

number of young men were trained for the ministry. It was deemed that the Sandwich Islands had ceased to be a field for missionary operations. The nation was Christianized. The native church afforded men enough for her service, and means enough for their support. Fifty years from its opening the mission was closed. Its entire cost—the cost of turning this little nation to God had been £250,000, greatly less than the cost of one iron-clad ship-of-war.

Hitherto, as in politer despotisms, the only law was “the thought of the chief.” With Christianity came constitutional government. The chiefs formed a parliament, which met annually for dispatch of business, and was opened by a speech from the throne. A code of laws was prepared, and, after discussion, adopted by the parliament. A charter was granted in which the king recognized and guaranteed the rights of his subjects. A government system of education was established. Even a patent law was provided for the protection of inventive islanders.

The missionaries taught how to cultivate the cotton-plant, and how to spin and weave its fibre. They taught how to extract sugar from the cane. They instructed a docile people in the decencies and comforts of civilized life. Roads were made; bridges were built; a newspaper was established; industry prospered even amid the seductions of idleness which a tropical climate presents. The islands took a respectable place in the records of commerce. In 1867 the imports were £490,000; the exports—consisting of sugar, coffee, arrowroot, timber, beef, and hides—amounted to £500,000, and were steadily increasing. The government expenditure was £100,000. Even that crowning evidence of civilization, a national debt, was not wanting. The country had borrowed £25,000 to promote the development of its resources.

A complete success had been achieved.

Heathenism had utterly disappeared from the islands; Christianity had come instead, bringing in its train security to life and property, peace, industry, and progress; raising the wasteful and treacherous savage to the dignity of a God-fearing, law-abiding citizen, who bears fairly his part in contributing to the common welfare of the human family.

Southern Africa was the home of the Bechuanas—a fierce, warlike race, cruel, treacherous, delighting in blood. No traveller could go among them with safety; they refused even to trade with strangers. They had no trace of a religion, no belief in any being greater than themselves, no idea of a future life.

In the early days of missionary effort Dr. Moffat, with some companions, was among these discouraging savages. For years he toiled under manifold difficulty. No man regarded his words. The people would not even come to church until they were bribed by a gift of tobacco; and their deportment when they came was unbecoming in a high degree. They stole the missionary's vegetables, his tools, the very water which irrigated his fields. They destroyed his sheep, or chased them in utter mischief into dangerous places.

But Moffat, a heroic Christian man, labored patiently on, and in time a vast success crowned his noble toils. Almost suddenly (1828) the people began to attend church in large numbers, and to evidence deep interest in the instruction of the missionaries. Dr. Moffat translated the Bible into the native tongue, and there arose an eager desire to be able to read. Many persons professed Christianity, and applied for baptism. Soon they manifested a disposition to clothe themselves and to keep clean their persons, which heretofore were filthy. They began to improve their dwellings, and in a simple way to furnish them. They wanted ploughs, wagons, and other agricultural implements. They entered