

World of Missions.

British Amatongaland, Southeastern Africa.

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The land of the Tongas, which was not long ago annexed by Great Britain, is still unevangelized. It is the territory north of Zululand and not three hundred miles from Durban. We recently journeyed through this region in a cart drawn by six oxen, and saw unmistakable signs that at one time one great inland sea extended from Lake St. Lucia on the south to Kosi Bay on the north where the now high sand ridges along the coast, acting like dams, have effectually kept back the sea and waters of the Indian Ocean. The country is one great plain, dotted over with sand hills, ponds, lakes, and ridges. It is covered with grass and trees in some places, and thousands of fan palms, while to the west, apparently the old sea boundary, is a long, narrow forest. West of this marsh land extends almost up to the Ubonome Mountains, which divide Zululand and Amatongaland from the Transvaal and Swaziland.

Journeying through one long plain covered with reeds, we passed to the West of Lake Usebai and journeyed on through prairie land, skirted by the forest already mentioned. Lions, panthers, leopards, buffalo, koodoo, hippotamus, rhinoceros, and other animals are to be found here, while the lakes and rivers are infested with crocodiles. There are many snakes of all sorts, from the python, twenty-one feet long, to the little deadly night adder. The flora is magnificent, especially round Kosi and Usebai lakes. This country would be a paradise to a naturalist and botanist. The large swamps between Lakes St. Lucia and Usebai and the many water or sour pans, as they are called, make it more or less a fever district; still healthy spots can be found, especially on the high ridges, which skirt the Indian Ocean to the east.

The Zulus look down upon the Tongas, and to call a Zulu a Tonga is considered a great insult. While in some districts the Tongas are degraded and diseased, as a whole we found them industrious, clean, and eager for teaching. To the northeast of Lake St. Lucia many live on little mounds which dot a large swamp, through which flows the Umkusi River, at times an underground stream. These are in a most degraded condition, dirty and covered with sores, the result of the bite of a very vicious insect. We hope to reach these poor Tongas from our station north of the lake.

North of this district, right up to Kosi Bay, great numbers of Tongas are to be found along the ridges which skirt the sea. They are of fine physique, and both intelligent and industrious, always busy in their gardens, which produce two crops a year, or carving, making mats and baskets, or covering battle-axes or sticks with very pretty wire work. Along these ridges we hope, in time, to have three stations.

After nearly five days' travelling, we reached Maputa, situated five miles to the west of Kosi Bay, a very pretty spot, with hills and valleys well wooded and watered. This was formerly the magistracy, but was recently given up, and the government has placed the building at our disposal for a mission station. The sea is only ten miles to the east, and the noise of the heavy billows can be distinctly heard. We have now placed a missionary here, one solitary witness, and hope soon to

be able to send a much-needed medical missionary.

The Tongas have occupied this land for generations, and number about twelve thousand. They are supposed to be a branch of the Atonga tribe, found in the northern districts of the Zambesi. Their language is quite different from the Zulu, but they are able to speak Zulu. The women dress their hair with red clay and fat—a most objectionable fashion. They are great polygamists, the young king, only twenty-seven years of age, having forty-six wives. This part of Amatongaland has only been annexed about about three and a half years; before that time human life was sacrificed for all sorts of imaginary evils, suggested by the witch doctor. But things have changed; the witch doctors are not looked up to as they formerly were, for the people seem to see the rogues of these emissaries of the devil.

The queen mother is a shrewd, intelligent woman, and has brought up her son, Ngwanasi, the young king, fairly well. Two of his people went to Cape Colony and learned to read and write, and on their return taught him to do the same. He was called to meet us, and two days after our arrival came from a big hunt, with his two advisers and the usual retinue of followers. He is decidedly a pleasant looking young fellow, well formed, and with a bright smile on his face. We had a most interesting talk with him, and he told how desirous he was to have a teacher (missionary), and that he would do all he could for him, and tell his people to do the same. He told us that they were not a fighting nation like the Zulus, their only enemies being the Shangaans, who came from the north of Delagoa Bay. Some few years ago two missionaries visited Maputa, but were requested to leave after two or three days. Now all is changed, and God has graciously opened another land to be occupied for Christ.

Presbyterian Statistics.

According to the latest authorities, there are seventy distinct churches of the Presbyterian family. These embrace in round numbers 29,800 congregations, 26,600 ministers, 127,000 elders, 4,900,000 communicants, 337,000 Sabbath School teachers, 3,500,000 pupils. The Presbyterian churches contribute for home work \$32,090,205, and about \$35,640,760 for foreign missions. They support 840 ordained foreign missionaries, 1,366 medical missionaries, 463 ordained native workers, and they have among the heathen over 148,000 communicants. In colleges and schools, and in mission fields there are 158,648 pupils. The Presbyterian population of the world is twenty-five million.—Presbyterian Witness.

Familiarity with the prevailing standards of etiquette gives a young man a distinct advantage, and he who is sure that he knows is at ease and conforms automatically to social requirements. None can be perfect in deportment who has to stop to consider how things ought to be done. If a man be a gentleman at heart the outward polish is easily acquired—between manners and morals the tie is intimate. A true gentleman is simple, unpretending, natural. He is courteous and considerate, and has the personal dignity that comes of self-respect, not self-consciousness. He treats every woman as a lady, speaks well of others and recognizes hospitality as a mutual obligation.—October Ladies' Home Journal.

In the glorious likeness of Christ thou wilt be made rich and find all the solace and sweetness in the world.—John Taylor.

HOPE HAD DEPARTED.

The Story of a Woman's Rescue From Great Suffering.

For Years her Life was one of Misery—Her feet and Limbs Would Swell frightfully and She Became Unable to do her Household Work.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked to the proprietor "If ever there was a friend to woman, it is those pills." She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:—

"My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pain finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions and am happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition, to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice it to say I would recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womanhood. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.