

Gospel; and if we give it to the Africans, He who said, "Go into all the world," has promised that He will be with His disciples.

I just say so much with regard to my own country; but I have myself been engaged in mission work for forty-five years. Some people say, "You do not look that yourself," but I have had forty-five years' experience in a savage country. When the Baptist Missionary Society started their mission on the West Coast of Africa, my father was one of the first who went out to carry the Gospel to the land of our forefathers. Soon after he left I felt a determination also to join the mission and go out to Africa; and in the year 1845, I landed on the West Coast of Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea and in the Bight of Biafra. When we landed there was no Bible, no written language. None of the people had ever heard the name of Jesus Christ. The natives there were all savages, naked, degraded, and depraved. Everything that repelled the eye and sickened the heart presented itself before us as we landed. We saw human sacrifices. People say that the Africans are cruel. I have not read of any heathen country where cruelty does not exist; but it is what they are taught. In Africa, when we got there, we found that the people believed in some future. What that future is they knew nothing of. Because of this belief not a king died but so many men and so many women were put into the grave with him. There was not any one that died in that country without somebody being accused of being responsible for it, and they administered to the person poison for witchcraft. There was not an infant child whose mother died but the child was put alive in the coffin with its dead mother and buried. In one part of the country there was not a twin child born but the poor mother of the twins was flogged to death, and the children were put to death immediately, because the witch doctors said they were cursed. The people believed this; and they had carried on such horrid customs for centuries. When we got there we found that this was the condition of the people. They were running about perfectly naked. They were without hope and without God in the world. Within a short period of the missions having been established among them the people had their language put into a written form, and they had the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, translated by Alfred Saker and by the Presbyterian missionaries. To-day we have men that have been trained there preaching the Gospel among their own people. We have churches formed, and we have schools that have been established. The people are being taught to read and write.

I remember the scene when we landed in Africa. I had scarcely been there a month before one of the kings of Calabar died. A horrid sight was brought before us in the many people that were put into his grave with him. The grandson of that king that died soon after we landed in Africa, is to-day one of the elders of a Presbyterian church; and if you go into his house you will find that every morning the open Bible is on his table and he is conducting family worship. The old custom of burying the living with the dead is wiped out and gone. I remember going into the Cameroons, and after I had opened my window in the morning, looking across the river, I saw many canoes with people dressed up in all their war dresses, and their spears and swords were brandished in the sun.

They had their war caps upon their heads. I took my glass and looked, and I found that the decoration on the bows of all those canoes was nothing else but human heads. I went up to the chief and said to him, "What do you do this for?" He looked at me very much astonished that I should ask him such a question. He said, "What?" Pointing across the river, I said, "Look yonder?" "Why?" he said. "What about that?" I said, "why do you do such cruel things? It is not right." He said, "You people come into this country, and you live here, and you say that you are good people—and that is true enough—but do you tell me that, when I die, my sons are to put me into an empty grave alone, and nobody with me?" When I told him "Yes," he looked at me and said, "You are a fool." Then all his sons came up directly and said, "What is the matter, father?" And he told them. He said, "This man, who has come to live in this country, says that when I die you boys will put me into an empty grave, alone, with no one with me." And they looked at me and grinned their savage grin; and they turned away and said, "Father, do not believe him. He is a fool and he is a foreigner. What does he know? Let him alone." I stand here to tell you that that same chief lived on until the old custom of burying people with the dead was completely abolished. In his town about fifty yards from his own house, stood a little chapel, and the preacher in that chapel was none other than one of his sons, who was preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If God, in such a short time, can produce such a change, surely prayers for missions and for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world have a proof that they are being answered by God, when we think of the present condition of the people, and think of what was their former condition, when we saw them in their degradation as naked savages. The other day I had a letter from the church in the Cameroons to say that they had built a chapel for themselves that will seat one thousand people, and that the membership of that one church has grown to seven hundred; that the people had collected for themselves among themselves no less than £999, and had established fifteen different stations in different parts of the country since I left, in order to spread the Gospel among their own neighbors. I say that Africa, with all her degradation, and with all her ignorance, desires to have the Gospel; and if it is given to the people, they, of themselves, in their own country, will spread that Gospel if they only know and hear the truth preached to them. I believe that the time will come, and that the time is not far off, when Africa, with all her degradation and darkness, will rise. We remember that fifty years ago, up the Congo River, no one had ever heard the Gospel, and we looked upon it as a hard soil to work; but to-day the Scripture is being translated into their own tongue, their young men are being taught to read the Bible, Christian churches are being formed, and some of the cruelties that the missionaries met when they landed first in the Congo are gradually being removed; so that the time will yet come when we shall see a great change in the work of God among the people in Africa. I remember standing at my door and seeing one of the chiefs coming across. As he was coming I looked at him. He was a great man, a man of position in his country; but the only covering that he had was the fibres of the