

## Missionary Readings.

### AFRICA.

YOU in America can scarcely realize how much these people here often sacrifice to become Christians. You would understand better if you had been to our church meeting two weeks ago, when a number of persons were examined for church membership. There were here with us an English minister, a Norwegian missionary, and one of our own gentlemen missionaries. The name of each church member was called, and all who were there were expected to give an account of the Lord's dealings with them. It was a solemn and impressive meeting. Those who were examined for membership also told their story. How my heart yearned over them,—for some who I believe are Christians, but for the present cannot come into the Church on account of their surroundings. One polygamist and his two wives all wish to be Christians. The wife of his choice—the Rachel—is the one that he feels he must give up. She said before us all, "I love him, but for Christ's sake I give him up." We felt that it was best for all their arrangements to be made and affairs settled before they came into the Church. Two other women, wives of a polygamist, also wish to become Christians. They are bitterly opposed by their husband. They have no home,—no other place to go if they leave him.

There were other sad stories of women and girls who were meeting great difficulties by becoming Christians. I will tell you of one girl who is living with us now. Her name is Prindile. When we first came here we noticed a very pretty, delicate-looking girl, who was dressed as an engaged girl, and who often came to church. We became interested in her, and she came frequently to see us. She was much interested, and said she would like to become a Christian, but she was engaged to a man who was a heathen, he and all his friends being greatly opposed to Christianity. She said: "I love him, and if I become a Christian he will not marry me, I fear. What can I do? I fear to ask him if I may. He is a policeman in the seaport town. I will wait until he comes home; it may be that then I can find courage to tell him." One day she came and said: "I cannot wait. I must ask him if I may become a Christian. Will you write a letter for me?" The letter was written to him, and the answer came. It said: "If you become a Christian I will never marry you. Choose. Choose me, and you give up Christianity; choose Christianity, and you give up me." Poor little body; she was greatly distressed. She said: "I love him, I love him,—but I do want to be a Christian. What shall I do?" I said: "Pray, and think over it; learn all you can, and God will help you to decide, if you truly seek for his light."

Weeks went by. She came to church, and often to see us. We did not urge her to give him up. We just prayed for her and taught her the way of salvation. One day she came to us just at sundown. I said: "Prindile, why have you come so late? It will be dark before you get home." She had on a blanket; the end was thrown over her head. She laughed a little rippling laugh, threw back the blanket from her head, and said, "I have chosen." The red "top-knot" of hair on the top of her head had been all washed down, and her head was like that of a Christian girl. Our native girls all flocked about her, and we all laughed and talked for joy. She said: "I wish to live with you, if you will let me. I choose Christ." How thankful we were to have some garments from America that fitted her. You should have seen her as she came out in them the next morning, "clothed and in her right mind." She did not

look like the same person. She is very bright in all her ways, neat and interesting. She soon learned the ways of the house, and is a great help to us. She goes to the day school, and quietly takes her place with a class of small children. The young man to whom she was to have been married came home, and made a great fuss. He and his friends went to Prindile's heathen father and took the cattle he had received for her. I expected her father would try and make her marry the young man, but he did not. He came to us and said he would do nothing to prevent his daughter from being a Christian; that he wished her to live with us, and was willing to give up the cattle. So the engagement was broken. Prindile has become bright and happy, and says she is very glad she chose Christ, as she is sure she never could be happy with a man who was not a Christian, however much she loved him. Since then her mother has become a Christian. She is a very intelligent woman. Only two years ago she refused to allow any one to pray in her kraal.—*Miss G. Hance in Life and Light.*

### ISLAND OF ERROMANGA.

THIS island, famous in missionary annals as the scene of the martyrdom of John Williams, has recently been visited by Rev. James Lyall, of Australia, who writes in the *Missionary Record* of the United Presbyterian Church, of intensely interesting scenes on the island. As the steamer neared the port of Erromanga unexpectedly, no one was on shore, but as soon as the steamer's whistle sounded the people turned out from their schoolrooms and houses, and the beach was alive. On board the steamer were Rev. H. A. Robertson and wife, who were returning to Erromanga after an absence of seventeen months. With great joy the people welcomed their returning missionaries. In the boat that came off for them were two sons of the man who murdered John Williams, and among those on shore was a third son of the murderer, who had for years remained a heathen, but during the absence of the missionary had become a Christian. All went directly to the Martyr's Church, where prayers and songs of praise gave expression to the great gladness of the people. Mr. Lyall describes many interesting scenes in different parts of the island, and reviews the sacrifices that have been made, and answers the question as to what has been the result of these sacrifices as follows: "It was in 1872 that Mr. Robertson commenced his labors in Erromanga. He had an uphill struggle for a considerable time; but the Christian party remained faithful, and gradually increased in numbers and strength, till at last the whole island was evangelized. In thirty-four villages there is service every Sabbath and every Wednesday. Out of a population of 2,500, 1,200 regularly attend church. There are 200 communicants and eight elders, while all traces of heathenism have passed away." Surely this is a notable triumph of the Gospel!

### A LIFE OF WONDERS ENDED.

BISHOP Samuel Adjai Crowther is dead, at nearly eighty years of age. A wonderful character, an honor to the human race, the intellectual apex of the black race. Born nearly eighty years ago of a savage tribe on the Benue River, in Africa, none of his people ever having seen a white man. In 1821 Mohammedan slave-catchers attacked the settlement, killed his father, dragged his mother and three children, including him, into captivity. Adjai was first exchanged for a horse, and was sold several times, finally for rum and tobacco to a Portuguese dealer, confined in a slave shed with iron fetters around his neck, so miserable he tried to strangle himself many times. He was one of 187 slaves sold to Cuba, but the ship was captured by the