.

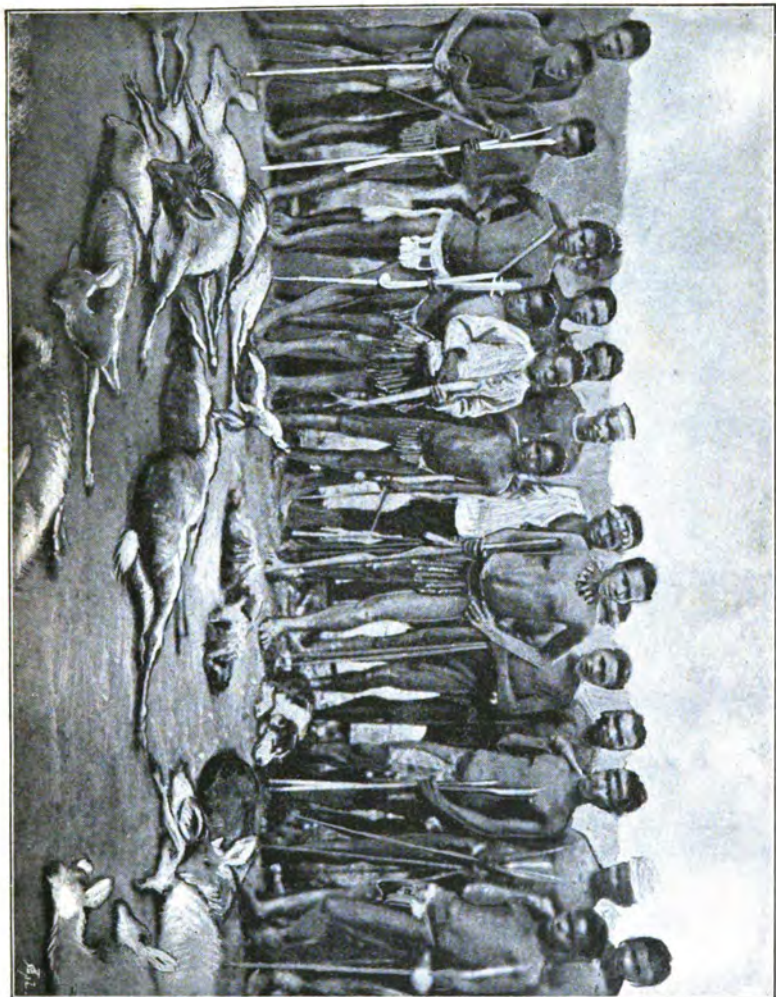
The year of Tiyo's birth is memorable in the annals of Kafir history, and it is important here to mention that the late Rev. J. A. Chalmers fixed Tiyo Soga's birth by the following incident: "On one occasion, when on a visit to Tiyo, and whilst looking over some historical records of the Cape Colony, and after reading for some time '*The wrongs of the Kafir race*,' by Justus, Tiyo exclaimed: 'This book has enabled me to discover the exact year that Makoma was expelled from the Kat River, and I find that event took place in 1829.'"

Soga, the son of Jotello, one of the chief councillors of the great Gaika, was invested with a kind of magisterial authority by his chief. He was a tall, muscular man, with a wild, piercing eye, and though naturally kind, yet to add to his dignity he assumed a stern and fierce attitude towards those beneath him. The incursion of new religionists into his territory made him somewhat disconcerted and unhappy. Miserable forebodings of a revolution haunted him, which made him cling more tenaciously to the ancient customs of his country.

Soga, however, claims the honour of being the first Kafir that "whistled between the stilts of a plough," and the first of his race who utilised the waters of the running brook for agricultural purposes.

The following facts have been recorded by C. L. Stretch, Esq., of Glenavon, late member of the Legislative Council, in his Diary, dated, Fort Cox, province of Adelaide, Thursday, the 24th day of September, 1835. "Makoma Sandilli and his mother, Sutu, with their councillors, visited the camp this day. The very

GROUP OF GAIKAS—RETURN FROM THE HUNT.



immoderate desire for strong drink was again repeated. It painfully prognosticates a very unsettled and miserable future, from which it seems impossible to reclaim Makoma. When I have warned him of the consequences to himself and his tribe, he invariably alludes to the officers and the English generally as using wine and brandy, and adds, 'I get drunk when the sun shines; they drink in the dark night, like wolves.' One of the visiting group, named Soga, attracted my notice on this and on former occasions. If external appearances indicate talent, I should say he evidently stands out from his countrymen, at least, as a Kafir warrior, possessing a finely developed frame, with a brilliant eye and acute glance. When it pleased him to communicate his hunting or war stories, it was well to listen and learn, but he equalled the rest in begging for cattle, as having lost his all in the war, and as having a large kraal of wives and children to feed. . . . I remember saying to Soga, when he was begging for cattle, 'You have both oxen and cows in your beautiful Chumie land, and if you will take the trouble to dig them out of the field, you will be relieved from begging.' The fire of his eye kindled with displeasure, and raising himself he said, "The peacemaker" thinks me a child to-day' (Mr. Stretch was known among the Kafirs, by the name of Uxolo'ilizive, meaning 'the world at peace or the peacemaker'), and there followed expressions of disappointment at my stinginess. I then explained my meaning, and told him that people got wealthy in cows and oxen by working for them, and if he would follow my advice, and plant such vegetables as the military at Fort Cox would purchase, and directing him where to get seed, he would have no occasion to beg again. I thought no more of Soga until, about four months afterwards, I observed a Kafir running towards my residence from the camp, exclaiming with great glee, 'Peacemaker, I have

got them.' Both his hands exhibited a good deal of silver in half-crowns and shillings. On leaving me in September, Soga thought of my word, and 'did not let *it run about*.' He began to work, and produced peas, onions, barley, and potatoes, which he brought on horse-back to Fort Cox, and for which 'Johnny,' alias the Red-jackets, gave him the silver. He then understood how cows and oxen were dug out of the earth.

"I related the anecdote to Colonel Smith, my chief, and as he was always ready to second my suggestions, Soga got a new plough from the Government, and an order to hire people from the Kat River, with oxen and gear, and also instructors in the A.B.C. of ploughing.

"Fort Cox, the 9th of June, 1836. Inspected a water-furrow made by Soga—the first attempt of the kind by a Kafir that I know of—by which many acres of land can be cultivated on the Chumie and irrigated.

"Fort Cox, the 13th of July 1836. Johannes Classens, Martinus Müller, and Pretorius Buise, sent by order of the Government to assist and instruct Soga, to plough the lands he has lately cleared."

From the foregoing extracts one can easily see a new era dawning at Soga's homestead. The rude implements of agriculture had to give place to those more modern. The ploughshare must do the work of the old sneeze-wood spade. The oxen, instead of running wildly on the open veldt, had to be yoked as a willing team to plough the virgin soil. The waters of the running brook were now arrested in their course to irrigate his fields and crops. By the simple gift of a plough to Soga, the Government showed its desire to achieve a lasting victory over barbarian indolence and poverty, and to bring in a reign of peace and prosperity.

CHAPTER II.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE GAIKA TRIBE.

IT is customary amongst the African tribes to distinguish one of the many wives of a Kafir polygamist as the "great wife," and her eldest son naturally takes the precedence of heirship. The other wives are supposed to act in the capacity of servants to the chief mistress. At the time of marriage each wife receives her distinctive rank, but although occupying an exalted position, it very often happens that she is deposed as a wife for some slight misdemeanour. According to unwritten Kafir law and custom, all the cattle belong to the "great house." Each spouse at the time of marriage has several milk cattle set apart by a public ceremony for her support. As a rule these cattle do not revert to the "heir" on the death of the father, but remain the property of the sons of these wives.

The "great wife" is not necessarily the first in the order of marriage, or the second, or even the third. The dowry for the "great wife" is usually paid by the father or other near relatives of the husband, and she is recognised as *the* wife of the village. If the wife of a chief, she is acknowledged as the wife of the tribe, and the cattle are paid by the tribe.

The manner of seeking an alliance with some lovely dusky damsel forms quite a ceremony. Messengers who are friends of the suitor are sent forth bearing an

assegai, to solicit the consent of the parent of the young maiden. When they have duly delivered their message, they leave the assegai behind them. If the parents and relatives of the damsel are favourable to



A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

the alliance they retain the assegai ; but if unfavourable, they return it. The cattle are also very carefully inspected before the full sanction for a marriage is given, and if the number and quality give satisfaction,

aid is at once solicited from their nearest kinsmen to purchase beads, brass-wire, black silk pocket handkerchiefs, and so on, together with cooking utensils. When the bride is fully equipped, she goes to her future husband's village, accompanied by several male and maiden acquaintances.

The time for the arrival of the bride-elect at the village is usually at sunset. A hut is specially set apart for the bridal party, and a goat is killed for their supper. All the neighbours are invited to this preliminary wedding feast. A dance is shortly afterwards organised, which continues for three days, and on the afternoon of the third day, in the presence of a vast assembly, the bride makes her *début*, attended by two bridesmaids, each wearing three girdles girt about the loins over an antelope's skin. In the most leisurely fashion they go to the cattle kraal, and as the cynosure of all eyes, each carries an assegai in her hand. These assegais are afterwards transfixed on the posts of the gate. The attendants then throw a blanket around each maiden, and thus veiled, they are led back to the bride's hut. A bullock is now slaughtered, and the rejoicings are at an end. The bridal party remain behind, however, for a few days to complete the conjugal arrangements and to transfer the cattle, the price paid for the bride; and as soon as this is all amicably settled, the bride is finally surrendered to her husband. Her friends then return to their home, driving the dowry before them, to be afterwards divided among the people who contributed to the bride's outfit.

The "great wife" of Councillor Soga was Nosutu, who became the mother of nine children, of whom Tiyo Soga was the seventh. The name given to our hero at his birth by his mother was Sani, a contraction for Zisani, meaning, "What bringest thou?" It was, however, soon changed to Tiyo by his father, after an influential Galeka councillor who was brave on the

battle-field and wise in his counsels at the great Kafir parliament. In changing his son's name, Soga expressed the hope that Tiyo would become famous in his country's annals, as his namesake before him had been. His infant boy was destined to attain celebrity by his wisdom and courage in the bloodless conquests of the Gospel.

The natal ceremonials amongst the Kafir tribes are very peculiar and rather amusing. The infant is most carefully washed twice a-day with a decoction of the leaves and roots of a medicinal plant found only in the neighbouring forests. During this process a fire is kindled, and incense made from the leaves and twigs of a forest tree known to botanists as *Myaris inæqualis* Prese. The child is held in this cloud of smoke until thoroughly dry, and afterwards it is bedaubed with pot clay or with the pulverised bark of a plant, or with a mashed snail. This custom is continued for a fortnight, and is said by the Kafirs to possess both strengthening and medicinal virtues. Before the mother returns to her daily duties, a bullock is killed. On the day it is slaughtered, every vestige is carried into the hut where the infant was born; there it is left for a time to be inspected and approved by the spirits of their ancestors. As a suitable sacrifice, on the following day neighbours and friends assemble and devour the meat, with the exception of one leg, which is the lawful property of the priest. Many other unwritten rules have to be observed, so as to ward off all misfortune and secure for the infant long life and happiness.

The belief in the potency of these customs is so deeply rooted amongst the Kafirs, that when an infant sickens, the mother becomes greatly alarmed and surprised, and thrown into a paroxysm of grief, especially when all the rules have been strictly observed to make her child healthy, strong, and active. And these very customs, even amongst

Christian Kafirs, are oftentimes regarded as having a supernatural virtue.

We need not wonder, therefore, that amid such superstition, sensual barbarism and ignorance, Tiyo Soga found it exceedingly difficult to rise "on stepping-stones to higher things." There was nothing in his earlier training to awaken any lofty religious impressions, or to teach self-sacrifice on behalf of his own kinsfolk and neighbours.

Tiyo found it very difficult also with such environments to understand God's love for the souls of men, as revealed in that one blessed life of self-sacrifice and atonement for the sins of all, even of Kafirs. How was Tiyo Soga to be brought out of his ignorance into knowledge, out of superstition into reverence for God, out of that blinding homage for the spirits of his ancestors into a love for men and women of his own country, so that he might consecrate his life to the glorious work of teaching them how to live for both time and eternity? Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," and this was most clearly demonstrated in the after-life of Tiyo Soga.

CHAPTER III.

PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

ABOUT seventy-nine years ago, several Christian missionaries settled in what was then known as Kafirland, in close proximity to Soga's kraal.

The Chumie Mission Station, as it was then called, was founded in 1818 by the Rev. John Brownlee, who was afterwards signally blessed in his work amongst the Gaikas.

It so happened that Chief Gaika, in one of his religious moods, sent a message to the Cape Government, and informed them "that he desired some Christian teachers to be sent to his country to instruct his children in religion, and that these teachers would become the medium of communication between the Colony and Kafirland."

Gaika's faith in the missionaries had no doubt been strengthened by the examples of Williams and Vanderkemp, who were most godly men, and worthy of every confidence. The appointment of missionary, in accordance with Gaika's request, was duly offered to Mr. Brownlee, who immediately accepted, and regarded it as a favourable opportunity, under Providence, for missionary effort in Kafirland, which had been closed against the Gospel for several years. The locality for the mission station was soon decided on, and in a very short time a building was erected in the neighbourhood of the Gwali tributary of the Chumie river.

Tiyo Soga's father, who was the councillor and headman of the district, was instructed by Gaika to promote the interests of the missionary. Mr. Brownlee very quickly gathered together the scattered members who had been under the ministrations of the late Mr. Williams, and both the Kafirs and Gonas soon settled down on the Chumie Mission Station.

The great success of this Mission did not depend upon the eloquence of this lonely and modest missionary, but it was the life which Mr. Brownlee lived which drew the people into the fold of Christ. He made no noise, had no desire for fame, had no egotism, and never catered for the applause of men; and, as his biographer afterwards said, "He wrote no sensational tales of hair-breadth escapes, gave no romantic pictures of the bright side of mission work, and filled no columns of missionary journals with thrilling incidents. He did not proclaim his own deeds, but in his loneliness he performed acts of noble self-sacrifice. He was a worker, and did his work manfully, although the great world outside was ignorant of his name. He was the fittest man in every sense to lay a solid foundation for mission work in Kafirland. Bravest of the brave, he toiled alone under the eye of the Great Unseen, the only missionary in Kafirland."

In the year 1821, Mr. Brownlee was joined by two brother Scotchmen, Messrs. Thomson and Bennie, who laboured with him for some time in the same field. In the year 1823, Mr. Brownlee, unfortunately, had a severe illness, which necessitated a change. After a recruiting trip to Cape Town, he again resumed his mission work, not at the Chumie Station, but on the Buffalo River, which afterwards became the site of what is now King William's Town.

A faithful presentation of Mr. Brownlee's character was written in the year 1825 by Mr. Thomas Pringle, the South African poet, under the title of—

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.

He left his Christian friends and native strand,
 By pity for benighted men constrained ;
 His heart was fraught with charity unfeigned,
 His life was strict, his manners meek and bland.
 Long dwelt he, lonely, in a heathen land,
 In want and weariness, yet ne'er complained ;
 But laboured that the lost sheep might be gained,
 Not seeking recompense from human hand.
 The credit of the arduous works he wrought
 Was reaped by other men who came behind ;
 The world gave him no honour—none he sought,
 But cherished Christ's example in his mind.
 To one great aim his heart and hopes were given,
 To serve his God and gather souls to heaven.

Mr. Brownlee was now cheered in his self-denying labours by other brethren who came to preach the Gospel in Kafraria ; and, although not members of the same missionary society, these pioneers worked together most harmoniously. The Rev. Wm. Chalmers arrived from Glasgow in the year 1827, and was accompanied by Messrs. Weir and M'Diarmid, mechanics.

The elder missionaries now removed to other spheres, and gave Mr. Chalmers the entire charge of the Chumie Station.

Mr. Chalmers was not content to work only at the immediate Chumie Station, but soon established four elementary schools at neighbouring kraals, known respectively as Burnett's, Swanston's, Mitchell's, and Struthers'. The school named after the Rev. Dr. Struthers, of Glasgow, was at the village of Councillor Soga, and was taught by his great son Festiri, the eldest brother of Tiyo.

Tiyo soon perceived the advantages of education, and many a time he deserted his calling as a cattle-herd to attend the mission school at the Chumie, where he learned to read. He also gathered together the children at his father's kraal, and for two years, without fee or reward, taught them in a wattle hut erected by himself and his mother. Councillor Soga very

frequently had to punish his son for his carelessness as a cattle-herd ; but with encouragement from his mother he remained immovable as a rock in the one great purpose of his life. Tiyo was soon engaged as a teacher in Mr. Chalmers' school, and was among the first to be promoted to a higher stage in the Central School.

The school-dress of Tiyo was of a most primitive and striking character, consisting of sheepskin karosses and two knob-kerries. There was nothing either in his appearance or behaviour from which to prognosticate his destiny as the first ordained preacher of his race.

Tiyo's mother had, however, become a Christian, and had also severed her conjugal relationship with her husband, but remained at the kraal, so as to allow her boy to reside with his father, and receive as a compensation for small services more substantial clothing. The conduct of his mother helped him much, and slowly, yet surely, Tiyo became weaned from all the ties of his father's kraal, and received in the missionary's house the hallowed influences of a Christian home. Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly Tiyo was rescued from a barbarous life.

The surrounding scenery of the Chumie Mission Station was of the choicest and most picturesque "that connects the landscape with the quiet of the sky." It was a spot suggestive of peace and rest, and admirably fitted to develop the reflective faculty of the soul. The scenery was most gorgeous, with its ever-varying shades and lights, its cascades, its sequestered nooks, its rich foliage, its many tinted flowers, rich in perfume ; its bright blue skies and brilliant moonlights, and its contrasts between civilisation and barbarism. These were all helpful to impress upon the mind the character of true beauty, and to give in after years real retrospective delight. "There was the grand old mountain with its deep and gloomy forest. There were the sounding cataracts from the mountain springs, which became subdued into a 'soft

murmur' as they watered the plains below. There was the dense forest teeming with birds of every plumage, that kept up a perpetual revelry of song. There were the numerous beasts of prey which had their lairs high up in the mountains. There was the large cave with fantastic drawings which the self-taught bushmen had left behind as relics of their love of art, and which in times of war was a sure hiding-place. During the darkness of the night the hyena and wolf would howl, and ravish the flocks of the people. There, too, was the octagon church at the top of a long avenue, with its clear, ringing bell summoning the worshippers to the morning service; and the avenue itself rang every day to the merry shout of children as they passed to and from the school. Beside the church the crystal water from a mountain stream gurgled all the year long, while around it were the orchards belonging to the mission-house, where the bee sipped the honey from the jasmine, the passion flower, and the honeysuckle; where the orange tree bore its golden fruits; where the banana spread out its broad, glossy leaves; where the almond tree flourished and the grapes hung in heavy clusters from the vines."

Such a delightful paradise could not fail to produce in the mind of Tiyo Soga a sense of the greatness and goodness of the God of the missionaries.

At the Mission church very strange and quaint characters assembled to worship on each Sabbath, and occasionally at the week evening services. There was old Jamba, we are told, who was regarded as the "whipper in," and who on Saturdays mounted his favourite nag, "Centipede," and went forth to announce the day of rest to the villagers around, and who in church sang the loudest, the heartiest, and the most discordant. There was also Edward Irving, tall, solemn-faced, clad in a suit of cast-off broadcloth, with long staff in hand,



NATURAL HOME OF THE OSTRICH, NEAR CHUMIE MISSION STATION.

marching with noiseless step up and down the aisles during the service, the terror of every boy, and rousing all who were narcotised by the close atmosphere, or perhaps by the tones of the preacher's voice. There was old Umbi, the huntsman, who bore on his neck and head the marks of a fierce encounter with a tiger, and who, when called upon to lead the devotions at a prayer-meeting, invariably gave thanks for the goodness of the "grey-heads" beyond the sea who had sent teachers to reclaim the Kafir, although he was only a baboon vaulting from rock to rock. There were Tamo, the bee hunter, and Lege, the leper; Mgata, the sleeper, and Dukwana, the printer; Nolatsho, the lunatic, and Fakella, the cripple. There was also the crowd of red-painted barbarians, with fantastic head-gear, and invariably dressed as if for a dance by command of Tyali, the chief, and who honoured the missionary more than the Gospel he preached.

The foregoing brief description of place and people will help the reader to understand some of the scenes which wrought on the youthful imagination of Tiyo, who was gradually emerging from darkest heathenism.

The ravages of war have, however, turned this lovely spot into a wilderness, and the mission station has now passed into the hands of a European farmer. The only reminder that such a mission station once existed is the consecrated spot by the Gwali rivulet, where numerous graves remain closed until the great morning of the resurrection.

There is one grave of special interest, which is enclosed with a stone wall, and it is of the Rev. William Chalmers, the missionary, who after twenty years' labour, died at his post when only forty-five years of age.

Around the farmstead there are still traces of the old beauty and glory, not only of its physical features, but of its spiritual influence and power, which reigned in the hearts and lives of the early toilers for the sake of the Master, Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY TRAINING.

NEITHER Christianity nor civilisation had as yet taken a great hold of the people of Kafirland. The large majority of them had no religion whatever, and were wedded to the barbaric customs and superstitions of their forefathers. But, considering the comparatively short period during which enlightening and educating agencies had been at work, the people had wonderfully advanced in civilisation.

About eight miles from the Chumie was the mission station of Lovedale. This seminary was presided over by the Rev. Wm. Govan, who did much for the education of Kafir youths of both sexes. It was under the control of the Free Church of Scotland, but decided to open its doors, in the year 1844, to pupils from other denominations, free of charge. In accordance with this decision, an invitation was sent out to the various mission stations asking for candidates to appear at Lovedale on a certain day, the two who stood highest in the competitive examination to be admitted. In compliance with this request, Mr. Chalmers sent two of his scholars as competitors. Tiyo was by no means the most advanced pupil in his school; but he was a great favourite because of his truthfulness, meekness, and patience.

His missionary, however, resolved that there should be no favouritism. He, therefore, fixed a preliminary

examination of the lads, the best in this to go up to Lovedale to compete. From an answer given by Tiyo, the whole current of his after life was changed. "Which is the greatest work of God?" asked the missionary. Each Kafir boy in his turn answered, "The works of creation." When Tiyo's turn came, he replied, "The salvation of mankind, because it shows God's love." That answer decided the missionary's choice. The boy had begun to think. His answer was not a random reply.

As Tiyo himself told the story, his teacher was unable to suppress his joy, and clapped his hands, shouting, to the amazement of his pupils, "Well done, well done, Tiyo!"

In July, 1844, Mr. Chalmers took Tiyo and a lad much his superior, Ngxomboti, to compete for the free scholarship at Lovedale. It seemed as if Tiyo was doomed to disappointment, for a very bright lad had been brought by the Rev. Henry Calderwood. Tiyo was the youngest, and had received the fewest advantages of all the competitors.

As the examination proceeded he was lost in a maze of confusion, and hardly understood what he said or did. A simple question in subtraction quite staggered him; for, with slate in hand, he gazed in blank dismay for several minutes at the two rows of figures. At last the examiner, who was full of sympathy, kindly suggested to Tiyo to "Take away the lower line from the upper." Tiyo's face brightened, and eagerly grasping at the suggestion, literally, with the wetting of his thumb, obliterated at one stroke the formidable lower line of figures, just as if they had been a regiment of soldiers! This act, of course, proved fatal so far as the examination was concerned, and he had now to return to the Chumie and narrate the story of his failure. Tiyo would have been lost to his country and to the mission field had that examination decided his future life; but

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Tiyo's spiritual teacher was still convinced that he was a youth of great character and promise, morally superior to those who had surpassed him in that examination. So he himself arranged for his education with the Principal of the Lovedale Institution.

The Rev. Bryce Ross, who was an eye-witness of Tiyo's defeat, said: "One might be led to infer that Tiyo's failure was owing to inferiority in mental ability. As I was present at the examination, and also taught these youths whilst they were in the Lovedale Seminary, I can, without the slightest hesitation, state that the failure was not in the least owing to inferiority of intellect, but solely to Tiyo's not having enjoyed as great advantages at school previous to the examination. I hold decidedly that Tiyo was an apt scholar, that his powers were of a high order, that he had a well-balanced mind, and that he was possessed of popular gifts in an eminent degree. I differ from those who think his future success was owing to his painstaking, which had to overcome a natural dulness. Nothing of the sort. But, while I hold that his intellectual powers were of a high order, I hold also that his success is to be ascribed to a beautiful harmony between these and his moral qualities. I wish much his young countrymen could see this. While many of them have his natural abilities, but not his opportunities, there are not a few who have both the gifts and the opportunities, and fail because they will not use them aright; some do not make the needed exertion on account of that false humility which takes for granted that the black man cannot do what the white man can. Others again are prevented from improving by that conceit and pride which assume that any acquirements of theirs are nonpareil as far as other natives are concerned. Tiyo was docile. He was never

prevented from employing aright the powers which God had given him, and from making profitable use of the opportunities occurring in Providence for the improvement of himself and others, either by the false humility that assumed that because he was a Kafir he could not act as an Englishman, or by the self-destroying pride that would make him think he was a monarch among natives. . . . I, therefore, attach the greatest importance to this quality of docility in Tiyo, while I do not undervalue other qualities which contributed to his success, such as his early piety, his deep-rooted patriotism, and his philanthropy. He was possessed in an eminent degree of the docility of such men as Nathanael and Timothy, without which, supposing he had had the other qualifications, he would not in the circumstances have succeeded as he did."

Tiyo's work was not undertaken without a struggle and much anxious thought. The new surroundings of school life, away from the scenes of his childhood, severed from his beloved missionary, who had given him the start in life, and with the sting of his failure wounding him the more that he thought of it, and yet, withal—secretly and mercilessly impelling him—he pressed earnestly forward in his studies. There were also rival school-fellows who called forth his praiseworthy ambition and zeal. Urged, too, by the natural desires of an earnest schoolboy, he crept up slowly but firmly in his studies, and at last he was dux in all his classes save one,—arithmetic.

Tiyo was also an earnest student of the Scottish Assembly's Shorter Catechism. It is told that on a Saturday morning, when the boys repeated from memory the portion they had learnt, how Nyoka, a rival student, and Tiyo would repeat one-half of the book in English, proofs included, without a single mistake or pause; and how Nyoka, fretting against the dull boys who had not accomplished a similar

feat of memory, would give vent to his eagerness in a flood of tears, whilst Tiyo, calm, but quite as eager, reserved his tears for fitter occasions.

"He showed," says Mr. Bryce Ross, "at that early age that sensitiveness which some think he obtained from education or civilisation, but which I have every reason to believe was natural to him, and which was one of the causes of his early removal. Shortly after



LOVEDALE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

they came to the Seminary, Ngxomboti represented Tiyo to some of his school-fellows as having been disobedient and ungrateful to Mr. Chalmers whilst living in his house. I well remember the keenness with which poor Tiyo felt this, and did not rest satisfied until Ngxomboti was brought to order by some of the oldest pupils. The subsequent career of these lads showed that Tiyo, and not Ngxomboti, was the one to be believed in this matter."

Many of Tiyo's school associates, who were his equals and superiors, aided him in his struggles for

education, and they in turn, no doubt, received valuable help from him in after years as well as during his scholastic career. It is a noticeable fact, that of Tiyo's schoolmates at Lovedale, five entered the ministry, whilst two others entered into political and civilian life.

The home life of the Mission settlements, together with the natural bent of their own inclinations, and an earnest desire to engage in a work which demanded the greatest self-sacrifice, helped these young men to develop in the way they did. And it is worthy of note that, during the subsequent existence of the Lovedale Seminary, down to the present time, it has not sent forth so many preachers of the Gospel who were classmates as it did in Tiyo's school-days. The influence exerted by Tiyo Soga upon his fellows was like the leaven in the meal, a silent and imperceptible stealing forth of power and blessing, until the whole became permeated with the Divine unction.

CHAPTER V.

TIYO GOES TO SCOTLAND.

THE aboriginal inhabitants of South Africa have often been subjected to internal strifes and bloodshed. We can see, however, "the finger of God in history, though that history be a series of blots and disappointments. Out of the seeming labyrinth of difficulties have come the greatest and most lasting peace and blessing." During the student days of Tiyo at the Lovedale Seminary a native disturbance took place, known as "The War of the Axe." It appeared on the political horizon as a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, but it gathered strength as each day passed, until it hung like a funeral pall over the whole of the Eastern frontier of the Cape Colony. The Kafirs had sorely tried the British settlers, almost beyond endurance, by the excessive and oft-repeated depredations made on their flocks and herds. On account of this ungracious treatment, the colonists became eager to be revenged upon the native races for their thieving propensities. On the other hand, the Kafirs fretted and fumed at seeing the country of their forefathers gradually passing into the possession of the conquering Britons. These grievances, very naturally, caused a perpetual irritation between the two races. The Kafir watched for a fitting opportunity to measure his strength with the Englishman, and hoped to drive his enemy into the sea. A most trivial incident took place which

was regarded as a sufficient cause for an open quarrel:—

“In the month of March, 1846, a Kafir of the Tolas tribe, in an evil hour stole an axe whilst lounging at one of the trading-houses at the military settlement of Fort Beaufort. Makoma, the chief of this particular district, instead of attending to the interests of his people, and endeavouring to elevate them at his own kraal, spent most of his time at the canteens. He was gradually acquiring dissipated habits, and was almost daily assisted home to his village in a state of helpless inebriety.”

The stealer of the axe was apprehended, and the authorities resolved to send him to trial at Grahams-town. “According to the treaties between the Colonial Government and the Kafirs, if any colonist was found stealing within the Kafirland, he was to be tried according to Kafir law; and if any Kafir was found committing the same offence within the colony, he was to be tried according to Colonial law.”

The axe-stealer was ultimately committed for trial, and escorted to Grahamstown in company with other prisoners, under the custody of four armed Hottentots.

“The party in charge of the prisoners had not gone far on the Grahamstown route when they were attacked by a troop of armed Kafirs, who rescued the culprit and murdered another unfortunate prisoner to whom he was manacled. The escort, when attacked, fired upon the Kafirs, killed the prisoner's brother on the spot, and seriously wounded another. The Lieutenant-Governor on hearing this sad news, made a demand upon the chiefs for the surrender of the rescued prisoners, and of all the perpetrators of this outrage.

“Sandilli, the paramount Gaika chief, replied that he did not understand that any treaties in existence required that a person stealing so small a thing as an

axe, should be sent to Grahamstown; that he considered imprisonment at Fort Beaufort a sufficient punishment for so trifling an offence; and that the treaty only referred to the theft of horses and cattle. Moreover, said Sandilli, one man has been murdered on each side, and as the Government is weeping for its man, and the Kafirs for their man, the matter should end there."

This refusal by the chiefs so complicated matters as to make it imperative for the Lieutenant-Governor to sound the alarm for war, and to issue an order for all European missionaries and traders to take immediate flight unto the Colony. Disastrous were the effects which followed the theft of that hatchet! How great a fire does a small spark kindle.

The march of civilisation was checked, the agriculturist was ruthlessly driven from his farm and homestead; the missionary from his church and station; and the trader from his merchandise. Anxiety and danger and carnage prevailed. The Lovedale Institution, too, was broken up, and all the pupils were dispersed. The missionaries and their families had to take refuge in Fort Armstrong, on the Kat River. Among those who fled for safety were Tiyo and his mother. Tiyo was thus abruptly and finally severed from his Lovedale class-mates. The experiences of Tiyo at this time were like a long, dark, and dreary day, but his mother, who could not foresee the future of her son, ceased not, amid the turmoils and sorrows of war, to commend him to the gracious keeping of the Prince of Peace, who makes the wrath of man to praise Him. One of the worst and most disastrous consequences of the theft of the axe was the total destruction of the Chumie Mission Station. "The church," said Mr. Chalmers, "and mission-house, with the large and valuable library of the missionary, were reduced to ashes. The type of the printing press were converted into bullets, and

pages of sacred books made into wadding for the guns of the enemy."

One of the last records of this devoted missionary was written amid the solitude and desolation of this sacred spot. He said: "I write amid the ruins of Chumie. Everything is burned; even the fruit-trees have not escaped the devouring element. The most severe trial to me, and that which I feel most, is the burning of the pretty church. On the blackened walls of that church, within which formerly the barbarians so often congregated with us, and where so frequently the songs of Zion were sung, may now be inscribed 'Ichabod.' The glory is departed. Ah, I cannot but feel sore, very sore here, and I often feel as if it were too much for me to bear. It was the delight of my eye and the rejoicing of my heart during my missionary pilgrimage; and as I look on its ruined walls and behold all the desolation around, I do feel as if my work has been accomplished and my warfare ended."

Through the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Govan, the Principal of the Lovedale Institution, an opportunity was afforded for Tiyo to accompany him to Scotland. Tiyo had already made satisfactory progress in his studies, and had given evidence that he was capable of an advanced education. It was to give him the advantages of a Scotch education, and in the hope that he would ultimately be a benefactor to his country, that Mr. Govan resolved to take him to Scotland. It was a great venture thus to test the capacity of the Kafir mind. When the Rev. James Lang, missionary, asked the consent of Tiyo's mother to allow her son to go to Scotland, she simply replied, "My son is the property of God; wherever he goes God goes with him; he is the property of God's servants; wherever they lead, he must follow. If my son is willing to go, I make no objection, for no harm can befall him even across the sea; he

is as much in God's keeping there as near to me."

The self-sacrifice of this devoted Christian Kafir mother is of the noblest and the best. The world is all the better for such mothers. Tiyo had been listening in silence to his mother's conversation. The time had now arrived when he must give a final decision. He consented without hesitation or reluctance. He was full of hope as he pictured that wonderful world across the sea, where the good men and women lived who had sent his people the glorious Gospel. On his way to the seaport town of Port Elizabeth, the memories of the past frequently absorbed his attention. He thought of his early failures at Lovedale, of his mother and her place of refuge at Fort Armstrong, of his father engaged in battle amongst the fortresses of the Amatole mountains. Still, his heart was full of enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing new countries and their peoples. Tiyo had a settled purpose in life, and felt that he had a mission to perform, a destiny to fulfil. The very difficulties he had to encounter exerted a salutary influence on his character, and taught him to value his increased privileges.

After many detentions, Mr. Govan and his party sailed from Port Elizabeth in July, 1846. The voyage was uneventful, and the mission party reached London on a Saturday afternoon. On the Sabbath morning, Tiyo was greatly amazed at the immense traffic in the streets, opposite the hotel where he was staying, and remarked, "There is no such thing as a Sabbath day here." On the Tuesday, Mr. Govan took Tiyo to see St. Paul's Cathedral, where he stood for a considerable time quite transfixed, and gazing up earnestly at the dome, he exclaimed, "Did man make this?" He was a keen observer, and with his fellow-travellers felt quite at home. Only once he seemed to be afraid, on being suddenly whirled into

the darkness of a railway tunnel, when he shouted, "Into what country are we being taken now?"

"Towards the close of the year Mr. Govan was inducted into the Free Church at Inchinnan, and taking his protégé with him, the late and lamented John Henderson, Esquire of Park, not only reimbursed Mr. Govan all Tiyo's expenses to Scotland, but also offered to support and educate him. Tiyo was accordingly sent, first to the school at Inchinnan, and afterwards to the Glasgow Free Church Normal Seminary, where he remained until the year 1848.

"Whilst a pupil at the Normal Seminary, the John Street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, with the full concurrence of Mr. Henderson, adopted Tiyo with a view to his education as a missionary. There was nothing special to record concerning the school-life of Tiyo. He was as a stranger, alone in a great place. But, during this, his first sojourn in Scotland, the seeds of Divine truth sown in his heart in his own country, germinated, struck deep root, thrust forth and budded. The prompting of the Spirit within him led him to make an open profession of Christian religion, and publicly to own his faith in the living Saviour. As a stranger in a strange land, he renounced all faith in the superstitious belief of his forefathers. He severed the links which bound him to heathenism, and received the seal of adoption into the family of Christ by being publicly baptised by Dr. Anderson, in John Street Church, on the 7th of May, 1848."

Tiyo's sojourn in Scotland came to a close at the end of the same year, and from official records of the United Presbyterian Church, we learn that he returned to South Africa as a catechist, at a salary of £25 a-year, which the John Street Juvenile Missionary Society most heartily contributed. He arrived at the Chumie in February, 1849, to mourn over the changes which the past years had wrought. The war had, how-

ever, not destroyed everything. The blessed effects of the Gospel preached to his countrymen still remained. His sole object now was to elevate his own Gaika tribe. He worked with increasing zeal and conscientiousness, so that the missionaries spoke of him as one who, if judiciously trained, would leave his mark upon his country. This prophecy became true, for he afterwards took his place on the platform with men who were noted for their high culture and refinement.

CHAPTER VI.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

NO effort of imagination can reproduce the state of South Africa in the year 1850. It was a year of bloodshed and cowardly tyranny; a year full of superstitious cruelty and disappointing episodes. The ideal of the Kafir race has been delight in war; and again, they showed that they did not care to have any annals which were not written in blood. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Tiyo's Gospel of peace fell powerless upon the listless ears of the masses. Another youth of the same age as Tiyo, Mlanjeni by name, belonging to the Nalambe tribe, now came to the front, and was fast earning an unenviable reputation for himself. He became so famous among his countrymen, that his name was repeated in every Kafir hut with mingled feelings of fear and reverence. Mlanjeni, we are told, professed great antagonism to witchcraft, and declared that if anyone approached him who was intimately connected with the occult art, and had in any way bewitched another, he had the power to prove it and so render the sorcerer a helpless cripple for life. Accordingly, two poles were fixed near Mlanjeni's hut, and if anyone charged with sorcery by his friends came to ask if he were a witch, the accused was made to walk towards these poles in the presence of an assembled multitude. If innocent, nothing occurred, but if guilty, Mlanjeni instantly swooned, lost all power over his limbs, and

influence to political account. They persuaded this youthful firebrand that he had another power which could speedily save his countrymen from being British subjects—that he could regain for his chiefs their lost country, fill the guns and the cannons of the white man with water, and make everyone of his countrymen invulnerable. Mlanjeni was made the man of the hour, the deliverer for whom they had yearned so long; and, although a weak and sickly lad, the wonderful description of his omnipotence made the nation look towards him as its saviour.

Since the war of 1846, the thought of lost territory rankled in the heart of every Gaika. The appropriation of land by the English, the building of military villages, the frequent impounding of their cattle for crossing the Chumie River—all these were latent causes tending towards another outbreak and further bloodshed.

The chief Sandilli, in disguise, went to the village of Mlanjeni, to consult him. The youthful impostor now openly avowed himself an "Itola"—viz., able to charm the warriors and make them invulnerable on the field of battle. Every man who desired strength of limb and success in war was ordered to offer sacrifice. Twigs from the plumbago plant were to be worn around the neck, and each warrior received a small stick, which had to be carried bound up with his assegais. In the event of war, each one was instructed to point towards the enemy and invoke the name of Mlanjeni, when the white man would flee in terror, and be drowned in the sea.

It was in 1849, whilst these iniquitous machinations of Mlanjeni were secretly becoming the rallying cry of the dismembered Gaikas, that the Rev. Robert Niven proceeded to establish a new mission station at the confluence of the Keiskama and Gxulu rivers, in the very centre of the far-famed Amatole which had been the Kafir stronghold in all former wars.

Mr. Niven had Tiyo associated with him in the double capacity of schoolmaster and evangelist.

Tiyo had the very rawest material to work upon, as he was now among a people who had never had a missionary and knew nothing of, and if possible cared less for, education. Although a successful commencement was made, strong opposition was manifested. His school of seventy scholars was speedily much diminished, because he had not undergone the rite of circumcision, the universal custom among the Kafirs.

During this time of trial and trouble, Tiyo was enabled to compose some sacred songs, which are still sung in the sanctuary and the home of the Kafir Christians. This brief interval of semi-peace and quiet was utilised by the chief Sandilli, who was waiting an opportunity to stir up a rebellion against the Britishers. There had been many cases of resistance to the police in Tyali's tribe, which were regarded by the Gaika Commissioner as of great significance. The smouldering embers soon burst into a flame. After a palaver between His Excellency Sir Harry Smith and the Gaika chiefs and people, it was found necessary to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. We are told that on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1850, 600 British troops, under Colonel M'Kinnon, Chief Commissioner and Commandant of Kafraria, were marched from Fort Cox under His Excellency's orders past the kraal of the paramount chief of the Gaikas, and up through the tangled forest in which he had been lurking. On passing through the gorge of the Keiskama, near the Boma Pass, where there is a dense wood on either side, the chief's bodyguard attacked the Colonel's rear, killed nine of the infantry and Dr. Stewart, the Military Surgeon, and became possessors of four baggage horses laden with 3000 rounds of ammunition. The Colonel expressed his surprise at the attack, declared that the movement

of his troops was a mere demonstration, and that he so little dreaded hostile shots that the muskets of the infantry were not even loaded.

The next day was Christmas—a day long to be remembered in the annals of South African history. Whilst Mr. Niven and his imperilled family were hastening for protection to the Chumie, a most sanguinary assault was made upon one of the military villages near the Chumie. The settlers at Auckland with their families were looking forward to the usual Christmas festivities, but whilst in the very midst of their enjoyment, the Kafirs sprang suddenly upon them. Three Europeans rushed into an unfurnished house in the hope of keeping the enemy at bay, but after a noble defence they were heartlessly stabbed to death amid the cries and intercessions of their wives and children. The other military settlements were attacked in the same way, and on the following day the tocsin of war sounded far and near.

The years 1850 and 1851, so full of battles and bloodshed over the Eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, have always been spoken of by the Kafirs as "The War of Mlanjeni." Strong feeling was excited against Tiyo, and his life was endangered. His own kith and kin were determined to have their revenge on him. One night his house was entered. It so happened that Tiyo Soga and two boarders at the mission-house had left. The next morning a messenger brought the distressing tidings to them of a disaster at the Chumie Station. Miss Ogilvie, in her *Reminiscences*, tells us that "Tiyo did not say much of his adventures, but one of his fellow-travellers reported the destruction of the family Bible, which some young men ripped with their assegais, saying, 'There's the thing Niven always troubles us with.' Tiyo Soga had lived in troublous times. During the war of 1835—the war of Hintea—and when a mere child, he endured the unspeakable miseries of war.

When taken for shelter to the Amatole bush, he suffered from cold, and rain, and hunger, nestling under an overhanging rock or tree whose branches touched the ground, and was lulled to sleep in the arms of his mother or sister. Then followed the war of the Axe, 1846, which suddenly interrupted his education at Lovedale. In 1850, he had to flee for his life and leave a sphere which promised great usefulness.

"The chequered life hitherto led was enough to make a youth descended from such a superstitious race pause and ask, 'Am I on the right path? Is there any truth in this Christian religion? Is there any peace in the profession of it? Is not Mlanjeni, with the army, revered and honoured by every Gaika as he braces the warrior for battle with his magic arts, and makes them fearless on meeting the foe? And why should not I, the son of Soga, the Gaika councillor, who can boast of an honourable pedigree of worthy councillors, cast in my lot with my countrymen and have all success on my return to a heathen life, with all its superstitions and falsehoods?'"

Tiyo was not the man to waver on such matters. He was not the one to go back into the dark days of heathenism. Advance he must, as he felt that he was on the right way. If Mlanjeni with his delusive charms and magic pretensions, and dark falsehoods, had not fascinated the Gaikas, Tiyo would not have risen to that sphere of higher usefulness which made him the honoured and renowned preacher and the representative man of his race. The apparent obstacles were but the stepping-stones by which he reached a higher sphere. Even his education depended to a large extent upon those wars which drove missionaries from their stations, and compelled them to visit or return for good and all to their Fatherland.

God oftentimes, in His own mysterious way, opens the door of hope and service by the very circumstances which seem to be against it.

CHAPTER VII.

BACK TO SCOTLAND.

ON reviewing the events of the preceding chapters, one can understand more fully the difficulties and dangers that beset the path of the missionary. Troubles still came thick and fast, dealing disastrous blows to the Missions of the United Presbyterian Church in Kafirland. Its missionaries, though few in number, had laboured earnestly and faithfully among the Gaikas, and gained great influence over the chiefs and people. When the war broke out they were blamed for aiding and abetting the Kafirs in their hostilities against the Colony. Pained by these unjust suspicions, they prudently left the converts at the Chumie, and went to Philipton on their way to the frontier.

The missionaries who fled to Philipton, in 1850, made their escape to Grahamstown; while Mr. Niven, with his afflicted wife and a few native Christians, came to Glenavon, where they knew of a home. Tiyo Soga was one of the number. It now became evident that the shock which Mrs. Niven had sustained on that terrible Christmas day was such that a voyage to Europe was imperative. One of the many perplexities of Mr. Niven was how to dispose of Tiyo Soga. He could not be left behind without the danger of losing what he had gained. There seemed no opening for him in the Colony. The proposal was entertained that he should return to Scotland

and study for the ministry. His own and his father's consent were obtained. To the inquiry, "Where are the means to come from?" Mr. Niven's answer was, "From the Bank of Providence." At the end of three months from the outbreak of the war, the mission party set out on their homeward journey. Tiyo and his friends sailed from Port Elizabeth in June, 1851, in the brig *George Lord*, which reached London after a pleasant passage of seventy-five days.

When Tiyo reached London, he found the British nation at peace, and jubilant over "A thing called Crystal Palace." In the streets of the metropolis were men of many nations who had come to do homage to industry under the dome of the Great Temple. The truly wonderful sight could never be effaced from Tiyo's memory. What a contrast to the chapter in the history of his native land, which was then being written in blood! As Tiyo mingled with the surging crowd of sight-seers, he felt strong in hope, and resolved humbly to remain a learner, that he might assist in bringing about the reign of universal peace.

As already indicated, John Street Church formed an attachment for Tiyo Soga during his first visit to Scotland. But now Tiyo had returned, the congregation, through the session, resolved to pay all his expenses home, and to defray all his college and Hall expenses up to his ordination; and never was satisfaction more complete than the session had in the recollection of what they had done for Tiyo Soga.

There were many corrective influences by which this solitary Kafir student was preserved from perilous paths. There was the thought of his countrymen perishing and calling loudly by their degradation for one to elevate them. There were those who had taken the deepest interest in his progress, and who

would be cruelly disappointed if their efforts on his behalf proved abortive. Then there was his own resolve of many years' standing, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." He ever kept before him his high purpose, and rightly appreciated the precious privileges and advantages of a European education.

In November of the year that Tiyo Soga returned to Scotland, he was matriculated as a student in the Glasgow University, and entered the Latin class, which was then taught by Professor Wm. Ramsay. He also attended the Junior Greek class, then taught by the distinguished Professor Lushington.

Tiyo found it very hard work to keep pace with the progress made in the classes. He was, however, persevering and painstaking, and his exhibitions in the college class-rooms were exceedingly creditable and praiseworthy. Although his name does not rank on the list of prize men with honours in the University, yet it is ever associated with all that is noble, and pure, and true. The mere presence of Tiyo, humble, modest, earnest, and pious, was felt by not a few as a power and an influence. One of his fellow-students, the Rev. Robert Johnston, formerly of the Presbyterian Church of Port Elizabeth, graphically describes his introduction to Tiyo while at the college as follows: "It was shortly after his enrolment as a student at the University that I made the acquaintance of Tiyo Soga, in the inner quadrangle of Glasgow College, on a raw, cold, winter's morning of 1852. There, a fellow-student who has ever since manifested the deepest interest in Soga, laid his hand upon my shoulder and asked me to follow him, as he had a special introduction to give me. I followed through the heavy-looking archway, and in the inner quadrangle we came upon a little group, of which Tiyo Soga and Mr. William Chalmers, formerly magistrate and civil commissioner of Cradock, Cape of Good Hope, formed the centre. An opening was

made in the circle, and I stood face to face with our Kafir student, looking on the large dark expressive eyes, received the somewhat timid hesitating smile, and grasped the hand of him who was my friend and fellow-labourer in after years. That memorable meeting, I believe, had much to do with my after-life. Then I did not know its influence and its power; but it gave a different watershed to the stream of my life. I was only thinking of the sunny slopes of home, ministerial work and life, but then and there this Kafir youth laid the hand upon me, which has never left me and never shall. In a few years I found that all my desires and thoughts with regard to ministerial work were stream-like, flowing towards life and work in the foreign field, and in South Africa itself."

Tiyo was most systematic and careful in keeping a record of his studies. His note-books, which contain pencil jottings of the prelections of his professors, also tell of the manner in which his leisure hours were employed. He devoted every spare moment to the vast field of literature, which was opened up to him in the college library. He read the works of Washington Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, Foster, Vinet, and Mosheim. In poetry, he appears only to have read Longfellow; whilst the "Evidences of Christianity," by Paley, he very carefully perused. Tiyo Soga also made a very earnest and thorough study of English history.

The work which most fascinated him was that of Conybeare and Howson, because it poured a flood of light on a portion of the one great Book, whose principles he desired to teach to his countrymen. Tiyo did not haste through a book to boast of the number of volumes he had read. He had an object in reading, and gathered instruction as he proceeded, and freely expressed himself when he differed from the authors' views. During his college days he made

copious extracts of passages which were striking, or that contained some fresh truth which he wished to rivet on his memory, or to recall when he had some purpose to serve. The same note-books, amid many illegible pencillings, record that he was a Sunday-school teacher in a destitute district of the city. Much of his time was also devoted to city mission work. In this department of Christian effort he gained much knowledge of human nature ; was shown many kindnesses, yet at times suffered for his colour.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" was Tiyo's constant companion during his academic career, though several years elapsed ere his countrymen were thrilled by that story in their own tongue. Soga was silently and busily preparing himself for that greatest of all his works.

In the year 1852 Tiyo Soga was allowed, after an examination and approval by the Presbytery, to enter the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh. The physical strength of Tiyo was somewhat over-strained by the arrangement made for the prosecution of his studies. "In addition to the arts classes at the University in winter, and the Hall in Edinburgh in autumn, he appeared, along with his fellow-students, before the Presbytery of Glasgow each second month, for examination on theological studies and for preaching sermons." His time for the university and theological studies was limited to five years, so as to enable him to return to South Africa and resuscitate the Kafir Mission.

Tiyo Soga made conscience of his student work, and there is proof of this in the honourable place which he took among his fellow-students in all departments of study, and even more in the ability which he manifested in all his pulpit appearances at home, in the Colony, and in Kafirland. He was universally esteemed and beloved by his fellow-students. "From the time that we entered upon our theological studies

in Edinburgh," says Mr. Johnston, "we saw more and more of each other; we sat at the feet of the same revered teachers; we had the same text-books; we had the same knotty points on which to try our intellectual strength; his special student friends were mine."

"I believe," says the Rev. Henry Muller, of Hammersmith, London, "that Tiyo and I, as John Street lads, were more intimate than any other students. We read the Greek Testament and prayed together. Tiyo's conduct was always most exemplary and with the natural ease and manners of a born gentleman."

At the close of Tiyo Soga's theological course, an address signed by 186 students was presented to him along with thirty-eight valuable theological volumes. The address was couched in the most endearing and respectful terms, and ended as follows:—

"And now, beloved and honoured brother, we must bid you and your dear coadjutor who goes forth with you in this noble enterprise, a solemn 'farewell.' May He who has guided you hitherto be with you still, making darkness light before you, and crooked things straight. As you traverse the waters of the mighty deep may you realise the presence and protecting care of Him who holds the 'winds in His fist,' and the 'waters in the hollow of His hand.' When you reach your native land may you have your dwelling in the 'secret place of the Most High,' and ever abide under the shadow of the Almighty. May an abundant blessing attend all the labour of your hands, so that, through your instrumentality, multitudes of your countrymen who are yet without God, without Christ, and without hope, may be elevated to the possession of knowledge, and purity, and heavenly joy; and, after an honourable and successful career, may you come to your grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season, and be numbered among

the most distinguished of those who, having been wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

“ UNITED PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL HALL,
EDINBURGH, *22nd September, 1856.*”

The following is Tiyo Soga's reply :—

“ MR. HUTTON AND DEAR FELLOW-STUDENTS,—
I feel it is no affectation in me to say that this season will ever be a memorable one in my history. Throughout the whole course of my study in Scotland, and especially in this Hall, I have experienced a very large measure of kindness and sympathy, but the present scene seems to be the crowning act of the whole. I am sure that the recollection of that kindness and sympathy would have been sufficient of itself to have made me ever grateful to that God whose providence cast my lot in Scotland and amongst you. By the transactions of this day, however, you have deepened the gratitude which I already owe to God, to this land, and to the members of this Hall.

“ I am aware that, to contend successfully against the difficulties of that work to which I have devoted myself, motives higher than any with which our fellow-men may furnish us are necessary, yet there is much even in human sympathy to revive the heart. I go home then to Kafraria much cheered by your best wishes, your affectionate remembrances, and your prayers. And, above all, am I gladdened with the thought that I carry away from this Hall, in the person of my excellent brother and companion, Mr. Johnston, a gift which Kafraria herself will hail and welcome with joy.

“ For the valuable present before me I thank you sincerely, and for this yet more touching expression of your sympathy and encouragement which I hold in my hand I would especially thank you. Both will

remain lasting memorials of you. Scotland, as you, sir, have said, I can never forget. I shall ever look back to her as my second home. This Hall I can never forget, nor our venerable teachers, at whose feet we all, I am sure, so willingly and so profitably have sat.

“And now, dear brethren in Christ, ‘Farewell.’ May the God of peace sanctify each of us wholly, and may our whole spirit, and bone, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brethren, pray for us, and we shall pray for you. ‘Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.’”

Amid the plaudits and the well-wishes of his fellow-students, Tiyo Soga closed his academic career, and having passed the final examination for licence, he was on the 10th of December, 1856, licensed to preach the Gospel by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Glasgow.

On the eve of the 23rd of December of the same year, Tiyo Soga was ordained to the office of the ministry in John Street Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, from 1 Cor. iii. 7. The Rev. Dr. Anderson presided as Moderator. On that memorable night the dream of Tiyo's youth and opening manhood was realised. He was now fully equipped as a preacher of the Gospel.

Tiyo Soga was now engaged for a few months to visit the various churches to excite an interest in the Kafir Mission. The congregations were eager to hear the newly fledged Kafir preacher, and invitations, more numerous than he could accept, poured in upon him from all quarters, inviting him to preach or to address Sunday schools or other religious gatherings. His success in all the churches may be considered as phenomenal, and resulted in a large increase to the funds of the Mission.

On the 27th of February, 1857, Tiyo Soga was married to Miss Janet Burnside. During the early days of his student life his affections had gone forth to a young girl of his own colour, named "Stella," who was on a visit to Scotland with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Garnet, from America; but her life was quickly ended after leaving the Scottish shores. Had she lived to be united to him there was every prospect that she would have proved a most excellent wife. Taking the step towards amalgamating the black and white races made many colonists feel that there was a desire on Tiyo's part to make himself an Englishman. This insinuation was a great sorrow to him. He would have been the worthy husband of the noblest, most refined, most accomplished, and most loving woman on God's earth. And his wife proved herself to be a most honourable, thrifty, frugal, and devoted woman, who marched heroically and faithfully by her husband's side through all the chequered scenes of his short life.

On the 13th of April of the same year Tiyo Soga, after receiving sundry testimonials from his friends and well-wishers, left Glasgow. One of the testimonials received, and which was most highly prized, was from the Committee of Session, appointed to superintend the studies of Tiyo Soga.

"The Session at the same time received from the same Committee the report that the entire cost of Mr. Soga's education and board amounted to £202, and that the subscriptions for his outfit reached the handsome sum of £132, 1s. 10d." To turn out such a man charged with such a message as that with which he was commissioned was marvellously cheap. John Street Church did it and has the credit of it. But for the benevolence of this church, Tiyo Soga might have become as degraded as any of the nation from which he sprang.

CHAPTER VIII.

KAFIR FOLLY.

WHILST Tiyo Soga was on the deep blue sea, his heart filled with mixed emotions, the land of his birth was preparing a rough reception for him.

It is too often taken for granted that the Kafirs were despoiled by the British. It is not denied that this was often done. The Gaikas, for example, were forbidden to return to their settlement amongst the natural fortresses in the Amatole mountains. Their constant wars made no other course possible. Still, the greatest enemies the Kafirs had to fear were superstition and designing men of their own household, who determined to keep the native hatred of the British at boiling-point.

The hearts of the Kafirs naturally yearned for their old haunts, where they enjoyed unrestrained liberty amid rich pastures and dense forests, and had water and game in abundance. Being asked by the missionary why they were so cast down, the answer was promptly given: "Do you not see that we cannot live with comfort on these flat places where there are no bushes? We have no rest day or night. Our cattle are always turning their heads towards the Amatole, lowing and bellowing for the rich pastures they once enjoyed. They can never fatten here. Soon they must all die and so also must we, if we remain here much longer."

It was the chief Kreli that set a match to this discontent, and brought untold misery upon the land by his folly. Under the influence of Kreli a witch-doctor named Mhlakaza, through the medium of his niece, Nongase, prophesied an approaching resurrection from the dead of all the old chiefs and their followers, who would unite with the tribes to drive the white men and



KRELI, THE GALEKA CHIEF.

the Fingoes out of the country, and restore the glory of the Amakosa nation. In order that this should be accomplished it was proclaimed that all Kafirs must destroy their cattle and their corn. They further declared that on the day of resurrection there would live again and follow in their train all Kafirs who had died, and the choicest of English cattle. They also

prognosticated that the richest and daintiest food would be provided ; that waggons and clothes, and, above all, guns and ammunition in abundance, would be at the disposal of every believer.

The living Kafirs would also die, but soon rise again, and old people would resume the bloom and elasticity of youth. They stated further that the Kafirs must have done, and for ever, with witchcraft, and destroy all their charms. By such measures the cause of death would be abolished, and the race would become gifted with immortality and enjoy perpetual youth.

These delusive prophecies almost failed to take a hold on the people at the first, as the tribe among whom the seers lived became scornful and indifferent. At last Kreli, the paramount chief of the Galekas, rose upon the scene, made frequent visits to the village of Mhlakaza, and ultimately avowed himself a believer in the teachings of the false prophetess.

The sacrifice which was demanded from the Kafir nation almost stunned the chiefs and people of British Kafraria, for the cattle to a Kafir are even dearer than his friends or even his own family. The command of the chiefs, however, was stern and inexorable.

Though the chiefs in British Kafraria shrank from fulfilling Kreli's behest, they ultimately, with a few exceptions, came under the spell of Nongase's prophecy. Under the influence of this delusion, the people sacrificed their whole means of subsistence, and when the appointed day of resurrection arrived, and the predictions were unfulfilled, they were perfectly destitute, and prepared to commit any outrage. We are told that in the month of October, 1856, such numbers of cattle had been already slaughtered, and such quantities of corn destroyed, among the Galekas, that hunger began to make havoc among their ranks. The crafty prophetess now placed the whole blame of the failure of her deceptions on those Gaikas who had not killed their cattle. The work of destruction

commenced afresh. Cattle were again killed; corn was scattered to the wind; and as cultivation had been forbidden, no drearier prospect can be imagined. The reason given for forbidding cultivation was that corn would grow of itself, and cultivation would prevent the wonders taking place.

"The period of this mania was one of anxious excitement. Hundreds of men and women passed daily the Bethel Mission Station on their way to the traders' shop to sell the skins and horns of the slaughtered cattle. No word escaped the lips of the otherwise talkative Kafir, but it was evident that his heart was wounded to the very quick. When missionaries pointed out the folly of their procedure and asked them how they would recognise their cattle when they rose from the dead, as they sold their skins and horns, gnashing of teeth, and eyes gleaming with wrath were the only answer.

"The Galekas began to realise their dreadful position, and looked with alarm into the future; but the Gaikas rushed headlong into the mania, and killed with eagerness the few remaining cattle. The land stank from carrion, and the vultures were unable to finish the carcasses. By the end of January, 1857, upwards of 40,000 head of cattle are said to have been killed.

"On the 8th of February, Kreli appeared again at the village of the prophetess, attended by eighteen councillors and 5000 warriors. They were commanded now to enter upon the very last act of this dark tragedy; one short scene more and there would burst upon them the marvellous transformation.

"Only one cow and one goat were to be left to each family; all the rest must be put to death, and within eight days after the chief's return, if they obeyed, then the resurrection of cattle and ancestors would take place on the eighth day after the chief reached his home. On that day the sun would rise later than usual; when it reached mid-heaven it would become

blood-red, then suddenly set where it rose, and there would follow a great storm, with thunder, lightning, and darkness.

"These tidings, so definite, roused the flagging enthusiasm of the Galekas, and with fresh vigour they commenced to destroy their remaining cattle, hoping that in a few days they would rejoice, in the company of their old chiefs, warriors, and friends. They threw away the last grain of corn, and were cheered by the thought that soon all white men would be banished from their land. Great preparations were made for this notable day. At last the morning of the 19th of February dawned, and still the promised liberty came not, nor were the long-expected blessings given.

"The point was now reached in the deeply laid plot so cunningly calculated by its originators. Upwards of 100,000 wild Kafirs, stung by the bitter pangs of hunger and the deeper pangs of disappointment; driven to despair, poverty-stricken, their cattle recklessly killed, and nothing found in their stead, were now ready, like a pack of hungry wolves, to commit all possible mischief. It was unsafe to travel. Thieving and roving commenced, and only under escort could wagons proceed on their journey. The victims of the deception began to despoil those who had neither killed their cattle nor destroyed their grain. Bloodshed, plunder, and confusion prevailed. It seemed as if the Colony would soon be embroiled in another war."

The Governor of the Cape Colony having failed to reconcile the hostile chiefs at the earlier stages of this terrible fanaticism, and to convince them of their great folly, just calmly awaited the development of affairs. When the crisis was reached, he was prepared to suppress any outbreak and to render every charitable assistance possible to the foolish people who had committed this act of national self-destruction. The

Governor an once provided employment for portions of the natives upon public works, and distributed others in small numbers as labourers among the farmers throughout the country.

At this time about 30,000 Kafirs entered the Colony and obtained work. About 20,000 were believed to have died from sickness and starvation; and at least 150,000 head of cattle were destroyed.

"The Government and the colonists nobly stepped forward to the rescue. Soup kitchens were established in the various towns, and willing workers were ready to render a helping hand. The utmost care had to be exercised in feeding people who for many days had not tasted a morsel of food, for if allowed to partake of a hearty meal, they fell down lifeless, as if a bullet had passed through their heart.

"The very nation whose destruction was secretly sought by this perfidious tragedy, became the saviour of many thousands of Kafirs. The whole Kafir nation would have been broken up for ever had the colonists not supplied the famishing with food, and raiment, and shelter."

When Tiyo Soga landed at Port Elizabeth, on the 2nd of July, 1857, he found that those whom he had come to labour amongst were a despised nation, utterly destroyed by their own folly.

The tidings greeted him on his arrival that the Galekas and his own Gaika tribe were ruined, scattered, famishing, and that was enough to unnerve any man. Tiyo Soga, however, resolved in these saddening circumstances to teach his scattered countrymen that there is a resurrection in which all will participate who look to Jesus, as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He went forward with a brave heart and true, and endeavoured to discharge his varied duties with gratitude and delight, feeling confident that God would make all things work together for his own good, as well as that of his own benighted race.

CHAPTER IX.

BACK TO WORK.

DURING the voyage, Tiyo Soga occupied much of his time in describing the monotonous life on board a sailing vessel. His diary in several instances reveals not only his tenderness of heart, but sparkles with his well-known humour and quaint touches of wit.

There is one passage which especially illustrates his great caution and common-sense, and is prophetic of the line of action he adopted in his future labours.

“We are sometimes treated at dinner by a colonial gentleman on board to a few round shot against missionaries in South Africa, and the result of their labours. On these occasions, although I might return the fire, and feel very strongly tempted to do so, I deem it advisable to maintain strict silence, unless it be in the way of correcting a mistake.

“My reasons for this are two: the first is, that as this individual, judging from his own remarks, has no sympathy with missions, there is nothing more likely than that in the heat of debate I might unguardedly drop remarks which may be reproduced and perpetuated in the Colony to the prejudice of myself and of the cause with which we are identified.

“The other reason is, that missionaries (more especially those belonging to our Society and to the London Missionary Society), being generally considered by the colonists unsound upon the question

of native rights, these random shots may be thrown out as feelers to ascertain the tendency of our opinions upon the point. Now, if these be in opposition to our friend, we may find them some day reproduced, and in all probability largely supplemented, in one of the hostile colonial newspapers. Politics are the rock upon which missionaries are in danger of making shipwreck of themselves; and we cannot, I think, keep far enough from the said rock. If we live, time will develop our sentiments on these contested points, and prudence, I think, demands that at least we should, at the commencement of our missionary career, keep them to ourselves."

With such resolutions Tiyo Soga returned to his fatherland, the land of darkness, superstition, and cruelty, to be permitted to preach to his people as an ordained minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which was the greatest ambition of his life. We cannot do better, however, than relate, in Tiyo Soga's own words, many of the circumstances and events which happened from this point in his life's history. There is no literary display either in his letters or his diary. They are a simple, frank, unvarnished statement of his remarkable life. The brief description of his arrival in his native land is full of interest.

"We arrived," he says, "here (Port Elizabeth) last night, after a pleasant and most agreeable passage of seventy-three days. 'The Lord hath been mindful of us.' You should have been with us this day to witness the wonder and amazement with which a black man, with a white lady leaning on his arm, seemed to be viewed by all classes! We were a 'spectacle unto all men'! In walking through the streets black and white turned to stare at us, and this was the case as often as we went out. It seemed to some to be a thing which they had not only never seen, but which they believed impossible to take place."

Mrs. Soga evinced far more indifference to the

colonial prejudices against colour than her husband, and bravely stood by him in his resolve never to break forcibly through those prejudices.

Tiyo Soga's long absence from South Africa made him somewhat rusty in his mother-tongue, and on the first Sabbath when he had to preach three times, he speaks of it as a day long to be remembered. In the morning and afternoon he attempted to wield his rusty Kafir sabre. "It was a great effort in the morning," he says; "I did not lack matter—nay, I may rather say I was charged with matter—but I lacked the facility of giving power and expression to my thoughts. I felt very much in the position of a stout man who was striving to put on the clothes of another much smaller than himself. In the afternoon I felt the bulk so much diminished as to be able to accommodate myself to the costume. In the evening I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, which was crowded to excess." Something more than colour is required to gain a white man's respect in South Africa. The superiority, therefore, of Tiyo Soga's intellect very readily procured for him great and increasing respect from all classes.

The Port Elizabeth *Telegraph* of the 9th July, 1857, tells its readers of the Kafir preacher occupying the Wesleyan pulpit, and does so in the following terms:—"For one hour he commanded the uninterrupted attention of a densely packed, highly intellectual congregation. In this person may be seen the transcendent operation and effects of Christianity, civilisation, and science, trampling under foot every opposing prejudice and difficulty, however formidable or seemingly insurmountable."

From Port Elizabeth he proceeded to Glenthorn, where laboured the Rev. John F. Cumming—at that time the only missionary in connection with the United Presbyterian Church. On his way thither he passed through Grahamstown, the city of the

British settlers of 1820, rendered famous to the denomination of which he was an agent, inasmuch as one of its deputies to the mission field narrowly escaped death in passing through it; but all these hostile feelings were hushed when Tiyo Soga first entered it as a missionary. His reception was most cordial. When he preached in Trinity Church, among his auditory was the Lieutenant-Governor and his Staff. This distinguished military gentleman was so pleased with the sermon of the Kafir that he turned to one of his attendants at the close of the service, and asked why none of his military chaplains could preach as this Kafir had done? Whereupon one of his staff naively replied: "Your Excellency, the sermon is a borrowed one!" "Oh, indeed," replied his Excellency, "then that makes all the difference in the world."

But whilst his reception from the Cape colonists cheered and nerved him, the tidings of his self-deluded and self-destroyed countrymen greatly troubled him. In writing to his old and well-tryed friend, the Rev. Dr. Anderson, at Glasgow, Tiyo Soga speaks in the highest terms of praise of his reception from the colonists throughout the Eastern Province. He says: "The Christian public in Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, and Grahamstown, held out the right hand of fellowship. . . . Thanks to you, then, my Scotch friends, you have, under God, given me a position which I might never have attained. I hope that grace will be given me to walk worthily of that position."

After giving a detailed account of his arrival in the Cape Colony, he described the state of Kafirland and the Kafirs, and said: "We have come at the most critical period of the Kafir nation."

Here he details the awful delusion by which the Kafirs had been induced to slaughter all their cattle, and to neglect the cultivation of their lands. "My

poor infatuated countrymen," he says, "are now most bitterly reaping the fruits of having been the dupes of designing impostors. The rod by which they are now being chastised has been wielded by their own hand. They have actually committed national suicide. Oh! the misery and wretchedness now to be witnessed in Kafirland, as the result of the poor Kafirs having believed a lie, baffle description. Famine has almost depopulated the land. Thousands have died and are dying from sheer starvation. The proudest people on the face of the earth have been compelled, by the severity of the present distress, to do things at which they would formerly have shuddered. Parents are said in some cases to have eaten their children. And, oh! the sight of the children is enough to move the stoutest heart." When they held out their hands to receive the few crusts of bread that could be spared for them, they positively looked like animated skeletons. "The worst of all is yet to come," continues Tiyo Soga, "and will not the good people of John Street come to the aid of these poor perishing Kafirs? They are now pouring into the mission stations by hundreds. A donation of £15 or £20 would enable me, in some small measure, to mitigate the suffering which I have not the courage to encounter, and which my own means will not allow me to do much toward relieving."

The power of the Kafir chiefs had been almost entirely destroyed, and Tiyo Soga feared that in the course of a short time they would have nothing but the name of that authority. The prospects were, indeed, most gloomy. In these terrible calamities he thought and hoped he could see the future salvation of his countrymen, both from a physical and moral point of view. The destruction of the cattle might make them more extensive cultivators of the soil than they had ever been; then, from a moral point of

view, in some of the places to which the Kafirs had fled they would, no doubt, be brought under the influence of the truth. "There is nothing," says Tiyo Soga, "that softens the hardened heart so much as affliction, and I trust that this affliction will, in the providence of God, be productive of much spiritual benefit to the Kafirs." Tiyo Soga ends his lengthy account of the sufferings of his people by an earnest appeal to the sympathies of his many friends in Scotland. "Think of us, then! Think of poor Kafirland! pity the misery, physical and spiritual, of her sons! Pray for the speedy arrival of more auspicious times."

As Tiyo Soga penetrated farther into the interior the terrible distress and misery became more apparent and real. "It was only yesterday," he said, "that I witnessed a sight which must remain long in my memory. I assisted to dig the grave of a Kafir mother and two young children who had died from starvation. Death overtook the miserable creatures about half-a-mile from the station. It appears from the position in which we found them, that, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the mother sat down and composed herself and her little ones to sleep. The ample Kafir kaross was placed over them all. The younger lay near her mother's breast, and the other by her side. From that sleep they never awoke. They seem to have died in sleep, as there were no indications of any struggle. Among the persons who came to the mission-house were two women, the wives of a Kafir who, to escape death, had committed the unnatural act of deserting his own children. He fled to the Colony and left his wives with five children to shift for themselves. Four of the children died on the road to the mission station, and the surviving infant was so weak that when they tried to make him stand, he sank down from exhaustion. The worst is yet to come," continues Tiyo Soga.

“During the eight months between this and harvest there must be a time of dreadful suffering to the poor Kafirs. There are many of them anxious to sow, but are so reduced physically that they are unable to do much in the way of cultivation.”

These words of Tiyo Soga were only too true; hundreds continued to fall victims to the dreadful famine which prevailed throughout the whole of Kafirland. The most that could be done for the starving people at the mission stations was to give them temporary shelter and feed them. As soon as they had gathered strength they passed on. It was a great trial, indeed, to face such destitution and want, but Tiyo Soga ever remained steadfast and true, doing his very best for the perishing souls around him. These, then, were the circumstances under which Tiyo Soga returned to his native land as an accredited preacher of the Gospel.

CHAPTER X.

IN LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT.

IN grace, as in Nature, God's work is progressive, and in spite of the apparent slowness of the work, the blessed harvest comes to those who faithfully work, and pray, and wait. To the missionaries who were called to labour in South Africa under such disappointing and disadvantageous circumstances as previously related, it was stimulating to know that the pillar of God's providence moves on, and that there can be no such thing as failure to those who obediently follow. This conviction became more and more real and deep to the faithful workers and patient hearts in Kafirland.

The labours of Tiyo Soga and his brother missionary, Mr. Johnston, had now begun in right good earnest. The changes that had taken place through the ravages of the late war were, however, very saddening and depressing. But the despised native members of the United Presbyterian Mission had providentially found a temporary resting-place at Peelton, and the converts belonging to the former mission stations of Chumie, Uniondale, and Iqibigha, had all congregated there, waiting for the return of their own missionaries. Tiyo Soga says: "Our arrival, therefore, caused unspeakable joy. Hitherto it had been a night of sorrow and weeping, but our coming once more cheered their drooping hearts, and ushered in the dawn of a brighter day. It was an

indication of our Church's continued interest in their well-being.

"We had heard ere we reached Peelton that there was a likelihood of at least the greater part of these people going with the missionaries to Mgwali. With the view of ascertaining the general feeling, one of the first things we did was to convene the heads of families, who almost unanimously resolved to follow the fortunes of the Mission. So long as there had been even the faintest hope of the ultimate resumption of the Mission, they had not looked upon any of the places in which they had taken refuge as their home. This was not owing to restlessness of disposition or partisanship. They did not complain of discomfort in their outward circumstances. The foundation of the strong desire which they all along manifested, to have our mission revived, was their love of home. They loved other missions, inasmuch as they recognised the grand object which they sought to realise; but none possessed the interest of that mission of which they had long been accustomed to look upon themselves as the offspring. They were most unwilling, therefore, to abandon the hope of having their home restored in the restoration of their mission and missionaries."

Tiyo Soga continues: "I found my friends, in the good providence of God, all well, and very few changes among them. My good old mother is getting very aged and feeble, so is my father, though he still retains the wild fire of the Kafir. How they rejoiced to see me again! I am glad to say that I have not realised the truth of the proverb, 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house.' I thank God for this."

It so happened that a site for a mission station had already been secured, as well as the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Kafiraria, and Sandilli, the Gaika chief, at the Mgwali stream, about thirty

miles beyond King William's Town. The young missionaries, therefore, had only to obtain the approval of His Excellency, the Governor, to proceed to their new sphere of labour.

Accompanied by the Hon. Charles Brownlee, they reached the Mgwali on the 11th of September, 1857. The district was depopulated in consequence of the famine, and had not the native converts connected with the United Presbyterian Mission followed and created the nucleus of a population, they would have set out on a fruitless errand. It was indeed a day of "small things," but the missionaries were not easily disheartened. They saw that the state of the Gaika tribe had reached its lowest ebb, and with the few faithful followers around them, they dimly discerned the first ripple of the inward flow of the tide, and that soon the strong current would set in.

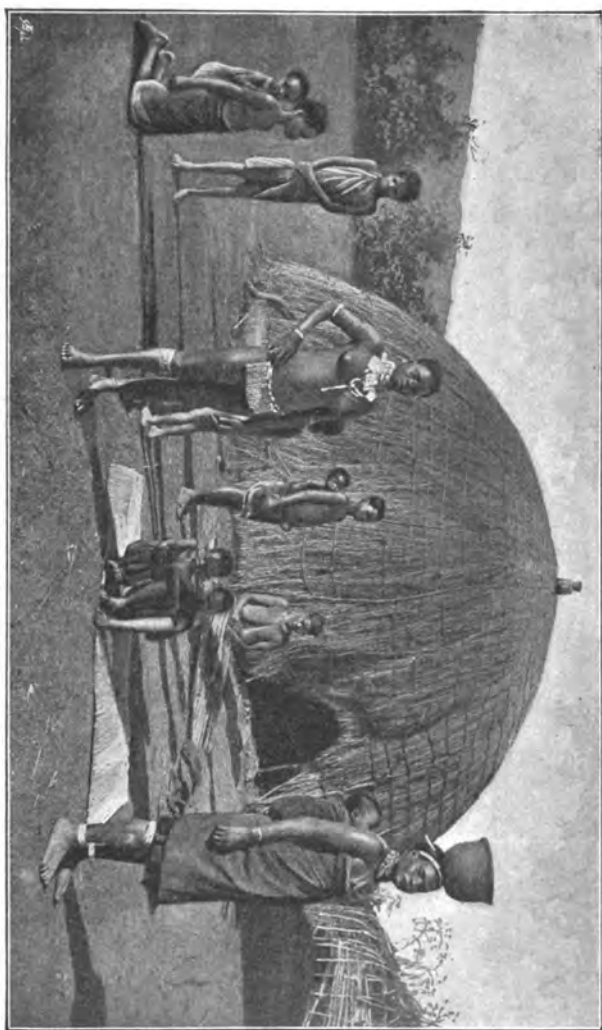
Tiyo Soga, filled with gratitude, says: "It was with no ordinary feelings of joy and gratitude that we reached the place towards which our eyes had been directed ever since we left Scotland. To the Kafir the Mgwali is a land of milk and corn, and certainly to our eyes it gave the promise of abundance of the good things of this life. The site of the station commands an extensive view of the whole valley, and the place, though devoid of wood, is by no means unpleasant to the eye. In consequence of the depopulation of the country there is at present not one inhabitant in the Mgwali. Its solitariness conveys very melancholy feelings to the mind; but there is not the slightest doubt that when the Kafirs have improved their means in the places to which they have gone because of the famine, they will return to this favourite spot."

Tiyo Soga and his missionary companion, Mr. Johnston, received very great encouragement at the very threshold of their mission from the Gaika chief, Sandilli. Seeing in the son of one of his councillors

to what civilisation his people can be brought, Sandilli there and then, with that impulsiveness so peculiar to him, requested the missionaries "to take and educate his eldest four children."

The Mgwali station, however, was not established without those engaged in the work having their full share of difficulties and disappointments. The missionaries, with their own hands, assisted in the erection of the first mission house, which was built of rough poles and sods. Whilst they contentedly accommodated themselves to the novel circumstances of their African missionary life, alternately preaching and building, the number of the inhabitants gradually increased by the influx of emaciated Gaikas pitifully begging for food. They accordingly appealed to the home Church for pecuniary aid to purchase food for the starving men, women, and children. The appeal was responded to, and to their already accumulating duties was added that of being purveyors to the famishing Kafirs. Tiyo Soga in his Diary says: "Mr. Johnston and I have purchased corn to assist some of these starving creatures, and, unless we had done so, we could not have commenced operations. The assistance rendered is not always gratuitous. What we give to the station people will be returned by them in corn or in money when their circumstances improve. What we dole out to the heathen famishing Kafirs is in return for grass to thatch our temporary houses and church, or as payment for some light necessary work. But there are others so utterly weak as to be unable to do any manual labour, and these we are obliged to ration gratuitously."

Unforeseen difficulties again arose on account of the policy of the Government being against the concentration of any people, other than the families connected with the Mission, at the Mgwali. It was, therefore, deemed necessary to have an interview with His Excellency the Governor on his arrival at



A KAFIR KRAAL, UNCIVILISED.

King William's Town. The missionaries were favoured with an easy and agreeable interview with the Governor. Tiyo Soga says: "With regard to our occupation of the Mgwali as a mission station, he stated that there was no objection whatever, provided it was a spot eligible as a site for one of the villages which His Excellency informed us he intended to establish throughout Kafirland. His Excellency further stated, that if the place fulfilled the conditions, those who desired to come to the station might do so without hindrance." The pleadings and explanations of Tiyo Soga fully satisfied the demands of His Excellency, and the young missionaries then proceeded to erect a house for the worship of God.

"It is now seven months," writes Tiyo Soga, on the 19th of April, 1858, "since we came to this place, and this is what we have done. We have built two small cottages for ourselves. Our manses have the following apartments: one bed-room, one parlour (rather a dignified name, however), one very small store-room, and a kitchen. Although we engaged a carpenter to erect them, we had to put our hands to the work. You would not covet them. But, of course, they must do for missionaries, and I assure you we are thankful, and think them luxurious. Up till within the last two weeks we were engaged in the erection of our little church. It is made of 'wattle and daub.' The carpenter suddenly disappeared ere it was completed, and we were left in an awkward predicament. At last, however, we resolved to make the best of it ourselves. Brother Johnston was the painter, and your humble servant the glazier. But, as practice and perseverance make perfection, I had the satisfaction of seeing the work succeed."

The church was duly opened with special services, and the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. It was a day of deep interest, for it awakened hallowed associa-

tions of the past, and recalled the memories of those who once joined them, but were now sleeping their last long sleep. The whole scene was deeply solemn, devout, and impressive. The Mgwali station was now fairly established, with Tiyo Soga and Mr. Johnston as the spiritual guides and pastors.

The following extracts from a letter written by Tiyo Soga to the Rev. T. C. Finlayson, describes how the greater work to which he had devoted his life was being carried on: "To commence with the Sabbath. In the morning at sunrise there is, preparatory to the service of the day, a general prayer-meeting, at which the missionaries simply preside, and the devotional exercises are conducted by the elders and members of the church. At nine o'clock we meet with our class of catechumens. At ten o'clock the first service of the day commences, which is conducted by Brother Johnston and myself alternately. At half-past eleven, when the church comes out, our Sabbath school meets, and is conducted by the elders, who are four excellent pious men. At half-past twelve o'clock there is another public service. After three o'clock we have our English service. This closes the public services of the Sabbath. During the week we have a service for praise, prayer, and reading the Word every morning at sunrise. Monday is a free day, with the exception of this devotional meeting. On Tuesday, we visit our outstation, eight miles distant; we travel there on horseback. Wednesday, in the forenoon of this day we visit among the people at the station and near neighbourhood. In the evening we have a general prayer-meeting. Thursday is another of our itinerating days. In the evening conduct a class of adult pupils. Friday is a free day. Saturday is devoted to mutual improvement. On one Saturday we read some portion of Hebrew and Gibbon, and on the other Neander's 'Church History.'"

The foregoing gives a fair idea of the special duties of these missionaries on the Mgwali Mission Station.

Tiyo Soga also tells us that he was for eight days laid aside by an accident, which nearly deprived him of his eyesight, and, one may also say, of his life. He had brought from Glasgow some liquid glue, whose properties for mending everything were highly extolled by one of his friends. Having partly filled a pan with warm water, he put into it the stone bottle containing the glue, to prepare it for use. In his absence the bottle was removed from the pan and placed upon the heated stove. When about to begin the mending operations, and on removing the cork, there was a loud explosion, and the ignited glue was discharged over his face. He was very soon covered with flame, and, to make matters worse, the flame had reached the thatch roof of the kitchen. Fortunately, there was a tub filled with water close at hand, and casting the water vigorously and repeatedly upon the flame, he saved both himself and the house. In writing of this providential deliverance, Tiyo Soga says: "There are one or two circumstances connected with this accident which shows how kind our Father in heaven is, and how He provides beforehand for our safety. That tub was never before in the kitchen with water; and when I asked the girl how it was she had filled it, she replied that she really could not assign any reason for doing so. To fill it must have been no easy task, for it is a very large one. Had the water not been there, very likely I would have rushed to the river, and perhaps have reached it only to perish. Then the house must have been consumed by the flames. Fortunately, there was hardly a breath of wind that night, otherwise my efforts to extinguish the flames would have been fruitless. Gratefully do I attribute this deliverance to Him who has the issues of life and death."

CHAPTER XI.

JOYS OF MISSION WORK.

FOR many long months Tiyo Soga laboured within the church and beyond it, on week-day and Sunday, at evening classes and in Kafir kraals, without any apparent results. It was a comparatively easy matter to build sod houses and churches, but Tiyo Soga found, like every other missionary, that the true work was much more difficult to build up, consolidate, and make visible.

Accordingly, we find Mr. Johnston referring to the first-fruits of their work as follows: "For nearly two years we have sown the seed of Divine truth at the Mgwali, and now we have gathered the first-fruits. On the first Sabbath in April we admitted two young men and one young woman into the Church of Christ, after which they were united with us in observing the great ordinance of the Christian Church. It was a joyful day at Mgwali. These young persons have been members of our candidates' classes since we came to the Mgwali, and have given us great satisfaction by their consistent conduct, and by their clear understanding of the doctrines of our faith. They have been selected from a class of twenty-two candidates, and we hope to feel warranted in a few months to introduce five others into Christian fellowship. The spirit of all grace we trust, has been very visibly amongst us. We have earnestly thanked God and taken courage."

Tiyo Soga is also greatly encouraged by his countrymen being brought to the knowledge of the truth. "The dispersion of the Kafirs," he says, "by the late famine, has in many places produced its moral fruits to the praise of His name, who has the ordering of all events for the promotion of His glory and the everlasting good of men." In speaking of several instances of God's wonderful dealings with the people, Tiyo Soga remarks: "I desire always to be cautious in reporting those who are apparently under religious impressions; I do not wish to raise expectations in the hearts of God's people, which may not be fully realised."

The population on the Mission Station gradually increased, until, in 1859, Tiyo Soga was able to record the fact that nearly 4000 had located themselves around the Mgwali. Out-stations were established, the eldership was increased, a systematic itineracy was carried on, the prospect was brightening, and the most fondly cherished hopes were being gradually, but steadily, realised.

The itinerating work of Tiyo Soga became increasingly arduous and difficult. A single tour would sometimes extend over three days; but the numerous opportunities thus afforded of proclaiming the message of life to men who were in very destitute circumstances spiritually and physically made the task a most enjoyable one. "They heard us willingly," says Tiyo Soga.

The following extract from his Journal records the death of one of the members of his church, and shows the marvellous power of the Gospel. "Dukwana, one of our elders, has lately lost his wife. A happier end I have never seen. After speaking and engaging in prayer with her, she said she wished to say something with reference to her illness. She then said she felt herself getting weaker every day, but that everything had been done which possibly could be

done for her. 'I have already,' she said, 'given myself to the Lord in believing. I have given myself over to Him, and am entirely waiting His will. If I live it is well; if I die it is well.'

"On the 9th of August, 1859, at half-past one o'clock, Notasse, Dukwana's wife, departed this life. I was witness of the last conflict with the last enemy, and I bless God that I was there. From the previous night till within half-an-hour before she died, she had been insensible. Suddenly there was a remarkable, short, lucid interval, and her last words were spoken to me during the brief interval of consciousness. For a minute or two we could not understand what she said; we only heard the name of God uttered distinctly. Then she said in a low whisper, which produced the stillness of death itself among all present: 'Tell me who that person is that is speaking?' 'The teacher,' was the reply. 'Who? Tiyo?' she inquired again. 'Come and let me salute you, my teacher; I was hitherto waiting for you.' She never uttered a syllable more on earth. I pressed her cold hand in mine.

"In half-an-hour after she calmly and peacefully fell asleep. A greater pattern of simple, unwavering faith in the Lord Jesus, of patient, uncomplaining suffering, it has never been my privilege to witness. One of the grandest arguments for the adaptability of the Gospel to the spiritual wants of all men is, that it produces the same blessed fruits of faith, love, comfort, joy, and peace, in the savage and untutored, which it produces in the civilised and learned."

The faithful work of Tiyo Soga in the mission field now began to make itself felt beyond the range of his own immediate neighbourhood. His praise was in all the churches, and he was repeatedly invited to preach in the Colony, at church openings, and at the anniversaries of some European congregations.

In a letter written by Tiyo Soga to a brother

minister, he says: "I have met with a reception in this Colony which, as I did not expect it, has truly astonished me. I have preached to crowded congregations in Port Elizabeth, Uitenhage, Grahamstown, Bedford, Alice, and King William's Town."

These occasional visits to the colonial churches had a two-fold influence for good. They shook, if they did not altogether dissipate, that feeling which made him imagine that colonists generally were hostile to him; being, as he characterised them, "prejudiced and critical white men." They likewise secured an intimacy with men who learned to love and respect him on being brought into close contact with him.

The only glimpse we get at this time into Tiyo Soga's domestic life is the announcement to a friend of the birth of his eldest child on the 5th of January, 1858, and in doing so he writes that "the son is as noble a specimen of young humanity as I could wish to see. The little fellow is thriving amazingly. With reference to mother and child, I may gratefully say, 'The Lord hath been mindful of me.' I have named my infant son William Anderson, after my friend the doctor and his lamented son. May he inherit the virtues and the genius of both." Some months later, in writing to a friend in Scotland, he says:—"Were you to see my young William Anderson, full of youthful spirits and making us laugh for very joy, you would, I think, be tempted to cut short your deliberations and speculations. The youth is very well, and some day, if God spares him, you may see him in Scotland. If this should take place I am sure you will be kind to him for his father's sake."

In the year 1859 Tiyo Soga's fellow-labourer, Mr. Johnston, received and accepted a call to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Grahamstown. Tiyo

Soga felt this removal very keenly at first and regarded it as a great loss to the Mission, to the Gaikas, and to the station. He now entered single-handed into his arduous labours, and, although somewhat depressed in spirits, yet he worked on faithfully, earnestly, and perseveringly, assured that God would help him in the future as in the past, of his missionary career.

CHAPTER XII.

TIVO'S AGGRESSIVE WORK.

TIYO SOGA believed most heartily and implicitly in the injunction of Scripture which says: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

The whole responsibility of the Mission Station was now on his shoulders. In addition to the Mgwali Station there was also a number of Fingoes, who had located themselves in the neighbourhood, thus increasing the care and anxiety of this solitary Kafir missionary. Under his faithful ministrations the little mission church became too small, and the problem arose as to how to accommodate the growing numbers who were anxious to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. The building, too, had become somewhat dilapidated, and required replastering after every soaking rain or short thunderstorm. The seats were hard and uncomfortable, the ventilation wretched, and on a hot sultry day it required a large amount of patience and perseverance to preserve the spirit of devotion. Tiyo Soga's letters written towards the end of the year 1859, are full of details as to the various steps adopted for obtaining a new building. He also speaks of the assistance which he received from men of all classes, and the unwearied self-denial which he exercised towards its erection.

He first of all endeavoured to arouse his own people to a sense of their duty, but his efforts were not very successful. As previously related the famine had left the people in great poverty, and then they had not been trained to do much towards the support of mission work. Tiyo Soga now began to realise more fully than ever that his only hope lay in an appeal to the Colonists. An appeal was therefore made at Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth. His reception far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and Christian men throughout the Colony rendered him the most generous assistance. On the 1st of November, 1859, he writes :—"Our Sabbath meetings are splendid, and it would do your heart good to see them. Our little church, constructed to contain two hundred people, was lately enlarged in order to accommodate fifty or sixty more, and still it is too small. The Mgwali is now a large station, and is constantly getting accessions to its numbers. I think that I have now found my way into the hearts of our people, and thank God.

"The state of the heathen around is very interesting. The Kafirs, my own countrymen, are still careless, and manifest only outward respect for the Word. But my greatest source of encouragement in labouring among the heathen is from the Fingoes. With few exceptions, they manifest a docility and willingness to hear the Gospel. The largest number of the heathen who attend the Sabbath services are Fingoes. Most of the Fingoes manifest a very pleasing regard for the Lord's Day. They abstain from work; some of them, indeed, plume themselves a good deal on their observance of the 'Great Day,' as the Sabbath is generally called by them and the Kafirs."

It now became an urgent necessity to erect a more commodious place of worship. To show sincerity in this matter, Tiyo Soga resolved to get the people to

do something towards the furtherance of the object. A meeting was called to enlist the sympathies of those who were immediately concerned in the new project. It was necessary to stir up the people to a right appreciation of the Gospel privileges which they enjoyed, to enlighten them on the duties associated with such privileges, and also to commence a monthly subscription towards the erection of a more commodious place of worship. The speeches at this meeting, like all Kafir oratory, abounded in expressions of thanks and in mutual counsel as to what ought to be done; but the result was not very gratifying, as, after much pressure, the sum only amounted to £13.

Still, the Kafir missionary was neither baffled nor discouraged. He was determined to raise £150, and resolved to appeal to the colonists. On the 8th of June, 1860, he describes how he pleaded his scheme in the Colony, stating that his object was to raise a building, which would cost £500, of which he desired to collect the sum of £150 by his own efforts, and then appeal to the Church at home for the balance. He was greatly encouraged by the venture, and returned home with a sum of money greater than he had ever hoped to raise, either by personal appeal or by his pen. At the end of his colonial tour, Tiyo Soga made the following entry in his Diary:—"The whole amount I have succeeded, through God's grace, in raising for our proposed church is £362."

The commencement of the building was duly made. Tiyo's one fond dream over past months was now beginning to shape itself into a reality. In a letter, dated the 23rd of July, 1861, he says: "After various unavoidable delays, the foundation of the Mission church at the Mgwali was this day laid by the Gaika Commissioner, Charles Brownlee, Esq. There were many spectators. After depositing the box containing the usual documents and the current coins in the stone underlying the foundation-stone, Mr. Brownlee

proceeded with the ceremony, and gave a most excellent address to the assembled people."

Up to this point the church-building enterprise of Tiyo Soga was a decided success. But, unfortunately, at the very time when the church was about to be built, European skilled labour was greatly in demand, and, consequently, increased in value. It then became evident that the cost of the building—which was to be constructed of stone and bricks—had been greatly under-estimated, and, to reduce by every possible means the cost, Tiyo Soga employed a bricklayer and carpenter, and engaged to supply all material and the labourers. He, however, had no experience in such matters, and knew nothing about the difficulty of providing a constant supply of materials, or how exacting those are who expect all things to be ready in a moment.

Moreover, his inexperience led him to be frequently imposed upon by his own countrymen. One of the letters which conveyed the intelligence that the church building had begun, announced the fact that physically he was incapable for the work he had assumed. It was zealous, but not prudent, for Tiyo Soga, with infirm health, to enter upon such a task; and the innumerable daily worries struck the disease from which he was suffering still deeper into his already fragile frame. As the work advanced, Tiyo became gradually alive to the fact that the cost of the new church would far exceed the funds at his disposal, and accordingly he drew up an appeal to his clerical and other friends in Britain, soliciting contributions to defray the expenses of the rising structure. He says:—"We are here engaged in a work for which I beg to solicit from you and your people a little aid. A church in the midst of a heathen population of between 4000 and 5000 is in course of construction. Its probable cost, when completed, will not be less than £800.

"The sum of £450, including travelling expenses, has been collected in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"The people of God here, emulating the liberal spirit of the Churches in Great Britain, came forward with ready hands and hearts, and they have largely contributed in aiding a church for their dark brethren. May this voice from the south not be heard in vain in Scotland, 'Come over and help us.'"

In the year 1860, when the Cape Colony was moved from one end to the other by the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Tiyo Soga resolved to visit Cape Town. "Some Christian friends," he says, "whose aid I was soliciting at Port Elizabeth, said to me, most emphatically, 'Go to Cape Town; Cape Town is the place!' I could not then act on their recommendation. God has, however, opened up an unexpected opportunity for visiting the Metropolis and for verifying the favourable predictions of the Christian friends in Port Elizabeth."

He goes on to describe how he had received an invitation from His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and that the one reason which prompted him to accept the invitation was the desire to plead on behalf of his new church, at the Mgwali. "Never," says Tiyo Soga, "were such excitement and enthusiasm witnessed anywhere as on the occasion of this Royal visit. Addresses poured in upon the Prince from both black and white.

"The Prince and Sir George Grey passed within a short distance of our station; and there I had the honour of reading an address of welcome from my people and from the people of the two Berlin missionary societies at the Döeline, twelve miles from my station. This address was most graciously received, and was answered by His Royal Highness. Sandilli, the chief, was present with a large body of his people.

"When the Prince started on his journey we formed an escort, and accompanied him for three miles, headed by Sandilli and Mr. Brownlee. Just as we

were leaving and returning, I received a request from the Prince and Sir George Grey to accompany Sandilli and Mr. Brownlee to Cape Town. With two of my elders, Dukwana and Festiri, and eight councillors of Sandilli, we accompanied the chief and the Gaika Commissioner to Cape Town on board the *Euryalus*, the Prince's ship."

After a somewhat boisterous voyage and very adverse winds, the journey occupying nine days from Natal, Tiyo Soga arrived at Cape Town on Saturday, the 15th of September. His mission proved eminently successful, for he collected £163 towards the building of the church; and in addition, some Christian friends came forward as annual subscribers. In writing to a friend, Tiyo Soga says: "A most difficult matter now falls to be mentioned, and I shall do it with all frankness. Sir George Grey, when the Prince had made particular inquiries about my mission and its prospects, said that he must give me every encouragement he could. He therefore gave through the Kafrarian Government £50 towards the church and school at the Mgwali. I did not ask for the money. It was given voluntarily, and he seemed to know my position as belonging to a Society which does not receive State aid, for in giving it he said my position was a peculiar one, and one which he thought should meet with encouragement from all.

"When we parted from His Royal Highness, he presented me with the most beautifully bound Bible I have ever seen here or in Scotland, with autograph inscribed. People think that I am highly honoured by such a noble gift. I highly value it. And what shall I say in admiration of the noble qualities of the second son of our beloved Queen? My loyalty now knows no bounds! I speak as a man and a minister."

At length, on the 15th of June, 1862, the church

for which Tiyo Soga had travelled so much and pleaded so eloquently, in the erection of which he exercised so much self-denial, and which had formed the subject of his most earnest prayers at the throne of grace, was opened for the public worship of God. That day is one long to be remembered by all who were present. The annals of the Gaika history do not furnish a more interesting event than that on which the friends of the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race assembled at the Mgwali to congratulate Tiyo Soga on the successful accomplishment of his work.

Special sermons were preached on the Sunday by well-known and remarkable men in the Kafir mission field. On Wednesday, the 18th of June, there was a great public meeting, presided over by the Gaika Commissioner. The report read on the occasion shows that the church cost £1464, 14s. 6d.; that the money collected amounted to £1113, 2s. 2d., of which Tiyo Soga had raised, by his own efforts, £600; and that there remained upon the building a debt of £350.

In giving a detailed report of the opening services to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, Tiyo Soga says:—

“The Mgwali church, then, is completed. This is a reality, and it has the reputation of being the most commodious, and substantial, and the neatest native church in British Kafraria. The church has already been blessed. It has been the spiritual birthplace of fourteen souls, received into the fellowship of the Church since its opening. Its gates have been opened to worshippers; it is filled already with a motley assembly of heathen and Christian natives.”

If ever a church was built with a sincere and honest aim to save souls and glorify the great Master Builder, it was the Mgwali Church, which, as long as it stands, will remain a monument, not of the architectural skill, but of the unwearied self-sacrifice of Tiyo Soga, its first minister.

CHAPTER XIII.

TIYO'S SUCCESSFUL MINISTRY.

LIKE many other reformers in the mission field, Tiyo Soga hoped for a quicker and more satisfactory return for his devoted labours; but as the months went on he learned as others had learned before, that God had greater designs in view than any which came within his human calculations.

He nevertheless continued diligent and earnest. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord," whilst the church was gradually rising on its foundations, Tiyo Soga was not so wholly absorbed in its erection as to neglect the true work of a missionary. He was a man with a very little leisure for any outside work, or even what may be deemed necessary recreation. What with his quarrying, brickmaking, woodcutting, etc., for the church, the thousand and one other duties of the Mission Station, and his careful preparation to preach three times on the Sabbath, he had only a few spare moments for correspondence with his many friends in and outside the Cape Colony.

Tiyo Soga regarded the English service, which was for the benefit of Europeans at the Mgwali, as a labour of love; and although it entailed much additional work, he did not spare himself. It was a benefit to himself, for the weekly preparation of an English sermon prevented his total neglect of English composition.

This effort to provide for the wants of his European

neighbours was much appreciated. To them it was like an oasis in the desert; to himself it was both stimulating and encouraging.

Some interesting incidents of mission work and Kafir customs are recorded by him at this time, and as they deserve more than a passing notice, it is well to have them woven into the story of his life. The following gives the vague belief in a hereafter, as illustrated by the burial of a heathen Fingoe chief, at whose kraal stated religious services were held by the missionary. This chief had a great respect for the missionary and his message, was ever ready to collect his people for service, and was profuse in his expressions of welcome to Tiyo Soga when he made his stated visits to the village. Mhlana, however, was suddenly cut off by disease, and the missionary felt a genuine sorrow for the loss of this heathen chief, because he always manifested such a great and increasing interest in the Gospel which no other chief did. "As soon as the watchers around Mhlana perceived unmistakable signs of the approach of death, they commenced running off with some of the articles within the hut, whilst grief and consternation were strongly marked on their countenances. The excitement was quite as great as when people wish to save something from a burning house. The reason is that the house in which a person has died is by the heathen considered unclean, and is either pulled down or allowed to decay, or committed to the flames with all its contents. The things that were so eagerly carried out of the hut, ere they were rendered unclean by the presence of death, in all probability belonged to the wife of Mhlana.

"A few minutes thereafter, the chief drew his last breath. The men of the village immediately assembled, and held a private consultation about the funeral arrangements.

"The consultation of Mhlana's councillors resulted

in the selection of five principal men of their number 'to bury the chief.' This consists in swathing the corpse in his kaross, with the broad bands of the inner bark of the Mimosa, and then carrying the body to the grave and disposing of it in its last resting-place after their own curious fashion, amid the wild and vehement wailing of men and women to show their sense of the greatness of their loss."

After various performances on the part of those intrusted with the burial of the chief, an opening was made at the back of the hut for the body to be carried through. By this new opening the men entered and had the body bound up in a kaross. They then looked round the hut, and from the chief's personal effects selected a mat, which is a Kafir bed, a calabash, from which he drank his beer, an earthen vessel or basin in which he was wont to take his meals, a drinking-cup, and a tin mug. These all were to be buried with him. Most assuredly we have here distinct traces of a Kafir belief that the spirit required the use of these articles whither it had gone. The meaning of such ceremonials is unknown to them. "It is their usual custom," is all the explanation they can give.

"The grave was dug close to the cattle kraal, and paved with smooth stones. The body was afterwards laid in the grave, and then the man's personal effects were placed upon another layer of stones, as near to the corpse as possible. His eldest son was then called, a spade was handed to him, and he was instructed to take of the loose earth and cast it into the grave. He did this once. Other of his boys were also called and did the same. After them came an old woman—probably the chief's mother—and did as the lads had done; but she offered a prayer to the departed, and said, 'Thou must remember and look kindly upon me.' After several elderly persons had followed her example and all was finished, the people standing round the grave with one voice said, 'Hail Mhlana.'"

The mourning customs of the Kafirs are very pathetic. The loud sobbing, the broken sentences, make one feel full of deepest sympathy and compassion. Tiyo Soga could enter fully into the sorrows and griefs of his fellow-countrymen. He says: "The manifold griefs, sorrows, and pains to which this poor humanity of ours is subject in this well-named 'vale of tears,' came with melancholy reality to my mind on witnessing the grief of a dear friend. Here is a poor countryman of my own, with a heart torn, lacerated and bleeding from the fell blow of misfortune. I must see if I can soothe his troubled spirit.

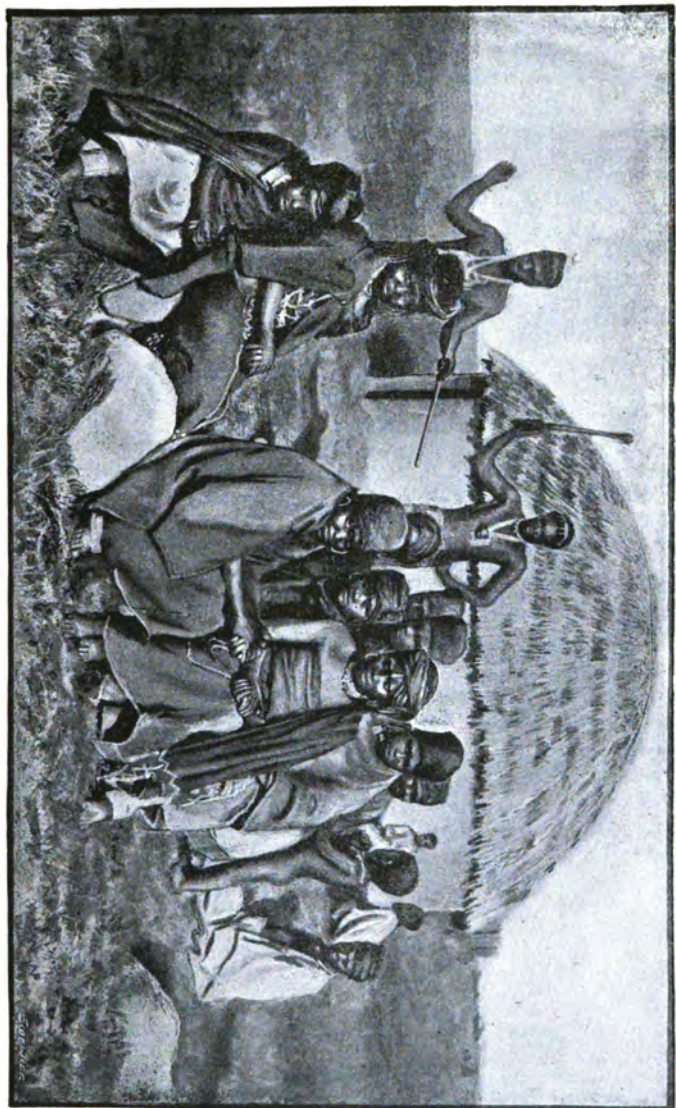
"Feeling as if I was an intruder upon his grief, I asked, in a very quiet and subdued way, 'What is the matter?' His friend replied, 'The matter is his griefs.' 'What griefs?' said I. 'Two months ago, within a short time of one another, he lost his two children and their mother, and though all that time had elapsed since they died, he cannot forget them, and will not be comforted!' I addressed myself to the disconsolate man, and assuring him of my sympathy and disinterestedness in coming out of my way to know the cause of his grief, I added, 'Had you, my dear friend, known God as Christians know Him, you would this day have been comforted in your sorrow. You would have known that His hand had thus laid you low, by taking your two children and their mother. You would have known that, even in such afflictions, He is kind, and sends them for our good. That would have comforted you and dried up your tears, and then you would have been cheered by the hopes which the Word gives to us of another and better country, to which our friends go when they leave us, and where, when we die, we shall also go, to meet with our friends and be happy with them for ever.'" "I poured into my friend's heart," says Tiyo Soga, "all the consolations I could command suited to his case, and preached the Gospel to him. I left him

somewhat composed. The impressions of that man's grief will not easily be obliterated from my mind."

Tiyo Soga was most assiduous in his itinerations, visiting the surrounding villages, embracing every opportunity of preaching the Gospel to his countrymen and conversing with them on spiritual things. The extracts from his Journal tell of most arduous duties performed, and of manifold blessings received. He went forth bearing precious seed.

One of his inquirers, named Catherine Tsamse, had a most triumphant and happy death. Tiyo Soga says, "She was a forward, outspoken girl, and, as I thought, had an ill-tempered disposition. But at her death all my ungenerous judgments were silenced. She spoke a good deal before she died, and comforted her sorrowing father and mother. Her replies to my questions regarding her state were very pleasing. In fact, I think we did injustice to the character of poor Catherine. An hour before her death I asked her if she was still looking steadfastly to Jesus. She answered, 'Yes.' Then, immediately ere the spirit took its flight, she called upon her parents to place her in a right position for dying, as she was now about to depart and go to her Father." This new sheaf gathered into the garner greatly encouraged and cheered Tiyo Soga in his efforts for the Master.

After he had returned from an itineration with Festiri and Tobe, he took the opportunity of preaching at Mahamba's kraal to twenty people. "This Mahamba is a Fingoe doctor, and a frank and intelligent fellow. He seldom passes the Station without favouring me," says Tiyo Soga, "with a call, and has often attended our Sabbath services with the men of his kraal. Mahamba says he likes to listen to the Word of God. This, I think, is not pretence or mere talk, to curry favour with the missionary. By way of introducing ourselves to the man, we made some inquiries about things in general. In the midst of



A KAFIR KRAAL, CIVILISED.

our inquiries he abruptly asked, 'And when are you going to speak to us about the Word of Jehovah, the Lord that died for us?' He then called his children together, and I had a long, good-natured argument with him on the false pretensions of native doctors and the truthfulness of our Christian religion." After a lengthy and somewhat interesting interview, Tiyo Soga was obliged to pass on from Mahamba to visit other parts of his wide and extensive diocese.

"Regarding my work," he says, "the more I reflect on its great responsibility, the more do I hesitate to say much about it. I feel, also, that we missionaries are in great danger of over-estimating and over-colouring the successes of our labours, in order to gratify friends at home who are interested in these labours. Nevertheless, up to this point, I have had to sing of mercies in the way of encouragement in the work. Discouragements I have had and still have, but I should wish to have pointed out to me a mission field where all is sunshine and prosperity.

"From amongst our membership there are now a good many who are the direct fruit of the Mgwali Mission; most of the candidates also are from the ranks of heathenism. May they be abundantly blessed of the Lord!"

Tiyo Soga's manse—which he had described in letters to Scotland as "the economical and comfortable erection"—was now beginning to get very dilapidated and unfit for habitation, on account of an unusual fall of rain. He says: "I have never seen anything to equal it. The dampness of the ground and atmosphere have superinduced colds, fevers, and severe influenza over the whole country. I regret to say that my people have suffered much. For nearly three months I have scarcely been free from cold, and soreness, and tightness of the chest. The incessant rains have also brought to a close the natural term of my low 'wattle and daub' house. The mud walls have been falling down through

the constant play of rain, and have revealed the thorough decay of the poles that bear up the roof. 'Wattle and daub' houses, unless protected by a verandah, do not last here beyond two years. Mine has stood longer, but I am now greatly uneasy about it."

And well he might have been. A friend, who saw him in this wretched, dingy dwelling, said: "It was most harrowing to his feelings to see such a man in such a miserable dwelling. The health of the strongest man would have succumbed from living under such a roof." Better for himself and for the Mission to which he belonged if he had spoken to his supporters earlier of his numerous needs, but his scrupulous reticence on that and other matters indicated the character of the man as instinctively recoiling from speaking of his own grievances until compelled by sheer necessity.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF AFFLICTION.

IT was a memorable day to Tiyo when the mournful tidings reached the Mgwali of the sudden and unexpected death of the good Prince Albert. Throughout Her Majesty's dominions no heart was more deeply moved than that of her Kafir subject Tiyo, the son of the Gaika councillor, Soga. His sympathy was very real and deep, and when the sorrowful news reached his station on the 8th of February, 1862, it was as if some cruel grief had extinguished one of the lights of his own dwelling.

The highly-strung temperament of Tiyo Soga rendered him peculiarly sensitive to the sorrows and afflictions of those around him. To him mission life was not all sunshine and ease, for he was so exquisitely sympathetic that he was easily cast down and disheartened.

He had often experienced that labour among a barbarous people like the Kafirs required a marvellous amount of patience and faithfulness to duty, to grapple with the varied and numerous discouragements.

New trials were now in store for Tiyo Soga, for no sooner did he congratulate himself upon the completion of the church building, than he encountered some very painful experiences. The peace and harmony which had been restored, and, to all appearances, thoroughly established on his Mission

Station, were now broken by shameless vice. His own countrymen vied with each other to vex and harass him.

In writing to a friend, he says: "I really do not know what to think of our young people. They seem to vie with one another in committing sin. I have had disappointment after disappointment. This year, 1862, if I live longer on earth, I shall ever have cause to remember in connection with the ordeals to which my feelings have been subjected and this is the bitterest of them all. We all lately more or less have had uncommon trials. It is, I think, high time that we had rest."

One of the trials was the great mortality at the Mgwali, which made the heathen suppose that it was an unhealthy station, and that, therefore, they should neither locate themselves near to it nor attend the house of God, lest they should fall victims to disease.

In a letter to Dr. Somerville, Tiyo Soga says: "My registry of deaths shows that no fewer than eight adults have died during the year. . . . Seven of the persons who died were professed members of the Church. . . . Nearly all of them died in the expressed hope of a glorious immortality."

A deep-rooted superstition whispered that these losses were occasioned by the presence of sorcerers at the station.

But there were sad shipwrecks of faith, which followed each other in rapid succession. He says: "I grieve to record that we have had two cases of serious backsliding. Both are under the extreme penalty of Church discipline; a third has been temporarily suspended."

At this time one of those trials, which cannot otherwise be characterised than periodical waves of vice, visited the Mgwali. There is a depth of moral degradation in the Kafir character which it is difficult to eradicate. The Kafir hut is a hotbed of iniquity,

and as long as that kind of dwelling exists, such evils will continue to check the progress of the Gospel. After his tenderest feelings had been lacerated by suspending one and another of the most promising church members during the week for the grossest immorality, he appeared in his pulpit on the Sunday, and with a pathos perhaps unequalled save by him who first uttered them, he preached from the words, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart: for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Scarcely had this trial subsided when another followed, which Tiyo fully described in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, on the 4th of March, 1863. "Another matter of painful recollection during the past year has been the conduct of some of our most hopeful youths, sons of members of the Church, who practised upon themselves the heathen rite of circumcision. They afterwards occupied a hut on the Station, where they lived together, and kept each other in countenance. There were six at first, and other four joined them. They went about in their blankets, and painted their bodies with white clay, which made them most repulsive-looking creatures. The whitewashing was simply a superfluous piece of heathenism, and showed that they wished to approach as nearly as possible to the observance of all the ceremonies of heathen circumcision.

"How to deal with these young men was a most perplexing matter. One great trial of missionaries is the difficulty of winning determined, blind, stubborn ignorance to reflection, reason, and conscience. Had I been able to accomplish it, I certainly should have dismissed the lads from the Station. Never having had to deal with such a difficult case, I knew not what course of action to adopt. My own views, as well as those of our Church, were against appealing

to civil authority to settle differences between a minister and his people; yet I could not stand on this point in dealing with ignorant lads who cared nothing for God's law. I felt that I must maintain order on the Station, or leave it.

"In this state of things, we addressed a letter to Mr. Brownlee, our magistrate, in which we stated that, whilst the principles of our Church were opposed to all Government interference betwixt ministers and their people, yet, as the conduct of these lads was a public nuisance, a violation of all order, and a disturbance of the peace of this Station, we felt compelled to call in his assistance, to put an end to this lawlessness. Mr. Brownlee at once complied with this request, and put into operation the regulation of the British Kafrarian Government against all such behaviour under penalty of imprisonment."

For a time matters seemed to go more smoothly and brightly, and in writing further of his experiences, he says: "I hope now to be able to look forward to the next year as comparatively free from the cares, anxieties, and sorrows of the last. The cares of my church have been very great during the past year."

But, alas! the conduct of these lads, as well as the attitude of the parents in conniving at their evil courses, preyed heavily upon Tiyo Soga. The discomforts of his house also considerably undermined his health, and towards the end of the year 1862 he was thoroughly prostrated.

It soon appeared that he was suffering from inflammation of the windpipe, with alternate fits of shivering and of fever. There was also a pain in the left side which irritated the cough. Other internal symptoms manifested themselves, and for six or eight weeks he was not allowed to use his voice in public, or even converse aloud, the state of his throat and body being such that the least thing would bring on decline.

In the midst of this illness, his second son, John Henderson, who in infancy had received an injury, now lost the proper use of one of his limbs. Tiyo Soga's anxiety was very great and distressing.

During these months of painful suspense, when he was crossed and harassed by some of the bitterest trials and by some of the darkest dispensations of Providence, we find in his private Journal some most pathetic cries of an earnest soul yearning after a closer union with God in Christ. These depressing experiences drove him to seek comfort from his Saviour; his trials led him to the throne of Grace and to the searching of his own heart. He had known in early childhood that at the footstool of God's throne, true help could be found. His was a constant yearning after God and holiness.

Tiyo Soga stood alone and apart from all his countrymen. Men wondered what had made him so different from his fellows. "On coming into contact with him," says one of his fellow-labourers, "a short conversation revealed that something specially distinguished him from all other Kafirs. It was not his education; although that was apparent. It was not the polish which civilisation had given him. Nor was it the fact that he was the teacher of others. We have the mystery solved in the strong cries which he penned in his Journal as he stood face to face with the unseen but ever-present Spirit of all good, pouring out the inmost secret of his being with a pathos and sincerity that made him strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

THE darkness of the night of affliction and trial had now almost passed away, and the dawn, with all its beauty and magnificence, could be seen in the dim distance.

Tiyo Soga now felt the warmth and glow of the Divine favour resting on him, and his soul was filled with peace and praise. The promise, "I am with you alway," was his stay and comfort.

When the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church was informed of Tiyo's impaired state of health, they immediately proved their anxious solicitude on his behalf by relieving him from all active mission work, and authorising him, as friends had advised, to take several months' furlough, and proceed to the drier region north of the Orange River.

He set out on his journey on horseback on the 13th of June, 1863, accompanied by two of his elders. In his travels he first visited the Mission Station of the Moravian Brethren in the Queenstown district, and was cordially welcomed. His name was a sufficient passport.

From the Moravian Station Tiyo passed on to the Wesleyan Stations of Lesseyton and Glen Grey. Of the former place he writes:—"There is here an industrial school attended by twenty-eight youths

who are taught various trades, such as shoe-making, carpentry, masonry, etc. Several have already gone forth as full-fledged journeymen. The lads read English well, and write and cipher tolerably. I was greatly pleased with the Sabbath school. Altogether



MOSHESH, THE BASUTO CHIEF.

they are in advance of any native Christians I have seen."

He then crossed the Stormberg, where he "saw ice half-an-inch thick, and icicles as thick as an infant's arm." From thence, after great difficulty, he reached

Basutoland, where he was warmly welcomed and shown every kindness and consideration.

Tiyo very reluctantly retraced his steps homeward from Basutoland, after having seen only one Wesleyan Mission Station and two belonging to the French Society in that country, and also without having visited the Old Man of the Mountain, the great Basuto chief, Moshesh, whom he was anxious to see.

On the 7th of August, 1863, he writes to a friend : " It is nearly three weeks since I returned from beyond the Orange River. The trip did me good physically. I am now stronger and in better health. I was well during my journey, and the weather was remarkably favourable. We had not one bad day. The French Mission Stations were somewhat disappointing. The Christian natives are much behind ours even in outward things. The kindness of the Mission Board during my late illness, and their liberality in providing means for recruiting and strengthening my health, are altogether beyond what I had reason to expect. I am deeply moved by the kindness of my directors. May the Lord give me grace so to act as more and more to deserve their esteem and kindness."

Another noteworthy event during 1863 was the first anniversary celebration of the opening of the Mgwali Church. This was held in September. Tiyo writes :—" In June, when the anniversary fell due, I took a journey to Basutoland to recruit my health. The services, though well attended and efficiently conducted by missionaries of other denominations, were by no means equal in interest to those at the opening. Nor was such liberality manifested by the people. At the conclusion of the public meeting on the Tuesday, the debt, which amounted to £361, was reduced to £83, and will, I trust, be swept away by the end of the year." After mentioning the names of several generous donors to the fund from Scotland, he goes on to say that " nothing, apart from the consola-

tions of the Gospel, has more kept me from disquieting fears, when the cost of the building grew upon me, than the regularity with which these subscriptions from Scotland arrived, month after month, until all was completed. Nor have these friends ceased helping us towards the liquidation of our debt. I tender to all of them my unceasing thanks for their sympathy and co-operation." It was always a pleasure to God's children, both in England and the Colony, to render practical sympathy and help to Tiyo Soga. He was so full of gratitude for the least kindness that it became a means of grace to co-operate with him in the Lord's work.

When it was fully represented to the Mission Board of the Home Church that Tiyo Soga was living in a wattle and daub cottage, which was fast crumbling to decay, he was at once authorised to build a more substantial and comfortable dwelling. In writing to his friend Mr. Johnston, on the 6th of July, 1863, he says: "I am on the eve of commencing my house. I have not yet heard directly or officially from the Board, but I believe they have made a grant of £650 for the purpose. Like a burnt child I dread the prospect of having more to do with bricks and mortar. It is now impossible for me to undertake such cares without great anxiety; yet I am trying to act upon your kind advice, not so much because of my usefulness to the church—as I have a very poor and humble estimate of that—but as I fear from a concern for my family." He saw the house finished within that year, and he tells us: "I took possession of the new mission-house at the Mgwali on the 22nd of December, 1863. The building of it took three months and nine days. . . . We are now without a school-house. The rains brought our old church to its close. For nearly two months there has been no week-day school, nor can there be any until a hut is erected which may temporarily serve the purpose."

In the year 1864 a second Mission Station was

established among the Gaikas at the Thomas River. It had long been the earnest desire and prayer of Tiyo Soga that a mission should be established at this place, among the remnants of the late Tyali's tribe, among whom the missionaries of the Chumie had formerly laboured. His fond hopes were at length realised.

In the record of this important event Tiyo says:—
“My old father, Soga, followed the Gaika Commissioner, and with a short speech of singular neatness and appropriateness, delighted us all. I could not help noticing in the speech of my old father, as I have done twice before, although I have never mentioned it, the singular affection he cherished for Mr. Brownlee, in token of his genuine gratitude and his high appreciation of the services which he rendered to the Kafir nation, especially during the cattle-killing, and in the conclusion of his speech he called upon the people to return thanks to the chief Brownlee for bringing them a teacher. Several speeches followed. The Thomas River Mission Station was founded, and in a way that leaves no room to doubt that the Lord has marked the place to set His name there. It forms another centre of light in the night of surrounding heathen darkness.”

The Rev. Dr. Duff, in his report on missionary enterprise in South Africa, writes on the 15th of August, 1864:—“Having, in the course of my journeyings through South Africa, purposely turned aside to visit the Kafrarian Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, I deem it at once a duty and a privilege to bear emphatic testimony in their favour.

“The difficulties and obstacles in the way of successfully conducting such a mission are of a totally different kind from those which we have to encounter in India. Nevertheless, they are in the aggregate of a very formidable description, and the men who have to face them have very special claims on the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

“For the last thirty-five years I have regarded it as merely a truism, that while the Gospel must be introduced into a heathen land by foreign agents, it is by native agents that it must be propagated, so as to reach and pervade the masses of the people.

“In order to insure a race of qualified native agents, common-sense and experience dictate that substantially the same means must be employed which are found necessary in raising up teachers, preachers, and ordained ministers in Christian lands: Now, it so happens, in the good providence of God, that to the United Presbyterian Church belongs the honour of having in its service the first native Kafir who has ever been ordained to the ministry of the Gospel, in the person of the Rev. Tiyo Soga. It was, therefore, with me a matter of intense desire to visit the Station of this native minister, and confer with him face to face. And this desire was, if possible, still further intensified by the consideration that in the training of this truly excellent man the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Church—as if in anticipation of a future blessed union—had actually contributed each its due share. The early education which fitted him for receiving the higher theological training in Scotland, was obtained in the Lovedale Seminary of the Free Church in British Kafiraria.

“Never can I forget the joy which thrilled through my soul on first meeting with the first native Kafir ordained minister of the everlasting Gospel, in his own comfortable manse, close to a spacious and well-fitted-up church, and surrounded by Kafir kraals, partly Christian and partly heathen. It was altogether a spectacle which I felt it was worth while travelling all the way from Cape Town to witness.

“The pleasure was enhanced when, on the following day, I found a goodly number of the native Christians, male and female, assembled in the church, in decent attire, and manifesting all the decorum and propriety

of an audience in the long Christianised British Isles. On the same occasion were assembled the boys of two schools and the pupils of the Central Girls' School. . . . All of these were examined on the subjects of their respective studies, and showed that the foundations of a good elementary education were laid. It is to be hoped that means will be found for raising the more capable or select few to a higher standard. . . . I am bound to add that throughout the whole of South Africa I found no mission station conducted in a more orderly, vigorous, systematic way, than that of my admirable friend and brother, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, the native Kafir ordained minister of the Mgwali."

The year 1864 witnessed the extinction of the debt on the Mgwali Church, mainly through the kind and generous gifts of Christian friends in Scotland. In the same year a commodious school-house was built. Although there was scarcely a person upon the Station who did not put forth a hand to assist in the building, and although it was entirely the work of native skill and labour, still the erection of it cost the missionary no small amount of trouble and anxiety in urging the people to be prompt and active in their exertions.

Rather than see the undertaking prove a failure, and be further indebted to the Mission Board and to friends of the Mission in Scotland, Tiyo Soga exercised great self-denial to contribute out of his own small salary towards that school-house, the total cost of which was estimated at £90 sterling.

The heart of Tiyo Soga was greatly cheered by an accession to the missionary staff in the year 1864. The general state of his work was also more promising, and the moral tone of the membership, which now numbered 138, was more satisfactory. "Yet I am obliged to confess," he says, "that I am not altogether pleased with the signs of Christian vitality

among our people. I would wish to see the fruits of love, earnestness, activity, and zeal more apparent among them. I feel that their progress in spiritual things is not in proportion to the means of grace which they enjoy; and yet there are sufficient tokens to encourage me to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

CHAPTER XVI.

EXTENDING MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

THE rapid change in the circumstances and habits of the people of Kafraria were not less surprising than valuable, as all will admit who consider their character prior to the residence of Tiyo Soga and the other missionaries amongst them.

Before the events recorded in the previous chapter took place, the missionaries of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches resolved to extend their missions. It was, therefore, arranged that several of their number should pay a visit to the chief, Kreli, who was then an exile beyond the Mbashee river, to ascertain if there was any prospect of establishing mission stations among his people, the Galeka tribe. This chief had forfeited the rich and fertile country which he formerly owned, owing to the prominent part which he had taken in the destruction of the Kafir nation. The deputation became the more influential by the unexpected accompaniment of Mr. Brownlee, the Gaika Commissioner, and of the Rev. Dr. James Stewart, then on his way homewards from his important mission to the Zambesi.

"At that time," we are told, "the whole country between the Kei and the Mbashee, which the Galekas formerly occupied, was a desolate, weary wilderness, without an inhabitant. The grass, uncropped by cattle, was most luxuriant. On the site of the Galeka

villages were heaps of snow-white bones of cattle which had been sacrificed to a falsehood. By the wayside, and bleached by sunshine and rain, were the scattered fragments of men and women, who had died on their way to the Colony for food. What a striking contrast was the land beyond the Mbashee to the oppressive loneliness of the wilderness just traversed. The whole country was dotted with small villages as far as the eye could see, tier above tier of Kafir huts on every hill-side, and so placed as to be a sort of watch-tower for observing the approach of the white men, whom the Galekas had dreaded ever since Kreli was obliged to cross the river with its singularly serpentine course.

"On the night before the travellers entered the country occupied by Kreli, they halted on the banks of the Mbashee river. Spies repeatedly and stealthily crossed to the encampment of the jaded travellers, to ascertain from the attendants the character of the imposing cavalcade, whose approach had filled them with alarm.

"The most striking feature of the country beyond the river was the density of the population; every kloof and knoll seemed swarming with human beings. The travellers found the Galekas as much absorbed with pleasure as if no calamity had ever befallen them. The heir-apparent to the Galeka chieftainship had that year been circumcised, and the whole tribe gave itself up to the usual revelry that accompanies this important event. At the chief's village there was an immense assemblage to witness the dancing of the young chief and his one hundred compeers who were to form his future body-guard. For a whole day the travellers were treated to the deafening howl of the women making music for the dancers, and the music was accompanied by the vigorous application of sticks on a dry ox hide. The chief himself kept out of view, until by stratagem he had discovered who the

visitors were, and only when solemnly assured that they had come on a friendly errand did he venture to appear. After the day's festivities were over, the deputation met with Kreli in an unfinished hut, and announced the object of their visit. He was very grateful for having been remembered by the missionaries in his troubles, and stated that they were the first to visit him as friends during his exile. He professed anxiety to have once more a missionary for his people, but stated that he knew of no place as a mission station so long as he and his people were living as outlaws. If his country was only restored, he would at once grant the request of the deputation. The chief had a most pitiful record of grievances, as he was hedged in on every side by neighbours, and some of them most formidable foes; and the country where he lived was overcrowded. He looked wistfully towards his old home, and longed for the district where he and his tribe had brought such misery upon themselves. Why, he asked, could he not be allowed to return to the country of his forefathers, which was unoccupied? As he had only injured himself by believing a lie, why should not the British Government allow him to live at his former great place? The old chief, conscious of his grave error, appeared to be humbled and crushed; but these political questions the deputation were not at liberty to discuss, as their real purpose might be misinterpreted."

In the course of a very short time, the Government gave the Galeka tribe permission to re-occupy a portion of their former territory. Ere the negotiations were completed, however, the eastern province of the Cape Colony was suddenly agitated by a false alarm of war. It was noised abroad that Kreli had crossed the Mbashee with a large army of 7000 warriors, to fight against the Colony and to recover the Transkeian territory from which he had been ex-

pelled by Sir George Grey at the close of the cattle-killing.

Tiyo Soga, fearing lest the false and warlike rumours should seriously injure the progress of the Mission, and check the increase of their staff in Kafraria, wrote to Dr. Somerville and explained the whole of the circumstances. He says:—"The false alarm flew from British Kafraria to Cape Town with the rapidity of lightning, and it was known there long before we, living among the Kafirs, heard of it. The excitement in the Colony was great; troops were ordered from Cape Town to the frontier; the mounted police in the Colony were moved to the Mbashee under Sir Walter Currie, their commander. It soon appeared, however, that the report was a wicked and cruel invention against Kreli and the Colony."

As a result of these unfortunate false rumours regarding Kreli's intentions, he was considered an irreconcilable enemy. "The most deplorable feature of our affairs," says Tiyo Soga, "which I have long observed, is the tone of the Public Press in British Kafraria on native questions. It keeps up in the country a constant state of unfriendly feeling. The most groundless fiction is seized upon and proclaimed as an event 'ominous' and the 'shadow of coming events.'"

Whilst the missionaries of the two Presbyterian Churches were contemplating the extension of their respective missions, they had no conception of the impending political changes which would conduce to the enlargement of their spheres of labour. The chief Kreli was no sooner located with his people on a portion of his former country than, true to his promise, he sent messages to Mr. Charles Brownlee, expressing the wish that a missionary should be sent to labour among his people, and stating his preference for a missionary from the denomination whose representatives had visited him in his exile. After the usual

formalities, and by mutual agreement, the United Presbyterians had the first choice in establishing a mission among the Galekas, inasmuch as Krelî's message was sent to them—the Free Church brethren agreeing to follow when circumstances permitted.

When the application of the United Presbyterians for an increase in their staff to occupy the new fields was favourably entertained by the Mission Board, Tiyo Soga writes to Scotland and says:—

“In the prospect of other brethren coming to labour with us in Kafraria, it has come into my mind to furnish a few hints which you may possibly use in your instructions to them. These hints are the result of my observation both in the Colony and in Kafraria.

“Prepare the new missionaries to beware of the hostile influence of many in the Colony against missionary work. . . . They do not like the elevation of the natives, whom they would fain keep down as men and maid-servants, and do little for them. It reflects upon their Christianity. They cannot, therefore, bear to see anyone doing anything for the natives. Provided they cannot rise upon their ruin, they would let them ‘go to the wall.’

“The brethren must be prepared to identify themselves with the people on whose behalf they leave home and kindred. As a race, the Kafirs prefer to be drawn rather than driven. At the same time, the student of human nature can reap a splendid harvest in the study of their history, prejudices, habits, and customs. In the midst of much with which he cannot sympathise, he will find many evidences that there is some good in all men; that God is the common Father of all, and, therefore, that no race should be despised.”

Various sites for mission stations were selected in the Fingoe territory—one at Mbulukweza, another on the Toleni, and a third at the Mbulu. The districts

of the chiefs Nioni, Njikelana, Tobe, and Mkehle were also visited.

Tiyo Soga writes :—" The first two chiefs are willing to give land for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. Njikelana's people, among whom there are thirteen members and two candidates, are, like our Mbulukweza people, very anxious to have schools. We did nothing at Tobe's, as he was from home. However, our relation with him is satisfactory, as some of his people are our church members. The chief Mkehle is a curious old fellow, from whom we got no satisfaction. He was full of the unspeakable importance of his hereditary chieftainship. He cherished the greatest contempt for those fellows who had got their chieftainship in the offices of the Government. 'If I get a missionary,' he said, 'I must get him to myself. I could not think of sharing him with another chief. I am the earth itself. God made me a chief on the very first day of creation, in the full sunshine of the sun, when all things were brought home from their native wild state, men, and animals such as those horses on which you are mounted.' The old fellow then treated of the genealogy of the most renowned Fingoe chiefs from whom he is descended, and in this he was assisted by his councillors or attendants, who declared that what he said was all true."

Tiyo Soga was greatly amused by many of the crude notions of the people. He says :—" I had before heard that our venerable father and friend, Mr. Ross, of Pirie, was reputed to be a rain-doctor by the natives of his district. I asked a woman who lived in the neighbourhood of the Pirie Mission Station of the Free Church, whether the son, the Rev. Bryce Ross, his father's colleague, also had rain? She knew nothing of him, she said, but was sure of the old gentleman at any rate. 'But how did Mr. Ross give you rain?' I inquired. She replied, 'When, in dry times, he used to call us together and get us in great numbers to his

house (church), and then he would pray till our hearts were so nice; and then the rain would come before we were out of the house.' 'Well,' I said, 'I cannot compare myself to the old gentleman you speak of, but, as occasion required, we should pray also to his God, who is ours also, and He would hear our prayers.' She concluded by saying that she had no doubt whatever that old Mr. Ross was loved in heaven, for he got from it whatever he wanted. This incident shows the influence of an aged and laborious servant of God over the heathen mind."

"On the following Sunday, in the forenoon," continues Tiyo Soga, "Kreli came to our encampment with a considerable body of attendants. We asked the chief for general news, especially in regard to the contemplated mission station among his people and in his country. This information he gave us with exceeding goodwill. Kafir custom and etiquette require that if you first ask news of me, after relating all, I must ask news from you, and in the same way you relate what you know. After the chief had entertained us with news, an opportunity occurred to unfold to a large congregation of Kafirs the message of love and mercy. For two hours, in a conversational way, we reasoned with them of 'righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.'" After a thorough theological discussion on all the cardinal points of religious doctrine, "we were asked," says Tiyo Soga, "to give our account of Jesus Christ and of His death as the Son of God. Need I say that it was enough that the opportunity was given us? Whether they had referred to it or not it would have come up, and they would have heard of 'the great mystery of godliness.'

"At last they ceased questioning us, and we asked if they had anything further to inquire about, to which they replied that they had exhausted all their topics, and that on all the points discussed they were satisfied. Mr. Bryce Ross afterwards preached to the

chief and his assembled councillors, and thus closed our labours for the day.

“The following Sabbath found us still in this district at the Toleni and at a kraal of one of our native Christians. The occasion was one of interest and encouragement to the people and to ourselves. As the disciples of the Lord Jesus, the converts were once more renewing the pledge of allegiance to their Master, and in the midst of rank heathenism. The attitude of our native converts in the Transkei is most gratifying. . . . The converts, thank God, have remained firm. We found them not sitting still, contented with what they were, but also active in proclaiming the Gospel to their heathen countrymen, and maintaining religious ordinances among themselves. Those who professed the truth, living in distant and separate districts, after diligent inquiries found out one another, and strengthened each other in the Lord. So much are they recognised as a peculiar people, that we met with three Christian women in different places who had heathen husbands, and were allowed without let or hindrance to profess their faith in the Gospel. ‘The word of the Lord endureth for ever.’”

The arduous labours and difficulties of a missionary's life amongst the Kafirs continued to tell most seriously upon the constitution of Tiyo Soga. Through his impaired health he was obliged to obtain a six months' furlough in 1866, and pay a visit to Cape Town. He had previously consulted his doctor at Queenstown, who pronounced his ailment to be chronic laryngitis, and recommended not temporary but entire cessation from work. Upon this point Tiyo Soga was scrupulously reticent, and not until compelled by sheer necessity did he send home the medical certificate which he had obtained for his own satisfaction. “Although I have had the warning contained in the advice,” he writes in March, 1865, to

Dr. Somerville, "and the certificate beside me for seven months, I could not bring my mind to give up my duties. The uneasy symptoms and sensations about the throat have not been removed. I have endeavoured to take care and not overtax it, and have at times given up public speaking, for a week or more, when the symptoms became severe. This has been the manner of my life, at the station and out of it, ever since I returned from Basutoland, in 1863. I have found it difficult to sever myself from my duties, as each day adds to their importance and responsibility."

Under these trying circumstances, Tiyo Soga resolved to refrain, whilst at Cape Town, from all pulpit or public speaking, and be completely at rest; for, as he says in his letter, "this being a most solemn duty to the Board and to the cause of Christ."

When Tiyo Soga arrived at Cape Town, a message awaited him from Dr. Dale, the Superintendent General of Education, inviting him to call upon him, and also an intimation that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Wodehouse desired him to pay a visit to Government House. In speaking of his interview with the Governor, Tiyo Soga says: "I had twenty minutes with His Excellency, Sir Philip. He was exceedingly polite, kind, and affable. Lady Wodehouse, though desirous to see me, could not leave her room. The doctors tell her that she has not long to live. No class of society can escape the arrow of the insatiable archer. 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' Let us live our life, and enjoy it, but let us also be prepared for death."

Tiyo Soga was always in great demand as a lecturer, and, even on this occasion, he says: "The Cape Town Young Men's Christian Association, on my arrival, courteously requested me to give them a public lecture when my state of health would permit. I declined until I got the advice of Dr. Kitching.

"About a week ago, I delivered, to a crowded audience, a lecture on 'Some of the Current Popular Religious Opinions of the Times.' The lecture, such as it was, was exceedingly well received. Missionaries must show that they can speak on other questions than those in which they are more immediately interested."

It was a great joy to Tiyo Soga to find that he was even partially restored to health and strength again.

"Although," says a friend with whom he stayed at Kalk Bay, "I was acquainted with the Rev. Tiyo Soga only a short time, few persons knew him better. I have often wondered how a man with his youthful surroundings could have turned out such a thorough gentleman and thorough Christian. . . . He spoke in a very touching manner of God's goodness to himself, a heathen, the son of heathen parents, in remembering him in his low estate and giving him a place and a name amongst the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

CHAPTER XVII.

TIYO AS A LITTERATEUR.

WE are told that he had long been fascinated by the "Pilgrim's Progress," and that it had been his earnest desire, with God's help, to give it in a Kafir form to his kinsmen.

On account of the accumulating cares of his mission work, and the impaired state of his health, it seemed as if he would never accomplish the task which he had assigned to himself, and actually begun during his student days. In his Journal the following entry is found: "Quarter-past nine o'clock, night. Finished, through the goodness of Almighty God, the translation of the first part of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' My fingers aching with writing." He writes to Dr. Somerville: "I have not been idle. I have been carrying through the press a translation into Kafir of the immortal work of John Bunyan. I gave the translation over to the Free Church brethren, who have a printing-press, and they have joyfully undertaken to publish it." And in writing to another friend, he says: "You will be glad to hear that I have got the length of having finished the translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in Kafir. It is being printed at Lovedale. . . . I long to see the reception of this noble work by our native Christians, as well as by our people who can read. We publish only the first part of it, and it is all that is finished, until we see how it takes among the people. The reception will

indicate whether or not I should complete it. It will be something new for our people. I translated a large portion of it when a student in Scotland, but as then translated the Kafir of it would have spoiled the work."

This work was dedicated "to the Rev. William Govan, the founder and superintendent of the Lovedale Free Church Missionary Institution, one of the long-tried, unwearied, constant friends and benefactors of the native races of South Africa, by his



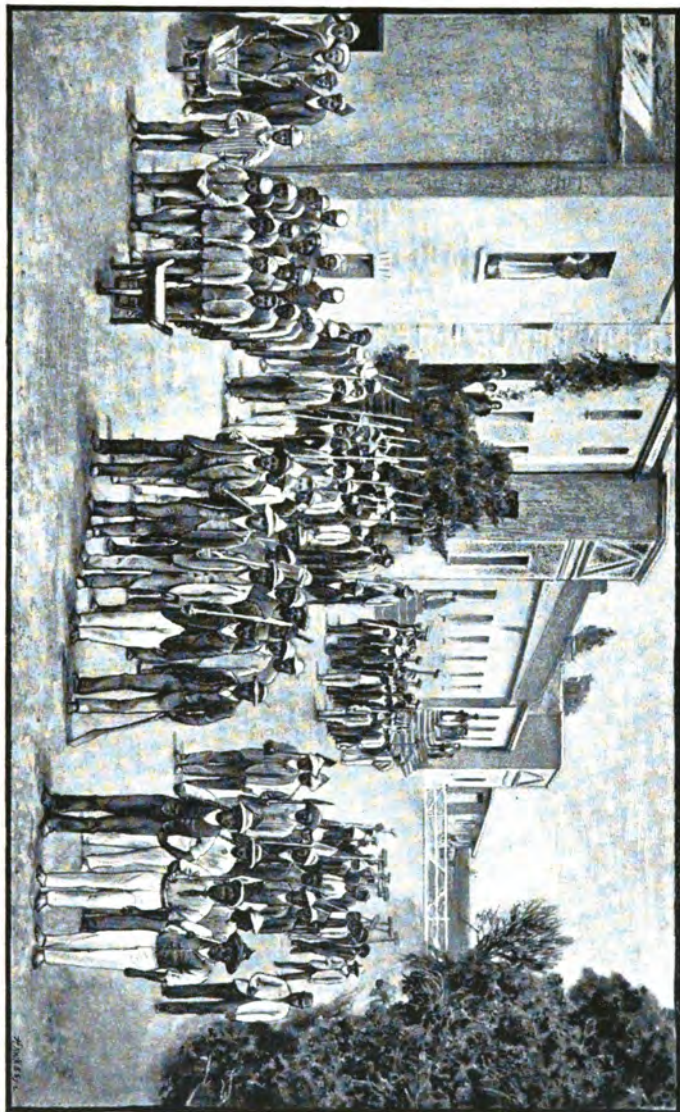
LOVEDALE—PRESENT DAY.

friend and pupil, Tiyo Soga." The criticisms of the translation were laudatory in the extreme. All competent to form an opinion pronounced the translation a great success. It was read with avidity at every station. Some missionaries, at their weekly services, read portions of it to their people and lectured upon it. Children were fascinated with the story. Tiyo Soga was privileged to see his volume everywhere welcomed.

"The Slough of Despond," writes a reviewer, "is

faithfully represented, and the conflict with Apollyon is inimitably reproduced." The best proof of this is found in the following incident: "A missionary travelling in Kafraria a short time ago, happened to have in his possession a proof-sheet containing a description of the conflict. Having read this to a native, he was asked if the writer had himself witnessed the scene; and being informed that this was the translation of an allegory, the native, in great astonishment, replied that it appeared to him impossible for anyone but an eye-witness to have given such a description." No translator could desire a higher recognition of the merits of his work than this tribute so unconsciously paid.

From the very commencement of his missionary career, Tiyo Soga employed his leisure in collecting Kafir fables, legends, and proverbs, fragments of Kafir history, rugged utterances of native bards, the ancient habits and customs of his countrymen, and the genealogy of Kafir chiefs, with striking incidents in their lives. These fragments were published in a few articles in "The Indaba," and showed his intimate knowledge of the past events of his country. In his article on Kafir doctors, Tiyo Soga says: "As a good deal of what is curious among the Kafirs is connected with their doctors, and as I am in a position to obtain from my countrymen all the information that I desire without reserve or suspicion, I have collected many details from one of my elders who was a doctor in his heathen state." He then goes on to describe the supposed wonderful effect of a necklet of the hair of a cow's tail. "When a Kafir suffers from a lingering and troublesome disease, the services of a witch-doctor are sought, who invariably orders that a few hairs be plucked from the brush of a cow's tail, and when plaited, be constantly worn around the neck. This is a charm to get rid of the troublesome infirmity. I heard of a woman



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going to a dance and forgetting to put on this necklet. Some time thereafter she was seized with illness, and she attributed it to this neglect, declaring that it was mainly owing to her necklet that she had hitherto enjoyed such good health. . . . When lightning has struck anything at a kraal, a doctor is called in. If a bullock has been struck, it is not touched, but is allowed to remain where it fell until the doctor arrives. His first act is to bury the animal whole. After this he performs certain propitiatory rites and ceremonies to purify the place, and there are dances and feastings, because, as they say, the Lord has paid a visit.

“There are six classes of doctors among the Kafirs. The first class administer herbs. They were formerly in great repute, and frequently continued their services when the other classes of doctors were consulted. The second removes the cause of disease, which is either a lizard, a serpent, or leguan (a miniature alligator). The third class is that of dreamers and visionists, who discover the nature of the disease. The fourth is that of the Izanuse, or those doctors who smell out persons suspected of killing others by witchcraft. The fifth class is that of the Amatola, of which Mlanjeni, of 1857 notoriety, may be cited as a specimen. This class regulates the conduct of war. The Kafirs cannot go to war or engage in battle without the sanction of the Itola, or chief, of the Amatola. The sixth class is that of the rain-doctors. The presence and influence of such spirits of evil amongst the Kafir tribes made life very cheap. A native's life was always in jeopardy. The wild antics of the witch-doctor, whilst attempting to deceive the people, are highly ridiculous, and were it not for the serious results attending such performances, would provide an amazing source of amusement to a European onlooker.”

A well-known case of a doctor's cruelty is recorded

in one of Tiyo Soga's articles. It is of "Nqueno, the chief of one of the branches of the Gaika tribe, who was in his day a great lover of dogs. His attachment to the canine species amounted to a passion, and he had a very great number of them at his kraal. Whenever he saw they were hungry he slaughtered a bullock for them, and got them well fed as long as the flesh lasted.

"On one occasion these pampered animals unaccountably sickened and died, one after another. An Izanuse (witch-doctor) was engaged by the chief to find out the cause of the mortality. The chief had a faithful servant named Bili, who, from his devotion to his chief and the readiness and alacrity with which he served him, had raised himself to a position of great confidence. Unfortunately for Bili, the witch-doctor fixed upon him the stigma of bewitching the chief's dogs. He was immediately apprehended, and, to extort confession of his crime, he was tortured by heated twigs of the elephant-tree being fastened about his body.

"At length the chief relented, doubtless from the entreaties of the poor man, and the recollection of his many services. His tormentors, who had formerly applauded his fidelity, stopped their inhuman work.

"The heated twigs of the elephant-tree had, however, accomplished their cruel object, for, although the sores healed afterwards, his body bore the marks of branded rings as long as he lived. He would not leave his chief after all this ignominious treatment, and served with even greater fidelity and disinterestedness than before. But there are men in this world whom misfortune seems to doom.

"This same poor man was again charged with bewitching by another Izanuse. On this occasion he managed to escape to the tribe to which he originally belonged. When the displeasure of his chief had abated he returned and found forgiveness. He was

again in confidence, and so remained for many a day. It so happened that one day the chief overheard his faithful servant muttering words of discontent in rather disrespectful terms, which is a great crime, by calling his master 'the greyheaded old troubler,' or something to that effect.

"Nqueno resented the insult, and on the servant's return from a well-executed commission on behalf of his chief, he was informed that his career was near a close.

"The poor fellow knew nothing of the doom that awaited him, nor did anyone else, except the wily, ungrateful old chief.

"Immediately on this faithful servant's arrival at the chief's kraal, Nqueno reported the man's disrespectful language to his councillors, who, as quickly as possible, led him away and hung him by the neck to a tree."

The Kafir belief about the creation is somewhat different from ours, and will, no doubt, prove of interest to the reader. "The Kafir has no legends, so far as I can learn, concerning the creation of the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars. These things seem to have baffled his imagination; but, of course, since Christianity has been at work amongst them, they believe that God is the Maker of them all. Man as well as the lower animals are said to have come from Eluhlangeni, which is said to be far away to the East. This Eluhlangeni is a place where there are three large holes. From one issued the black man, from another the white, and from a third the lower animals. Each of these holes is called a Uhlanga. Man came out first, and then the lower animals. The Kafir story of the creation states, further, that the oldest son of the father of all was a Hottentot, the second a Kafir, the third a white man. No creature could have been more happily situated than the Hottentot. He revelled in the abundance of his

father's riches and luxuries. At length, by reason of the abundance in which he moved, he grew careless, indolent, and utterly regardless. That is the reason given why the Hottentots are such an improvident people.

"In Kafir stories of the creation, the idea is that the Creator had the very best intentions towards the human family, and wished them all success and prosperity; but His intentions were always frustrated by an undefined enemy of man, who was always in opposition to the Creator. The various legends that are used to illustrate the works of creation are most amusing and ridiculous, and, in some instances, almost bordering on profanity."

The work of Tiyo Soga in striving to overthrow these heathenish superstitions became very arduous, and oftentimes discouraging. One of the choicest means found to assist this Kafir missionary and to improve his talents was by giving to his countrymen some of the best sacred songs yet published in the Kafir language. Tiyo Soga felt the great lack of hymns on Christian experience in the Presbyterian Kafir hymn-book, and he endeavoured to remedy this defect. His hymns are not mere translations, but the natural outflow of his own religious musings, founded on some Scripture. One difficulty against which he and others have had to contend in the Kafir hymnology is, that the Kafir people as a nation are deficient in poetry and music. He took great delight in this work, and no man could be more willing to receive suggestions as to the hymns which he had written. It was also the intention of Tiyo Soga, along with others, to issue a series of brief practical expositions of the parables of our Lord to meet a want being gradually felt amongst the Christian natives for a Christian literature in their homes, and also as a guide to evangelists in their preparation for addressing their countrymen at the services in the

various villages. Only two expositions from each of those concerned in the work were issued at the Mount Coke Wesleyan Press, when a higher hand interposed and arrested the work.

When Tiyo Soga became aware of the fact that he was suffering from a disease which would probably shorten his life, he was strongly desirous to devote himself to translation work. There were several theological manuals and such-like works which he had a special longing to give to his countrymen in their own tongue.

In 1868 a proposal was made by the British and Foreign Bible Society that a Board, composed of a representative from each of the seven denominations labouring among the Kafir tribes, should at once be formed to revise the Kafir Bible. This proposal was heartily agreed to by the Conference. A circular was then sent to the heads of the various Missions in the Colony detailing the circumstances, and requesting each Society to appoint a representative in order to form a Board of revisers of the Kafir Bible. The United Presbyterian missionaries, in reply to this circular, unanimously appointed Tiyo Soga as the fittest in every respect to represent them, and their appointment was shortly afterwards confirmed by the Mission Board of the denomination.

Thus Tiyo found himself once more "one of seven," as he had been ere he left the shores of Scotland as an ordained missionary.

Tiyo Soga entered into this fresh field of work with all possible enthusiasm. It was a work peculiarly congenial to him, and he brought with him into the meetings of the Board the bright sunshine of a cheerful and willing workman. At every meeting of the Board the purest harmony, and Christian goodwill, and brotherly kindness, prevailed. In writing to the Rev. Henry Miller, Tiyo Soga says:—"I would have spent sleepless nights in Scotland studying Greek and

Hebrew if I had known that I would take part in this blessed work. Dr. Anderson, to the delight and gratitude of the Translating Board, has given £14 towards the printing of a tentative edition of St. Matthew. When the whole work is completed, the British and Foreign Bible Society take it over for publication."

Alas, he was not privileged to see the realisation of his fond wish. He lived to see the completion of the four Gospels, but not their publication and circulation among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN A NEW FIELD.

IT is not difficult to estimate the character of such a man as Tiyo Soga. His noble course of Christian enterprise and self-sacrifice appears on every page of his life's history.

A cursory observer could readily discern through the "simplicity and godly sincerity" the true nobleman and Christian gentleman. From early years his integrity, ingenuousness, cheerfulness, and generosity, secured for him the warm esteem of all with whom he came in contact. His remarkable power and influence were felt throughout the whole of his career, both amongst his own and the neighbouring tribes.

Ever since the two Presbyterian Missions responded to Kreli's call in 1865, they made stated visits at quarterly intervals to the Galekas, and thereby kept the field open. After waiting for two years Kreli became impatient, and sent repeatedly to inquire why a teacher had not come to instruct his people. This led the missionaries of both Churches to decide upon the immediate occupation of the field.

From this point to the establishment of the mission station in Kreli's country, Tiyo Soga has minutely detailed the various incidents, writing to the Rev. Dr. Somerville.

On the 9th of April, 1867, he says:—"I wish to intimate to you briefly that I am on the eve of another important visit to the chief Kreli. Last

month, at a conference with the Free Church brethren at Lovedale, we decided to take up the field among Kreli's people. It had come to the point of immediate occupation, even temporarily, or a total abandonment of it. The chief was sending message after message asking the cause of delay, and telling us that he was pressed to admit others into the field. This he said he would not do until the Presbyterian missionaries had declined his offer. He is determined to admit only one Missionary Society into his country, and to allow it gradually to extend. The evils of having different societies among the same tribe, he says, have been manifest in other tribes; and in his country there shall be no such evils.

"At the conference the united missionaries resolved at once to proceed to the field. They agreed to form a station, and to relieve each other every three months, until the permanent occupants arrived. Two brethren are to go together, alternately, from each denomination. The Rev. W. Govan and I were asked by the conference to commence this great mission. I accepted the appointment with anxiety, at the same time feeling thankful for such a fellow-missionary as Mr. Govan. With God's good blessing upon us we go far hence among the Gentiles, where in truth Satan has his seat. After being three months upon the field I shall forward a full report. It was further agreed by the missionaries that three temporary huts should be erected; two for the missionaries and the third to serve as a place of worship, the expenses to be equally divided betwixt the two Societies."

Tiyo Soga entered upon this promising and most desirable field with the full sympathy, support, and good wishes of all his brethren and fellow-labourers. The following extract from his Journal will enable the reader to understand some of the initial difficulties in this new Tutuka station amongst the Galekas:—"This first Sabbath in our new field," he

says, "was, in outward appearances, rather uninteresting. The people of the kraal in which we have put up for a while seem shy. They evidently do not care for our intrusion. This reception is not unexpected. What interest can they have in us, or in our cause, until they know better? I hope that we shall soon be friends. The first duty of missionaries in an untried field is to gain the confidence of the people. The itinerating parties, who had gone out early to invite our near neighbours to service, did not return with welcome news. The greater part of the people had taken refuge at St. Mark's, a Church of England mission station, during the famine of the cattle-killing mania. Some of them have imbibed the most inveterate prejudices against the Word, the Sabbath, and its services. They declared to our messengers that these things had driven them from St. Mark's; that they had come to their own country for peace and quietness; and they deemed it a misfortune that they should be followed everywhere. What an indication of the natural ungodliness of the human heart, to call sweet bitter, and to regard as a curse the richest of blessings! We are sure that these views will change before very long. The outspoken opposition of sinful nature surprises us less now than when we first encountered it. These people were as good as their word, and did not come. We saw bands of them passing along with jaunty airs towards a kraal two miles off, to attend a marriage-dance."

Tiyo Soga, notwithstanding all these discouragements, persevered in his work to reach the heathen, by going out early to the neighbouring kraals to invite the people to the services. On the following Sabbath there were seventeen Kafirs present at the service—a small reward for the patient toils of the previous week.

He now paid a visit to the Free Church mission station among the Fingoes at the Toleni, and

preached to the people. In writing of his visit he says:—"I could not but mark the different feelings with which a minister addresses a Christian audience and a heathen audience. In the one case he may give his experiences of Christian feelings, thoughts, and desires, to a people who will understand them in some measure. In the other case, such experiences would be wholly lost. He must adopt a line of preaching or speaking which suits the circumstances. . . . I felt an untold relief in speaking to our Christian friends at Toleni; they sang the songs of Zion with heart and will. Our heathen Galekas here, on hearing these songs, often just stare at us, and at each other."

On the 19th of May Tiyo Soga went to the chief's kraal, or "great place," to preach the Gospel to the chief and his proud councillors. He says: "I was not only most cordially received, but was told that the missionaries, having begun their work, would be expected hereafter to preach at the 'great place' on Sabbath. I never felt more thankful to our gracious Lord than for the issue of this day's anxiety and uneasiness. The ice is now broken, and we are expected to preach at the 'great place.'"

In speaking later of the reasons which induced him to take up this new mission field, he says:—"I was asked to go by them (the Galekas), and also by the chief, Krelu, and his councillors, which I consider a call from our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . I became a missionary, not for the sake of my family, but for the sake of my poor countrymen; and when their spiritual necessities demand my poor services, I am willing to obey the call. As to sacrifices the missionary has, as I consider, no home on earth; and when health permits and duty calls he must be ready to serve. . . . In my illness I found the greatest comfort in having no will of mine own, but the Lord's, as to life or death. . . . If, therefore, I can be of any use in introducing the Gospel and white missionaries

among my countrymen beyond the Kei, I am willing to try it, though life should be short."

On his departure from the Mgwali, it may be worth while here saying, that they presented him with an address in which they gave expression to their high appreciation of the ability and untiring assiduity with which he had ministered to them in public and private for nearly eleven years, and ended by saying: "It may, perhaps, encourage you, when trials assail you, to think that we watch your career with a kindly interest, and that you always possess our warmest sympathies."

These few parting words were not mere compliments to this devoted Kafir minister, but were the genuine expression of gratitude for spiritual instruction. He ended his ministry amongst his English flock by preaching a farewell sermon from the text, Psalm cxxii. 6-9. He likewise spoke farewell words to his own native flock with an earnestness, a pathos, and a tenderness, deep and heartfelt. The few brief notes of the sermon, which are the only surviving record, are sufficient to show that all the finest points of his character were revealed in all their attractiveness—especially his humility—in the last solemn words which he spoke to them as one who was now leaving them, and not again to be their leader.

Tiyo Soga's departure from the Mgwali reveals a marvellous amount of self-sacrifice. He had built a church which had cost him a tremendous expenditure of physical strength. Within its walls a large congregation now worshipped, and he was actively employed in building up his people in spiritual knowledge. He had a growing membership, flourishing schools, an interesting field for itineration, and an attached number of European neighbours whose friendship he greatly valued, and who greatly loved and honoured him for the faithfulness with which he discharged his duties.

There were outward peace and prosperity at his

station, and every external circumstance tempted him to remain. He, however, cheerfully and good-naturedly stepped forth from his comfortable home, and began life once more in a Kafir hut, and in a dreary wilderness where there was neither the nucleus of a Christian church nor willing people to listen to his message.

The following reminiscence of Tiyo Soga is from the pen of Mrs. Charles Brownlee, who took a thorough interest in his work at the Mgwali. She says: "We often visited at the mission-house, and very much enjoyed our visits. In his home he was a genial host, entertaining both mind and body.

"He was social, well-fitted to take his place in any society, and gained for himself a welcome everywhere. The more the man became known, the greater was the regard entertained for him by all classes and conditions of men. . . . As a father, he was all a Christian father should be; he loved his little boys, and was very proud of them, but kept them in order. They had all fine voices, and when he led them in singing it was a real treat. In all his relations he never neglected those small attentions which show a refined mind, and tend so largely to make a home pleasant. The duties of the husband, the father, and the head of a house, were not lost sight of in the weightier duties of the pastor."

The new mission station in Krel's country, commonly known among the Kafirs as the Tutuka, was now re-named "Somerville," after the Rev. Dr. Somerville, who had just then retired from a long and able secretaryship of the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church. The work at the Tutuka presented no ordinary difficulties to Tiyo Soga.

Although the site for the station was an elevated one, yet it was exposed to the mists and damps which perpetually arose from the sea. It was, therefore, pronounced by some people as most unsuitable for his infirm state of health.

The marvellous superstitions, too, which he had to work against and overthrow, made the task doubly difficult and discouraging. The land of the Galekas was being ruined by the baneful influence of the witch-doctors. Human beings, yearly, and in no small numbers, were secretly put to death through the instigation of these doctors. There was no security for the most precious life among this people. In regard to Tiyo Soga's manner of working, he says: "I must rely upon Divine wisdom to direct me how to speak, and what to speak, and when to speak."

During many patient weeks of toil for the Master, Tiyo Soga remained singularly reticent about the state of his own health, even to his most intimate friends and associates. Immediately it became known to his brethren that he was fast wasting away, it created intense sorrow and grief, and letters were immediately despatched to him full of the tenderest brotherly sympathy and kindly offers of help. Tiyo Soga was not alarmed about himself or his intense suffering, and used to speak quite cheerfully to his brethren when they came to visit him. He became, however, more and more conscious of his failing strength, and made the necessary arrangements for the education of three of his sons in Scotland. He seemed full of anxious concern for his boys, and in writing to his friends in Scotland, he says: "If they act according to my desires and prayers, they go to Scotland to obtain an education to benefit their own countrymen. They are not needed in Scotland, and are much required in Kafirland. Although they should be so defective in intellectual powers as not to rise higher than tinkers, they must come home and practise that craft for the benefit of poor Kafirland. Encourage among them, my dear friends, by every means, love to home, love to country, and love to race."

The letters which he wrote giving full instructions about his boys, contained also a full report of his

mission work. Tiyo Soga was most grateful for all the kindness shown to his sons, and, in writing to the Rev. Mr. Miller, who welcomed them to London, says: "I received your letters. . . . Words fail me, my dear friend, to express to you and Mrs. Miller my gratitude, yea my admiration of your brotherly and sisterly kindness and attention to my poor boys. But, inadequate as my thanks are, receive them because they are uttered in all sincerity." Five letters are preserved which Tiyo wrote to his boys. To educate them, he was willing to forfeit every comfort, and take for his own use only one half of his salary. Such parental concern is rarely surpassed in this world!

The closing sentences of Tiyo Soga's report of his mission work for 1870 give a bird's-eye view of the year's labours. No great ingathering from the ranks of heathenism is reported, neither can one expect it when one takes into consideration the intense depravity and obstinacy of the human heart. He says: "The past year has given us abundant ground to believe and hope that the Galekas have sincerely opened an entrance for the Word of God among them. Amid threatening signs of war, the people have not failed to recognise the fact of the existence of the Gospel among them. Wherever the influence of the Mission extends, and within a radius of ten miles, where the three evangelists labour, the sacredness of God's day has been respected, and the attendance at religious ordinances has been all that could be desired. The attendance of the heathen at the church has been such as to call forth our admiration and our gratitude to God. The chief, Kreli, his sons, and brothers, have also frequently attended the church on the Lord's day. . . . We stand much in need of the presence and the blessing of the Three-One God; and we ask the prayers, the sympathies, and the encouragements of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

CHAPTER XIX.

TIYO'S SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

IT will be of interest, before closing the life of this remarkable and noble son of Africa, to pause and enumerate some of the distinguishing features of his character. What has already been recorded is quite sufficient to show the immeasurable importance and surpassing glory of the principles by which he was governed, and of the objects at which he aimed.

In one of the letters written to his boys, mention is made of a book which he gave them on leaving their native shores, and which he enjoined them to peruse in secret. This was a small note-book entitled "The Inheritance of my Children," containing sixty-two short pithy maxims for their future guidance.

A few extracts which are illustrative of his own character may with propriety be placed before our readers. He says: "The things I am here writing and collecting for you, my dear children, are founded on experience, observation, and reflection. If you carefully attend to them, they may, with the blessing of God, be of some service to you in this world—a world, to the opinions, usages, prejudices, and trials of which you must accommodate yourselves if you would do well in it, without, however, compromising truth and righteousness."

The first maxim given to his sons is in regard to an existing prejudice against black men on account of

their colour. "For your own sakes, never appear ashamed that your father was a Kafir, and that you inherit some African blood. It is every whit as good and as pure as that which flows in the veins of my fairer brethren. . . . I want you, for your own future comfort, to be very careful on this point.

"You will ever cherish the memory of your mother as that of an upright, conscientious, thrifty, Christian Scotchwoman. You will ever be thankful for your connection by this tie to the white race. But, if you wish to gain credit for yourselves, if you do not wish to feel the taunt of men, which you sometimes may be made to feel, take your place in the world as coloured, not as white, men—as Kafirs, not as Englishmen. You will be more thought of for this by all good and wise people than for the other."

Tiyo Soga next points out to his sons how that he, as an African, was considered a fortunate man by some people. He says: "I have got to a point of respectability in society, to a position which many considered impossible for a black man, yet it never was impossible, blessed be God! It is only circumstances, in the providence of God, that have made a difference of natural capacity and intelligence. Under favourable circumstances, the reason of the black man is capable of as much improvement and enlightenment as that of the white. They are all equal in these respects, but education, civilisation, and the blessings of Christianity have made differences among men."

In offering further advice as to their character and general demeanour, he says: "You will not get on among good people if you are vain, proud, conceited. Vanity, pride, conceit, boastfulness, and egotism are very hateful features in a man's character. Avoid them above all things." He also tells them: "In learning anything, be it the arts or the sciences, law, literature, theology, language, any trade or profession whatever, go to the foundation of it. If you do not

do this, you will only know things by halves, be superficial, shallow, and never excel." Practical hints are given, too, as to the cultivation of self-confidence; to love men as men, their fellow-creatures; that when they receive an insulting or irritating message or letter from a person, not to sit down and answer it immediately. "Wait for two or more days," he says, "until you are perfectly calm, and you will find that you can write in a different spirit from that which would at first have dictated your letter."

A number of short but useful maxims of practical import are given, such as "Set your face against scandal—the assassination of a neighbour's character." "Do not judge men by their first looks—you will make mistakes." "Cultivate the love, the esteem of the good." "As men of colour, live for the elevation of your degraded, despised, down-trodden people." "Expect to be found fault with, and to be misunderstood and even misrepresented in the world. Be not much concerned at this, if you have a clean breast and a pure conscience." "Insult no human being, but fear no man when you are in the right." "Observe well, and meditate well, and draw well your own conclusions on what you see and hear, and you will not fail to be wise and intelligent." "Trust in no right hand of your own, but in the living God, to do anything great or honourable."

As a natural sequel to these words of counsel, which show his intense patriotism, let the Rev. Robert Johnston speak of "Tiyo Soga's Kafirhood." "Tiyo Soga had an honest pride in his manhood as a pure Kafir. He was disposed to glory in his Kafirhood. He would not bow down before anyone because of his own black face. Burns's song, 'A man's a man for a' that,' was a great favourite with him. He could go beneath the outward appearance as well as most men, and gauge true worth. Hence he was not disposed to demean himself when

treated slightly or shabbily by a fearful or slavish submission. He seemed at such times to grow taller before you, as if he would say, 'I also am a man! a gentleman! a Christian!'

"Such being Soga's disposition, and such the attitude which he assumed, he was often and deeply tried on this side of his nature. This feature in his character grew into an over-sensitiveness. It was not that he wished the first place, but he was over-sensitive about his colour and nationality. He was the first of his race who had risen to the platform of our English civilisation. This over-sensitiveness cost him much, from the time that he went to Scotland in 1852, till his death in 1871."

In daily intercourse, it was difficult to remember that he was a Kafir; one had to be completely on his guard lest he should wound his sensitive nature. He was not offended at a trifle, but if anything seemed to depreciate his countrymen, or to bring discredit on his work, or if he imagined himself insulted as a Kafir, he became completely unnerved. He suppressed his anger and indulged his grief, but at other times he resented the wrong with unusual dignity, and declared his patriotism with unbounded enthusiasm.

A tone of sadness pervaded his whole missionary life. It was impossible to get at the cause, and yet, perhaps it was the fact that he stood alone. His social position as an educated man made him tower above his race, yet he must have felt that there remained an unbridged gulf between himself and the white race. The fact that he was conscious of and deeply mourned over the degradation of his nation, showed itself in the oft-repeated sentence, "My poor countrymen."

He was generous to a fault. If there was any service, great or small, which he could render to another, he hastened eagerly to perform it. He was often imposed upon, especially by his own countrymen. They did not scruple to borrow the costliest useful

thing which he possessed. If there was one feature of character which Tiyo specially detested, it was that of selfishness. Very few men possessed his degree of self-respect. He had not one spark of vanity or conceit. He not only preserved the dignity of his profession, but sustained the nobility of his Christian character. It would be very difficult to point out any one act of meanness in his life. Apart altogether from his Christian profession, he was too manly to stoop to base or ignoble actions.

Tiyo Soga was a thorough gentleman. He was a black man. He knew it; and, like Othello, never forgot that he was black. Despite his colour, there never lived a more polished gentleman.

"No man lives," says Carlyle, "without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offence." Tiyo Soga received his share of jostling, and sometimes it was very hard to bear it meekly. He had oftentimes to suffer the penalties of colour. "On one occasion, as he entered the public-room of a wayside inn, in the company of a gentleman of no mean repute, he was suddenly commanded by the owner to withdraw his foot from its sacred precincts: 'Come, clear out; we allow no niggers in here.' Only after much insult, and when his fellow-traveller threatened to expose the conduct of the hotel-keeper, he ultimately yielded, and with very bad grace, to place any refreshment before the travellers." This is only a specimen of his training "to endure hardness." He met with many rebuffs because of his excessive modesty and retiring disposition. Tiyo Soga, however, soon forgave his injuries, but they were not easily forgotten.

As a preacher, Tiyo Soga aimed not at being an orator, but to simply speak as a man to men. A friend, who often heard him preach, says: "You invariably felt that he had something to say, some message to

deliver, and that he had been successful in giving it. There was a deep spirituality in his preaching, and also a plaintive earnestness which touched a chord in the hearts of such hearers as understood something of the painful experiences through which a soul struggles towards purity and light. You felt that he was speaking from the depths of his own experience.

“In his own tongue, and to his own countrymen, he was truly a powerful, eloquent, practical and most remarkable preacher. His Kafir sermons abounded in illustrations borrowed from every-day life, and from past events. In addressing a company of natives, he could arrest their attention by the most trivial event or circumstance in illustration of his subject. He held up before him a high standard, and he seldom, if ever, fell below it.

“His services were greatly in demand at the opening of native churches and at their anniversaries; and on such occasions he taxed his feeble strength to the very utmost, and showed to what a height of pulpit eloquence he could rise. As a platform speaker at a native meeting he had no equal. Among many remarkable speeches on public occasions to his countrymen, perhaps that which is most memorable, and which produced the profoundest impression, was at the jubilee of the Rev. John Brownlee, in January, 1867. It was a perfect masterpiece from whatever point it is viewed; as a retrospect of fifty years' mission work; as a bright picture of the marvellous changes produced by the Gospel; as an outpouring of gratitude to the many faithful missionaries who had sacrificed so much for his countrymen; as a loud call to profit by their self-denying labours; as a description of Mr. Brownlee's life, labours, and unblemished character; and as a touching farewell to the grand old man, who, 'in his journey homewards had crossed all the rivers, and before whom but few remained now to be forded.'

"As a friend, a more faithful man never lived. There was an irresistible something about him, difficult to define, which drew one closer to him in proportion to the knowledge of his inner life. There was a strange fascination about him which made one feel that he was a true man, worthy of all love and confidence. He could always be trusted. Although humble and retiring, he exercised an influence over others which can never be lost. The secret of his greatness and goodness, which made him the highest of his countrymen, and the representative man of his race, was that he was a *true Christian*."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUN SETTING.

THE crowning excellence of Tiyo Soga's missionary character, as seen in the mission field, was his thorough and entire devotedness to the great work to which his life was consecrated. This was evident in nothing more than in the frequency, character, and tendency of his labours in the higher and more important departments of his work—in preaching and teaching, in the instruction given to the more advanced classes in the schools, and at the frequent meetings with the people for inquiry and conversation. His labours in preaching were far more abundant than many would have deemed possible, considering the number and miscellaneous character of his other engagements. The year 1871 found him weary and worn, suffering from great physical prostration, yet heroically performing all his duties. We are also told, by one of his fellow-workers, that from the 1st to the 16th of March he was at King William's Town, attending the Board of Revisers of the Kafir Bible, and took part in the translation and preparation for the press of the first thirteen chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. It was very evident, however, that his working days were drawing to a close. He suffered from a racking cough and great exhaustion, and seldom was able to be present at the Board at the usual time, 9 o'clock A.M. "Take no notice of my arrival," he said to one of his brother-revisers. "I get no

sleep at night, and this cough shakes and weakens me so much that it is with great difficulty I can walk down to our meetings." The cough was so violent during the day that he had frequently to send to the druggist for some soothing mixture. He was never absent, and it must have cost him a hard struggle to work at his post until six o'clock each evening. He looked jaded, seldom sat erect, and had his manuscript resting on his knees. His eye had a peculiarly languid expression; and though cheerful, a weary sadness was imprinted on his countenance.

Tiyo Soga, during this session of the Board, wrote a characteristic letter to his boys. He says: "I am in King William's Town, translating, as you know, the Bible into Kafir, with other missionaries." He then goes on to urge his sons to "begin early to think of God. Love the Lord Jesus Christ in your youth, for as men grow old they become hardened and wedded to sin. You must attend seriously to all that is taught you concerning God and the salvation of your never-dying souls. Although only boys, you have souls that stand in need of the love of God, and the salvation which is in Christ, His Son." After a few words of earnest and practical advice as to their studies, he continues, "Be not forgetful of any kindness. Cherish gratitude to all who show kindness to you. . . . We have finished translating the four Gospels, and are now working at the Acts of the Apostles. Tell Mr. Govan this, and also that all the Societies are still represented at the Board of Translators. I am going to have a church opened which has been built since you left. May God be with you, my dear boys. May He bless you and keep you, and save your souls."

In the month of April the church at the Tutuka, to which he refers in the letter to his sons, was publicly opened, and as he has himself published a report of the whole proceedings on that occasion, and as it is the last letter he wrote descriptive of his mission

work, it may be well to give a few extracts from it. Tiyo Soga says: "The 16th and 19th days of April are days not soon to be forgotten in the history of this Station. The former was the day on which our small native church was formally opened, and the latter that on which we met with all who came, Christian and heathen, and with brethren who took an interest in the onward movement of the cause of Christ among the native tribes of Southern Africa. . . . I cannot but feel assured by what was said and done on these (to us at least) red-letter days, that God will bless His own Word and work."

After speaking of the numerous gifts presented to him on the opening of the new church, and the wonderful liberality displayed by Christians from all parts, both European and native, he goes on to say: "My Kafir countrymen, chiefs and common people, in the way of speaking, acquitted themselves upon the whole very creditably. But even they, great talkers and reasoners as they are said to be, were not at ease; yet, according to their knowledge and according to their possession of money, they did well. Those who had not the courage to come forward to the table poured an unusually large quantity of tikijs (threepenny pieces) into the plates at the doors as the meeting broke up. Thus, by the help of our native Christians and of our heathen friends, we did more than clear the debt off our first Galeka native church."

A personal friend of his writes: "Tiyo Soga was singularly cheerful and happy on that occasion. He was elated with all the proceedings; and now, looking back upon those memorable services, it would seem as if it were a farewell gathering with his most intimate friends and associates in the mission-field. At the public meeting on Wednesday, his thanks for the sympathy and help accorded to him were unbounded. In a speech addressed to his countrymen, he enumerated one by one the friends and Churches

to whom he owed a debt of gratitude, and then concluded by formally handing over the church to Kreli, his councillors, and his people, as the place built for the worship of the one true God."

The notes of the speech which he delivered to the few Europeans in his English congregation in that far wilderness, though fragmentary, are worthy of special mention as Tiyo's last recorded utterance to Europeans. He says: "I have come in contact with Christians of all denominations, and as I have seen them all loving the same Bible, and holding it as the one rule of faith and practice, all loving and honouring the same adorable Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and all looking forward to the same rest which remaineth for the people of God, I have, as a Kafir, often wished that these good friends of all denominations had never perplexed my countrymen with their 'isms'; that they had left all these names and distinctions in Europe or elsewhere, and that they had come here to evangelise the heathen, bearing only one name, and having only the one distinction of being *Christians*."

His former congregation at the Mgwali sent, we are told, by the hands of two of its elders, a donation towards the extinction of the debt on the new church among the Galekas, and in acknowledgment of this gift, he writes thus to the Rev. J. F. Cumming:—"Let me thank you with all my heart for the kindness you have manifested to myself and to this Station by the large and unexpected contribution from the Mgwali Church. It was a worthy present from an elder to a younger sister on her marriage day. I wish you would publicly convey my unfeigned thanks to your congregations, European and native, and especially to my friend, Mr. Hughes, who rejoiced my heart. I am all the more grateful for his subscription because it shows that he is mindful of God's work among the heathen. Such liberality, assure him,

brings its own reward, even in this world. 'The Lord hath done great things for us.'

By the assistance and support of the Rev. Thomas Millar's congregation in Perth, Tiyo had established an out-station and placed an evangelist at a spot six miles from the Tutuka, and was now desirous to establish a second among the chief Mapassa's people. In writing of this matter he says: "We have also concluded a series of long negotiations with the chief Mapassa, to receive my second evangelist as a permanent resident in his tribe. These negotiations have lasted for more than a year." At last the chief took the evangelist on his responsibility, and gave him a place, and Kreli, the paramount chief, said not a word against it. "I am thankful," says Tiyo Soga, "for having gained so much, as I have all along regarded Mapassa's tribe as an eligible field for another independent mission."

To come to a final settlement about a site for an out-station, Tiyo started on horseback in the month of June for Mapassa's kraal, but made no provision for himself in the shape of food, if his visit was protracted.

We are, however, told by one of Tiyo Soga's friends, that "the chief was from home, and the customary hospitalities were withheld in consequence of his absence. Tiyo resolved to wait for a few days to meet with the chief; but, meanwhile, his provisions were exhausted, his horses strayed home, a cold drizzling rain set in, and he remained as a prisoner in a wretchedly damp hut. After spending several days in great discomfort and without proper diet, he started homeward on a Saturday, and rode the whole day under a drenching rain. Arrived at the Tutuka, he found that his family had gone to Butterworth for a change during his absence. Entering by one of the windows he threw himself in a blanket, as he was now suffering from a severe attack of ague fever similar to

that which had prostrated him on the previous year at Port Elizabeth. Some considerable time after his arrival, his mother, wondering why he had not come to see her, and thinking that he could not be well, sent a lad to inquire for him; and he was enduring great suffering when this youth, and then his mother, found him and ministered such comfort as they could until Mrs. Soga and the children returned.

He so far rallied from this attack that he was able, by a great effort, to rise and speak to his English congregation on the following Sunday. The service, however, overtaxed his strength, and he was again prostrated.

Tiyo Soga had become so weak and frail that it became utterly impossible for him to attend the Annual Conference of Missionaries of various denominations, at King William's Town, on the following week. He therefore sent a special messenger with a short note to one of his brethren, and also the manuscript of his translation of the Acts, from chapter xiv. to chapter xxiii., verse 25, at the end of which was written in Kafir this ominous sentence, "Strength was failed me when I reached this point, and I have thrown it aside."

He rallied for a time, and seemed to be getting better. Yielding to the benevolent impulse to vaccinate many natives who came seeking his aid, he left his couch on the 9th and 10th of July, and performed under the verandah of his house, this labour of love. He had, however, overworked himself, and a relapse followed. The attack was so serious that he sent for a medical man, who waited on him over three days, and then left him in the belief that the worst was over.

He rallied sufficiently to write a letter to Mrs. Richard Ross, and this happened to be his last letter. It is dated "Tutuka Mission Station, 21st July, 1871. My dear Mrs. Ross,—I am writing this in my bed. I want you and Mr. Ross to understand from myself

how I really am. I have been at the gates of death. For the past few days, that is since Wednesday, I have been on the side of mending, though slowly, I cannot walk across the room without the aid of a stick, and the mere effort of lifting my foot to take a step is like ascending a mountain. . . . I am thankful to say that, although I despaired of life, the Lord Jesus Christ sustained me by His grace, and enabled me to commit all to Him without fear.

"Tell your children that I love them very much, and thank them for their kindness. I cannot venture outside, the air is too strong. My sleep, also, is not yet refreshing. The doctor gave a too early and too favourable account. I was not better when and after he left."

The couch on which Tiyo Soga lay was so placed by the window of his study that he could look out in the direction of his own Gaika country where he had been born, and where he had zealously laboured as an ambassador of Christ for upwards of ten years. It is not necessary to expatiate on the watchful care of his loving and anxious partner. She had left the endearments of home to cast in her lot with Tiyo in promoting the cause of Christ. She watched the waning of that life, which was dearer to her than her own, and did what she could to soothe and comfort him in his weakness. His faithful old mother was also a constant attendant, and sat by the hearthstone of that study night and day, anticipating all his wants and watching over the ebbing life of her beloved son, "who was father, husband, son, all in one to her." His few Christian converts got a cordial welcome when they visited their dying pastor. He had a cheerful word of Christian counsel for each.

On Friday, the 11th of August, Mr. Richard Irvine, / hearing of his increasing weakness, went from Butterworth to the Tutuka to visit him. He noticed a great change, and was convinced that the prostration could have only one issue. In the evening, Tiyo Soga

suddenly gathered all his strength, and broke out into an audible fervent prayer in Kafir. He first of all professed his own unwavering trust in Christ, and cast himself entirely upon the Saviour, and then in succession, prayed most fervently for his "dispersed countrymen," for "all missionaries, preachers of the Gospel, the membership of Tutuka, the children of the schools, the Galeka tribe." He then prayed for his family, especially his sons across the sea, "that God would watch over them, and that they might return to teach his own people." Here he paused, and his voice was silent. Strength had failed him.

In answer to the question "if he felt the Saviour precious in his present circumstances?" he distinctly, yet in a whisper, replied, "Yes," and that was about the last word he spoke.

Calmly, gently, as an infant falling asleep, he breathed his last breath, without a sigh or movement, except a slight opening of the mouth and closing of the eyelids, the mortal conflict with death was ended.

Thus, at a quarter to three on the 12th day of August, 1871, at the age of 42, Tiyo Soga's lips were for ever hushed in death.

On the Tuesday afternoon, the 15th of August, an English service was conducted by several brethren in the house, but a Kafir service was conducted by Mr. Chalmers in the church. His remains were then carried to their last resting-place by six of his own countrymen. The small group which, with bowed heads and muffled sobs, stood around the open grave was deeply impressed. The many sections of the Christian Church and the various nationalities were represented there. Calmest among the sorrowful group was his aged mother, manifesting a wonderful fortitude and resignation, though bereft of her earthly stay and support, and speaking words of consolation to some whose office it was to comfort them that mourn.

Tiyo was buried within an orchard of his own planting. A small mound marks the place where all of him that is mortal lies buried until the resurrection morn. No headstone singles it out as the "quiet resting-place" of one of the noblest of missionaries. Although his name is not engraved on a tombstone, it is written in indelible characters in the memory of all who loved him, and all who knew him loved him.

The news of Tiyo Soga's death was flashed all over the Colony, and across the sea, and it sent a pang through many a heart. The newspapers pronounced a funeral dirge over the loss which Christian Missions in South Africa had sustained by the removal of one of her purest and noblest sons. All men who knew and understood him felt that death had created a blank which never could be filled.

Within the eastern wall of the church which he built at the Mgwali, to the left of the vestry door is fixed a tablet, the gift of W. White Millar, Esq., Edinburgh. That tablet bears an inscription in the Kafir language. The following is the English rendering of that inscription:—"This stone is to keep us in remembrance of the Rev. Tiyo Soga, the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race. He was a friend of God; a lover of His Son, inspired by His Spirit, a disciple of His Holy Word; an ardent patriot; a large-hearted philanthropist; a dutiful son; an affectionate brother; a tender husband; a loving father; a faithful friend; a learned scholar; an eloquent orator; and in manners, a gentleman; a devoted missionary who spent himself in his Master's service; a model Kafir."

The above inscription is not only true and discriminating, but worthy of those who were prompted to bestow the gift in its declaration that no difference of kindred, or tongue, or people, or nation, shall ever obstruct the blessed fellowship of the "Saints in Light."

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