

wire, in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose country he purposes journeying. Strong, half-naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons, striped and coloured fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white and amber-coloured beads, small and large, round and oval, and coil upon coil of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box lids, and a medley of rejected papers, cloth, zinc covers and broken boards, sawdust and other débris. Porters and servants and masters, employés and employers, pass backwards and forwards, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.

From the roof of the house we have a view of the roadstead and bay of Zanzibar. Generally there ride at anchor two or three British ships of war just in from a hunt after contumacious Arabs, who persist against the orders of their prince, in transporting slaves on the high seas.

During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of porters, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come.

The intending explorer, bound for that dark edge of the continent which he can just see lying low along the west as he looks from Zanzibar, has thoughts of this hour which the resident cannot share. As little as his eyes can pierce and define the details in that gloomy streak on the horizon, so little can he tell whether weal or woe lies before him. The whole is buried in mystery, over which he ponders, certain of nothing but the uncertainty of life. Yet will he learn to sketch out a comparison between what he sees at sunset and his own future. Dark, indeed, is the gloom of the fast-coming night over the continent, but does he not see that there are still bright flushes of colour, and rosy bars, and crimson tints, amidst what otherwise would be universal blackness? And may he not, therefore, say—"As those colours now brighten the darkening west, so my hopes brighten my dark future!"

It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, and to wish him complete success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. Here we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, suddenly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

The first decided steps taken by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa were due to the influence of Livingstone's constant appeals. Some of his letters, they will remember, were carried by me to England, and the sensation caused by them

was such as to compel the British Government to send Sir Bartle Frere in the *Enchantress*, as a special envoy to Zanzibar to conclude his treaty with Prince Barghash.

The Universities Mission, at Zanzibar, is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi. It was despatched by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, and four missionaries. These devoted gentlemen reached the Zambezi River in February, 1861.

Many noble souls of both sexes perished, and the good work seemed far from hopeful. Almost single-handed remains the Rev. Edward Steere, faithful to his post as Bishop and Chief Pastor. He has visited Lake Nyassa, and established a Mission half-way; he superintends and instructs lads and young men as printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and in the practical knowledge of other useful trades. His quarters represent almost every industrial trade useful in life as occupations for members of the lower classes, and are in the truest sense an industrial and religious establishment for the moral and material welfare of a class of unfortunates, who deserve our utmost assistance and sympathy. This extraordinary man, endowed with piety as fervid as ever animated a martyr, looms grander and greater in the imagination as we think of him as the one man who appears to have possessed the faculties and gifts necessary to lift this Mission, with its gloomy history, into the new life upon which it has now entered. With all my soul I wish him and it success, and while he lives, provided he is supported, there need be no fear that the Mission will resume that hopeless position from which he, and he alone, appears to have rescued it.

There are two other Missions on the East coast of Africa, that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years. But these Missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

A tramway is the thing that is specially needed for Africa. All other benefits that can be conferred by contact with civilization will follow in the wake of the tramway, which will be an iron bond, never to be again broken, between Africa and the more favoured continents.

After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, or free negroes, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know, too, that they can be made good, obedient servants; that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enterprising, brave, and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or colour on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. They possess, beyond doubt, all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography.

(To be continued.)

We can only live noble lives by acting nobly on every occasion.

Why Did You Not Come Before?

BY MISS PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

[An aged Hindoo woman, while first hearing the Gospel, said, "Why did you not come before? My hair has grown gray, waiting for the good news."]

An aged woman, poor and weak,
She heard the mission teacher speak;
The slowly rolling tears came down
Upon her withered features brown.
"What blessed news from you far shore—
Would I had heard it long before."

Oh I have bowed at many a shrine,
When youth, and health, and strength, were mine;
How earnestly my soul has striven
To find some gleam of light from heaven;
But all my toil has been in vain—
These gods of stone but mocked my pain.

A weary pilgrimage I've trod,
To win some favour from my god;
And all my jewelled wealth I've laid
Beneath the dark Pagoda's shade;
But still, the burden on my breast
Bowed head and heart with sore unrest.

Now, I have waited many a day,
My form is bent, my hair is gray;
But still, the blessed words you bear
Have charmed away my long despair;
O sisters, from your happy shore,
Would you had sent to me before.

O, precious is the message sweet
I hear your kindly lips repeat;
It bids me weep for joy again;
My stony eyes were dry with pain;
My weary heart with joy runs o'er—
Ah, had you come to me before!

How welcome is the glorious name
Of Jesus, who to save me came.
And shall I live when death is past?
And may I all my burdens cast
On him? And is his mercy free?
Not bought with gifts? Such news for me!

Yet, please forgive me when I say,
I've needed this so many a day.
In your glad homes, did ye not know
How India's tears of sorrow flow?
If you had known on that bright shore,
Surely you would have come before.

—Methodist Protestant.

"A-Hoi! A-Hoi!"

SITTING in my study one day, I noticed the beating of a Chinese gong; and when I went to the window I saw two boys with a gong between them, and at the time the gong was being-beaten one of the lads was crying out "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

I asked my teacher what was the meaning of this; and he said, "The first boy has lost some one, probably his brother, and he has got this other boy to go with him, according to the usual custom, through the streets, sounding the gong in the hope that they may find the little one and bring him back again."

I listened, as the sound retreated, and the boys went down the street, until the sound was lost, and I went back to my work again. But soon after I heard them returning; and now the little boy who had been calling out "A-hoi!" appeared to be trembling and quivering, and he seemed to think it was doubtful whether he would find his little brother or not. Still the gong was beating, and still he was calling out most pathetically, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

Now, I think that here we have an exact illustration of what Jesus is doing. He is going in search of the lost. He goes through the streets looking after them and calling out their names, and he wants you and me to labour with him in seeking that which is lost; and still, we are going about beating the gong, and calling out the names of the perishing ones, and asking them now, ere it be too late, to come to Jesus.—*Rev. H. Friend, China.*