

from the higher classes. He was a conversationalist of very exceptional quality, and was able to converse on any subject, with any person, and at any time. In the beginning of my work (for I succeeded him) I was frequently made to feel that my assistants missed him greatly; for in his long and short tramps to and from the villages, the way was enlivened by a continuous stream of conversation of the most interesting nature.

Mr. Davis was a missionary of large vision, but he also had within himself the strength and the enthusiasm that would have made him the leader in any undertaking. One secret of his strength was his remarkable estimation of his own capabilities, which generated in him a self-confidence of a healthy kind, so that apparently he was largely free from that misgiving and nervousness which beset so many men, and make their work oftentimes a burden. It was an unique thing to fall in with a missionary who faced everything with an unfaltering confidence, and who was at the same time equal to his own estimate of himself. No one could pass half an hour with him, without being impressed with the man and with the work as it lay open to his vision.

Mr. Davis was a mighty man in prayer. When things went heavily or not at all, his great resource was prayer; and prayer with him meant the most intense exercise of spirit, and was persevered in until an answer was given. In his meetings, when at times his words seemed to fall against a dead wall of resistance, he shut himself in a room and prayed the resistance away; and then the break followed, Christians confessing wrongdoing, and converts being won.

Mr. Davis's outstanding quality was his preaching. He was mighty in preaching, for into his preaching went every ounce of strength and feeling and conviction that he possessed. There was absolutely no reservation of any kind. He gave his whole self—body, mind and heart—to his message. He preached with an intensity