

A MISSIONARY HEROINE.



IN the West Coast of Africa is the River Cavalla, and there at Beaboo is a mission in charge of Nora Garwood, one of Miss Rye's girls, who went out to Canada as a child of ten, and some ten years later became the wife of a missionary.

About two years ago her husband fell into the Cavalla River and was drowned. Thinking that in her bereavement she would desire to go home to her kindred, Miss Rye offered her the money to pay her voyage back to Canada, West. She replied, "No, I thank you. I prefer to live and labor and die where my husband laid down his life."

The old Beaboo king was a friend of the mission as long as he lived. His successor was not so ready to help. Some months since the mission house was surrounded by most of the men in town, including the king and chiefs, threatening vengeance upon Nora if she would not at once leave the country.

Nora faced the mob, and inquired what all the fuss was about; they said that she had been talking against their king. She told them the charge was false, and that she would not leave her mission. Some of them threatened her with death, many of them clamored for her banishment. The mob spent most of the day in shouting and threatening, but did nothing more. Next morning they surrounded the mission house again, and offered her a canoe paddle, telling her she must either leave at once or be killed. She replied, "You can kill me, but you cannot drive me away from my station." Then they arrested her, and led her down to the house of the king, and there she stood in the courtyard in the hot sun, without a bonnet or umbrella, all day, they trying to force her to leave, or they would kill her. She said again and again, "You can kill me, but you cannot drive me away from my station."

Late in the afternoon an old chief, who had been a quiet spectator of the whole scene, interfered, and demanded that witnesses should be brought to prove the charges made. "I warn the man," he said, "who brought these charges that he will be compelled to produce witnesses to prove his statements or must confess his crime, or face the sass-wood test of his guilt or innocence."

Sass-wood is a deadly poison which will kill a person who drinks it unless he can throw it up instantly. The survival of any one who drinks it is supposed to prove his innocence, and death his guilt.

With that a young man, the son of the king, came to the front, and declared that all these charges against Nora were lies, and that he was the father of them. Then the king responded:

"Then I must ask her pardon, and all these

must bow down and ask it also." The king hesitated, and added, "I don't like to bow down to this woman, but it is the law of our country, and I cannot help myself."

So the king bowed down and asked her to forgive him, and she did, and all his chiefs and her clamorous persecutors had to follow his example.

Ever since that time she has enjoyed the friendship of the king, chiefs, and people. She has a nursery mission of over twenty little boys and girls, and is developing an infant native church.—*Sunday Hours for Boys and Girls.*

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GARDINER,
1795-1851.

ALLEN GARDINER was an officer in the English navy, full of enterprise and love of adventure. He was led one day through curiosity to enter a heathen temple in China, and the idolatrous sights he saw there were the means of firing him with a desire to devote his life to the preaching of the Cross. He began by seeking to influence his shipmates, and when the ship touched at various ports he obtained leave of absence to explore the neighboring country, in this manner making himself familiar with the spiritual condition of the natives. By degrees his longing for mission work became stronger, and in 1834 he went to Zululand, to be driven thence three years later through war. After fruitless efforts to get an entrance into New Guinea he settled in the Falkland Islands, and from thence he visited Patagonia. In 1848 he headed a small pioneer party whose destination was Tierra del Fuego. So great was the hostility of the natives that at first he was compelled to retreat. The Patagonians were some of the lowest in the human scale and seemed utterly incapable of any high impulses or real improvement; at times they were like brute beasts, at others, treacherous robbers. Nothing daunted, Gardiner decreed that "the missionary establishment must for the present be afloat," and the small crew, consisting of himself, two catechists, and two sailors, manned a two-decked boat at Banner Bay, from which floating home they undertook pioneer work among the natives. Tossed by winds and waves, driven back by summer rains and winter sleet, he could still write in his diary, "Poor and weak as we are, our boat is a very Bethel to our souls, and we feel and know that God is here. Asleep or awake, I am, beyond the power of expression, happy." From June, 1851, to the following September they must have been terribly short of provisions, and at last they all died of starvation, for when Captain Smyley went in search of the party he found their dead bodies in a cave, with written