



THE AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

establishing some new and lawful commerce, as the surest way of undermining the slave trade. This is the view of statesmen to-day, who are insisting on the formation of railway lines into the interior, as the only means by which the traffic can be really stamped out.

In 1876, the Sultan of Zanzibar issued two proclamations, forbidding the sending of slaves by land to the north, or their transport from the Nyasa districts, and in the same year the bishop was reinforced by the Rev. C. Maples and W. Johnson, who are still on the staff of workers.

It was in the autumn of this year that it became possible to begin work in the Nyasa district by establishing a colony of freed slaves at Masasi, which lies half-way between Zanzibar and Lake Nyasa. Mr. Johnson took charge of this work and kept it, until some years later he was able to go on to the shores of Lake Nyasa itself. During the bishop's absence in England in 1877, the mission received a forcible testimony in the shape of a gift of £120 from the inhabitants of Zanzibar, with a note that it was to be used in procuring comforts for the missionaries, which the increased expenses of their work might compel them to forego. At the same time, an old pupil of the mission, Robert Ferusi, was chosen by Stanley as one of his guides across the continent.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

PROCLAIM the Gospel in every land,
O Church of Christ ! 'tis the Lord's command ;
Arise and shine, for His grace so free
Hath shone with a wondrous light on thee :
Reflect its beams to the sunless shores,
Full many a child of the night implorer ;
The beckoning islands plead from far,
And loud is the Macedonian call
From continents dark, where the morning star
Is struggling forth through the midnight pall.
Alas ! how few are the hearts and hands
That haste to the help of the groaning lands.
Shall the millions sink to a hopeless grave,
Whom our hearts should pity, our hands should save
Shall the harvest waste, while we still withhold
The hire of the reapers—the cankering gold ?
Nay, lest the lord of the harvest frown,
Let our willing tithes to his storehouse flow ;
And so shall the showers of heaven come down
On our gladdening souls as we give and go.
The work is great and the need is sore ;
Shall we idly stand by the open door ?
The time is ripe and the hour has come,
Help, help, for the perishing heathendom !
Be a loving heart and a generous hand
Our prompt response to the Lord's command ;
“ Thy kingdom come,” our prayer then be,
Till the world be conquered, O Christ, for Thee.

We never can serve the cause of the God
of truth by saying any more than is true.