

A Missionary Hero.

The name of T. Valpy French will go down in history as the name of a Bishop of the Church who was consumed with zeal for the cause of Christ. Bishop Matthews, his successor in the See of Lahore (India), alluded in a charge to Bishop French's last venture. He said: "When Mackay, of Uganda, wrote that a mission, which should convert the Arabs of Muscat, would stop the slave trade at its source, he little dreamed that the one to be moved to action by that appeal would be an aged Bishop already worn out with unsparing labours, who, finding no society prepared to take up the challenge, would throw himself single-handed upon that inhospitable shore. It was to be the last illustration of that indomitable spirit, of that passionate self-abnegation which had marked the career of Bishop French from the time that he gave (himself to be a missionary. Some of us (shall I own it?) could not altogether stifle the regret that a life so precious, so rich in learning and in experience, should be embarked in an enterprise which, if persevered in, could have but one ending. We could not but feel that in the mission field, as well as in the battlefields of the world, there is a certain adaptation of means to ends which is not entirely to be disregarded. But a life poured out like water, a life which has martyrdom for its chief ambition is not so common that we can subject our martyr spirits to the canons of a prudential criticism, and in the future we may anticipate that the name of Thomas Valpy French will rank with that of Henry Martyn among India's missionary heroes."

Boers and the "Colour Line."

Ladysmith itself has its missionary importance as being a convenient centre for services at the great festivals. At Easter, 1899, Rev. A. P. Troughton, S.P.G. missionary, arranged to hold the services there. The town hall had been lent for this purpose in the previous year, but was now refused "because it was wanted for the use of natives." What further difficulty there was, and what was actually done, can best be told in Mr. Troughton's own words:

"A strong effort was then made to obtain the use of a commodious church belonging to one of the divided sections of the Dutch Reformed body. This building was right opposite our doors, was generally in use only once a quarter, and was not going to be used on that Easter Sunday. But every argument was met with the one reply, 'You could have used it with pleasure if it were not wanted for the Kaffirs to worship in.' Our own local church was far too small, not a railway shed was available, and we then made up our minds to hold our Easter service in the open air down by the river bank, reminding one of 'the place where prayer was wont to be made.' This was at noon

on Easter Eve, but on going to the little church in the afternoon for a service of Adult Baptisms, which long had been looked forward to with much interest, I found that the natives were all busy extemporizing a large and commodious tent out of wagon sails stretched over poles."

Fragments.

Mr. Moody was one of the most remarkable men of this century. One need not agree with all his teachings and methods in order to admire the singleness of purpose, the unflinching love of his fellows, and the evident consciousness of a mission to them which marked his life. In whatever way he may have done it, there is probably no man of this generation who has helped an equal number of men and women to determine to live as Christians. His life abounds in lessons for the workers of the present and the future. His boyhood and youth were almost destitute of advantages. As a working recruit in the Church he was about as unpromising as any one well could be. When he volunteered for service as a Sunday-school teacher, he seemed to be so lacking in equipment that in order to discourage him he was told that there was no class that needed his services. Thereupon he spent a week in gathering a score of boys and young men from the street, and led them into the school the following Sunday. As a young man struggling to make his way in business, and discouraged by the lack of hospitality shown to strangers in the church he attended, he rented four pews and kept them filled with men whom he invited to the services. He died in the same confidence that had marked his life. "I am not going to throw my life away," he said to the friends gathered about his bedside. "If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die." And again he said to his sons, "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do." There could be no richer heritage. He has indeed left an abundance of work to be done, not because in life he neglected his opportunities for service, but because he seized them and used them to the best advantage. It is the highest reward of the Christian worker that one duty done is but the door to a dozen that lie beyond it.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

Rev. Canon Sloman, from the Diocese of Guiana, in a recent address to the S.P.G., said that Georgetown, the capital of the colony, where he was stationed, had a population of 50,000, members of various races, including English, about 3,000 Portuguese, Negroes, Hindu and Moslem coolies from India, Chinese and (as visitors from the interior) aboriginal Indians. The Europeans and the Negroes are Christians. The coolies from India have been brought to Guiana at the rate of 5,000 a year for the last fifty years. They are required for the sugar plant-

tions, as the negroes, on emancipation, did not work steadily. The Church work among them is carried on by the clergy, aided by numerous Hindu catechists. Although fresh numbers of heathen from India reach the colony each year, the Christians number about three per cent. of the Hindu population. The Church has an opportunity in Guiana that is lacking to the missionaries in India itself, for in Guiana caste is broken, and there is no zenana system for the seclusion of women. The latter are "indentured" by the Government, just as the men are. On the other hand, the language difficulty is greater than it is in India, for the immigrants come from many different parts. Hindustani is the language which most of them understand.

There is a little island which we have also heard of which is called England now, but which once was barbarous Britain. I wonder how we should have got on if nobody had believed in foreign missions. I should like you to look very carefully at the men or women who come from globe trotting round the world and tell you that missions have very little effect. You generally find that they are well dressed, and not infrequently when they come home they stay at the Metropole. Well, all I can say is that a man might spend a long time at the Metropole, eating *pâté de foie gras* and drinking champagne, and might not even have heard in London of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, nor even of the Eton Mission. The truth of the matter is that these people who come back and tell us these cock-and-bull stories have never been to look for the mission work of the Church about the world. They spend weeks in Calcutta and never find out that there is an Oxford Mission in Calcutta. Therefore, do not let us be put off, or allow other people to be put off, by this kind of stories of the little good which missionary work does in the world.—*The Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Ingram).*

Sir William Macgregor has had a close acquaintance with missionaries in the South Seas for twenty years, and this is what he told a reporter of *The Age* about them as he passed through Melbourne recently. "In the course of my twenty years' experience I have never known a missionary to become rich. I have never known a missionary who was not a pattern of good living, and that in itself is of great value when put before a native race. I believe the living of a blameless life by a missionary, even if he never did any other form of teaching, would alone justify his presence in a community and make it of value."

The Church is not responsible for saving the world; she is responsible for holding up to the world what is alone a real salvation. If the world will be ignorant, let it be ignorant. *Professor Milligan.*