

ter of safety, and the missionaries were left in total solitude. The town was deserted. A night of loneliness was passed. When the day came, "we began (say they) to prepare our early meal. Milking the goats was, after several attempts, found to be an impossibility; our store of condensed milk we dared not use, for it was our sole dependence for our baby, so we hid the precious tins. Mid-day passed, still the same dreadful silence prevailed. For miles around there was no sign of life; we were alone on our hill top." In another day the dreaded invaders came and took possession of the missionaries and their home, robbed the station, and led the strangers away into cruel captivity. The hardships to which the poor prisoners, men, woman and baby, were subjected, we have no space to recite. The march which they had to endure was inexpressibly distressing. "Our aching limbs could scarcely move; but they drove us step by step, and in silence, almost in despair we pursued our miserable way, feeling that death itself could bring us nothing worse. Sometimes we were staggering through tangled grass ten feet in height, then over a boggy plain, our distress increased by falling rain, and by the sight of corpses or wounded bodies all along our path." They halted all night at a village. "It was a horrible resting place, full of slain, so that we had to pick our way over the gory earth; and when my wife stumbled from weakness her dress was covered with stains."

Shortly after this they thought they were about to be put to death, and they were able to contemplate the event with perfect calmness. Their lives were spared, but they were put in chains. After a short rest they were driven on to Coomassie. Here is a sample of a portion of their weary way:—

"Our road now lay along the beautiful Peki mountains, and had our baby been willing to leave my arms one of our guides would have carried him for us. It was past sunset when, half dead with fatigue and exhaustion, we were once more permitted to halt in a village full of Akwamu soldiers, who flocked around us, laughing and mockingly exclaiming, 'Oh! the whites; good evening, sirs, where are your

heads?' and from one shelter to another they followed, assailing us with abusive taunts. At length they were tired, and began to prepare for the night, by lighting large fires around which they lay, leaving us only space enough to sit in a crouching posture.

"They had given us some wretched meat, which we could not touch, but tried to appease our hunger with a little parched corn and a few half-cooked beans, bestowed upon us by a pitying woman. Half choked by dense smoke and heat, we dragged through the wearisome hours of darkness, and slept at length from sheer exhaustion, but were soon aroused by the attempted escape of another prisoner, who lost his head in the struggle that ensued, which episode caused much merriment among our guards.

"No words can describe the languor and disgust with which we rose as the day dawned, and watched our selfish keepers eagerly cooking and devouring their morning meal, without a thought or care for our wants. At our earnest entreaty they at length vouchsafed us a very scanty breakfast, while an exultant crowd again gathered round them 'humble whites,' and amused themselves by offering us a portion of our own stores of food, which when we took, they immediately snatched away."

It is a curious and instructive experience though extremely trying, to make the acquaintance of an African people as the inferiors, wholly in their power. Ordinarily the whites are in a position to look down upon the African. In this case the position was reversed. Our missionaries were chained slaves, altogether at the mercy of their captors. It is pleasant to meet with instances of humanity even in the heart of heathen Ashantee. The people themselves are represented as being a hardy race inured from youth to the severest simplicity, able to march from day to day at a quick, steady pace, with short intervals of rest and but little food. They lie down to sleep at night after a light supper of corn, waking refreshed and strengthened to resume their way at sunrise." The captives were generally subjected to continued insults and mockery; but in a village of 600 inhabitants, "the people with each other in kindness, and no jesting escaped their lips as they gazed at us in wonder and pity." Food was poured in upon them in abundance. They