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**India & Kaffir Land**

Glimpses at  
India and South Africa

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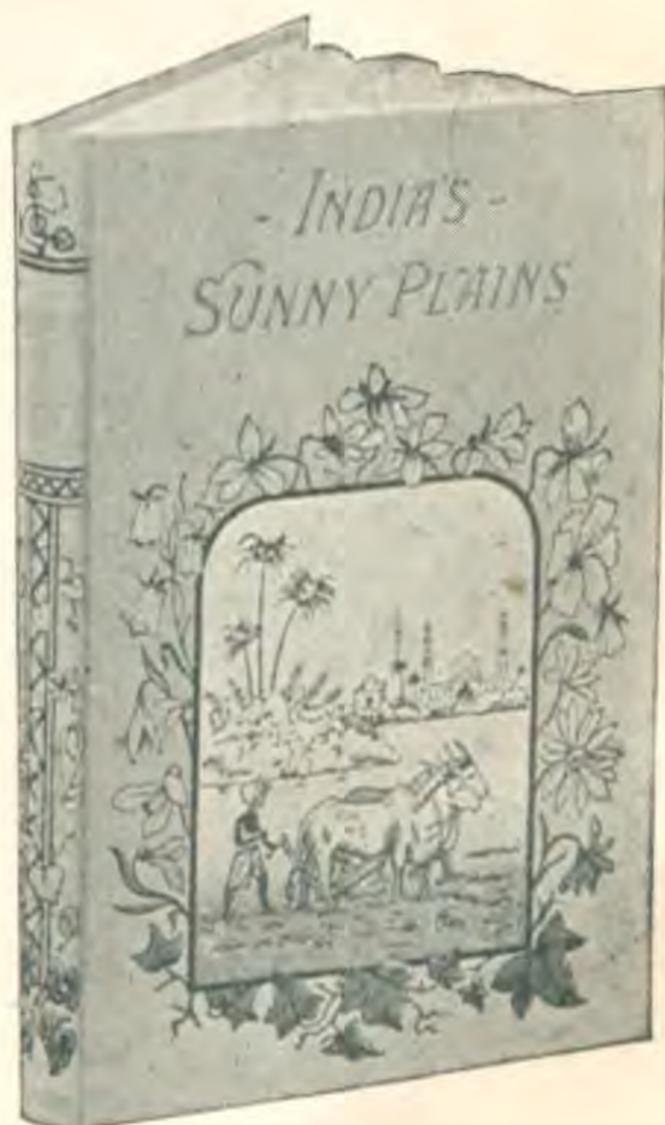
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JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER, KILMARNOCK

# Through India and Kaffirland

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE DARK-  
SKINNED NATIVES OF INDIA AND AFRICA



KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND:  
JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE  
*And through all Booksellers*

# India's Sunny Plains.

## INTRODUCTION.

“S India far away, and is it bigger than Britain, teacher?” was the question asked by a bright-faced boy, as he dropped his sixpence into a box, set for the purpose of receiving gifts for the perishing thousands of famine-stricken children, in the great Indian Empire across the seas.

Drawing her little scholar close to her side, while a group of eager listeners gathered around that Sunday afternoon at the close of lessons, she drew from her pocket a magazine, in which there was a map of India, with some sad photographs of starving men, women, and children, from which she, for a full half-hour, described the great land of temples, its mighty rivers, its sunny plains, and thickly set villages, with their teeming millions, the hideous idols which they worship, the terrible famines which have come upon them, with a brief account of how the Gospel finds its way, and especially what it is doing for the boys and girls of India. The little group stood eagerly listening, and would scarcely part. Their young and tender hearts were touched by the tale of human woe, and moved with compassion for the dark-skinned boys and girls of the great Indian Empire, who have never heard the Saviour's Name.

It was in answer to a request made by the teacher of that class, and with a desire to interest both the children and their parents and friends that I arranged to give them on two week nights “A Walk through

India," looking at its great cities, peeping in to view its idol temples, glancing at its wonderful rivers, and seeking to form acquaintance with its many peoples, especially its young folks, and most of all, to hear the wonderful story of how the blessed Gospel message was first carried by godly and heroic messengers to its needy millions, and what victories and wonders it has wrought for God, in the great centre and seat of idolatry. A Christian friend who has a beautiful set of photographic lantern slides, taken by himself in India, gave the use of them for the occasion ; a fellow-worker threw them on the screen, while I told the story to a densely crowded and deeply interested congregation, of which the following pages is the sum.

May the Lord who used the Word spoken then, be pleased to own it as here sent forth, to impress upon all, both old and young, the *need* of the Gospel of God's grace for their own personal salvation, the blessedness of *proving* the might of its power in delivering from sin and Satan's slavery all who believe it, and the *joy* there is in spreading it abroad unto all mankind, especially among those who sit in the shadow of death, and have never heard its joyful sound. Let all who know it, "tell it out" and "make the message clear and plain," so that none around us may have cause to say, like the dying gipsy boy, who heard for the first time the words of John iii. 16 repeated in his ear, "Nobody ever told me that before."

"Tell it again, tell it again,  
 Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,  
 Till none can say of the children of men,  
 Nobody ever has told me before."

# Peeps at India.



INDIA. The first mention of the name we find in the book of Esther (chap. i. 1), where we are told Ahasuerus, the Medo-Persian King, "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred twenty and seven provinces"—more than five hundred years before the Bethlehem plains rang with the tidings of the Saviour's birth. But long before the day of Ahasuerus, wild and savage Tartars, armed with spears, swept into the country from the other side of the Himalayas, which stand like sentinels guarding its northern boundary, and subduing the unarmed natives who inhabited its plains, took possession of their land. Mongols, Mohammedans, Persians, and other hordes of warriors followed, holding and ruling it in turn, until the East India Company was founded, and in 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. The extent of the country is about 1900 miles from north to south, with an area of 1,770,000 square miles, equal to the whole of Europe, Russia excepted. For purposes of government, the country is divided into various presidencies and provinces, the administration of which is in the hands of a native prince or rajah, subordinate to the British Crown, whose Viceroy confirms their acts to make them valid.

The population is said to be 300 millions, or one-fifth of the population of the world, males being 30 millions more than females. The name, *Hindustan*, which it originally bore, means "black," and was probably given because its natives are dark-skinned. Its mountains are the highest, its rivers the largest, in the world. Within its borders are the extremes of Arctic cold and tropical heat. Its fertility in some

parts is exuberant ; is barrenness in others is extreme. The snow-capped Himalayas are the grandest, as they are the highest mountains of the world. Up to the snow-line the slopes are rich with forests and plants.



HINDU MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

Ten thousand feet above sea-level, rhododendrons bloom in beauty, and giant oak trees stand in their majesty. Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high, is clad with everlasting snow.

The three GREAT RIVERS are the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Indus, all fed by the snows of the Himalayas. The Ganges is the great river of India. Broad and deep, studded with great and prosperous cities; its waters are navigable for fifteen hundred miles, and its streams (which overflow after the rainy seasons) are the main sources of fertilisation to the country. When the river fails to rise and over-



INFANTICIDE IN THE GANGES.

spread the country, leaving its deposit of mould, crops fail, and famine and pestilence follow.

The Ganges is the sacred river of the Hindus, and connection with it is a principal part of their religion. Its goddess is endowed with powers of good. To wash in its waters purifies from sin. To die on its banks is an entrance to bliss. Pilgrims flock from all parts to its virtues, and priests sell in bottles its waters for ceremonies in far-off places.

The Indus rises in Tibet, flows for 1650 miles, and is one of the greatest rivers of Asia. It was the boundary of Alexander's conquests. The Brahmaputra—or "Son of Brahma"—although less famous than the Ganges, has its god. Along the banks of these and other rivers there are thousands upon thousands of villages, shaded by noble trees, with mango groves and bamboo thickets around. A recent census shows that 90 per cent. of the population live in villages of less than 2000 inhabitants, whose dwellers, save in a few cases, have never heard the Saviour's Name. Living and dying in gross superstition and idolatry, they pass on to the eternal world, while thousands of Christians in these favoured lands, who know and profess to love the Gospel, which God has sent to save these benighted millions, have done absolutely nothing to send it to them.

There are eleven LANGUAGES, each spoken by over five millions of people, besides a great many dialects. The chief languages are Hindi, Bengali, Telegu, Tamil, Marathi, Karanese. The Bible has been translated into all these, and the Gospel is more or less proclaimed in all tongues. The two ancient languages of India, in which all their sacred books were written—the Sanskrit and the Buddhist—are no longer in use.

The INHABITANTS of the plains are chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans; on the hills the aboriginal inhabitants exist as distinct tribes, dwelling in their thickets and mountain fastnesses, living apart, preserving their ancient customs, which have neither altered nor modified by civilisation. Of these may be mentioned the Santals, Gons, Bhals, Todas, and Olhonds, all warlike aborigines, for whose souls few care.

# The Cities of India.



**B**OMBAY — the second city of the British Empire, next to London in size—is the threshold of India. It stands on an island, eighteen miles square, forming a delta of several rivers, with a spacious bay, capable of accommodating all the navies of the world. It derives its name from the goddess “Bomba,” to whom it was consecrated. It was ceded to Britain in 1661 as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, after which it soon sprang into a place of commercial importance. It is a city of many attractions. Its background is of azure-tinted mountains, with palm groves thickly studding the lower hills, islands blooming with verdure, tiers of white houses embosomed in foliage. In the busy city are long streets of commercial houses, factories, cotton market, with crowds of gold worshippers and fire worshippers from all parts of the world. Bungalows of Europeans, with their Venetian blinds, surrounded by shrubs, feathery palms, and acacias, with soft lawns and flower beds, all watered by artificial irrigation, look very pretty.

The oldest part of Bombay is the Fort, where cotton presses, Town Hall, mint, and banks are situated. It is to Bombay what “the city” is to London, its commercial centre, busy by day, silent and deserted at night.

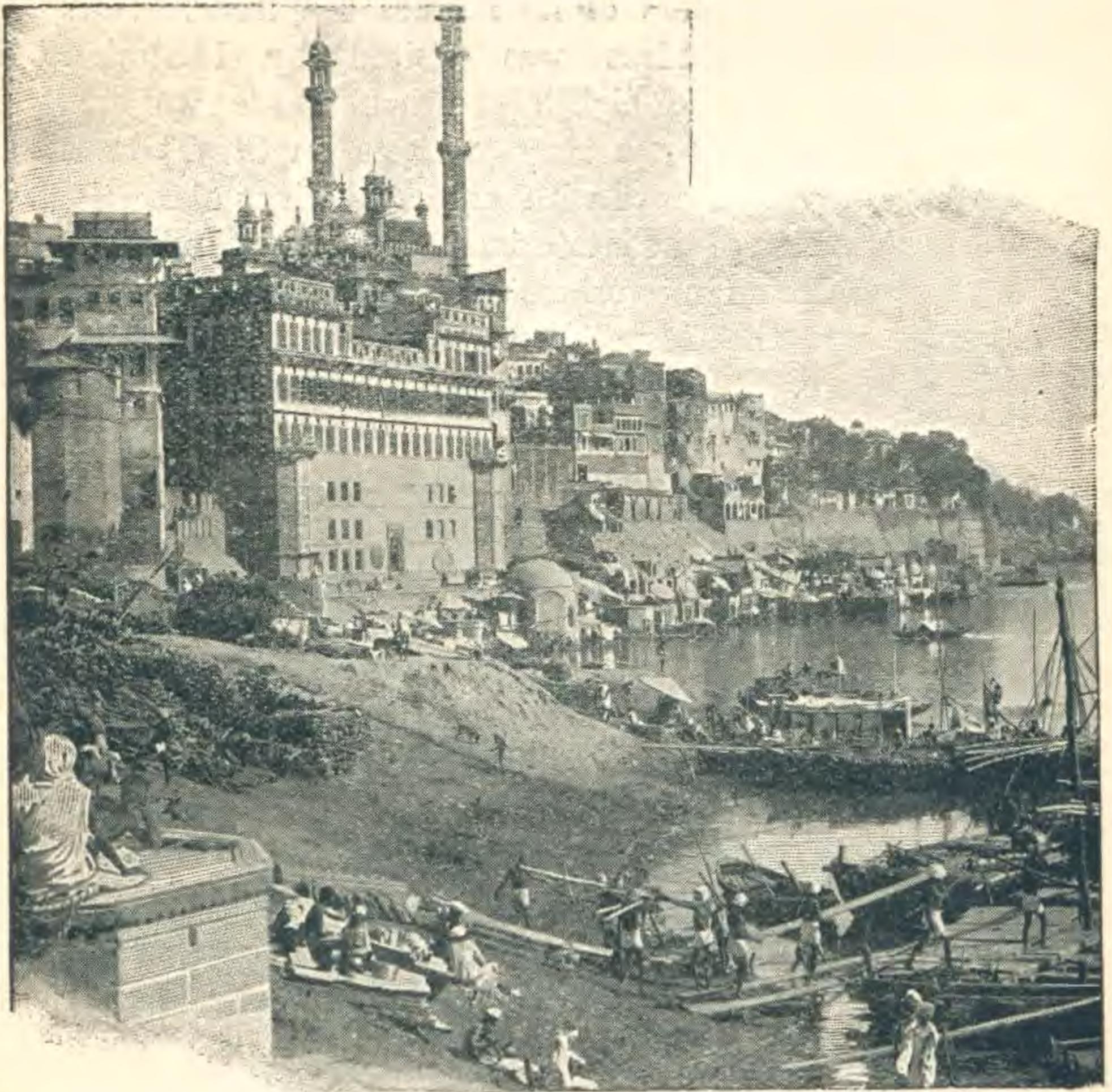
By the Gospel preached in Bombay, souls have been won for Christ, but amid the seething mass of idolatry, atheism, Zoroastrianism, and nominal Christianity—as must now be added—the Gospel has not found its way as in many of the smaller cities, towns, and villages of the Indian Empire.

CALCUTTA, the “City of Palaces,” is the capital

of British India. It stands on the Hooghly River, thirty miles from the sea, but so deep is the estuary of the river that ships of all nations can enter and lie up close to its quays.

Two hundred years ago a little village stood on the same spot, named Kalcutta, after the goddess Kali, to whose bloodstained shrine on the bank of the Hooghly tens of thousands still repair. Calcutta is an immense city, with a population of 1,000,000. Broad streets, brilliant shops, fine houses, lines of palaces fronting an immense esplanade, gardens filled with lovely flowers and verdure, flat-roofed houses with broad balconies, bungalows enclosed within hedges, with their verandahs, where the inmates, safe alike from sun and rain, breathe freely in the hot seasons. In the native quarter, the streets are dark and dirty, lined by dusty brick houses. The shops or bazaars are all open, on a level with the pavement, and their cross-legged owner sits in the midst of the wares, waiting for customers. If you enter, he will jump up and start off with astonishing energy to recommend his goods. Here all the races of India in their various garbs mingle. Native houses here are small, low, and unhealthy, with little furniture. A mat for a bed, a tripod holding a dish filled with oil for a lamp, a hookah in a corner with a few earthenware vessels, form the furnishings. The principal promenade of the city is the Maidan or Esplanade, where may be seen walking in all their many-coloured vestments and styles, Brahmins, Sikhs, Europeans, Afghans, all moving like the shifting scenes of a panorama, showing the contrasts and varieties of Indian life.

Yonder, where the magnificent buildings of the Post Office now stand, was the Black Hole of Calcutta, where 146 Europeans were stifled by the infamous Nabob of Bengal in 1756.



BENARES AND THE RIVER GANGES.

MADRAS and its suburbs, twelve miles in circuit, with its native, Mohammedan, and English quarters, was the headquarters of the East India Company, which ruled this land for many years, and was no

friend to the Gospel of Christ. This old historic city, from which Clive sailed to avenge the deed of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and to conquer Northern India, stands on the eastern sea. Electric tramcars run along its streets of nine miles sea front. It is believed that Madras was visited by Nestorian missionaries in the eighth century, whose work is kept in memory by a strange Cross on St. Thomas Mount, having a dove with extended wings above it, the ancient sign of the Nestorians. No city in India has so many Christian workers at the present time as Madras, and the Gospel is finding its way among all classes there.

BENARES, the sacred city of the Hindus, on the Ganges, said to be as old as Nineveh and Babylon, is to upwards of one hundred and forty millions of India's inhabitants, the gate of Paradise. Its very stones are sacred to the pilgrim, and a journey to Benares is to a Hindu an act so meritorious as to cover a lifetime of sins. To wash in the sacred waters of the Ganges, is to purify the soul from all mortal stain. Benares is the city of temples, and these are crowded by thousands of worshippers, who load its shrines with offerings, rich and poor alike. Fifteen hundred temples stud the bank of the Ganges, which is lined with terraced ghats or landing places, where pilgrims bathe, and devotees come to reflect, each under a grass umbrella, with bared head and bent form. Here and there a thin column of smoke ascends from a ghat, which tells that the funeral pyre has been lit, and that the body of some pilgrim who came to die by the sacred river, is being consumed before being thrown half-burnt into the Ganges to be

consumed by pariah dogs. Up behind are the fakir's houses, while some of their dwellers crouch by the riverside reciting prayers or holding out their hands to receive the gifts of those who desire their blessing. Brahmin bulls, consecrated to Siva, stalk through the crowd, and have their mouths filled with dainties by the people. Lazy priests, squatting half-naked beside their idols, grasp the offerings brought, or flung them by the crowd, while men, grave and earnest, walk in procession round a dusty tree which they regard as sacred, sprinkling it with water from the Ganges. Poor Benares, sunk in idolatry, closed to the Gospel, few, how few, have been won for Christ within thy walls! When, O when, will the day dawn, that thy temples, tombs, and minarets shall echo with the sound of Jesus' Name, and the song of redemption by the blood of the Lamb, float across the still waters of thine ancient river, the Ganges, which has witnessed so many sad sights? Lord, hasten it, in Thine own good time and way!

Other cities can only be named. DELHI, with its rose-red walls; AGRA, with its marble towers; CAWN-PORE, with its deep well, into which the bodies of many English women and children were thrown after being killed by the cruel Nana Sahib's orders, over which a marble monument now stands of an angel of Pity, with outstretched wings. LUCKNOW, relieved by Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders in 1857, and many other cities with their teeming millions, await the heralds of the Cross, to publish the glad tidings of a Saviour's love.

“Who, who will go, salvation's glory telling,  
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost.”

# Homes and Habits.



**A**MONG the poorer classes, the houses are very small and uncomfortable, twelve feet square of one storey, constructed on a raised floor of earth, walls of wattle or moistened earth, roof of reeds or palmyra leaves fixed to rafters of bamboo. A low, narrow door serves the double purpose of entrance and light-giving. In angles of the walls, pits containing the household stores, are kept, while from the roof hang, suspended by ropes, vessels of sugar and other articles, likely to be a prey to ants and rats. Each has a hand mill, stone mortar, and granite slab for grinding their food. The front of the house is decorated with vertical stripes, a foot wide, of red and white colour. The homes of the poorer people have very little furniture in them. Chairs and tables are unknown. A mat, to sit or recline on the floor, does instead. The natives sit posed on the soles of their feet, as few Europeans could with comfort, yet in this position they find rest.

**DRESS.**—This is varied. The poor man's single garment consists of an upper and a lower piece, the latter thrown across the shoulders and drawn around the waist, the former tied around the waist and falls over the knees, with a turban of ten yards of cloth around the head. The women's dress consists of six yards of cloth wrapped around the waist, gathered into folds in front, and tucked to secure it. The other end, when required, may be thrown over the head as a covering. Her toes, ankles, wrists, arms, neck, nose, ears, and hair are loaded with "jewels," according to her station. Dress materials are generally

white, sometimes indigo. Neither sex wear stockings, rarely sandals. Children are not usually allowed any clothing until eight years old, save a necklace, and a string of bells around the waist.

OCCUPATIONS.—Half of the population of India are



AN INDIAN COTTON CLEANER.

agriculturists, most of which is done with very antiquarian implements. Rude stick ploughs make shallow furrows, into which seeds of millet, pulse, cucumber, and such like in alternate rows are cast, which, with careful watering and weeding, produce good crops.

Men gain about sixpence a day as labourers. Women, in addition to house employments, assist on farms, help in roadmaking, and building of houses. Poverty is universal, and in times of dearth extreme, many never knowing what it is to have hunger satisfied.

TRADES.—The street barbers ply their trade in the market places and on the streets; also the sweetmeat seller and water seller. The tailor comes to the house for a day or longer, sits on the verandah, and makes the household garments. The pot cleaner takes away and cleans the tin and copper pots and cookery vessels, which would soon become poisonous, and brings them back as bright as new. The cotton cleaner, usually a Mussulman, whose work is to take away the mattresses, empty them, clean their contents, and return them, is a useful man. Coming so much in contact with these men, many opportunities are given of speaking to them of the God of Love and of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, alas! in most cases, they are strangers.

The FOOD of the people is chiefly rice, wheat, and vegetables. All the Hindus eat fruits and vegetables. Flesh meat he does not taste except occasionally a little goat's flesh, which has first been offered to an idol—food which God's Word forbids His own people to eat (1 Cor. x. 20-21). No knives, forks, or spoons are used, not even plates, amongst the poorer people; they eat off palm or other available leaves.

SERVANTS of the household are all males, and there is generally one for each department in better class houses.

HOUSEHOLD PESTS are not uncommon in a hot country like India. Mosquitoes and fleas innumerable,

hence the need of the *Drosara Dichotama* or mosquito catcher, a plant which grows profusely in India, and with which the mosquito is so fascinated when it is placed in a room, that they alight on it in swarms,



INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

and are caught in its gummy leaves. Lizards, spiders, and scorpions abound in some parts.

ANIMALS are plentiful in India. Foremost we may put the elephant, which figures in processions, drags

the cannon, carries the sportsman. In the thick woods of the Ghats, they are found in large herds, but in cities and about the houses of the rich, they walk decked in gay trappings and quite docile.

SACRED BIRDS.—Of these the peacock, which we are



AN INDIAN RAJAH.

told was imported by Solomon in the fleets of Tarshish sent to Ophir (2 Chron. ix. 21) stands first. It is held in high esteem, and to shoot it is counted a crime. Owls, white cockatoos, and beautifully coloured para-

quets are abundant amongst the trees of the towns, and in the eaves of the houses.

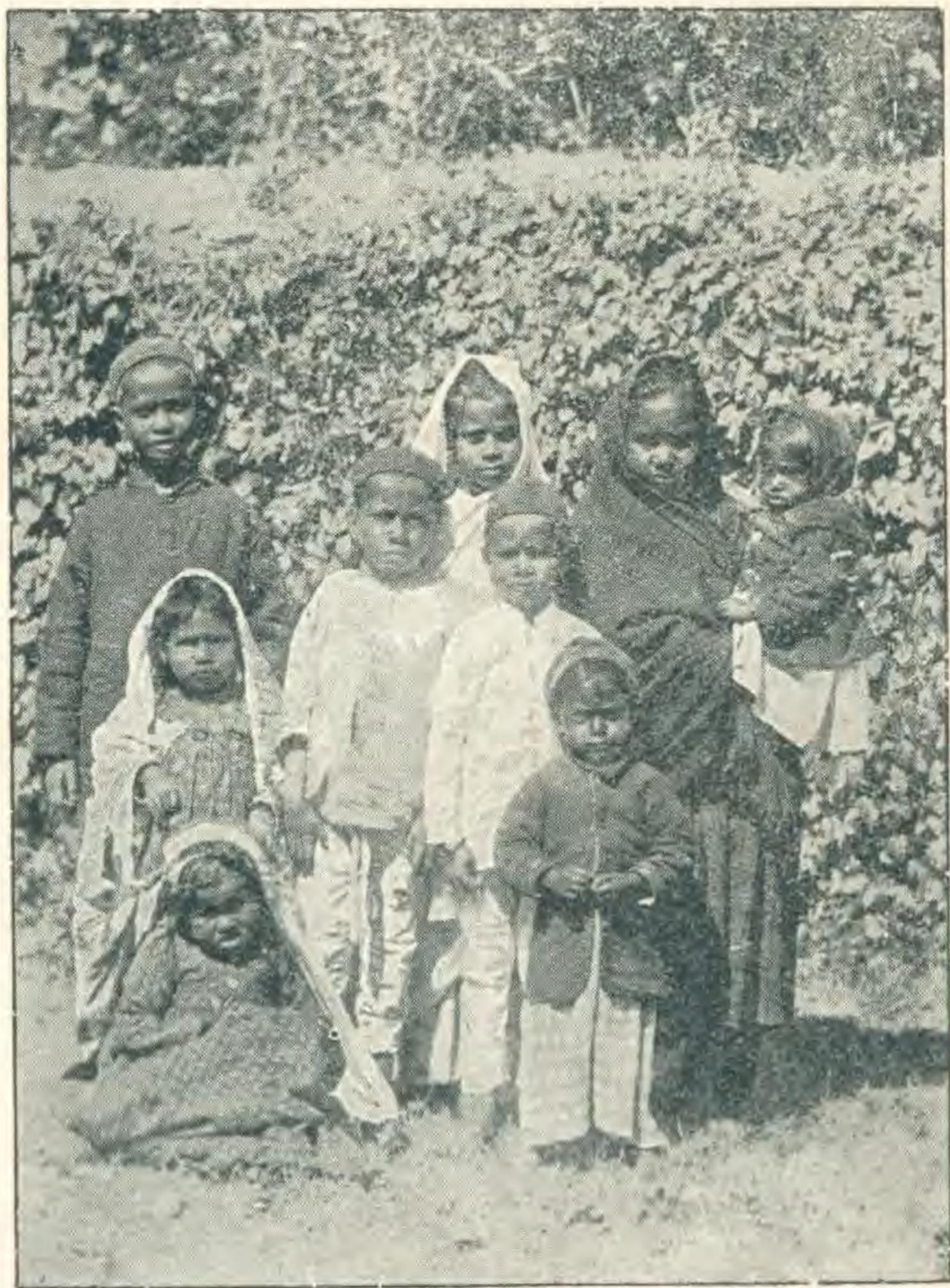
SERPENTS are unpleasantly numerous in all parts of India. They lurk in ravines and on river banks, and frequently enter houses. The cobra, with its forked fang so full of deadly poison, is there, and attacks fowls, cattle, and sometimes men, although it is said the latter only in self-defence. Indian snake charmers make use of the cobra in their performances. These jugglers make them follow their music and imitate a dance. This deadly reptile may well remind us of the devil, of whom it is a figure (2 Cor. x. 3).

TIGERS find food and shelter in the jungles. From these it springs upon anything it sees or smells. Sheep and bullocks suffer most, but after the tiger has become a "man eater," nothing short of human flesh will satisfy him. Leopards, panthers, and cheetahs, more crafty but not so strong as the tiger, abound in some parts.

SACRED ANIMALS, especially the ox and cow, are treated with veneration by the Hindus. Every temple has its sacred bull; the slaughter of this animal is regarded as a crime, which in earlier times was punished by death. The zebu or sacred ox is of small size, with a hunch on its back, and erect horns. The Brahmin bull is worshipped as a god. Pairs of bullocks, under a yoke, do most of the burden bearing, the bullock bandy being the chief means of transit in country places.

FAMILY LIFE, as in most heathen countries, is very unhappy. In India, the house is a shelter and a place to eat, but it is no home. Social intercourse between husband and wife is almost unknown, the wife being the slave of her husband. The Sacred Shasters state

that a woman has no god but her husband ; when in his presence she must not look on one side or another, but keep her eyes on her master, ready to receive his



GROUP OF INDIA'S VILLAGE CHILDREN.

commands. The rich have many wives. They live in zenanas as prisoners ; most of them live miserable lives and die early. The wives of the poor, who constitute the bulk of Hindu women, are free from zenana

life, since poverty prevents the husband from having more than one wife. Child marriage and girl widowhood, with their thousand woes, bring misery to millions, and cause a cry of continual sorrow to ascend to heaven from all parts of the great Indian Empire. Nothing save the Gospel of Christ proclaimed, believed, can break the iron chains which for ages have bound the millions of India to sin, and lust and dark idolatry. Nothing but the love of God received, the person of Christ known, the Word of God read and allowed to operate, can transform the misery of these perishing millions into holy joy and peace. Something has been done, thank God. Here and there can be found a Christian household full of light, a village in which there are a group of saved and happy souls, shining as lights in the midst of thick darkness, but they are few and far between. May the people of God in all lands, and especially in Great Britain, whose responsibility toward their fellow-subjects is assuredly the greatest, be stirred to send forth and sustain those whom God, in His sovereign grace, may call and fit, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to India's millions.

# Religion and Idols.



THAT which interests us most of all in the millions of India, is their religion. It is an intensely religious country, but the devotion of its people is not towards the God of heaven, who has revealed Himself as a God of love, but to hideous idols, all of which are gods of hatred, whom the people dread although they are only dumb idols, blocks of wood or stone. There are said to be 300 million deities in India—one for each of the population. The religious census gives the following numbers:—Hindus, 210 millions; Moham-medans, 65 millions; Roman Catholics, 2 millions; Protestants, 2 millions; other sects, 20 millions. Hindu religion is a mixture of gross idolatry and asceticism. It is a religion of constant fear of curses of demons, threats of fakirs, and the dread of becoming in the next world a serpent, a viper, or an insect. The theory is, that if man gain merit, raises himself by weary years of good works, he will rise to higher forms of life, and at last escape existence and become annihilated. But, if otherwise, he will, after death, descend to some lower form of life, his soul becoming incarnated in some beast, or bird, or plant, there to be kept imprisoned until again caused to migrate to some other form, as *Karma* determines. Eighty million times he may be born and reborn to misery. If he succeed, then he rises and gains *Nirvana*—non-existence, nothingness. Poor Hinduism! What a

delusion of demons! What a ruin of souls! And what a contrast to the Gospel of God, which, when believed, brings the sinner to Christ, salvation and satisfaction here, and eternal glory hereafter.

The IDOLS of Hinduism are innumerable. We will mention the chief of these:—



IDOIS OF INDIA.

SIVA, the Destroyer, with his necklace of human skulls, his rosary of the same. Serpents writhe in his hair and wreath his neck. There are 30,000,000 symbols of this fierce God scattered throughout India. Sivaites wear a mark of white ashes on the forehead, with a necklet of berries.

KALI, wife of Siva, a personification of hatred and cruelty. It is impossible to conceive anything more

hideous. Her body and arms are blue, her hands red, her mouth is open, her tongue all red with blood, hangs far out, her hands are extended to welcome her worshippers. Millions prostrate themselves before this horrible figure.

KRISNHA is another of the idols of Hinduism. In Arissa he is represented by a black stump with a head upon it. The festivals, processions, and wild songs in honour of this deity are associated with every form of vice and pollution.

GUNPUTTE, the god of wisdom, Siva's son, is a doll-like idol with an elephant's head. He is invoked by travellers and scholars, and his name is on all philosophic books!

Idols are in every village. Rude images, serpents, and patches of paint on trees appear everywhere. Temples, some of them of great magnificence, and long pilgrimages are taken to reach them. Festivals are held at certain seasons, at which tens of thousands gather, and indescribable scenes of wickedness and revelry are witnessed there. Servants of Christ go to these festivals preaching the Gospel, and by this means reach many, who would never otherwise hear it.

The PARSEES, or Fire-worshippers, number over one hundred thousand, and they are all of the better class. They worship the sun, and in their temples a sacred fire is kept continually burning. As the sun sets, they assemble on the seashore, their backs toward the city, their faces toward the setting sun, silently praying. They are Zoroastrian in faith, and may be summed up in this, "Your good works with your good thoughts, if they outweigh your bad ones, will take you to heaven." Alas! we know that none will ever

reach it by that route, for the Word of God, which is the only infallible guide to heaven, declares, "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). And in regard to man's thoughts, God has said, "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). In Bombay alone, 27,000 Parsees come down to the shore to pray under the rays of the setting sun, where the warm sea waves wash the sand. Few, very few of these, have been saved by the Gospel's power. They are too proud, too self-righteous to heed or hear it. Unlike the Hindus, the Parsees do not burn their dead. On Malabar Hill, outside Bombay, stand the Towers of Silence. Within these awful towers thousands of the Parsee dead are carried, there to be destroyed by vultures, rows of which, black and loathsome, crowd their summits. The dead are carried by priests inside these towers while the mourners stand outside, and immediately the body is laid on the sloping platform invisible from without, down swoop the crowd of expectant vultures, and in ten minutes reduce the body to a skeleton, while the mourners chant their prayers around. There it remains, exposed to the sun for several weeks, then the bones are placed in a centre well within the tower to turn to dust. No bright hope of resurrection, no going to be with Christ in Paradise, in virtue of the work of Calvary, lightens the gloom of the Parsee faith. The whole draft of the Parsee religion is "Save yourself."

Among the Hindus, *fakirs* or "holy men" are found at every roadside. They appear at every fair, and in every place of public concourse, hideous and filthy, covered with ashes, more like beasts than men.

Always begging, with pots and bowls around to receive food and offerings. Others containing holy water in which his feet have been washed, is stored to sell at great cost for ceremonial cleansings among the people.



A HINDU DEVOTEE.

The fakir is supposed to be the highest form of ascetic, and some go naked, sleep on spikes, hold up their arm until it becomes withered. Others never lie down, and inflict innumerable tortures on their bodies. Thus

they reach the highest merit, and gain the oblivion of *Nirvana*.

Such are some of the idolatries of the great Indian Empire, with its millions of sad inhabitants. When, O when, will the people of God, and especially those who have youth and health and hearts for God, who know the Gospel and love His Word, be stirred up to go forth to these benighted millions with the only real remedy, the only true healer of all their woes, the only power to lift them out of the pit, even the Gospel of Christ ?



# Caste and the Gospel.



THE iron rule of caste has kept the millions of India in hopeless servitude for ages, and is even now the greatest hindrance to civilisation and the entrance of the Gospel. Originally there were four main castes. First, Brahmins, or the priestly caste; second, Chutras, or soldiers; third, Wysheas, or business men; fourth, Sudras, who were tradesmen and labourers. Lower down still were Pariahs and Chucklers, the outcasts, who were prohibited from entering cities and towns, and lived in low huts made of mud outside the walls. Brahmins and Sudras are now the two great castes among Hindus, although these are again broken up into many sub-castes. There must be no mingling of these. Brahmins regard themselves as gods, and look down upon all outside their caste as unclean. No Brahmin can intermarry with any save his own caste, or partake of food cooked or served by one of a lower caste; he would rather starve than eat it. This is why in an Indian house there are servants for each different purpose. No Hindu will cook or wait at table. Cooks and tablemaids are all Mohammedans, who do not object to serve or eat flesh as Hindus all do. Brahmins never mingle with other castes or touch them. To shake hands with a European would render him unclean. When a Brahmin youth attains his eighth year, he is invested with the sacred thread, which is the distinguishing mark of Brahminism, and

is then declared to be "twice born." There is a great blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms at this ceremony. The sacred thread is made of three cords of cotton, to symbolise the three incarnations of



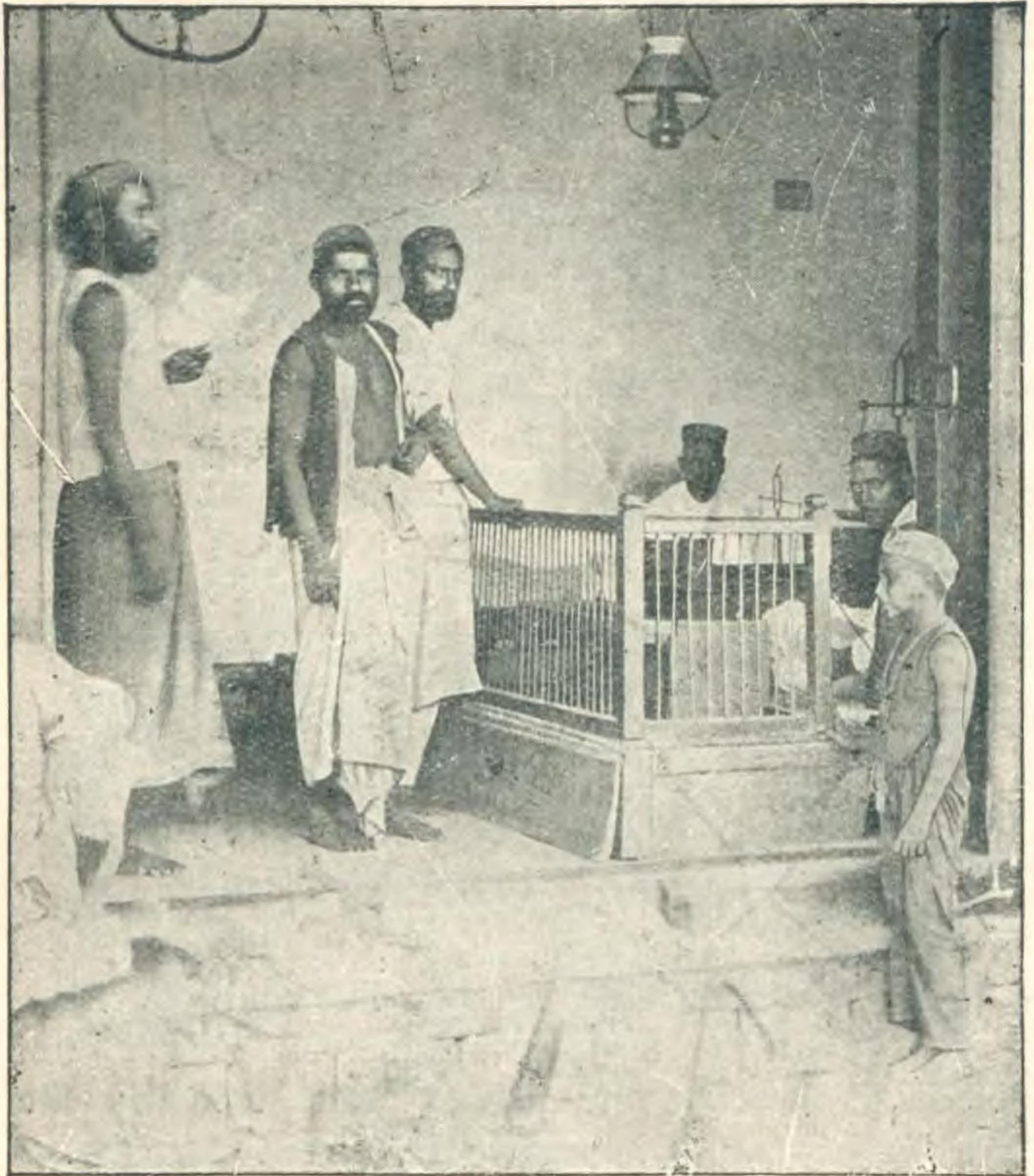
INDIAN FAKIR.

Brahma, and is the patent of the wearer's nobility. He is as proud of it as an earl of his coronet, and would rather part with his life than lose it. It is next to impossible to reach a high caste Brahmin with the

Gospel; he will not look at or listen to a Christian, until conviction of sin lays such a firm hold of him that he is willing to lose his caste rather than his soul. When a Brahmin believes the Gospel and confesses Christ, he is cast out and disowned by his people, and in many cases those who have been thus turned to God from idols, have been carried into captivity, poisoned and put to death by their nearest kindred. Little wonder that Heber, who sang of "India's coral strand," and laboured among its millions for many years, has left a record in his diary, "The caste system tends more than anything else the devil has yet invented to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder." Some of them are waking up to the evils of the caste system, and one learned Hindu author, who is more enlightened than his fellows, has written, "The sum total of the effects of caste is, that civilisation has been brought to a standstill by its mischievous restrictions, and there is no hope of a remedy, till those restrictions are removed."

And "removed" they will be. As surely as "suttee" and "infanticide," the burning of widows on their husband's funeral pile, and the drowning of children in the Ganges have ceased, so must the iron rod of caste, which has ruled India for generations, be broken, and when it is, if the Gospel of Christ is not brought in and spread abroad amongst the people, infidelity will roll in like a flood and carry India's awakened millions on its bosom to eternal ruin. Such is the trend of things amongst the educated classes at the present time. Yet the Gospel wins its triumphs, and even from among Brahmins and Parsees the Lord

is bringing in His sheaves. A converted Brahmin youth and a Christian Parsee both gave a bright and clear testimony to the saving power of the Gospel at a gathering of the Lord's people in England lately,



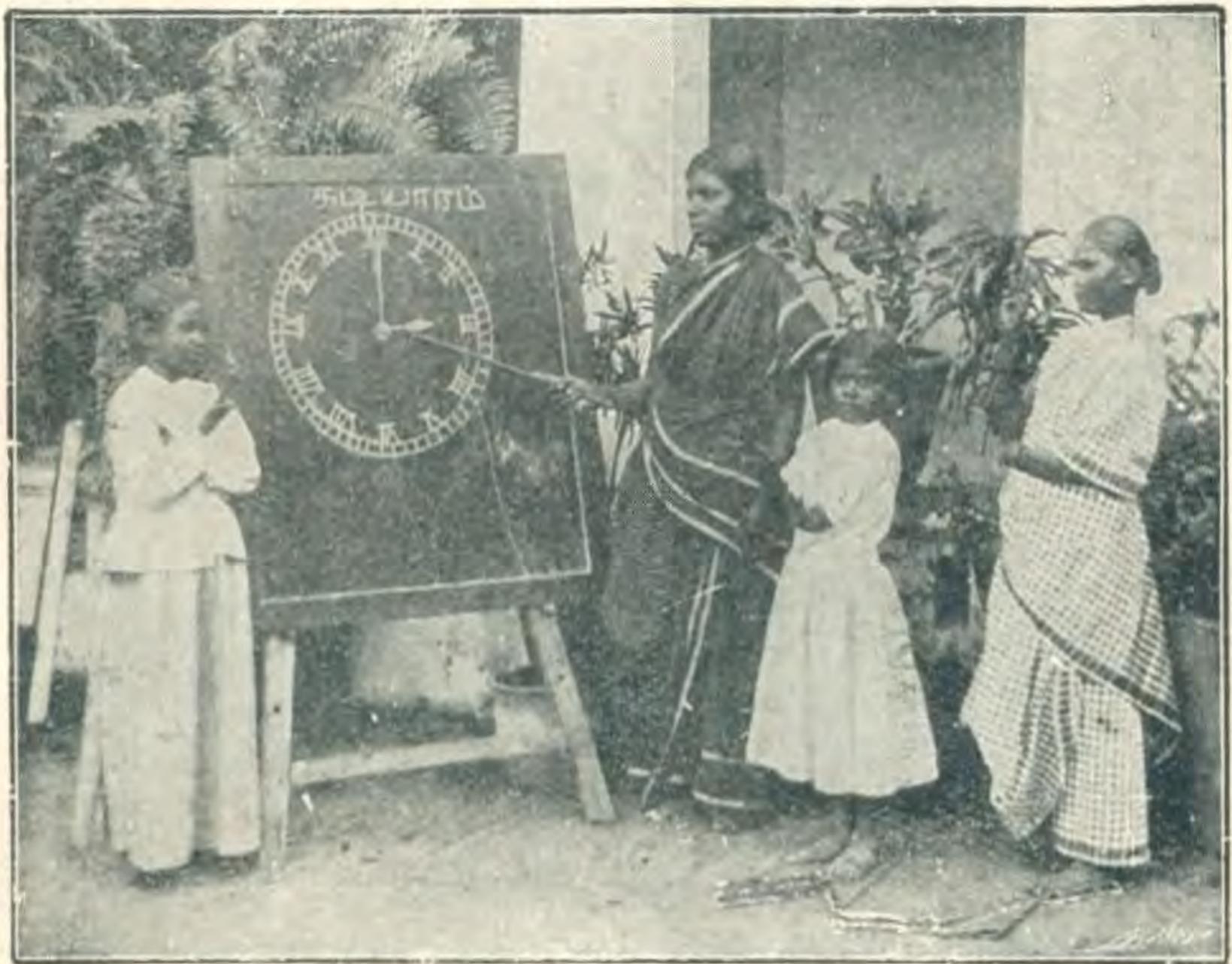
AN INDIAN OPIUM SHOP.

and both told of the Gospel's progress and its victories among their people.

But there are untold hindrances to the spread of

God's blessed Gospel and to the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, among India's millions, other than the dark idolatry of its benighted dwellers. One of the greatest of these is the iniquitous opium traffic, carried on and encouraged under the shadow of British rule. By this means tens of thousands of India's sons are ruined for time and eternity. Here is an opium shop, around which several students are standing, purchasing the fatal drug. They waste their money, lose their strength, and render themselves unfit for their studies. Failing in their examinations they frequently commit suicide, rather than face their angry fathers. The sanction of this vile habit, if not the actual participation in its profits, is shared by the Government and people, who profess to seek India's welfare, and who send out Bibles and Missionaries to convert her people from idolatry to Christianity. Need it be wondered that the Gospel, and those who bring it are looked upon with suspicion and distrust by these benighted millions. And what a crowd they are. Three hundred millions! Of these over 207,000,000 are Hindus, over 57,000,000 Mohammedans, and 7,000,000 Buddhists. There are 145 millions of women and girls. Of these 25 millions are said to be widows, 5 millions of them shut up in zenanas, where they live and die, never having heard the Saviour's Name. It is estimated that if all the boys and girls of India stood in a line shoulder to shoulder, they would form a chain 25,000 miles long, and only about ten children in each mile have ever heard the Gospel. True, there are 1700 missionaries and workers scattered throughout the Indian Empire, but what are these among so many? How many of these are true Gospellers, preaching not

religion but Christ, not sacraments, but the Saviour, may be a question, for not all who seek to convert the heathen to Christianity are themselves born again Christians, possessors of Christ, in the enjoyment of His great salvation, and so living for Him as to commend Him to others. Of all the evils that oppose and hinder the Gospel's progress, there is none so powerful as a form of godliness without its power,



TEACHING DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS IN INDIA.

which only seeks to make the heathen into church members instead of seeking to produce in them conviction of sin, and lead them to the Christ of God, the only Saviour. India, in common with other lands, has suffered from this, with the result that many of its enlightened and educated people are turning from idolatry to infidelity, being convinced that nominal Christianity can give them no real help or satisfy the

cravings of their empty hearts. But the Gospel can, and amid all that exists to hinder its progress it is being proclaimed and received unto salvation, bringing joy and peace to many weary hearts.

May it speed on its way, conquering and to conquer, among India's millions, bringing them to Immanuel's feet, to own His saving Name on earth, and praise Him more in heaven.

" From every kingdom of earth they come,  
To raise the anthem high,  
Of ' Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,'  
Will you be there and I ? "





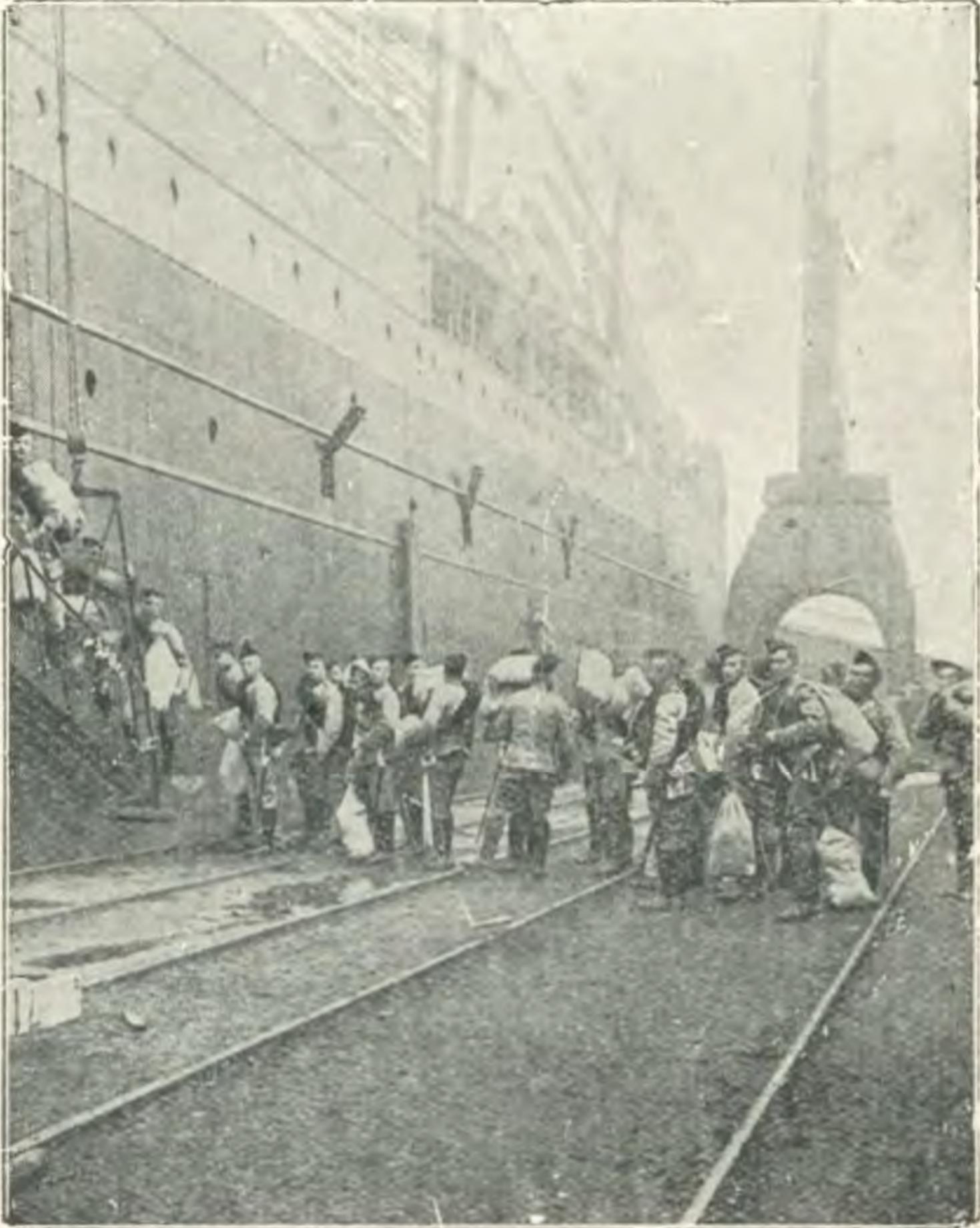
## PEEPS AT SOUTH AFRICA.

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### Introduction.

“OFF to South Africa, God take care of them,” were the words that fell upon my ear, as I stepped from the train on to the street, to find it lined with people on both sides, eagerly looking on a company of local volunteers who, preceded by their band, were making for the railway station, on the way to the field of war in South Africa. Many of them were quite young, just lads, yet they were leaving home and friends “for Queen and country,” and I fear some of them will never see their native land again. The whole town seemed in a state of excitement, everybody talking about “the war.” Even the children were full of it, for when I passed a

group of boys the following Sunday afternoon, I could hear them talking about "South Africa." In speaking to the superintendent of the Sunday School about it, we were both of the opinion that a few "Peeps at South



SOLDIERS EMBARKING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Africa and its Peoples" would be acceptable, and, perhaps, profitable to the young folks; for not only is South Africa a land of war, and of gold and diamond mines, but some of the most thrilling stories of the

Gospel's triumphs, and of the devotion of the ambassadors of Christ who first carried the message to the dark places of the earth, come from the land of the Hottentot and the Kaffir. While we make it our chief business to teach the doctrines of the Gospel, and tell the way of life and peace to our young folks in their classes on the Lord's Day, we take betimes a week-night trip with them to some far-off land, where that Gospel has wrought its wonders, and won its triumphs in the salvation of sinners; thus bringing home to them in living form and actual fact the Gospel's saving power. I had just received some nice photographs taken by a friend, who had returned from a visit to Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, so we arranged to show the pictures on the screen, and tell the story connected with them the following Friday night to our boys and girls.

I need scarcely tell you there was a good turnout—especially of boys, I am glad to say—and for a long two hours they looked and listened with manifest interest while I told the story which I will now briefly tell to you.

There are few countries in which more startling events have transpired than South Africa. It has been the scene of some terrible wars, in which many precious lives have been sacrificed; to its gold and diamond fields thousands of eager emigrants have flocked from all lands, and thanks be unto God, men and women whose hearts have been filled with the love of Christ have gone to the deserts to tell the dark-skinned millions there "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love.



## A Trip to South Africa.

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**I**N order to get a proper look at the country with its interest, we will suppose ourselves accompanying the different peoples, and some of the chief places of soldiers we saw starting for the field of war in South Africa the other evening. Our ship lies in the Thames, and here are our soldiers embarking. They are now wearing a uniform that they think will suit the country, of a yellowish colour called "Khaki." Some of them take a last fond look and wave their caps to friends on the shore, and as the ship's great cable is loosed, the engines move, and we sail away.

Two days' sailing takes us away from England's shores, and we are heading towards the sunny south. There are several places of interest we have to pass, but as our ship only calls at certain ports, we can only have a glance at some of them.

Madeira is our first call. It is a pretty island. The white houses studding the hillside among the trees look very pretty. Vines grow in luxuriance, and the climate is delightful. Many invalids and delicate people reside on the island.

The Canary Islands are a coaling station. Teneriffe, with its snow-peak, looks splendid in the sunshine. Santa Cruz is a pretty little town, with its white lime-washed houses, around which palms, vines, and pretty flowering plants grow luxuriantly. We go ashore for an hour, and find in the market a plentiful supply of oranges, bananas, guavas, and apples, which the Spanish sellers know how to dispose of to visitors. Pack-mules, with bundles slung across their backs and baskets of strange shapes, trudge along the narrow streets. A bell rung on the vessel brings the visitors back in the row-boat quickly, and very shortly we are off. Flying fishes in immense numbers, with their bodies shining, sparkling like silver, are borne on the breeze as we approach the equator, and several sharks are also to be seen. Across "the line" the Southern Cross comes into view, and the Milky Way appears so large and bright.

Ascension Island is a military station, and there are some houses at the foot of the hills. It is a volcanic island of about thirty-five square miles, and belongs to Britain. Eight hundred miles further sailing brings us to St. Helena, where Napoleon was banished in 1816, after his defeat at Waterloo. It resembles a great rock rising out of the ocean. Jamestown, its capital and sea-port, lies in the slope of a narrow valley, at the top of

which is the fort. Napoleon Street is the main thoroughfare, on either side of which plain but tidy little houses with pretty gardens lie. On a little eminence not far off, the exiled Napoleon stood watching the passing ships, and pining for liberty. Here he died and was buried, but his body was afterwards taken to France. We are only 1200 miles from the coast of Africa now, and from this point until we reach Cape Town we might inform ourselves a little of the country to which we are going, and the various people we shall meet on South African soil.





## South Africa in the Past.

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**S**OUTH Africa embraces all the territory from the Peninsula. Few strips of country rival it in historic interest, or have known greater changes.

It is supposed that about 2500 years ago a band of Phœnicians circumnavigated the continent of Africa, and landed on its southern shore, but all trace of them has perished.

In 1486 a Portuguese captain named Bartholomew Dias, commanded a small squadron of vessels, which were sent by the king of Portugal to explore the east coast of Africa. Dias effected a landing, and planted a wooden cross at Cape Voltas, south of Orange River, but, owing to a mutiny among his sailors, he was obliged to leave without further exploring the country. On his voyage south he sighted the Cape, where he experienced such storms that he named it Cape Storm, but King John changed the name to Cape of Good Hope.

About the year 1605, a fleet of Dutch vessels anchored in Table Bay, and a band of colonists landed and settled in Cape Colony. Seventy years later they were joined by a number of peasants from France and Piedmont, who bore the name of Huguenots. They had been driven



A NATIVE KRAAL.

from the country by a persecution which arose owing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These simple peasants, finding themselves free to read the Scriptures and worship God as they desired, settled in the new country. Some three hundred made their homes in the neighbourhood of Paarl and Stellenbosch, and began to cultivate

the land. In a very short time little homesteads dotted the plain around which the vines grew, and the peaceful settlers lived there far from the busy world.

The population of the Colony is now over a million and a half, of which less than a fourth are whites. Natal, which received its name by being discovered on Christmas Day, has over half a million, chiefly Kaffirs. When the



KAFFIR.

BUSHMAN.

HOTTENTOT.

Dutch arrived in Cape Colony they found the country thinly populated by a dark-skinned race named Quaequae, whom they named Hottentots. They seemed to have no defensive weapons, nor to be possessed of the warrior spirit, else they would not have allowed the Dutch to seize their land and compel them to serve them as slaves. The Kaffirs dwelt in the south-east, beyond the Fish River, the Basutos had their territory south of the Orange River, while the Bechuanas dwelt on the north side, and

the Damara tribes in the far north-west. Such was South Africa at the beginning of the nineteenth century. For many years slavery and all the cruelties of heathendom existed in Cape Colony, and it was only after it was brought under British rule that slavery was abolished. This and other reforms did not please the Dutch farmers—or Boers as they were called—so rather than submit to the new order of things, they “trekked” with their great waggons across the Vaal River to the far north, and there formed themselves into a Republic, with such laws as they were pleased to make for themselves. The natives—which chiefly consisted of Kaffirs, Bushmen, and Bechuanas—they treated cruelly, making the women weed their fields, giving them nothing in return. And when the messengers of the Gospel penetrated into that country, the Boers sought to hinder them from preaching Christ to their “black property,” whom they only regarded as “heathen” to be subdued or extinguished, like the nations of Canaan before the chosen people, which they claimed to be. The Bushmen lived in the wilds among the passes and by the rivers. But as I shall have to tell you something of the Kaffirs and other native races as they are to be found at the present time, I will pass on to another chapter of the history of South Africa in the years long gone by.



## How the Gospel Reached South Africa.

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**O**N a sultry afternoon in July, 1737, a solitary young man, twenty-seven years of age, plainly clad, partly lame, and with only a few shillings in his pockets, set his foot on African soil, at Table Bay. This was George Schmidt, a young Moravian, who had given himself to the Lord as a missionary to carry His Gospel to the Hottentots in South Africa. Up to the time of his arrival, no effort had been made to reach them with the Gospel. They were almost savages, living in ignorance of the true God, worshipping idols carved in ebony, practising witchcraft, propitiating evil spirits by sacrifices, and exposing their young children to wild beasts. They ate the flesh of animals, partly roasted, on fires of logs in long strips, ashes and all, and at the full moon danced in wild and warlike fashion in the fields in crowds.

Their personal appearance was not more pleasant than their habits. Their high cheek bones, thick lips, flat noses, and small dark eyes gave them a very unpleasant appearance to a stranger.

I must tell you something now of the young man who went forth amongst this benighted race with the glad



NATIVE POUNDING CORN.

tidings of salvation. He was born at Kunewalde in Moravia, in the midst of the colony of Christians known as "The United Brethren," of which the devoted Count Zinzendorf was the leading spirit. They had been exiled from their homes for the Gospel's sake, and for the most part were poor and sorely tried. Yet among these six

hundred despised followers of Christ, there was at that time more of a true missionary spirit than anywhere else in the whole of Europe, some of their number having already gone forth as evangelists to Greenland, America, and the West Indies.



A SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE VILLAGE.

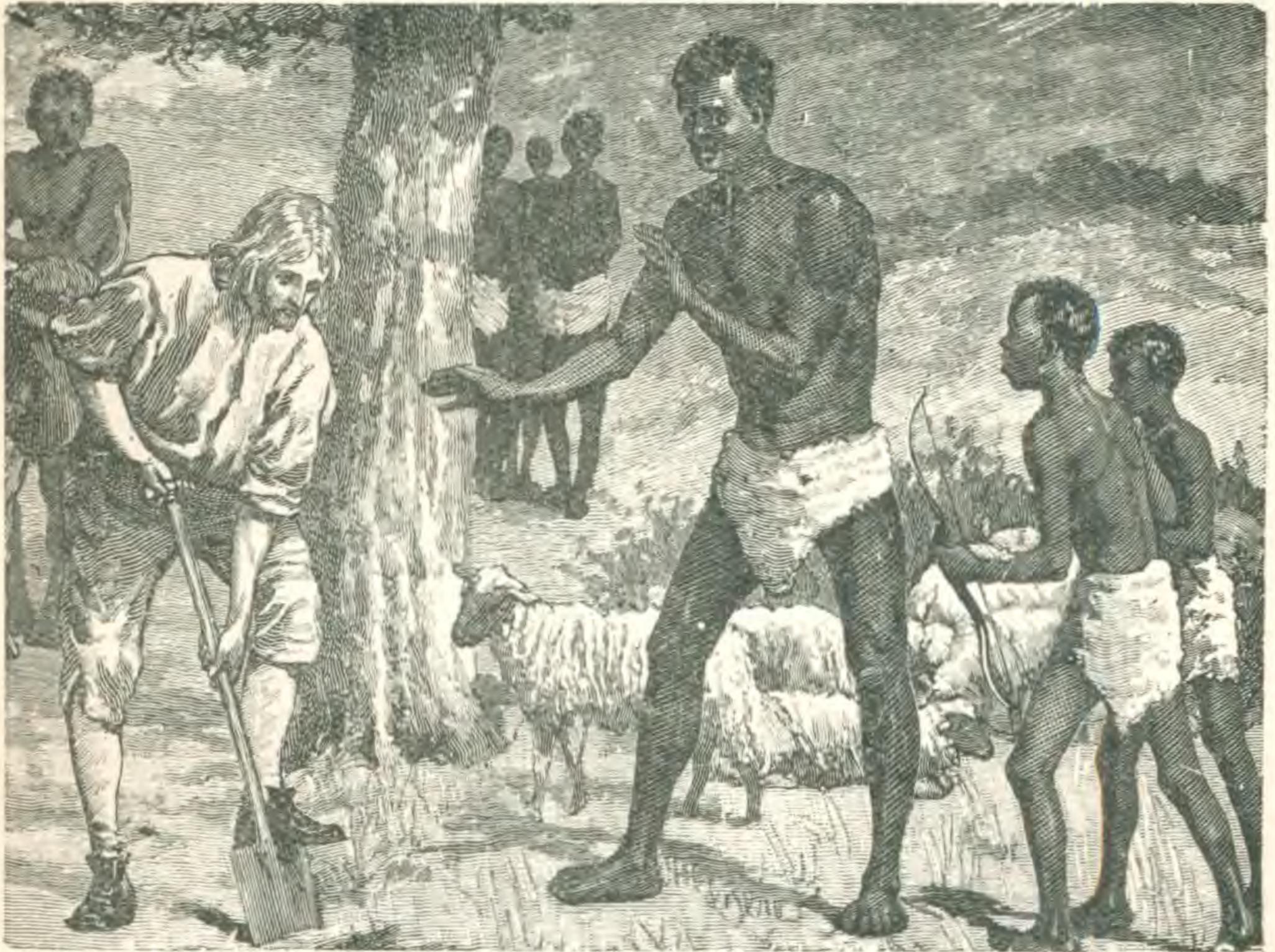
George Schmidt was awakened and converted to God in the midst of the little colony of Moravians at the age of sixteen, and very soon after his conversion, he began to spread abroad the Saviour's name.

At the age of nineteen, he went with an aged

missionary named Nitschmann to Bohemia, where they were both apprehended and cast into prison. There they remained in a cold, damp cell, during a fearfully cold winter, where the aged evangelist ended his life, and passed away to be with Christ. In his last moments, Schmidt supported him in his arms, while with his dying breath he exclaimed, "I have hold of my Saviour, He does not leave me, nor do I leave Him." Then he dropped his head on his breast, and passed away. The young missionary was then taken from his prison, and marched in chains before a Romish tribunal, where, in the name of the Pope, he was excommunicated, and sentenced to imprisonment in irons for six long years. In 1734 he was released, and in shattered health, partly lame on both his feet by long confinement in the stocks, he returned to the Moravian settlement at Hernhutt. But George Schmidt could not spend his days in idleness. His heart glowed with the love of Christ, and he longed to tell others of His great salvation. Eighteen months after his arrival in Hernhutt, he was preparing to go to South Africa as a missionary to the Hottentots, and, after working for a year as a day labourer on a farm in Holland to secure a passage, he sailed for the Cape, and arrived there on that July afternoon in 1737, alone, a stranger in a strange land, with unknown hardships awaiting him there.

When he arrived at Table Bay he found a night's lodgings in a small inn, and was delighted to find that some of the natives could speak a little of the Dutch language. He began at once to preach the Gospel, first

to the natives at the port, then to those in the interior, and finally settled in a place called Baavian's Kloof, about a hundred and twenty miles from Cape Town, where, with the assistance of some of the natives, he built for himself a house, and planted a small garden. At first the people



SCHMIDT TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS TO DIG.

were very shy, and would not come near his dwelling, but, after a few months, a few of the natives brought their children to him to be taught the Dutch language, leaving a cow to support them with its milk. To these children, and to such of their parents as would come to hear, he

preached the Gospel. For over a year he plodded on, and had the joy of hearing at least three of the Hottentots confess their faith in Christ as their Saviour—one, whose name was William, giving clear evidence of his conversion to God. These beginnings of God's grace among the natives greatly cheered the young missionary, and strengthened his faith in God. After he had been there a little over a year, two of the Moravians on their way to Ceylon paid him a visit, bringing with them a letter full of encouraging words from Count Zinzendorf, a sentence of which was, "Preserve, dear brother, the precious treasure which has been committed to you. Let our Jesus be your all. Labour to convince the Hottentots that they are sinners, and then bring them to His feet"—words that every Gospeller in these more peaceful days will do well to remember, for only as sinners are convinced of their need, will they flee to Jesus Christ.





## Dangers, Toils, and Rest.

**G**EORGE SCHMIDT continued to tell the story of redeeming love to the Hottentots for six long years, without a helper. A little house which he built with his own hands, with its surrounding garden, he named "Gnadenthal," which means "The Vale of Grace," and it was indeed the scene of many a wonderful triumph of God's grace in saving sinners. But the path of the true Gospeller, who makes it his aim to push forward the Lord's standard into the enemy's camp, will never be a flowery one. He will be sure to have the opposition of Satan and all his allies. So George Schmidt found it. When it became known that he was preaching to the Hottentots, that several of them had been converted, baptized, and were confessing Christ, it aroused the anger of the Boers, who looked upon the poor blacks as their slaves, and treated them as beasts. Their ministers joined in a fierce attack upon the young missionary, whom they characterized as a "madman." To show their contempt of his work, and of the despised

race among which he laboured, they had posted on one of their church doors a notice—"Dogs and Hottentots forbidden to enter." But, blessed be God, the door of God's grace was wide open to them, and is still to sinners of every colour and clime.



"THE LEOPARD MADE A SPRING AT HIM."

Another danger to the pioneer evangelist was the presence of wild beasts. Lions, hyenas, leopards, and wolves were numerous, sometimes entering his garden and carrying off sheep and other animals.

One day while Schmidt and several Hottentots were journeying in the country, they came upon a wounded wolf, which made its way into a thicket near. They followed it with a loaded gun, and as they entered the thicket a leopard sprang out, and, pulling one of the Hottentots to the ground, began to bite his face. Schmidt, who stood a short distance off, prepared to fire at the animal, but before he had time to do so, the leopard made a spring at him, and, fixing its teeth in his arm, brought him to the ground. With great presence of mind he grasped the animal by the throat and planted his knee firmly on the pit of its stomach, which made it send forth a hideous cry, its eyes flashing like fire. Schmidt felt his strength giving way, and cried to his companions to come to his help, which one of them courageously did, picking up the loaded gun and discharging it at the leopard, which immediately rolled over, shot through the heart. For a long while Schmidt suffered from the fierce struggle, and bore marks of the wounds made by the leopard's claws all his days. He toiled for ten years, preaching Christ, enduring many privations, and making long journeys with the Gospel, until his strength was gone, and his health shattered.

In 1744 he set sail for his native land, leaving the little band of converted Hottentots to the care of the Great Shepherd, hoping to return to his field of labour shortly. But the Dutch East India Company at that time so obstructed the way of missions that he was prevented. After a season of rest, Schmidt began preaching the Gospel in Silesia, working as a day labourer in the fields

to support himself. This continued until he was seventy-six years of age, and the coming day of Christ will show his labours were not in vain. Worn out with incessant toil, and suffering from a disease in his feet, the result of his cruel imprisonment at Schildberg—the aged labourer felt his end was drawing near. He had certain hours set apart each day for secret prayer. One day he was working in his garden, when the hour of prayer came round. He laid down his spade, and, entering his little chamber, knelt before the throne. Hours passed, and still the door remained shut, until one of his brethren, fearing some illness had come upon him, opened it and entered. He found the aged man kneeling with his hands clasped, a heavenly smile on his pale and wrinkled face, but his spirit had gone to rest with Christ.





## Peeps at Cape Town.

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**T**ABLE MOUNTAIN, 3582 feet high, is visible a good while before we enter the bay. It is just behind Cape Town, and shelters it from the terrific winds which at certain seasons sweep down, destroying everything. That is Sea Point on the right, a pretty little suburb of Cape Town; and, away on the left further off, is Robben Island, where there is a large Leper Settlement, at which we may have a peep one afternoon.

We set foot on African soil and find ourselves—not in a Kaffir kraal—but in a fine city with large modern buildings, beautifully laid-out shops, equal to any you see in Britain. Electric trams run on the streets, and people move about in smart business-like fashion. Still, you cannot forget that you are in Africa, for such sights are not to be found anywhere else on earth. Here you see a group of coloured people, not all alike by any means, even

in their colour, for some are black, others brown, and a few almost white, and are dressed in different garbs: Malays in long robes, with gaudy turbans; Kaffir women in light print dresses, with bright coloured head-gear; Cape "boys" with their carts, in which you can ride to any part of the town. Yonder is the Government building,



CAPE TOWN MARKET WITH TABLE MOUNT.

with a statue of Queen Victoria in front, and close by the Botanical Gardens, where a fine collection of plants of all kinds may be seen. Trains with corridor carriages leave Cape Town for all parts, and steamers for the various ports of Cape Colony, Natal, and the East sail almost daily. Once a week the English mail arrives, bringing

letters, newspapers, book packets, and parcels. That is a busy day. Nor is Cape Town without its witnesses for God; for here, as in the homeland, the glorious Gospel is preached in the open air to good crowds, and the people listen with more apparent interest than they generally do in favoured Britain. It is pleasant to hear the same sweet Gospel hymns, with which we have been so long familiar, sounding forth in the clear African air, and to know that "The old, old story" of Jesus and His love is "the power of God unto salvation" to "whosoever will" believe it.

"From every kingdom of earth they come  
To join the triumphal cry,  
Of worthy's the Lamb who once was slain,  
But will you be there and I?"





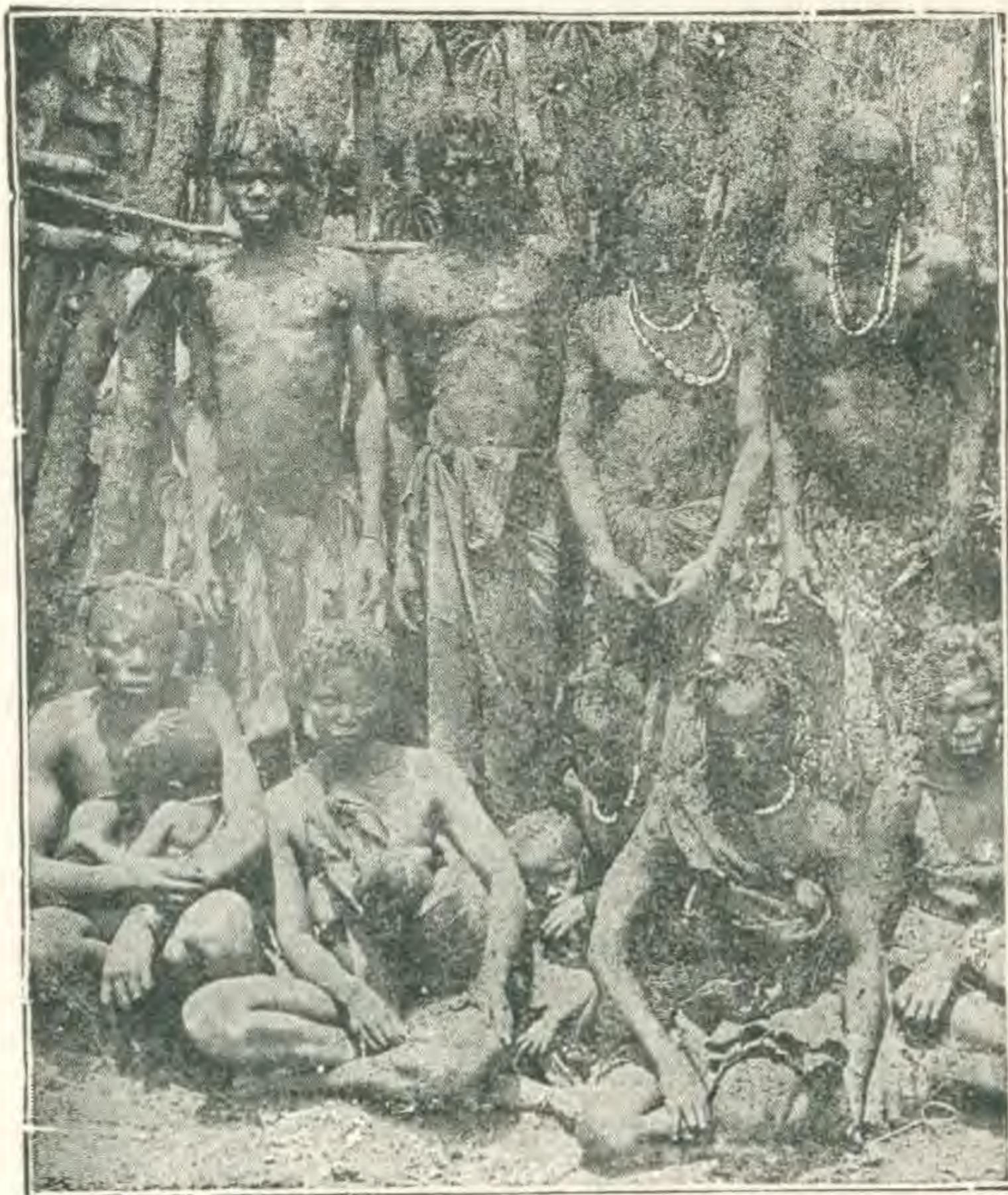
## A Trip "Up Country."

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**I**N former times the only means of conveyance was by transport waggons, capable of carrying large quantities of goods, each waggon drawn by twelve to eighteen oxen. They are "inspanned" in pairs to a long pole, and kept in order by a leather noose passed under their horns, which a Kaffir "boy" who goes in front holds, while another with a long whip walks by their side keeping them going. All the "trekking" of ancient time was accomplished in this way. The front part of the waggon is used for goods, the back part, which is covered, is used as a "dwelling" for the family, or whoever may be travelling. There are resting-places all along the rough roads where the oxen are loosed, or "outspanned," as the Boers call it, and allowed to eat. During night

the women sleep in the waggon, the men under it. Food is cooked in a great Kaffir pot, which stands on three high legs above the fire. Journeys for hundreds of miles were undertaken in this way before railways were opened, often with great danger and many hardships, as we learn from the diaries of missionaries and explorers who traversed these wilds, when they were peopled by unfriendly natives and savage tribes. But as railways are now all over the country, you may travel with as much comfort and ease as in the home land. In the journey north you first cross miles of flat sandy plains, which join the Cape to the mainland. Then through the Paarl vineyards, which in their season are very pretty; then up higher and higher until we find ourselves over 3500 feet above sea level, passing through rugged mountains, along the edge of steep precipices—dangerous enough at any time, and immensely so in times of war, when loosened rails and blown-up bridges are everywhere to be found. South Africa, above every place, is a land of hills, or "kopjes," as the Dutch call them. Miles of them at a stretch, all sizes, treeless, and bare; not even a blade of grass to be seen, but bare solid rock or dark red earth, with the Karoo bush everywhere, from which it takes its name. In other parts there are green fields well watered. Here you see farmhouses dotting the "veldt," or plain, with flocks of sheep; in some cases ostriches wandering about among the bushes. Ostrich-farming is a common industry, and so is fruit-farming, the orange and lemon trees laden with fruit looking very pretty with their golden fruit growing amid the dark green foliage. In many

of these Dutch farmhouses the Bible is read and the Psalms sung, but I fear that a good deal of the Boer religion is little more than form, for they cruelly treat the natives, and would hinder servants of Christ from going among the Kaffirs with the Gospel message.



GROUP OF KAFFIRS.



## A Visit to Robben Island.

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**R**OB BEN ISLAND is a penal and leper settlement off the coast of Africa. Visitors are not allowed there, but it so happens that we have a friend living not far out of Cape Town who has a "permit" from the Government to visit there, telling them of Jesus and His power to save, and he has promised to take us across to the island one afternoon in a small steamer. What a sight meets us there. Several large houses all filled with lepers on one side, while across on the other is a penal settlement where criminals from all parts of the Colony suffer the due rewards of their deeds. The lepers while in the early stages of the disease are allowed to walk about the grounds, while those in whom it is further advanced, are confined to the large houses prepared for them. There in all stages of the dire disease, what sights meet the eye! The young and the aged: men of high

rank and day labourers all severed from home and friends, never to see them again. What a mercy that the Lord has opened a way for the Gospel to be preached to them, and books containing it given them to read. Sometimes our friend is able to take over large baskets of grapes and other fruits, which they greatly value. But no power of man can cure them. How this leper island speaks to us of the nature of sin! Sooner or later, all in whom it is found and allowed to work, will be separated from God and His people for ever. But the Gospel tells of full and free salvation, which is within reach of all, even the chief of sinners while here below. Nothing to hinder the vilest from being cleansed from sin and delivered from its power here, but once beyond the Gospel's sound there is no deliverance, no remedy.





## Peeps at the Kaffirs.

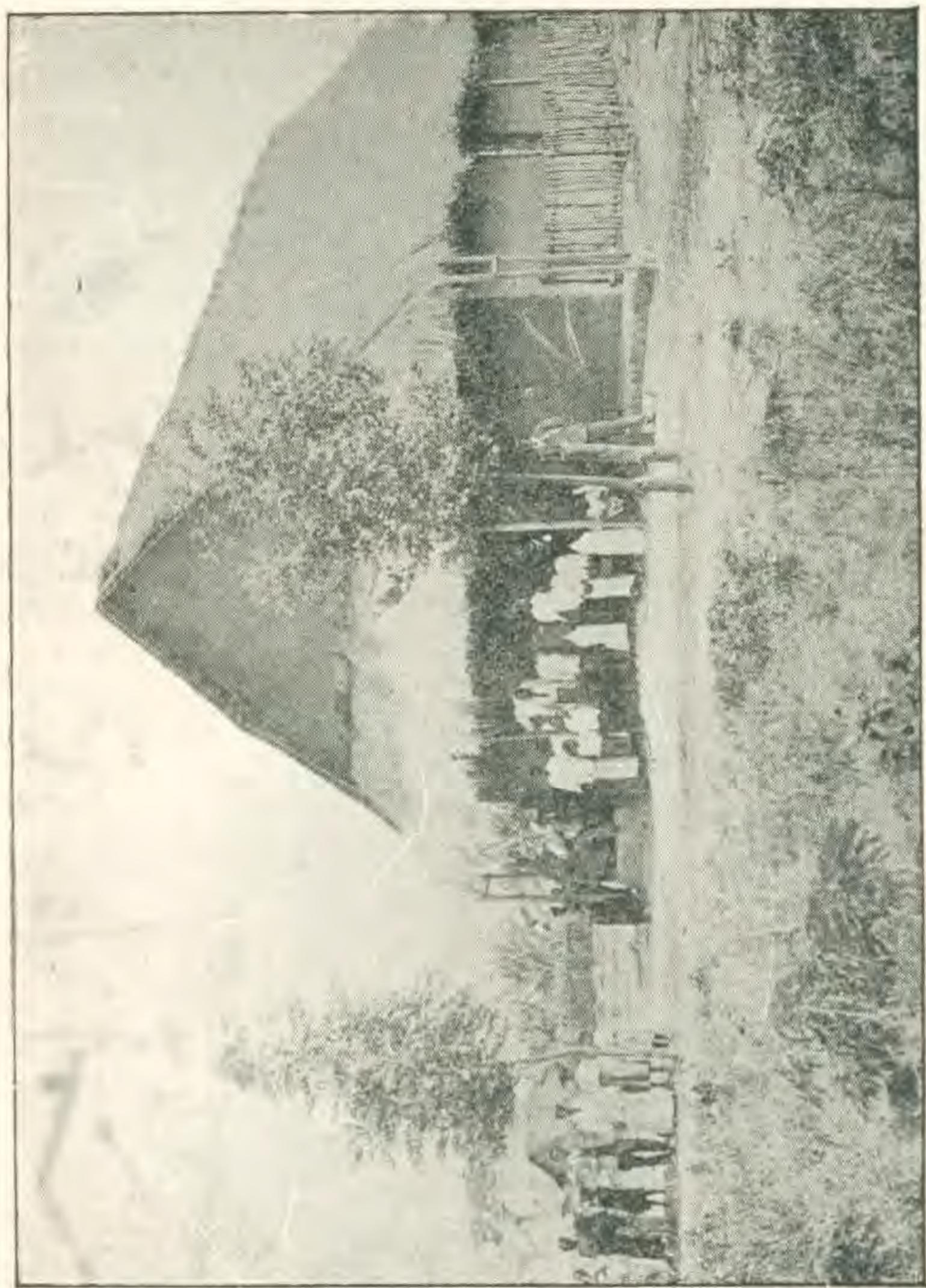
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**T**HE Kaffirs live in "kraals," or locations separate from the white people's dwellings. Most of the servants on the farms are Kaffir men, and the women do the housework, each having a special duty, such as cook, water-carrier, laundry work. The women come in the morning, work all day, and go home to their huts at night. If they have children, they generally bring them with them, so that a Cape farm kitchen is frequently a rather lively place. Spiritually, there is little done for these Kaffir servants. There are a few "churches" and "chapels" of various kinds, to which some of the white people go, in country places, perhaps once a month, when a local preacher conducts a "service," but the poor Kaffirs are not allowed to go there. Thank God they are not left to perish in ignorance of the Gospel, for some, whose hearts have been constrained by the love of Christ

to go with the message of salvation to the Kaffir "locations" get a good hearing for the Word. Seated in a circle around the missionary may be seen rows of dark faces, eagerly listening to the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

The Kaffir huts are warm and comfortable, some very neat and clean. The fire is kept outside, the large Kaffir pot in which the mealies are cooked is usually to be seen above it. The Kaffirs are not by any means bad looking. The men wear a blanket, often coloured with ochre or other bright colours. The women wear a kerchief around their heads, twisted so as to form a kind of turban. Skirts reaching to the ankles, of red or other bright colour, a blanket thrown loosely over their shoulders, brass rings on their arms as bracelets, bead ornaments around their necks, and always barefooted. Almost everything is carried on the head, a pail of water, a Kaffir pot, or a basket of mealies all the same, and they are taught from infancy to balance them so steadily that they rarely require to touch them with their hands at all. Many of them believe in witchcraft, and attribute disease and death to the "gods," and where the witch doctor is at large, many of the old ceremonies continue. Alas! where they have been brought into contact with the white man's "spirit," which for the sake of gain has been freely sold to these poor heathen people, who seem unable to resist the temptation to drink themselves mad when once they have tasted it. This, with the unjust treatment often given them by those who take the name of "Christians," has done much to hinder the Gospel, and to prejudice the

ignorant Kaffirs against it. Nevertheless, a few are found among them who truly love the Lord Jesus, who have



MEETING ROOM IN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

known His saving power, whose happy faces tell of the joy of their hearts, and who in their own humble sphere

adorn the doctrine, by living godly and exemplary Christian lives.

How the glad tidings of salvation first reached the Hottentots by the devoted Moravian youth, George Schmidt, I have already told you, and if you come again another evening I will tell you the true story of a Scotch gardener lad who went out to these benighted tribes, and, amid dangers from wild beasts and bloodthirsty chiefs, lived in the lone deserts and in the kraals of South Africa, telling the dark-skinned tribes of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. Then of another honoured Scotchman who began life as a "piecer" boy in a cotton mill on the banks of the Clyde, and from there was called to explore the unknown regions of Central Africa, and to spread the Gospel among the many hitherto unreached tribes of the desert. There are no missionary stories of more thrilling interest than the life-stories of ROBERT MOFFAT and DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

