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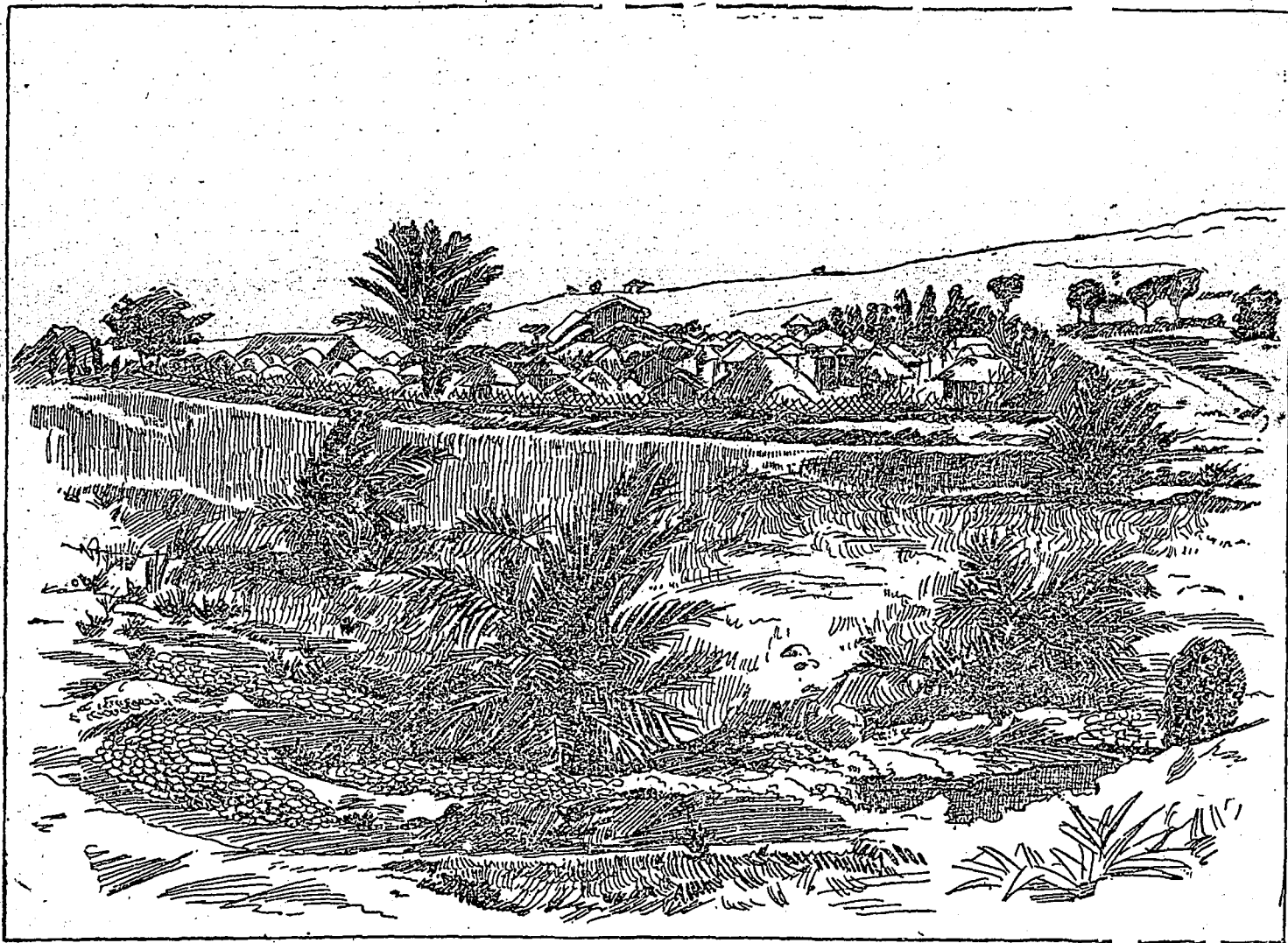
A Mission Village.

Speaking of the early days of the Tanganyika Mission in Central Africa, the Rev. D. P. Jones of Kambole says in the 'Missionary Chronicle':—

During the intervals of health which we enjoyed we worked hard—sometimes doing manual work, and at other times studying the language, or else delivering to the people in simple, and often broken language, the message of Divine love. We were on the whole sanguine of success, although we were occasionally bitterly tried by the selfishness of the chiefs, whose one cry was 'Cloth, cloth,' as well as by the cold apathy of the people. Looking back upon this period now, we cannot help feeling that it was

bo, however, we began work on different lines, and instead of going about from village to village, pleading with the different chiefs to gather their people together to hear the Word of God, we started a village of our own, giving the natives every encouragement to settle down beside us. We thus had the same people to listen to us Sunday after Sunday, and in time we began to make an impression on them, especially on that section of the people which there, as here, is the most impressionable—the young. Speaking of their mental qualities and their power of grasping new truths, the Africans are children, and they require the treatment of children. It would be of no use to preach a sermon to them once in a while. They need daily teaching—constant instruction.

God had made me a means of blessing to the brother; would he not to the sisters also? I was a little disappointed on reaching the farmhouse, to find it empty and the door locked. I thought God was sending me to them that day, but evidently not. What would he have me do? It was in an out-of-the-way part of the parish, and I had no other calls that I could make near at hand. I let my horse have the reins for a while, waiting; waiting to hear what he would say to me. Presently it was all made plain. I had not gone far before I overtook the two girls I had called to see, walking along the road. God had not sent me in vain. I asked them if I might drive them as the day was very hot. They were going down to their grandmothers, and would be very glad to be driven. On my endeavoring to turn the con-



FWAMBO, CENTRAL AFRICA.

pre-eminently a time of experimenting and of preparation, rather than that of actual work.

The commencement of what we should call 'permanent' work in Central Africa dates from the year 1887, when we opened a station at Fwambo, a highland district at the south end of the lake; for this place proved to be comparatively healthy, and the missionaries who were resident there had an immunity from fever and other sicknesses which they had never before experienced.

In the early days I have referred to, we devoted ourselves more especially to itinerating; and though our reception at first might be characterized by a good deal of curiosity, the people could not be said to feel any real interest in our message. At Fwam-

An Incident in Parochial Work

I had been, for several weeks, visiting a young man stricken down with rapid consumption. We had some very heart to heart talks together, and I believe he died trusting in Jesus. But what about his two sisters, both grown-up girls, who had been nursing him? Were they Christians? In my anxiety about Will, I had forgotten them, and now, driving over to the funeral service, I had just remembered that I had spoken no word to them. There was no opportunity on that day, so I determined to come over specially in the early part of the week. Having prayed very definitely that I might be given a message, I drove across to their home on Tuesday afternoon.

versation on the things of Christ, I found them reticent. It was not God's time after all, then. Asking about the grandmother, I found that she lived outside my parish, about a mile or more farther on, in a direction in which I had not been, and that she was very ill—indeed, not expected to live. Perhaps, after all, it was to her I was being sent that afternoon. But how was I to know? I did not know the people, nor did they know me, for I had only arrived in my parish a very short time before. Was it just the thing for me to go and see sick people who did not know me, and who had not asked me to go? He will decide this for me; and I silently prayed, 'Lord, what shall I do? If they ask me to go in, I will go, believing thou art sending me.' Reach-