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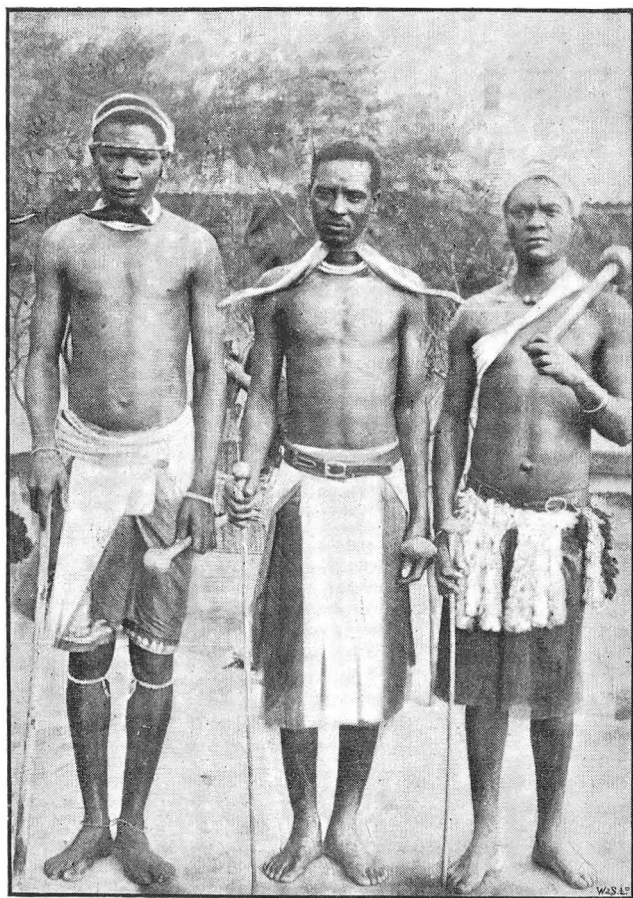


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SPECIMEN OF SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

# MY MISSION TOUR

IN

## SOUTH AFRICA.

*A RECORD OF INTERESTING TRAVEL  
AND PENTECOSTAL BLESSING.*

BY

REV. THOMAS COOK.



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## PORT ELIZABETH.

IT had long been my opinion that it is possible to preach with saving power through an interpreter, where ignorance of the language compels the missionary to use one. This opinion deepened into a conviction after the experience I had in Norway in 1885, when, speaking through an interpreter, I conducted a mission with results such as would compare favourably with the majority of missions I have held at home, in places of the same size.

But these Norwegians had been previously instructed in the things of God, and were familiar with our doctrines and phraseology. Among the heathen it might be different; so I determined, if the way opened, to test my theory by visiting them.

Almost unexpectedly the opportunity came. In 1890 I received an invitation from the Quarterly Meeting of Grahamstown, South Africa, to proceed to that country and conduct evangelistic services in several of the most important towns, they undertaking all financial responsibility.

Both the District Meeting and the Conference endorsed the application, expressing also a strong desire that I should comply with the request; and the latter cordially commended the matter to the prayer-

ful consideration of all the ministers and members of the Church.

They asked that the services should be held chiefly among Europeans, but two Native Circuits, situated right in the midst of the heathen, were also chosen as centres to be visited. This was just as I wished it, so, with the approval of our Home Mission Committee, I consented to go. To tell the story of this Mission Tour is my object in these pages.

I sailed from Southampton in the R.M.S. *Scot*, on April 2nd, 1892, the Union Steamship Company's newest and best vessel.

A writer in one of the London papers has well said, "If the shade of Dr. Johnson could revisit these 'glimpses of the moon,' and see the provision made in these magnificent vessels for the comfort of the passengers, the well-worn expression of the great lexicographer, that a ship 'was a floating prison with a chance of being drowned,' would doubtless be unreservedly withdrawn." The *Scot* is the very reverse of a prison; she is more like a floating palace fitted up with every modern luxury, and probably no steamer afloat sails with less movement than she does.

Of the voyage as a whole it would be difficult to use too high terms in describing it. The Bay of Biscay was almost as calm as a mill-pond, and after that we had sunny seas, balmy breezes, and golden sunsets, which, combined with rest, comfort, and health, made what I had much dreaded into one of the greatest pleasures of my life. In fifteen days we reached Cape Town, a distance of 6000 miles—a record passage, our average rate of speed having been nearly seventeen nautical miles per hour.

I shall not soon forget my first view of Table Mountain, rising in solemn majesty 3800 feet, with its stately companions, Lion's Head and Devil's Peak, forming a strikingly grand background to the picturesque town which nestles at its base. From the sea, at least, Cape Town has a very pleasant appearance.

The Rev. William Foggitt—a brother Yorkshireman—met me at the wharf, and brought a hearty assurance of welcome from the Conference, which was then sitting at Cradock, and an invitation from the President to call and address the Conference before I commenced my missions.

My home at Cape Town was with Mr. J. W. Wood of Claremont, who received me with the enthusiasm so characteristic of Irish hospitality, and by his kindnesses soon helped me to forget that I was among strangers and so far from the loved ones at home. During the two days I spent with him, I had the opportunity of seeing some of the sights of Cape Town and its beautiful suburbs.

The town is somewhat Oriental in appearance, and is laid out in squares and streets with almost mathematical preciseness. Many of the houses are flat-roofed, substantial and stately; but I do not regard it, on the whole, as a particularly well-built place. The main thoroughfares are handsome enough, and would do no discredit to our largest English provincial cities; but in many of the secondary streets there is much dilapidation, and in some parts plenty of dirt. Vehicles of every kind may be seen in the streets; that possessing most interest to me was the bullock waggon with its long team of oxen. Many of the



shops in the principal streets are well abreast of the times, and to find some of them so home-like was a pleasant surprise.

The suburbs of Cape Town are very charming. The most populous and fashionable are those along the eastern side of Table Mountain. For several miles along this route, the alternate views of hill and dale, dotted with cottages, mansions, and verandahed retreats, nestled among the oak, fir, poplar, and gum trees, with the grand background of mountains, are as pleasing as can be met with in any part of the Colony. Here the city merchants and officials dwell.

The number of inhabitants in the town and suburbs is about 60,000. This embraces white and coloured races, with all their varieties of nationality and gradations of blood. Nothing impresses a stranger more than the multitude of shades of colour which are to be seen in the streets, between the fairest Saxon and the darkest Ethiopian.

One of the saddest sights of Cape Town is the convict gang at work in the neighbourhood of the docks. Sentries with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets keep guard. Many young men were among them. I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon them, of the blighted prospects and hopes those lives represented.

After resting at Claremont for two days with Mr. Wood, I started by rail for Port Elizabeth, where my first mission was to be held. The distance is about 940 miles, and the journey occupies, at the most rapid rate of travelling possible, forty-eight hours. For nearly the whole distance we went through a

dry barren desert called the Karoo, where nothing was to be seen but rocks, hills, sand, shrubs, and very scanty grass.

It brought great relief to break the journey at Touws River and at Cradock. The former place is an important railway centre, with a population of nearly five hundred, but where no regular religious service is held, so I offered Christ to those who cared to listen, and some seemed deeply impressed.

At Cradock I was received at the station by the President and other prominent members of the Conference with much cordiality, and on visiting the Conference was invited to take part in what proved to be a most interesting conversation on the work of God. Considerable interest was awakened as I explained what I believed to be the indispensable conditions of success. The following outline of my address on the occasion was published in one of the local papers:—

“The Rev. Thomas Cook, having taken his place on the platform at the request of the President, said he had hoped to avoid that occasion, as it was more to his mind to do the work than to talk about it. His coming to the country represented the deep interest the home Church took in the work and welfare of the Church in South Africa. He had come to help them to reap the harvest for which they and their fathers had sown, and he hoped they would rejoice together. He had not come without much thought and prayer, and he was convinced that God would be with him, and where God was there would be blessing. Two things he would say at once—he believed in God, and he believed in his mission. He

might perhaps add that he believed—just a little—in himself. He felt assured that God would give him credentials. They did not need to defend Christianity if they were constantly witnessing supernatural manifestations of its power. When God was with them their doubts became treason. Those would succeed who believed they could succeed. The salvation of the world had been committed to the disciples of Christ, and God waited for them to do their work. He had not come as an agent to do the work for God, he was only the instrument that God used. He was struck with the fact that nowhere in the Bible did God use discouraged or despairing workers. For himself, he always expected results, and results generally came. He had been appointed ten years ago by the British Conference as their first Connexional Evangelist. During that period he had held four thousand services, and visited almost every town of importance in England, and out of all the evangelistic services he had held in that time, there were very few indeed in which he had failed to notice visible results by way of conversion and decision. Ministers ought to expect such results. They had generally just as much success as they expected in faith and prayer. If they expected more, they would reap more. He was afraid they did not dogmatise enough in the pulpit. They were too fond of argument. To get people converted they must dogmatise. They must preach as if they believed what they said. How was it that ministers as they grew older did not as a general rule see so many conversions as in the earlier days of their ministry? It was because when they were younger men they had just got hold

of two or three ideas, but they preached them with emphasis and directness ; they dogmatised about them, and the people believed them and felt their power. Now he feared they did not preach the sterner doctrines of the Bible. They used to believe these things and speak about them, but now some said, 'I dare not preach them.' Yet if they were to have deep, real work, they must preach again the sterner truths of the gospel. They might not have so many apparent conversions as if they went about saying, 'Only believe,' but they would have a much more permanent work. They must deal with truth and duty, with sin and its penalty. They must use the law as the knife to wound, and then pour the oil of the gospel into the wound. He did not doubt that if they preached as they ought to preach, many people would be offended. He did not understand how people could remain unconverted in their congregations, where ministers faithfully proclaimed the whole counsel of God. They should endeavour, at any cost, to wake such people from their lethargy. They must also preach the higher truths of the gospel. The doctrine of sanctification must be preached ; Methodist teaching was full of this subject. The Southport Convention had attracted much attention to it in England. It was the chief end for which Methodism was raised up. Forms of Church government might pass away, but the Church would remain. But if Methodism proved unfaithful to this trust, other branches of the Church would take it up, and Methodism would fade away. Above all else, they must seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Everything without this availed but little. This, and

this only, was essential to the success of Christianity. It linked human weakness to Omnipotence, and made failure impossible. Mr. Cook then related some incidents of his mission work, which were listened to with profound attention."

After I had finished speaking, the President thanked me for "the timely words" I had spoken, and said "their hearts had been thrilled and stirred."

Some who spoke afterwards referred to the Rev. William Taylor's evangelistic tour in the Colony more than twenty-five years ago, and told of the abundant fruit which still remains from that visit.

Prayer was then offered that a similar visitation of blessing might be vouchsafed to the churches in connection with my labours. It encouraged me greatly to learn from the ministers that a spirit of expectation everywhere prevailed. Two men recognised me in Cradock who had known me in England, one of whom claimed me as his spiritual father, having been converted in one of my early missions.

Port Elizabeth was reached on Saturday morning, April 23rd, after travelling all night, and that same evening I commenced work by a sermon to the church members, on the inseparable connection which exists between whole-hearted surrender to God and successful service.

The town is the chief commercial centre of the Colony, the next most populous to Cape Town, having about 20,000 inhabitants.

It is charmingly situated in a curve of Algoa Bay, and is built at the foot of hills, as well as on their slopes and summits. The style of the houses and streets is so thoroughly English, that any person



TOWN HALL, PORT ELIZABETH.

walking through the town might imagine he was in England, if it were not for the presence in the streets of bullock waggons, and the number of coloured people who are employed in various capacities. On the hill is a complete native village, called the Kaffir location. This is filled with beehive-shaped huts, and crowded with representatives of all the South African native races.

Places of worship are very numerous, some of them being even elegant buildings. We have three churches in the town, but none of them large enough to accommodate more than four hundred persons, so our enterprising Superintendent, Rev. William Wynne, obtained permission to use the Town Hall for the mission. It is a spacious, handsome structure, erected at a cost of £26,000, capable of seating nearly a thousand persons, and because of its central position much better adapted for our services than any of the churches would have been, even if they had been more commodious.

In the afternoon of the first Sabbath, at a meeting for young people, the Hall was densely crowded, and in the evening scores could not gain admittance. The purpose of our people was to use the Hall only for Sunday services, and when I announced that we would use it every evening, some doubted and suggested a smaller building. But our faith was not misplaced; we had full and enthusiastic congregations, and the last night, notwithstanding heavy rain, was the most crowded of all.

From the beginning of the mission the power of God mightily accompanied the word. Souls were saved in every service, and the blessing increased

daily. Whole families sought and found the Saviour. Strong men wept in humble contrition, old people obtained forgiveness, and young men and maidens dedicated their lives to God. The effect of the mission was to thoroughly arouse the town. A service for men only was held on the second Sunday afternoon. The local paper said:—

“The special services conducted were probably unique in the history of the town. The afternoon service was for men only, and it was a grand sight to witness the vast crowd of men that filled the Hall in every part. Such singing as their united rendering of the Old Hundredth Psalm was something not easily forgotten, and the whole service was characterised by intense heartiness. Mr. Cook’s address was most telling. His shafts went home. None could listen and fail to appreciate his motive. He said things that needed saying, and he said them well. At night, Mr. Cook founded his address on the words, ‘My Spirit shall not always strive with man.’ He was listened to with profound interest by the vast audience, and at the close of his appeal some thirty persons came forward to publicly avow the Christian faith.”

Our people thought the results were wonderful, and all said, “We never saw it before on this fashion.”

Perhaps the most interesting experience I had in Port Elizabeth was in connection with my first service among the natives, held the second Saturday night. My interpreter was the native preacher named Dlepu, a fine specimen of Kaffir physique, and thoroughly acquainted with the English language. He stood by my side in the pulpit, and repeated sentence by



sentence with such rapidity and ease that the connection was almost as well sustained as though I had spoken to the people in their own language. All through the discourse there was a profound silence, until towards the close, when it was interrupted slightly by the uncontrollable emotions of the people. Then, as I commenced to invite seekers forward, their pent-up emotions found vent in audible prayers, sighs, groans, and floods of tears. It was a strange sight to see them come and throw themselves on the floor, pleading in agony that God would have mercy upon them, and to be helpless to deal with them personally made the scene the more impressive. Nowhere, except in Cornwall, and only there very occasionally, have I seen the same distress among sinners under conviction of sin. About a score decided for Christ—the first-fruits of the great harvest God has given me among these people.

The services were continued by the native ministers after I left them, and many others were won for the Saviour.

Our last service was especially a season of grace and delight. Some who were under conviction of sin had written during the day to ask me to be sure and give another invitation that night, as they were anxious to confess Christ. When I did so, the response was such that we had the greatest difficulty in finding workers and accommodation for the number who came. Few who were present will ever forget the solemnity and holy influence of that occasion.

Altogether during the mission two hundred and thirty persons were helped in the inquiry rooms, but many received Christ in their seats who afterwards

expressed a desire to join themselves to His people. The majority of the inquirers belonged to our own congregations, but testimonies to the helpfulness of the mission to all the churches were numerous.

Two afternoon services were held in Russell Road Church, for the promotion of holiness, and the fact was most eloquent that in such a busy town the place was filled on both occasions with those who were anxious for a richer experience of redeeming love. People do not readily put aside their various duties for religious services on the busy week-day. We can only account for these gatherings on the ground of an earnest longing after a higher life.

Referring to a meeting for praise and testimony, held after I left the town, the Superintendent writes: "The church was crowded, and we had a glorious time. I found that speakers were not wanted; everybody seemed anxious to praise the Lord, so I threw the meeting open. One after another rose, both men and women, until some thirty or more had spoken, and the time was gone. It would have done your heart good to have heard the testimony of blessing received. Every heart was filled with joy."

Several others were converted the Sabbath after the mission, and when reports were received later, the work was still going on. The effect of such a beginning was unspeakably blessed in relation to the other fields of labour which I subsequently visited. Desire and prayer were encouraged, and faith abundantly increased.

## KIMBERLEY.

**L**EAVING Port Elizabeth the day after the mission ended, I arrived at Kimberley, a distance of 480 miles, in thirty-two hours.

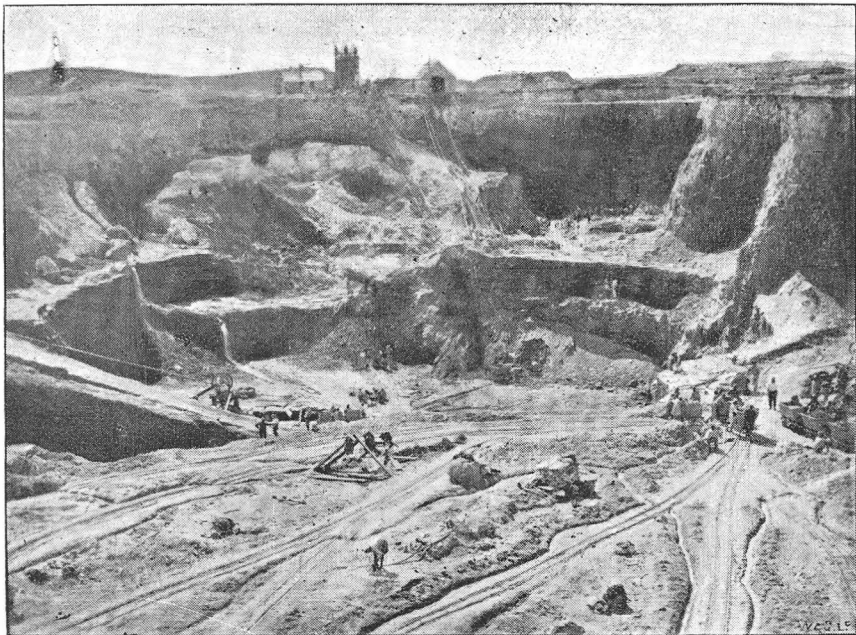
Kimberley with its diamond fields is certainly a wonderful place. Twenty-five years ago there was no such town, but as soon as diamonds were found, there was a tremendous rush to the locality, and to-day it is one of the most important towns in the Colony, with a population of about 15,000 of white, and nearly the same number of coloured people. Already six tons' weight of diamonds have been exported, representing a value of £39,000,000 sterling.

The discovery of diamonds in the district dates from the year 1870; but three years before that, a trader saw among a lot of "pretty stones" on a Dutch farmer's table what seemed to him a diamond, though it was unimportant in the eyes of the farmer. On simply asking if he might have it, it was given him, and proved to be a veritable diamond worth £500. Two years later, a Hottentot sold to this same farmer, who had by this time become alive to the value of the "stones," a large diamond for £400, which he sold directly afterwards for £10,000. This is the famous "Star of South Africa," which weighed forty-

six and a half carats after being cut. It is now among the jewels of the Countess of Dudley, and to-day its value is estimated at £25,000.

These discoveries led to the rush to the Diamond Fields in 1870, and to the founding of Kimberley. Men swarmed in all directions at first to the camp, but the camp soon became a town, and now Kimberley is as well-appointed a city as any in the world. It is difficult to realise, as we stroll through its broad streets and see its beautiful buildings, that to all intents and purposes the spot was a dreary desert twenty-two years ago. Most of the houses are of corrugated iron, but the public buildings and some of the shops would compare with the best in many of our large English towns. The lighting of the place is effected by thirty-two electric Brush lights of 2000 candle power each, and water is conveyed by pipes into the town from the Vaal River, a distance of seventeen miles. Representatives of all nationalities are to be seen in the streets. English, Dutch, Kaffir, Hottentot, Zulu, Malay, are all here, black and white, and a multitude of shades between. The amalgamation of the mining companies to restrict the output has led to considerable depression in trade during the last few years, but the town still retains its pre-eminence as the richest diamond centre in the world.

My visit to the De Beer's mine was an experience long to be remembered. The manager courteously described to us the various processes. The most precious stones are found in what is termed the "blue clay." Thousands of Kaffirs are employed in digging and blasting this with dynamite. It is then hauled to the surface in iron buckets, and deposited over the



DIAMOND MINE, KIMBERLEY.

surface of the land on what is called the "floor," there to be pulverised by the action of the atmosphere, the process occupying some months. Then it is conveyed to the washing-machine, and passed through a rotary screen, after which it is placed on tables, where experts sort it and pick out the gems. Stones were discovered on the morning of our visit worth thousands of pounds, and as we stood and watched the process, we saw several very valuable ones found. The scene in the storeroom where the diamonds are prepared for exportation was peculiarly interesting. Hundreds of beautiful gems were spread out upon the tables, representing enormous value, all of which had been discovered within the last three days.

Many pages might be filled in describing the various tricks practised by the Kaffirs to steal the "stones." Often they have swallowed them, or hid them between their toes, and they have even gone so far as to cut open parts of their bodies and insert the diamonds in the incisions made.

To prevent this, the natives who work in the mines now live in "compounds,"—a series of wooden huts arranged in the form of a square, with a large open quadrangle for recreation, over which is spread wire netting, to prevent the men throwing diamonds over into the road. Before this precaution was taken, several were found enclosing diamonds in potatoes, and throwing them over to friends who were waiting to receive them. The men sign articles to remain in these compounds for a certain period, usually six months, and are not allowed to leave for any cause until the time has expired. All their needs are met within the enclosure, in which is a place of worship, a

hospital, a store, and all else that is necessary. The introduction of intoxicating liquor is not allowed, so that when the men leave they have often substantial sums of money to draw, with which many of them, when they return to their own people, buy cattle and become farmers in a small way. This plan has been found not only of advantage to the masters, but of undoubted benefit to the natives themselves. We have a minister who devotes his whole time to work among the men in these compounds, where are natives from every tribe south of the Zambesi. These carry the gospel often where no missionary has ever been, and some remarkable results have been traced from the influences started in this manner. Another minister works among the Dutch-speaking natives scattered throughout the district. These are half-castes resulting from an amalgamation between the Dutch and Hottentot; in some parts of the country they are called "Bastards." They regard themselves as quite superior to the purely black races, and usually have a separate place of worship. Many of them are rising in the scale of education, civilisation, and religion.

But in addition to its remarkable mines, Kimberley has a fine market-place, large public gardens, and quite a number of spacious, if not elegant, churches. Our Trinity Church, where I conducted services, is the largest public building in the town. It is capable of seating about six hundred and fifty persons. Regularly the place is well attended, but as regards membership and workers, our cause has lately been anything but strong. The migratory habits of the population is the great difficulty. The Superintendent informed me that forty-two families, which were members of his con-



COMPOUND FOR NATIVES, DIAMOND MINE, KIMBERLEY.



gregation, have removed from the town in less than two years. Good work had undoubtedly been done by the ministers on the ground, and perhaps none better than that of preparing for the harvest of blessing God sent me to reap.

From the beginning, the success of the mission was assured. Elaborate preparations had been made, including arrangements with the Tram Company to bring up the people at reduced fares. Every inch of room in the church was utilised for sitting accommodation, and from the first service right onward to the last, the place was crowded. Often scores, if not hundreds, had to be turned away. Seventy-four decided for Christ the first Sabbath, and then followed a work which, in some of its features, I had scarcely ever seen equalled before. We had only one vestry, and, that being far too small to accommodate the inquirers, we were obliged to fall back upon the old plan of inviting seekers to come out and kneel at the communion rail. This was thought to be a severe test by some of our friends, but before the mission was over they were thankful that necessity had driven us to adopt it. My method was as follows: Immediately after the sermon, and while all heads were bowed in prayer, I asked those who were then and there willing to accept Christ to stand up. For these we joined in prayer, and then I invited all who had stood up to come out before all the congregation and kneel at the communion rail and there dedicate themselves to God. Then quietly I prayed with and for these, explaining the way of salvation as clearly as I could, collectively, and individually if necessary. The seekers were then sent into the vestry, where, while they

stood,—for there was not room to sit,—their names and addresses were taken, and they were further instructed by the ministers of the Circuit. After this they returned to the church and filed into front seats, which had been prepared for them, where they remained until the close of the service, when all the inquirers stood up together and repeated aloud vows of allegiance to Christ.

The teachableness of the seekers was wonderful,—the child-like simplicity with which they sought the kingdom of God,—and so was the reverent attention of the crowded congregation while all this was going on. Every night the rail was thronged with seekers, being sometimes filled two or three times, until soon a feeling of awe and wonder prevailed in the town.

A climax of interest and triumph was reached the second Sabbath, such as would be almost impossible to exceed under the same circumstances. About two hundred and fifty attended the early morning prayer meeting, which will appear most remarkable to those who understand the habits of life in the colonies. At the men's meeting in the afternoon, twenty noble fellows decided for Christ, and the impression deepened in the case of others. An overwhelming power rested upon the evening service which but few were able to resist. The communion rail was filled in a few moments, and the seats all round about crowded with seekers, of all conditions of life. Seatholders for years, professional men, well-known tradesmen, sons and daughters of our leading families, white and coloured people, knelt side by side, and together sought and found peace with God.

It was a strange and beautiful scene, and will be

precious in our memory for years to come. That day upwards of a hundred grown-up persons yielded themselves to God. We could only adore the mercy which permitted us to be associated with such victories of the Cross.

During the second week the work was more than maintained, until, before the mission concluded, the names of four hundred and thirty inquirers had been taken. This, in the town considered to be the most difficult to impress in all South Africa, is something for which to praise God. The following statement will show how we "gathered of every kind:"—

Wesleyans . . . . .	288
Dutch Reformed . . . . .	60
Episcopalians . . . . .	36
Presbyterians . . . . .	15
Baptists . . . . .	5
Salvation Army . . . . .	4
Roman Catholics . . . . .	4
Lutherans . . . . .	3
Adventists . . . . .	1
Others . . . . .	15
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	431
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Three afternoon meetings were held for the deepening of spiritual life, when many were quickened and refreshed. In the judgment of ministers of various churches, who associated with us in the mission, these were the best and most profitable meetings of the whole series.

Nothing surprised me more than the spirit of liberality manifested during the services. The two Sundays' collections amounted to £105; and on looking into the collecting boxes, I saw nothing but

gold and silver coins. The steward informed me that they never had copper coins given in their collections.

The interest in the mission became so widespread, and influenced the town so powerfully, that, for the time being, it was the great topic of conversation. One publican was heard to say that, "if the mission continued much longer, he would be compelled to close his bar." Space fails to give details of the many particular cases, but one incident illustrative of the widespreading results of the work is worthy of special mention. A gentleman and his wife sought and found blessing on the second Sabbath evening, and both were filled with holy enthusiasm to win others for Christ. They realised, as all do who are soundly converted, that they were "*saved to save.*" This led them to ask themselves whom they could influence most. The husband had a lifelong friend, who was very dear to him, in Johannesburg, to whom he decided to write and tell the whole story of the new life into which he had been led. He did this, pleading with his friend to do as he had done, and consecrate his whole life to God. Of this letter I had not heard until I reached Johannesburg some weeks later, when the friend brought it and read some parts of it under the deepest emotion, and finished up by saying, "Now, Mr. Cook, I want what he has got. I cannot bear the thought of anything separating between us, and if he means to follow the Lord fully, I intend to follow his example." To such decision and desire there could be but one result. God revealed Himself to the seeker, and before he left the room Jesus Christ had become precious to him, as He was precious to his friend.

Some in high social positions were among those who received blessing, one of whom offered to enlarge the church if I would consent to stay for a longer period. Many Dutch-speaking natives also decided for Christ. A number of these are livery stable proprietors. To show his gratitude, one of them, who owns the carriage and horses used by the Governor of the Colony during his visits to Kimberley, brought it daily, and drove me out in "style," much to the amusement of some of our people.

Some months after the mission, the following paragraph appeared in the *South African Methodist*: "This Circuit (Kimberley Dutch) is still reaping the benefits of Mr. Cook's mission. The keen interest taken by the members in the Class and prayer meetings, and the steady increased attendance at both, show that there has been a marvellous spiritual awakening. On Sunday evening, a service for the public reception of new members was held, when thirty persons who had been on trial for some time were recognised and received as members of the church. The whole service was most impressive. The choir helped to give effect to the calling of the roll by singing with much feeling, 'Is thy name written there?' We thank God for Mr. Cook's visit." The Beaconsfield Circuit, two miles away, also derived much benefit. The Superintendent Minister writes as follows: "We had a splendid meeting in our Beaconsfield Church to welcome the new members. Everybody admitted it was one of the most profitable meetings that has been held in the Circuit. We have formed four fresh Classes, and many of the new members seem full of holy zeal, and testify to the good which they have received.

You are not forgotten by us, and many are the prayers sent up to God for blessing upon your labours. Several open-air meetings have been held since you left, and all around there is a deepening of spiritual life, and as the natural outcome an increase of spiritual power." But Kimberley English Circuit reaped the greatest harvest. On the evening of the day I left them, a praise and testimony meeting was held, conducted by the ministers of the Circuit. In less than two hours, in addition to six hymns, ten prayers, and an address from one of the ministers, eighty persons stood up and told what the Lord had done for them.

All the churches on the Diamond Fields shared in the blessing; the hearty co-operation and sympathy of the ministers contributing largely towards the results we report. Many assembled at the station to wish me God-speed as I left, and most affecting were the expressions of gratitude from those whose hearts God had touched.

## BLOEMFONTEIN AND JOHANNESBURG.

A TWENTY-FOUR hours' railway journey brought me from Kimberley to Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned before, that, roughly speaking, South Africa includes that portion of the continent south of the Zambesi River. It is more than seven times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and is washed on three sides by the "great and wide sea,"—on the west and south by the Atlantic, and on the east by the Indian Ocean. South Africa is politically divided as follows: Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, the Territories of the British South Africa Company, the Transvaal, Natal, Basutoland, Delagoa Bay, and Orange Free State.

The Orange Free State is almost exclusively a pastoral country, and is remarkable for the extent of its grassy plains. This portion of the country is comparatively treeless. It consists of a great tableland, broken here and there by mountains and hills. The soil is parched and arid. Cultivation is practicable only in favoured spots. Its principal value lies in the magnificent pasturage it possesses for sheep and cattle at certain seasons of the year. The climate of the State is considered to be very healthy, and to be unequalled for favourableness to persons suffering from diseases of the chest. There is a rapidly increasing

English population, but the Dutch largely preponderate; and the Dutch language is used in the Legislature, Courts of justice, and in all official documents. The Government is Republican, under an elected President and Representative Parliament or Volksraad. The prevailing religion is that of the Dutch Reformed Church, but there is toleration for all.

Bloemfontein is the residence of the President of the State and the seat of the government. It has a population of about 4000, but nearly half of these are natives, so that we had not the same scope there as at the towns I had previously visited. Nevertheless, large congregations were gathered for the mission, especially on the Sabbaths, when our church was far too small. As is common in small South African towns, I found all the Nonconformist bodies united for worship in our church, under the pastoral oversight of the Rev. James Scott, who has been minister there for many years, and is deservedly held in high esteem by all classes of the community. Mr. Scott is President of the South African Conference this year. He and Mrs. Scott showed me many kindnesses during the ten days I shared their hospitality. In some respects this union was of decided advantage, but in others our efforts were somewhat crippled, so many prejudices and preferences having to be considered. The absence of workers is a notable feature in our churches in the Colony. Few could be found suitable for helping inquirers, and prayer-leaders were almost as scarce. Ministers are expected to do everything, and very few appreciate the efforts of the laity, even when suitable workers can be found. Two or three ministers from the surrounding district came to our



help at Bloemfontein, but all the inquirers were dealt with by Mr. Scott and myself. We found it most helpful to put into the hands of all anxious persons a printed card containing the following directions :—

We assume that you have already realised and confessed two things :

1. Your sense of sin ;
2. Your need of salvation ;—and are deeply anxious to find pardon and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In order to help you to this end, we would direct your prayerful attention to the following steps to Jesus :—

1. Are you willing to give up ALL sin ?

Christ cannot save you from your sin until you are willing to forsake it. “Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy.”—PROV. xxviii. 13.

2. Are you willing not only to give up all sin, but also to give yourself entirely into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ ? willing henceforth to let Him be your Lord and Master ? This is what is implied in coming to Christ. “Yield yourselves to God.”—ROM. vi. 13.

3. The next step is Faith. This to many is a difficulty. What is Faith ? Faith is simply taking God at His word. God’s word to you is :

“I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto Me ; for I have redeemed thee.”—ISA. xlv. 22.

“All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all.”—ISA. liii. 6.

And as it will help your faith, fill up the blanks in the following text with your own name.

“But Jesus was wounded for \_\_\_\_\_’s transgressions, Jesus was bruised for \_\_\_\_\_’s iniquities : the chastisement of \_\_\_\_\_’s peace was upon Jesus ; and with His stripes I, \_\_\_\_\_ am healed.”—ISA. liii. 5.

4. And having taken God at His word : Thank Him.  
 "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee :  
 though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned  
 away, and Thou comfortest me."—ISA. xii. 1.

I do now take Jesus Christ as my Saviour ; and resolve by the  
 help of the Holy Spirit to obey and follow Him. In  
 token of this I subscribe with my hand unto the Lord.  
 (ISA. xliv. 6.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Several who had left the service without the assurance of acceptance in Christ Jesus, were led into light and blessing through reading the card quietly in their own homes. We advised also that the card should be preserved as a memento of the mission, and of their decision to serve God. This was simply returning to a plan we adopted in some of my earlier missions, only the cards then used did not contain the counsels as printed above. One of these old cards was brought to me at Port Elizabeth by a woman, who asked me if I recognised it. It had been given as a memorial of blessing received twelve years before in connection with a mission which I held at Prospect Place, Bradford ; and was signed by the Rev. George Stringer Rowe, who was at that time Superintendent of the Eastbrook Circuit. She had passed through varying experiences, but, with tears in her eyes, she told me she had been kept faithful to the vows of which that card was a pledge and seal.

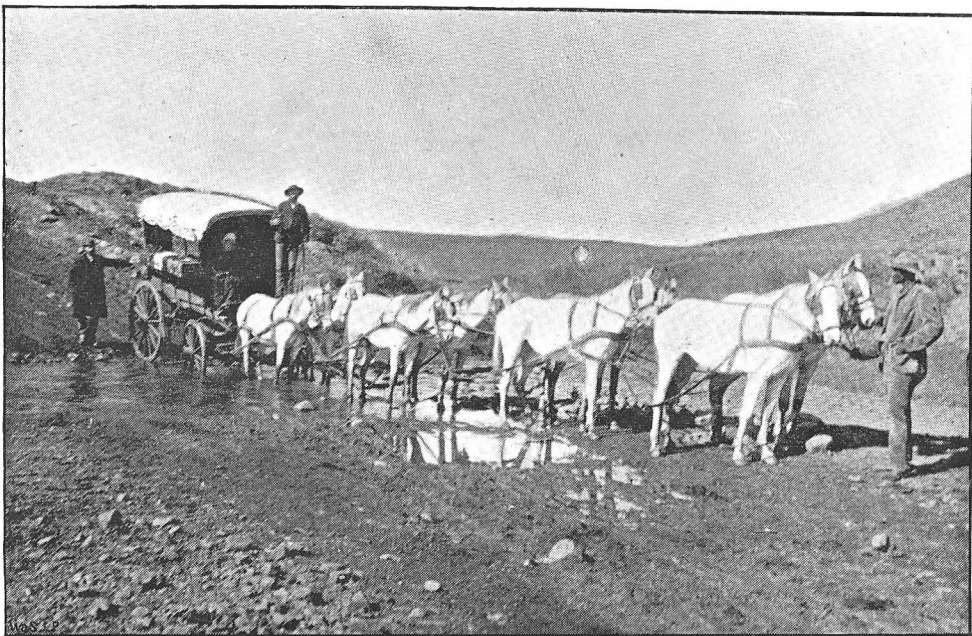
The mission at Bloemfontein was held on both Sundays in the Town Hall, which has accommodation for over five hundred, and on week-days in our Wesleyan Church. Our audiences were such as it

would be impossible to secure in an English town. We had present judges of the High Court, State Attorneys, the Inspector-General of Education, the Speaker and Members of the Volksraad or Parliament, and representatives of all conditions of life and people. Several whom I had known in England attended the services, and among the converts was one who had been a member of the same Sunday-school class when we were boys together. Most mightily did the Lord work with me as I urged the necessity of "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." More than forty persons decided for Christ the first Sabbath, and before the mission ended, quite a tenth part of the adult white population of the town had boldly avowed their determination to serve God. A gentleman farmer, over seventy years of age, came forty miles to attend the services. Having sought and found forgiveness of sins, he returned home and sent other members of his family, two of whom also became partakers of saving grace. The number of men and their wives who were converted was a special feature of the mission, and as most of them were already seatholders in the church, there is prospect of much permanent gain to the membership. Altogether about one hundred and sixty names were taken of those helped in the inquiry rooms. But the untabulated results, unseen, widespread, and far-reaching, known only to God, were not less important than those which can be numbered. Mr. Scott wrote some time after the mission, "I rejoice to believe that much of the fruit gathered is unto eternal life."

A week of rest should have been arranged for after I finished at Bloemfontein, but Johannesburg was

temptingly near, only 250 miles away, and as I had heard so much about the spiritual need of the place, I had a great longing to go. One of the difficulties was a long coach journey from the terminus of the railway to the town; but seekers for gold do not allow this to deter them, and such a reason for not going I thought to be unworthy of a minister of Christ. While I hesitated, an urgent appeal for a visit from the ministers reached me, which at once settled the matter. I wrote by return that it would give me pleasure to comply with their request. The journey occupied thirty hours each way, and the jolting I got in the coach has left an indelible impression on my memory. The excessive crowding tended also to our discomfort, and clouds of dust met us at every turn, penetrating everywhere. The coach was drawn by eight mules, which in thirty-five miles we changed four times. We passed hundreds of bullock waggons drawn by thousands of oxen. Their slow pace contrasted strangely with the rapid rate at which we travelled. The mules were kept at a canter all the time. On my arrival, Mr. Appelbe, the Superintendent Minister, who had stood by my side at Didsbury College, ten years before, when I was examined as a candidate for the ministry, received me with his accustomed geniality, and gave me an Irish "Caed mela faltha"—hundred thousand welcomes—to the Gold Fields. We both felt it strange that our friendship should be renewed under such circumstances.

Our church not being large enough to accommodate the crowds we expected, the circus, which is the largest building in the town, was engaged for the



POST-CART FOR JOHANNESBURG.

occasion. At least eighteen hundred persons assembled to listen to my message on the Sunday night. In many respects it was a remarkable congregation. About two-thirds were men, and when I entered the building, some of the more rowdy were whistling and singing songs as they had been accustomed to do when attending performances in that place. This, however, was soon checked, and a more attentive and appreciative congregation I never preached to. My need of Divine help and guidance to meet the responsibilities involved by this opportunity was fully realised. Nor was the Lord slack concerning His promise. He helped me to speak plainly such things as needed saying; so said the *Star*, the principal newspaper in the town, and glorious results followed. Many stood up in the presence of the huge assembly to confess their decision to serve God, and came out and knelt at chairs provided for inquirers, that they might publicly dedicate their lives for God. One man came over the front of the gallery whilst I was appealing to the men to act a manly part. "I'm coming," he shouted; "if I break my bloomin' neck, I'm coming;" and down he dropped, much to the consternation and dread of some women below. Two of the converts resulting from the service (a husband and wife) were from York, my own city. They had only arrived in South Africa the week before. The following day a neighbour called at the house where I was staying, and told us that the husband was in terrible distress because of conviction of sin. He had not slept all night, and was weeping bitterly at home, unable to take any food, and could obtain no rest to his soul. We immediately proceeded to his residence,

and found the man in the condition described. On proposing prayer, he readily assented, and before we arose from our knees, he received the assurance of forgiveness and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. His wife also believed unto salvation at the same time. The exact number of conversions we found it impossible to secure, as we had no vestry and no communion rail to which we could invite those who were seeking. Eighty-five adults gave in their names who had professed to receive Christ as their Saviour, but many others were blessed whose names we could not obtain. Altogether it was a most enjoyable visit, and so full of blessing that I felt extremely reluctant to be obliged to leave after the third day. Arrangements, however, had been made with other towns which could not be altered, and I had to comfort myself with the hope of a return visit, if the opportunity occurred.

Nothing more impressed me during my visit to South Africa than the possibilities of Christian service in Johannesburg. The place has well been described as one of the wonders of the world. Seven years ago Johannesburg did not exist, and the district around where it now stands was deemed of little value except for grazing purposes. "In 1887 the one prominent building of the place was a mud canteen, with a red flag gaily floating in the breeze. Near it was an apology for a stable, and also an upright screen of river reeds, under the lee of which horses took shelter. On the grass in the foreground were a few waggons, with Scotch carts and tents, among heaps of fresh-turned earth. To the left of the waggons was a beaten track, up which a cask of water was being rolled by

natives for the supply of the inhabitants. Running away to the right of the waggon was a trench a few feet deep, in which the banket (quartz) was exposed to view. This was the point of attraction to visitors from far and near, who arrived throughout the day on horse-back and in buggies. By twos and threes they came to look into the trench, and the majority expressed their opinion that there was nothing very remarkable about it. However, day by day, fresh waggons, carts, and tents appeared on the scene, more canteens opened, and a regular mining camp soon sprung into existence. Johannesburg was then laid out. Walls of mud and raw brick rose on all sides, and later on burnt brick and stone came into requisition. The following year heavy tropical rains fell, which made sad havoc with all the frailer buildings, and the common question in the morning was 'whether any places had fallen during the night.' Now the town has a population of 25,000 white and 10,000 coloured people, and can boast of some of the finest edifices and streets to be met with in the country.

The assessed value of property in the town stands at four millions sterling. To give some idea of the business done, there are at the post office two thousand private boxes, and these are insufficient for the requirements of the department. Tram lines run through several miles of streets, one of which is about three miles in length in a straight line. The activity of the place in comparison with other South African towns especially strikes a stranger, as also does the presence everywhere of young men, who are most of them from English homes, from Cornwall and the North of England.



Unlike the gold-fields of Australia, these auriferous regions of South Africa were ages ago known to nations whose very names have faded from the pages of history. Some think the Ophir of the ancients was in this country; while in the wonderful ruins found in Mashonaland we have proof that highly civilised nations once settled there, though who they were, and why they have disappeared from the land, are still among the problems that puzzle the archæologist. It was the rediscovery of gold, or rather the discovery of a continuous reef of gold, in 1886, that led to the "rush" of diggers which resulted in the founding of Johannesburg.

The reef runs nearly east and west on each side of the town, with scarcely a break for thirty miles. It is about a quarter of a mile in thickness, and recent borings have proved that the deeper from the surface the richer the reef is. Already the monthly output of gold has reached 100,000 ounces, representing an annual value of upwards of four millions; but even this marvellous achievement promises to be soon greatly exceeded by the rapid approach of railway communication, and its cheapening effect upon the cost of production.

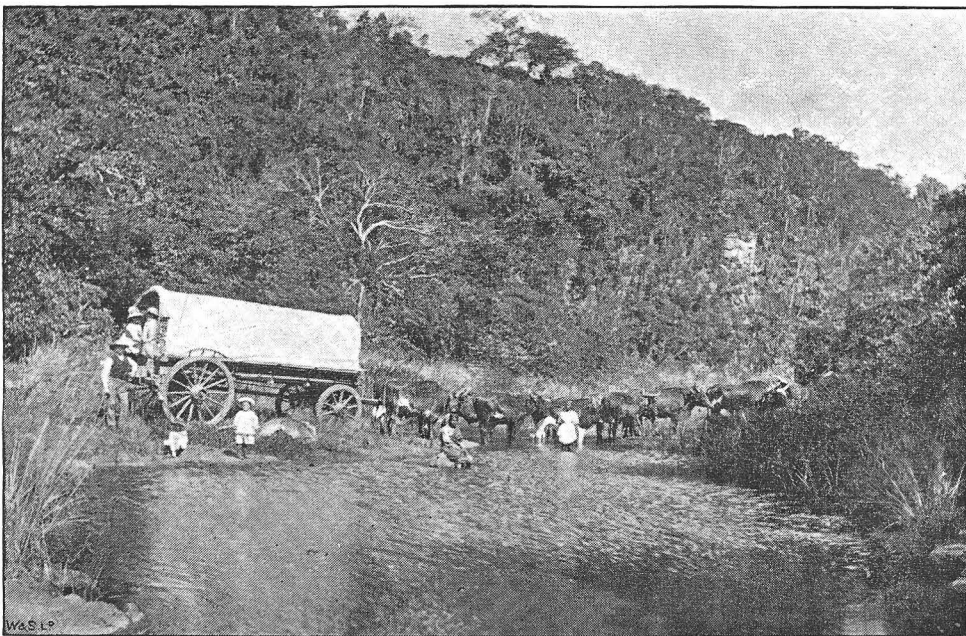
It is impossible to feel otherwise than sanguine as to the future of the town commercially, but with us, of course, to meet the spiritual need is the great question. The accommodation at present of all the places of worship is not sufficient for a quarter of the population. Our own church will only seat about five hundred, and there are hundreds of Methodists in the town who attend no place of worship. One cannot help feeling sad as he meets one and another who, after being

earnest Methodists in Cornwall and other places, have now not only "ceased to meet," but become habitual neglecters of the house of God. Not the least important result of my visit was the decision of our people to begin at once and enlarge the building, so as to provide for two hundred additional worshippers. I promised that if they would do this I would make a special effort to preach the reopening sermons. This furnished the necessary incentive, and the next day the resident minister obtained eight promises of £25 each towards the scheme. Building commenced almost immediately; but the story of my return visit I must reserve for another chapter.

## QUEENSTOWN.

FROM Johannesburg to Queenstown involved a journey of at least 800 miles. But I had become accustomed to these long distances, and felt but little the worse when I arrived. Queenstown is situated in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, surrounded by picturesque hills. It ranks among the principal towns of Cape Colony, and is a thriving place of business. The white population of the town itself is not more than 2000, but it is the centre of a populous district, from all parts of which people came to attend our services. Some came in bullock waggons from places so far distant that the journey occupied four days each way;—several of these came on purpose to seek the Lord, and went back rejoicing in His love.

The inhabitants of Queenstown are essentially English, and the Methodism there was more like what we have at home than in any town I had previously visited. Our church, which is a handsome Gothic structure, is capable of seating eight hundred persons, and was built at a cost of £10,000. The membership consisted of about one hundred and fifty persons, and I soon found I was among a hearty, well-organised, and spiritual people, prepared of the Lord for the work.



W&S L.P.

TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK WAGGON.

The Rev. Robert Lamplough honourably maintains the responsible positions of Chairman of the District, and Superintendent of this important Circuit. He is a minister of superior ability as a preacher, and is possessed of unusual administrative talents, which have placed him in the first rank amongst the ministers of the Colony. He was one of the first Presidents of the South African Conference.

In anticipation of my visit, he preached the following sermon by way of preparation :—

“The days of visitation shall come.”—HOSEA ix. 7.

“What will ye do in the day of visitation?”—ISAIAH x. 3.

“Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.”—LUKE xix. 44.

“Glorify God in the day of visitation.”—1 PETER ii. 12.

These four texts, which we shall consider apart from the places in which they are found in the different books of Scripture, will supply us with four phases of the subject about which we wish to address you this morning.

They all speak of a day of visitation, or a time of visitation. The first tells us that days of visitation are to be expected. The second puts the inquiry as to what we shall do when these days of visitation come. The third sets before us those who do not know the time of their visitation, and so fail to take advantage of it, and thus allow it to pass by unimproved; whilst the fourth admonishes us to glorify God in the day of visitation.

I. Notice, then, in the first place, that days of visitation are to be expected. The Prophet Isaiah says they shall come.

Now, what are we to understand by this expression, days of visitation ?

There can be no doubt, I think, that this refers to God's dealings with men, whether in mercy or in judgment. Sometimes these dealings of God are merciful dealings. He showers His blessings upon them in rich and abundant measure. At other times His judgments are abroad in the earth, and men are made to feel the chastening of His hands in various forms of want and suffering. In this sense nations and communities have their times of visitation, as well as individuals.

We in this country know something of this. We have had our seasons of temporal prosperity, when success has crowned our labours, and the people have increased in worldly substance. And we have known the reverse of this, when wars have desolated the land, or when drought and plagues of various kinds have reduced many to want and distress. And these varied experiences may be called times of visitation. And it is the same with us as individuals. In each of our lives there has been this diversity of experience. We have known seasons of special blessing, when everything has seemed to prosper with us, when our health has been well-nigh perfect, when our families have given us every satisfaction, when our worldly affairs have prospered, and when we have been free from pain and weakness of body, and from disquiet and anxiety of mind. Our days have been filled with regular work, and our nights with restful sleep. Thus our life has been a quiet, peaceful, and uninterrupted life, with no sorrow, no fear, no pain, no great disadvantage to struggle with and weigh us down. May

not this be said to be a time of visitation of God's goodness ?

But presently all is changed ; our health gives way, sickness and sorrow and death enter our houses, our business is no longer prosperous, and trouble and anxiety seem to meet us at every turn. This also is a day of visitation, in which God speaks to us by His rod, in order that we may learn lessons of His grace.

But it is not of such times of visitation that we would speak this morning, but rather of those gracious and quickening influences of His Holy Spirit which from time to time He bestows upon communities, upon churches, and upon individuals ; such a visitation as the Apostle Peter refers to when he speaks of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Not to refer to other lands and other churches, we may remark that our Church in this country has been favoured, from time to time, with such days of visitation from above, in which the Spirit has been poured out, and the people of God have been quickened and blessed, and led to a fuller enjoyment of religion ; whilst hundreds, who had been living with only a name to live, knowing nothing of conversion and the spiritual life, have been brought to know Christ as their Saviour, and rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God.

Perhaps the most remarkable visitation of this kind that our Church in this country has known was in connection with the visit of the Rev. William, now Bishop, Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. That was twenty-six years ago ; and though we have had many seasons of revival in

different places since, yet we have never had such an extensive and powerful visitation as was then vouchsafed. But, thank God! we have good reason to believe that our Church is about to be favoured with a time of visitation this year, in connection with the visit of the Rev. Thomas Cook, which will at least equal, if it does not surpass, anything we have known in this country before, so far as the English department of our work is concerned. As a proof of this, let me read you a portion of Mr. Cook's letter received some days ago.

He says, "Help us to praise God for the continuance of the good work in this town (Kimberley). Already four hundred names have been taken of inquirers. Last Sunday was a memorable day; two hundred and fifty attended a prayer meeting at half-past seven in the morning. The church was crowded at the men's meeting, and many had to be sent away for want of room. An overwhelming power rested upon the evening service, and all sorts of people decided for Christ; seat-holders for years, professional and business men, and sons and daughters of our own people, knelt, seeking and finding peace with God. The town is interested now, and the mission is increasing in power and blessing daily. Monday night the place was packed again, and over forty seekers came forward. Tuesday night the church was crowded as it has never been since it was built, our people say. Many more inquirers, and an offering of over £17. The offerings during the mission have amounted to over £100. We can only adore the mercy which permits us to be associated with such triumphs of the Cross. I shall pray that God may bless Queenstown in like manner."



Surely, as we listen to such glad tidings, our hearts must be lifted up in gratitude to God for the wonderful works He is showing to the children of men; nor can we fail to acknowledge that this is a time of wonderful visitation, in which we expect soon to share. Surely the days of visitation have come.

II. In the second place, let me ask, in the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "What will ye do in the day of visitation?"

1. What ought we to do? Surely we ought to determine, by God's help, to make the most of this precious opportunity. For let us bear in mind that such seasons of gracious visitation are not always present with us. They come occasionally, but they do not continue long; they pass by, and when they are gone they may never return, so far as we are concerned. And it is a solemn truth that we cannot live through a period of visitation such as this, and be the same. We must be either better or worse. If we are not brought nearer to Christ, we shall be found much farther away than we were before. If our hearts are not softened by this visitation of the Spirit, they will be hardened by it. Indeed, with not a few it will prove their last opportunity of yielding to Christ and His claims, which, if not embraced, will be followed by no other, but by coldness and insensibility. I remember the Rev. William Taylor remarking that the special services held by him were generally followed by a number of deaths. And he believed that in some cases those who were taken away were persons who had lived through their last time of visitation, for whom there were no more

offers of mercy or opportunities of repentance remaining. Whether he was right or not, there can be no doubt that it is an awful risk which we incur if we allow such a visitation to pass us by without any endeavour on our part to profit by it.

2. What, then, do we mean to do? There are many of you who are regular attendants on the services of this church; and, so far as your outward life is concerned, you are moral and respectable. But you are strangers to the converting grace of God. You know not what it is to be born again. And yet the Saviour declares, in the plainest terms, that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Perhaps the subject of the new birth, and its necessity, has passed away from your mind, and seldom or never occupies your thoughts. Once it did, and perhaps there was a time when you really desired to be made a new creature in Christ Jesus! But that was years ago. Well, the subject will no doubt be brought before you again, in a fresh and more powerful way, by Mr. Cook; and the influence which attends his services will make it easier for you to become possessed of this inestimable blessing.

What, then, do you intend to do? Do you purpose doing all you can to get right with God, by attending all the services, and thus putting yourself in the way of receiving good? Or are you thinking of absenting yourselves, lest you should have to yield to the influence at work?

Again, there are some who are members of the Church, professed followers of Christ, who are backsliders in heart, if not in life. You are conscious that it is not with you now as it once was. Your love

to Christ has waxed cold, and you have lowered the standard of life which you once set up, and have begun to allow yourselves to practise things which you would once have considered wrong. You are found in places which you would once have considered it improper for a Christian to frequent, and your recreations and amusements are of the world, worldly.

Again, some of you business men are perhaps not so straight and honourable in your dealings as you used to be when you were nearer to Christ. You have begun, it may be, to practise some of the tricks of the trade, as they are called, and, as your business has grown and your income has increased, there has arisen in your hearts, all unconsciously perhaps, the spirit of covetousness. The love of money is taking possession of your hearts, and your chief thought is to accumulate, to amass wealth, to make a fortune; in short, to do that which Christ plainly forbids when He says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." And as the things of earth have begun and continued to exercise increasing power over you, your character has deteriorated, and your spiritual nature has become dwarfed and stunted. Thus, alas! it may be said of you, as it was of Israel of old, "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, but he knoweth it not."

Now, my friends, what are you going to do in view of this day of visitation which is coming to us? Are you thinking that you cannot make any change in your life, in your home life, your business life, your social life, your public life, your private life, and your Church life? Or are you hoping and

expecting that you will receive such a visitation of Divine influence as shall enable you to make a full consecration of all you have and all you are to the Saviour, that you may henceforth live only to show forth His praise, and adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things?

III. In the third place, we have set before us those who know not the time of their visitation, and so fail to take advantage of it, and thus allow it to pass by unimproved. Our Lord declares concerning Jerusalem, that she knew not the time of her visitation; referring, no doubt, to the period of His personal ministry, when the people heard such teaching as they had never heard before, and saw such miracles as had never been witnessed in all their past history.

But the Jews knew not this time of visitation. They failed to recognise Jesus as the Messiah, and instead of receiving Him as the Sent of God, they despised and rejected Him, and finally nailed Him to a cross, saying, "His blood be on us and on our children."

And some of us have had times of visitation from the Lord, when the things belonging to our peace have been brought very near us. But in how many instances have we failed to recognise these times of God's special dealings with us, and they have passed by, leaving us no better, but rather the worse! It is to be feared that such will be the case with some who may be privileged to listen to the message of salvation in connection with Mr. Cook's mission. They will not recognise the claims of God upon

them. They will not understand and know that in these special services God is affording them another, and it may be their last, season of visitation, in order that their salvation may be secured. And yet, if such should be the case with any of us, we may rest assured of one thing, that it will be our own fault. If any of us fail to receive a blessing in this time of visitation, it will not be because there is no blessing for us, or that God is unwilling to bestow the blessing, but because we are not prepared to receive it. God's design in sending a time of visitation, such as that to which we are looking forward, is that we should be benefited by it; that those who are without Christ's salvation should have it brought so near, and made so pressing, that they may obtain that salvation in all its fulness and freeness. And if this design is not accomplished, it will be because of something in us which frustrates God's gracious purpose.

IV. And now, in the fourth place, let us consider what we are told to do in the day of visitation. St. Peter says, "Glorify God in the day of visitation."

How are we to do this?

1. By receiving the visitation in a thankful spirit, considering what an unspeakable blessing it is. If we knew that God was about to visit us with some temporal good,—if we were assured that a season of great worldly prosperity was about to commence amongst us as a community, in which we might all share,—should we not rejoice in the prospect? But what is earthly prosperity compared with spiritual? At most it can only last for a brief period, and

minister to our temporal enjoyment. But the blessings which this visitation of grace will bring to us may be abiding, and, in not a few cases, may alter our eternal destiny. For we cannot but believe that some will experience salvation and be saved for ever, who, but for this visitation which God is so graciously vouchsafing to us, would have remained strangers to God and without hope for the next world. Surely, then, it becometh us to be thankful in prospect of the great blessing which this visitation will bring to many of us.

2. Again, we may glorify God in this season of visitation, by putting away from our hearts and lives, our homes and our business, all that we see to be opposed to God's holy will, and which would keep back the blessing in all its fulness from us and those about us. If we, as a Church, as professed followers of Christ, would resolve that nothing should henceforth stand in the way of our full and complete consecration to Christ,—if we should determine to lay our all upon God's altar, and desire Him to use us as He shall see best,—there is no telling the fulness of blessing which might be ours in this coming season of visitation.

3. Once more, we may glorify God in this time of visitation, by putting forth our best efforts to bring as many as possible to share in the blessing which we are expecting. We can all do something to help in this work, if we are the Lord's people. And we must ask Him to show us what He would have us do, and be willing to do it. Much will depend on us, who profess to be the Lord's, as to the results of this visit of Mr. Cook's.

Let us, then, give ourselves to prayer, and seek, in every possible way, to make ourselves ready for the Lord's working, so that we may be a people consecrated to God, and prepared to glorify Him in the day of visitation.

And may He, without whom nothing is wise, or good, or strong, come into our midst, and give us such a blessing as shall transcend everything we have hitherto experienced, so that hundreds shall be made glad in the Lord, and shall go forth to glorify God throughout the remainder of their lives! Amen.

Such preparation had no doubt much to do with the result of the mission. We had the best beginning at Queenstown of any place I had visited up to that date. More than ninety decided for Christ the first Sabbath, of whom sixty-six were above fourteen years of age. Among the number were nearly all the youths from the Grammar School, and some of the most influential and intelligent members of the congregation. The effect of such a beginning was soon manifest in the encouraged faith and intensified zeal of our workers. Each night afterwards, increased power seemed to be given with the Truth, until the communion rail was far too small to accommodate those who were anxious to be saved. It filled the hearts of God's people with devout thanksgiving, to see nearly all the grown-up sons and daughters of our Methodist people in the town solemnly and publicly avowing their decision for Christ. Almost every variety of case and character presented itself among the inquirers, and no less than two hundred and thirty persons professed to find peace with God.

This result is the more remarkable when the sparseness of the population is considered.

Referring to the men's service, the local newspaper said: "Perhaps the most interesting gathering of the series was the meeting for men only on Thursday evening. Everybody in town seemed to be interested in it beforehand, and, as the result of invitation and persuasion, the church was filled with a congregation consisting entirely of men. All classes were represented, and among them many who for years had not taken part in any religious assembly. Mr. Cook's power, according to himself, is over the masses of men rather than over the individual, and his audience on Thursday furnished him with an admirable opportunity of exerting his peculiar gifts. To any one interested in men, it was a sight to thrill and move. The hymns chosen were well known, and were sung with a heartiness which was an indication of the deeply religious feeling of the congregation. Mr. Cook was at his best, and, having at the outset captured his audience, he carried them with him to the end. His address, based upon the text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' was a powerful exposition of a great spiritual law. A strong, manly address, bold in its exposure and denunciation of common sins, strong in argument, enlivened by apt illustration, and powerful by reason of the passion and fervour of the man himself, it commanded the attention of his hearers, and no one was surprised when at the close a large number of men knelt at the communion rail, and, in presence of the whole congregation, dedicated themselves to the service of God. It was a service to be long remembered, and



might be copied at intervals by all the churches with advantage."

On the second Sabbath afternoon, a service was held for the natives at the location, which produced a deep and lasting impression. Every square foot of space in the building was crowded, whilst round the doors and windows stood disappointed groups for whom there was no room in the church. The native minister acted as interpreter, and seemed to faithfully convey my message to his flock. During the sermon, none could fail to see and feel the indications of a rising tide of spiritual power. The upturned faces, smiles, tears, distorted features, and trembling limbs, told of mental and emotional pressure which could not for long be restrained. And so it proved. We had no sooner finished than the whole congregation seemed to break down. Their pent-up feelings gave vent, and cries for mercy filled the place. Not only were the rail and the seats in front filled with seekers, but in all parts of the building men and women were weeping, and piteously pleading with God for the pardon of their sins. This is but a glimpse of the indescribable scenes of that service.

The mission was concluded on the Wednesday of the second week with a social meeting for those who had received blessing during the services. After tea, a praise and testimony meeting was held, when scores of the converts stood up and told "what great things the Lord had done for them." Of the hearty co-operation and sympathy of the ministers it is impossible to speak too highly; the sowers and the reaper rejoiced together. Mr. Lamplough assured me that in his lengthened experience he had

never before been associated with any work of God which gave him more satisfaction, and since the mission he writes to say: "I believe the good done will be abiding, and that we shall now have in Queenstown seasons of greater blessing than we ever experienced previous to your visit."

Some of the cases of conversion filled us all with wonder and delight. Among them was the organist and most of the choir, and several middle-aged men, heads of families, who had all their lives been members of our congregations, but not fully decided for Christ. A young man in a liquor store gave notice to leave a day or two after his conversion, giving as his reason that "whisky and religion will not mix." A lady who had prepared to attend a ball at a distant place, realised, the day before her intended start, the expulsive power of a new affection, and sent back her ball-dress on the following day, having chosen Christ rather than the pleasures of the world for a season.

It was our aim all through the mission to exalt Christ and Christ alone, and not the interests of any particular Church,—not so much to make men Methodists, as to lead them to the Saviour. The result of this was sympathy and interest in the work by many belonging to other congregations; and at the annual gathering of the Congregational Union, held six months after in Port Elizabeth, the President of the Union, the Rev. J. P. Ritchie, remarked in his closing address: "We are not jealous of the successes of other Churches. We have followed with great delight the progress of the Wesleyan Evangelist, the Rev. Thomas Cook, and we also have participated

in the rich blessings which have attended his labours. Some thirty of the young people of my own church were led to decision for Christ during his stay in our town."

This chapter cannot better be closed than by quoting the concluding comments of one of the Queenstown papers, in a lengthened article on the mission:—

"It is pleasing to note that the results, remarkable as they are, have been all attained without any of the objectionable features which too often form a ground of prejudice against revival services. Nothing could be more reverent and free from excitement than Mr. Cook's methods. His audience feel at once that they are face to face with a man who has a faith and knows no reason why he should be ashamed of it, or why he should keep it to himself. The remark of Michelet, the French historian, is still true, 'What the world wants to-day is a faith;' and for the man who can unhesitatingly say, 'I believe,' and can express his belief in homely speech, there is and always will be both a platform and an audience."

## EAST LONDON AND KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

THE station was crowded with friends at Queens-town, who had come to say farewell, when I left for East London.

East London is situated on the south-east coast of Africa, about 150 miles from Port Elizabeth by sea, at the mouth of the Buffalo River. It has a population of 4000 Europeans, and is rapidly growing in size and importance. Now that railway communication has been established with the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, the town has undoubtedly a great future. Some think it will become the Liverpool of South Africa. Already many handsome stores have been built, and others are in course of erection to meet the demands of the increasing trade of the port. The Government railway works provide employment for some hundreds of men, and these skilled artisans largely predominated in my congregations during the mission. Many of these I found to be from the North of England, brought over by the foreman, whom the Government had commissioned to secure suitable men. He hails from Houghton-le-Spring, and is a good, earnest Methodist.

Our church was constructed to seat about three hundred and fifty persons, and no building in the town

of a public character could accommodate more. So the question had to be considered, what was the best course to take in view of the mission? The trustees, after duly considering the matter, with commendable faith, came to the decision that they would commence at once to enlarge the building by the addition of two transepts, which should contain two hundred additional sittings. Such practical faith God was sure to honour. Not only was the enlarged space occupied each evening, but the aisles also, and on more than one occasion six hundred and fifty persons were crammed into the place.

The mission opened on Sunday, June 26th, and, except for an interval of three days, was continued over the third Sabbath. Of the services no better or greater thing can be said than that they were characterised by the power of the Holy Ghost. At every gathering the arm of the Lord was revealed—signs followed the preached Word. The Divine Presence filled the place, and the slain of the Lord were many. The blessing God gave even exceeded that at Queenstown, and will mark a crisis in the history of the Church. Where all is special in the best sense, it is almost unnecessary to particularise. But three meetings were unique—the *service for men*, the like of which had never been witnessed in the town before, so many fine, manly fellows were there, joining heartily in the singing, and reverently listening to truths which some had not heard for years. Scores of hearts joined in the prayer, "Lord, save the men of East London," and, before the service ended, the Divine faithfulness was vindicated. The second service of striking character was *when the converts bore testi-*

*mony* to the blessing they had received. Other lips, long sealed in silence, were also opened; tongues long bound were loosed; and for an hour, with hardly a pause, we had such short, bright, helpful witnessing for Christ as few will ever forget. On the last night I related *some incidents of my life and work*. For two hours the crowded congregation listened to the narration of the wonderful works of God, and even then seemed sorry that the service had to be closed.

On the third Sabbath of the mission, collections were taken to defray the expense of the enlargement of the church, with the result that (including promises already made) the whole amount required except a few pounds was realised. Two of the converts sent £5 each as a thank-offering.

Upwards of two hundred and eighty names were taken in the inquiry rooms, which is the more wonderful in view of the fact that the membership of the church consisted of not more than eighty-five persons previous to the mission. Before I left, one hundred and thirty of the inquirers had intimated their desire to join us in church fellowship. A large number were visitors from up-country, who would go back to their homes and churches and become "living epistles" there. Some belonged to other churches in the town, and were commended to the pastoral care of their ministers. Shortly after the mission I received the following letter from the Circuit Steward: "Thank God, our people are busy at work in cottage prayer meetings, etc., and we are being greatly blessed. Our congregations are still increasing, and if we had not enlarged, we should not have known what to have done with the people. But what I want to tell you

is this: our Father in heaven has taken one of our young flock to Himself. On the same day that my son Willie came to Christ, a fine spirited girl named Agnes Gregg also gave her heart to God. Her conversion proved to be very real. She joined the choir, and rejoiced to be able to do service there for the Master. We noticed how her young face used to shine with joy, but it is brighter now. She died last evening after terrible suffering—rheumatic fever and inflammation of the brain. In her quiet moments she gave beautiful testimony to the saving power of Christ. Her parents are terribly distressed about it, but asked me to say that they bless God that you ever came to East London to lead her to Jesus. Her last word to her dear mother was this—‘Don’t cry, mother, I am going home.’”

A ministerial visitor thus graphically sketches a Sunday service he attended at East London:—

“When John Wesley started on his great evangelistic tour in the earlier half of last century, the dons of the English Church wrought with might and main to put him down; and the defiances and danger through which he himself and his pioneers fought their way for fifty years and more, have long been matter of history. But ‘the old order changeth, giving place to the new;’ not in this case, however, ‘lest one good custom should corrupt the world,’ but because Churchmen of to-day are wiser than their hard-drinking, fox-hunting, bigoted fathers; wiser, if not better. Wesley’s work leavened other Churches as well as founded his own. Now-a-days, Pharisees of the most unchallenged antecedents vie with Salvationists in outward if not inward approval of revivals and revivalists; and with

General Booth we have been able to bracket in our own day Canon Body. Instant conversion under the powerful pressure of the Holy Spirit is no longer a laughing-stock of formalists; it has even become permissible to 'mention hell to ears polite;' and agonies of irrepressible contrition have ceased to be charged on vulgarity and hysteria combined. For a soul in peril to be desperately set on gaining safety, is no more to be wondered and scoffed at than a body in like case. Powerful diseases require, and indeed demand, powerful remedies; and while many doubtless need none other helps to grace and to God than those in ordinary, it may with equal certainty be said that more can only be brought into the kingdom of heaven at a crisis. These latter, so to speak, need that their hand should be forced, and the missionary is God's instrument for forcing it. These words are simply by way of preface to a few more on Missioner Cook's just closed work in this place. His ten days' mission here came to an end last night, and as it was my privilege to attend his last Sunday's preaching and his last night's lecture both, I am in a position to say a little about himself and his method too. Our church here has been recently enlarged by the addition of transepts, and in thus adding arms to the body of the building, considerable expense has been incurred. Doubtless Missioner Cook's work among the East Londoners has had its financial as well as its spiritual side, for churches, like individuals, are bound to pay their debts; but beyond stating that the amount of money raised during the mission has been creditably large, it is not my intention to speak of the more earthly aspect of the effort. That a church should



hold its own financially is important positively rather than comparatively, for what is the bill of a builder to the value of a soul? The pretty church, with its illuminated texts and scarlet curtaining, was well filled on Sunday night. Before service proper began, the tuneful choir sang Sankey's 'Whosoever will,' which, like most American psalmody, is highly adapted to the popular heart, however much it may fail to satisfy the critical brain. Following on this came the preacher, a pleasant, juvenile-looking Englishman, young, but seeming younger, and with a characteristically kind yet shrewd north-country face. 'Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,' was heartily sung to a good old tune. Then followed the prayer, simple, sincere, subdued. 'Rescue the perishing' succeeded. Ezekiel, 33rd chapter, was read in part for lesson, its plainly laid down, though usually overlooked, duty of restitution enforced by the way, and further reinforced by a thrilling anecdote. Church announcements were followed by 'I have a Saviour,' feelingly sung by the choir, as an accompaniment to the offertory. Thanksgiving for a husband converted was then read out, and the prayers of the congregation for an indifferent mother, and three aged indifferent men, among other requests more publicly desired. The sermon followed the hymn 'Pray, brethren, pray,' and had for its text the angel's command to Lot, 'Escape for thy life,' etc. Lot had his all at stake, said the preacher, and all that a man had, according to the testimony of the devil, would he give for his life. An overboard passenger had been known to retain his grip on the saving rope long after it had done its office. But though men were so desperately earnest in cases of bodily peril,

they were carelessness itself in matters of immortal spiritual import. The jester of the old story found yet a greater fool than himself in his dying master, to whom he restored the wand. The banquets and pageants of bygone nations were ever marked by some emblem of mortality or another, such as skeletons, miniature tombs, and black robes; but with us it was not so. We bitterly bewailed earthly misfortune; we were utterly indifferent to soul loss. Christ knew the value of souls, He died for them; angels knew, they rejoiced over them; the devil knew, he schemed for them; and only souls themselves were apathetic. All souls were imperilled. One unsound link invalidated the chain. In the Saxon game of the ring and the arrows, one mis-aim was enough to score defeat. But though all were imperilled, all might be saved: the Ark and the refuge were open to all. Repentance, however, was necessary, and this meant unconditional surrender. Many were kept from Christ by the 'one thing' hindrance. A Manchester pigeon-flier found no rest for his soul until he had wrung the necks of his fifteen fancy darlings. By what awful infatuation was it that men bartered their immortal souls for less than the proverbial mess of pottage or string of beads! The angels used pressure with Lot, but the savers of men in these times had no commission to do that. They could only persuade. And to make matters worse yet, men were constantly labouring under the deadly delusion that they could save themselves, like that skipper, wrecked off Penzance, who refused to jump with his crew into the rescue boat when he might, and who afterwards was heard lifting up a wild voice of despair from his shattered, sinking craft

in vain. The sermon, like the prayer, was simple, sincere, subdued, but thoroughly practical and earnest; and the Lord, sometimes absent from the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, is more likely to be present in the still small voice. The singing of 'Time is earnest,' during which the regular service folk passed out and away, was followed by a short prayer. The remaining unsaved listeners were then asked 'where they intended to spend their eternity,' urged to full decision for and confession of Christ, and requested to join the missionary in repeating the greater part of 'All ye that pass by.' The new converts were also pressed to join some church without delay; and on Wesleyan converts the importance of the communion of saints, as it occurs in the Class-meeting, was urged. Then the doxology and prayer brought a service as orderly as it was effective to a close."

### KING WILLIAM'S TOWN

was the next place on my list. It is about forty-six miles from East London, on the banks of Buffalo River, in the midst of a fertile, grassy country. As a commercial centre it holds important rank, having chief command of the native trade to the Transkei and Kaffirland. Before British Kaffraria was annexed to Cape Colony, the town was a military centre, but when this annexation was made in 1866, the military were withdrawn. It is now the headquarters of the Cape Mounted Riflemen. It has a population of about 6000 inhabitants—the proportion of English, Scotch, and German being nearly equal.

Our Wesleyan Church not being large enough for

the mission services, we availed ourselves of the Presbyterian Church, which was kindly placed at our disposal.

The town is reputedly a place of divisions and cliques, and notorious as a place difficult to impress spiritually. The fact that it was originally a military station is supposed in some measure to account for this, and that it is the great stronghold of Romanism. Anglicanism, of a very pronounced type, is also more vigorous and aggressive than in most other colonial towns. It was thought, therefore, that the prospects of the mission were not so bright as in other centres, and some went so far as to prognosticate failure. The results, however, exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. The first Sabbath, over forty conversions were reported, but this was followed by a hardness for three or four week-nights, which we could not understand, and which none could explain. It is remarkable that when William Taylor visited the town, he had precisely the same experience. Until the Wednesday night he had not a single conversion. With us this continued until the Friday night, when prayer and faith prevailed. The hardness melted before the Spirit's genial influences, and that night we had a real old-fashioned breakdown. Before the mission closed, over two hundred persons came out on the Lord's side.

On the Saturday morning a service was held for natives at Peeltown, a station belonging to the London Missionary Society. At the close of the service, about thirty persons of various ages sought forgiveness of sins. In the after-meeting, I noticed that my interpreter, the native minister, was weeping, and

apparently in much distress. On asking the cause of it, he pointed to an old man kneeling among the seekers, and said, "That is my father. We have tried for thirty years to win him for Christ, but he has two wives, and has been unwilling until now to renounce the younger one. Now he says he is willing to 'sell all' to obtain the Pearl of great price."

A still more remarkable service was held in the church at Brownlee Station, when upwards of eight hundred coloured people crowded into the building. From the commencement of the service, it was evident that great power rested upon the audience, and to the after-meeting the whole of the congregation stayed. When I asked those who desired the prayers of the congregation, to hold up their hands, fully two-thirds responded. Then one and another, and yet another, came out of their places to the penitent forms, weeping and wringing their hands, and soon cries for mercy went up in all parts of the building. The sorrow of many was soon turned to joy; but others came, and others, and others, and all night the meeting was continued until five o'clock the next morning. How many were actually converted it is difficult to estimate, but souls were being saved all night. The ministers questioned if the service has ever been equalled in the history of King William's Town.

My home was with Mr. T. Duckles, a much-respected local preacher, and one of the most earnest and devoted Christians whose acquaintance I made in the Colony. I shall always cherish grateful memories of the kindly care I received from this family. The Rev. H. H. Dugmore, one of the old pioneer missionaries, with other ministers, came over to help us. Though

upwards of ninety years of age, he rendered excellent service, and rejoiced that God had spared him to see this visitation of blessing before he was taken home. He is the composer of most of the best hymns and tunes contained in the Kaffir hymn-book, and has translated large portions of Scripture into Kaffir.

Since the mission, the Superintendent Minister writes: "You will be pleased to know that all the old Classes, and three others, which it was necessary for us to form, are in good working order, and the attendance is most gratifying. My own Classes are crowded. We have never had anything like it in the history of our work here. . . . A congregational meeting has been held this week to consider the enlargement of the church. Various schemes have been suggested, and the matter will be settled, I hope, next week." From information received later, as to the result of the church meeting, it was definitely decided to ask for tenders for the enlargement to be sent in at once, and subscriptions were announced as promised to the amount of £600.

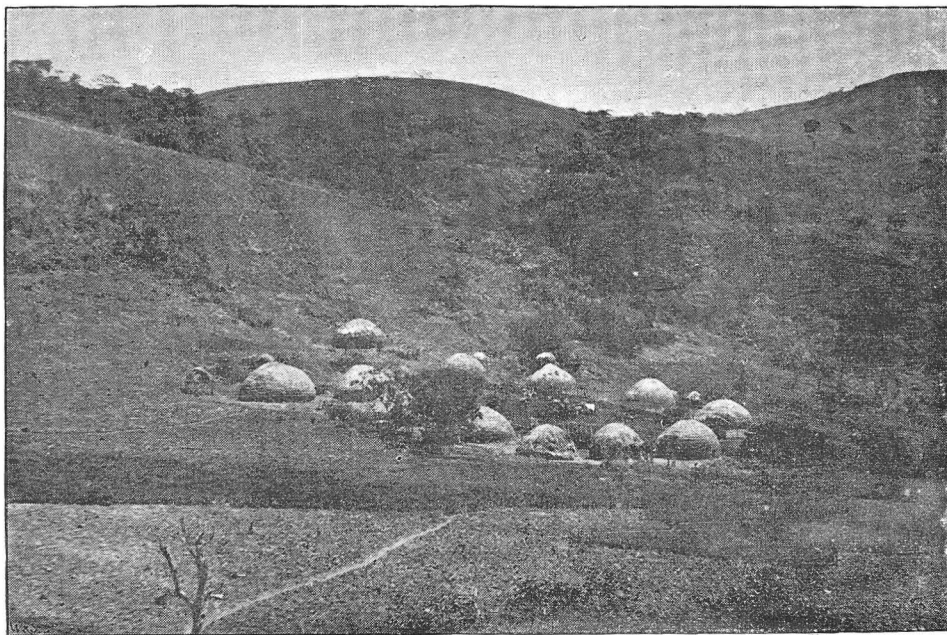
## ANNSHAW.

ON Thursday morning, July 28th, the Rev. E. J. Barrett, Superintendent of the Annshaw Circuit, brought his carriage and pair of horses to take me to Annshaw, the only Native Circuit in which I conducted such consecutive services as is usual in my missions. We had a pleasant journey, although it was over a rough, jolting road. We passed a great many Kaffir huts, and as we drove along I saw for the first time the natives in their nude state. As we approached the mission station, some of the native Christians seemed to be waiting our arrival, and several of the more prominent came to meet us and bid us welcome.

Annshaw is situated on the banks of the Keiskama River, between King William's Town and Alice. It is the headquarters of the Amagonakwabi tribe and the residence of the chief. The country for miles round was granted to the tribe by the Government, for the twofold purpose of rewarding their loyalty and fidelity to the Government during the Kaffir wars, and to form a sort of barrier against any further incursions of rebellious tribes. The station was named after Ann Shaw, the devoted wife of William Shaw, who established the first Wesleyan Mission amongst the Kaffirs of this tribe. In August 1825, Mr. Shaw

baptized three natives in the presence of a large assembly, and this was the beginning of the glorious harvest which has since been gathered. Soon afterwards the chief Kama and his wife were soundly converted, and for fifty years maintained their integrity amid serious difficulties and many temptations. On the death of the old chief, he was succeeded by his son, the present chief, William Shaw Kama, who is not only a consistent Christian, local preacher, and Class-leader, but a man of sound intelligence, and a fine specimen of a true Kaffir gentleman. Nearly 8000 of his tribe are settled about him, and are under his rule, subordinate to the Colonial Government, from whom he receives a small allowance. Physically these Kaffirs are a splendid race. Most of them are taller in stature than Englishmen, and in general they are well made and finely proportioned. They walk erect and with firm step, and some have pleasing features such as would be deemed handsome in a European. There are great varieties in colour, from a tawny brown to a jet black. Some have a most striking Jewish physiognomy. The chief lives in a good substantial house built in English style. The mission-house is a large one-storeyed cottage much dilapidated—anything but creditable to the Missionary Society. If Annshaw is a fair specimen, it is quite certain the South African missionaries do not live in luxury. Half a dozen other European houses are to be seen in the neighbourhood, but the native huts are most interesting to a stranger. These, for the most part, are shaped exactly like a haycock, and consist simply of a framework of small poles and twigs, covered all over and down to the ground with long grass, and beautifully thatched. The





NATIVE VILLAGE AND HOUSES.

fire is built in the centre, but as there is no chimney, the smoke has to work its way through the thatch or out at the space left on one side for a door. There are no windows either, and yet the people seemed to be remarkably snug and comfortable as we looked in when passing on several occasions. The church is a very special feature of the place. It is a handsome Gothic structure, with stained glass windows, just the sort you would expect to find in a London suburb, but at Annshaw it stands out in striking contrast with the other buildings. The people of the tribe have built it themselves, at a cost of £3000, in memory of their late chief, who is buried within a stone's throw of the building. Annshaw has probably been the most successful mission station in South Africa. It has one European missionary, three native ministers, one native evangelist, and upwards of eighty preaching-places. There are also in the Circuit over one hundred Class-leaders and almost as many local preachers, with a membership of more than two thousand persons, including those on trial. When we add to these the number who have died in the Lord, and those who have removed to other parts of the country, we can form an idea of what has been accomplished since that first baptismal service in 1825 to which we have already referred.

Mr. Barrett is a most devoted missionary and a splendid Kaffir scholar. For medical skill he possesses a great reputation, and as there is no doctor living within twelve miles, he is in much request. To those who come to him for medicine, he knows well how to speak to them for the Master. The native ministers who work with him are also men of

much energy and spiritual force. The value and usefulness of native agency has been increasingly felt from year to year since its establishment. Mr. Barrett informed me that as evangelists, the native ministers were much more successful than he was. For organisation and discipline, European missionaries are undoubtedly necessary. But in aggressive work the natives know better how to reach their fellow-countrymen, and to win them for God. I soon found that, however well acquainted with the Kaffir language Europeans might be, as interpreters none of them did as well as a native who had a fair knowledge of English. They knew best how to make the truth fit with Kaffir ideas and idioms.

My mission commenced on Sunday, July 31st. The native schoolmaster acted as interpreter. Before preaching, I took him alone, and went over the sermon with him, explaining difficult words, emphasising the points most important, and particularly enforcing the necessity of his imitating my movements and modulating his voice as I did. The first service was at 11 A.M., when the church was so crowded that we were obliged to pack the aisles to accommodate the people. I occupied the pulpit, and the interpreter stood by my side. A strange joy possessed me as a thousand dusky faces looked into my face with eager longing for the word of life. I felt inspired for the occasion, and assured of victory before I commenced. Failure was out of the question—God was with me, and that was enough. It was an audience such as I had waited for for years, to confirm again the theory I have always held, that it is possible to preach the gospel, even to heathen, with saving power through

an interpreter. Many heathen were present, painted with red ochre, the men wearing a blanket only, and the women a short skirt of leather, with a head-dress of feathers, etc., in true Kaffir style. The Christians and station people were clothed in European costume, except that the women wore upon their heads various-coloured handkerchiefs, turbaned round with a considerable degree of taste. After singing and prayer, the text was announced, and for about an hour I reasoned with them "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," addressing myself almost entirely to the understanding, the conscience, and the will. My interpreter did his work well, skilfully as well as faithfully pressing home the message. More than once I thought, as I watched the audience, that the word was being applied to their hearts with even greater power than if I had been able to speak to them directly. Occasionally he had to ask the meaning of some word, as, for example, the word "destiny" puzzled him, and I had to give another word in its place. But these slight interruptions did not seem to detract at all from the impressiveness of the service, though they made demands upon the resources of the evangelist. Profound silence reigned during the sermon, but tearful eyes and distorted features indicated the keen piercing of the Spirit's sword. This developed into suppressed sobbing and smothered cries for mercy during silent prayer; but when we commenced to sing, they could control themselves no longer. One after another, men and women, hurried out to the communion rail, broken down and penitent, until the scene presented was one never to be forgotten. They were now all praying audibly, and the floor was wet with tears;

such sighs and groans, such prostration, such agony of soul, are rarely seen in England. It was useless attempting to speak; even singing for a time was rendered impossible. Eighty souls that day professed to find remission of sins, among them several Europeans and not a few heathen.

Each day afterwards the work grew and intensified. The experiences of the Sabbath were not only repeated, but the blessing was much more abundant.

One of the early converts was one of Chief Kama's councillors, the only heathen who held that position, but a man of such judgment and business ability, his services could not be dispensed with. He was not only a man of considerable influence, but of substance. At the last missionary meeting he had given an ox, in memory of his mother, who before her death had embraced Christianity. His conversion caused great rejoicing, because for thirty years he had held out against the truth, and had often boasted that he was a heathen. A day or two after his conversion, he came to see me, to tell me of his newly-found joy, and brought the schoolmaster with him to interpret. "I shall always have to thank God that you came," was one of his first remarks. Then he proceeded to tell me how that before his conversion he "thought himself like a big, strong eagle, with long wings, so that he could fly wherever he wished to go; but now he felt so different, more like a hen with all the feathers plucked out, and he had no strength at all, but he must learn to lean on Jesus." Two of his brothers, after his decision for Christ, followed his example and came out on the Lord's side. Another heathen, after his conversion, went direct from the service and sent

home to her father his younger wife, and brought back the other with him to the meetings, that she also might be made partaker of the benefit. Sending back a wife means sending back her dowry, and often a man's wealth consists of what he received with his wives. Thirty-five large rings were sent me by a heathen woman, which she had worn on her ankles and arms, with a message to the effect that she had done with these for ever now that she had put on Christ. These rings were presents from her father and husband, tokens of rank and affection, so that parting with them would be as much to her as for a woman in England to part with her wedding ring. These are but a few of the many cases of interest for which we praised God the first week.

But the second Sabbath was emphatically the great day of the mission; none who were present had ever seen such a work of God. The chief had sent out messengers calling the tribe together, and the response was such that an hour before service time the church was more than filled. As crowds were still coming, there was no other way but to hold the service in the open air.

It was a gathering such as in the history of the tribe had never been known before. We selected a suitable place just behind the church, so that the church itself might be used as an inquiry room. Trusting to the immediate presence and saving power of the Holy Spirit, we commenced the service. A strange solemnity rested upon us from the beginning, which deepened into an awful sense of the presence of God and melting power as the service went on. About half-way through the sermon the pent-up emotions of

the people gave vent, and cries for mercy rent the air. Those in distress were hurried off to the church, while I went on with the sermon, but only to be interrupted again in a few minutes. This happened three or four times, until I had to stop altogether. Then occurred some thrilling scenes. Mr. Barrett, writing of it to the *South African Methodist*, might well say: "What we saw of the work of God that day baffles all description." Some fell as dead, and had to be carried to the front. Others staggered forward, literally roaring in disquietude of soul, and on reaching the church they seemed for a time to be in a state of utter collapse. Sobs, sighs, and groans were heard on every side. Nothing that I have before witnessed so reminded me of what is recorded of the day of Pentecost. The excitement was intense, and no wonder, for scores, and almost hundreds, were 'deciding for Christ.' In the midst of it all, Mrs. Kama, the chief's wife, stood up and shouted something, that I afterwards learned was as follows: "*They are all coming, everybody is coming to Jesus; let them come.*" Desperate earnestness was never better illustrated. At first there was danger of chaos and confusion, but firmness on our part prevented all wild extravagance, and throughout the whole mission nothing that occurred was out of harmony with reverence and common sense. Altogether, on that second Sabbath alone, about four hundred persons came forward as anxious inquirers, nearly all of whom professed to realise God's forgiving love. The next day was very similar, one hundred and fifty names were taken, making the total of those who sought salvation during the mission over nine hundred. This in nine days was indeed cause for rejoicing. We could only exclaim,

“It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

Our method of dealing with the penitents is perhaps worthy of mention. After the first violence of emotion had subsided, I insisted that they should be perfectly still. Then through my interpreter I explained to them their lost condition, Christ as their Saviour, and the way of faith. I found it helpful to put words of confession and faith into their mouths, and to pray with them as well as for them, that they might receive the blessing they sought. The seekers were then examined one by one by the native ministers, and their names taken if the case were considered clear and satisfactory.

The effects following the preaching were so wonderful, that all sorts of stories were circulated as to the solution of the problem. I noticed as I walked down the aisles, speaking to those who were anxious, that the heathen very often covered their heads with their blankets as I approached them. At first I did not understand the meaning of this; but afterwards, I learned that the idea had got afloat amongst them that I had brought with me some “holy powder,” with which I managed to sprinkle the people as I walked in and out among them in the after-meetings. This it was supposed rendered them unable to resist my appeals. After this explanation I could account for many an apprehensive glance, cast sidelong after me as I walked down the aisles.

The natives of Africa have profoundest respect for aged persons, and when I first arrived my youthful appearance threatened to become a stumbling-block and rock of offence. Some said, “He is but a child.”



But when they saw the wondrous results which followed my preaching, my name was changed to "Umfundisi Ormkulu," "the Great Teacher," and my words were described as "deep and strong."

One case of conversion illustrated perfectly a fact that must strike all careful readers of the Acts of the Apostles, viz. that men may experience saving grace with scarcely any knowledge of the things of God. A heathen woman ran away from the service as I was explaining to them the Fatherhood of God. She was beginning to be moved, and was afraid of the result. As she made her way to her home, the Spirit suggested that she was running away from her Father, and the thought so impressed her that she turned back. She was among the seekers with a beaming face at the close of the service, and gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion. But the woman, like others whom I examined carefully, had in her mind not more than three or four definite ideas of spiritual truth. She knew that God was her Heavenly Father, that she had grieved Him, and needed to be forgiven; that because of what Christ had done, if she came back to God, He would receive and forgive her. This was the extent of her knowledge of theology, and yet she rejoiced in an experience which some have sought in vain for years at home—the sense of the favour of God. "But Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

How to accommodate those who came from distant locations was a great question, and how it was arranged will be interesting to English readers. Instead of this and that one offering to receive and care for certain visitors or families, the matter was settled

with an appearance of authority such as we should greatly resent. The headman of the location decided, without consultation with the persons involved, that those from Keiskama Hoek should go to A's kraal, those from Amatole to be accommodated by B. C was to take those from Ncabasa ; D, those from Debe, and so on, down to the hut of the old bell-ringer. Of course, the native ministers must go to the house of the Circuit Steward. If there are not beds for all, there are guests who can sleep without that luxury, and some were compelled to be of that class.

The native ministers rendered capital service during the mission, and letters received since prove that Mr. Barrett was quite right in his prophecy that one of the most important results would be the educating of these for similar work. On August 17th Mr. Barrett wrote as follows: "I had one of the native ministers here to see me this morning. He says the good effect of your visit will be felt for years to come. It has made such a deep impression on the minds of the people. Our men have begun to work wherever they have been able to find openings. At Qanda and Mxumbu, out-stations of Annshaw, there have been several heathen people converted, and the men are still out. The news from Mr. Kaiser's station (the people of which attended the mission) came in as if it might be after a battle. 'Ever since Mr. Cook left the wounded have been coming in.' They had had twenty-five additions up to the time of reporting. Another amusing bit comes from the Police Camp. 'Please, sir, may we go to church?' asked some of the men. Inspector: 'You had better get converted too, while you are about it.' 'We have

been converted, sir,' replied the men. 'Well, go along, then,' said the Inspector, and so they got leave to come. That was the morning when you saw one of them come running across rather late for the service." It ought to be explained that within the Annshaw boundaries there are altogether about forty Europeans residing. Half a score of these live in the police barracks, a sort of headquarters for the district. Of the forty Europeans, nineteen decided for Christ during the mission, among them four or five policemen.

Another letter reports that the chief Kama and other local preachers went to Mxumbu, and held services there shortly after I left. The gatherings were so large that they were obliged to hold the services out-of-doors, and make use of the little chapel for penitents. Already thirty-four people have been brought to God, and news is just to hand of five more conversions in the neighbouring village. Later still, Mr. Barrett writes of a man coming to see him, named Tembani, from a place called Dikidikana. This man lives in a heathen village. For a time he was the only Christian in the place. Through his influence a teacher has been sent and a day school started. Preaching also has been commenced, and the preachers who are sent there tell with much feeling how beautifully the wild children sing our Kaffir hymns, and by this means attract their elders to the services. This Tembani remarked to Mr. Barrett, "Every now and then it seems as if I could hear music somewhere" (the word translated music might mean the song of a number of birds, or human voices in harmony), "and when I recollect myself, I find it is the memory of those days when the Lord's servant, Mr. Cook, was

here." Continuing his letter, Mr. Barrett tells of ten conversions at Ngwemya, and concludes as follows: "One day this week, an old headman, from a place a few miles away from where the services are being held, came and told me of a heathen man and his wife who had been converted, and of the chief wife of another man who was under deep conviction, and that the flame is spreading all throughout the district."

Three months after the mission at Annshaw, the following figures were published as a correct record of the membership and those on trial:—

	Full.	On Trial.	Junior.
Annshaw . . .	448	443	183
Perksdale . . .	298	205	181
Amatole Basin . .	301	125	109
Keiskama Hoek	234	163	124
Total . . .	<u>1281</u>	<u>936</u>	<u>597</u>

With the chief, William Shaw Kama, I had several most interesting conversations. He is tall and slenderly built, retiring in his habits, and an enthusiastic Christian. He cannot be less than about seventy years of age, and having no children, in all probability the chieftainship will die with him. Before I left, he sent me the following message: "Kama thanks the English Umfundisi very much for coming to Annshaw, and hopes he will soon come again."

## GRAHAMSTOWN.

AFTER the mission at Annshaw had concluded, the *South African Methodist* made my visit to the Colony the subject of a leading article, from which we cull the following:—

“Wonderful success has attended the Evangelist’s labours in all the colonial towns which he has up to this date visited. The result may be said to have surpassed expectation, if not hopes. The work has proceeded so quietly that we fear there may be many, even amongst Wesleyans, who are quite unaware to what an extent the Divine blessing has been poured out upon our churches. In the sacred influences which have been manifested during the services, and in the remarkable accessions which have been made to the ranks of believers, this revival is fitly to be compared to the great work done by the instrumentality of the Rev. W. Taylor many years ago.”

A native religious paper also called attention to the work in the same manner. Their article states: “That Mr. Cook’s work in this Colony should have called for notice at the hands of the unconcerned and indifferent to religion is no new experience; and so particularly blessed have his labours been among our people, that we cannot help alluding to the fact. His

visit was ostensibly for the benefit of the European community. So far as we know, Annshaw was the only native station which was included among his appointments. In the various towns, however, our people have asked for crumbs, and the result so far has always been a full meal. The native people have proved wonderfully impressionable. So much has this been the case, that everybody who makes religion his concern must now regret that his work did not extend more to the natives of this country. At Annshaw remarkable results have been witnessed. During little more than a week's mission, more than a thousand have professed the Christian faith. On Sunday last four hundred and fifty decided for Christ. What is most gratifying is that the 'Reds' have been largely influenced by the mission. We sincerely hope that, in view of results such as these, steps may be taken to enable Mr. Cook to revisit this country, more especially to labour among natives, among whom his ministry seems to be so acceptable."

The mission concluded on August 8th, and the following day Mr. Barrett, the missionary, drove me to Lovedale, a distance of fifteen miles. There I found a handsome and commodious scholastic and industrial institution, established under Presbyterian auspices, for the education of the Kaffirs. But as the education given is better than anything else that can be had in the district, not a few European scholars avail themselves of the benefits of the establishment. Altogether there are nearly five hundred scholars, of whom three hundred live on the premises. The completeness and efficiency of the arrangements of the place compare favourably with any of our English institutions.

Most of the native scholars are between twelve and twenty years of age. It was amusing to watch the son of a prominent South African chief, who was in his nineteenth year, with a slate and pencil, doing a simple subtraction sum. Others were much more advanced; about twenty were preparing for the matriculation examination. Added to the school are workshops in which the youths are apprenticed, taught carpentry, the art of waggon-making, printing and book-binding, with the most satisfactory results. Some have become most efficient workmen, judging from such of their productions as I saw.

During the two days I spent at Lovedale I preached three times,—on both evenings to the natives, and on the second afternoon I held a special service for the European youths. Each service was much blessed, but especially that held on the second evening, when not fewer than a hundred came forward as seekers of salvation. Among these were a number of Galla youths who were rescued two years ago from slavery, and sent to Lovedale to be educated. Some of these are intended to be sent as missionaries to their own nation. Galla is situated to the south of Abyssinia, reaching nearly to the equator. In religion the people are partly Mohammedan and partly pagan. The tribe is considered to be one of the finest of the Hamitic races. Their daughters of all female Africans are most prized as slaves. They are a bold, warlike race, and have rather a bloody record. They get their living chiefly by agriculture and cattle-rearing, and do a good business in frankincense and myrrh, resin, etc. They are clever too in various industrial arts, such as the manufacture of weapons, wood carving,

and cane and straw plaiting. Who knows what the result of that service at Lovedale will be? By the eye of faith, I saw the youths who were that night converted taking the gospel message back to their tribe, and leading to Jesus those who would themselves in turn become missionaries, and thus perpetuate the results of that service, in influences which shall vibrate unto the latest time.

The principal of the institution and others of the teaching staff expressed themselves as very grateful for the visit.

The next evening I held a service at Heald Town, a similar institution to Lovedale, but smaller, and under Wesleyan control. This involved a journey of fifteen miles over a rough, uneven road, but the scenery more than recompensed for any inconvenience we suffered. In every direction was a measureless extent of grassy hills and valleys, interspersed with occasional groves of mimosa bush, wild aloes, and patches of jungle. In the distance were the Katsberg Mountains, clothed with forests of large trees, intersected by deep rocky chasms, opening out into rich and fertile pastures, these traversed again by rivers and small streams, exhibiting to the eye the most charming view. Heald Town was named after James Heald, Esq., uncle to Dr. Wood, J.P., of Southport, and for several years Treasurer to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Anthony Trollope thus correctly describes the place, in writing of his visit to South Africa in 1878: "It is altogether a missionary establishment, combining a general school, in which religious education is perhaps kept uppermost, with a training college for native teachers and



ministers. It has been built upon a sweet and healthy spot up among the hills, and nothing is more certain than the sincerity and true philanthropy of those who are engaged upon its work." I deeply regretted not to be able to give more than one service to Heald Town, but how that one service was owned of God the principal of the institution shall himself describe. The Rev. R. F. Hornabrook writes as follows: "The brief visit of the Connexional Evangelist had been looked forward to by our people with the greatest interest. Reports of the wonderful work at Annshaw had reached us, and our friends here, European and native, expected showers of blessing. On Thursday evening a crowded congregation assembled, and listened with profound interest to the sermon preached. It was a season of great heart-searching, and when the time for the after-meeting arrived, a remarkable scene was witnessed. The communion rail was crowded in a few minutes, and for a considerable distance down the aisle the seekers pressed forward, until the preacher had to check their advance. The excitement and emotion of those under conviction was so great, that for a time nothing could be heard save their cries and sobs; but with admirable tact the preacher at length secured silence, and in plain and simple language helped the seekers to the Cross of Christ. It was a memorable time, and our people retired full of thanksgiving and increased expectation. We believe that the fire kindled will continue to burn and extend in this neighbourhood."

Mention here might be made of the peculiar impression produced upon a stranger by the singing of the Kaffirs. Nothing could be more thrilling than

the low, plaintive wail of a native prayer-meeting hymn. I often noticed how when the singing commenced, those who could resist everything else seemed softened, and it was always then that the largest number came forward to seek the Saviour. A favourite hymn in all the towns I visited was repeated so frequently, that at length I became familiar with the words and the tune, and my readers must know that I put "all my goods in the shop window" when I repeat it—

Nkosi yam ubunditanda,  
 Lord mine, Thou didst me love,  
 Ekulaklekeni kwam,  
 In my being lost.  
 Nkosi yam waman' ulanda,  
 Lord mine, Thou continuedst to follow  
 Futi emkondweni wam,  
 Constantly on track mine.  
 Ndafunyanwa Nkosi yam,  
 I am found, Lord mine.

Fort Beaufort was the next place visited. There I spent the Sabbath and the following day, preaching four times to large congregations. The town is situated on the lower part of the Kat River, and was first established as a military centre after the Kaffir war of 1835. Wool is the staple trade, but ostrich farming is very much on the increase. I saw scores of ostriches in the neighbourhood. The price of these birds has fallen very much of late years. A young one may now be bought for two or three pounds, while a few years ago those who were fully grown would fetch as much as £250 a pair. It may interest some of my readers to know that within the past twenty-five years

1000 tons of ostrich feathers have been shipped from Cape Colony.

Since the withdrawal of the military from Fort Beaufort the population has declined, but there are still five hundred Europeans and quite a thousand coloured inhabitants. The work during my visit was exclusively among the white people. The church will accommodate about three hundred persons. Some forty people came from Seymour, a distance of thirty-five miles, with their pastor, to share in the blessing. Several came on horseback, others in waggons, and a few in Cape carts. Their coming greatly astonished some of the Fort Beaufort people, who could not understand such enthusiasm for purely spiritual good. Nor did they come in vain. Of these visitors twenty-four went home happy in a new-found sense of acceptance with God. Writing of the result of those four services, the Superintendent Minister says: "Sixty-six individuals over fourteen years of age decided for Christ. Added to these, a great number of the children were deeply impressed with the claims of God, and others have since acknowledged the Saviour, who were not among those who came forward. The number of those converted during the two days cannot be much short of a hundred. The whole town seems full of love. We have formed two new Classes, and the silent members of the other Classes now speak, and hasten to tell what God has done for them. We are greatly cheered, and hopeful for the future."

Leaving Fort Beaufort on the Tuesday morning, I drove to Grahamstown the same day, a distance of forty-five miles. The journey lay through a beautifully wooded country, with here and there vast masses of

rock, which had been tossed and torn by natural agencies into a thousand fantastic shapes. Among these tumbled and irregular masses herds of baboons dwell in undisturbed security. "Some of them are almost as large as men, and though not especially dangerous, are not such as one would elect to meet by moonlight alone. There is a case on record of a traveller, who, encountering a gang of them, shot at and killed one of their number. Instantly the others showed fight, and but for his presence of mind would have played havoc with him. Seeing the hopelessness of coping with such numbers, he instantly fell to the ground, and lay there, shamming death. The creatures, after handling him roughly for a few moments, passed on, and left him to his own devices, which may be summed up in instant and inglorious flight."

At Grahamstown I rested until the following Sabbath, when the mission commenced. My home was with the Rev. Theophilus Chubb, B.A., Chairman of the District and Superintendent of the Circuit. He is possessed of superior business ability, a good preacher, and because of his affable and genial disposition is held in high esteem by his people. The kindly care and consideration of Mr. Chubb and his excellent wife contributed largely towards making my visit to Grahamstown one of the most enjoyable of the whole series.

The town is situated in a valley bounded by high hills, near to the sources of the Kowie River, one hundred and six miles from Port Elizabeth, and forty-three from Port Alfred. Next to the suburbs of Cape Town, it is beyond question the most pleasant place of residence in the Colony. With its well-built houses,

broad streets, ornamented by overshadowing trees and many fine gardens, it presents a thoroughly English appearance, and is an acknowledged favourite health resort. It contains between eight and nine thousand inhabitants, of whom about a third are coloured. The two-thirds are almost exclusively British: the Dutch element is hardly to be found in this thriving capital of the Eastern Province. Nearly all denominations of Christians are to be found in Grahamstown, and in connection with these are several educational institutions of high repute. Our own High School for girls offers exceptional advantages; and besides securing the best scholastic results, it has done much toward developing the religious character of the young people, from many of the most influential Methodist families in the Colony. Before my mission ended, there was not a young lady in the establishment who had not professed to realise God's forgiving love.

The present principal Wesleyan Church in the town, "Commemoration Chapel," is to Methodism in that country exactly what City Road Church in London is to British Methodism—it is the Cathedral of South African Methodism. The building is in the pointed Gothic style, and is capable of accommodating fourteen hundred persons. It cost about £10,000, and is as handsome as it is commodious. The subscription for it commenced on the anniversary day celebrating the arrival of the "Albany settlers" in Algoa Bay, on the 10th of April 1820, and in memory of that event it is called "Commemoration Chapel." The mission having been long and eagerly anticipated, extensive preparations had been made, hopes and fears mingling in many hearts, before I arrived, but the latter were



COMMEMORATION CHAPEL, GRAHAMSTOWN.

soon banished. We had crowded congregations at all the three services on the first Sabbath, and before the day was over more than a hundred persons above fourteen years of age had come forward to the communion rail to declare their decision to serve God, and to seek forgiveness of sins. This success was not only maintained, but, as the mission progressed, the interest and power increased until the whole town was profoundly impressed. The increased interest was evidenced by the congregations becoming larger as the days passed, and the growing power of the services, from the fact, not only that we had more inquirers, but the older members of the congregation began to yield themselves to God. Several were converted who had been seat-holders for many years. Whole families were among the seekers, husbands with their wives, nearly all the choir, and scores of young men. On one or two occasions there came a real old-fashioned breakdown, when, in a few moments after my sermon, the spacious communion rail was more than filled, and I was obliged to request others who were anxious to remain in their seats until accommodation could be provided for them. This was especially the case on the second Sabbath evening, when about ninety adults professed to find peace with God.

The afternoon holiness meetings were largely attended, and much blessed in the deepening and quickening of the spiritual life of the Church. Many Christians re-dedicated themselves to God, and some sought and found that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." One service for the natives was held, which proved to be a most interesting occasion. When seekers were invited to come forward, more than a

hundred responded, and were suitably counselled and helped in the inquiry room. More than three hours passed before we could bring the service to a close. Altogether five hundred and seventy names were taken during the mission of those who avowed their decision to live a Christian life. All the churches in the town were benefited, six new Society Classes were formed for our people, and a men's Bible class, to be held on Sunday afternoons, was started. And not only in its local effect was the work important, but in its far-reaching influence among adjoining Circuits. Ministers and people came for miles around, and carried the flame to their own neighbourhoods. We need only give one specimen case. The Superintendent of the Salem Circuit writes to the *South African Methodist* :—

“This Circuit, though not able to secure the services of the Rev. T. Cook, has yet been greatly blessed as a result of his labours. Part of the result was seen in an interesting and impressive little service held at Salem on Sunday morning last, when twenty persons presented themselves for full membership with the church. After the sermon, which was on the duty of confessing Christ before men, one adult who had not been baptized stood forth for public baptism, and then took her place with the others for public recognition. The form of recognition sanctioned by Conference was used, and at the close old and new members bowed together at the Table of the Lord. Some of the converts had been led to Christ by ordinary agency, and some of the young people had been preparing for recognition, and would have been received apart from special effort, but the majority had been led to decision while listening to the



powerful appeals of Mr. Cook during his Grahamstown mission."

We encouraged the sending in of requests for prayer, and received some wonderful answers. After I had left the town, one of the ministers wrote me as follows: "One of the pupils of the High School asked me to let you know that she sent up two requests for prayer during the mission. One was answered that same evening. As to the other, the object of it was at a distance, 'far away,' she says. She had a letter a few days ago which says the answer has been given. She added, in speaking to me, that some whom she knows, who did not think well of mission services, say now, 'There must be something in it!'" This is but one of many such cases which came under our notice.

Many of the conversions are worthy of particular mention. A commercial traveller, who happened to be in town, declared his intention at the dinner-table to attend the service that night. Some who were present warned him of the probable consequences. But he was so confident of his own powers of resistance, that he offered to bet £100 that he would not be converted. Of course, none present was prepared to accept the offer, and it was well none of them did, because that night, among the first to come forward, broken down and penitent, was our friend the traveller, who now promises to become a valiant soldier of the Cross. Another similar case came to my knowledge. A woman belonging to another church was advised not to come, which advice she disdainfully refused, declaring that fire and water would not bring her to a penitent form. But the love

of Jesus did. And that night her name was enrolled amongst the number of those who had set out for the Kingdom. Some weeks after the mission, a farmer accosted me in a railway carriage, and asked if I were Mr. Cook. When I answered in the affirmative, he said, "Let me have your hand, sir. I have much under God to thank you for." Then he proceeded to tell me that he had four grown-up children, for whom he and his wife had worked all their lives, so as to be able to present them each with a farm on attaining their majority. In this ambition they had succeeded, and then the thought came—"You have provided for their temporal welfare, but what about their spiritual interests? Ought not these to be considered?" This was just before your mission, sir. So we talked the matter over when we heard of your coming to Grahamstown, and decided to send them all to town during your services. They came, and took lodgings, and attended every meeting you held, and all four came back home to us converted. And now we are all on the way to heaven." He told me also that he lived more than thirty miles away from Grahamstown, and that nineteen persons who attended their little chapel had joined the church as the result of the services.

The mission concluded with a sacramental service, in which church members and new converts united. Afterwards, I gave an address of counsel and farewell. It was a time of great blessing, and a worthy and appropriate finish to services, the like of which, our people say, have never been known in Grahamstown before. The success is the more gratifying, because, when the Conference hesitated about inviting me to

South Africa, fearing to undertake the financial responsibility, the Grahamstown Quarterly Meeting offered itself to defray the whole cost, rather than the arrangement should be interfered with. Their faith has been more than rewarded, as is always the case when we trust in God.

The following resolution, passed by the Grahamstown Quarterly Meeting, held October 11th, 1892, will fitly close this chapter: "This meeting desires to place upon record its profound gratitude to Almighty God for the great blessings recently received by the Church in this Circuit; and thankfully and joyfully acknowledges the goodness of God in the great increase in the membership; the revived and deepened spiritual life of individual members; the larger attendance at the services of the sanctuary; the zeal manifested by both the old members and the new; and the largely attended and successful men's Bible class established at the close of the mission.

"The meeting also feels that its special thanks are due to the Rev. Thomas Cook, by whose earnest and faithful evangelistic labours these results have been, under God, so largely brought about; and is desirous of expressing its grateful satisfaction that the way was made plain for him to visit South Africa, and prays that God's blessing may continue to rest upon him in the special mission work to which God has so manifestly called him."

## CRADOCK.

MY mission at Grahamstown concluded on Thursday, September 1st, and the following day was occupied in travelling to Cradock, where I had engaged to commence work on the Sabbath. What is called the Cradock District is an elevated plateau, about 3000 feet above the sea level, to the north of the Winterburg Mountains. On this are sheep-walks considered to be equal, if not superior, to any in the Colony. The appearance of the pasturage is very peculiar. Instead of grass, it consists of an aromatic, much-branched, rigid little shrub, called the Karoo, between one and two feet high. In seasons of drought the soil is parched and arid, and vegetation scorched and shrivelled, but after rain it is transformed into luxuriant pastures. It is surprising to see with what relish the sheep browse, and how well they thrive on the succulent shoots of this peculiar herb.

The town is situated on the Great Fish River, about 107 miles to the north-west of Grahamstown. It is a healthy, well laid-out, and thriving place, with a white population of about 2500, chiefly Dutch and English. The sulphureous springs in the neighbourhood are resorted to with much benefit by invalids. A conspicuous feature of the town is the Dutch

Reformed Church, considered to be one of the finest pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in the Colony. It was built at a cost of £25,000, and will seat comfortably twelve hundred persons. Not that so large a place is required for the Dutch inhabitants of the town, but Cradock is the centre of a large Dutch farming community, and their custom is to build large churches in accessible centres, which are attended by the farmers and their families within a radius, perhaps, of twenty or thirty miles. The *nag mal*, or "night meal," is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is administered at the Dutch churches quarterly. On these occasions all who can possibly attend are expected to do so, when two or three days are spent in religious duties and social reunion among friends. At such times the church is often filled to its utmost capacity. This church at Cradock was kindly placed at our disposal for the mission, the Dutch friends uniting heartily with us in the movement. The Baptists also closed their place of worship and joined us, which strengthened our hands considerably, and contributed largely towards the success we have to report.

The mission commenced with an early morning prayer meeting, at which many who had wandered away to the circumference of things spiritual, and had got cold by reason of distance from the Master, were brought back to the centre. "Feet that had well-nigh slipped began to feel the Rock again." We received at that service the earnest of the coming blessing. Splendid congregations assembled all day, especially at the evening meeting. A gracious power was present which drove the word deep into the hearts of those who listened. My subject was

the danger of destroying spiritual receptivity; and at the close of the sermon the inquiry rooms were filled with those who were anxious to be saved. Among the seekers were several Dutch farmers. One had come to prosecute a man who owed him money, determined, if payment were not forthcoming, to send the poor fellow to gaol. The next morning, before the court met, knowing that the man had not the means with which to pay, he found him out and forgave him the debt, and himself paid the court expenses. "God had forgiven him much," he told the town-clerk, "and it was right that he should have compassion and forgive those who had wronged him."

Each night during the week the services were continued, and as usual, the interest and power greatly increased as the end of the mission drew nigh. Referring to the first week's services, one of the local papers said: "Mr. Cook's naturalness, his manly and eloquent diction and intense earnestness, won the hearts of all. Gifted with the power of persuasion, and with a manner ever bright and cheerful, 'he allures to brighter worlds and leads the way.' But he can be stern. Scathingly does he denounce sin. 'Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.' Vividly does he bring the past of men's lives before them, and firmly does he insist upon the truth that the past must be forgiven ere a new life can be begun."

On the afternoon of the second Sabbath a service was held for the natives in the Lwana Memorial Church. Some doubt had been entertained whether I should be able to give them a service, and when I

promised definitely to do so, they were greatly delighted. At the appointed time the church was crowded. Among the hearers was a witch doctor, who was "almost persuaded" to be a Christian. After the service he told one of our people that "when the preacher spoke of the axe being laid at the root of the tree, I felt as if I could see the axe levelled at me, and was much frightened." A woman was converted who is the grand-daughter of Mapasa, the Tembu chief, a relation of the great Gungubele. More than forty men and women came out on the Lord's side during that service; and at night when the native minister preached, twenty others decided for Christ, and for some weeks the work went on. That service also helped towards healing a breach in the Society which had greatly interfered with the progress of the work of God.

The mission closed on the Tuesday evening of the second week. It was a joy to see present, on the last night, many wanderers who had been brought back into the fold. Many others were there who had thrown aside the cloak of secret discipleship, and had openly and joyfully confessed Christ. There were scores, also, who had for the first time realised the pardoning love of God. After an address, intended chiefly for those who had just embarked on the Christian life, the inquiry rooms were filled again with seekers, and it was found that over one hundred and eighty Europeans had professed conversion during the mission. This result, in a town so small, filled all our hearts with thankfulness, and furnished the churches with the needful impetus to seek and expect conversions, more than ever before. From a letter received since, I

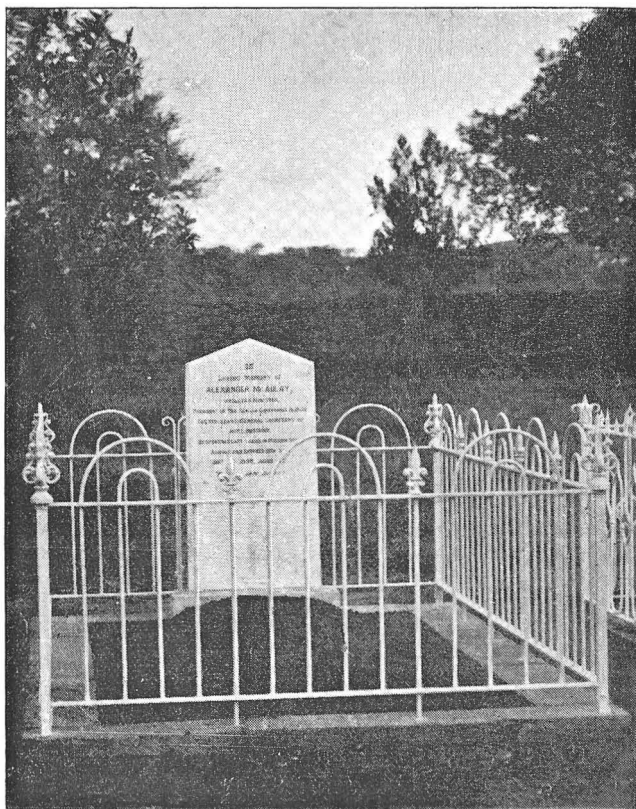
learn "the converts are one and all pushing on, and doing all they can to win others for Christ."

I have selected the following letter from a number received from those who during the mission were brought nearer to Christ:—"I lost the opportunity of doing so personally when you were here, but I do want to thank you for what you have done. 'I could not see the face of God for tears,' and you have helped me back to the reality that 'He is nearer than if He were near.' You will understand how much this means, and the measure of my gratitude. Thank you for this, and for the reproach that if one life can be such a power for good, what should there be impossible for us as a body, if 'at one' and but worthy of our name. 'Thank you' seems far too poor to say, yet I cannot keep it back. My 'thank you' shall be to ask always for further richest blessing upon your work, and to live the prayer."

Leaving Cradock early the next morning after the mission, I reached Somerset East in time for afternoon service, as I had arranged to preach twice there that day. The town is about fifteen miles from the railway station. We drove in a cart and four, and had a narrow escape on the way. One of the horses got his leg over the trace, and commenced plunging and kicking, and before he had finished, seriously damaged the vehicle. This caused the other horses to become restless, and as we were going down-hill at the time, it was no easy matter to get out. This happened twice on the journey, but no serious consequences ensued.

An hour after my arrival, I found a good congregation gathered, consisting of members of the various





REV. ALEXANDER M'AULAY'S GRAVE, SOMERSET EAST.

churches, and had much liberty in emphasising some of the obligations relating to a profession of Christianity.

In the evening the Town Hall was engaged for the service, and not only was every available seat occupied, but standing room could scarcely be obtained. The local paper said: "It is a long time since such a gathering has been known in this town. Much power attended the words spoken, and many deep thoughts were awakened." The greater proportion of those present remained to the after-meeting, and many occupied the front seats in evidence of their desire to accept Christ. To those I explained the way of salvation, praying with and for them. The earnestness which reigned in quietness was most notable, and several believed unto salvation.

Somerset East is the place where our late venerated friend, the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, died, and is buried. To see his grave was the chief object of my visit. I was much pleased with the appropriate orderliness which marked his resting-place, and thought, as I looked around the little cemetery, what a lovely spot it was in which to wait for the resurrection morn. A neat stone has been erected, with a suitable inscription, and beneath his name the words, which were never better applied: "Faithful unto death."

Standing in view of his finished course, I could not but bless God for so worthy and fruitful a life; and I prayed that I might hand down to others an example of unswerving loyalty to Jesus Christ, and sustained enthusiasm for the salvation of souls, such as he has done. Though he laboured but a few months in this country, his name is revered among all classes of people almost as much as it is in England.

After leaving Somerset East, I rested a day or two, and then on the Sabbath preached three times at Uitenhage, an old Dutch town, about fifteen miles from Port Elizabeth, with a population of perhaps 1500. As the English population is small, and divided between Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists, our congregations were smaller than in the other places I have visited. Besides, the weather was most unpropitious. Under foot was slush and mud, the result of several days' downpour, and it rained in torrents nearly all the day. The morning service, however, was rich in blessing beyond all expectation, and gave promise of more to follow. In the afternoon it was a glad surprise to find one hundred and fifty men gathered, of all sorts and conditions, and on many faces were signs of internal struggle, as I turned the gospel searchlight upon their lives and consciences. At night the place was not crowded, but the anxious expectant faces of those present were very inspiring. After the sermon many came forward as seekers, nearly all of whom rejoiced in the sense of God's pardoning mercy before the service closed. Since I left, the minister writes to say: "We feel deeply grateful to God for the results we have seen, knowing that what is seen is but a small proportion of the actual good done which the 'day will reveal.'"

The day following, I returned to Port Elizabeth, and took part in a recognition service, in which sixty new members were received into church membership. Most of these had been converted during my mission in April. There were others also, but it was judged advisable to keep some of the younger people for a longer period on trial. It was a solemn and impressive service, and will be long remembered by those

who were present. After the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been administered, I gave an address suitable to the occasion, followed by a short after service, when a dozen other persons decided also to be on the Lord's side. What abundant reason we have to praise God that we are permitted to witness such triumphs of His grace!

"We thank you," said a minister the other day; "but we see God's hand." That is it: God gives the increase, and the sower and reaper rejoice together.

Before leaving Cape Colony for Natal, it may be well to mention one cause which in my judgment greatly interferes with the success of the gospel amongst the heathen. I refer to the indiscriminate and bitter prejudice which I found almost everywhere existing among the Europeans against the coloured people. This is often manifest in declamation against the laziness and dishonesty of native servants. It may be quite true that in many of them these faults and others are to be found, but surely this does not justify the bitter feeling which exists, and which is so detrimental to the work of God. Some of the Kaffirs are industrious and honest enough, and others would be better than they are if they were thoroughly Christianised. And to secure this result missionaries and colonists must work together. There is not nearly so much crime among the natives of Natal as in Cape Colony, and this is largely in consequence of the stringent Liquor Law. The Government of the Colony is much to blame in the matter. Kama's people complained bitterly to me of the evils of the system. They are anxious to have the drink kept out of the way, but the Government allows canteens to be set up

all around them, which are constantly a source of temptation. Keep drink away from the natives, and the stealing and labour difficulties will soon disappear.

I sailed from Port Elizabeth for Natal on September 21st, and after a somewhat stormy passage arrived at Durban on the 23rd. Some account of the work in that Colony will be the subject of our next chapter.

## NATAL.

**N**ATAL derives its name from the circumstance of its having been discovered on Christmas Day. It is situated about 800 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, 400 miles from Port Elizabeth, and 200 miles from East London. It has a seaboard to the Indian Ocean of nearly 180 miles. On the north it is bounded by the Transvaal, on the north-east by Zululand, and on the north-west by the Orange Free State. Its size, when compared with Cape Colony, is small (the whole area does not embrace more than 19,000 square miles), but its natural qualities are such as to give it the second place in importance among the African States. The climate is remarkably agreeable and healthy, especially in winter, and the soil is proverbially fertile. Sugar, coffee, tea, cotton, arrow-root, and all kinds of tropical produce grow abundantly, and most surprising results are obtained among fruits.

The Colony has been very aptly described as a land of valleys and hills. The scenery is never uninteresting, and in many parts it is remarkably picturesque. The coastlands are of singular beauty, densely clothed in a bush of evergreens, whilst between the sea and the Drakenberg Mountains is a fine stretch of rolling grass land. This becomes coarse and dry in the

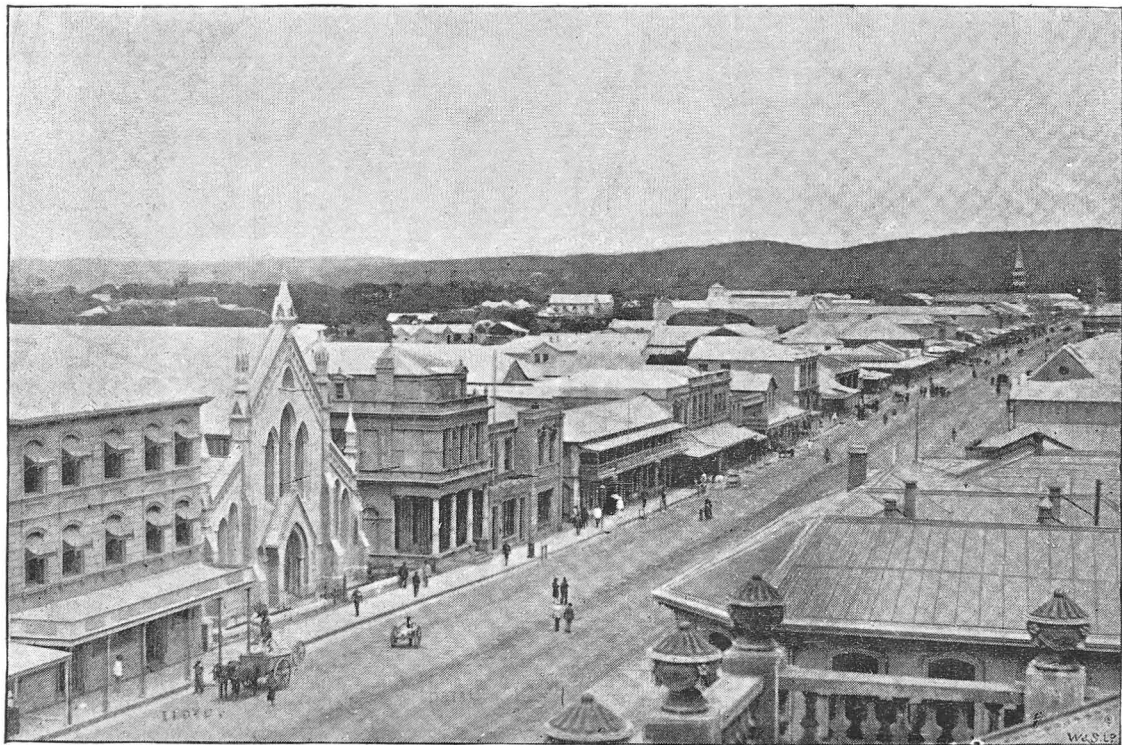
middle of the winter season, and is then set on fire and burnt off to make room for the young fresh herbage of the spring. The mountains possess features of considerable grandeur, rising to an altitude of 10,000 feet.

The population is about 500,000, but only 45,000 are Europeans. The others are chiefly Zulus, Hindu coolies, and immigrants from St. Helena. The Indians have been introduced as labourers, because the Zulus have a decided aversion to hard work.

The natives live in "locations," districts set apart for them, the total extent of which exceeds 2,000,000 acres. The bulk of them lead a life of lazy luxury, the land being free, and exceedingly fertile, their wants few and taxes light. This perhaps does more to retard their intellectual and social progress than any amount of active depravity would effect.

The principal towns are Maritzburg and Durban. At the latter place I commenced my mission on Saturday, September 24th, with an address to workers, in which I emphasised the necessity of recognising the personality, immediate presence, and special mission of the Holy Spirit, and the adjustment of human agents to His gracious arrangements in order to insure real success. It was a time of power and reconsecration such as will be long remembered by those who were present.

Durban is the seaport of the Colony, with a population of 10,000 white and 10,000 coloured people. It is a handsome, well laid out town, with a suburb of unusual beauty, called the Berea. The "Berean Hills" furnish a fine background to the town, and splendid sites for some of the finest suburban



STREET IN DURBAN, WITH VIEW OF WESLEYAN CHURCH.



residences I have seen since I left England. The Wesleyans have several fine church edifices; and few will deny that both numerically and spiritually we occupy the first position among the religious bodies of the town. For spiritual activity and vigorous life Durban Methodism will compare favourably with any of the half-dozen of our best Churches at home.

The preparations for my visit were most thorough and complete. No expense was spared, and no effort was withheld which had in it the slightest promise of success. For months the mission had been devoutly anticipated, and the week before my arrival the whole Circuit united in a week of prayer to seek preparation and power from on high. Old men had told the younger ones of the days of Bishop Taylor's visit,—those never-to-be-forgotten days,—and the hearts of all were fired to look for even "greater things than these."

Nor did God fail to honour such faith. The memory of the scenes we witnessed will be a lifelong inspiration, and will serve as a stimulus to faith for many years to come. To tell all the story of the mission would be a monotonous repetition of crowded congregations, marvellous manifestations of the Spirit's power, prayers answered, sinners converted, and believers quickened and blessed. Some features of the work, however, call for special mention, and will be of general interest. The access God gave us to the people was very remarkable. On the first Sabbath rain fell steadily all day, so that several churches were closed, but ours was filled at all the services. On the Thursday night a grand concert was advertised to be held in the Town Hall, about two hundred yards from the church; owing to the rain there was "no house,"

but our building was filled, and many that night were converted. All classes of the community attended, including His Excellency the Governor of the Colony, Sir Charles Mitchell, and few were left in the town who were not moved in some way by the mission. One local paper said: "The town has been shaken to its centre." Another commenced an article as follows: "The services have been phenomenal in character. Every class of people united in prayer and presence to make the mission almost unprecedented. Converts have been won of all denominations, including the Catholics, several of whom have professed to come out from Romanism." At the close of the first week it was found that two hundred and fifty persons had entered the inquiry rooms. These were visited in their homes by our workers the day after their decision, and in most instances they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion.

Of the second week we have still more blessed results to report. On the Sunday evening the rain began to fall again, but nothing could keep the people away from the church; every available space was occupied, and numbers remained standing wherever they could hear. Some stood in the rain outside, content to listen through the open door, although it meant being drenched to the skin. It was a season of glorious triumph; more than ninety that day decided to serve God. On Monday and Tuesday the same scenes were repeated, only that the inquiry rooms were not large enough. Hence the spacious communion rail was also filled with inquirers. "What a time it was," as one of the friends described it, "of seeking and saving!"

On the first day of the mission we received the following letter from an anonymous writer :—"I should be glad if you will ask prayers for myself and wife. We are both anxious to 'know.' We do not possess that peace which you will say should be possessed by all real Christians. You say you are now going to prove that God answers prayer. Now, prove it in our cases, and ask the God whom you are sure of to show us the right way. We are anxious to know Christ for certain. This 'to know' we understand to mean is to know personally. You say that with your God all things are possible. Prove it. Ask Him to let us see the thing as plain as daylight. You, perhaps, cannot explain why you know and believe, nor can I explain why we cannot lay hold and fully believe. Your God can explain it, so you say. Now, ask Him to assist us. If there is anything in this note which may seem to you irreverent, I would ask you not to look at it in that light. We are earnest in our inquiry and desires. We will send our names after the result. In the meantime, pray for us." The letter was read at the prayer meeting on the Sunday morning, and many joined in asking God to grant the writer and his wife what was asked for. On the Monday night, coming and making himself known, he told us how that on the Sabbath he had attended the morning and afternoon services, and had been much impressed. In the evening, because of the rain, he was detained at home, and as he sat talking matters over with his wife, a strange, mysterious power seemed to descend upon them, so that both felt compelled to fall upon their knees and cry earnestly to God for help. It was during that season of prayer that God

revealed Himself as a blessed reality, and both arose filled with the rapture of a pardoned past assured to them by the Holy Spirit's indubitable witness. He asked that their names might be enrolled among those who had started for the Kingdom.

We held a service for natives only on the Wednesday of the second week. This I announced in the European Church. Knowing the objections many Europeans make to the presence of coloured people in their churches, I took upon myself the responsibility of this course of action, judging that, when so much blessing had been received, there would be little, if any, opposition. The result was as I had anticipated: no objection was raised, and the place was packed with natives, as it had been packed with Europeans the night before. Twelve hundred at least attended the service, mostly heathen Zulus, and wonderful results followed. How those fine, noble fellows seemed to hang upon my words and drink in the good news of salvation! My interpreter served me splendidly, and at the close of the address hundreds remained to pray. Such praying many of us had never heard before. Each man prayed for himself, and aloud, until the sound resembled the noise of many waters more than anything else I can think of. How many were converted that night it was impossible to calculate, but the communion rail was crowded with seekers. Two or three rows knelt behind these, and all the aisles were filled, until I was compelled once more to ask that all others who were anxious should remain in their seats and seek the Lord there. Probably three hundred professed to seek the "kingdom of God." That day was a red-letter day among the days of power

which I witnessed in South Africa. To God be all the praise for ever.

On the Thursday I conducted two services at Verulam, a small town of five hundred inhabitants, twenty miles to the north of Durban. The visit will be a memory long cherished, because over fifty grown-up persons came out on the Lord's side. Some of these had been long prayed for, and their conversion filled the hearts of our people with unspeakable gratitude to the Great Head of the Church.

Having to pass through Durban again in order to reach Maritzburg, I consented to preside over the praise and testimony meeting summoned for the Friday evening. This in some respects was the crowning service of the mission. The body of the church was reserved for those who during the mission had received Christ. In less than an hour over a hundred persons of all conditions of life and of all ages stood up to testify to the grace of God. Every church in the town was represented. Four ministers from other churches testified of blessing received by themselves and their people. We rejoiced that such fellowship was possible, though the vision of outward union seems as yet but a dream. We sat in the Heavenlies with Christ Jesus. Since the mission a minister writes: "Your visit has been a great blessing to me. I have seen clearer than I ever did what 'entire cleansing' means, and I praise God that I now know that He cleanses me through the blood of the everlasting covenant, and I mean by His grace to preach and witness for full salvation more clearly than I have done in the past."

No expense was spared to make the mission

successful, but collections on the second Sabbath, morning and evening, more than covered all the cost. Some actually complained that at the men's meeting there was no collection, among them a publican, who said he would have liked to help forward a work which was so manifestly of God.

Of the statistical results, the following details will be interesting. Not including natives, five hundred and forty names were taken of those who had come out as seekers after God, and to make a public confession of faith in Christ. Our own church received an addition of about three hundred members, for whose benefit *sixteen new Society Classes were formed*. That so many new leaders could be readily found speaks volumes as to the preparedness of the church for the mission.

An "Out-and-Out" band was formed, which three hundred joined, pledging themselves to observe the conditions, viz. :—

1. A striving after a personal experience of scriptural holiness.
2. An earnest effort to bless some soul, by speaking, writing, or definite prayer, every day.
3. Committing to memory the motto words chosen, and in the case of those not already pledged, to read any particular portion; the reading, also, of the passages of Scripture selected for the day.
4. Daily prayer for all members of the band, that they may be led by and filled with the Holy Ghost.

And since I left the work has continued. In all the services the following Sabbath, souls were won for

Christ; and in connection with missions held by the ministers in the smaller places, reports of scores of additional conversions have reached me. We asked great things from God, but the blessing He gave exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine. "And there was great joy in that city," so wrote the historian of the early Church, and so may we well write," says the Rev. W. M. Douglas, "as we recount how great things Jesus hath done for us." Mr. Douglas acted as Superintendent of the Circuit, and organised the mission. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the service he rendered to God and the Church at Durban.

From Durban I proceeded to Maritzburg, the capital of the Colony, about seventy-four miles by rail, commencing work there the next day. I found a great many Yorkshire families settled in the town and district, who have retained all the enthusiasm and godly simplicity which characterised Yorkshire Methodism years ago. It was of much comfort to find these and their families maintaining the reputation of the county in that far-off land, especially in view of the fact that at home the record of the past few years has come far short of sustaining the position and name which our fathers won for us. Several of the towns and villages have been called after places from which the immigrants came, such as York, New Leeds, etc.; and it is remarkable how much correspondence exists between the types of Methodism in these places and the towns after which they are named.

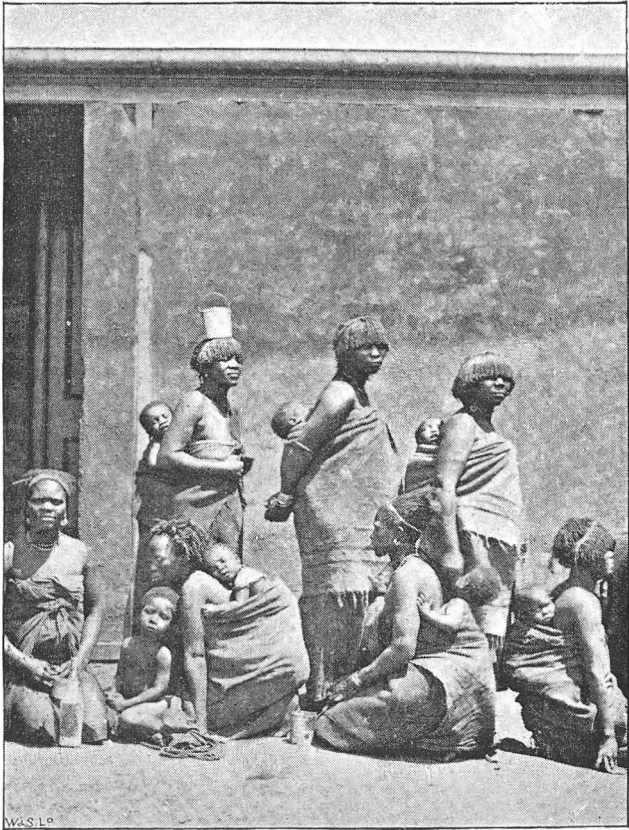
For months the mission had been anticipated and prepared for, but the work at Durban so enlarged expectation that the need of additional accommodation

for inquirers was realised. Should they build an extra room? was the substance of a telegram I received in Durban. To which I replied in two words, "*Make ditches.*" This was quite sufficient. An additional room was built; an act of faith which God honoured by crowding every available space in it with seekers the very first day of the services. The local papers gave full reports of the meetings. From one that appeared after the first Sabbath's services we extract this critique: "As a preacher Mr. Cook is interesting and devoid of ministerial affectation. His illustrations and anecdotes are apt and tersely given, and his style is argumentative and pungent, but simple, the language used being almost entirely Saxon. Though earnest and impressive, Mr. Cook cannot be accused of raving; and whatever the religious convictions of some of his hearers may be, there can be no two opinions as to his sincerity. He creates the impression upon his congregations which only a sincere man can create."

To give a complete account of the work would only be to reiterate what I have already described of Durban. Our church, which is a neat, substantial building, capable of accommodating about a thousand persons, was filled at almost every service, and on some occasions hundreds had to be turned away. Ministers attended from the surrounding districts in strong force, and in the town we had the hearty co-operation of all classes of Christian people.

At Maritzburg I met several who had been brought to decision for Christ in my missions in England. One wrote: "I felt that I cannot let you go from Maritzburg without letting you know how much blessing my wife and I have received under your





ZULU WOMEN AND BABIES.

preaching. The young lady who is now my wife, her sister, and myself, gave ourselves to God during a mission you were holding at Victoria Chapel, Bristol, about four years ago, and He has kept us until now. Since my conversion I have been praying for nearly a dozen of my old friends, and they are being brought into the fold one by one. My wife, who is still in England, writes to tell me that two others are 'almost persuaded.' Please join us in prayer that God may soon bring them to Himself."

Describing the service for men only, the *South African Methodist* said: "It was a time to be remembered. The compact mass of men, comprising many who may be reckoned as non-church-goers, the sonorous volume of Christian song, the racy hard-hitting of the preacher, the rush for the inquiry room, the chronicle of answered prayers, make together a memory to be cherished." My subject dealt with the question of posthumous influence. After I had made it clear that evil influences are perpetuated after our death, and possibly a harvest of woe may be accumulating right on to the end of time, for which reason the judgment is necessarily postponed until then, one man was heard to say, "If I do not live a better life, it would be much better for me to die at once, rather than live to sow seeds of evil which may propagate and produce such terrible results."

Some five hundred inquirers were dealt with, of whom about four hundred were grown-up persons. The work amongst the young men was a special feature of the mission, and one of the most hopeful; quite a dozen were soldiers. Roman Catholics and two Jews were among the number. Several of

the ministers rejoiced over their own children's decision for God. A mother came to me one night in great distress, and said, "I am a widow, and my eldest son is a source of great anxiety. He trifles with things that are sacred, and I am afraid of his influence over some of the younger members of the family who have been converted in these services. Do pray for him." He was particularly mentioned before the Lord at the prayer meeting next morning, and two nights later she came to tell me, with a beaming face, he had that night decided to serve God, and had professed to find peace. "Now," she said, "we are all going to heaven together."

A Presbyterian minister wrote, soon after I left the town: "The services were to myself a means of great spiritual refreshment, and have been the means of bringing a goodly number of the young people under my charge to decision for God, while others have been stirred up to a greater earnestness in seeking to know the things which belong unto their eternal peace. I desire to give our Lord Himself the thanks and the praise, but none the less there is room and obligation, I feel, to express my appreciation of your service under Him, and my gratitude to you for it all."

A worker writes: "On Friday afternoon I visited a family where the mother and three daughters have been converted during your mission. It did my heart good to hear their expressions of joy and gratitude, first to God, and then to you. 'Life seems quite a different thing,' the mother said. 'I don't feel as if anything could make me miserable now. Our home is a different place altogether,' etc. I

could not help wishing that some of those who talk about excitement and evanescent emotion could have heard her simple, earnest utterances."

How to solve the mysterious phenomenon of such work was a great puzzle to the Maritzburg press. They could not deny the presence and power of some wonderful agent. One thought the modulations of my voice was the solution of the problem; another decided that hypnotism explained the mystery. We emphasised the fact that the first two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles contained the explanation—the power was not human, but Divine. But to explain away the work of God has always been the Satanic policy. Even our Lord's works were attributed to Beelzebub, and the devil has never since lacked men who were ready to champion his cause. Still God's work goes on; and, as we thankfully rejoice over the harvest gathered, in all humility we exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory."

To assist the spiritual life of the converts, ten new Classes were formed; and, in addition to that provision, some fifty willing workers each received a list of four or five names of persons who were especially entrusted to their care, that they might visit and befriend them during the earlier months of their spiritual life. This plan was also adopted at Durban with excellent results. The ministers co-operated most heartily, and worked with such enthusiasm and assiduity as to command the highest respect and confidence.

My visit to Natal will rank among the most precious experiences of my life. The thought of it will be one of my pleasantest memories. I shall

now be always concerned for their welfare, and shall watch their movements with eager interest and prayers.

When I left Maritzburg, many assembled at the station to bid me farewell, and, as the train moved away from the platform, sang for me the familiar prayer,

“God be with you till we meet again.”

## CAPE TOWN.

LEAVING Maritzburg on Wednesday, October 19th, I reached Johannesburg after travelling two days and two nights. Thirty hours' coach journey caused us to be longer on the road than we should have been had we been able to travel the whole distance by rail. Not that the horses and mules travelled slowly. We went at a canter the whole distance, and changed horses twenty times. This meant employing two hundred different animals before the journey was completed. It is not often in England we have an opportunity of riding in a coach with ten horses, but this is the regular thing between Charlestown and Johannesburg.

When I arrived, I found a telegram had preceded me, announcing my coming to one of the local newspapers, and I was very much astonished, when I took up the paper, to find a paragraph headed "*Cook the Converter*," followed by a lengthened account of our last service at Maritzburg, concluding with a description of the scene in the railway station, where many assembled to wish me "God-speed."

In one of the former chapters I have told how that, as a result of my first visit to Johannesburg, the enlargement of the church was decided upon.

I promised then, if they would undertake this work at once, and get it finished before I left South Africa, I would return and re-open the enlarged building. They accepted the challenge, and, to my great surprise, had the work finished within a few months, and all paid for but £120. This will explain the reason of my second visit, which lasted but two days. I was compelled to leave early on the Monday morning, in order to reach Cape Town in time for a mission announced to commence the next Sabbath. Though the visit was so short, it was not without special blessing. On the Sunday evening we had numerous conversions, mostly men, and the majority backsliders from England. The collections realised over £100, the largest amount ever given in one day in connection with any religious service in Johannesburg. Before I left the town the whole debt was cleared off, and two hundred additional worshippers were provided for.

The journey from Johannesburg to Cape Town was a marvellous achievement compared with what was possible a few years ago. Instead of three months, the time it would take a bullock waggon to traverse the distance, we arrived in Cape Town in less than three days. By the same train the General Manager of Railways travelled, through whose influence our people were able to secure for me a first-class railway pass free of charge over all the railways in the Colony. He is a devoted and enthusiastic Christian, and we had abundant opportunity on the journey to compare notes, and talk over many matters of interest relating to the work of God in the Colony.

At Cape Town I learned from one of the ministers

that for a long time God had been working quietly but powerfully in their midst. The week of prayer had been a season of refreshing and quickening to God's people. They were expecting showers of blessing. The mission commenced on Sunday, October 30th. From the first service the interest increased, until the last service saw not less than two thousand men and women crowded into our beautiful Metropolitan Church. Many went away unable to find even standing room; night by night the aisles, communion enclosure, and all available space, were packed with reverent worshippers, and, best of all, God was with us. Such power accompanied the word, that the vestries were far too small to accommodate the inquirers. The results filled the hearts of God's people with gratitude, and put their unbelief to shame. No less than six hundred and fifty-five persons came out on the Lord's side during the mission. Many belonged to other Churches, but a large proportion consisted of those who had been brought up among us, and who needed a work of spiritual power such as this to take them "over the line."

The newspapers contained long and appreciative articles. The *Cape Argus* sent a representative to interview me as soon as I arrived, and devoted many columns to a description of the services, reporting progress day by day. Of the men's service, among other things, they said: "There were fifteen hundred men in the Wesleyan Church yesterday afternoon. From all parts of the city and from the suburbs they came in crowds, to listen to an address on their duties to their families and to their God.



The audience included men of every social position—town councillors, civil servants, merchants, etc. The absence of the gentler sex was most marked; and when the large body of men stood up to sing, each man trying to do his best, we shall never forget the effect. The preacher was listened to with rapt attention, and when he urged his hearers to choose the better part, about fifty men responded to the invitation, and repaired to the inquiry room for counsel and guidance.”

All the Churches, except the Episcopalians, worked heartily with us, and often half a score of ministers were present, ready to render help as it was needed. The saintly Andrew Murray sat with me on the platform, and assisted in the inquiry room on several occasions. A lengthened conversation I had with him on the higher experiences of the spiritual life was very profitable, and we both regretted that the teachers on this subject were not more “at one,” because of the confusion which the different views occasion in the minds of the people. We considered also that the divergences were more in terminology than otherwise, and that a meeting of representatives of the several schools of thought on the subject, to prayerfully discuss the matter, would bear precious fruit. Mr. Murray is President of the Cape General Mission, of which Spencer Walton is Director in Chief. This movement has now been in existence about three and a half years, and employs upwards of fifty workers—some as missionaries, and others to labour in the large centres as nurses, deaconesses, etc. The work in Cape Town is chiefly among the Malay population, the soldiers, sailors, police, postal and railway

men. They have a Sailors' Rest, two Soldiers' Homes, and five Mission Halls. The mission is quite undenominational, and consequently some amount of prejudice exists against them among the Churches. After careful inquiry, I could find no satisfactory reason for this, but, on the other hand, found among them much devotion, and not a few clear witnesses to the power of Christ to save from all sin. Their teaching on the subject of holiness has been blessed to members of almost every Church, and their regular meetings for its promotion are much appreciated by those most spiritually minded. I am glad thus to be able to bear testimony to the good work they are doing. They offered the services of all their workers to help in our mission, and rendered valuable assistance.

Our holiness meetings attracted much notice. An attendance of three or four hundred at each afternoon service indicated the extent of the interest awakened. Some beautiful testimonies were received from those to whose spiritual life the meetings had been helpful. There can be no doubt but that the attention called to these higher Christian experiences, and the possibilities of faith, contributed largely towards the results we have to report.

We had prayed that the last mission might be the best, and in some respects the experience at Cape Town exceeded all others. The tide of spiritual influence seemed to rise higher at the last service than on any previous occasion. Hundreds were turned away who could not get into the building, and the rush for the seats when the doors were open was more like what is seen at a pantomime than anything else.

Some most *touching scenes* occurred when the

time came to say farewell. An elderly woman brought four grown-up sons and daughters, and said, "We have got them all converted during the mission, Mr. Cook. We shall never forget you at our house." A husband and wife both came together, and, with eyes filled with tears, said, "It is the beginning of a new life to us both. We have erected a family altar, and are determined to live for God now." Another man handed me a card, on which was printed his name, and underneath, "Comedian and Vocalist." "I shall need your prayers," he said, "God help me;" and he passed on. One big, burly fellow, with a stern, pale face, grasped my hand tightly, and made as though he had something to say, but words failed him, his eyes filled with tears, he put his lips together firmly, shook his head, and walked away. Some unknown person sent a beautiful present for my little daughter, with the message, "Hoping your ministry may still make our friends happy in dear England, as you have here made happy myself, husband, and three children." God did indeed bless the mission, and eternity only will reveal the result.

Our ministers worked indefatigably, and arrangements were made by them for the careful shepherding of those who had been added to the flock.

Since I returned to England, information has come to hand that there is abundant evidence of the lasting nature of the good work accomplished. The various Society Classes have been largely augmented, and the attendance is most encouraging. Several new Classes have been formed, and there is every prospect of the work continuing and increasing. At Wynberg especially

the ingathering still goes on. Scarcely a Methodist service has been held up to date (six weeks after the mission) without accessions to the Church, and all are full of heart and hope.

My mission at Cape Town closed on November the 8th, and the following day I set sail for Old England. A host of friends came down to the docks to wish me "God-speed" on the journey, and scores of letters and telegrams reached me, with such messages as the following: "Queenstown friends wish you safe and pleasant voyage. They remember you in prayer daily."—"Loving farewell from Maritzburg. Doing well all through the Circuit."—"Glad congratulations on grand results. Our hearty prayers for your future."—"Cradock prays God's blessing be with you." What a time of handshaking it was as the bell rang for clearing the decks before we started! And I sometimes fancy that I still hear the hymn which they sung—

"Shall we gather at the river?"

as the vessel steamed slowly from the wharf, and the distance increased between us.

The return voyage was even pleasanter than when we were outward bound. The *Scot* behaved magnificently. The provision made on board for our need was all that could be desired. The courtesy and kindness of the captain and officers added much to our comfort. We had another record passage, reaching Plymouth in less than fourteen days. It would be almost impossible to use exaggerated language in describing the efficiency of the vessel and her crew, and the pleasure which such a voyage gives to any

one suffering from nervous exhaustion or strain. The service which I held on board was attended by most of the officers and passengers, and signs were not wanting that the word had been blessed of the Lord.

## RESULTS AND IMPRESSIONS.

HAVING brought to a close the story of the mission, perhaps a summary of the results and some of my impressions will be interesting. Altogether, during the six months I was in the country, I conducted two hundred and twenty services, with the result that upwards of six thousand persons, who had come to the age of decision, were led to openly confess Christ. Nearly two thousand of these were natives; the others Europeans. At only one Native Circuit was a regular mission held, but at several other places services were held for the natives, and always with the same result,—large numbers declaring their intention to serve God. What would have been accomplished had I been able to visit other purely Native Circuits I do not know, but, judging from the results which followed at the places which I did visit, it is my impression that six months among these people would have resulted in the conversion of at least ten thousand souls. So convinced am I of the possibilities to an evangelist among the natives, that before I left the country I promised to return again in a few years to work especially in their Circuits. Not that the Europeans are harder to be won for Christ, but more is being done for them, and the native population is so much

larger. Moreover, at present there is a peculiar preparedness among the natives for the gospel message. Our missionaries and schools have prepared them to understand and receive the truth as it is in Jesus. I found "the fields white unto harvest," and was sent of God to reap that whereon I had bestowed no labour. Most remarkable, perhaps, was the manner in which the truth affected even the heathen mind, though, no doubt, many of these had been previously prepared for such impression by their contact with the Christians amongst whom they had associated from time to time. That evangelists should be sent at this particular time is most important. It is a notorious fact that those who have passed through our schools, but who have not been converted, are, some of them, lowest in their morality and bitterest in their opposition to the gospel. They have thrown off the restraints of heathenism, yet, being without Christianity, and the obligations it imposes, their liberty degenerates into licence. To a certain extent education only increases their power of opposition, and is therefore dangerous unless it is followed by conversion. From our experience, it is evident that the population, both white and coloured, is as susceptible to the benign influences of the gospel as the people in England are, and that the means for carrying on such work are within our reach if we will but adapt ourselves to the situation.

In preaching to the heathen, I found it of advantage to appeal frequently to the law written on the conscience, and the acknowledged principle of future recompense, as also to their sense of sin, and their moral powerlessness to free themselves from it. When

dwelling upon the sufferings and death of Christ, the deepest emotion was always evinced. In fact, the bare recital of the circumstances of the crucifixion, the bitterness and shame of the cross, produced results such as no other teaching did. I was careful also to emphasise often, and assume always, the presence of the Holy Spirit, unseen but near, ready to help and bless.

My interpreters not only put my ideas, in their nicest shades of meaning, into the native language, but often did it to such advantage, as the missionaries afterwards explained to me, that, had I been able to speak the vernacular, I should have preferred an interpreter, as do even many of the missionaries to whom the native tongue is thoroughly familiar.

Some will think, perhaps, that among persons so ill instructed such sudden work will not last; but it is my decided conviction that the proportion of those who remain faithful to God among the natives will be quite as large as among the Europeans. To become Christians means adopting European costume, giving up all but one wife, becoming a total abstainer, and such a severance from heathen associations as will certainly not be lightly made, nor without strong convictions, such as contain the element of permanence.

The work among Europeans, when looked at in the light of the sparseness of the population, will appear to many as very remarkable. Upwards of four thousand inquirers in so short a time is indeed cause for thankfulness. When we weigh the figures, and take into account the widely-extending influence of such a work we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"



Some object to the mention of numbers when spiritual results are spoken of; and to any person of common sense, nothing can be more abhorrent than to hear these egotistically displayed. But an occasional judicious representation of facts is necessary to a right appreciation of God's work, and is often a means of stimulating the faith of His workers. Without figures it would be impossible to discriminate between one work of God and another. The same indefinite phrases might be used of a hundred seekers as of a thousand, and with almost equal appropriateness. We are able to form a definite idea of the great ingathering at Pentecost, because St. Luke informs us that "the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

The subject-matter of my preaching, when dealing with Europeans, differed in some respects from that employed in speaking to the heathen. I followed almost exactly the counsel Mr. Wesley gives about beginning to preach in a new place, viz.: "After a general declaration of the love of God to sinners, and His willingness that they should be saved, preach the law in the strongest, closest, and most searching manner possible. After more and more persons are convinced of sin, we may mix more and more of the gospel, in order to beget faith, and to raise into spiritual life those whom the law had slain."

What others who attended the services thought on this subject, may also be worth repeating. One critic writes as follows:—"One main attraction in Mr. Cook's style is that it is *interesting*—interesting to young and old, and that from beginning to end. Copious use is made of anecdote and illustration.

The subjects of his discourses are also vitally interesting—repentance, decision, faith, holiness, duty. No time is lost in threadbare repetitions of familiar doctrines, still less in mere moral essays, or in theoretical disquisitions. Another great charm and force in his teaching is found in the fact that it is dogmatic. A man who goes into the pulpit to teach others must first be perfectly sure himself. Thirdly, the preaching was pointed and fearless, aimed at the heart and conscience, and not only aimed, but hitting. Any one wishing to follow in Mr. Cook's steps would have to note these distinctive merits in the preaching which has been so successful among us. We need not speak of the personal consecration and the sacred unction, which in him were as obvious as in all cases they are indispensable. What we are trying to emphasise is, that we think some preachers, whether travelling or local, would, during Mr. Cook's mission, get hints as to the reasons why sermons are frequently unacceptable and unfruitful. It was also noticeable that the missionary's appeal was rather to judgment and conscience than to feeling. It is natural to suppose that a preacher's appeals will be greatly influenced in their direction by the manner of his own conversion; perhaps we may thus see some reason why minds are very differently dealt with by the Divine power. It is vain to criticise in the face of such remarkable success; and, moreover, the course taken by Mr. Cook is in many quarters highly approved, as avoiding objections, and as attracting some who would not be present if there were any 'noise.' We will simply express our opinion that it is good also, though not solely, to appeal to feelings, and that probably many

are far more open to persuasion on this side of their nature."

Another says: "It is difficult to say in what particular Mr. Cook's power lies, yet certain it is that he succeeds in arresting the attention of hearers, and, having gained it, he retains it to the end. Disdaining the use of notes, and also the ordinary method of dividing and sub-dividing his sermon under heads, the preacher plunges at once into his discourse, and in clear, short, forcible sentences lays his subject before the congregation. His illustrations are apt and frequent, being drawn from the writings of many authors, from the region of science and history, and from an extensive storehouse of anecdotes of his own or others' experience. While Mr. Cook delivers his message with a directness and a force from which there is no escape, and while each listener feels that the warning or appeal is meant for him or her individually, yet there is a welcome absence of anything like the undue excitement and straining after sensationalism that so often marks and mars revival services."

One explanation of the glorious results we witnessed must not be overlooked. For many years, among Europeans especially, the decisive results which are justly expected to follow evangelical preaching had been in many quarters absent, to an extent, as one said, "disquieting and discouraging." Conversions had not followed the preaching of the word under the ordinary ministry as might have been expected. This is evident from the fact that the net increase of members, as reported by our Conference, among the white people, during the five years before my visit,

was only about one hundred and fifty. As at home, the majority of the ministers seemed to have lost the art of bringing men in large numbers to decision for Christ. This result nearly always follows in a ministry where the pastoral element necessarily becomes the chief consideration. Not that I would assume for a moment that converting power always implies a corresponding strength of faith or eminent piety. To win souls, there is required, in addition to personal consecration, tact, adaptation of means to ends, a forceful manner of appeal, and much else which comes only as the result of experience. Nor are all men endowed with that peculiar persuasive and commanding power which all successful soul-winners possess. Many might be more successful than they are, but some prepare the soil and others reap the harvest. In the case of the former, we must not judge of the result of their work by the number of converts they report. Such work baffles our arithmetic. Many years of preparation had undoubtedly prepared the way of the Lord for my visit. By this mode of procedure, God would perhaps teach us that "neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."

Nothing was more pleasing than the manner in which the ministers and people welcomed "the stranger from afar," and their hearty rejoicing over the results of his ministry. As an illustration of the spirit they manifested, I give extracts from a letter received from an old pioneer missionary:—"I have followed you in spirit with much interest, sympathy, and many prayers. God has crowned your labours in all places visited with

great success, and therein we do rejoice. Twenty-five years ago, the Rev. William (now Bishop) Taylor passed through the country as an evangelist, and there are hundreds, if not thousands, now living, and many have gone home, who are the direct and indirect result of that glorious religious movement. And, twenty-five years hence, there will no doubt be hundreds and thousands who will be the direct and indirect result of the great work of God now in progress, of which, under Divine arrangement, you have been the leading human agent. It makes my old heart warm with gratitude to God, as I think of the wonderful work now going on. I have special reason to be grateful to God, and also to you. My daughter, whom you may remember, is now a boarder at our Girls' High School, Grahamstown, and was one of the many boarders who started for the kingdom of heaven when you conducted a mission in that city. She had a hard struggle, as she tells me in her letter, but at last placed herself, with her sins and sorrows, at the Saviour's feet. She will ever keep you in grateful remembrance. You will soon leave the shores of our sunny land. May Heaven's best blessings accompany you. I should much like to see you again in this world, but if that may not be, farewell, till we meet, as I hope we shall, in our Father's House."

To Mr. Reginald H. Richmond of Grahamstown much credit is due for the completeness and efficiency of all the arrangements. He acted as secretary to the committee under whose auspices I laboured, and rendered invaluable service. How much his energy and method helped to facilitate the work will perhaps never be known on earth; but to him, I believe, it

will be among the sweet "surprises" of heaven to learn how greatly he assisted towards promoting the success of the mission.

My task is now finished, and I would conclude by gratefully acknowledging the goodness of God in permitting me to be associated with a work so glorious. It is the greatest honour of my life to be used as an instrument of blessing to others; and I do not forget, and I have urged others always to remember, that it is not by any human might or power that these results are accomplished, but the excellency of the power is of God. We are simply the instruments He uses. Several years ago, when the responsibilities of this mission work had first to be faced, in much fear and trembling I remember asking, "Lord, what am I, that I should be chosen? I have so few gifts, so little ability, I feel so inadequate. How am I to be fitted for such service?" On opening my Bible, I came across the story of the feeding of the five thousand with the five loaves and two fishes. Regarding these as altogether insufficient, unbelief said, "What are these among so many?" The Master said, "Bring them to Me;" and in His hands there was enough and to spare. After that I brought what I had and laid it at His feet, and nobody has been more surprised than myself at what He has done with it.

Soon after my conversion I had a remarkable dream. I stood by a lake fishing. Suddenly it became crowded with fish—so crowded that they could scarcely pass each other; and as I gazed into the lake with astonishment, wondering what this meant, I heard a voice cry, "I have chosen thee as a fisher of

men." All kinds of fish were there. Many kinds I had seen before, but others I had never seen. After I awoke the thought came to me, that perhaps the fishes in the lake represented the souls God would give me if I remained faithful to Him. I have the conviction now, that in Africa some of the "strange fish" were caught which I had seen in my dream.

"Paul declared particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry, and when they heard it they glorified the Lord."

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