

I do not mean your common prayer alone, but pray diligently in your own room, daily, daily, for the Holy Spirit." Men who came forward, out of living faith, and were met by a spirit so devout and practical as this, were likely to be good missionaries.

There was one point to be settled further, and that was their destination. The east coast of Africa was fixed on, and then the tribes of the Gallas, lying North-west of the Zanzibar. The choice seems to have been more enthusiastic than prudent. These Gallas were only known as the terror of the whole east coast; a strong, hardy, savage race, of whom one of themselves said, "We Gallas are men, it is true, but we are not human;" they were robbers and murderers by profession; they were difficult of access; a missionary with them was completely isolated; but no one had ever tried them before, and this somewhat Quixotic reason out-weighted every-thing. At all events, the point was a vest of Christian devotedness; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that we have few parishes where twelve men would have come forward under the circumstances.

And here, before following out the story, let us give a distinct impression of the circumstances. A poor country clergyman, in a remote district, with a congregation almost entirely composed of peasants, proposes that, as a congregation, it shall send out missionaries to the heathen. The missionaries, as is natural, must be of their own body, peasants like the rest. As many as twelve came forward, and the clergyman, in the name of the congregation, and without any means, accepts the entire burden of training, sending, and supporting these men. Has anything like that been since the days when the Church of Antioch sent out her Barnabas and Saul?

A year or two had slipped past in preparation, and in regular parish work, when some young sailors of the German fleet sought admission to the Hermannsburg emigration. They were recent converts, and in their zeal, proposed to found a colony near Boney, in western Africa, and by Christian influences assist in putting down the slave-trade. Christian missionaries could superintend them, but what society would furnish these? They sought for guidance in this matter, and were directed to Harms by the Young Men's Society of Bremen, and laid their plans before him. They declared it was all one on which coast they settled; and that they were ready, as he wished, to stay for some months under his eye. An entirely new element was thus introduced, and has since determined the character of the mission—colonization. Peasants, who had no missionary gifts, peaded to be taken out as settlers. Out of sixty, who offered, eight were chosen; the sailors settled down to their work, and the scheme at once assumed a magnitude that had not been contemplated. However, these sailors gradually melted away under the tediousness of the work, and the length of the probation, until only two were left. This was a discouraging beginning, and was met with a manly quiet, and faith. "Without these sailors," wrote Harms, "we would never have been colonists, for we honest, but somewhat stupid, heath-people, would never have dreamt of sending any but real missionaries." And now came a new trouble. How were all these persons to be sent out? Where would the money come from? "Then I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer; and, since the praying man dare not sit with his hands in his lap, I sought among the shipping agents, but came no speed; and I turned to Bishop Gobat in Jerusalem, but had no answer; and then I wrote to the missionary Krapf in Mombasa, but the letter was lost. Then one of the sailors

who remained, said, "Why not build a ship, and you can send out as many, and as often as you will?" The proposal was good, but the money. That was the time of great conflict, and I wrestled with God. For no one encouraged me, but the reverse, and even the truest friends and brethren hinted that I was not quite in my senses. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Christ and His dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works, there spoke a trusty courtier to him: "Your Grace, straight forward makes the best runner." That word has lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good, and for the glory of God. What was to be done? Straight forward makes the best runner. I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in his hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room: *Forward now, in God's name!* From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind. No one will regret so long an extract for the clear glimpse it gives into a soul so pure and transparent, and faithful. Moreover, it is the picture of one of those crises which leave the distinctest mark upon the future of our lives. His purpose now became his life-purpose, to be carried out with all the intensity of his heart, and all the inflexibility of his will; and the way to it, once revealed, through the struggle was never after to be lost.

Arrangements were at once made for the building of a brig at Harburg; it was well and quickly done, and there was only one mishap, which, in the end, proved harmless—it cost more than 2,000 crowns above the estimate. With a landsman's ignorance, Harms had not recognised the difference between copper-fastened and copper-sheathed, until the little item in the bill brought it prominently before him. But all passed off well; and one bright autumn day a special train carried the clergyman and some hundreds of his parishioners to Harburg, where they found the shipping was dressed with flags in honour of the new vessel; and having held a simple service on board, they dedicated the "Candace" to the work of carrying the Gospel to the Ethiopians. At Hermannsburg there was a ceaseless industry. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were preparing for their ship. A water-but or a suit of clothes were not to be had at any price. The women and girls knitted with a rapidity that was awful to look upon. The farmers came in with loads of buckwheat and rye. The orchards were stripped. Pigs and hens accumulated to the proportions of an agricultural show. The very heath was stripped for besoms. Nor did a Christmas tree fail, but one was carefully planted in a huge tub, to be in readiness against crossing the line. Then the mission pupils had to pass their examination before being ordained by the Consistory. There were only eight now, for two had died, and two had proved unworthy—a scandal which has never been reproduced; those that were left passed with credit and compliments from the dignified Board of Examiners. The colonists had to be got ready. They all knew something of agriculture, but by more definite profession they were, two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The captain and crew were chosen. The cargo was on board; and at last the leaving-time came. A service was held in the church, people poured in from the neighbourhood, and thronged outside the young Harms preached a farewell sermon, and then the sixteen stood up and sang as their parting hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*. Leave-taking, like every thing else in Hermannsburg, is peculiar. But it was a

pious thought to part with such a song. There is no music so arousing and sublime as that masterpiece of Luther, sung with the proper four-parts, and at firm marching step; it is a very hero-piece; and there is something noble in those humble men setting their faces towards the savages in Africa, and flinging back their lofty music out of brave composed hearts. The next day they went to Hamburg, and, on the 28th October, 1853, the anchor was lifted, and the "Candace" floated down the Ouxhaven.—*Spirit of Missions*.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF ADELAIDE.—"On Saturday last (October 20th, 1860) I drove up to Mount Torrens, thirty miles, to open a rural church. More than 200 gathered in the congregation, about thirty having come in German waggons, carts, and on horseback, from a township ten miles off. We had excellent singing, and a very interesting service it was, from the heartiness of the people. Between churches, the visitors, in companies, sat down on the green grass of the churchyard, and took their cold dinner. The scenery quite lovely, and such a day of bright, fresh, yet balmy sunshine, as Australia is pre-eminently blessed with. Two things were wanting common enough in England,—there was not a sign of poverty, or of care, ours. Ives the only gentry.

"We were the guests of the miller, and dined with the blacksmith, (a Manxman from Castle-town,) had Devonshire cream in abundance and certainly realized the comforts of a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of vines and fig-trees, and oil olives, and of wheat; wherein you may eat bread without scarceness, and cut of whose hills we may dig brass, or rather copper.

"Next Saturday I go up to open another church, ten miles distant from the former; both will be comprised in one Mission."—*Colonial Church Chronicle*.

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