

the prophecy of Isaiah xi. This man's father was one of the regiment of Zulu warriors who, in 1880, at a signal from that cruel tyrant, Dingaan, fell upon and in cold blood murdered, in Dingaan's own palace, the Dutch leader, Retief, and all his party of about seventy men. The son is now an evangelist, supported by the descendants of these same Dutch Boers to preach the gospel of peace to his heathen fellow-countrymen. The father, who still lives, is also a member of the Church of Christ.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Central Africa.—The mail from Europe and news from our nearest neighbors, 900 miles off, reach us only once a year by occasional traders or travelers. The rest of the year we are entirely cut off from the outer world. I send these lines by a caravan of Portuguese traders returning to Benguela. We hope that in time communications may be opened with the West Coast through our American brethren of the Bihé. The beginnings of a mission like this, far away from the great arteries of trade and immigration are expected to be hard. Pioneers ought to be giants in faith and courage.

The climate is most trying to Europeans, and hardly less so to the natives. The land devoureth its own inhabitants. Independently of that, there is much worry in settling in a place so difficult of access, and in laboring to make a wild sand-hill overlooking marshes habitable. Material life is very difficult. It is a constant struggle and trial of faith, a daily lesson of trust and unreserved confidence in the loving-kindness and faithfulness of our heavenly Father. Far from complaining of hardships and privations, I must say that, on the whole, they are less than we had anticipated.

Those who read our monthly, *Journal des Missions Évangéliques*, know that when we crossed the Zambesi we penetrated into one of the Prince of Darkness's strongholds. During 30 years of mission life I have found nowhere the ideal heathen, so good, so meek, so yearning after the things of God, which some preachers at home represent the African savages to be. But nowhere have I met with a tribe so hopelessly degraded. The Barotsé themselves say that theirs is a land of murder, that no one is allowed to grow old: their soil is saturated with blood; human bones bleach everywhere in the sun. The spear, a terrible plaything in the hands of these Zambesians, does not ever get rusty. Superstition and witchcraft spread their wings of darkness and death over every village, hamlet, hut and individual. We live in the middle ages, but the middle ages in savagery. The insatiable greediness of these poor people, their inveterate habit of stealing and lying, the total absence of anything like justice, the utter powerlessness of the so-called

government, foster a universally spread sense of distrust and insecurity. Every one sees a foe in his neighbor and a snare in friendship. The life of the chiefs, great and small, is one of extortion, sensuality and intrigues. Revolutions, like fever, are endemic.

Some time ago, in London, the cloak of respectability was torn asunder, and the world shuddered. Here there is no cloak of respectability, no law, no public opinion to fear. Passions are let loose without any restraint, and the grossest bestiality goes about in broad daylight, barefaced and shameless. There is no innocent childhood or family ties. National brigandage and slavery have borne their fruits, and brutalized man.—*The Christian (London)*.

North Africa.—Within four days' journey of Britain one may land on African soil and find a large field—almost untouched—for Christian labor among the natives of Algeria, the Kabyles. Visiting recently among these people, and making known to them for the first time the glad tidings of salvation, I was much struck with the attention given to the message. Doubtless the novelty of an Englishman speaking to them in their own unwritten language and delivering such a message as a free salvation without works was sufficient of itself to call forth such attention. Seated one evening in a Kabyle house I was greatly delighted with the readiness to listen to the gospel. The wonderful story of the resurrection of Lazarus was being read when my host announced that supper was ready and when I liked I could have it brought up. Having expressed a desire to finish the narrative the little company of Mohammedans continued to give the utmost attention to the words read and spoken. Supper ended, the conversation was renewed. One of our company, an honorable Marabout or religious Mohammedan, who, because of having made a pilgrimage to Mecca, was called Elhadj, entertained us while he read from an Arabian tract. The man showed us with evident pride a book in Arabic (I presume a portion of Scripture) given him two years ago in Algiers by a Christian English lady who was distributing tracts among the people. Frequently during that evening's conversation my statements were met by the words, "You are right," "Truly." That night I had two sharing the sleeping apartment with me. Having seen me bow the knee in prayer, one of them asked me afterwards if I had been praying. Replying that I had, he added, "May God answer your prayer!" How one is saddened in observing these people praying, as they prostrate themselves toward the east! How the longing comes up to see them worship God in spirit and in truth! Who will offer himself to help make known the gospel among them? Those of us who are in the field would do more if our hands were strengthened by brethren at home. Sometimes too much is expected of missionaries in foreign countries, where, with fami-