



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII., No. 4.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1892.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

**THE LAPPS AND THEIR REINDEER.**

The people of Lapland, according to the great traveller Du Chaillu, have been very much misunderstood and very much misrepresented. Instead of being dark of complexion, black-haired, stupid, heathenish, and murderous, as even some Swedes and Norwegians believed them to be, the author found them light of hair and color, agile, industrious, bright, hospitable, and as good Christians as any other people. They are not always as cleanly as some other races, for building material is scarce in Lapland, houses or tents are small, and washing-day preparations are sometimes impossible. Their morals are of a high order. Many of them are fairly educated, and nearly all of them are religious in both form and spirit. The author's religious beliefs were carefully investigated at length by men and women alike. Some of the Lapps go abroad and become rich; Mr. Du Chaillu refers to several of these who are in the United States, where one of them owns a brown-stone front; but most of them prefer to remain in their own land. In the words of the author: "Happy and contented with his lot in the world, endowed with a religious nature which barren and lonely land contributes to intensify, the Lapp believes in God, in his Bible, in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in a future life. From that dreary waste his songs of praise and his prayers are uttered with a faith which ceases only with his breath, and he departs rejoicing that he is going to the 'better land.'"

The reindeer, which in one way or another manages to bear almost the entire support of the Lapps who have herds, is a large, heavy animal with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be. Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lapp must shift his home from time to time to meet the necessities of his herd.

In midwinter the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet and disappears from the surface, burrowing his way through the snow as he follows his nose from one tuft of moss to another. The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments as well as durable harness, and cheese made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded per day seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to a mere teacupful.

**BISHOP CROWTHER.**

Messenger readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Samuel Adjai Crowther, the noted bishop of the Niger Territory. He

sister and mother, by some Mahomedans, who attacked the town and killed many of the inhabitants. Among them Adjai's father was slain. The boy and girl fell into the hands of one chief, and the mother and babe into those of another. The boy was presently exchanged for a horse, but shortly was restored to his master because the horse proved a failure. Coming to a place called Dadda with the rest of his master's property, he met again his mother and sisters, and spent three months near them, seeing them occasionally. But soon he had to stand in the slave-market, and was sold and resold several times over for paltry sums, and even sometimes for spirits. No wonder he was wretched. He wished sometimes that he were dead, and sought

played as a teacher, and in 1843, having been ordained, he was sent to his own country, Yoruba, to assist in the conversion of his people. In 1857 he was appointed leader of the New Niger Mission, and on St. Peter's day, 1864, he was consecrated at Canterbury Cathedral the first Bishop of the Niger. Since that date his whole time has been devoted to the conversion of the heathen in those regions.

A little over two years ago Bishop Crowther visited England on a special mission—namely, to raise funds for the building of a new church on the Niger. The Bishop was then a venerable-looking old gentleman, in his eighty-first year, very quiet in manner, and with all the impressive actions which belong to the negro

race. A representative of the *Pall Mall Budget* had the good fortune to have a few minutes' chat with the aged Bishop. "You want me to tell you something of my work in Africa?" said he, speaking with a sort of lisp and an accent somewhat reminding one of the soft sound of the r's, m's and s's of a Russian speaking English. "Well, what can I tell you? We are progressing in a wonderful manner. The white traders, who are Christians, have quite abandoned work on Sunday, and instead come to worship at our church and chapels. More, they bring the natives down from the country to worship with us. Not Christian natives, you must understand, but heathen. The traders do this. They are not missionaries, but they help us in our



LAPPS IN WINTER WITH THEIR HERDS OF REINDEER.

died from paralysis on the last day of the old year. The dead Bishop was indeed a remarkable man. Despite his great age, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, those who have heard him preach to crowded congregations, in aid of the Church Missionary Society, can testify that his "natural powers" were scarcely "abated." When listening to his earnest, eloquent English words, it was not easy to realize that the ready speaker was once a slave boy. In 1821 he lived with his parents in an African town called Oshogun, in the Yoruba country. Little Adjai, when eleven years of age, was taken prisoner, along with his

death. Coming to Lagos, a large seaport town, he was purchased by a Portuguese slave merchant, and was put on board a slave ship bound for America. It seemed now as if his future was sealed. Once transported to a distant shore, Adjai must consider himself a slave for life. But deliverance came. On the very next day after quitting Lagos the slaver was captured by two English ships of war, which were cruising on the coast to check the slave trade. This was in 1822. He was taken to Sierra Leone, and educated there by the Church Missionary Society. He was baptized in 1825, was afterwards em-

missionary work. At one chapel two hundred and fifty of these heathen come regularly and join in the service. 'I am over here on a special mission, come to collect money to build a new church, which we want very much.' On the following Sunday the Bishop preached in Ripon Cathedral.

**BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.**

Mr. Beecher has gone to his rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his path with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his