

girls under instruction, who were also boarded on the mission. The form of service, nominally that of the Established Church of Scotland, he found encumbered with an elaborate ritual—surpliced clergyman, white-robed processional choir, intoned prayers, bowings to the East, creed recitation, altar tapers, etc.* This is almost as bad as his picture of the Universities' Mission, with its native choir, surpliced in white and cassocked in purple, with their large brass cross carried at their head, and the priests bowing and crossing themselves; and the native women squatting on the floor, with the cross and fetich ornaments together hung around their necks.†

Some statements of Dr. Johnston demand such an investigation as will bring either a refutation or a further exposure—as, for example, what he says about a leaflet, addressed to children in the Free Church of Scotland, in form of a letter from a missionary at the north end of Lake Nyassa, about “—’s three hundred slave children,” representing all the little Wakondé scholars . . . as naked and helpless, rescued from the slaver! Whereas, Dr. Johnston says they never were slaves, and are provided by their own parents with both food and lodging! He further affirms that twelve hundred pounds were wrung out of Scotchmen by this appeal, with which money “nothing has been done because the object for which it was given existed only on paper!”‡

Dr. Johnston finds in “How I Crossed Africa” a gross misrepresentation from first to last, “which,” he says broadly, is “only on a par with the rest of this two-volumed book;” and adds that there is no country under heaven the “subject of more romancing and misrepresentation than Africa.”§

In much of this there is an absence of judicial calmness and fairness, which makes it all look like an *ex parte* statement. As to such conclusions—drawn by a man who makes a journey of eighteen months across the continent, and for the first time—they remind us of Isaac’s question, when Jacob brought so promptly his savory dish of mock venison: “How hast thou found it so quickly, my son?” It is barely possible that the dish, after all, is not venison, and was found without any real hunting, in an enclosure of foregone conclusions!

As he says that, from the time Bihé, on the west coast, was left behind, until he arrived at Blantyre, on the east, he found but “one missionary laboring among the natives,”|| we can be pardoned for questioning his full capacity to judge of African missions as a whole.

But nothing strikes the reader as a harder blow than Dr. Johnston’s criticism of Fred Stanley Arnot’s work at Kwanjululu. Such words as “a huge farce,” “hoodwinked supporters;” such statements as that the influence of this station “as a Christian mission is almost nil,” that “few natives attend the meetings,” that “next to no evangelistic work is being done,” and that for three successive Sundays not a “solitary hearer came

* P. 295.

† P. 322.

‡ Pp. 313, 314.

§ P. 190.

|| P. 326.