

# Missionary World.

## AFRICA.

In 1799 the first four missionaries of the London Missionary Society arrived at the Cape. The Dutch Reformed Church is another of the early agents in the South African mission cause. The Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts worked in Abyssinia and in South Africa. Egypt has missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States.

The missionary spirit in Robert Moffat was aroused by hearing of the labours of the Moravians in Africa. He went to the Hottentots in 1816, under the London society. His first sermon was preached in a barn, and one of his first converts was a cruel old chief. Next Moffat was sent to work among the Bechuannas. He had a hard time with them for a while, but he won the confidence of the people at last, and stayed with them until 1870. He passed the last years of his life in England, and died in 1883.

One hundred years ago Sierra Leone was the great slave-market of Africa, but wherever missionaries go in Africa the slave trade disappears; even when they make no direct efforts to suppress it, their presence in some mysterious manner, has the effect of breaking up the terrible traffic.

The explorations of Speke and Grant and Baker and Cameron opened the continent for the entrance of the missionaries, but these men could never have found their way into the country had it not been for the previous exertions of David Livingstone. He went to Africa as a medical missionary, and worked there for twenty-five years. He did not live to see the result of his work, but after forty attacks of fever, he died on his knees in a grass hut near Lake Bangweolo, in May, 1873. George Schmidt and John Krapf, two other early explorers of Africa, also died on their knees. Livingstone's call to the Christian Church should still sound in our ears, "Come on, brethren."

King Leopold, of Belgium, losing his son by death, adopted Africa and her children as his own, giving a large share of his fortune annually for her sake. It has been said that the three great pioneers of African civilization have been Livingstone, Stanley and King Leopold. A year after Livingstone's death a memorial mission was founded for him on Lake Nyassa.

The Wesleyans did apparently fruitless work at Cape Coast for many years. Only a few years ago they were giving \$10,000 a year to their mission there, but now the 8,000 members contribute \$20,000.

The British enterprises in Africa have been mostly conducted through the agency of three companies—the Niger Company, the South African Company, and the East African Company, which has the territory just north of the Zanzibar to the great Victoria Nyanza lake and the valley of the Nile from there until it meets the frontier of Egypt. Its great object has been to deal a deadly blow to the slave trade existing on the east coast and on the shores of the Red Sea.

The Brussels conference of 1890 has been ratified by eighteen governments. This treaty authorizes the most vigorous measures for the suppression of the slave-trade and restricts the sale of firearms and ammunition.

The work of slave caravans can be destroyed if a railway can be built from the east coast to the Victoria Nyanza. Last summer the officers of the Congo Free State rescued and set free 2,000 slaves in the interior after a conflict with the Arabs. It is claimed, too, that the slave trade might be prevented by placing steel cruisers on the Congo River and its tributaries, and if the Congo Free State be put in position to occupy with military force all routes which lead to the southeast of the Soudan and to the sources of the Congo.

An English missionary on the Congo says that European nations are more guilty to-day in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors in Africa than they were half a century ago, for it has now been shown that to introduce liquor among aboriginal tribes means their utter demoralization and extinction. Wherever one goes in Africa one sees the natives engaged in the one pursuit of buying, selling or drinking the trade gin. They will acknowledge that it is injurious, but have not the will-power to resist its fascinations.

The trade in rum has sunk the natives into a state of degradation lower than that occupied by them before they came into contact with our civilization and commerce. The traders will soon be in communication with over 50,000,000 savages. Unless the traffic is suppressed the result will be disastrous to the cause of humanity, a reproach to the Christian nations and an outrage equal to the slave trade itself.

Some of the natives have expressed their opinion in regard to the introduction of strong drink. Cetewayo, ex-king of the Zulus, said: "The sale of brandy is a very bad thing and would ruin the country." Another man said: "The white people must stop giving us brandy if they wish to save us." Another added: "If brandy is introduced among us we shall lose everything we have;" and seventy chiefs united in affirming: "Brandy is a fearfully bad thing. We would become wild animals here if it were introduced."

In one place in Africa one missionary and 50,000 barrels of whiskey were landed at the same time. From July 1, 1890, to July 1, 1891, there were 1,018,591 gallons of rum shipped from Boston to Africa. In 1891 the trade was almost doubled.

Arthur Brooks, who was killed by the natives in Africa in 1891, was the eleventh martyr the London Missionary Society has given to the East African Mission. Africa has been called "The White Man's Grave." Yet it is now claimed that with proper knowledge and care there need not be so many victims to the dreadful fever that has carried away so many noble souls.

## A BRANTFORD MIRACLE.

MR. JOHN CONGDON TELLS OF HIS RELEASE FROM TORTURE AND SUFFERING.

Almost Helpless and in Constant Agony for Eight Months—After Many Remedies Had Failed, Health is Again Restored.—What Prominent Druggists Have to Say.

From The Brantford Courier.

Some two years ago a startling article appeared in the papers telling of the recovery of a Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, who had been pronounced incurable by many doctors, and so hopeless was his case that he was paid the total disability claim of the Royal Templars. The potent agent in his recovery was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Since then the whole country has rung with the praises of these marvellous Pink Pills. They have been prime health-giving agents wherever conscientiously used, and have done more good during the past two or three years than half the graduates of the medical colleges have accomplished in a life-time. The citizens of Brantford who suffer from nervous diseases and all the ills which they entail, have not been slow to seize upon the aid to health and happiness held out to them at such a small price, and the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this city and vicinity has been simply enormous; and the good done has more than kept pace with the sale.

Recently the Courier has had called to its attention a remarkable recovery—only one, it is stated, of many that have occurred in this city. Incredulous as one may be, a story, when oft repeated, certainly calls for consideration and investigation, and a Courier representative determined to ascertain what measure of truth was in this oft-repeated

story. Mr. John Congdon, whose recovery was announced, lives in a neat little cottage, at 102 Queen Street. When the newspaper man first called Mr. Congdon was stated to be working on the Wellington Street Church. Thither the scribe repaired, but decided not to interview Mr. C., until a more convenient season, as he was then perched at a giddy height repairing the roof of the church. On a subsequent occasion Mr. Congdon was found at home, and in response to the reporter's enquiries, told the following wonderful story:—

"I am a miller by trade, and a year ago was exposed a great deal in an open building in Guelph, where I was running a chopping mill. I think it was the result of this exposure that laid the foundation of the terrible illness that was to follow. At any rate I began to suffer severe pain in my left hip which bothered me a great deal. Shortly after this I removed to Stratford, and here my symptoms became alarmingly worse. I consulted a doctor, who thought it rheumatism, but afterwards pronounced me suffering from sciatica. Up to this time I had always been a robust man, and hardly knew what sickness meant. But now my life was to be a misery to myself and those around me. I had to give up my trade and was glad to get a lighter job in a feed-store. Getting worse and worse I had eventually to lay up altogether. All this time I was taking medicines of all descriptions. The doctor blistered me several times and punctured around the nerve with a needle, but instead of improving, I was going down grade steadily. The pain I suffered was simply excruciating, and the only easy position I could get at all was by lying on the bare floor and stretching myself at full length. In this position I took my meals as best I could. If I did try to get some exercise by walking, I would perhaps fall to the ground, my left leg giving way under me. I was losing in flesh and was the subject of commiseration on the part of my friends, and alarm on the part of myself and wife, as I have a young family growing up. This went on for eight months, and although I did some work during this time, I was never fit really to do a hand's turn; I was rapidly approaching the terrible state of a chronic cripple."

"Well, said the newspaper man, "what was the factor that brought about such an astonishing cure? You didn't look as though you had ever approached the chronic cripple stage when I saw you yesterday up those three flights of ladders at the church. It would take a pretty active and daring man to go up there."

"Yes," replied Mr. Congdon, "a few months ago I could not have gone up one rung of those ladders. I couldn't walk a step in fact without assistance. I will tell you what cured me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a nerve tonic and blood builder, to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, etc., and a friend urged me to take the pills. I was as incredulous as some other people; but all that is now past, as I owe my present health and happiness to them. I bought a box of Pink Pills after a good deal of persuasion, and it was the best fifty cents I ever invested in my life. For a while there were no noticeable results, then came a slight relaxation from the pain, and slight as it was I felt encouraged to get more of the pills. There was no instantaneous result, but every day added to my gradual but steady improvement, until I am as well as ever I was in my life. Fifty dollars a box wouldn't commence to represent the value of those pills to me, and I am only too glad, out of gratitude for what they have done for me, to recommend them whenever and wherever I can. They are deserving of every good thing that can be said in their favour."

Mrs. Congdon was present and added her tribute to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which not only cure the diseases above mentioned, but eradicate all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as chronic erysipelas, scrofula, the after effects of la grippe, etc. They are also a specific for the ailments peculiar to women, correct

irregularities, suppressions and all forms of weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow faces. In the case of men they effect a cure in troubles arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature, building up and stimulating the blood, thus driving disease from the system.

After leaving Mr. Congdon's the reporter made some inquiries among the local druggists as to the sale and general reputation of Pink Pills. "Do you sell many Pink Pills," was asked of Mr. S. Tapscott, of Tapscott & Co.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "We order a hundred dollars worth every month and can't keep a stock ahead even then. The demand for them is steady and seems to constantly increase. Pink Pills are a good remedy, there can be no question about that, and that accounts for the enormous demand."

Mr. Golding, of the opera house drug store, reported very large sales of the Pink Pills, and had no doubt of the great virtues contained in the ingredients.

Mr. J. A. Wallace said—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had the most remarkable sale of any medicine of late years. There can be no question about the wonderful good they are accomplishing."

Mr. Frank Merrill, of McGregor and Merrill, said—"We sell more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine. That they are a power for good I have no doubt whatever."

The newspaper man was very much impressed with Mr. Congdon's story and what was said concerning Pink Pills by the druggists, and has come to the conclusion that they are the most valuable specific of the age.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form, is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Edward Linlef, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of Minard's Liniment cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without Minard's Liniment for twice the cost.