

EMIN BEY—HIS WORK IN THE SOUDAN.

Four years ago the eyes of the world were turned towards the "Uncrowned King" who was so nobly holding his own almost single handed in the far Soudan, and to-day they are watching with scarcely less interest for news of him upon whom his mantle has fallen.

Emin Bey is not a Turk as his name would lead one to suppose, but a German who years ago dropped his German name in order that he might be the freer to work among the Mohammedans who distrusted everything European. His father was a merchant of Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia, and there Edward Schnitzer was born in March 1840. His student years were passed in Neisse, and the Breslau and Berlin Universities. Having completed his medical studies in the latter University in 1864 a strong desire for travel led him to look for employment in a foreign country, and before long he was in Turkey on the staff of Hakkî Pasha whom, until his death in Constantinople in 1873, he accompanied on his official journeys, and in this way became thoroughly acquainted with Armenia, Syria and Arabia. In 1875 a fit of home sickness drove him home, but he could not be content to remain and the next year he entered the Egyptian service under the name of Dr. Emin Effendi, and was ordered off to act as chief medical officer under General Gordon who was then Governor-General of the Equatorial Province of the Soudan. Gordon, quick to recognize the value of a gifted man, employed him at once on diplomatic missions and sent him on tours of inspection through the newly annexed districts, and in March 1877, when he himself was appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan and removed his headquarters from Gondokoro to Khartoum, left Emin in his place as Governor of the Equatorial Province.

Only those who know something of General Gordon's life can realize what being in his place involved. For the first year the province, which had for so long depended for its weal upon the active brain and busy hand of one man, retrograded sadly, but as soon as the new Governor got the reins well in hand there were rapid changes for the better. Dr. Falkin, a friend of Emin Bey, says of him: "He banished the remaining slave-dealers, substituted native for Egyptian soldiers, was chief doctor, road-maker, builder, directing agriculturist, promoter of commerce, and manufacturer. He added large districts to his province not by the use of the sword, but by personal negotiations with the chiefs. He made immense collections of plants and birds and beasts from which he enriched the museums of the cities of Europe." By the year 1882, instead of the annual deficit of one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars which met him during his first year of office, he had a surplus of forty thousand dollars and during the last five years he has single-handed held his province safe amid the wars and tumults all around it. On one side he has had the Arab emissaries of the Mahdi, triumphant over the defeat of the English and the death of Gordon; and on the other the blood-thirsty young king Mwanga of Uganda, the terrible persecution in whose territory had its crowning in the tragic death of Bishop Hamington. From February, 1883, to December, 1885, he heard not one word from Khartoum, and not until February, 1886, did he learn of the fall of the city and Gordon's death.

Never so long as Emin Bey lives will General Gordon lack a monument, for in him his spirit lives. When he learned a year ago that an expedition for his rescue, headed by Stanley, had started across the continent he wrote:—

"If a relief expedition comes to us, I will on no account leave my people. We have passed through troublous times together, and I consider it would be a shameful act on my part were I to desert them. They are, notwithstanding all their hardships, brave and good, with the exception of the Egyptians. . . . All we would ask England to do is to bring about a better understanding with the Uganda, and to provide us with a safe way to the coast. That is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not."

In another part of the same letter he says: "The work that Gordon paid for with his blood, I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still ac-

ording to his intentions and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me,—"I appoint you for civilization and progress' sake." I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me; and that I have to some extent been successful, and have won the confidence of the natives, is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds of thousands of natives. I remain here the last and only representative of Gordon's staff. . . . Shall I now give up the work because a way will soon be open to the coast? Never!"

But just what is he doing for the natives? Let him tell himself. In a letter to Dr. Falkin he writes:—"We are certainly proud of the way in which we have been able to help ourselves, whilst cut off from external supplies. I send you a sample of the beautiful pocket-handkerchiefs we have made from cotton that we planted and spun ourselves. I hope, too, you will like the shoes. Instead of sugar, we use honey; instead of coffee, the seeds of a species of hibiscus; instead of stearine, candles made of wax. Soap has been made from tallow and the ashes of various trees. With meat, a few vegetables and oil procured from the semsem seed have prevented us starving."

And again:—"We sow, we reap, we

one of his lieutenants, Major Barthelot, and intended pushing up the Aruwimi to the boundary of Emin Bey's province. This he was unable to do, however, owing to the great swamp in which the river takes its rise. So, leaving the river, he took a more northerly course towards the country of the Niam-Niam and since then up to the time of writing, now more than a year ago, nothing has been heard from him directly. Later word has been received from Major Barthelot that Stanley was probably five hundred miles north in the direction of Khartoum. Should this be so, there is a strong feeling abroad that Stanley's plans have changed—that having learned that Emin Bey is quite safe, he has turned north and is marching straight for Khartoum. Should such prove to be the case the whole aspect of affairs will be changed and new developments are awaited with the keenest interest. A still later telegram expresses the belief of Burton, the explorer, that the mysterious "White Pasha" reported in the Bar-el-Ghazel district, and supposed by some to be Stanley, is Emin Bey himself.

MOSES AND REBECCA.

Mr. Wilkie, a Presbyterian missionary, writes from Indore, Hindustan, to the *Presbyterian Review* telling the story of a Hindoo Christian wedding which will be in-



EMIN BEY.

spin, and live day after day as usual. . . . We have docked our steamers, and renewed them as much as possible; besides this, we have built several boats; and I hold nearly all the stations originally entrusted to me by General Gordon. I intend and expect to keep them all."

And now a word as to the relief expedition. Stanley himself is too well known to our readers to need that much be said about him personally.

The idea impressing itself upon the English people more and more firmly as time went on that Emin Bey was unable to leave his province owing to the quarrelsome tribes surrounding him, a fund was raised in January, 1886, with which to equip an expedition of relief. Sailing from Zanzibar they rounded the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the Congo in the steamers belonging to the Free State, secured the help of Tippoo Tib, the great Arab slave hunter who had hitherto been the terror of the Europeans in the country, and the last reliable information concerning him was that he had planted one encampment at the mouth of the Aruwimi River, a tributary which enters the Congo a little below Stanley Falls, had left there

teresting to the readers of the *Messenger*.

Mr. Wilkie says:—

One evening on my return home I found six or eight people waiting for me, led on by my catechist, who explained that one of them—Moses by name—wished to marry our ayah, Rebecca, a Christian. When I asked the intending bridegroom if he had spoken with Rebecca on the subject, he said he neither had nor felt the necessity for doing so—that if "the sahib" was willing, why should he trouble further. Knowing well that the ordinary native custom is to throw on the missionary all the trouble and responsibility in connection with marriage, and then to blame him if all does not turn out quite satisfactorily, I clearly told him that they must assume all responsibility, and advised him to see her before going any further. To this he agreed, and waited till she returned with the children.

She, of course, through a third party, had already heard of the intention of Moses, and of the proposed interview with me; and yet, on her return to the house, passed by the waiting ones in the most indifferent way as if she had no interest in either them or their doings. I followed

her into the house and in a jocular way asked what this meant, when she in an astonished way asked "What?"

"Are you not thinking of getting married?"

She— "I will do whatever the sahib says."

"Have you seen or spoken to Moses yet?"

She—"Why should I? If the sahib is willing I will marry him, but if not willing, I will not do so."

I then tried to show her how foolish such a course was, as she, not the sahib, would have to live with him afterwards, and told her I would do nothing further till they were both quite satisfied with each other. She agreed then to see him, but I am quite sure I not in the slightest degree influenced them in the matter; but rather made them yet further wonder at our strange ideas as to marriage. Did he not want a wife? was she not willing to take him, and had he not asked me who was her ma-bap (mother and father)? What more then was necessary? After we were satisfied that Moses had not a wife somewhere else, and that otherwise he was satisfactory, the day was fixed (January 1st), the bride retaining the same utterly indifferent air—even going on with her work till within a very short time of her marriage.

At last they stood before me. Moses was asked to repeat some words after me, but refused, saying, "I will give her her bread and water. Is that not enough?" and in this, too, only conforming to the current idea whilst expressing the fear they so naturally have of binding themselves to do what may have a deeper meaning. The ceremony ended without any further hitch, without the bride, however, being saluted in the usual way, or at all affected, and soon after Rebecca slipped home and went on as usual with her work, though I should say she went away later on to the big dinner that had been prepared in honor of the occasion.

Sometimes the missionary is not only asked to agree to the marriage, but also asked to secure a bride or bridegroom, as may be needed—though this office I have invariably declined. You need hardly wonder if sometimes an obligation so lightly undertaken is as lightly regarded and broken, and that hence missionaries have sometimes sad hearts. It is useless to expect that ideas that have been received in their earliest years and that are still so fully believed in by the great mass around them, should not continue to exercise a very decided influence even in the Christian Church. Oh that those who talk so loudly in praise of Hinduism could see it as it is—not as it seems to be, stripped of all that is vile and impure! I have often asked the Hindus which one of their sacred books would they put into their child's hands, as its only guide to morality and good living, and have invariably been told there was not one. Beautiful thoughts are to be found in them, it is true, but unfortunately the few nuggets of precious truths are powerless to stem the torrent of villainess that for ages has swept over Hindustan.

EVERY DOLLAR BELONGS TO GOD.

This is a truth little realized by multitudes of Christians. Yet it is so. If we have been purchased by the precious blood of Christ, all we are and all we have belongs to him. Dr. William Kincaid tells the following striking incident:—

"A friend of mine was receiving some money at the hands of a bank officer the other day, when he noticed depending from one of the bills a little scarlet thread. He tried to pull it out, but found that it was woven into the very texture of the note, and could not be withdrawn. 'Ah!' said the banker, 'you will find that all the government bills are made so now. It is an expedient to prevent counterfeiting.' Just so Christ has woven the scarlet thread of his blood into every dollar that the Christian owns. It cannot be withdrawn; it marks it as his. My brother, my sister, when you take out a government note to expend it for some needless luxury, notice the scarlet thread therein, and reflect that it belongs to Christ. How can we trifle with the price of blood?"

IT IS A SIGN OF INFANCY when only a few beings interest us.—*Channing*.