

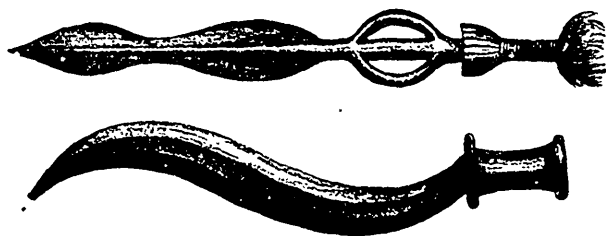
with feelings of a peculiar nature. Here I am alone, two hundred miles from an European settlement, amongst a barbarous people. If I should be taken ill, no one to give me so much as a dose of medicine or a drink of water! But these feelings soon passed, and I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, knowing that I was engaged in His work and that He would not suffer me to need."

In addition to visits, conversations, services, and the immense amount of toil undertaken in visiting outlying towns to unfurl the Banner of the Cross, Mr. Brooking was busily engaged in building a new mission-house. Prejudice on the part of the Ashantis seemed to pass away "as the morning cloud and the early dew." Of this same little mission-house Sir William Win-

home of all missionaries and teachers ever since, and sheltered the captive German missionaries during the Ashanti war of 1874.

But all days were not days of encouragement in Coomassie. The horrors of the terrible customs, which were constantly recurring, may not be described in this brief sketch. One short extract from Mr. Brooking's journal will give some slight idea of what life was to the lonely young missionary:

"A 'custom' has been making, and several human sacrifices have been offered. On returning from a walk I saw lying in the street five headless bodies and six heads. Scarcely a week or even a day passes without such scenes being witnessed. One can scarcely go out without



ASHANTI WEAPONS.

niett, governor of the Gold Coast, who visited Ashantee in 1850, writes:

"Greatly as I had been interested with the manner in which the king received me, and the many strange sights, I was equally interested and excited at the appearance of the Wesleyan mission-house, a neat cottage built chiefly with the teak-wood of the country. . . . As I sat down in the airy, spacious hall, in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment planted in the midst of barbarism, two hundred miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of untutored pagans the comforts of civilized life and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilization."

This "neat little cottage" in the heart of heathendom has been the

seeing headless bodies lying in the street or being dragged along to the place where sacrifices are deposited. On coming in from a ride the other day, I saw the body of a man, scarcely cold, lying in the street through which I had to pass, with the vultures feasting thereon. Nearly ninety human sacrifices have been made to-day in the city, besides numbers in the crooms or villages adjoining. Four small crooms have been quite depopulated! I asked for what reason such a number of persons were put to death, when a man of note dies, and all the answer was, "To let the people know that they have a *strong master!*"

Turning to a more cheerful picture, we find some very bright accounts of the royal old lady of Dwabin, whom Mr. Brooking had visited. He had taken a diagnosis of her case to the Coast surgeon, and the course of treatment suggested by him was