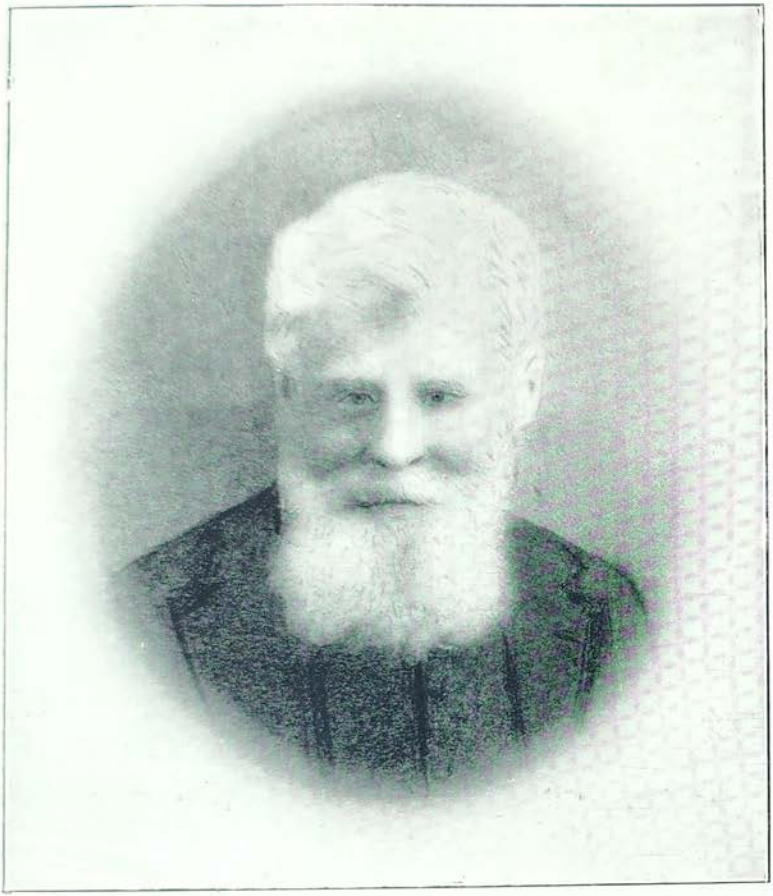
ON SEA AND LAND
ON CREEK AND RIVER



Yours in our Lord Jesus Christ

J. L. Meader

ON SEA AND LAND
ON CREEK AND RIVER

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF EXPERIENCES IN THE VISITATION OF ASSEMBLIES OF CHRISTIANS IN THE WEST INDIES AND BRITISH GUIANA; WITH REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER MISSIONARIES AND OF THE SLAVE TRADE FORMERLY CARRIED ON FROM BRISTOL + + +

BY

HENRY W. CASE

FELLOW ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY

Author of "The Life History of the Horse-Bot," etc.

MORGAN AND SCOTT LTD.

(OFFICE OF The Christian)

12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS

LONDON MCMX

To the Honoured and Revered Memory of

GEORGE MÜLLER,

modern apostle of prayer, and philanthropist, the first of whose many timely gifts to the late Mr. Leonard Strong, then of Demerara, in fellowship in the gospel, led Mr. Strong to continue to labour in that colony in dependence on God.

To the Loving Memory of

JAMES WRIGHT,

his successor in the scriptural knowledge institution and at the ashley down orphanages.

And in Affectionate Remembrance of the late

J. L. MACLEAN, M.D.

one of the editors of *ECHOES OF SERVICE*, whose continuous labours in the service of missionaries in all parts of the world has evoked grateful "praise in all the churches,"

this compilation is lovingly dedicated.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(Rom. i. 14) "I am a debtor to":—

The late Mr. George Müller, for his constant prayers in my early manhood for my conversion.

To (in 1893 and onwards) the late Mr. R. Chapman, of Barnstaple, for his prayers that I might be led to go to "see how my brethren fared."

To Mr. G. Fred Bergin, Hon. Director of the Ashley Down Orphanages, for important information, also to the present Editors of *Echoes of Service* for like help and for use of illustration blocks; and to all these for encouraging that desire to visit, as well as for their earnest counsel and prayers.

To the proprietors of the *Western Daily Press*, for the gift of a half-tone illustration block, and for much kindness shown.

To Mr. T. Wales, to Mr. Williams, of Georgetown, and to Mr. Wilson Nicholls, of Queenstown, for photographs, and for many insect and other Natural History specimens.

To Mr. Gershom Collier, for much valuable information and help; and to Mr. John Kingsland, of Georgetown, for like assistance.

To Messrs. Pickering and Inglis, of *The Witness*, for loan of illustration blocks and permission to reproduce biographies of Mr. John Rymer and Mr. Leonard Strong.

To Mr. W. T. Kennan, of Dublin, for two maps and process blocks of the same.

To Mr. Bardsley for water-colour sketch and treatment of two negatives.

To Mr. B. S. Newsum, of Georgetown, for much attention and assistance.

To Mr. F. Holmes, of Clifton, for his copyright photos of Mr. G. Müller and Mr. J. Wright.

Also, to many other brethren, both white and coloured, for their Christian fellowship and assistance.

PREFATORY NOTE

I TAKE this opportunity of saying that I am alone responsible for the matter, as well as the manner, of the statements herein, except as to the biographical particulars referring to past days and workers.

Let us see things exactly as they appear, the rough road as well as the smiling landscape, the briers and the brambles as well as the waving foliage, the flowers and such fruits as may be permitted to us.

H. W. C.

ON SEA AND LAND—ON CREEK AND RIVER

INTRODUCTION

ONE of my reasons for writing this book is because Bristol, which has had such close association with the West Indies, is my native city. At the same time, I have entertained the ambition, which I hope may be considered laudable and patriotic, to stimulate the loyalty of my fellow-citizens, who are assiduously endeavouring to revive and regain—this time not only with a clear conscience, but with enlightenment—in the Empire beyond the Seas, the large commercial interests which Bristol once held in the West Indies and British Guiana.

Her former interests, until recently almost a thing of the past, were once centred in the slave-trade, with all the horrors pertaining thereto. Not that every slave-owner or trader was necessarily brutal, for the kind temperament of several of these was known to me, in my boyhood, and also to my old friend and

companion for many years, the late Mr. John Latimer (author of *The Annals of Bristol*—one of whose autograph letters will be found below). Some of these persons (or their immediate descendants) lived

Ipslawny Place Aug. 9. 1900

Dear Harry (if you will allow me to go back to the friendly terms of our early days)

I thank you very much for your

I fear few of my readers will enter into my record of old world Bristol with the zest that you have done. However I have told my tale as accurately and as impartially as was in my power and striven to throw a

near us, and near the late Mr. George Müller at Paul Street, Kingsdown; while others resided at Berkeley Square and Queen Square, and were amiable people. They and their former doings formed, scores

of times, a fruitful topic for our conversation, the results of which found their due place in the notable books of which Mr. Latimer was the author, and the material for which he was at that time collating.

little life into the dry bones I had to deal with, and I trust a little amusement as well as literature. I hope my dryasdust stories will not choke them.

With Kind regards

Yours sincerely

John Latimer.

Much obliged for the engravings, one of which is very interesting. I did not know before that the Stamp Office once flanked the Exchange, and am rather puzzled as to the date of the print.

In later years our friendship received a check in our differences, not on matters of "theological sawdust," but on points which I held to be of vital doctrine.

That many of the old-time Bristol merchants were

capable of a little buccaneering, as well as slave-trafficking and rum and sugar trading, there is abundant and unimpeachable evidence to be found in old books of trading in the commercial circles of Bristol, as I shall later show. Another of my reasons —even a more potent one—is that while several of my fellow-citizens are preaching the Gospel, and doing the work of pastors in those colonies, "there remains much land to be possessed"—many islands, and much of the mainland (British possessions) to be occupied for the King of Heaven; and I would fain seek to stir up some not only in Bristol, but in other cities of Great Britain, to give ear to the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us."

In urging and emphasising this appeal, it appears to me that workers for God in these colonies are, by contrast, in many features of social life, nearly exempt from those violent racial prejudices which affect ecclesiastical circles in the Southern States of the American Republic; and, in large measure, in the Northern States also. In New York, at this time, the judgment of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upholds the decision of a learned judge that "a negro's shame is less than a white's." To such a judgment some would perhaps go the length of adding that "the one had a soul and the other had none!" But the familiar question, "Am I not a man and a brother?" conveys what is morally sound, if not in a strict theological sense; and the coloured man, as well as the white man, when he is regenerate, is indeed a brother in Christ.

There are in the Tropics, as elsewhere, men who are more than mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" as to their ultimate service, though they now combine these vocations with work for the Master; they are men endowed with intelligence, grit, and capacity—alien to us in colour only, not in blood or destiny. There are to be met with, happily, in the lands which I am venturing to describe, few of the difficulties which a white race has often to face when dealing with a class severed from it by difference of colour.

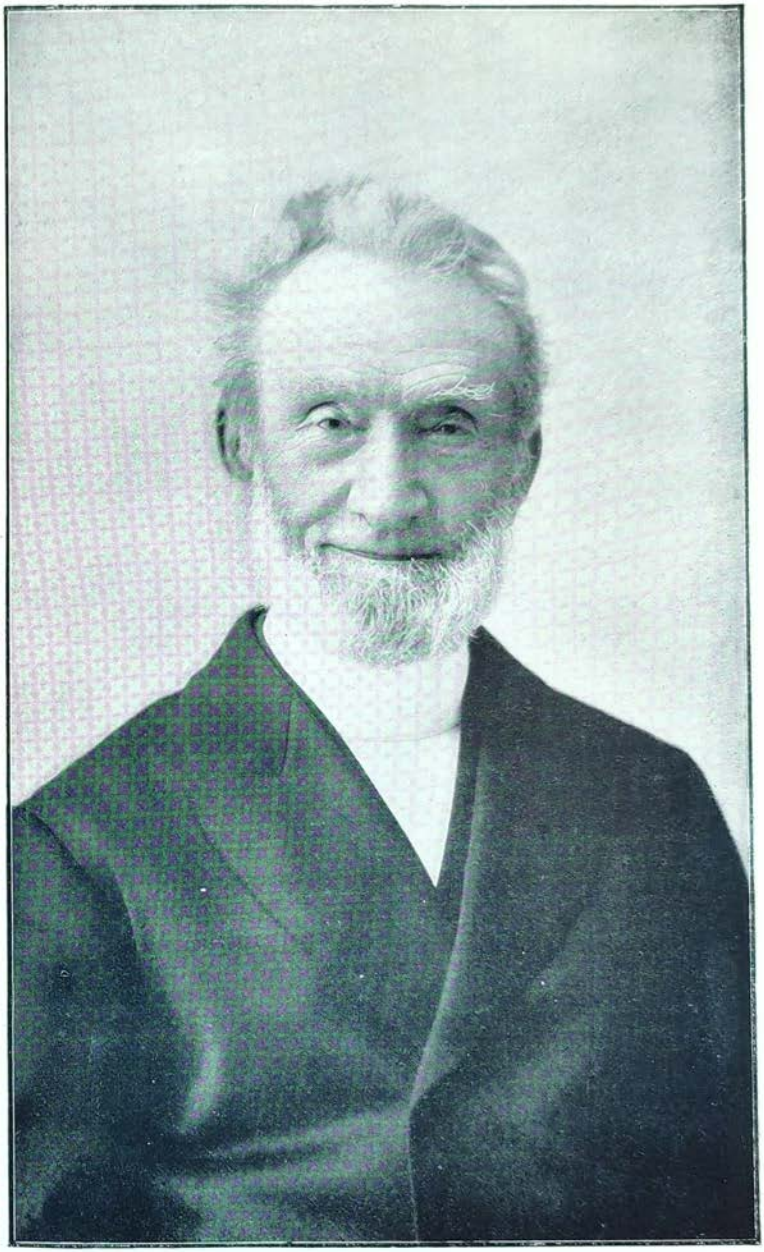
To consider the circumstances is to lead us to the question: Who will heed the call to this missionary service? This in turn opens another: What are the qualifications? To that we must needs answer: First, spirituality; next, some measure of education, and with this, soundness of judgment and a well-balanced temperament. Further, the possession not only of an evangelistic gift, but also of a passion for souls, combined with pastoral capacity in the care *for*, as well as the care *of*, souls. And further, I entreat any who may believe they hear this call not to allow any thought of so-called improved social status, nor of the fascination which a missionary life exercises, nor, particularly, the supposition that it may furnish easy and well-paid employment, to warp their individual judgment in arriving at the momentous decision whether they will, by Divine grace, give themselves to this work.

The worker who goes forth to "occupy for God" in

any of the many islands, or the mainland, of these colonies, must go as "sent by God," *in present and future dependence on Him*, and in no other way, as have all who have gone before, whose biographies occupy a portion of this work. To go forth in any other way may bring calamity in the experiment both to the candidate himself and to those with whom he may be a co-worker.

It was upon lines similar to this that the late Mr. George Müller, of the Ashley Down Orphanages, founded in 1834 the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, one object of it being "to assist those missionaries whose proceedings appear to be most according to the Scriptures." No more chivalrous champion of the Gospel ever drew breath. He set himself the task of leaving the Christian world in general, and Bristol in particular, the better for his having been born. It was a noble effort crowned by achievement. The Institution still continues this service as far as God is pleased to send funds for this purpose.

Later, from 1854, followed a little paper called *The Missionary Reporter*, in which, besides news from India, some of Mr. Hudson Taylor's earliest letters appeared; and somewhat later a sheet called *The Gospel in Italy* was circulated. In 1872, *The Missionary Echo* was begun by Mr. H. Groves and Dr. Maclean, the title being taken from 1 Thess. i. 8, where the apostle speaks of the Word of the Lord being *echoed forth* from this newly-formed assembly of believers. This also gave letters about



MR. GEORGE MÜLLER.

Modern Apostle of Prayer, and Philanthropist. Founder of the Bristol Orphan Houses and Scriptural Knowledge Institution. At age of 90 years.

China from Mr. Hudson Taylor, though his work soon required a paper to itself. In 1885 *The Missionary Echo* was enlarged and called *Echoes of Service;* and in 1890 it was again enlarged and—chiefly on account of the new work in Central Africa—began to be published twice a month.

The object of *Echoes of Service* has been and is, by giving tidings of service in various lands, to bring before readers the need of those lands, to create or deepen interest in the work of God, and thus to lead to *prayer, to giving of money,* and *to the raising up of fresh labourers,* as God might be pleased to use it. And, in His grace, He *has* used it. The aim has never been *to appeal* for either workers or money, for of this course we have no example in Scripture; but to spread information and trust God to use it. The expression sometimes heard, "*Echoes*' Missionaries," or "Going out under *Echoes*," while pardonable when the outcome of lack of intelligence, would, if used by any responsible person, be misleading.

Some of my readers who, perhaps, do not know of Mr. George Müller, may ask: Who was he?

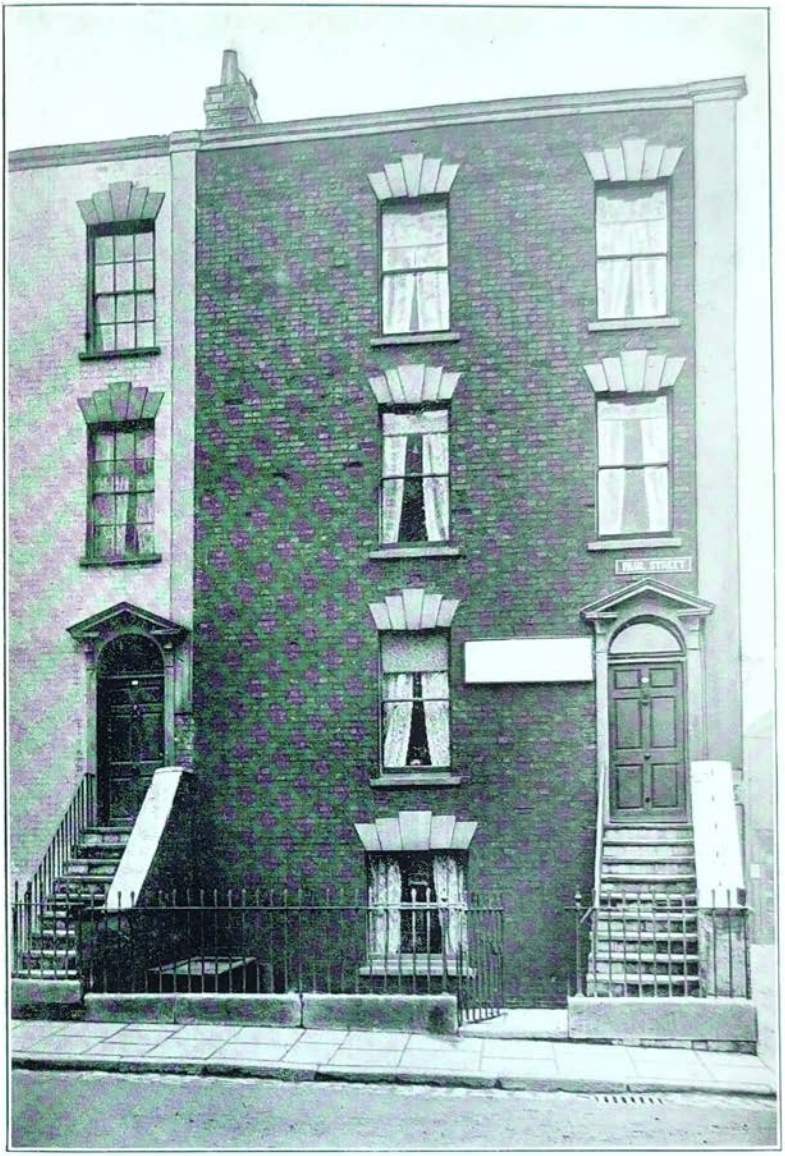
He was a German by birth. Born in 1805, converted twenty years later, he became a naturalised English subject, settling, in 1832, in Bristol, where, in 1834, he founded the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, with its many-sided work. Besides having the partial care of an Assembly, he was led of God to care for orphan children without appealing to any human being for help in so doing, thus commencing the orphan work,

in 1836. In 1842, he came to live at 21, Paul Street, nearly opposite my father's house, residing there for very many years.

The orphans were removed, in 1849, from Wilson Street to the first of five new large buildings at Ashley Down, Bristol, which now give room for about two thousand children and their helpers. Mr. Müller gave this statement as his reason for founding this Institution: that "*One of the special things* the children of God needed in our day was to have their faith strengthened." He said: "I longed to have something to point to as a visible proof that our God and Father is the same faithful God as ever. He was as willing as ever *to prove* Himself to be the living God in our day as formerly to all *who put their trust in Him.* I therefore judged myself bound," he says, "to be the servant of the Church of God—namely, in being able to take God at His word, and rely on it." This, then, was the primary reason for establishing the Orphan Houses.

His practice was to wait upon and wait for God in prayer, that He would give that which was for His glory, having the assurance of His faithfulness to His word.

Though God's servant is now with Himself, the work still goes on—and in the same way—forming an object-lesson in a sceptical age, *for to no one* outside the helpers (who are urged not to divulge this to anyone) is the need of the Institution told to-day, only to God—not even to the Trustees of the buildings, of whom I am one.

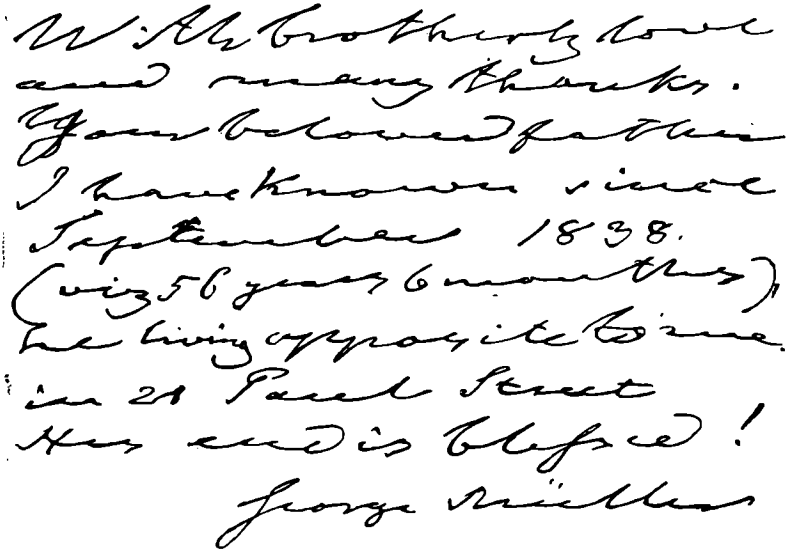


MR. GEORGE MÜLLER'S HOUSE.

(*21, Paul Street, Kingsdown, Bristol, where he resided many years.*)

Up to the present time the breath of prayer has "blown together" upwards of a million and three-quarters sterling for these objects.

This is not a fortuitous concurrence of coins. The infidelity which flauntingly mocks at the faith of the children of God, will be wiser to remain silent before such a magnificent testimony to the faithfulness of our prayer-answering God. I shall be glad to send one of the Annual Reports to anyone desiring to have a copy.



EXTRACT FROM AUTOGRAPH LETTER BY GEORGE MÜLLER.

CHAPTER I

JOURNEYING TO THE WEST INDIES

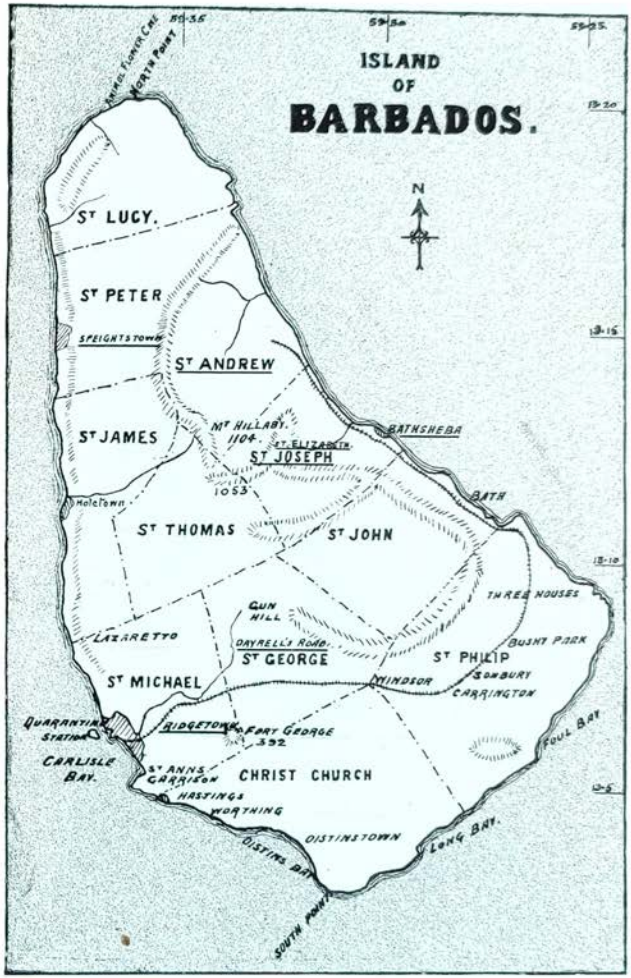
STARTING from Southampton, one might have said that "murk, mist, gloom, and mud" fitly described the atmospherical and physical elements of this "tight little island." We are going to look for sunshine. "Let go the bow-rope!" "Throw off astern!" "Will you come with us on a paper voyage? We shall be living for a time among band-boxes and portmanteaux." "First stop, Cherbourg!"

"Violà! Cinq religieuses s'embarquerent à Cherbourg."

The disestablishment of the National Church of France is sending its working members to every part of the world. Christians of England, awake! Rome has a history that needs to be carefully remembered.

"Next stop, Barbados!" The Atlantic, in her varied moods, can vie with the seas and oceans Pacific and—non-pacific. "One vast ocean ebbs and flows, though in countless billows driven."

"In December you can expect anything," quoth the steward. The vagaries of this ship are so inconsistent


ISLAND
OF
BARBADOS.
N
ST LUCY.
ST PETER
SPEIGHTSTOWN
ST ANDREW
ST JAMES
MT HILLABY.
1104.
ST ELIZABTH
ST JOSEPH
1055
BATHSHEBA
BATH
HOLETOWN
ST THOMAS
ST JOHN
THREE HOUSES
GUN HILL
LAZARETTO
DAYRELL'S ROAD.
ST GEORGE
ST PHILIP
BUSHY PARK
ST MICHAEL
WINDSOR
SOMBURY
CARRINGTON
QUARANTINE STATION
BRIDGETOWN
FORT GEORGE
332
FOUL BAY
CARLISLE BAY.
ST ANNS GARRISON
CHRIST CHURCH
HASTINGS
WORTHING
OISTINS BAY
OISTINSTOWN
LONG BAY.
SOUTH POINT

with respectability, that one is led to say that, judging by her name, *Magdalene*, one expects reformation of character.

On Christmas Day, Christmas fare and festivities in the gaily-decorated saloon were the portion of every good sailor.

At length we have joined the sunshine! Shall I not say it has joined us? The air has lost all its sharpness, and is as soft as that of a July day—60 degrees in the shade, not coming in like a flood, but increasing day by day, and higher at noon-day. The passengers loll in their deck-chairs, dozing and reading by turns. The exquisite colour of the ocean and the azure of the sky form a never-ending topic of remark. As matters are, everything, inanimate and unattached, appears to have solved the problem as to perpetual motion, and has an aggravating, erratic disposition to go "slithering" off on its own account, having little regard to any of the natural laws but that of gravity. To the lonely Azores we were "as ships that pass in the night."

We had the temerity to open a port-hole one bright morning, when a vagrant wave put in an appearance —result, a foot of water in the cabin, and a drenching. Enough! Please to draw the curtain, steward, and draw it tight! We learned on arrival at Barbados that this sub-wave probably occurred simultaneously with the seismic disturbance at Messina.

We are relieved for a time of all care. There are no letters to answer, for there is no postman's knock.

No begging letters. No applications for subscriptions for objects with which one has no sympathy, none for bazaars and the like. There are no carol singers. We are a self-centred ship's company. There is no lack of gaiety, however, of a kind; for I notice that these same Sisters of Mercy are playing with dice, and that one of them has just won thirty shillings from the young men in a sweepstake on the ship's daily progress. Other passengers play at cricket, quoits, &c., and have concerts, card-parties, and other entertainments.

ST. MICHAEL'S, BARBADOS

CHAPTER II

BEAUTIFUL BARBADOS

BARBADOS looms out larger and larger on the horizon. But what is the matter? There is a little panic—"yellow-jack" the trouble? The yellow flag is flying: hence every passenger goes on shore at his own risk. Never mind; here goes. Many of our friends are yonder, on the tender, but are not allowed on board because of the quarantine.

We land on the quay at Bridgetown, and pass pleasantly through the Custom House, learning there the first news of the outside world. We cannot help noticing the eloquent and flowery attempts at grammatical and proper language in which the bare-footed quay porter is addressing one of his competitors who has "bested" him out of a job.

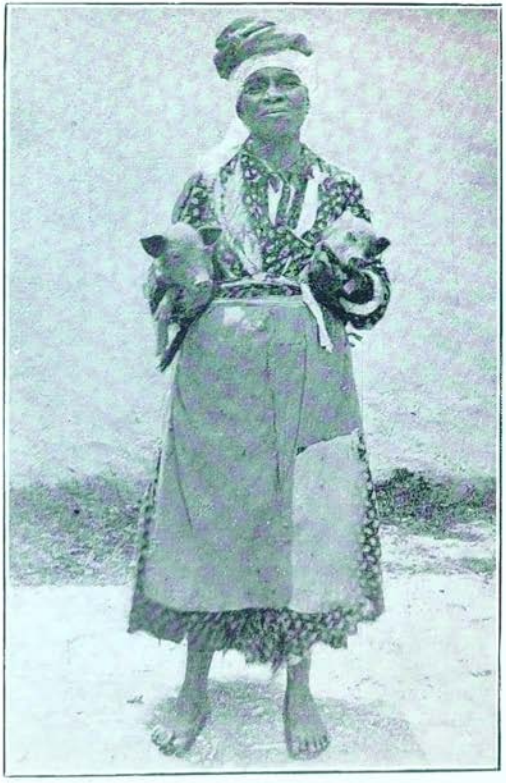
Beautiful Barbados! It is one of the gems of the West India Islands, with its luxuriant tropical foliage, which embraces tall and graceful palms of every variety, interspersed with lovely and strange flowering shrubs of exquisite colours and flowers, having most fantastic shapes.

Most of the island is under cultivation of the most productive kind; there are cotton-fields, and Indian corn and sugar plantations, the cane being in vigorous growth. From one spot one views no fewer than sixteen sugar factories, within a small radius.

The sun is a large ball of burnished gold burning in a sky of cloudless blue. Japan calls herself "the Land of the Rising Sun." This island, however, may claim to be, in January, "the Land of the Noon-day Sun." "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof" (Psa. xix. 6). In the homeland possibly there are "blizzard" conditions prevailing. This climate rivals the beauties of the much-extolled Mediterranean, forming in its *tout ensemble* a picture never to be forgotten. The water-supply, too, is pure and abundant. The sea-bathing is so luxurious that, after fifteen years' abstinence from sea-bathing, one now enjoys a daily swim.

One sees every shade of colour, in the women especially, from maroon to quadroon and octoroon, as well as the characteristic ebony type. The gracefulness of the sex is most marked, and it is accompanied by coquettishness.

The women, too, have a "gift of tongues"; but, of course, I do not use the expression doctrinally. The clothing of the very poorest is striking, not only from its cleanness, but from its whiteness. They all wash their garments in cold water, but bleach them in the sun, wetting them again and again in the cleansing process. Their ability with



BARBADIAN PIG SELLER.

DESIGN ON ANCIENT BARBADIAN COIN.

the needle is most marked in the very manifest specimens of it which they wear, but which, as a mere man, I cannot describe. While "every prospect pleases, only man is vile." Statistics say that 65 per cent. of the population is illegitimate.

Bird-life in Barbados is very interesting. A blackbird, like ours of the hedgerow, but with white eyes, comes to our window or door with the plaintive cry of "Want piece more," as near like the human voice as a bird can speak. The perky sparrow, very like our old English friend, invades the house, cats notwithstanding. Another large bird, very common, informs us in pathetic tones that "Wife's sick, my wife's sick." Yet another, whose name, given by the native as "kiss-ka-dee," resolves itself, on inquiry, into the French term "Qu'est ce qu'il dit?" ("What is it that he says?").

Beautiful Barbados! One of the flowers of the thousand isles in a tropic sea.

CHAPTER III

SEA ISLAND COTTON

SIR ALFRED L. JONES, K.C.M.G., who is Jamaica's greatest benefactor in the matter of commercial prosperity, speaks of sea island cotton-growing as our present greatest industry, and he is striving at great personal cost to stimulate that industry. Bristol in particular in old time benefited most by the growth of sugar in these colonies. She is not without cotton works, which might, perhaps, be extended.

Sir Alfred gives a volume of statistics which—as these are often counted uninteresting — I do not produce here, but his writings supply them. He says further:—

" Many readers will remember the terrible suffering experienced during the historical cotton famine, when thousands of men, women, and children were starving for the want of bread. Others will remember more recent events, when the speculator has taken advantage of the scarcity to put cotton up to prohibitive prices, which have prevented the British manufac-

NATIVE WOMEN CARRYING HOME LOADS OF COTTON AT CLOSE OF DAY

turer from producing goods at a saleable value. It may not be known to all that the great Lancashire industry is also the premier one of these isles. Let us pause and consider if there is any raw product of such vital importance, and for which we have only one source of supply. Already in the West Indies sufficient sea island cotton has been grown to prevent the 'cornering' of this quality of cotton. Moreover, the cotton grown is superior to the American variety, and some bales have been sold to America. Through taking up the industry, derelict sugar plantations in those islands in the Caribbean Sea have become cotton farms. Something like £200,000 sterling has been spent in wages to the natives. Some of the islands whose administration formerly required grants from the Imperial Treasury are now able to support themselves, and, indeed, have a surplus. To quote the words of a delegate to the recent West Indian Conference: 'Cotton growing has given us a ray of sunshine which the Island of St. Vincent has not seen for many years.' The work we have taken up can be made the biggest thing the world has ever known, and we want the British people to share with us the success of this great imperial enterprise."

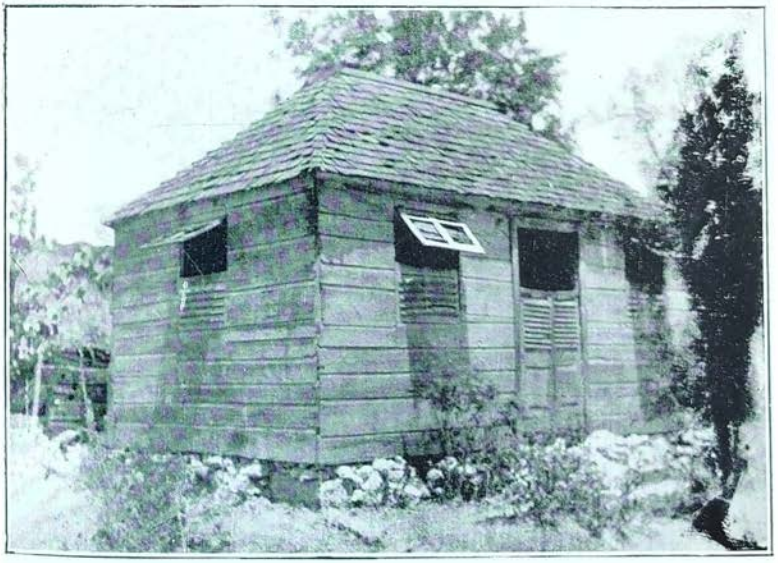
CHAPTER IV

CONFERENCE MEETINGS IN BARBADOS

SOME of the West India islands are "flat as pancakes"; others rake the sky with countless peaks. In Barbados almost every square yard is cultivated; in other islands the population is as thin as the forests are thick.

The veteran worker, Mr. John Sparrow, is the *doyen* of the mission-field among Brethren, so far as the West Indies and British Guiana are concerned. He left Bristol, with Mrs. Sparrow, among a party which was under the care of the late John Rymer, in the year 1888. Until 1894, Mr. Sparrow divided his time between Georgetown, Hyde Park, and Barbados; then, after a brief rest at home, he returned to Demerara for Queenstown, Essequibo; and he went, in 1896, to the Pomeroon, where splendid work was done, until December, 1899. Thence he proceeded to Bermuda, and after coming home for a brief period of rest, he returned there for other service of a valuable kind, among the Boer prisoners, which had "signs following."

DOMESTICS, DAYRELL'S ROAD.



TYPICAL NEGRO FAMILY'S HOUSE, DAYRELL'S ROAD.

Brief visits to Grenada, St. Vincent, and Essequibo took eight months. He finally settled in Bridgetown, Barbados, and developed the endeavour so auspiciously commenced by Miss Gallop, in Dayrells Road, where God's hand is remarkably seen as the work goes forward. He has been six and a half years there. His share of the Lord's work in the Pomeroon also is of a deeply interesting character.

It was at Barbados that the first of the series of Conference meetings began. Our original idea was that they should be held there, the workers from different parts of each colony being invited, first for spiritual refreshment and reviving; and, secondly, to obtain physical rest and invigoration by a sojourn on the sea-coast (from Bath to Bathsheba and onwards), where the breezes would generally bring a renewal of health; thus preventing the expenditure of time and money that would be involved in a voyage to the homeland. This plan, however excellent, could not be realised, by reason of the difficult quarantine regulations, to say nothing of the risk to white people coming in a weak state of body to a place where yellow-fever was rife.

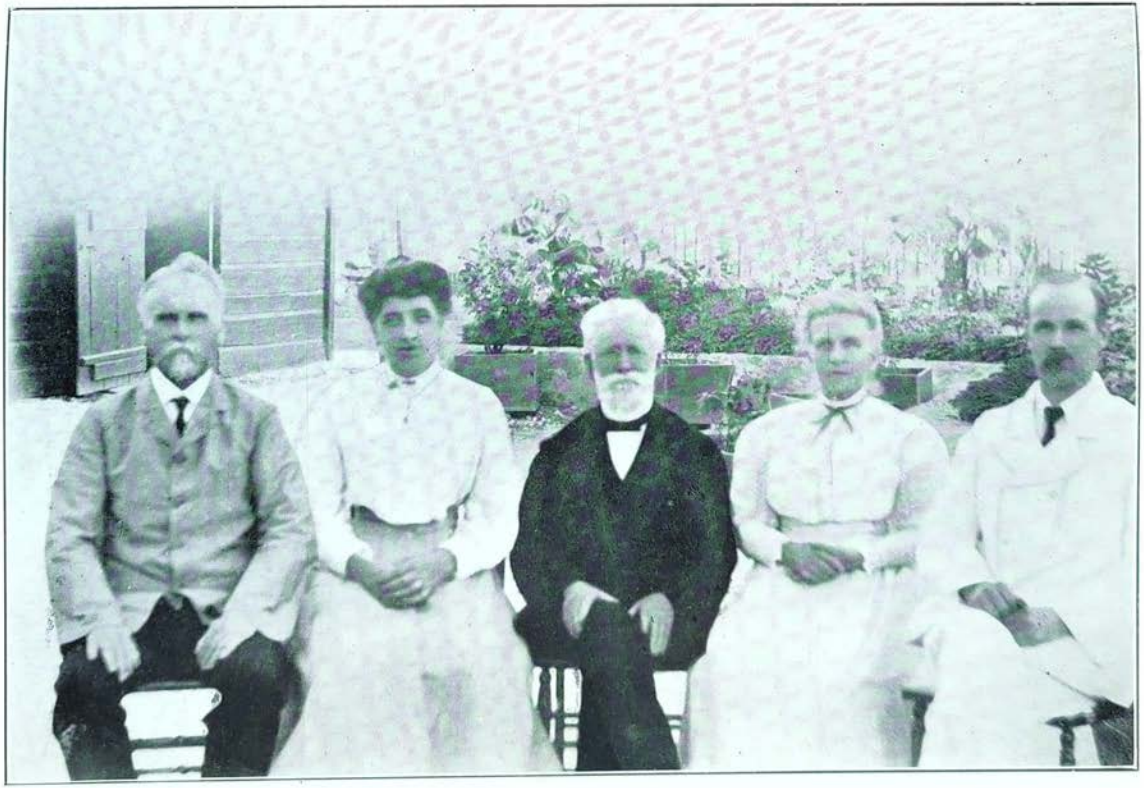
On our arrival, we found Mr. Alexander Marshall, the well-known tract writer of the " A. M. " series, in possession. He was the first to greet us, from the deck of the ship's tender; none being permitted to come on board. We had expected to find that he would be hard at work at Jamaica; but the Lord did not permit him to remain there, partly on account of his old

enemy, insomnia, and partly through the great heat at night, both of which troubles came upon him somewhat suddenly after the colder weather of America.

Mr. Marshall had already held some meetings, with encouraging results, at Dayrell's Road. We unitedly followed on there, and, alternately, at Bridgetown, with great enthusiasm—Mr. Hitchman and myself in turn at Dayrell's Road, and Mr. Marshall on Sundays in the Town Hall, having upwards of 1,000 hearers, with 300 to 400 (at the Y.M.C.A.) on week-nights. Some of our meetings were currently and similarly large at Dayrell's Road, "with signs following," while those for Christians were spiritually reviving and refreshing. Later on, Mr. Marshall and myself went, in turn, to Bathsheba, where Mr. G. Nicholls and his wife "hold the fort." Mr. Nicholls is a man of one idea—the cure of, and the care for, souls.

At St. Elizabeth's there were 107 Christians in fellowship; at Melvin's Hill, 70; and at St. Andrew's, 27; with healthy numbers in the Sunday Schools. At all these places we had, in turn, large and interesting meetings; after which, and at a later date, there were inquirers, especially following Mr. Marshall's preaching. His gift from God appears to be that of a reaper in the great harvest-field. The numbers that attended may be in measure gauged by the fact that the halls in every case were crowded to their utmost capacity; the young people sitting on the door-steps, and every doorway and passage being filled with adults, while at every open window there appeared the heads

ST. ELIZABETH'S HALL, BARBADOS.



MR. MARSHALL. MRS. CASE. MR. SPARROW. MRS. SPARROW. MR. HITCHMAN.

A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES.

of persons standing outside. In some instances, indeed, there were as many persons outside the buildings as inside. In two cases, later on — at Georgetown, Demerara—I had large overflow congregations of those who could not get to hear Mr. Marshall.

"The people pressed to hear the Word."

Oh, the shortsightedness of workers in the homeland, in constantly talking to "saints and seats," or proclaiming the Gospel to the Gospel-hardened, indifferent communities; treading on one another's heels in efforts to reach people—who only treat them with coldness and contempt! Here, on the other hand, are masses who will walk any distance, from two to six miles, through mud and filth over their ankles, in their anxiety to hear words whereby they may be saved! Our Lord's "*Go* into all the world" is understood here. The problem "how to reach the masses" is thus solved, so that there is no problem to mar our effectiveness when we march in a straight line of obedience to that Divine "Go."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Curtis, who also went out from Bristol, intending to serve the Lord in Demerara, were turned from their purpose, in a very remarkable way, through the extreme illness of Mrs. Curtis, to render help at Barbados. This they did chiefly at Bridgetown, with much acceptance, while also rendering occasional help at Dayrell's Road.

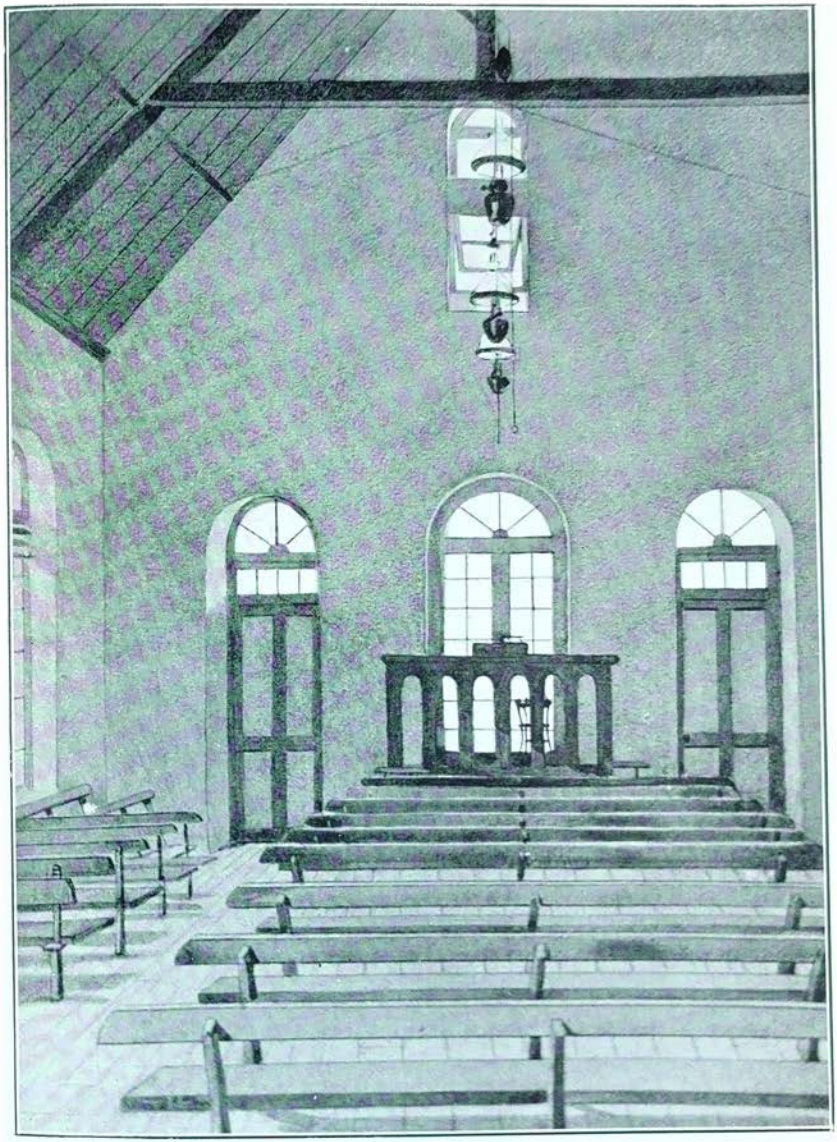
Mr. Curtis is God's servant first, and then of all those who serve Him; for he is every one's "handy man," and is full of grace. His gift is chiefly that of

a pastor; in tending the flock he is seeking wisdom from God to lead both sheep and lambs.

A new worker at Barbados is Mr. Henry Hitchman, who, though only a young man of twenty-eight years, has spent nearly ten years in the Lord's service. He was born at Flestone, Bucks, on Nov. 24, 1875. Through parental restraint he was kept from the worst forms of vice, which, alas! are allowed to go unpunished and unchecked in so many homes.

One instance worthy of notice in his life comes out in the fact that, although his mind was bent on entering the service of the Midland Railway Company, and he was well recommended by influential gentlemen (who caused him to be passed for that service), God interposed and frustrated this design, and turned his service into quite another channel. God always has His instruments ready for use, and through the untiring efforts of a devoted Christian young lady, Henry Hitchman at length went to some Gospel meetings.

Brighter days were beginning to dawn, and hearing the message, the truth produced in him a deep conviction of sin, that caused tears and anguish for some weeks. His thirst for salvation was created while listening to the Gospel being preached from John iv. 14; but pride of heart prevented him accepting the "free gift," and great conflict followed. The Word of God was read, producing true repentance. In the simplicity of faith he accepted with joy the "water of life," which fully satisfied his soul, and has since flowed through him to many a thirsty one.



DAYRELL'S ROAD MEETING-HOUSE. INTERIOR (ONE-THIRD PART).

CHAPTER V

ITINERATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"NEXT stop, Bathsheba!"

Away we go through the corn-brake—*not* at express speed; there is plenty of time to look about on this line of railway, as we jolt and rumble and meander through the very high sugar-cane, which here abounds. Now we skirt the shore. Where are we? Surely this is the coast of Ilfracombe! But here, instead of the cruel rocks of the Morte Stone, where many a gallant ship has perished and many devoted sailors have yielded up their lives, we have rocks, separated from the shore, of the most fantastic shapes, as though some elfin had been playing at bowls with some giant gnome, setting up huge ninepins on tottering legs and then waiting until next play-day to bowl them over. But here they stand still, and the rough winds and waves disport themselves without disturbing the solidity of the rocks.

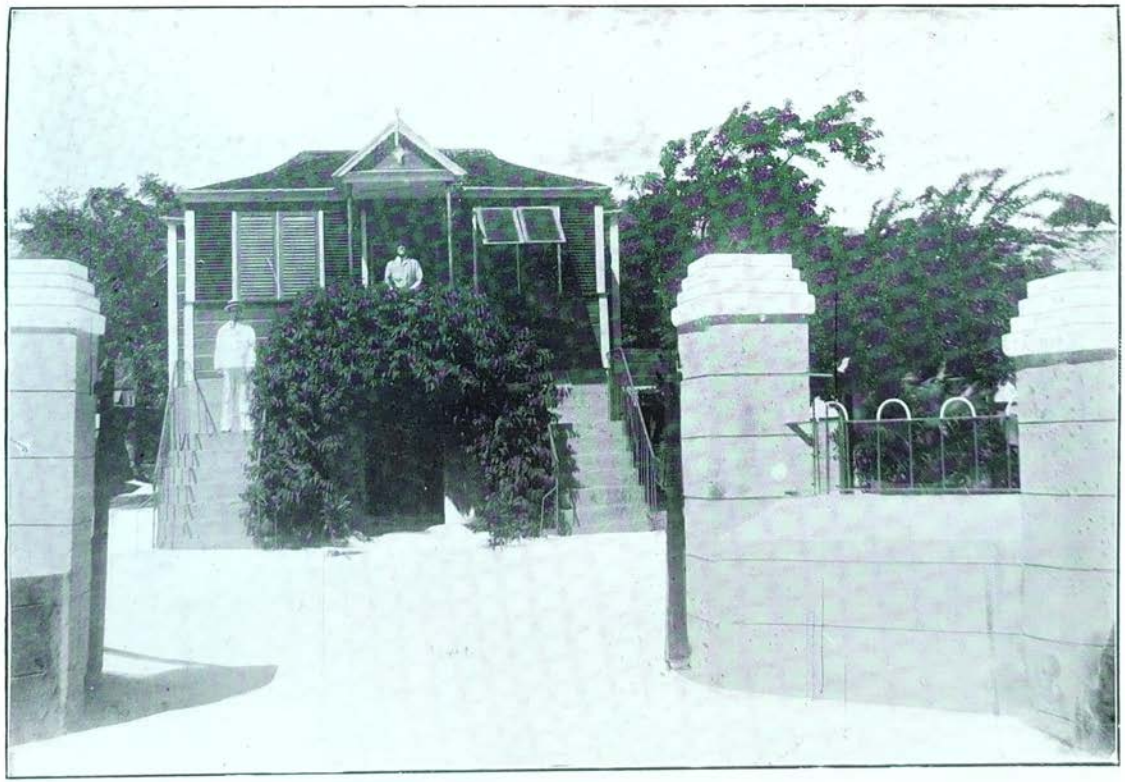
Bathsheba! "My heart's in the Hielands." "Oh that I had the wings of a dove!" or, to come from the ancient Psalmist to modern adventure, the vigour

and activity of an Alpine tourist! What a transition in this one sea-girt isle! Two scenes, two climates, two costumes, on an island of twenty-one miles by fourteen! Now I understand why this is called the Sanatorium of *Les Indes Occidentales*. What health and re-invigoration are found here! If only there were some public-spirited contractor to instal a mechanical lift to yon peak 1,000 feet above sea-level!

These are the same people, however; for wherever you go, just as the Devonshire man is recognisable by his speech, so also is the Barbadian. He differs as much in dialect from his black brother in British Guiana (whom he contemptuously calls "Mudhead"), as a native of Devon from a Lancashire man. The "rolling stones" of Bathsheba—literal stones—"do not gather moss," although they do not roll quickly, except when you tread heavily upon a small one. Owing to some peculiar nature of the subsoil, rocks of enormous size, roadways, and houses make occasional but dangerous movements towards the sea.

In the native colloquialism, they "walk": thus rocks, houses, &c., "walk." Sometimes it occurs that a rock which has "walked" half across the roadway is patiently borne with, the road being for the present unrepaired. Some other day it will "walk" a bit further, perhaps; and it does so in a marvellous way, as though endued with life and rational mind.

The conglomerate soil, of bitumen, Barbados earth, meteorite or volcanic stones—it is not clear which—



MISSION HOUSE, DAYRELL'S ROAD.

of enormous density and weight, limestone, clay, volcanic mud, &c., marks the unstable nature of the high hills and valleys. Of level places there are none to excite attention.

After one has made an outlay in building a house substantially, it is a bit aggravating to get up one morning and find the premises disintegrating, and gaps of considerable size appearing in walls, without the help of an earthquake.

Most of the roads, as our excursions proved to us, are of such a break-neck character that some who are able to ride have found it necessary to have two or three horses, or native ponies, to draw two persons, even in the lightest of buggies. The descent has to be guarded by an iron "shoe" drag—brakes are of no use; then the travellers go down with a velocity that bids fair to land them in a gully or among the sugar-cane. At night this experience is intensified.

Yellow-fever was rife. One of the Mounted Police patrol had died recently. Two doctors told us they had just diagnosed a fresh case. I endeavoured to bear patiently the trouble of being bitten by mosquitoes on both hands and one arm, more severely than on previous occasions.

From the verandah of Mr. G. F. Nicholls's house one of the loveliest of views lies outspread at our feet. Dropping immediately below are rugged rocks, which had originally "walked" from the heights above, but have been broken into fantastic and weird shapes by the action of the waves; while away to the left are

wooded slopes in alternation with beautiful fields of waving Indian corn. All around in the glorious sunshine, with the ocean like a mirror, lying calm and dotted over with fishing-smacks, the scene reminded one irresistibly of our Western Highlands, on which the Atlantic has broken in storm or fawned with caresses for long ages. One could scarcely believe that four thousand miles lay between this beautiful spot and the homeland.

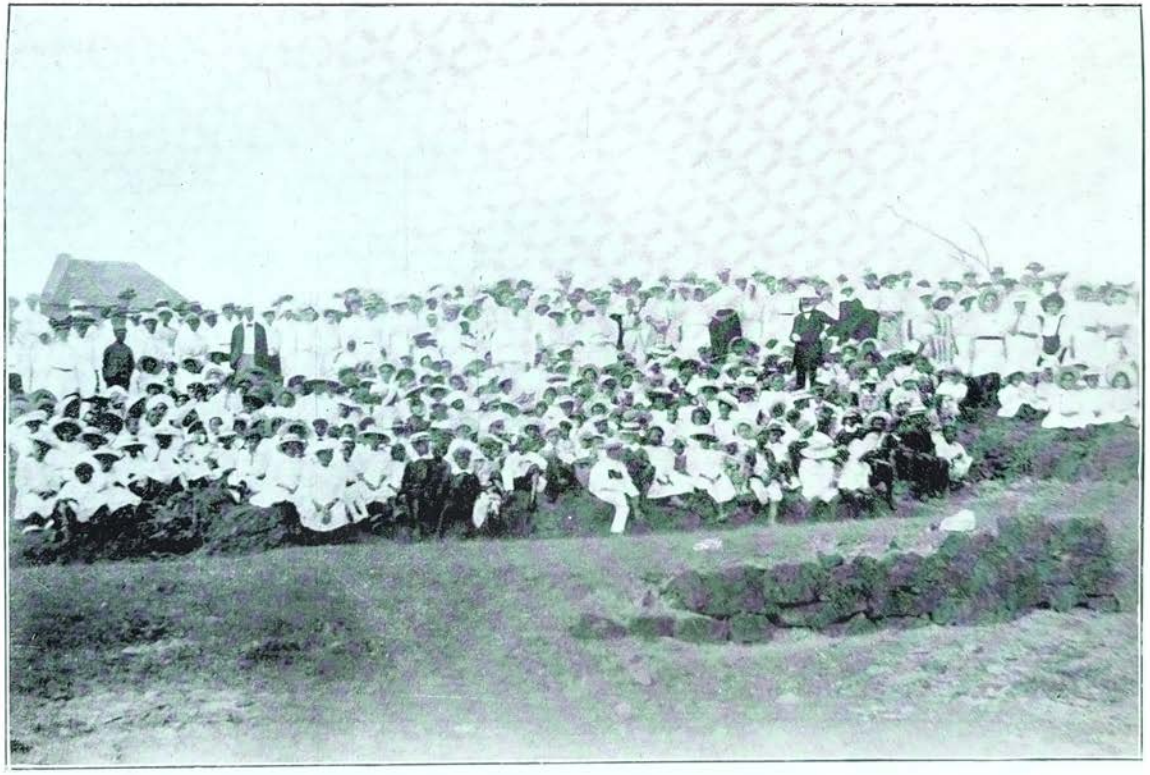
As we sit in the balcony of the house, where we are kindly entertained, on the slopes of Bathsheba, the lovely air comes sweeping in, direct from the expanse of the Atlantic. On our right are sundry huge rocks, detached from the summit of the range of hills covered with foliage and the verdure of the cotton and sugar-cane, forming a beautiful contrast to the expanse of blue water.

Flush with the edge of the beach are the houses of fishers and boatmen, with the railway lines in meandering intersections.

The sky is cerulean blue. Masses of cumuli clouds canopy the hills at our back, themselves robed in mist. Here it seems so perfectly peaceful that it is hard to conceive that these bays have their history in this world's story of war and bloodshed. Happy the dwellers here, who know Him who is as "an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."

While preaching one Sunday at St. Elizabeth's, I was told that some of the Mounted Police patrol

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.



SUNDAY SCHOOLS, BARBADOS.

were sitting outside on their horses, listening eagerly to the Gospel, for half an hour. We had gone in continuation of our Conference movement, and Mr. Marshall and myself preached now and then, in turn, at Melvin's Hill Hall. After we had waited for half an hour or so on the embankment, the only train of the day pulled up its smoky engine, which gives forth black smoke enough for a factory of five hundred hands, and picked us up. I shared, on the return journey, the otherwise unique experience of the missionary, Mr. G. F. Nicholls, of riding home the four miles or so, in the darkness, on a trolley propelled by two stalwart black "boys" (*i.e.*, men), for a small payment. They pushed steadily up gradients, and either from the ground or by their feet from the back of the vehicle, enabled us to ride down declines at considerable speed. We passed in the dark journey over several bridges spanning gorges and chasms of greater or lesser depth—of 12 feet to 40 feet—which I also saw by day, and which sometimes are fearful roaring torrents. The spaces between the sleepers of the bridges would permit a thin person to slip through. Nervous folk often go over on their hands and knees, as the metals are two feet apart, and the whole track only about four feet or five feet wide.

Permission to journey home from our meeting is very graciously given by the manager of the railway, and one of the inspectors, who is a Christian, takes the oversight of the arrangement. I had the compensation of speaking to a large company of people,

only a quarter of whom until then professed to be Christians. The hall was crowded; young people were sitting on the floor, in the doorways, and on the steps, and every available window was filled from the outside, where many were standing to hear. Mr. Marshall had a similar meeting two days later; he and Mr. Nicholls did not arrive home until past eleven o'clock, because of the many inquirers.

The Lord's work at Bathsheba, and the two other associated assemblies, is by far the most difficult of any I had yet visited, especially in the matter of getting about. The hills are so precipitous and the roads so rough, that in mounting them you are breathless and palpitating, while the descent makes your shins and calves ache again. The redeeming feature, physically, is that of the healthiness of the undertaking—the breeziness and accompanying enjoyable temperature, while there is a paucity of mosquito and insect life generally. It is like the Highlands of Scotland in July.

I lie in bed and look out, in waking hours, on the mighty Atlantic in her various moods, with "nothing between" myself and the homeland but the vast expanse of blue sea. At night, one hears only the incessant moaning of the restless waves, "without haste and without rest."

What lies between the believer and his Homeland? Only the ether of blue in the azure sky? Less than that, for some walk so closely to it that it will be only one step and they will be there.

MR. G. F. NICHOLLS' HOUSE, BATHSHEBA.

It is interesting, here at Bathsheba, to watch for daybreak, which, unlike that in the Northern latitudes, does not creep through grey and gold. Here the pall rolls gently back from the Eastward and the purple heights of Helvetick's Cliff, showing in bold relief the Police Barrack on the tinted peak of St. Melvin's, which is quickly seen in the glory of day.

One thinks even now of Coleridge's lines :—

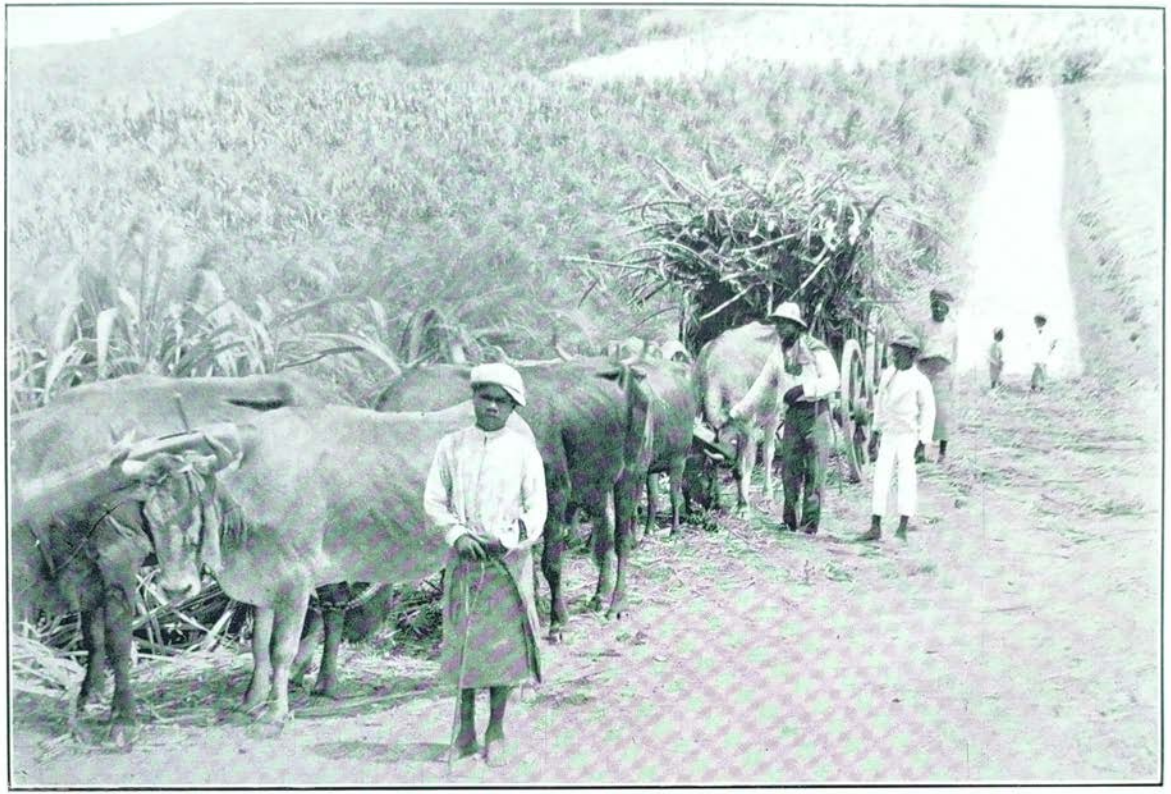
"Beautiful Islands, short the time
I dwelt beneath your Tropic clime;
Yet oft I see in noonday dream
Your glorious stars with brilliant beam.
And oft before my sight arise
Your green bananas' giant leaves,
Your golden canes in arrowy sheaves;
Your palms which never die, but stand
Immortal sea-marks on the strand."

Mr. George Nicholls's predecessors in that part of the Lord's work in Barbados have been: Mr. Percy Swift and wife, Mr. John Gordon, Mr. J. M. Barnes, and others.

At Hastings, in another part of this island, the sunsets rival in some measure those of the Bristol Channel. There, the afterglow, with its crimson and gold, is of an entrancing character, taking possession of the imagination. Here the tropical night closes relentlessly down; its arrival is decisive, as the sun sinks quickly into the sea, like the drawing of a curtain over something that has charmed us. It

is soon deprived of its black dominion, however, as the moon, young but bright, breaks out cheerily, and, promising excellent company for nights in store for our Gospel and other meetings, speeds away across the blue to the consummation at the dawn.

CUTTING SUGAR CANE.



CARRYING HOME SUGAR CANE.

CHAPTER VI

SOME "ANCIENT HISTORY"

IN 1526 a mysterious Mr. Thomas Tison, an Englishman, made his way to the West Indies, and Mr. Nicholas Thorne, a Bristol merchant, sent out to him armour and other commodities, as we learn from Captain Southey's *Chronological History*.

Kennedy, in his *West Indies*, says of Barbados, in 1605, that the captain of a ship called the *Olive Blossom* got out of his course, and found himself near Hole Town, where the crew landed and set up a wooden cross in the name of "good King James."

One of the early settlers, a Mr. Lijon, was showing one of his negro slaves, a man of some intelligence, the mariner's compass; and so full of admiration was the man for a people who could reveal such mysteries, that he asked to be made a Christian.

But it would never do to carry out Mr. Lijon's kindly wish and "make a negro slave a Christian!"

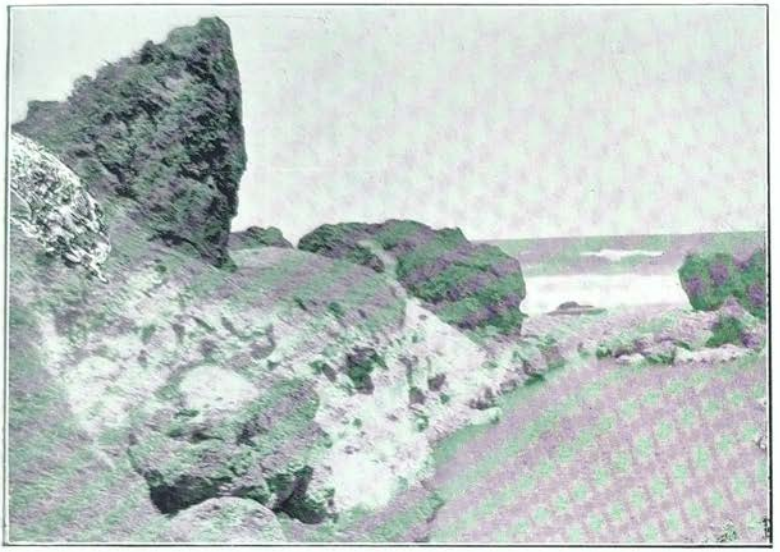
The *Spectator* says that a Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty, went to Barbados with his mind turned to questions of profit and loss. He

visited also the coast of South America at the Three Rivers, where he and his friends were attacked by Indians, and he alone was saved—by Yarico, an Indian girl, who fell in love with him and hid him in a cave. He lived with her for some months, and then took her with him to Barbados and—sold her for a slave!

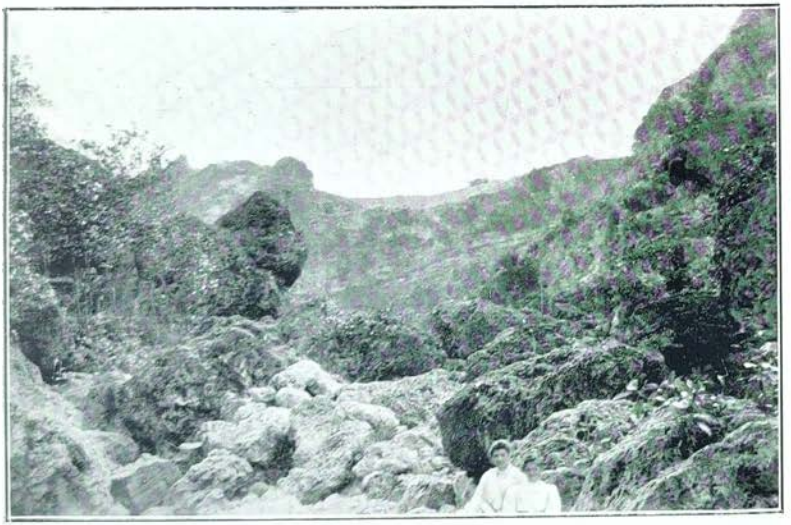
The early inhabitants of this island were not easily subdued, for there was one or more pitched battles on land. A broadsheet, based on private dispatches, appeared in London, entitled "Bloody News from Barbados, published for the General Satisfaction." The "person called the King" caused a reward of £10 to be paid to the man who first brought the news of its submission.

We cannot much improve on the plain description of the buccaneers from England (including Bristol), given by one of themselves, "The Wicked Order of Pirates." A Welshman, Henry Morgan, and his little army were in 1670 guilty of wasteful cruelties. However, he, like some of the others, made and saved some money. The whole story of this redoubtable buccaneer is gruesome, as he trafficked in slaves and general merchandise with sanguinary violence. He "barbadosed," as it was called, with a vengeance.

The father of the present writer has often told how an old uncle of his, coming from the West Country, in 1780, and being on the Welsh Back at Bristol late at night, was seized by a press-gang "in the name of the King," and sent as a seaman,

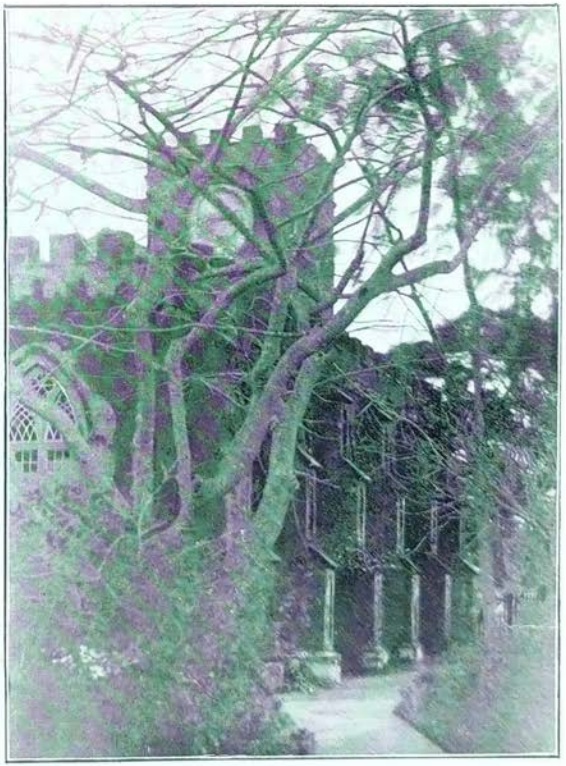


JOE'S RIVER.



JOE'S RIVER.

TOMB AT ST. MICHAEL'S.



ST. MICHAEL'S, BARBADOS

first on board a privateer, and later on a ship that trafficked in slaves, &c., with Barbados; with the prize money which he obtained after many years' service he bought, and took with him to the West Country of Somerset, a man slave who was his body-servant for some years, while he was suffering from a painful malady and the weight of years.

The Barbadians proudly call their Island "Little England"; they might for some reasons, as they do at Speight's town, call it "Little Bristol."

Mr. Daniel, founder of Danieltown, near Queenstown, Essequibo, afterwards lived and died at Berkeley Square, Clifton.

In the church and churchyard of St. John's there are headstones and tablets—a Bristol man was the sculptor of several of them—to Mr. Pilgrim, of Clifton; to Sir John Sealey, whose son, Mr. Henry Sealey, finished his days at 29, Berkeley Square, Clifton; to the memory of gentlemen of Totnes, Devon, Cheltenham, as well as others of Bristol and locality.

There are evidences of the residences of wealthy English people in the costly family vaults in the churchyard of St. John's, which are capacious enough for several generations; many have doorways as large as an ordinary room door.

Here we found English geranium, hollyhock, violet, honeysuckle, petunia, stephanotis, hybiscus, varieties of roses in full bloom, croton, coleus, angelica, the changeable rose (white in the morning, pink in the evening), and sensitive plants.

CHAPTER VII

SOME ANNALS OF BRISTOL*

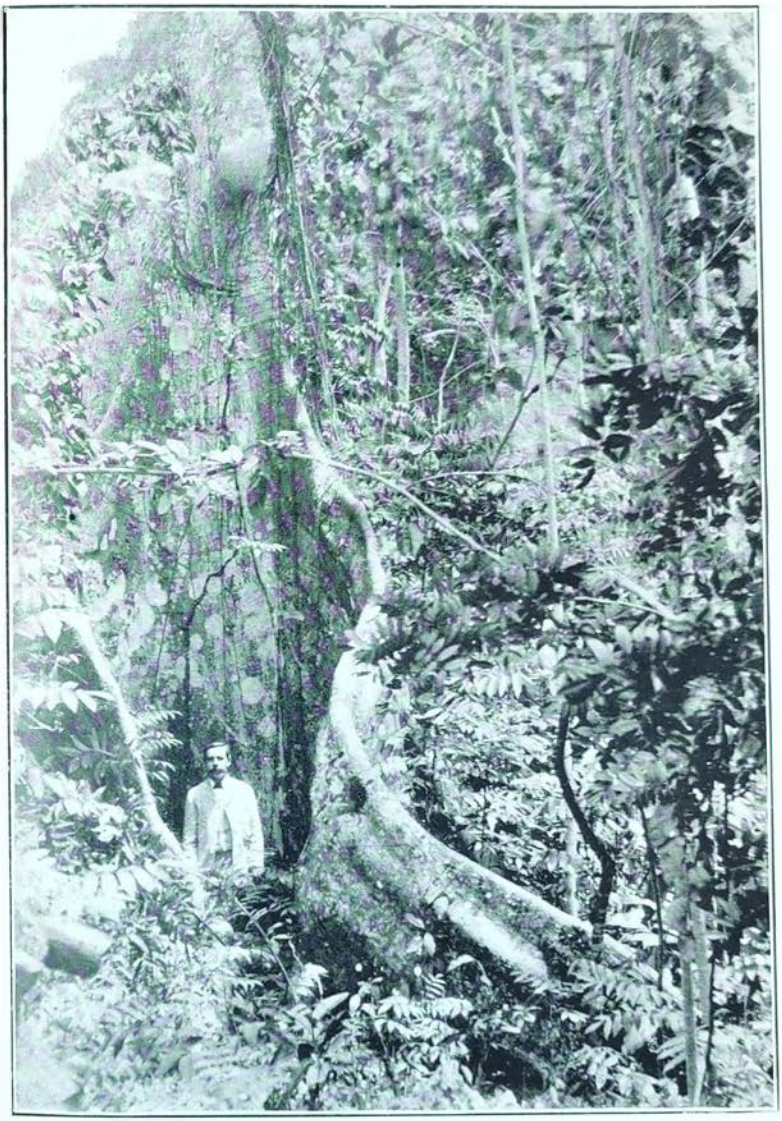
AS further showing the early association of Bristol with this as well as other islands of the West Indies as well as North America, I quote in this chapter some extracts from my friend's book, the *Annals of Bristol.* It is recorded on a tablet on an old Bristol bridge that the good ship *Matthew* sailed from that place in 1497, ten months before Christopher Columbus supposititiously discovered the American continent, with a Bristol captain, Sebastian Cabot, and discovered Newfoundland.

"*July*, 1652. The Council of State ordered the Governor of Waterford to deliver to three Bristol merchants as many Irish rebel prisoners as they might choose to embark for the West Indies, and three months later two hundred more were granted for shipment to Barbados.

"The suspension of business in London in 1665, through the Plague, gave an impetus to trade in Bristol, and in November a letter to London reports that thirty merchantmen had sailed from the Bristol Avon for the West Indies.

---

* William George's Sons, Park Street, Bristol.



BUTTRESS OR SILK COTTON TREE, BARBADOS.

MR. GEO. NICHOLLS.

"In July, 1666, letters announced the safe arrival of the Bristol ships from Virginia and Barbados—nineteen from the former with tobacco, four with sugar and cotton; and thirteen from the latter, laden chiefly with sugar.

"In 1668, a richly laden fleet from Barbados arrived in King Road, Bristol.

"In July, 1669, Government granted a licence to Sir Robert Cann to transport fifty horses for service on his plantations in Barbados; few negroes having been shipped to the West Indies at this period.

"The sanguinary Judge Jeffreys, on his visit to Bristol complained of the meagreness of the calendar, because it had been customary for the Aldermen to transport reprieved felons to the West Indies, where they were sold as slaves.

"In 1695, Jno. Cary, a merchant of Bristol, published *An Essay on the State of England*, in which he strongly advocated the commerce with Africa, especially the traffic in human beings, from that class to the West Indies, a trade most advantageous to this kingdom of any we drive, and, as it were, all profit.

"Commerce with the West Coast of Africa had been vested by Charles II. in the hands of a few London merchants; but the passing of the Act of the 'Declaration of Rights,' in 1689, put an end to all trade monopolies. Bristol merchants lost no time in entering into the slave enterprises, and in a petition to the Commons alleged that the prosperity of the West India planters depended upon a plentiful supply of negroes (the annual shipment of the Company had been limited to three thousand slaves).

"Cargoes of goods suitable for bartering with the native slave-dealers were made up in Bristol, and in 1709 no less than 57 Bristol ships were engaged in this trade alone. In 1711 the discovery that the "African Company" were striving to secure a revival of the old monopoly excited dismay, and the Corporation and Merchants' Society took immediate steps

to defend the interests of the city; deputations were sent to Westminster, and the *obnoxious* scheme defeated.

"It is indeed a melancholy but incontestable fact that, although the most hideous cruelties were practised to procure slaves, many earnest professors of Christianity in Bristol and elsewhere felt no scruple in engaging in the traffic, and even in seeking Divine sanction for their enterprises! The Bill of Lading of a slave cargo described the miserable captives as 'shipped by the grace of God,' the Captain (generally a ruthless brute) was declared to hold his office 'under God.' The vessel was said to be bound, 'under God's grace,' with so many slaves, and the document ended with the pious prayer, 'God send the good ship to her desired port in safety.' It would appear that in a fortunate voyage the profit on a cargo of 270 slaves must have reached £7,000 to £8,000. In this year Rodney captured all the Dutch possessions in the West Indies.

"In 1760 the capture of the French plantations gave a great impetus to the trade, and the number of slaves deported in British vessels rose to sixty thousand, of whom British ships carried one-half.

"About this time many of the leading merchants of Bristol who had been residing on their plantations returned and set up houses for trade in West India products.

"In 1787, Thomas Clarkson, who had resolved to devote his life to the destroying of the slave-trade, visited Bristol for the purpose of investigating the evils of the traffic.

"The true character of the traffic began to affect the public, and in 1788 a Bill was brought into Parliament to mitigate the sufferings of the negroes.

"In 1806, a Bill was passed through Parliament for the suppression of the slave-trade; and in 1833 another Bill was passed for the abolition of slavery, and £20,000,000 voted as compensation to slave-owners, a very large amount of which went to Bristol men."

MEETING HOUSE, ST. ANDREW'S, BARBADOS.

MISS GALLOP.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE SWAMPS OF BRITISH GUIANA

"I'm off to Georgetown, early
in the morning,
I'm off to Georgetown before
the break of day."
Old Negro Song.

"NEXT stop, Demerara—four hundred miles." The nights are most wretched. The roar of the waves, the grave uncertainty of their incursions through the open port-holes, the fight with the mosquitoes, &c., even in the first-class cabins—these are beyond description.

"Hallo, who's there?"

"Sir, the doctor says you must be in the saloon at six o'clock, to be further examined, for fear of yellow-fever."

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE *DEMERARA*, LAUNCHED AT BRISTOL IN 1851 FOR ROYAL WEST INDIAN MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

The vessel cost about £50,000. Wrecked in the Bristol Channel on her first voyage.

All hands have been so dealt with within eight hours. Quoth the doctor: "Sorry to have to perform an unpleasant duty, but quarantine regulations compel me to insist on your attendance at my rooms every day, for a time, at eleven o'clock, for the same purpose; and you have to deposit a sum of £2 each person as a guarantee."

A wearisome tramp to the Custom House to pay our dues—the most of which, we are assured as visitors, will be returned on our departure. I found this to be true; but the battle I had for the return of 7s. 6d., which had been deposited on my second-hand camera for its use while a visitor in the colony, lives in my memory.

What a contrast to Barbados! Here the water of the sea is of the colour and consistency of coffee; there it had most of the colours of the rainbow. At Barbados the land is of gently undulating variety; here is one dead mud-flat, the soil some feet below the level of the sea, the drainage—nowhere.

The tropical character of the foliage and flowers, however, is not wanting, but is as abundant as ever—a gorgeous pageant of flowers and, especially at this time of year, of flowering and variegated shrubs, forming a polychrome of colour. Locomotion on shank's pony is wearisome; otherwise it is costly. You have no inclination to give cabby a tip beyond his lawful fare, for your means are exhausted. For the trams the charges are just as inordinate—I may as well say extortionate.

The old-time meaning of Guiana is "wild coast." British Guiana as now entitled was called, before the war that began in 1778, "the Colony of the Three Rivers"—Essequibo, Berbice, and Demerara. These are magnificent waterways, the last-named being 620 miles long and 20 miles wide at its mouth. It was taken by Rodney, retaken by the French, and restored to the Dutch. In 1796, Sir Ralph Abercromby sent a small fleet and obtained the capitulation of the Three Rivers without the firing of a single shot. Again and again these experiences have happened to the colonies of the West Indies. Now Britain was the "top dog," then France, sometimes Holland, and so on. The Dutch ambitions remind one of Browning's description of the man who

> "Seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it."

The interior of British Guiana is wild and rugged in the extreme. The forests and swamps are said to be infested with various kinds of wild animals and reptiles, and the trees are of gigantic size.

The bridges that have to be crossed are very numerous. You may count a hundred in twenty-five miles. When these are rickety and out of repair, as is very often the case, the risk and difficulty are considerable.

Mr. Stephen Grellet, a member of the Society of Friends, said, in the days of his youth (1794), before he had become decidedly religious, that the people, of every shade of complexion and in every condition of life, were

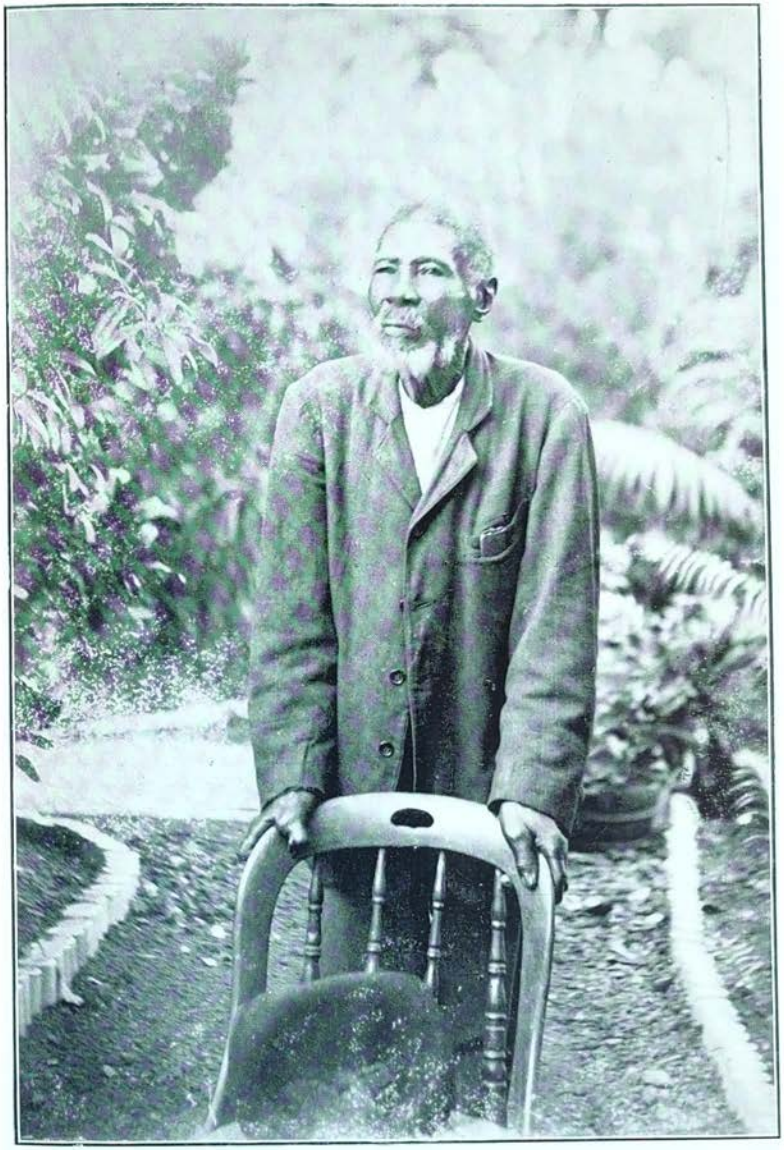
in a state of appalling moral degradation. "It was of the Lord's mercy that I and the whole land were not destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah."

It is the purpose of the present writer to attempt to describe its state to-day as to its moral and religious tone. We must think of the time when the parents or grandparents of these people were slaves, debased and downtrodden. The writer has met and known several who had been in slavery, being emancipated in the year 1838. He took a photograph of several, a reproduction of one of which is given. The ameliorating influence of education and heredity have already worked wonders, and much is expected of the rising generation.

The Conferences in which the writer took part had the effect of bringing to light and fruition, by the evangelical preaching of the Gospel, much of the seed scattered by the patient sowers, for many years past, in each colony.

My first evening was occupied in driving some six miles into the interior to take a service among the natives on an old sugar plantation—formerly worked by slaves, but now by intelligent negroes and indentured Indians.

The most of our journey lay through pestilential swamps and lagoons, full of deadly odours. The whole atmosphere was instinct with insect life of every kind —mosquitoes, beetles of all sizes, and flies. Then the sudden transition in a few minutes—without twilight —into complete darkness, with myriads of fireflies in the air, in the swamps, and scintillating through the



FORT McCARTHY.

Once a negro slave, now more than 100 years old. He had a family when emancipated in 1838. His large, powerful teeth, which he showed me, were sound, but badly worn through eating sugar cane. His jaws were identical with many of great antiquity in Museum at Georgetown.

bush. Circling over the water were large bats and small bats, and varieties of beetles. There are large numbers of these, whose hasty flight is now and then stopped as they dash against your body or into your face.

The urgency and insistency of the mosquito cannot be discounted. I put on my coat; half a dozen of these assassins lay ambushed in the sleeves and attacked me simultaneously. I take up my boots, intending to put them on. A cloud of the venomous pests rise out of the boots, and one or two remain to dispute possession, which one scarcely cares to contest.

When we arrived at our station (known as "Plaisance") we reached the meeting-house, in a perilous journey over fœtid water, by means of a succession of narrow planks laid two by two. The building, which is plainly furnished, stands on piles driven into the water. All the books, though in new condition, were stained with mildew, damp and discoloured. We had a very happy service, however, despite the attention of our venomous persecutors.

It is greatly to be regretted that such able and accredited workers as Mr. J. M. Barnes, now of Newport, whose portrait is here given, and Mr. Robert Panting, of Crediton, Devon, could not see their way to continue in the Lord's work in places where their labour in the harvest-field was so esteemed. It was due to Mr. Barnes's energy and perseverance, zeal, and unflagging devotion that the hall at Plaisance was built.

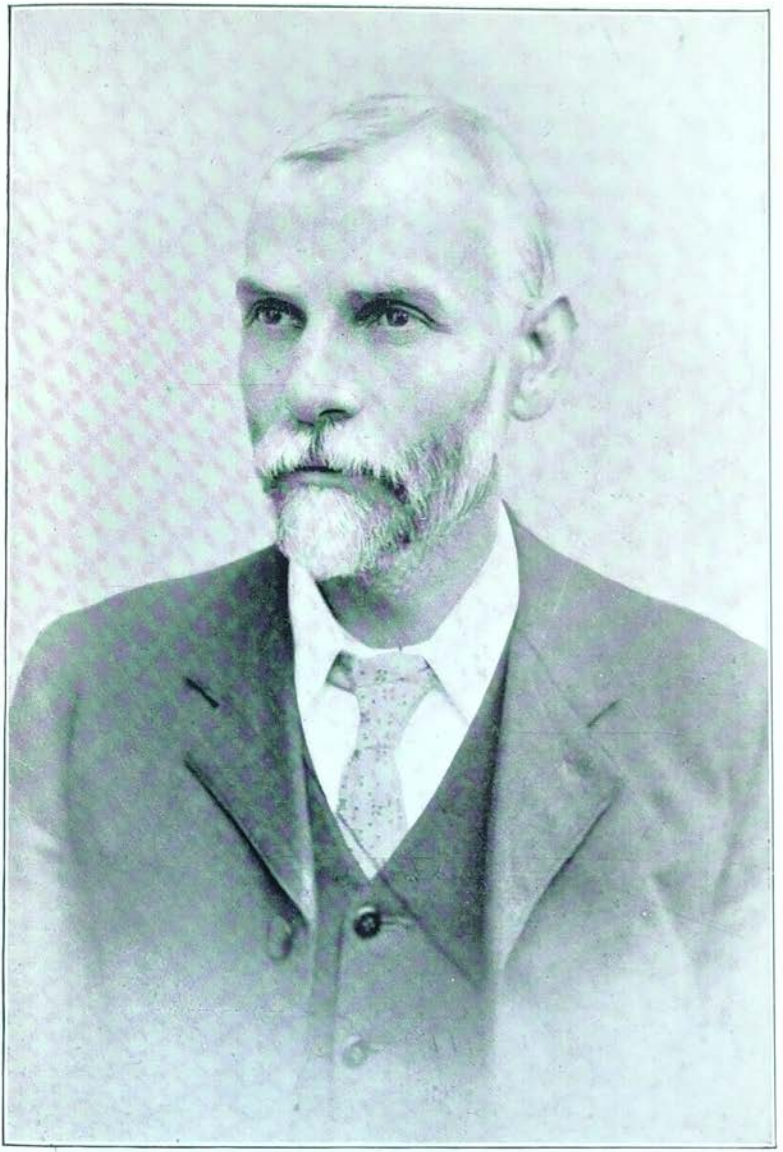
My friend, the missioner, giving me his experience, relates how, in the midst of a solemn and attentively listened-to address, some elderly dame will rise suddenly and stamp her feet, shaking her skirts with great vigour to free herself from intruding insects.

Our return journey, as well as the outward one, reminded one of the old lady who, on a visit to a poor country person, held her handkerchief to her nose, remarking, "What a shocking smell!" "Well, mum," replied the hostess, "it can't be the drains, 'cos we hain't got any."

These lagoons in the old slave days, when barges carried the sugar or cotton to the seaboard, were now and again purified by salt water; now, the railway fulfils that carrying function without fulfilling any cleansing process. Result, a stench that defies description.

The homeward journey was occasionally varied by a curious sight around an electric lamp at a railway station. The strange spectacle was witnessed of a troop of ducks, at that time of night away from home for a late supper of beetles and other insects which had damaged themselves in dashing wildly against the globe of dazzling light, and had fallen to the ground to be devoured by these belated seekers after a dainty supper *dans les Indes Occidentales*.

One of the most interesting insects in the colonies is the "cicada" (see illustration), or, as it is variously called, "the six o'clock bee," to which it bears a resemblance, except as to its size, and the six o'clock



MR. J. M. BARNES.

"whistler." As the sun goes down the concert begins. There is a perfect din, which lasts a good part of the night. Add to this the incessant croak of frogs from pools caused by tropical rains, which seems to mock with cynic laughter the desire of the weary worker to sink into the arms of Morpheus.

"Moth and rust doth corrupt" abundantly, and cockroaches have to be counted among "thieves that break through and steal." A breakfast off a new boot or a book is clearly as good to them as a meal off an old one. Their locomotion is aided by a fine pair of wings, *blatta orientales.*

As you retire to your room for the night your host gives expression to a pious wish: "*J'espère que vous dormirez bien.*" That, however, depends on certain precautions, of which the mosquito-curtain forms part. Woe to you and your slumber should one get inside the netting! They follow you about and stealthily enter the sanctum with you.

The striking feature of Demerara landscape in tree life is the variety, height, and stately beauty of the palms; in the aquatic world the immense size and beauty of the water-lilies, the commonest of which will upbear on the leaves a duck searching for its prey. This lily has a pale-green leaf, the underside deep red with escalloped edges just turned into a rim three inches high, and here and there a large, beautiful, cream-coloured blossom.

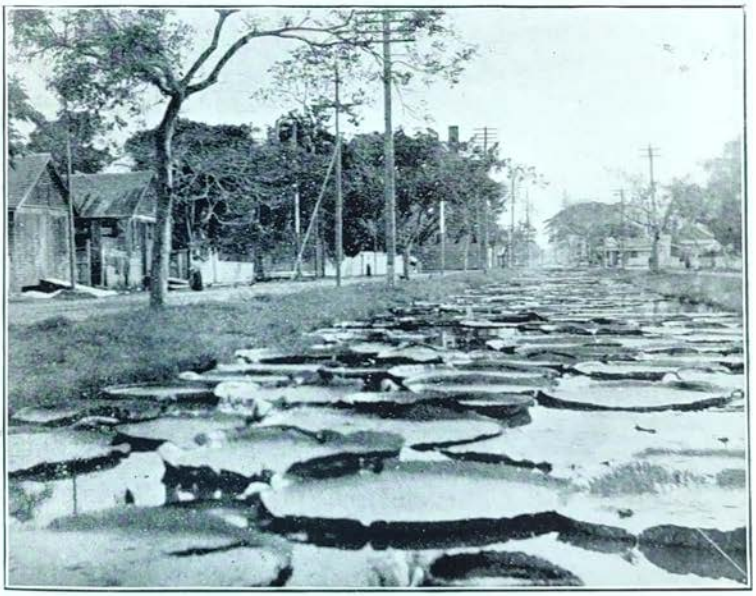
That magnificent water-lily, the Victoria Regia, originally discovered far in the interior, and so named

by Schomberg, is now commonly to be seen in the fresh-water canals or trenches of the sugar estates, and even in those of the city, though it may not in these localities attain its full growth and beauty.

This beautiful plant is one of the most remarkable productions of the botanical world. The gigantic leaves, each from four to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, light green on the inside and a beautiful vivid crimson on the outside, rest on the water, and quite hide its surface. In character with this wonderful leaf is a luxuriant flower—an enormous lily, which is nearly four feet in circumference when perfectly opened. It consists of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose-pink. When the flower first opens in the morning it is white with a pink centre, the colour spreading all over it as the sun gets higher in the heavens. Its loveliness is enhanced by its fragrance, especially perceptible in the morning; and a couple of blossoms left overnight in a room would be overpowering in the morning. The leaves are strongly ribbed beneath, and are thus capable of bearing considerable weight. The ducks and fowls run about on them, catching food.

It is an interesting comment on social conditions and old-time circumstances that, on one occasion during our varied sojournings, I happened to meet a remarkable lady—a Mrs. B. (formerly a Miss T.)—of whose father a singular story is told. When the meeting was held at the Old Colony House, the first meeting-room of British Guiana—the site of the present Courts of Law

OLD-TIME SLAVES.



VICTORIA REGIA LILY, CAMP STREET.

—one Sunday, at the close of the meeting, Mr. T. asked the elder brethren to remain for a few minutes as he wished to speak to them. He proceeded to remark that there was a coloured sister with whom until then he had only exchanged the ordinary Christian courtesies, and whom he had asked to wait a few minutes in an ante-room. The fact was that he desired to propose marriage to her. She, on being called in, entered with some trepidation, supposing she had been guilty of some shortcoming of which she was not conscious, and found to her amazement that she, a coloured woman, was to receive a proposal of marriage from an Irish gentleman of good family. She, however, accepted him. More remarkable still, later on, Mr. T. himself conducted the marriage in the presence of witnesses, and that legally. The lady whom I now met was a daughter of that couple.

CHAPTER IX

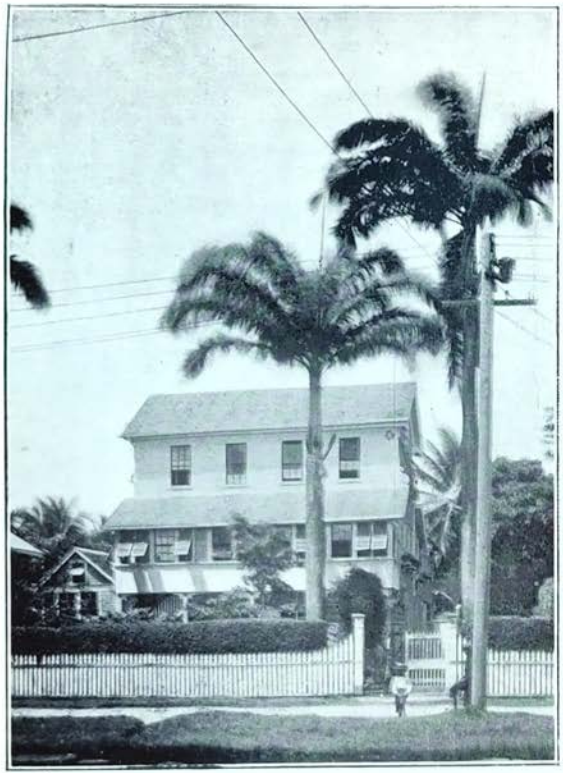
LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES

THE house in which I am staying, is, I find, so absolutely full of tiny ants, which have held undisputed possession for years, that one does not attempt now to drive them out, but only suffer them. They are everywhere—from the roof there drops, covering everything, a fine sawdust, the result of their depredations.

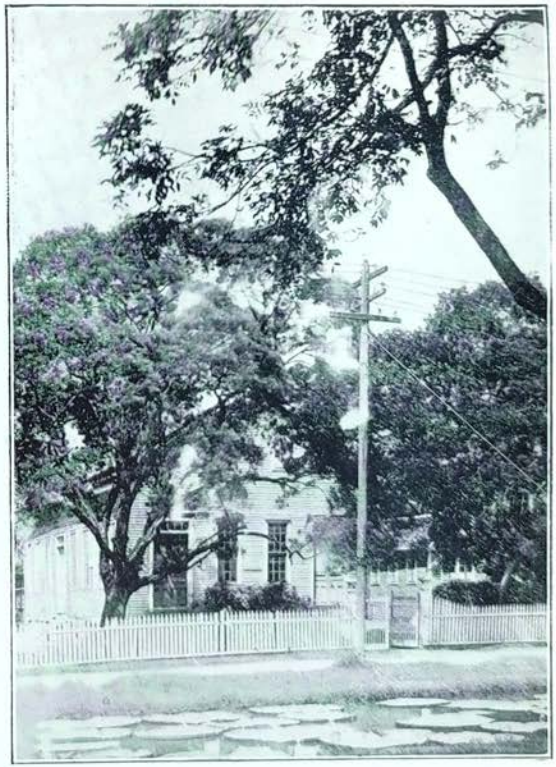
I am a poor sleeper; and it sometimes happens that if I have, in a convenient place, which I can reach without disturbing myself much, a drop of milk to drink, or a soft biscuit or a bit of sponge-cake to eat, I may go to sleep again after such light refreshment.

I therefore bought a sponge-cake, which I placed, in the paper bag, under my pillow. I ate a piece in the dark—fortunately it *was* in the dark, for in the morning light I found to my horror that the remainder was practically one crawling mass, which quickly found its way out of the nearest window!

As a matter of course, on principle, when you see a mosquito, you act according to the motto of the



193, CAMP STREET, GEORGETOWN.



CAMP STREET MEETING-HOUSE.
(MAHOGANY TREE.)

Tipperary man at a fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it"; but, equally as a matter of course, you give up any attempt at these tiny ants.

The most awful pest, however, is called, not *bête noir* but *bête rouge*, a creature invisible to the eye, except to very keen sight, but which attacks the ankles and feet and body with undiluted venom, causing an irritation that is indescribable. It burrows in the skin, setting up inflammation that swells to the size of a two-shilling piece. This insect has its home in the grass; and there is no legend, such as is found in public gardens in the homeland: "Keep off the grass," to warn the much-suffering traveller!

The air teems with life—the ground abounds with it as well. One is able to see the filaments of blight like gossamer in the sunbeams. It is more easy to realise in this country what some of the plagues of Egypt were like than in any I have visited.

The brevity and uncertainty of human life here is a striking feature of residence. You rub shoulders with a man—your comrade in work, perhaps—to-day; to-morrow you learn he is sick; the next day you are asked for a funeral oration at his grave. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil" (Psa. xxiii. 4). "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night" (Psa. cxxi. 6).

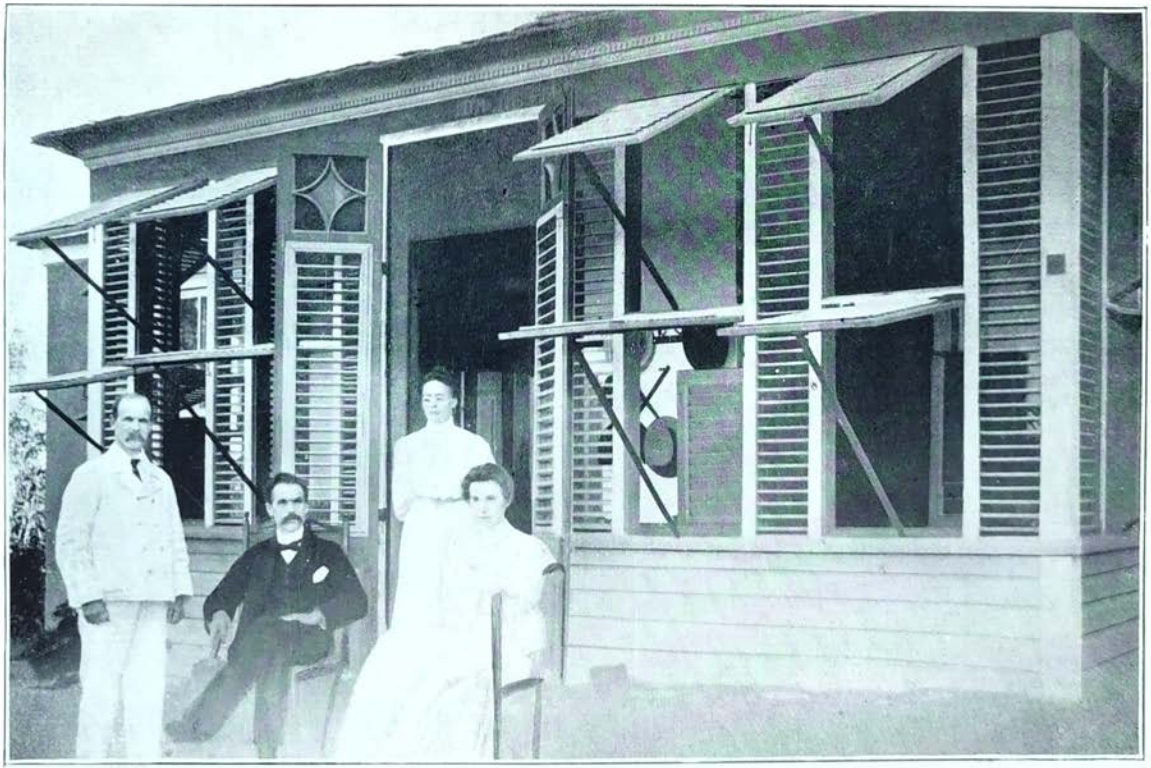
I was an eye-witness of a tragedy. I journeyed with a Christian gentleman, and had interesting spiritual intercourse with him. It appeared that his accounts did not satisfy his Committee. He collects five thousand

dollars for a Christian cause, builds a beautiful tabernacle, is a most attractive preacher; fills the building, and has frequent evangelistic services. He says some are jealous of him. More than this: that some coloured men are determined to get white men "out," and put themselves in power in the spirit of Ethiopianism prevalent in South Africa, though not known here as a principle of doctrine. There is a division, and lamentable disturbances ensue.

Our friend is only "deputy-super." However, the deeds of the property, for which he collected the money, are made out in his name and that of his wife. The result is, further trouble with the Committee, who now call in the other workers. The "deputy-super" resigns, comes to Georgetown to meet these people, or rather he is intending to, but the agitation and distress have so wrought on him that, at the quarantine station the doctor says: "You have some fever. I must put you in hospital, in the observation ward, *i.e.*, an apartment with mosquito-proof netting of iron instead of cotton." Then, distress and mortification bear him down and break his heart.

Again, I was asked the next night (with Mr. T. Wales), to conduct the funeral of a man who ought to have been set free from the supervision of the quarantine officer at the same time as myself. The moral is that the "Stewards' Company, Ltd.," have a further justification for their existence.

It will be seen, therefore, that the conditions of life in the West Indies are particularly trying, and that



MR. AND MRS. CURTIS, MISS BROWN, AND MR. HITCHMAN.

A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES.

those who, amid much that depresses, seek to carry on the work of God, have a claim upon our prayers and our sympathy.

Mr. Thomas Wales, to whom reference has been made, is the man of the hour at Camp Street, Georgetown, fighting an unequal battle alone. He has a large church of six hundred, to which he acts as "under-shepherd," and while he has evangelical as well as organising gifts, and orderly methods in detail of every kind, it is to be regretted and deprecated that he has no British labourer with him, save Miss Baker. Her work, however, with that of Mrs. Wales, is of great value.

He and she are manifestly over-weighted and sadly in need of change—a fact to which their pallid faces strongly testify.

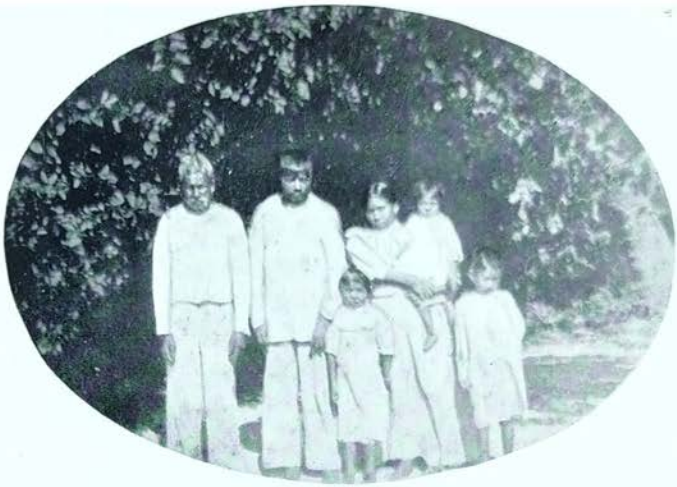
Mr. Wales was born in 1854, and became converted in 1872. His original vocation was that of a watch-maker, a craft which his right hand has not forgotten, though he worked at it only until 1880, when the Lord took him fully out to work as an evangelist, a calling which he followed for fourteen years with an Evangelisation Society. He then removed to Kendal, in 1896, remaining two and a half years, when he left for Demerara, arriving there in 1898. Two years later, he visited St. Vincent, remaining there until 1904, and passing through the dreadful experiences of the calamities of volcanic eruption and earthquake, which nearly overwhelmed that island, as a similar visitation did altogether in the case of St. Pierre, in 1902. Then he

returned, in January, 1906, to Demerara, where he now is. He and his wife have endured the deep sorrow of bereavement in the loss of their only daughter, a worker of great promise.

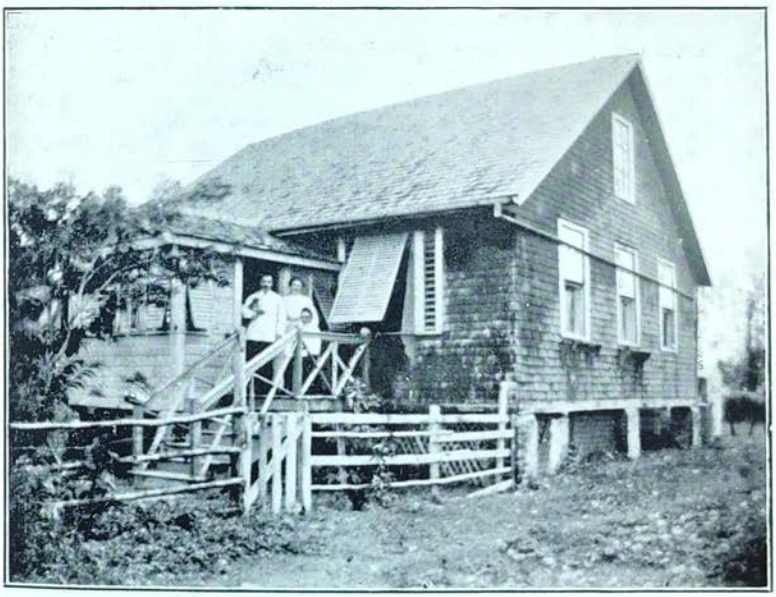
There are one or two white brethren born in the colony who are business people, who help in various ways in co-operation with some of the "coloured" brethren, especially as to "supply" for various local assemblies. Those assemblies on the rivers do not get the care and oversight they manifestly need, because of the pressing claims of the more local assemblies. This must not be lost sight of, for it is one of the causes which has contributed to our loss of the two or three Chinese assemblies which once flourished here and there; some native meetings, too, are languishing to extinction.

At Queenstown, Essequibo, Mr. W. Wilson Nicholls adds to his qualifications of missionary and pastor those of naturalist and dispenser. If the opportunity offered by his *clientèle* should ensure proficiency, he certainly is in the way to become very popular. His fees are low enough to suit poor patients who have not two cents in their pockets.

His iron rule as to patients bringing their own bottles show him to be the strong man of the district, while it serves to bring into the dispensary the most curious collection of receptacles that could be used to hold liquid. His ability, too, attracts some who are able to pay, but who claim that medical care is difficult to obtain, and they readily repose their confidence in



INDIAN COOLIE FAMILY.



MR. AND MRS. C. GORDON SMITH, HENRIETTA, ESSEQUIBO.

him. Mr. Nicholls is the man at the helm, in the district radiating from Queenstown, which includes the Pomeroon River, with its difficult but large opportunity, as well as importunity, for service to our living Lord.

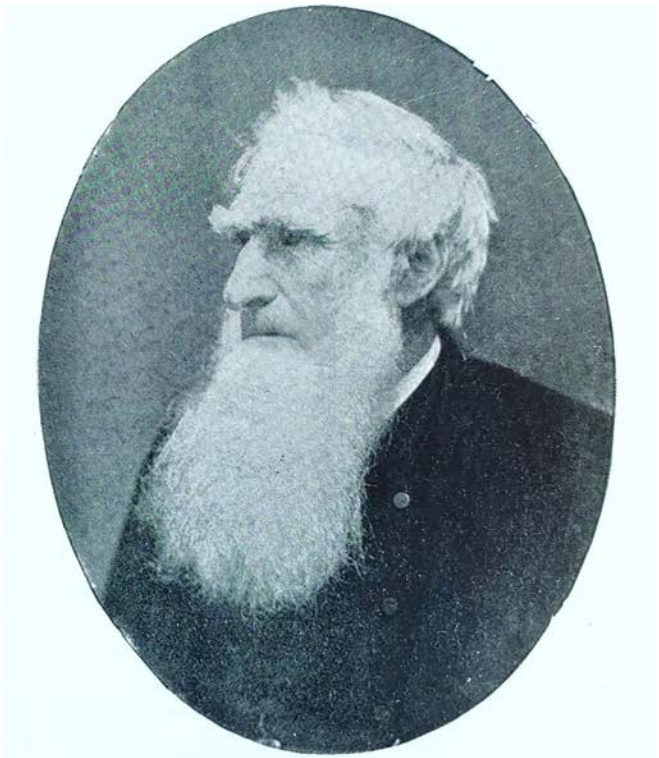
Of all the Lord's work in these colonies, this is the most impressive as to its requirements and its encouragements. Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon Smith, who acquired their knowledge in first aid in spiritual and physical things at Greenwich, are developing the knowledge so acquired as helpers to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, at Danieltown and Henrietta especially. Mr. Smith is credited with having particularly the gift of an evangelist, while Mr. Nicholls has special aptitude for pastoral work.

CHAPTER X

LEONARD STRONG, OF DEMERARA

NEARLY a century ago, as a young man, Leonard Strong entered the Navy, and set sail for the West Indies, in a fair way of getting on in the world. As a young officer it was his duty to take charge of a boat going to the shore. A sudden squall caught the sail, the boat gave a lurch, and young Strong was thrown into the mighty deep. He struggled for a time, then became unconscious. As he sank into this state the whole of his past life was before him, with its many sins. When he next opened his eyes he was on the ship's deck, still within the reach of mercy. He was greatly stirred up by this, and sought the Lord and found Him. Thus he was drawn out of deep waters by the lovingkindness of our God, and saved by the precious Blood of Christ. In deep-felt gratitude he determined that the spared life should be spent in the service of the Lord.

He returned home, left the Navy, entered college with a view to the ministry, and served the Lord in the vicinity of Ross, Herefordshire, as curate in the



LEONARD STRONG.

Once a Clergyman in British Guiana. Later a pioneer of Christian work among the Natives generally, including Aboriginal Indians.

Church of England. But his debt of responsibility was not yet paid, for the burden of the West Indies was heavy on his heart. While he waited on God about it, the door opened and he set sail for British Guiana, still in connection with the Episcopal Church.

In 1827, on the east coast of Demerara, he began his labour publicly, and from house to house, sowing the good seed wherever he went, much blessing following—too much for the enemy, who stirred up certain managers of sugar estates, so that they sent a petition to the Governor to have him removed. The request was granted, and Leonard Strong was sent to the east bank of the Demerara River. Instead of this being a hindrance, it turned out to be "the furtherance of the Gospel," for many others heard the Word with gladness and received it. Thus while the dear, dark people were enduring the bondage of man, they were being brought out into the liberty of the glory of the children of God by the power of the Gospel.

At this time Mr. Strong was undergoing great exercise of heart about his position in the Church of England. His liberty as a servant of Christ had been interfered with, and this was likely to continue. Diligent searching of the Scriptures had revealed much precious truth in which he was not at liberty to walk. To sever himself from the Established Church would cost much, but he would gain much. Still the matter of gain at the judgment-seat of Christ was not the chief point, but pleasing the Lord now. The step outside was taken in deep humility, and the large salary,

manse, and good living, worth £800 per annum, were laid aside for the simple path of faith in God.

The first simple meeting was held under a large logie, or shed, used for drying coffee, at Peter's Hall, a sugar estate on the east bank of the Demerara River. About two thousand were present, many of whom were simple but earnest Christians, likeminded with Mr. Strong, having walked three, six, or nine miles that morning to be present at that meeting. God was working in the hearts of His people, and the blessing was reached out to the unsaved.

Again the east coast was visited. The people of Victoria village were overjoyed to see Mr. Strong and hear his voice. The leading men of the village, being free people, gave a large building; Gospel work began, many found Christ, and an assembly was formed which continues until now.

Work was then commenced, in the lower storey of an old Dutch house in Georgetown. God's blessing was upon it, and the candle then lighted continues to burn. It is now the largest assembly in the colony. Other servants of Christ were raised up who came to "the help of the Lord against the mighty," and the blessing of the Lord was very manifest as the work spread and continued. The mode of procedure, as far as one can gather by fifteen years' experience in the same place, was simple and effective. A village or district was fixed on, continued Gospel meetings were held, and men and women were "born again." When sufficient evidence was given of the change and all

MARKET PLACE, GEORGETOWN.

were satisfied, these were baptized and an assembly formed, servants of Christ going in and out amongst them to help them with the Word of God. Many years have passed since this work began, but it continues in much simplicity and with great blessing. And to-day there are many assemblies of Christians among the black, coloured, Red Indian, and Chinese of British Guiana—chiefly the first-named.

It became necessary for Leonard Strong to leave the colony. He finished his course with joy, in the West of England, ripe in age and full of good works, serving the Lord Christ to the end. The work continues to spread in British Guiana and several of the West Indian Islands. J. M. B.

CHAPTER XI

OVERSIGHT AND ADMINISTRATION

THERE are in British Guiana, as everywhere, those who are not "mere hewers of wood and drawers of water" as to their ultimate service, though now they combine these vocations with work for the Master; but who are men of intelligence, grit, and capacity, alien to us in colour only, not in blood and destiny.

There are inevitable difficulties which a white race has to face in dealing with a class severed from it by colour. Yet we are able to report progress. We had a really splendid Conference, twenty-one or twenty-two out of the twenty-six or so of the meetings in the British Guiana district being represented by the oversight brethren, in addition to those who were able to get to the evening meetings and return, or obtain accommodation, as some did, for a whole week's stay. Mr. Marshall's meetings were held with much satisfaction to all, being rich with blessing.

A good part of each day, prior to the evening meetings, was devoted to prayer and conference of over-

CANNON-BALL TREE, PUBLIC GARDENS, GEORGETOWN

sight brethren, who entered heartily into the questions and consideration of the matters submitted. Assuredly these united meetings will result in great good, both immediately and in the future.

Some old matters of discipline, which have been a sore point with many, and greatly grieved over as harsh and without Scriptural principle, were brought up and considered afresh with great grace and forbearance, though in some instances the action decided upon could not be endorsed. As to the future of the legal status of the various properties concerned we cannot yet speak so definitely, and it is hoped by a few of us that they may later be pushed to a conclusion, the Lord giving grace and heavenly wisdom in all that may be done. Matters cannot be finally settled at once, but progress will be made.

The preliminary legal inquiry will entail some expense, but as the future good of the whole work and its legal status depends on business-like procedure now, at this eleventh hour, it will be well to go forward. We are going to "let patience have her perfect work," and look for grace, with wisdom from on high, to rule all.

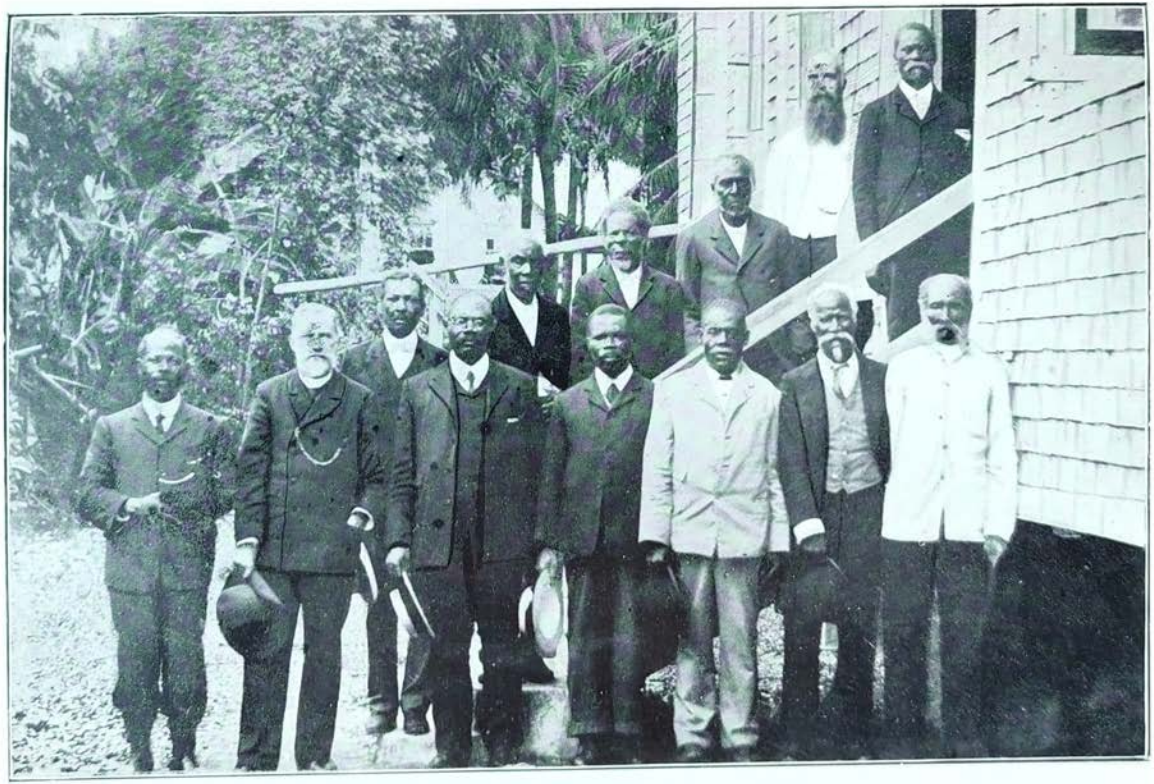
The River gatherings must have thorough spiritual care.

I proceeded with my wife and Mr. Nicholls and Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Sparrow and Mrs. Sparrow followed. We left our wives to return to Georgetown, and four of us—Messrs. W. W. Nicholls, Sparrow, Marshall, and myself—arranged to go on to

the Pomeroon in light marching order for a week. Being in good health, we hoped to see, under God, some more of His work, as well as to visit some who were unable to come to the Conference. Considerable labour was entailed; nevertheless, all difficulties were trifling in comparison with the good which I am certain was, and will be, wrought. The meetings at Camp Street were very large, inside and outside too; for all the steps and approaches were filled, with not less than six hundred and upwards inside—at the Conference meetings as well as at Mr. Marshall's Gospel meetings. The latter were especially "with signs following."

The speakers at the evening Conference were Mr. H. Tayler (Weiroony Creek), Mr. Marshall, and myself, with help from Messrs. Wales, Nicholls, and Sparrow. Much useful information was obtained as to the highly important work for the Lord which is being done in such parts of the West Indies.

I had now to consider that whether I returned to Barbados must depend on two things—whether there was a sensible abatement of the yellow-fever, and the measure of freedom allowed by the authorities as to revisiting that island. The fever had now reached Bathsheba. There were a number of fresh cases reported of white people, with several deaths, including a very clever and kind-hearted young doctor only thirty years of age. There was much enteric there also, as at Surinam, with the addition of small-pox at the latter place.



MR. NICHOLLS. MR. TAYLER. MR. ANGOY. MR. THOMAS. MR. HARRIS. MR. WARREN. MR. T. WALES. MR. CAMERON.
MR. GLASGOW. MR. D'URBAN. MR. BURKE. MR. CORBETT. MR. HERMONDSTINE.

A GROUP OF WORKERS.

CHAPTER XII

"OVER THE WATER-PATH TO THE LAKE-DWELLERS"

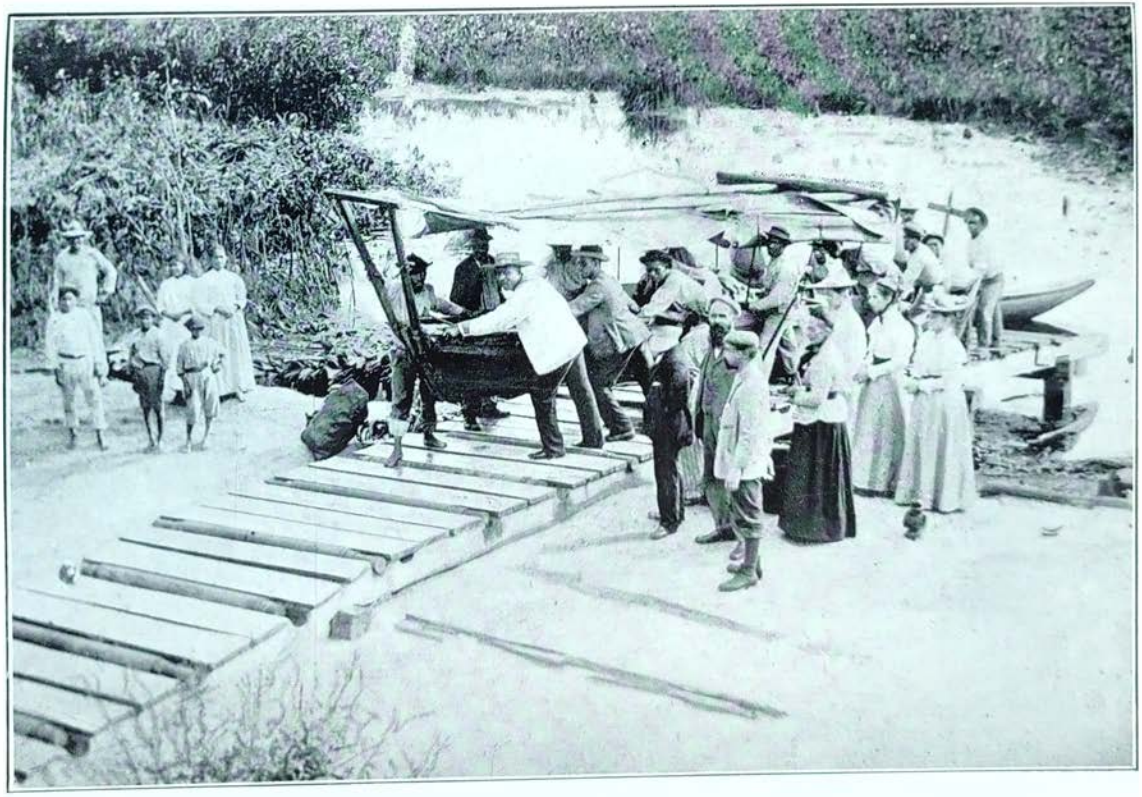
FROM Queenstown, Essequibo coast, to Pomeroon is a far cry. "C'est romantique, c'est magnifique, c'est spirituelle, c'est utile; mais ce n'est pas facile."

Rising in the darkness, after a sleepless night, in the sombre gloom of a hurricane-lamp dimly burning—for neither gas nor electricity has a place here—we make our final preparations, and take a hasty breakfast, prepared by the self-denial of our hostess and servants. Soon after dawn the cart arrives to take our impedimenta, for, though we travel in light marching order, there are four of us. After a few miles on land we start from Anna Regina, where, on the sugar-planters' canal, we find six stalwart coloured brethren, who had paddled down on two previous days with the Mission bateau *Messenger*, to take us to our service.

As at Venice, on the Adriatic, the inhabitants have few roads, but travel on the canals in the stately gondolas, so the people of the Pomeroon are obliged to travel by corials and bateaux.

We left Anna Regina, Henrietta, at 7.30 a.m., in our Mission bateau, *Messenger*, at first by factory canals, afterwards by creek, passing large sugar factories *en route*, where, as well as on the estates, hundreds of thousands are still employed on sugar-canes in various stages of growth, though much that was formerly used for sugar is now in rice cultivation. Some of the working people employed have to wade waist deep to get to their work.

The journey is of the most novel character, similar only to that of canal journeys in the highlands of Scotland in the matter of negotiating lock gates; but in every other way vastly different, as we traverse mile after mile through bush so closely wooded and weeds so dense that oars cannot, and only paddles can, overcome. The estate holders are subsidised by the Government, it is said, to keep a passage. The heat compels us to discard all superfluous clothing, our crew refreshing themselves now and then by ablutions of head and legs and feet, and an occasional draught of water, darker but as pure as any that flows from a highland loch. We are enlivened by songs of Zion through the gloom of the tropical forest. The only persons to be seen are occasional Indians in their corials, bearing plantains, bananas, yams, and cassava to the markets. We meander and wind through the gloom of the creeks—often so dense as to hide the light of the sun; but where there is light, lilies, with other aquatic flora, bloom in wild and rich profusion, and large butterflies in brilliant plumage flit about.



BATEAU ON TAPACOOMA PORTAGE.

In due time we come to the Tapacooma Lake. These scenes of enchanting beauty, with the balmy air of this February day, make us wonder why our friends in the homeland do not go beyond the limits of our island to enjoy such scenes as these. Now we pass *en route* an Indian settlement, with the virgin forest as our lake boundary. The Indian women have their babies with them in their corials, while they ply their paddles with rapidity and dexterity. Even the boys of six or seven years of age have tiny frail craft, in which they train and disport themselves. They fearlessly ply their paddles, the canoe edges being within an inch or two of the water.

Tapacooma itself is a mass of tangled verdure, with ant and wasp nests overhead, interspersed with wild fruits of tempting appearance.

Here we arrive at the Government House to partake of the lunch we carry with us. The house provides the headquarters of the river police. All passing Government officials stay in it; and there also, by the courtesy of the Government, all missionaries are permitted to rest on giving due notice. The rest-house is provided with a mosquito-curtained bedstead, and crockery of a simple kind. Extra travellers bring their own hammocks or stretchers, *i.e.*, canvas on trestles.

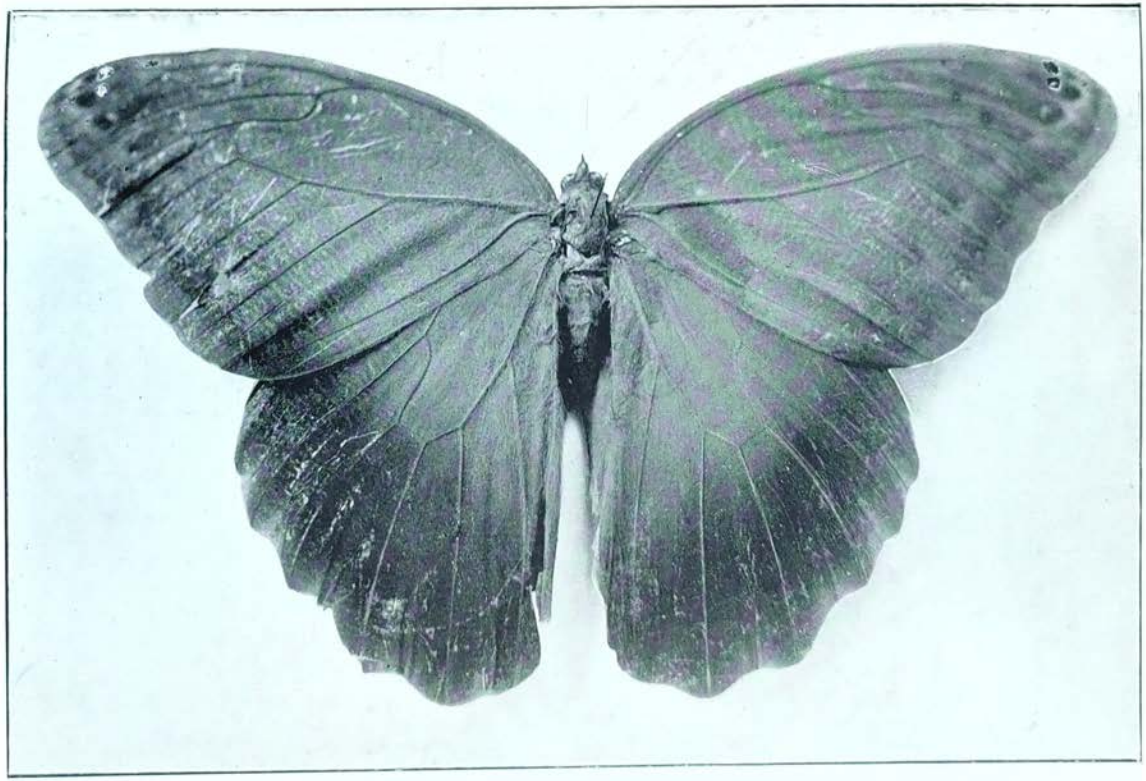
Here, to avoid the rapids of the Tapacooma Cascade, which would be dangerous, the bateau is pulled on rollers over the stelling into another creek. Now we are on the creeks again, where at intervals are seen

the racoon, opossum, lemur, and sloth; now and then, though rarely, an alligator, but they are very shy. The route becomes more devious, winding in and out of the dense bush, through which the sun, although nearly vertical, can scarcely penetrate. The rays, however, come through here and there. The whole scene is one of sylvan beauty, such as I have never seen in any other clime—majestic ferns, orchids of rare beauty, sometimes fragrant and worth their weight in gold, all grow here in surpassing brilliance and development, generally parasitic, in wild profusion. One species, the golden spray, bears bloom on one rod from five to eight feet long.

Water-snakes, like the anaconda, are met with in the quieter corners, and at the river landing-places of the Arawak and Carib Indians, the principal tribes of this district. There is no room in any part to ply oars as yet, so only paddles can be used. Flocks of wild duck and herons, vultures and hawks, as well as screaming parrots, are occasionally seen.

We pull up to get our cutlasses to gather firewood for our next meal, though the tide is falling rapidly, and we may not be able to save our passage, which would involve our waiting some hours. It is really surprising to see the speed attained by our paddles in the hands of six experienced men.

Everywhere on the borders of the river and dense forest the mangrove branches grow downwards to make fresh trees. This is the home of the cayman and alligator.



NOCTURNAL MOTH, TWO-THIRDS NATURAL SIZE,

WHICH WAS ENTANGLED IN MY MOSQUITO NETTING AT PICKERSGILL POLICE STATION, POMEROON RIVER.

We pass through mangrove swamps of immense size. The bush seems to get more and more dense. Even the wonderful plumage of the gaudy, brilliant, many-coloured, large and small butterflies at times is obscured, except for a ray of light through the boughs at intervals. It seems like going through a tunnel of strange forms of foliage that it is beyond the writer's knowledge or ability to describe. Those trees known to him, the cabbage and cocoa-nut palms, the etá, manicole, cooterite, and troolie, form part only of great variety of palms, to say nothing of other larger timber. Except for an occasional Indian in his corial, there are no signs of human life.

At last we come at even to Pickersgill Police Station, where we pass the night. We run in without having been "run in." After ablutions and tea we have a capital and much appreciated meeting with the two river policemen, their wives, the boatmen, and the dispenser to the Indians, who lives near. These sit up until late considering what they have heard. I had the felicity of using a canvas stretcher, a boat cushion, and a rug—not a bad bed for a tired man—with the indispensable mosquito curtains, though the natives assert they have nothing of that kind of vermin here, only *bête rouge*. Though the frogs croak, the cicadas whistle, and all the other weird sounds that constitute a night in a tropical forest are heard, I have no care for them; until a troop of red-faced baboons come howling round the station, and later on, in the early dawn, a man in a bateau on the river comes

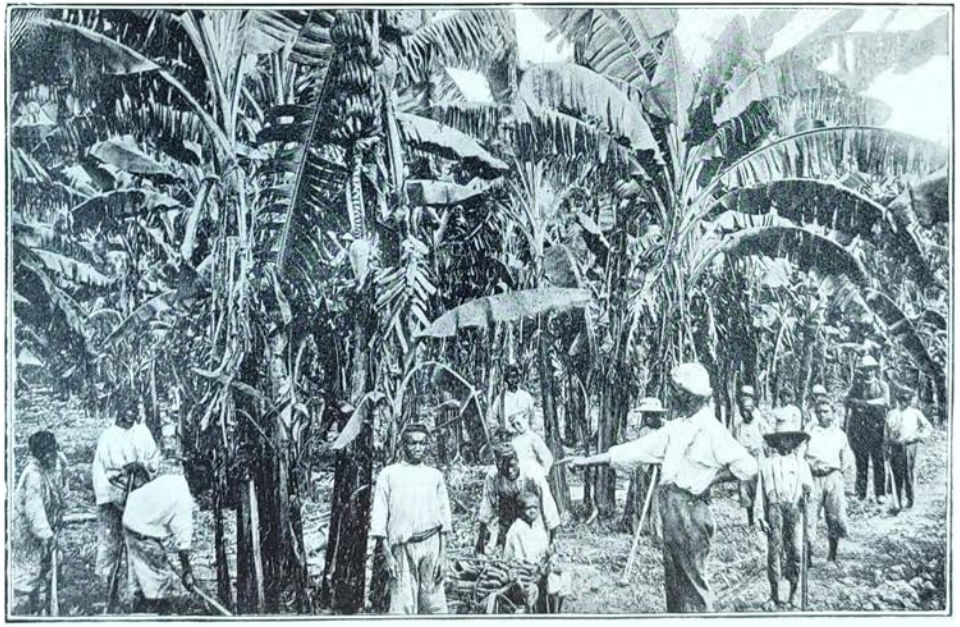
shouting at the police for serving him with a summons.

At daylight, two Indians, carrying his Majesty's mails, come from their corial blowing a conch-shell to announce their arrival.

Tea and prayers, and then we are on the river path again by 7 a.m. Now we are on the broad and mighty Pomeroon, which is gay with Indians in their corials, the women as expert as the men. Now and then we see a clearing and reservation, which the Indians, Portuguese, negroes and others obtain from the Government on very reasonable terms.

This field of labour in spiritual things is languishing for the help of pastors—intelligent men, sound in faith and diligent in service, filled with holy zeal and a passion for souls. The work among the aboriginal Indians is not to be confounded with that among East Indians (the imported, indentured Indians), Creoles, or other coloured persons. It is a work by itself. An equipment should include a motor-boat, the motor to burn wood or oil. Wood may be had in abundance, but its transport, of course, requires space and time for preparation.

As we go up and down the river we see many openings or clearings. Some of the settlers have put up a small painted board nailed to a tree, saying whether it is Crown land or is sub-let or is now owned by the occupier. That these boards are not painted by a professional writer is evident. The Indians grow cassava, plantains, bananas; other settlers grow rice, cotton,



GATHERING BANANAS.

cocoa-nuts (of which there are fifteen varieties), guava, pineapple, cocoa, and coffee. Here and there one sees large tracts up to twenty-five acres under coffee, the coffee drying on the banks of the river.

We spend the afternoon on the coffee and cocoa plantation—the trees or shrubs interspersed with plantain, banana, and cocoa-nut trees—belonging to a personal friend, a coloured man, Mr. E. Grant.

Some of the more advanced settlers—Creoles and others—grow sugar-cane and cotton, Indian corn, pumpkin, bread nuts, peas and beans in variety; cucumbers, squash toojah, catalon for soup, okra; and, much more important, cassava, sweet potatoes, faunea, eddoes, arrowroot, rice, yams in variety; cinnamon, vanilla (which is parasitic), nutmegs, cloves, &c.; besides many fruits—such as oranges, lemons, limes in great abundance, shaddock, guava, avocada pear, the golden custard, star, and mamie apples, cocoa-nut, bread-nut, soursop, Sydenham and Surman cherries, with about twenty kinds of mangoes, most luscious of all.

The Creoles, as well as the East Indians, are good cow-keepers; but the milk has all to be boiled, and every surplus quantity boiled again—when travelling or otherwise—every twelve hours or less. The fauna, not less than the flora, is full of interest—the more because new—to the stranger; the cicada, or "six o'clock railway whistle," by night; the sun-beetle by day—a two-inch long insect, heard half a mile away easily; the mocking-bird, with its rich, gay plumage—

all are there; and there are crowds of pendant nests of wasps, which hang from the branches of the higher trees.

It was part of our duty to appear in an impressive scene, being called upon to bury in our cemetery a man of forty and a child of a few months. We had many times so helped at home in many places, and had also seen a burial at sea. Here there were no horses, no vehicles; the river, creeks, and canals affording, by means of bateaux, corials, punts, and sloops, the only method of locomotion. The bodies were brought respectively from opposite directions, up and down the river, each in one vessel, with others for the mourners, the whole assembly forming a large company.

As the free use of the land is granted for the interment, the mourners on their arrival have to dig the graves, while the rest wait. Then we come to minister the last rites of interment, according to circumstances, appropriately.

The circumstances of the sudden death of this man, said to be a backslider, were the means of creating an impression of a deeply spiritual kind, which began then and has lasted many months, resulting in a turning to God, and the evident conversion of a large number of persons. It has resulted, finally, in the augmentation of the numbers in the assembly to such an extent that the building at present is unable to contain them.

The results of our visit to these Conferences we hope will be far reaching in spiritual blessing to

Christians and others. As it is, the whole district seems to be awakened. Never have there been such meetings here, at least in point of numbers. The first meeting, on Sunday at 8 a.m., brought many persons; while at 11 o'clock the hall, holding two hundred, was quite inadequate. But for the fact that it is open on all sides, under an overhanging roof thatched with troolie palm leaves, it would have been impossible for all to hear. This continued day after day, and afternoon and evening, the latter bringing the larger gathering. The doctor, magistrate, and Commissioner of the district, with their ladies, attended, all professing to be impressed.

In moving up and down the river we visited many of the Christians in their lake-dwellings, the houses all being built—like those of primitive man—on piles of more or less substantiality and height. The wood and paint work of nearly all the buildings show signs of disagreement with as much of the solar heat as can reach them through a profligate vegetation luxuriating in its own decay, their own rich endowment contrasting with variations of corrugated iron in all stages of decrepitude, and with troolie palm branches.

The balconies, or galleries, are the lounge of family and visitors alike. The lattices, or jalousies, which allow the welcome cool air and draught as a relief to the tropical heat, are a proper setting to the rusticity of the whole.

The poorer people's "packing-case" type of constructions, though called houses, are like to the fowl-

houses of a back garden in a jerry-built and degenerate London suburb.

This pastoral work is difficult and costly, needing a retinue of servants as paddlers. The difficulties in the way of visiting a parish so very extended needs some assistance of a special kind. If some "steward of the Lord" who sought to "lay up treasure in heaven," and to believe himself or herself a "worker together with God," would provide for this river, as well as for Demerara River, a motor-boat burning either wood or mineral oil (coal is not obtainable), he would render a signal service to such workers as He may send; for what now takes two long days each way to accomplish in its initial stage, could be well done in one day, or even less.

A motor-boat of, say, 20 to 25 feet long, properly equipped and having an awning to protect alike from the torrential rain as well as the tropical heat, would not cost a large sum.

BUFFALO CART.

CHAPTER XIII

"TAKING CHOCOLATE"

ONE sighs for the indifference to wet clothing which these lake-dwellers manifest. Personally, I am charmed with the dexterity of the women who "paddle their own canoe" with a grace that is naive and impressive.

The native woman, indeed, has both dignity and common-sense. After making a call at another lake-dwelling, she pulls up and wades through water, mud, and slush to her own doorstep, where she stoops and quickly washing away all defilement, for the water often reaches to the step, she sails in with a *naïveté* that a belle of the city, at her home in villadom, would fail in. As she smiles and bids you welcome, she shows a perfect set of teeth, regular in size, uniformity, and whiteness, with gums to match; nor is there any sign of anæmia, such as her city sister is troubled with. Many a society lady would gladly give a hundred pounds or more to be the possessor of such handsome teeth. However, they are not bought with money. Then, watch her clean her mouth after a

meal. She takes a bunch of witch sage and some water from the river to finish this part of her toilet.

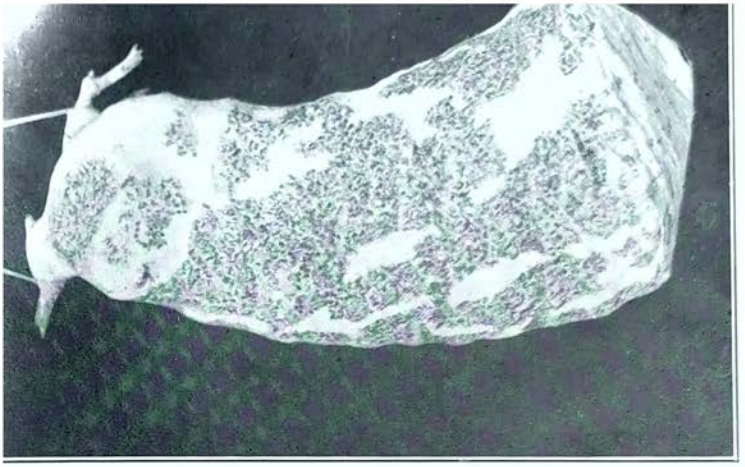
I did not take "five o'clock tea" with the ladies referred to, but their naive invitation to wait and take chocolate was irresistible.

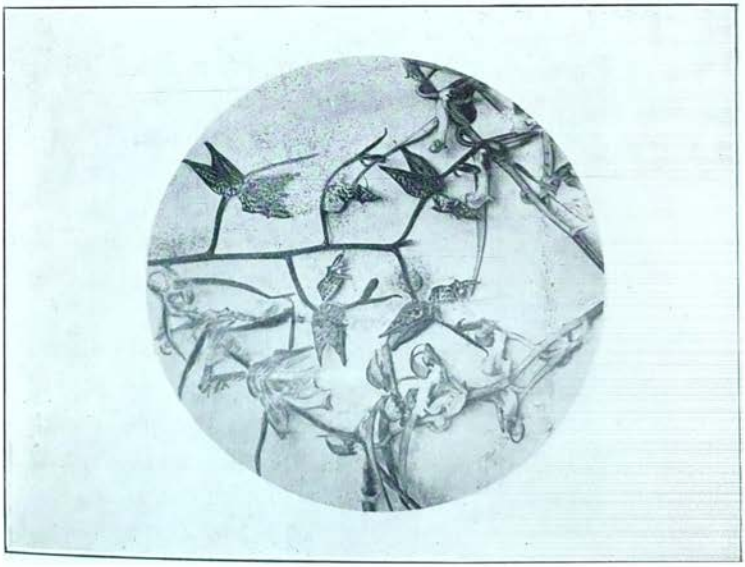
The big brother, or some robust man of colour attached to the plantation, had previously pounded in a mortar the fragrant berries; then was exercised the accomplishment (not learnt at Girton) of kneading the powder into a paste, and, finally, after adding a little spice, rolling the same, by the aid of a bottle, into sticks larger than a pencil. These were broken into a saucepan and boiled for half an hour. The liquor, with a little real Demerara sugar—for the "coo was awa'"—made so delightful a beverage that I was sorry to put the cup down.

The writer also had the pleasure of visiting a day-school, kept by an Arawak Indian, for about twenty-five Indian children, which was most interesting in character, and may be developed, in spiritual as well as educational things.

Some incidents on this river, on which the vegetation is of the wildest and most magnificent character, are worthy of passing note for reasons other than that of novelty.

What would our readers say to have their letters handed to them on their bateau by a couple of Indians in the picturesque costume, though scanty, worn by some; others rejoicing in, nearly, their





"birthday suit"? The letters generally have to be passed over to them in this manner, for there are but few postal stations in these romantic regions. The approach of the mail-boat of His Majesty King Edward is heralded by the sounding of a conch-shell of large proportions, in the use of which the musician appears to be taking a big draught of something good in the shape of liquor.

The loyalty of the people to our King, as well as to Bristol associations, is very manifest in the nomenclature of Anna Regina, Queenstown, Henrietta, Victoria, &c.

There is no sanctity attaching to these colonies as to "the mountains round about Jerusalem," or "the walls of Zion"; but, rather, memories of buccaneering rollicking of some amateur pirate and slave-holder of ancient Bristol-Welsh descent, whose retirement from his former profitable business enabled him to pose in later life as a pious philanthropist, and whose endowments in the shape of city properties, enormously developing in value, may enable modern authorities to carry out, in almshouses or scholastic institutions, the good intentions of the donor.

"While man *longs* to be a saint, he *loves* to be a sinner," said one who has gone to his last account. Only too often man tries to justify himself by pious works, with which he probably indulges his pleasant fancy of placating Providence.

CHAPTER XIV

PREACHING IN TOP-BOOTS

THE series of Conferences which was commenced by our party, with Mr. Wales and others, at Georgetown, British Guiana, on February 1st, was continued at Peter's Hall and New Amsterdam by Mr. Marshall and myself; then at Queenstown, Essequibo; later at Henrietta and Danieltown, by Messrs. Sparrow, Marshall, Nicholls, and myself; and subsequently at Lily Dale, on the Pomeroon River, on February 24th to 28th.

The numbers attending were so large that we were crowded from the first meeting—the moon being good, the weather fine, and the circumstances specially favourable, through the mercy of God, in answer to much prayer. We enjoyed a limited picture of Revelation vii. 9, as to nationality; for there were black people from several countries, coolies (or East Indians), creoles of every shade of colour, Portuguese, Arawak and Carib Indians, &c. Except about thirty, who lived there, almost all had come by the Pomeroon River, by corial and bateau, for

TYPICAL EAST INDIAN COOLIE'S HOUSE, ESSEQUIBO.

many miles, at great personal cost in the matter of comfort and convenience. A proportion of these were Christians who fervently desired to be "builded up in their most holy faith," as well as many others hitherto indifferent to spiritual things. What a lesson to some in the homeland, who will scarcely make an effort to "assemble themselves together," but are as fertile in excuse as those bidden to the "Marriage Supper" (Luke xiv.). After our evening meetings, and at intervals during the succeeding days, our time was taken up in interviewing inquirers, two of us having to see after one meeting as many as five or six persons at once instead of, as usual, one at a time.

The thing that strikes one most in this visit is the fervency and simplicity of the belief of the people of God, who are manifestly His and walk with Him. Each of us visitors is deeply indebted to the foresight and thoughtful care of Mr. Wilson Nicholls, who conduced to our comfort and well-being by his painstaking diligence.

Mr. Sparrow (once, as we have noted, of Bristol), had not visited here for nine years, and by a former generation of the believers was accorded a warm welcome.

Mr. Wilson Nicholls, also of Bristol, who is the man of the hour, comes here about once in three months, staying from one to three weeks at a time. Through the grace of God, there are some excellent and gifted native brethren. That these in each colony need the constant care of British brethren, is one of

the facts most patent to any observant person in all these islands and colonies.

This *may not* be the case in every country where missionaries go; here it is established fully.

There were probably nearly three hundred men and women, who came by water to these meetings and had to go home by the river in the darkness. "Carriages may be ordered at nine" is a pretty common phrase in the homeland; but to see more than two hundred and fifty of those present crowd out to the stelling at the end of the meeting was a sight never to be forgotten. As a preliminary, men and women hunt for their paddles—paddles in every corner, hidden in the bush outside and inside, indeed in every conceivable place. The women have paddles of the same weight and shape as the men's, and many of them take an equal share in the propulsion of the frail craft. The corial has the gunwale close to the water's edge; the bateau is larger but very uncertain, as there is no keel, and baling is more or less necessary. One detects the stroke of the woman's paddle at a long distance by reason of its quickness, just as one instinctively knows when a woman dips her pen in the inkpot by its quick, characteristic "stab."

The Lord's work in the Pomeroon was followed up by Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow in 1895, the first baptism, of three believers, taking place there in 1896, increasing to seventy-eight members in October, 1899, when the hall was built. Towards the fund for that purpose the assembly gave 47½ dollars, the two nearest

POMEROON MEETING-HOUSE. MISSIONARIES AND OVERSIGHT BRETHREN.

MESSRS. SPARROW, WALES, WILSON, NICHOLLS, GRANT, BISHOP, AND CAMERON.

assemblies a like amount between them, the balance of about 376 dollars coming from other sources. This hall, and the land for the cemetery, is the property of the Stewards' Company, Limited.

The first convert was baptized in 1896; then, in 1897, there were sixteen; in 1898 thirty-two; and in 1899 twenty-one. Mr. Sparrow left the Pomeroon nine years ago, introducing Mr. Wilson Nicholls and Mr. and Mrs. Wales, when the new and handsome little hall was opened. It is built, as usual, upon pillars five feet high, open under, on greenheart foundations; substantial crabwood of handsome grain, thatched with troolie palm, open all round, with projecting eaves, well lighted, and with substantial seating and equipment. The hall, evidently, will soon need enlarging. Close to it is the Mission House, which is similarly constructed, equipped with bedstead and mosquito nettings, as well as simple culinary and domestic articles. The burial-ground is alongside, included in the lot or plot, the whole of which at the time of the commencement of the work was virgin forest, submerged at every tide, as the baptistery still is, which is at the outer edge of the stelling.

Our night by night preaching in top-boots is, in its protectiveness, a unique but necessary experience. It enables one to give individual attention to the subject and the people. To keep away mosquitoes, we have an anointing of the skin, which is very convenient and comfortable.

Our domestic experience, if not unique, is novel. Mr. Wilson Nicholls kindly whips us on to our knees, with a towel, to brush away mosquitoes that will settle on our clothing; and when we have humbled ourselves sufficiently, we crawl through an aperture on the floor into our netting apartment. There we lie upon a canvas stretcher, and are thankful for a pillow and a rug. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Sparrow divide the Mission-house bed; Mr. Nicholls has a hammock and net into which, with the like help of brushing in by a sturdy black blacksmith, one of our Christian brethren, he retires. A good breakfast of native chocolate in hot water, cocoa-nut milk, and fruit in variety and abundance, with cheese, fits one for anything.

One of our men has just killed an anaconda, or boa-constrictor—upwards of nine feet long—the fourth in three weeks, which came out of the bush and killed a fowl. We have a female sloth of the size of a large monkey, which we caught one night from our boat on the river: when seven paddles took us as far as the Atlantic Ocean in the bateau *Messenger*. The boatmen as they went sang (the paddles moving in unison) "The Gospel of Thy grace." We disturbed only one alligator, of about six feet long, but many herons who were at their fishing.

The lively mosquito is here called the "galley-nipper," on account of his particular skill and ability in extracting the life juices of his biped victims.

The soldier, or driver, ant invades the house some-

TWO SISTERS.

ARAWAK INDIANS.

times, and clears it of all vermin—mice, rats, cock-roaches, &c. The ants come in and go through, and the people clear out the while, as nothing stops the ants and nothing is left behind by them (see the references to the locust in the Book of Joel). There are wood ants of many kinds—one being the coostive, a black ant which gives fever. The armadillo clears these.

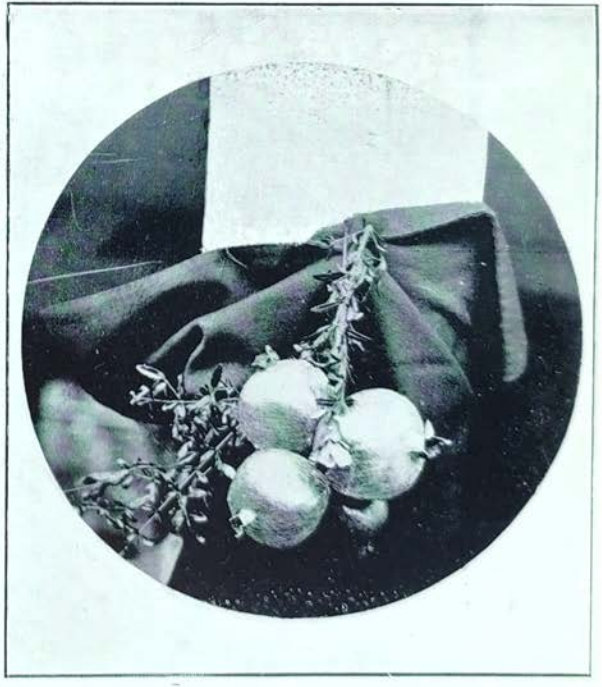
CHAPTER XV

THE BANQUETS OF GUIANA

A PROFESSOR of epicurean gastronomy has said: "Happy is the man who not only enjoys the confidence *of* his cook, but has confidence *in* his cook." I subscribe to this sentiment according to my light.

Little confidence is required to be partaker of Scotch broth in the highlands of Scotland, or of the squab-pie of Devonshire; little more to be a sharer of the repast of the natives of Palestine, the home-made "wind-bag" (bread), goats' cheese, and pickled olives, such as I have had on the Mount of Olives; less in that of the Arabs of Lower Egypt, with their hard-boiled eggs, olives, goats' cheese, the same "wind-bag" of native bread, and dessert of oranges, washed down with native sherbet (made with water of doubtful origin); still a little more in the *pot au feu* ("pot on the fire") of the denizens of the Alps Maritimes, though the portions of escargot may be taken for lumps of fat, like the turtle soup of the alderman; and what my wife thought were bird's legs, but which I knew to

MR. W. NICHOLLS WITH A SLOTH.



POMEGRANATES, ESSEQUIBO.

be *jambe et pied de grenouille*, delicately trussed, such as one may see on the shop-window board of many a *charcutier* of France. Certainly, more confidence is required to partake of the pepper-pot of the native of British Guiana; and I have joined them in their *al fresco* banquet of salt-fish, plaintain, yams, and cassava, with what amount of heartiness and enjoyment it is not within the limits of the present few lines to say. But the pepper-pot, ah!—with all my desire to promote fellowship and secure the confidence of my coloured brethren, that certainly is a trial of sentiment; for, as you may possibly see on your plate, appetising as the dish otherwise is, what appears to be a child's hand, but after all is that of a monkey, your mind reverts to the fantastic Darwinistic theory of our simian ancestors—and you feel very like a cannibal.

We caught a small sloth from our boat on the Pomeroon River, and as I pleaded for her, and her life was accordingly spared, I knew she was not in the pot.

If one were eating only the customary bread and salt, which is the mark of confidence next to blood-fellowship among the amenities of civilised with less civilised life, one would feel quite comfortable.

CHAPTER XVI

FAREWELL TO GEORGETOWN

"They accompanied him unto the ship."—Acts xx. 38.

THE departure of the mail-boat brings a large and brilliant company on board to speed departing guests and bid them *Bon voyage*. The fact that possibly only one or two of the travellers are known to them does not greatly matter; it gives the ladies the opportunity for displaying the latest thing in up-to-date—now and then "out-of-date"—costumes. The colours are bewildering, not only in tints of complexion, but in head-gear, dress, jacket, sash, and boots.

To say there were ten visitors to one *voyageur* is beside the mark. Many came who had no business whatever, until the deck was crowded, and the din was that of Babel, minus the diversity of tongues.

Whether that lady was there whose signboard over her eating-house has been a source of diversion to the writer—"Miss Julia Holker, the early bird for breakfasts, and late for dinners; good food sold here"—

cannot be said. Or, "Messrs. We, Us, and Co.," general storekeepers; Mr. Heng Chung, laundryman; or Mr. Lun Yeng, colonial merchant. The crowd belonged to the *élite* of Georgetown; and where the skin is dark, the display of linen of immaculate whiteness for men and women furnishes a contrast that is brilliant indeed.

Some of the advertisement expressions appear grotesque, though doubtless *taking*, to some of the people. Among such are "No humbug, a plain, straight deal at the place with the red sign"; or "Hotel de Paris Restaurant" for a poor shanty not worth twenty dollars; "Lady Smith Hotel," a reminiscence, it is supposed, of South Africa; while another displayed advertisement ran "Bibles and Tracts sold hear. Tracts all so."

CHAPTER XVII

JOHN RYMER, OF DEMERARA

FOR nearly thirty years the name of John Rymer has been associated with missionary work in Demerara, and to his many friends it will seem strange to think of Georgetown without him. He was a native of Northallerton, in Yorkshire, and here his early life was spent until about the age of nineteen or twenty. His father was a saddler, and at his death left the business to Mr. Rymer's brother and himself.

John Rymer did not, however, continue long in partnership with his brother, but decided to relinquish his interest in the business and go to Bristol. In this step he was very powerfully influenced by his admiration for the late George Müller, whose books he had read with deep interest and much profit. He had a great desire to be near Mr. Müller, and have the benefit of his ministry; and to accomplish this he took a situation in Bristol in his own line of business. He at once united himself with the Church at Bethesda, Great George Street, and quickly became engaged in useful Christian work. His evangelistic zeal found

JOHN RYMER.

Pastor and Missionary, whose name is a household word in the large town of Georgetown] Demerara, etc., etc.

scope for its exercise in open-air services after business hours, and in village preaching on Sundays. After a few years had passed, a vacancy occurred in the Bible Depôt, Park Street, a branch of the Institution under Mr. Müller's care, and Mr. Rymer was appointed to fill it. This work proved thoroughly congenial to him, as he was continually employed in the circulation of the Word of God and Christian literature, and in this service he remained for several years.

At length the long-cherished desire for missionary work was fulfilled, and after numerous consultations with Mr. Müller and brethren in Bristol, and much waiting upon God, the decision was made to go to Demerara. About the year 1878 he left Bristol for that land, with the cordial sympathy of his friends and fellow-Christians, and with a hearty "God-speed."

On arrival in Georgetown he at once entered upon what proved to be his life-work. The work had fallen into a somewhat low condition, and was needing the new energy which he was able to bring to it. He was untiring in the work of preaching, visiting, organising, and directing the affairs of the mission, and certainly did not spare himself any effort. He did not think that prudence was the sum of all the virtues, and perhaps he was not conspicuous for its exercise where his own health was in question. But a successful career of missionary work carried on for close upon thirty years in a tropical climate like Georgetown is no light achievement.

Before going out he had obtained, from a friendly

dentist, some instruction in the art of tooth extraction, and went forth provided with some useful knowledge and the necessary instruments. His skill in this direction was in considerable demand, so that he had to fix special hours for these dental operations. He soon won the confidence of the natives; and the blessing of God resting manifestly on the work, the numbers in fellowship grew, till at last, instead of about seven, there were seven hundred. His work lay chiefly in Georgetown; but he made many excursions up the rivers to inland mission stations, and endeavoured in every way to develop and strengthen the work in the various places around. He did much to promote the circulation of the Scriptures and distribution of books and tracts among the people in the colony, and very large consignments were again and again sent out to him. He was greatly esteemed by the town and colonial authorities, who recognised in him a man of sincere and earnest purpose and purity and integrity of life.

Mr. Rymer married within a few years of his arrival in Demerara, and found in his wife a devoted companion and helper. Their married life continued for about twenty-four years, when Mrs. Rymer was rather suddenly removed, in the year 1904, by an attack of malarial fever. Just at that time Mr. Rymer's sister was on her way out to pay a long-promised visit to her brother, but on reaching Barbados was greeted with the sad intelligence of Mrs. Rymer's death. When she reached Georgetown, a few days later, it

was to meet her widowed brother and become his companion and comforter. Her arrival was thus remarkably providential, and she remained to help in the home and in the missionary work. But, alas ! this happy re-union of brother and sister was not to be of long continuance, for in about a year she, too, fell a victim to fever. Soon after this, Mr. Rymer married a widowed lady—Mrs. Proudlock—in whose conversion he had formerly been instrumental, and who had manifested considerable zeal in missionary work.

For a long time, however, Mr. Rymer's health had been giving way under a serious chronic malady, and ultimately it was found necessary to lay down the work which was so dear to him, and which he had so long and so successfully carried on. He and his wife left Demerara in September, 1907, and reached England on October 7th. The story of the following eight weeks forms one of the most pathetic narratives in missionary annals. For about three weeks they occupied rooms in Lewisham, during which time Mr. Rymer saw a London specialist. Acting upon his advice, he went at the end of October into the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Bloomsbury. At that time his wife was in fairly good health, and visited him twice. She, however, took cold, which afterwards developed into pneumonia. By her own desire she had been removed to the Lewisham Infirmary, and here, on November 22nd, she fell asleep in Christ. This was on Friday. On the

previous Monday, Mr. Rymer, hearing of her dangerous condition, travelled from Bloomsbury to Lewisham in a cab, carefully wrapped up, in order to visit her. On this journey he seems to have taken cold. Pneumonia set in, and on November 28, 1907 —six days after his wife—he, too, fell asleep in Jesus. The remains of Mrs. Rymer were interred in Lewisham Cemetery on November 27th, and those of Mr. Rymer were laid in the same grave on December 2nd. Thus closed this useful life, at the age of sixty years.

In a letter to the writer of this sketch, dated from the hospital, only a few days before his death, he said : "You are right about my movements. I have come to the conclusion that my work *in* Demerara is over, but not *for* Demerara." He spoke of some improvement in health, and evidently hoped yet to serve the cause for which he had so long laboured. But rest was nearer than he thought, and truly in his case it is "very far better." His health was more seriously affected than he was willing to admit; and to have had to face life again, with greatly impaired health and without the companionship of the wife on whom he was so dependent, would have been a sore affliction. From that affliction the Lord has mercifully saved him, and now husband and wife, so briefly separated, are re-united in the presence of the Lord.

Several friends from local assemblies gathered at the cemetery at our brother's funeral on December 2nd, among them being Mr. G. F. Bergin and his old friend

and colleague, Mr. J. L. Stanley. Each of these spoke words of affectionate personal testimony to the character and service of our departed friend. General Halliday, who had conducted the funeral service of Mrs. Rymer six days before, again gave utterance to words of consolation and hope.

In Demerara and Bristol particularly, and wherever our brother was known, his memory will ever be cherished as that of one who was "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

J. L. S.

CHAPTER XVIII

PIONEERING AND ITS RESULTS

WE have noted the early connection of Bristol with the West Indies, partly through the slave-traffic, and partly through Gospel effort; now we would like to summarise much that was done by other servants of Christ to carry the words of life and salvation to a now emancipated people.

The term "British West Indies," with which we are dealing, is generally understood to embrace the colony of British Guiana, on the north coast of South America (better known as Demerara), and the following islands: Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, and a cluster of many small isles known as the Grenadines (of which Carriacou is the largest, and to which we may refer later); St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Barbados, Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, and Jamaica, the latter being the largest.

The condition of the slaves in these various places did not differ much from that of those in the Southern States of America, so graphically portrayed in the well-known *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* There were

kind and humane owners, as well as those who were cruel; and when the negro fell into good hands he proved himself submissive, tractable, and faithful unto death. The annals of these places abound with incidents of their devotion to such owners as had gained their affection through kindness. That they were kept in gross ignorance and darkness and denied a hearing of the Gospel and the means of grace was perhaps the saddest part of their history. The slave was looked upon as a valuable animal, and no count was made of his immortal soul.

As early as 1793 the London Missionary Society turned its attention to these benighted people, and teachers were sent to British Guiana; so we find godly men labouring among them, amid much difficulty and very much opposition from planters and Government, but with gracious results. The names of these pioneers, and numerous others that followed in the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century, still live, and are held in grateful remembrance in the hearts of the aged among the blacks.

As already narrated, in 1827, Mr. Leonard Strong (to whom reference has already been made),* a clergyman of the Church of England, became exercised about his position, gave up his living (worth £800 a year), and began Gospel work amongst them, on a sugar estate called Peter's Hall, on the Demerara River, about four miles from Georgetown; being encouraged by the late Mr. G. Müller, of Bristol.

* See page 52.

Soon the fruits of his labours were seen; numbers were gathered and a large room and mission house built. This ere long became the largest assembly and the centre of the work for many years.

A large population has now sprung up in this place and its neighbourhood; and a good gathering, large Sunday School, comfortable room and mission house still remain, though at present there is no resident white brother who is not partly engaged in some business avocation.

After the complete emancipation of the slaves, on August 1, 1836, British Guiana attracted the attention of the Open Brethren, so-called; and in 1839 or 1840 Mr. Jos. Collier went out from London, followed by his brother Henry and his wife and Mr. D. French, in 1842. The late Mr. G. V. Wigram interested himself greatly in the work, and kept up a regular correspondence, helping in various ways by his counsel, prayers, and otherwise.

Contemporary with the Colliers and French were Thos. Tweedy from Ireland, and C. Aveline, a midshipman in the Navy. Mr. Tweedy devoted himself to the work in Georgetown and was joined by Mr. Jos. Collier. The old Colony House (famous in the annals of the country, now the Law Courts) was rented, one large room being apart and fitted for the preaching of the Gospel. Many hearers received blessing and, as also among the whites, "not a few believed."

These brethren afterwards started a day-school for

white and coloured lads, and did good work among the youths of the city.

It is, perhaps, as well to mention here that when "coloured" people are spoken of, the offspring of black and white are meant, and one has to be careful not to confuse terms, as considerable prejudice exists. The whites look down on the coloured, and they in their turn on the blacks; while the black man, too, despises the coloured, and you may often hear a black man say to a coloured with whom he may have some contention—"Tank God, I is pure African, you is no nation," or "You is only mulatto." And the whites do not care to associate with any in whom there may be a "dip of the tar-brush." Happily, even this measure of race opposition is declining.

Mr. H. Collier took up work for a short time at Towlands, on the east coast, about eighteen miles from Georgetown—where numbers of the people were settling on lands which they afterwards purchased, there forming the not inconsiderable villages of Two-faunds, Anus Grove, and Dauctfern. Mr. D. French was located at Victoria, three miles nearer Georgetown, with the frequent help of Mr. Collier, from Towlands.

About this time the blacks, who were earning large wages on the sugar estates, began to form themselves into communities (mostly composed of those who had been "massa niggers," or fellow-slaves, under the same owners), to buy up abandoned estates for settling upon. Such a community, numbering about forty,

purchased Phil Drathbrook, and re-named it Victoria, in honour of the late Queen; and as all of them were professing Christians, they drew up a solemn compact for the regulation of their village. There was to be neither grog-shop (public-house) nor dancing hall, and private balls were disallowed. Marriage was to be insisted on, and no immorality permitted; the strict observance of the Lord's Day was to be enforced. For a time all went happily, and it was a model village. The estate's buildings were transformed into a large and comfortable Gospel hall, about 140 feet by 60, and to this, after a few years, a wing, 40 feet by 30, was added. A large Sunday School was organised, in which were often to be seen grey-headed Christians, hard at work over their primers, learning their A B C, that they might be able to read the Word of God for themselves. A day-school was also established and carried on by a coloured brother named Ferrier, who also helped in the Gospel work.

Other villages, too, were soon settled, and the work spread to Buxton, about five miles nearer town. This was sustained for some time by visits of the white brethren from Victoria, who preached in the open, walking over from Victoria after the Sunday morning meeting, and returning for service in the evening—no small thing for Europeans in such a climate. After a time the old estate's coffee "logie"* was given for a meeting-room, and many "gathered to the name of the Lord" there.

Nothing was done at this time for the villages of

* A pillared roof thatched with palm leaves.

Betterverwagting and Plaisance, still nearer Georgetown, as the labourers were few. In the first-named, the London Missionary Society had a station, and a godly, hard-working pastor.

The blacks are naturally of a religious turn of mind; and when their hearts were touched by the grace of God, they were diligent and earnest in seeking after truth and in attending the means of grace—though perhaps, with consciences blunted by their past lives, they did not always commend the Gospel.

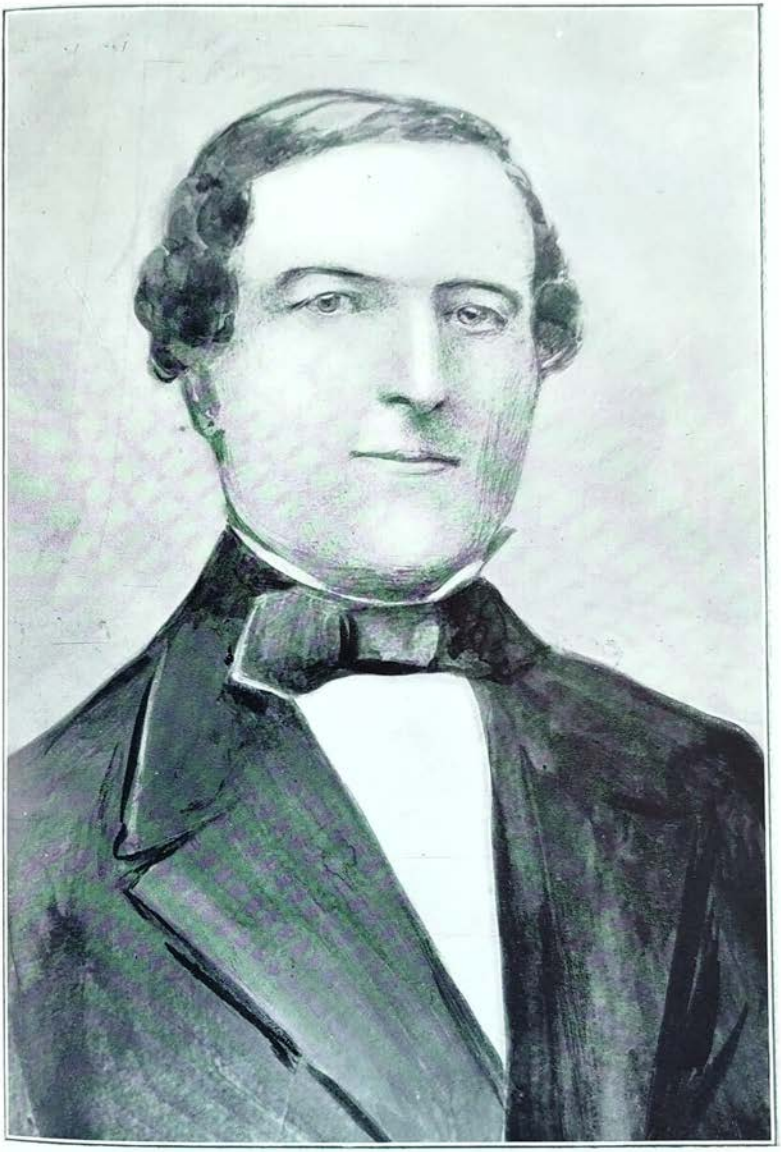
Before the establishment of so many centres, and before emancipation, they would walk ten or fifteen miles, starting after midnight on Saturday to be at a five a.m. prayer-meeting and to attend the services through the day. Then they would return after dark on the Sunday, and slink into their quarters on the estate at early dawn, so as to be present at "roll-call" at five o'clock—with the certainty hanging over them that, if found out, they would get the lash, and have a bucket of brine afterwards thrown over their lacerated backs, before being turned out to work in the fields.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME MISSIONARY HISTORY

ABOUT 1844, Mr. D. French removed to the village of Supply, on the east bank of Demerara River, five or six miles from Georgetown; in 1845 he married a daughter of Mr. Mordall, an early member of Bethesda, Bristol, who was labouring at Peter's Hall, where he laid down his life after a brief service. Mr. Mordall was one of the earliest male members of Bethesda, Bristol.

The work continued spreading, and soon there were stations at Craig (not far from the last-named station), and Hyde Park on the same bank; then, on the west of the river, the Camoonie Creek, Dunoon, Issuru, Dalgin, Mahaicabally, and in Essequibo. At Queenstown, Danieltown—on the next sugar estate to Queenstown (Phil Taymouth Manor)—lived Mr. John Barlow (manager and "planting attorney" of Messrs. Thomas Daniel, of Berkeley Square, Bristol, who had large interest in the West Indies); he also laboured in the Gospel, and partly, or altogether, was the means of putting up a meeting-room and



MR. CHARLES AVELINE.

house at this place; he likewise gave the large piece of land on which they stand to this day.

Mr. H. Bennett also laboured there for many years, and nearly all those who went out from time to time did good work there. Many other labourers came to the colony in the forties, and we have the names of Butcher, Barrington, Harrison (son-in-law to C. H. Aveline), and John Meyer,* who took up work among the aboriginal Indians (or Bucks, as they are called), and with his wife settled among the Arawaks, at a place called "Cumaka," about 120 miles up the Berbice River. There he died and was buried. The Indians, breaking up the settlement, as is their custom when a "big man" dies, removed into the Wierooney Creek, on the other side of the river.

Mrs. Meyer and her children, who had suffered untold hardships, returned to their native land.

A work had been begun among these nomads, of whom there are several tribes, as early as 1738, on the Berbice River, by the Moravians, who afterwards established a station on the Corentyne, in 1757; and in 1830 a mission was established by the Church of England at Bartecu Grove, in the Essequibo. The work among these people was continued by Mr. C. Aveline, who travelled much up and down the various rivers, carrying the Gospel to many tribes. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. and Mrs. Huntley also bestowed much labour on them; especially on those

* See biographical sketches on page 110.

on the Wierooney Creek, many of them the fruit of Messrs. Meyer and Aveline's ministry. Here Mr. Gardiner died and was buried, and the community moved higher up the creek to a place called Matara. This station still exists, and is cared for by Mr. Henry Tayler and his son Gregson * amid many difficulties and much discouragement.

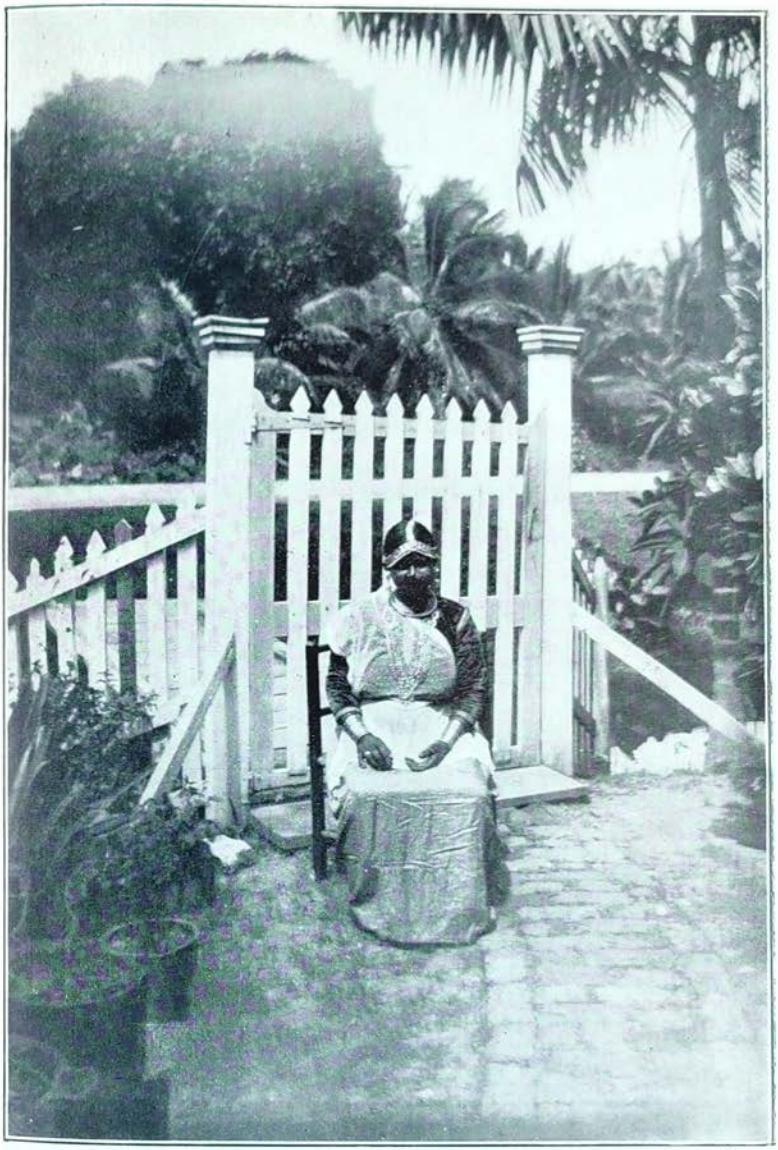
Mrs. Huntley, after the death of her husband, and up to a short time of her own falling asleep, often visited this station and helped considerably; frequently travelling miles—with only an Indian boy of about ten years old—visiting from place to place in a small canoe about ten feet long and two feet wide.

The year 1853 brought Messrs. R. Kingsland and Towers and Miss Kingsley to the colony. The two last-mentioned succumbed to fever, after but a short time of service, though not before Mr. Towers had endeared himself to all who knew him. These were succeeded by Messrs. Riley and Wennman.

Mr. Robert Kingsland laboured chiefly in Georgetown and Peter's Hall; he married in the colony and died there. One of his sons, Mr. John Kingsland, is now caring for the few gathered at "The Kitty" assembly in a village a few miles from Georgetown. One of his daughters has a voluntary school for the East Indian coolie children, boys especially, seeking to instil the Word of God into their young heads and hearts.

The year 1857 brought further relays of helpers in

* See brief biographical notes on page 120.



WIDOW OF GOKOL—EAST INDIAN BRAHMIN.

the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Huntley, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, and Mr. John Healy.

Mr. D. French had returned, after some years of absence, and taken up work at Danieltown. Mr. and Mrs. Huntley laboured at Craig and Hyde Park and in Georgetown, where through their exertions land was acquired and the present room and mission house built. Both fell asleep in the colony, and their dust awaits the resurrection morn at Craig, whilst their memory is still green in the hearts of numbers scattered about the colony.

Mr. Marsh went to Queenstown for a time, and is still living at Chicago.

In 1875 Mr. and Mrs. Wrigglesworth went out and laboured at Hyde Park and other river places, until Mr. Wrigglesworth was called home a few years later, and his widow returned to England, settling at Bristol.

In 1878 Mr. J. H. Barnes and Miss Taylor (to whom he was afterwards married) went out. Mr. Barnes laboured at Peter's Hall, Hyde Park, and other places, and finally settled at Plaisance, where, during his ministry, the mission room and mission house were built. Continued attacks of fever at last drove him back to his native land, where he still lives, residing at Cardiff, in active service for the same Master he served so faithfully across the seas.

Besides the work carried on at Queenstown and Danieltown, at Johanna Cecilia, about six miles from the first-named place, work arose through a black man, named James Nott, who, as a boy, was taken from

a captured slave-ship, carried to Sierra Leone, and educated in the Church Mission School. He afterwards migrated to Demerara. Being steady and industrious, he soon became a man of some property; and on his conversion set apart and fitted one of his buildings for the preaching of the Gospel, occasionally taking the service himself, but afterwards getting help from Queenstown. Mr. Marsh, still living in America, frequently went there, and had much fellowship with his black brother.

The year 1874 saw the long-felt want of a comfortable mission house at Queenstown about to be met, funds to help in the accomplishment of this being forthcoming; and Mr. Marsh, after seven years' labour, off and on (for he had been away to some of the West India Islands for a time), was permitted to see steps being taken for its erection.

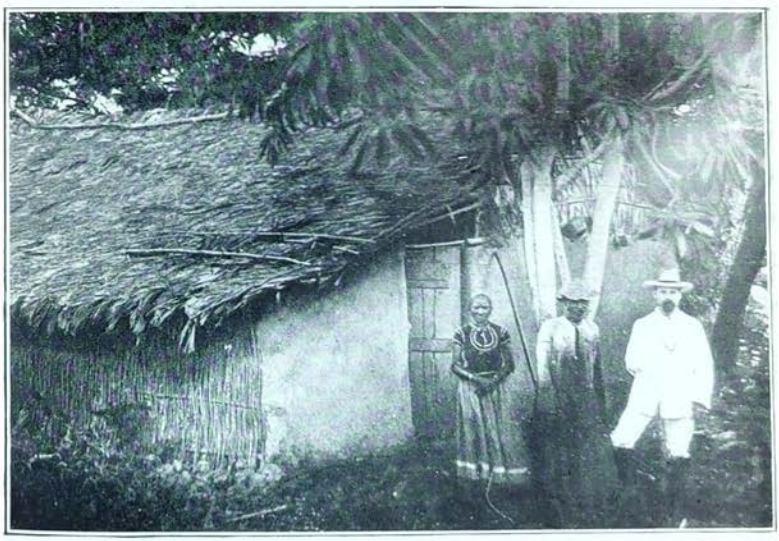
The year 1879 marked the going forth of Mr. Rymer, who has been heard to say that "so very confident was he that God had called him to labour in British Guiana, that if there had been no sea, he would have started to walk the four thousand miles."

His subsequent life, work, and history* show that he was not mistaken in "the call," and the abundant blessing that followed his ministry is manifest to-day. He "rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

At this juncture we might mention briefly the work among the Chinese. These people were brought to

* See page 82.

CHINESE MEETING-HOUSE AT PETER'S HALL.
MR. SPARROW AND CHINESE CARETAKER.
(*The remains of some English workers are interred here.*)



COOLIE'S HOUSE, AND MR. W. NICHOLLS, ESSEQUIBO.

the colony as indentured emigrants, not entitled to a return passage as the East Indians are. About 1864 the Government granted to them a tract of about 100 square miles on the Camooney Creek, on the west bank of the Demerara River, and nearly opposite Hyde Park. The visit at this time of Admiral Hope, with a portion of the West Indian Fleet caused the place to be called Hopetown, and there they settled from time to time as their indentures expired.* Among those so brought were two Christians—Ah Fook, who was located in Essequibo, and Yen Wing, on the East Coast. These spread the "good news' with great results, and their term of service being commuted by compensating their employers, they were free to labour more abundantly among their heathen countrymen. Ah Fook, being settled at Hyde Park, was greatly helped on in the truth by Mr. and Mrs. Huntley, who took much interest in the Chinese. Ah Fook afterwards went into business as a provision dealer, and, besides proclaiming the Gospel, devoted most of his profits to the support of the work among the Chinese. On his death he left his shops for its continuance. A new chapel and mission house were built here, and they still stand, waiting for some brother (who can speak Chinese) to take up the work. Another place was built at Hopetown, and one on the west coast. Help, too, was given them for a few years by a catechist, named O Tye Kin, who came from Singa-

* The system of indentures of Chinese and Indians, so complained of in South Africa, is still observed here.

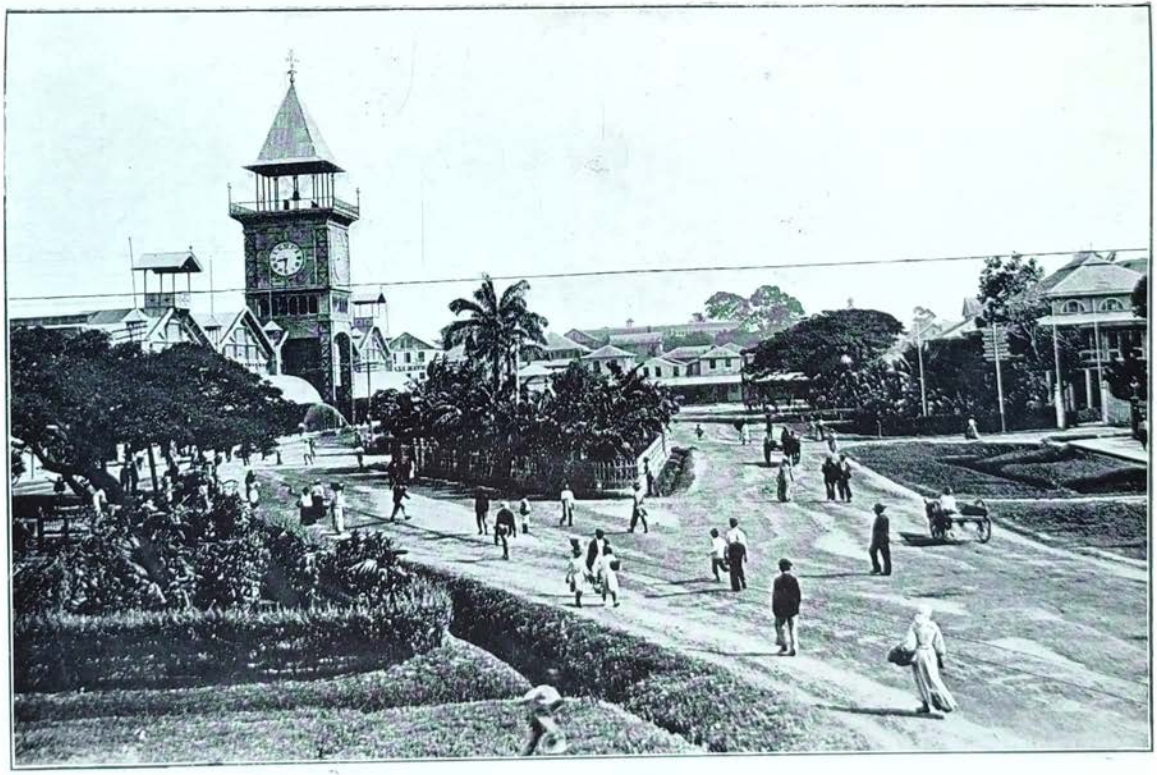
pore. Alas! for the want of teachers and pastors, this most interesting work fell to pieces, division came in, and now there is little or no testimony; but there is a generation coming on who can speak English.

Many of the Chinese embraced Christianity, and those truly converted set a good example by their devotion and liberality to the cause with which they became connected.

Barbados, being the sanatorium of the West Indies, has from early years been visited by brethren seeking rest and health from British Guiana who, as they had opportunity, bore witness to the truth, not without results. About 1864 Mr. B. T. Slim, a Christian brother, formerly of Jamaica, settled there, and a large assembly in Bridgetown was soon the result. In 1889 Mr. J. Gordon and his wife settled at Bathsheba, and began a work there, which was afterwards taken up by Mr. and Mrs. Swift and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and carried on with great blessing. A room and mission house have been built,* and Mr. G. Nicholls is labouring there now with great success, besides having the care of two other assemblies near.

Mr. Gordon, being able to speak Hindustani, visited St. Lucia, and tried to get at the East Indians there, as well as preaching the Gospel to the natives. St. Lucia is a very difficult field—the people for the most part "sit in darkness," and Romanism is rampant. Though they know English well enough to understand the preaching, they only care to converse in their own

* Now the property of the Stewards' Company.



MARKET HOUSE TOWER, GEORGETOWN.

tongue (a French patois). Mr. Moffat, chief warden of the military prison, and Christian officers from the garrison, kept up open-air services from time to time. Mr. Gordon afterwards went to British Guiana—there labouring acceptably among the East Indians—and finally to Jamaica.

Mr. Thomas took up colporteur's work, and with his "Bible carriage" travelled over various parts of the colony, diffusing the "Word of Life" and preaching the Gospel. Never very strong, his health broke down, and he had to return home after but a short service.

Mr. Mitchell laboured with much acceptance for some time in Demerara, and then went to Grenada as fellow-labourer with Mr. Swift. He visited some of the Grenadines; and souls were blessed and some gathered at Carriacou. He afterwards went to Venezuela, that priest-ridden country, and laboured amid much discouragement and opposition, with many difficulties, and yet seeing some fruit. Having acquired a knowledge of Spanish, he is now labouring in Spain.

Miss Baker remained in Georgetown, and has now laboured among the women for many years. She has sustained the interest in a large Bible-class of fifty or sixty, besides visiting the people in their homes. She is an earnest and indefatigable worker, has been much blessed, and, being still in harness, is a marvel for her years.

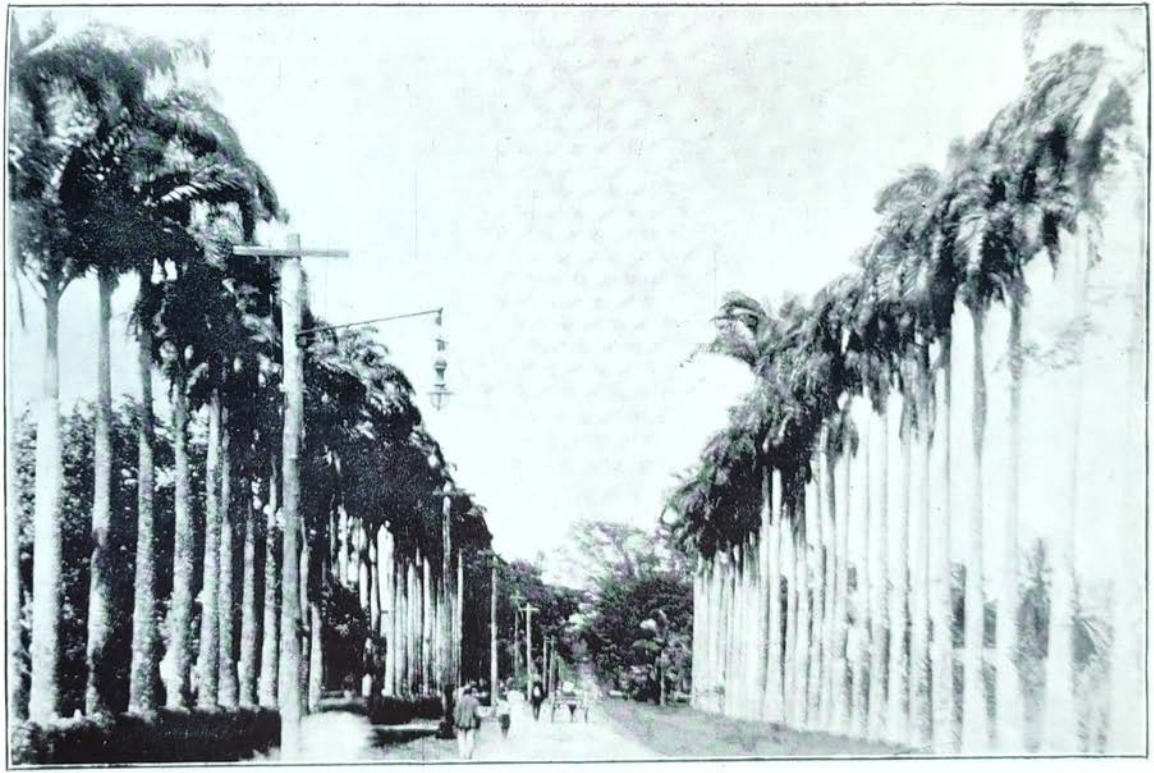
In 1891, Mr. V. Hunter, with his wife and family, went out from London to St. Vincent and began a

work for the Lord in Kingstown, also visiting other parts of the island. He was much used, and a hall was built. Miss Rose, who went out at the same time, helped among the women, but soon had to return through ill-health. The work has spread to other parts of the island, and is now cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Walton and Miss Millington.

At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Swift went out and settled in Grenada. This dear brother was in a decline, but he laboured very faithfully for some years, even beyond his strength, and was ably seconded by his wife, herself a true missionary. The work thus begun is still prospering, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Weston and Miss Hill.

In 1895, Miss Butland and Miss Wakelin went out, and Miss Wakelin interested herself in the much-neglected East Indian children and began a day-school for them on the outskirts of Georgetown, where many of the people had settled. She was at one time helped by Miss Butland, and the work was afterwards carried on by this sister and Miss Kingsland, who still continues this very needful labour. Miss Butland's health became quite shattered, and she had to return to Bristol, where she still resides.

In this year the only white brethren bearing the heat and burden of the day in Demerara were Mr. Rymer and Mr. Sparrow. In 1893 the gatherings were visited by the late Mr. H. Dyer with Mrs. Dyer, their visit being much blessed. The hands of the labourers were strengthened and their hearts encour-



CABBAGE-PALM GROVE, GEORGETOWN.

aged, and believers were built up and helped. Such visits, by those well fitted, who have the time and means, would more than repay, in blessing to their own souls, any who would go forth.

In 1898, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wales went out to relieve Mr. John Rymer, who was in failing health. On Mr. Rymer's return they went to St. Vincent and were there through the volcanic eruption, suffering much. They are now labouring in Georgetown, with great acceptance and blessing.

The year 1899 saw the going out of Messrs. G. and W. Nicholls, of Bristol, and their respective wives. The first went to Barbados and settled at Bathsheba, where his labours have been much blessed. Mr. Wilson Nicholls went to Queenstown and took up the care of the church there, and of those at Henrietta and Danieltown, as well as helping in the Pomeroon, as already mentioned.

Miss Gallop went out there in 1901 and did good service for a short time. Going to Barbados to recruit, she found pressing need there and remained; she still labours in Dayrell's Road, in this increasing and important field of service. There are special openings among the East Indian coolies, who number about one-third of the population of these colonies, and for whom only little is being done.

Thus, a brief outline of the work done in British Guiana, Barbados, Grenada, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia has been given.

In Trinidad not much has been accomplished. This

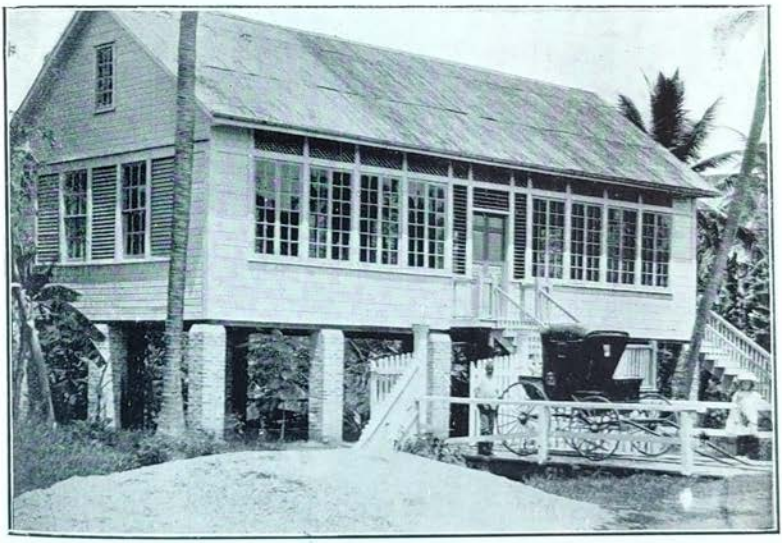
island has a population of about 130,000, of whom about 80,000 are East Indians and their descendants. Romanism and Ritualism prevail. For some years a Government official, who spoke Hindu, visited and preached to the coolie inmates of the hospital, and also helped the very few gathered to the name of the Lord in his house. It is a large field, long neglected.

In Dominica and Montserrat the people speak a French patois, but, as in St. Lucia, understand English; but they have not been privileged to have such efforts as those given to St. Lucia. In Antigua, which is very English, we do not think there has been any testimony by Brethren, so called.

St. Kitts and Nevis are ten miles apart. The first was visited by Mr. Joseph Collier, many years ago, and some were gathered into assembly fellowship. A great fire, which destroyed the chief town of Basic-Terre, compelled him to leave. There are still a few gathered in simplicity who get occasional help from Christians passing through, but the occasions are few and far between. A servant of God would be very welcome, and "the common people," as well as others, would hear gladly.

All these places have a mild climate. Most of them, the more northern, are exceedingly healthy, and living is cheap. At Jamaica, the largest—300 miles by 40—there is a large population of blacks, an open sphere for labour, with a climate very mild in the higher regions; the island abounds in villages and towns, where there is great need for the Gospel.

MISSION-HOUSE, QUEENSTOWN, ESSEQUIBO.



ASSEMBLY HALL, QUEENSTOWN.

About eleven years ago Messrs. G. Fred Bergin and F. Arnot paid a visit to Georgetown, and other places, which was greatly owned of God.

It becomes increasingly our duty and responsibility to do better than our predecessors in bringing to those "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death" an emancipation of a spiritual kind; rescuing our fellow-creatures from the powers of evil, of superstition, and everything that is opposed to their spiritual and moral good, that they may become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

All these workers for God had, more or less, a passion for souls: they doubtless felt

"I dare not idle stand,
While upon every hand,
The whitening fields proclaim the harvest near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, my Lord, for Thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear."

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE MÜLLER'S RECORDS

THE first entry in the narratives of the Lord's dealings with George Müller regarding work in the West Indies occurs in 1844:—

"From *May* 10, 1842, to *July* 14, 1844, has been laid out, for missionary objects, the sum of £234 8s. 6d., whereby assistance has been rendered to the work of God in Jamaica, in Demerara, in Upper Canada, in the East Indies, in the Mauritius, and in Switzerland.

"After having besought the Lord, during the space of more than seven years, that He would be pleased to confer upon us the honour of seeing brethren and sisters, from our own midst, go forth to foreign lands, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, He has answered our requests in this particular also; for there have gone out one brother to Switzerland, and two brethren and sisters to Demerara, within the last twelvemonth."

"*June* 25, 1843.—To-day was found a paper in one of the boxes of Bethesda Chapel, containing £2 10s., with the following words: 'From the sale of a musical instrument. . . . For our beloved brother Barrington and sister Barrett, towards the expenses of the voyage to Demerara.'"

MR. JAMES WRIGHT.

Son-in-law and Successor to Mr. G. Müller, of the Orphan Houses and Scriptural Knowledge Institution.

"*September* 7, 1844.—Our Tract and Bible stock is very small, as we have much reduced it on account of sending supplies to Demerara."

"From *July* 14, 1844, to *May* 26, 1846, has been laid out for Foreign and Home Missions the sum of £595 7s. 9d. Of this sum has been spent for Foreign Missions £447 17s. 9d., which has been divided among about fifteen brethren and sisters who labour in Demerara. . . . During no period has so much of the funds of this Institution been spent on missionary work."

"From *May* 26, 1846, to *May* 26, 1848, has been spent of the funds of this Institution the sum of £1,559 11s. 6d. for missionary objects. Of this sum has been sent to fourteen labourers in the West Indies £539 12s. 2d."

"1850.—During the last two years has been spent of the funds of the Institution for this object the sum of £2,574 16s. 6d. By this sum forty labourers in the Word and Doctrine, in various parts of the world, have been to a greater or less degree assisted. The amount sent to each of these servants of Christ is as follows:—

"To No. 1.	Labouring in Demerara ...	£146 18s. 6d.
To No. 2.	do. ...	£142 18s.
To No. 3.	do. ...	£93
To No. 4.	do. ...	£53
To No. 5.	do. ...	£35
To No. 6.	do. ...	£33 10s."

No name is mentioned in any case.

With reference to Messrs. Meyer and Aveline, a brother labouring in British Guiana writes on September 21, 1867: "I have been wishing to go into the interior to visit the dear Indian brethren and sisters,

gathered by the dear brethren Meyer and Aveline, and wrote to them to look for me in October."

A brother labouring in British Guiana wrote on August 22, 1867: "It is now just a year since I left in company with our dear brother and sister M., and I have no reason to regret the step I then took."

A brother labouring in Demerara wrote on August 7, 1868: "I spent five weeks among the Indians at Matara. I got the children together twice a day to teach them. About thirteen know the alphabet, four can read a little, and a few, who were taught by our late brother Aveline, can read the Word."

Brother G. wrote from Matara, Berbice, on May 13, 1869: "Two young men have been convicted of sin and led to the Lord, . . . the other is Charles Aveline Hope, the eldest son of John Hope, so well known as one of the oldest converts of Brother John Meyer's ministry."

Mr. G. wrote on January 20, 1871, from Weiroony Creek Mouth, Berbice: "Dear Brother Aveline has left an account of the number of Indians at Matara, in which the total is thirty-seven and some twenty in fellowship."

Mr. M. writes from Craig Village, Demerara River, on June 21, 1870: "Many thanks for the cheque (value £14) sent per Mr. K."

Mr. G. writes on July 30, 1872, from Berbice: "We have lost a sister from our communion on earth: Clara, who came to England with dear sister Meyer (upon her return)."

'CABBAGE-PALM GROVE, ESSEQUIBO.

In the early volumes of the periodical now known as *Echoes of Service*, from the year 1870, we find acknowledgments, one from a brother labouring in Queenstown in 1874, that a mission house was built at Queenstown, Essequibo, which cost upwards of £400.

In 1872 Mr. A. Gardiner acknowledged gifts.

In 1874, Mr. L. Strong, who had returned to England, and was busy in corresponding with Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, acknowledged gifts in money and kind for them.

References also occur to the following persons, incidents, and facts :—

Mr. Thos. Marsh at Essequibo.

Mr. J. C. Huntley who, in March, 1874, had been labouring in British Guiana for seventeen years—going out with Mrs. Huntley, in 1857.

Mr. Kingsland went out in 1853.

Mr. Wrigglesworth in 1876.

Mr. T. M. Barnes in 1882; also Mrs. Barnes (prior to marriage) in 1879.

Mr. Villiers Hunter, October, 1891.

Mr. Tweedy at Georgetown; he later fell asleep there.

Lough ah Fook amid great trials and difficulties among the Chinese at Peter's Hall; also Yen Wing, a diligent Chinese Christian.

There were, in 1887, Chinese to the number of two hundred meeting in fellowship at Camooney Creek, Leonara, and at Peter's Hall.

CHAPTER XXI

AN APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY

TO the present generation of Christians in these colonies the names of such workers as Gardiner, Aveline, and Meyer are perhaps unknown—and even to a former generation may be little more than names; but to a few of those converted in youth, who are now in the sere and yellow leaf, they are fragrant of spiritual life and vigour. One of these witnesses says what is here recorded of Mr. Meyer, otherwise known as Myers.

After labouring for some months on the Demerara River, where he was much used of God, he went to Taymouth Manor (a sugar estate), next to Queenstown (of which a Christian brother, Mr. Barlow, was manager), and took charge of a school for native children, preaching the Gospel in the neighbourhood where the blacks were settling. A visit to the Tapacooma Lake, where there were some Arawak settlements, caused him to be much exercised about taking the Gospel to these people; and shortly afterwards he got the Chief to consent

to his son and another lad attending the school, Mr. Meyer undertaking to clothe and feed them the while. He also prevailed on some of the Indians to attend the meetings on Sundays. After a time other Indian children went to the school, and soon he had ten or twelve to feed, clothe, and instruct. While teaching them English, he got them to impart to him lessons in Arawak. Being naturally quick in acquiring languages, he soon mastered their tongue sufficiently to be able to preach to them in it. His success in getting the Indians to the meetings, and the blessing attending his labours in the conversion of some, aroused the jealousy of a clergyman, who occupied a mission station not far off, and who had not hitherto troubled much about the Indians, but who now used all his influence to cause them to refrain from attending. By his representations he succeeded only too well.

This was a severe blow to our brother, and caused him to be much cast down, but so strong had his interest become in these people that he determined to seek them in other parts; so with a few necessaries packed in a knapsack, and fewer shillings in his pocket, he started across country for the head of the Demerara River.

His confidence in the God in whom he trusted led him to feel assured that he would find a wider field for the Gospel than the Tapacooma Lake, and some place where he would be able, with his wife and children, to settle among them.

After a short stay in Georgetown, brethren there

CHAPTER XXI

AN APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY

TO the present generation of Christians in these colonies the names of such workers as Gardiner, Aveline, and Meyer are perhaps unknown—and even to a former generation may be little more than names; but to a few of those converted in youth, who are now in the sere and yellow leaf, they are fragrant of spiritual life and vigour. One of these witnesses says what is here recorded of Mr. Meyer, otherwise known as Myers.

After labouring for some months on the Demerara River, where he was much used of God, he went to Taymouth Manor (a sugar estate), next to Queenstown (of which a Christian brother, Mr. Barlow, was manager), and took charge of a school for native children, preaching the Gospel in the neighbourhood where the blacks were settling. A visit to the Tapacooma Lake, where there were some Arawak settlements, caused him to be much exercised about taking the Gospel to these people; and shortly afterwards he got the Chief to consent

to his son and another lad attending the school, Mr. Meyer undertaking to clothe and feed them the while. He also prevailed on some of the Indians to attend the meetings on Sundays. After a time other Indian children went to the school, and soon he had ten or twelve to feed, clothe, and instruct. While teaching them English, he got them to impart to him lessons in Arawak. Being naturally quick in acquiring languages, he soon mastered their tongue sufficiently to be able to preach to them in it. His success in getting the Indians to the meetings, and the blessing attending his labours in the conversion of some, aroused the jealousy of a clergyman, who occupied a mission station not far off, and who had not hitherto troubled much about the Indians, but who now used all his influence to cause them to refrain from attending. By his representations he succeeded only too well.

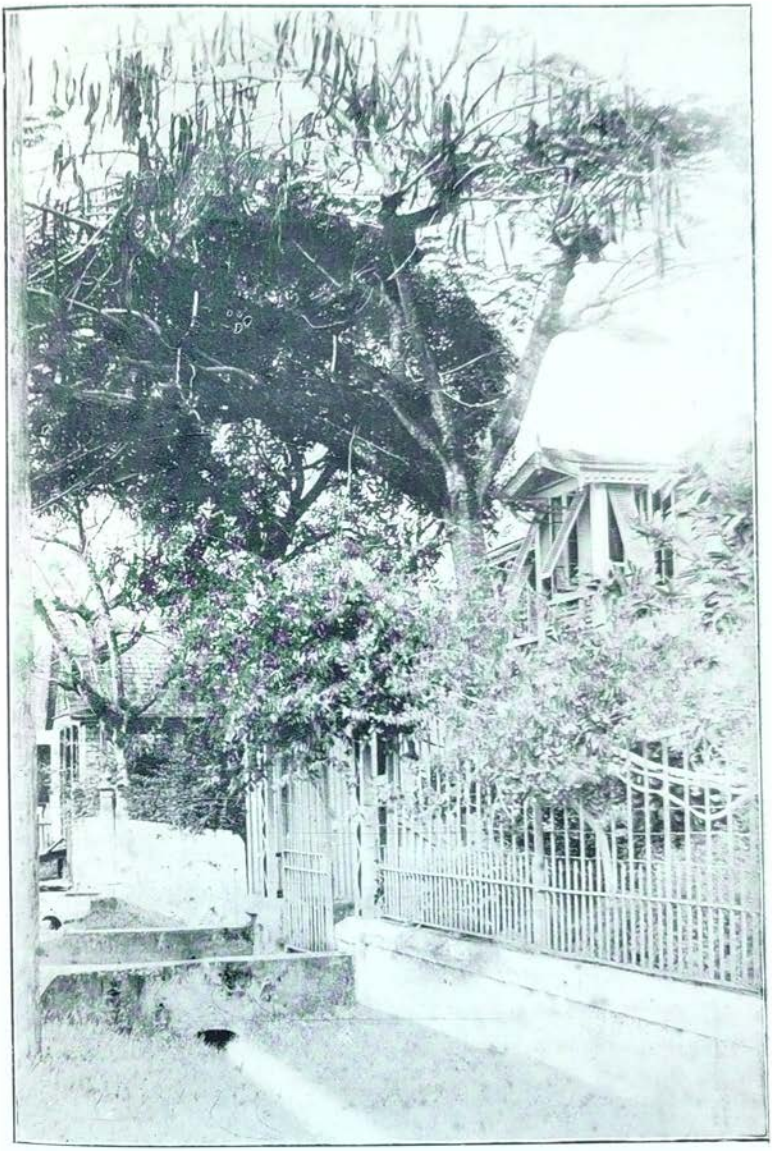
This was a severe blow to our brother, and caused him to be much cast down, but so strong had his interest become in these people that he determined to seek them in other parts; so with a few necessaries packed in a knapsack, and fewer shillings in his pocket, he started across country for the head of the Demerara River.

His confidence in the God in whom he trusted led him to feel assured that he would find a wider field for the Gospel than the Tapacooma Lake, and some place where he would be able, with his wife and children, to settle among them.

After a short stay in Georgetown, brethren there

helped him on his way; and as he passed up the river he had the fellowship and encouragement of those at the various stations of Peter's Hall, Craig, and especially (at Hyde Park) of Mr. C. Aveline, who thoroughly sympathised with him, and became his fellow-helper in every way; accompanying him, along with three black brethren, several days' journey into the interior.

They found a readiness to hear the Gospel that surprised them, for the Indian is generally so indifferent and apathetic, that, fearful of wearying the natives, they had decided to have the preaching only now and then; but it was heart-cheering to have them come of themselves and desire "that the Word might be preached to them" every day. Mr. Aveline and the black brethren returned to Hyde Park, and Mr. Meyer proceeded on his way; after some days' travel reaching a settlement called Cumaka, on the Berbice River, about 150 miles from its mouth, where he found a great number of Indians, they having gathered there for a big feast. The sudden advent of a white man was a great surprise to them; but his announcement that he was a messenger from God, sent to tell them that God so loved them that He had given His Son to die for them, that their sins might be forgiven and that they might go to heaven, so attracted them and riveted their attention, that the traveller remained there several days, preaching to them, and being entertained by them and supplied with all he required. Going on down the river, he next



FLAMBOYANT TREE IN POD.
(OTHERWISE "WOMEN'S TONGUES.")

came to a wood-cutting grant, occupied by a white man, who with colonial hospitality entertained him, and allowed him to preach to his people.

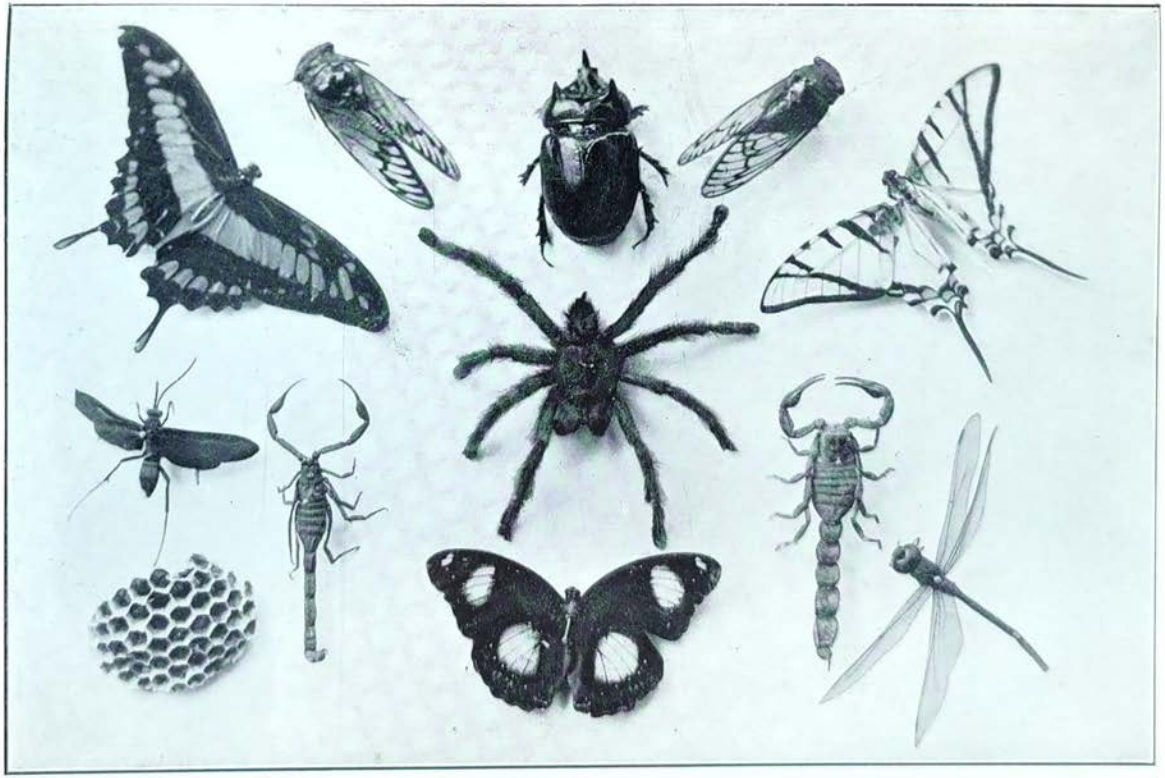
Wishing to go on to New Amsterdam, Mr. Meyer was directed to a short way through the bush, which would cut off a great bend of the river, and he started along the footpath.

It is with regret that we record that the dear man was occasionally very strait-laced in some things. He looked upon many of the little necessities of civilisation as unbecoming the use of a Christian; he styled them "Babylonish," and for this reason would not even carry a compass or watch; on one occasion, a doll being given to one of his children, he threw it into the fire as "Babylonish." With nothing to guide his course in the gloomy forest, he soon lost the foot-path, and after walking until night fell (he should have reached his destination in three hours), he slung his hammock and sought some rest. All next day he journeyed on, without food or water, and was thankful to have come across a couple of wild pine-apples. The third day he came to the bank of a small creek, where there were traces of someone having lately camped. Being now quite spent and faint, he lay down (as he thought) to die. Next day he wrote an account of his wanderings since parting with Mr. Aveline, and gave directions for forwarding his papers to his wife. All he could get that day to satisfy the cravings of nature was a few leaves. On the morning of the fifth day he found himself so weak that he could not get out of his

hammock; so he commended his spirit to the God who gave it and had loved him and given him eternal life. Just then he heard a gun-shot near by; and his faint calls brought to his help some Indians, who were passing along the creek. They soon realised his condition, and ministered to his wants, telling him that it was the Abury Creek he had reached, about twenty miles west of the Berbice River. Taking him with them to their settlement, a little further down, they entertained him; and next morning took him by a cross-cut to New Amsterdam, an old Dutch station, where, at the London Missionary station, he was kindly cared for by Mr. Dalghiesh, and helped on his way back to Taymouth Manor—to the no small joy of his wife, who had been carrying on the school in his absence.

He had now fully made up his mind that it was the will of God that he should settle among the Arawaks on the Berbice River. Seeking counsel, it was thought advisable that he should make another trip to Cumaka before his family went there, so Mr. Aveline accompanied him. Arrived at Lana, a short distance from Armaka, a wood-cutter offered him a house free of rent; but this he refused, for he had determined that if he dwelt among the Indians he would live as much like them as possible.

They soon put him up a banab like their own—an open shed covered with troolie leaves, with an earthen floor; also that most necessary piece of furniture, the bedstead, of stakes driven into the ground and laths of split manicole palms. Combined with the eccentrici-



TARANTULA SCORPIONS, CICADAS, AND MARABUNTA WASP, ETC.

All much less than natural size.

ties already referred to was an independent spirit that would not brook anything that appeared like interference; this often hindered his fellow-believers from ministering to him as they would wish, lest they should unwittingly give offence. This entailed extra hardships and privations, not only on himself, but also on his devoted, like-minded and loving wife, who uncomplainingly bore it all with heroic fortitude, even glorying in their privations.

As soon as the hut was ready, he fetched Mrs. Meye and the children, and after some weeks of tedious travel, they arrived at Cumaka and commenced a work, in dependence on God alone, the fruits of which Eternity alone will manifest. Isolated and friendless, strangers among a strange people, we see this devoted pair giving themselves entirely up to labour for the glory of God and the good of souls. When Mr. Meyer was able to obtain a canoe, he began to travel about (for he was not going to "rust out" at Cumaka) visiting the various settlements scattered on the river, and reaching the furthermost of the Arawaks at Manaka. Here God's mighty power was manifest; a "pixie-man," or sorcerer, whose influence over the minds of these people was untold, was converted, and this place became another mission station, although one which could only be visited periodically. In a short time some ten or twelve believers were gathered here in Christian fellowship, among whom were some Acawios. The toil and dangers of these lonely journeys were not a few, and the weariness of "paddling his own canoe"

against a strong current on the dangerous upper reaches of this river, strewn as it was with twigs and fallen trees, and infested with snakes and alligators, was such that nothing but God-given strength could endure.

After they had been settled at Cumaka about twelve months, and during Mr. Meyer's absence, his wife gave birth to a son; but the exposure of an open dwelling, the untold privation and hardships, brought on serious complications of illness, so that her life was despaired of. She sank so low that the Indian woman, who was doing duty as nurse, thought she had passed away and left the room. It pleased the Lord, however, to raise her up, and on recovering consciousness her eyes opened on a large snake suspended from one of the rafters over her bed. Her faint cry reached the Indians, who came and quickly despatched it. On another occasion, at Manaka, where they had just arrived, Mrs. Myers was about to enter the sleeping-room when she kicked against, as she thought, some article by the foot of the bed. She did not for the moment give it much heed, but with her foot tried again to put it out of the way, when there came an ominous rattle, and she knew that a deadly rattlesnake was the sharer of her bed-room. Here, again, the Indians quickly despatched the dangerous reptile. Another time, when about to get into the hammock she felt it had already an occupant, but thought it was only a tame monkey, so she turned the hammock inside out and something fell heavily to the ground, when a large labaria, a very venomous

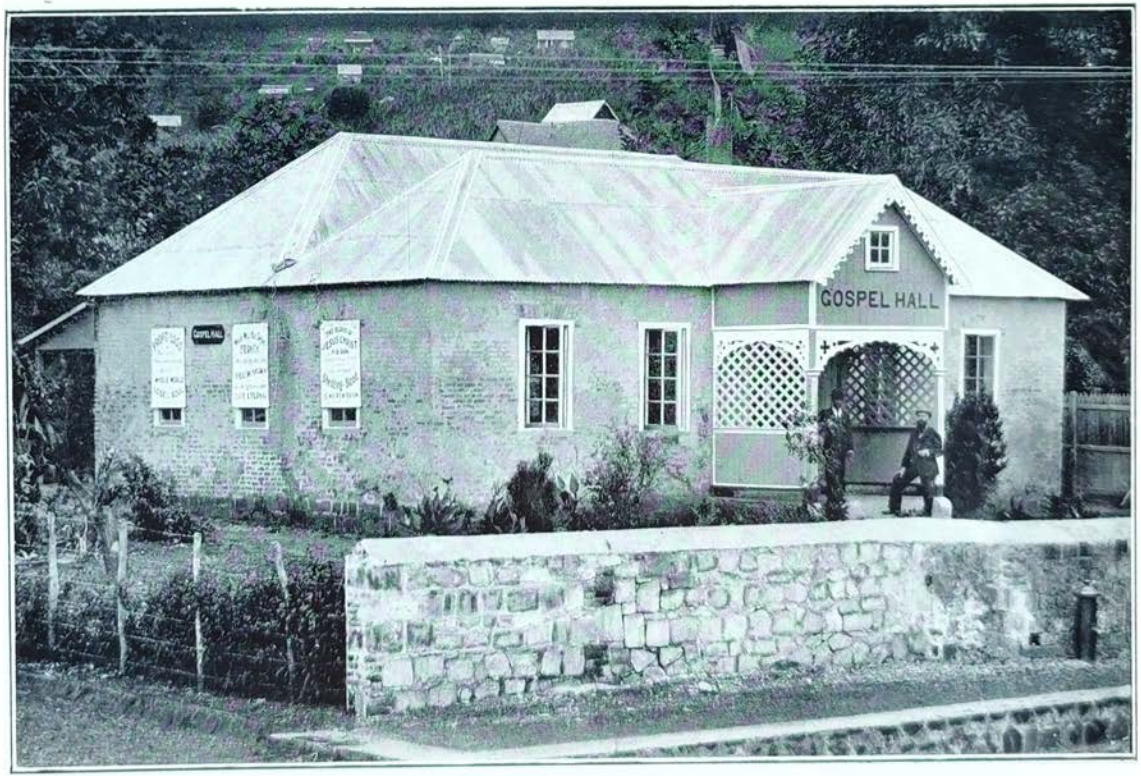
snake, uncoiled itself and crawled away. On yet another occasion, when passing out of the door, a snake dropped at her feet and made off into hiding. The instances of God's gracious protecting care from snakes and other venomous things, as well as from tigers, which often came prowling about the settlement at night and could easily enter a room unprotected by doors or windows, are numerous and cannot accurately be mentioned.

No small discomfort, either, was the visitation of the settlement, at certain periods, of swarms of flies. These small pests settle in immense numbers on the face and eyes, and cause such irritation that partial blindness is often the result. Every mouthful of food gets covered with them, and it is difficult to eat it without swallowing some flies also. The insect known as chigoes, too, abounded. This is a little parasite that burrows into the flesh, choosing the corners of the toe-nails and between the toes. It lays its eggs in the cavity it has formed, and if neglected they will hatch and burrow further, causing horrible sores and even the loss of a toe.

Occasional visits from Mr. Aveline were times of much refreshing; and doubly welcome was he when he was able, as was often the case, to take them substantial tokens of fellowship from Bristol, sent by Mr. George Müller. On one occasion he made the journey for this purpose on foot from the Demerara River, with the aid only of a compass. After four days' solitary walking he struck the settlement at Cumaka.

Mr. Meyer's simple, childlike trust in God led him into acts that many, with less faith, would call improvident; for he would often start on journeys that might probably occupy a month, without any provision, trusting to be supplied by those he visited; and too often he arrived, almost famished, at an encampment only to find the Indians as badly off as himself. The continual strain on one who never spared himself while souls were perishing around, and whose whole life manifested that he was indeed "crucified to the world," told upon a constitution that was never robust. After working in the wet to repair his boat, an attack of fever seized him and put an end to his ministry. With few parallels for unswerving self-sacrifice and devotion, he fell asleep, after a few days' illness, surrounded by his beloved Indians, and he was buried by them in a grave dug according to their custom in the centre of his house. A large mora tree growing out of the grave now marks the spot. His life's labours in British Guiana may well be summed up in the Apostle Paul's account of his own sufferings given in 2 Cor. xi. 26–28; and instances of "perils from his own countrymen" and "perils from false brethren" could have found a place in this short narrative.

In 1885, a Mr. Corrigall went out to the colony, primarily on account of his health, a warm climate being recommended him. He did good service in the preaching of the Gospel and ministering to the edification of the saints, in Georgetown principally; but after a short stay, growing weaker in body, he was compelled



NEW HALL, ST. VINCENT.

to return to his native land, and did not long survive the journey.

In 1890, Mr. Panting, from Devonshire, paid a visit and was much blessed of God in establishing the churches. He went from British Guiana on to the West India Islands, encouraging and strengthening the assemblies in the various places and preaching the Word. Later on Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan went from Birmingham to Barbados, and are now visiting other Islands.

My reader, have you received your Commission of the Man of Gethsemane and Calvary? (Mark xvi. 15.) The world is not going to be evangelised by officials. Christ made the Gospel—we have to preach it. The seas unite—not divide now. All the nations are near neighbours. To-day the sea is the symbol ring of our marriage with all nations. But you must have the passion for souls.

CHAPTER XXII

AMONG THE INDIAN ABORIGINALS

MR. HENRY TAYLER, missionary more especially to the aboriginals, has devoted much time for many years—he is now (1909) fifty-seven—to these nomads, as they really are; for though they have settlements where they may or may not remain for a long time, yet, for reasons that are traditional or according to their polity, they leave when so inclined. Mr. Tayler has at times a number of them more or less under his pastoral care; and they come, sometimes long distances, to the meeting-place, not often deterred by weather, to "break bread" and hear the Gospel. The journey may occupy any time from a few hours to a day, or two days.

Then, after the meetings, perhaps in the night or early dawn, before anyone else is astir, they steal away as silently as a shadow; their temporary resting-place is found vacant, and nothing more is seen of them, unless they are sought in their solitary dwellings, which are not always easy to be found except by one trained in this difficult shepherd work.

MR. GREGSON TAYLER'S INDIAN SCHOOL.

To some of the Indian settlements a stranger would never find an entrance; for there is no stelling, or landing-place or frontage, at all perceptible.

As we travel down a river or creek in our own bateau we see the drifting sky-clouds above, the slow-gliding waters of the river beneath, the surrounding forest trees (with their ever-changing foliage) which, planted before we began to live, may remain after we have passed from this scene; and the scorched trunks and withered branches of those that have been the subjects of the woodcutter's attention.

Something induces us to push our bateau between the low branches of the mangrove hanging over the water, and we haul the bateau over a swamp for a distance, say, of thirty yards or so. We then walk over swampy ground until we reach higher land and a clearing. The situation then begins to look pleasant, noble forest trees erect their heads above, while the trunks seem like so many pillars of an endless building, giving shade or subdued light. Then comes higher cleared ground planted with cassava, bananas, plantains, &c.

At night the fireflies (*Lampyris noctiluca*) of the interior shine among the leaves or sport in numbers over grass-covered plots, seeming like the pure light of floating stars.

Mr. Tayler's history, as currently reported, is romantic, it being understood that his father, who was an Englishman and a catechist connected with a denominational church, married an Indian woman who, being left a widow with a young family, had to

look to her elder son to be in some degree the bread-winner of the family. As there is no butcher's or baker's shop just round the corner, it often fell to his lot, either with his gun in the forest or more often on the river with a bow and long arrows, to shoot the larger fish and to lay snares and traps after the Indian fashion for other and smaller kinds of fish, to fill the family larder.

His children, son and daughters, have grown to be as expert as himself in the handling of a canoe, and in fishing, as well as in other matters incident to rural life.

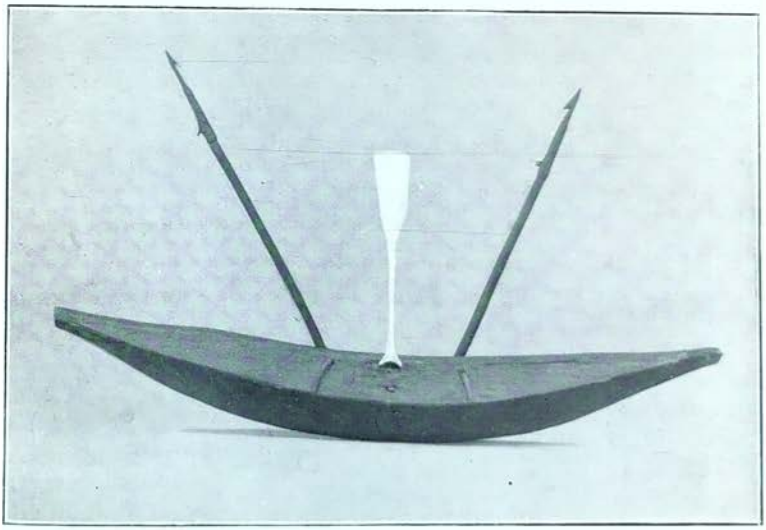
When Mr. Tayler was somewhat advanced in his boyhood he went for a time to Georgetown to finish his education. He is a refined and cultured man, a born and educated naturalist, the science being now a hobby with him.

When he grew to man's estate, having religious inclinations but being unsaved, he met a denominational minister named Kettley, a Christian, as Mr. Tayler believes, and a hard-working one, who did not mind working with his hands in the erection of his own church at Georgetown—as our Mr. Huntly did at 192 and 193, Camp Street.

Mr. Kettley put some questions to Mr. Tayler regarding salvation, which, however, did not elicit any clear and satisfactory assurance. Nevertheless, he appointed Mr. Tayler to be a catechist to labour among the aboriginal Indians.

After so doing for ten months, Mr. Tayler met

BLOSSOM OF COFFEE PLANT.
CAMP STREET.



MODEL OF CORIAL, PADDLE, AND FISH ARROWS.

a Scotsman, an estate manager, who so instructed him in spiritual matters that he grasped the truth as to Eternal Life. He afterwards relinquished his position for one of simple dependence on God.

Mr. Tayler's son, Gregson, has a school for the children of these Indians and others, which is attended by uncertain numbers. 'The Indian children, after the fashion of their tribes, are shy and reticent. If for any reason—as illness, fever, or ophthalmia—their studies come to be interrupted, it is difficult to re-establish the former relations. Mr. Henry Tayler once held for a time an official, though unpaid, office under Government among the Indians, which gave him some position among them; but it is understood that he has relinquished the post.

These are workers who should be accorded sympathy in their labours of visitation and fellowship. A motor boat, if suitably stationed and used by one devoted to the work of ministry as a teacher and evangelist, would be of untold value in such a district. Will not one of the Lord's stewards, desirous of laying up treasure in heaven, provide one, either for Georgetown or Queenstown, which are the best places for such stations? They can be suitably conveyed to the Stewards' Company, Limited, who will guarantee their proper use and security.

Present resources for travelling consist principally of the use of native boats (mention of which frequently recurs, of necessity, in these pages), *i.e.*, the bateau, which is a ribbed boat, built of silver bati

boards, without stern-keel or stern-post, and usually propelled by paddles, though oars may be used in wider streams; the corial or buck shell, cut from a solid log; and the wood-skin, made principally of the bark of the purple hewil-tree.

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME OTHER PIONEERS

BORN in 1821, Mr. Daniel French was educated at Tottenham with a view to his following the scholastic profession; but in or about the year 1842 he sailed for Demerara, being recommended by the Meeting of Brethren at Tottenham.

He was associated for a time with Mr. Henry Collier, at Victoria, East Coast, but was located later at Supply, up the Demerara River. In July, 1845, Mr. French married a daughter of Mr. William Mordall—a missionary stationed at Peter's Hall, who hailed from Bethesda, Bristol, but only survived his arrival in the colony about three months, being carried off by fever. Mr. Herbert Bennett, missionary on the East Coast, married another daughter of Mr. Mordall.

After about ten years, Mr. French returned to England with his wife and two children (a girl and a boy), and lived at Bristol, being engaged at the New Orphan Houses as a schoolmaster.

Five years later he returned to the colony with

his wife and three children, and for five more years he laboured at Danieltown, Essequibo coast. There his best work was done, and his memory is fragrant in the town to this day.

Ultimately, owing principally to the enfeebled state of Mrs. French's health, he again returned to Ashley Down Orphanages, in the capacity of secretary and accountant, remaining in the service of the Institution until, in 1895, advancing years and consequent weakness compelled him to retire. He was well known in the itinerary work of the villages around Bristol.

Mrs. French fell asleep in 1893, and her husband in 1907. Their son, Mr. Robert French, is a Baptist Pastor at Cheltenham, and his daughters are both with the Lord.

Miss Gallop, whom God called to service for Him in Barbados, was early in life brought to a knowledge of Himself. She seems to have had a "good old-fashioned conversion" at the age of fourteen, in a Gospel tent in Devonshire. As a consequence, she was able to rejoice much in salvation, to obey the ordinances, and to engage in Christian work—first of all in the Ashley Down Orphanages. Then, as she heard in various ways of calls for service in other lands, the Lord opened a door in British Guiana, in 1900, and she stayed sixteen months.

Poor health led her to a change to Barbados—four hundred miles away. There the Lord shut her in to pioneer work, owing to a severe epidemic of small-pox,

which kept the island strictly quarantined. In His providence, He guided her to a new and needy district in the south of the island, opening doors of service in the way of house-to-house visitation and classes for women and children, accommodation for which was provided from her own resources and the gifts of friends. The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and, later, of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, so developed the work that to-day there is a large, handsome hall, with three outside class-rooms, in addition to a fine mission house, with land, the gift of a resident Christian lady interested in the Lord's work.

CHAPTER XXIV

BLACK BRETHREN AS TEACHERS

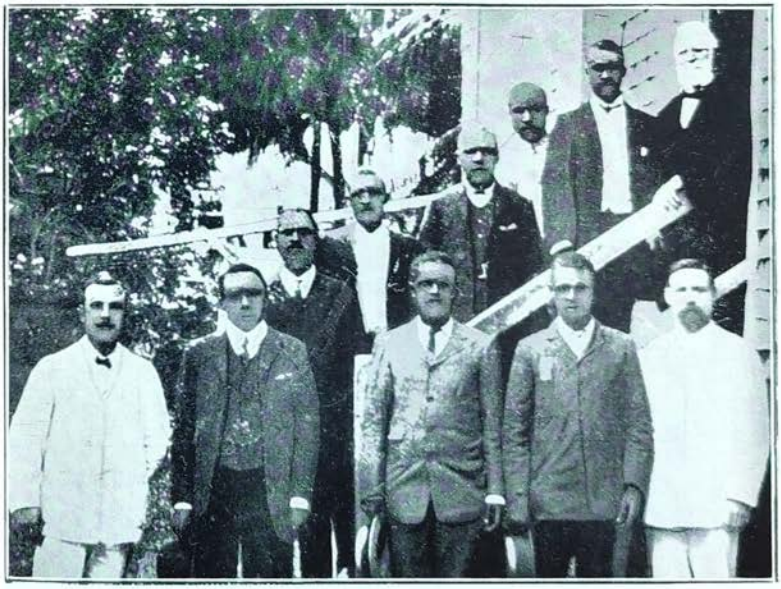
THE number of black brethren who are "labourers together with God" in the colonies is so great that one cannot, without making invidious distinction, or causing pain through accidental omission, mention those who are still "in the body."

We may, however, refer to some who have entered into their rest and reward, "whose works do follow them." One such of the ancient régime was a venerable, venerated, well-known Christian, Mr. Richardson, living at one of the River gatherings. He fell asleep in 1909. Another, of earlier date, was Madras Pollard, whose name is often mentioned in connection with the Old Colony House, which, as we have recalled, was on the site now occupied by the Law Courts at Georgetown, Demerara. His testimony was as courageous as his sayings were quaint.

One Sunday morning the quiet of his Sabbath was disturbed by two visitors who were hunting and who incidentally called at his house, in such circumstances,

MR. BULLEN. MR. BOURNE.

BLACK BRETHREN AS TEACHERS.



OVERSIGHT BRETHREN OF RIVER ASSEMBLIES.

in connection with the estate on which he worked, that he was obliged to extend courtesy and attention to them. This, however, did not hinder his dealing in faithfulness with their desecration of the Sabbath, and his declaration to them "that except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Many weeks after, when the incident had been almost forgotten by him, he received the gift of a very handsome and expensive Bible, with the inscription, "Them that honour Me I will honour."

He had quaint methods of stirring up the slothful Christians concerning their attendance at meetings on Sunday mornings. He himself, a pattern of punctuality and diligence, had to go with others six miles to the meeting, which necessitated his leaving home at 6.30 a.m.—and after pulling against the tide, one way or the other, they changed their clothes in the corial.

His own faithfulness in these observances gave him an influence in his exhortation of others: so that the slackness noticeable in some Christians as to the ordinance on Lord's Day mornings, and the excuse that they were "feeling bad," elicited the remark that "Sunday morning bad feelin's is de worst of bad feelin's."

Then there was the late Henry Iles, of J. Rymer's time, a man of good judgment and godly life; a giant in stature. Also, the late William Bullen.

A partial exception is here made to the rule as to native helpers, in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Murrain.

The year 1891 saw the going forth of the first native evangelists to carry "the good news" of the Gospel to the land of their forefathers. These set out for Central Africa, commended by the Christians gathered in Camp Street and elsewhere, in Georgetown, Demerara. Three years later these were followed by George O'Jon and his wife Mary, from the same assembly. This young brother's godly walk and usefulness (especially in the Sunday School) had long marked him as a promising helper, and his wife also had greatly commended herself to all.

Their joint labours for the Lord, in Africa, met with much acceptance; but after a few years' work the Lord took His servant home. The widow, after continuing in the work a few years longer, has now returned to her native land, with her three fatherless children. She is still active in the Lord's work at Camp Street, Georgetown.

It is interesting to note, too, that there are black brethren who have been labouring in Central Africa, Mr. Phillips and family and Mr. Agard, who are also returning to service in British Guiana or elsewhere.

THE RAPIDS OF BARIMA AT GOLDFIELDS.

CHAPTER XXV

MR. GARDINER AND THE ABORIGINALS

AMONG the workers evangelising the aboriginals was Mr. Alfred Gardiner, a London postman, whose heart was moved through reading the occasional accounts which were supplied by Mr. Leonard Strong to a monthly publication, and which, in giving some particulars of the work that had been done among Indians, showed that the several small assemblies, dotted here and there, far away in the "hinterland," were as "sheep without a shepherd"—through the removal of one and another that had cared for their souls.

Offering himself for the work, he went out in 1872 to Demerara, locating himself at Matara. Here in a very short time, having some linguistic gift, he acquired the Arawak tongue, and was soon able to preach to the people in their own language. His wife started a school for their children, and many of that generation can to-day read the Scriptures for themselves.

Missionary work among the Indians is no sinecure.

The people are scattered in small communities, sometimes on the banks of the rivers, sometimes in small clearings (buried in the heart of the dense forest, often long distances apart), and speak different dialects; the missionary among them having to travel from place to place, mostly in a small canoe of wood-skin, himself sitting on a low seat a few inches from the bottom, with his legs cramped up, and without support for the back. Paddled by his two or three boys, hour after hour and day after day, he snatches a few hours' rest at night (if the vermin will let him) in an Indian banab, or in his hammock, slung to two trees at the water's edge, and is content to live on whatever his gun or his rod can procure him from the woods or rivers.

Thus he plods on, through rain and sunshine, up rivers and through swamps, from one encampment to another—receiving a hearty and gracious welcome everywhere, forgetting the fatigue, and feeling well repaid as he sees the eagerness with which these simple children of the wilds listen to the "Old, old Story."

Some settlements may be reached by footpaths, through the forests or across the savannahs; but here swamps are often encountered, and can only be crossed by means of the submerged trees, which have to be "felt after" with the foot, step by step; thus the traveller may reach the other side, often very wet, or, owing to a slip, covered with mud from top to toe. Mr. Gardiner travelled into the interior as far as Ampa,

MR. H. TAYLER AND FAMILY, EBENEY POINT.

MR. GARDINER'S GRAVE.

where there was a prospect at one time of getting the Indians to settle in considerable numbers. This, no doubt, would have been the case had there been more helpers in the work. From there he journeyed to the Acawios and met their aged chief, by whom he was heartily welcomed; and he was able to preach the Gospel through an interpreter. They had just been having an Indian dance, but left their revels to sit down, in their war-paint, to listen to the good news. On his return to Ampa he met a good number of the Macusis, and to them also he was able to tell out the glad tidings.

Mrs. Gardiner's health proved very precarious, and she was seriously ill on more than one occasion. At times the little settlement suffered much from want. Incursions of the dreaded cushi ants often destroy whole provision fields, and what was once a verdant patch, the result of many weeks of toil, covered with a luxuriant growth of cassava, sweet potato, and Indian corn, would in one night be turned into a desert waste, every vestige of green being carried away by these pests, and the settlement left destitute of food. The sufferings of the Indians at such times are very real; and to satisfy the cravings of hunger they will feed either on the seeds of the ētā palm, on rotten wood, or indeed on almost anything, and nature often takes revenge afterwards by an epidemic of diarrhœa or dysentery.

Mr. Gardiner toiled on under great hardships and with much to discourage him, but with the great satis-

faction of knowing that "his labour was not in vain in the Lord." He was permitted to see blessed results in the conversion of many out of the various tribes; and he was cheered, from time to time, by the sympathy and practical help of saints in Bath, Bristol, London, and elsewhere, and also by the great interest of the late Mr. Leonard Strong.

In July, 1874, Mr. Gardiner made another visit to the upper reaches of the Berbice River, going nearly to Christmas Falls, about four hundred miles inland, to carry the Gospel to the scattered tribes. Trying to make a short cut through the swamp, his guides lost their way and had to remain all night, with their corial wedged between the trees, amidst a downpour of tropical rain, with lightning flashing and thunder rolling, surrounded by snakes and alligators—which on these upper rivers are very large and fierce. Indeed, on the next night, while asleep in the boat, being awakened by the barking of his dog, he found an alligator coming over the side, and he was just in time to hurry over the other edge on to the bank, where the boat was made fast. The dog refused any longer to remain in such quarters; these reptiles are very partial to dog-flesh!

Writing to Mr. Strong at this time, Mr. Gardiner said: "How soon we may all be at home with Jesus, all our journeyings over, and then be 'for ever with the Lord!'" On his return to Matara he was taken ill with severe pains in the head, which became worse on lying down; his mind wandered,

and after a few days of suffering he fell asleep, on August 12th, to be, as he had penned not three weeks before, "for ever with the Lord."

As soldiers fall, the ranks are filled up; the good fight has been continued; God leaves not Himself without witness.

"What though ten thousand fall,
And the red field with the dear dead be strewn!
Grasp but more firmly thy bright shield and sword;
Fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone."

CHAPTER XXVI

MORE ABOUT THE INDIANS

AS a further testimony to the readiness of the Indians to listen to the words of life, we are led to give an abbreviated account of a trip of a Church of England clergyman (Mr. Brett) to the upper Demerara River.

He says:— *

"After a few hours' paddle we met three wood-skins, in which were a party of revellers, young men and women, whose bodies and limbs were marked all over with black paint, to make them to appear with distinction at a native dance. They had apparently endeavoured (not without success) to make themselves as much like demons as possible, while others came along painted with red, so that since passing the falls we seem to have entered on an enchanted region, where goblins, red and black and mottled, of aquatic habits, came skimming along the surface to meet us. Some of them, after inquiring our errand, turned back with us. Towards evening we reached a settlement, where the grand entertainment evidently had been held.

---

* Brett's *British Guiana.*

"Some seventy Indians with feathered crowns, and some painted, were looking down on us, and our salute was returned by the principal chief of the Acawios, a fine, strongly built man of sixty years. His settlement was on the neighbouring hill. Thither most of the party, who, notwithstanding their recent festivities, were quite sober, followed us. They listened that night with eager attention to the reading of some tracts in their own language, and to the explanation of the Scripture points.

"The old chief's largest houses were cleared out for Divine Service, logs of wood were ranged all round for seats, and on these more than 150 Indians seated themselves, their copper skins assuming a more fiery tint in the red light cast by the burning locust gum. There was, of course, neither pulpit nor desk; two boxes, placed one on the other, forming a good substitute. The Scriptures were read, and, with the address and other instructions, interpreted to them; while old Kanaimapo, the chief, surrounded by his fine sons, responded from time to time in Indian fashion, by words expressive of wonder, assent, or attention. Without understanding one word of the English verses, they caught up and helped to swell the strains of the 'Old Hundredth' and 'Hanover,' with a sweetness of voice and correctness of ear that astonished us. They carried off the interpreter, and gave him no rest that night, in trying to learn more from him. Their interest and attention had been greatly excited by the grand doctrines of Redemption and Resurrection to Eternal Life (heard perhaps for the first time). When we were leaving they made an earnest request that at least we would leave the interpreter with them, to instruct them further in these things."

Many years previously, a mission had been carried on, as far inland as Piara, on Lake Amucu (the sup-

posed site of the fabled Eldorado), among the Macusis, by Mr. Youd, of the C.M.S., with some success; but the Brazilian Government, influenced by the Jesuits, broke up the mission. Mr. Youd, after trying to settle elsewhere, was again disturbed by them; and, having to bury his wife there, he abandoned the work, and, in returning to Europe, died on the passage. The Roman Catholics took possession of the station, baptizing the converts and "affixing the sign of the Cross" to them.

The five principal tribes in British Guiana are the Arawaks, Acawios, Waraus, Caribs, and Macusis. The first three have been the principal subjects of missionary efforts.

The Indians are a mild, inoffensive people, with many good traits. Polygamy is very prevalent among them, and is one obstacle to their receiving the Gospel. Each tribe speaking a distinct dialect is another difficulty.

All have a confused idea of a Good and Supreme Being; also of many inferior spirits, mostly malignant. They believe Him to be immortal, invisible, and omnipotent, and know Him under various names in their languages, signifying, Our Father, Our Maker, The Dweller on High; but they think Him too far off to hear them, or too great to concern Himself about them, therefore they pay Him no worship. They live in abject fear of the wicked spirits, and seek to "propitiate" them in various ways. They are entirely under the power of their sorcerers, or piai-men,

who are always provided with a rattle instrument, called *marrattee*, made from a calabash or gourd from which the pulp has been extracted, and into which some small stones have been inserted. Painted red and decorated with feathers, this badge of office is greatly venerated by the people, nor would one of them venture to touch it.

The system of kanaima, or "blood revenge," is common to all tribes; and should the death of any member of the community be laid at the door of some individual, by a piai-man, the nearest relative of the deceased has to take the work of avenging his death and becoming a kanaima. He is supposed to become possessed of a destroying spirit, and must endure much privation, and live by certain rules, until he has accomplished his purpose. If he cannot get at the denounced person himself, any member of that family will suffice.

The usual plan is to approach the victim unawares, and strike him down by a blow on the neck. While the victim is insensible, the fangs of a deadly snake are thrust through the tongue, and he dies in terrible agony. The kanaima is obliged to hover about the place until after the interment, that he may know where the grave is made; on the third night he goes to it and drives a sharp stake into the corpse, and on withdrawing it touches his tongue with the victim's blood. This is to appease the spirit, as it is believed that without this the kanaima would go mad and wander about until he himself died. The relatives of

the deceased, therefore, try to bury their dead where the kanaima may not find it. Sometimes a quantity of Worali poison is put on the corpse, in the hope that a small portion of this deadly poison may reach some broken skin on the lips or gums of the kanaima and by that means avenge the murder.

The Worali poison is principally used to anoint the small arrows used with the Indian blow-pipes, and its action is fatal as soon as it mixes with the blood. A bird or an animal wounded by one of these arrows may hardly feel the prick; but in a very short time it becomes convulsed and dies, the flesh remaining perfectly wholesome. This poison is prepared by boiling for a long time (with many ceremonies and incantations) various ingredients which are secret to a few; but poisonous bulbs, herbs, and the fangs of a deadly snake enter into the composition. It is about the colour and consistency of treacle.

Another poison is the Haiarri, the roots of which are beaten with a stone in order to break the fibres, and then thrown into the still water of a river or creek. Soon the fish all come to the surface as if intoxicated, and, gasping for breath, are then easily caught, and are found to be none the less suitable for food.

No account of work among these people would be complete without the mention of three earnest helpers from among themselves. Cargie, an Indian woman, at this time advanced in years, had, by her godly walk and influence, the result of Mr. Meyer's labours,

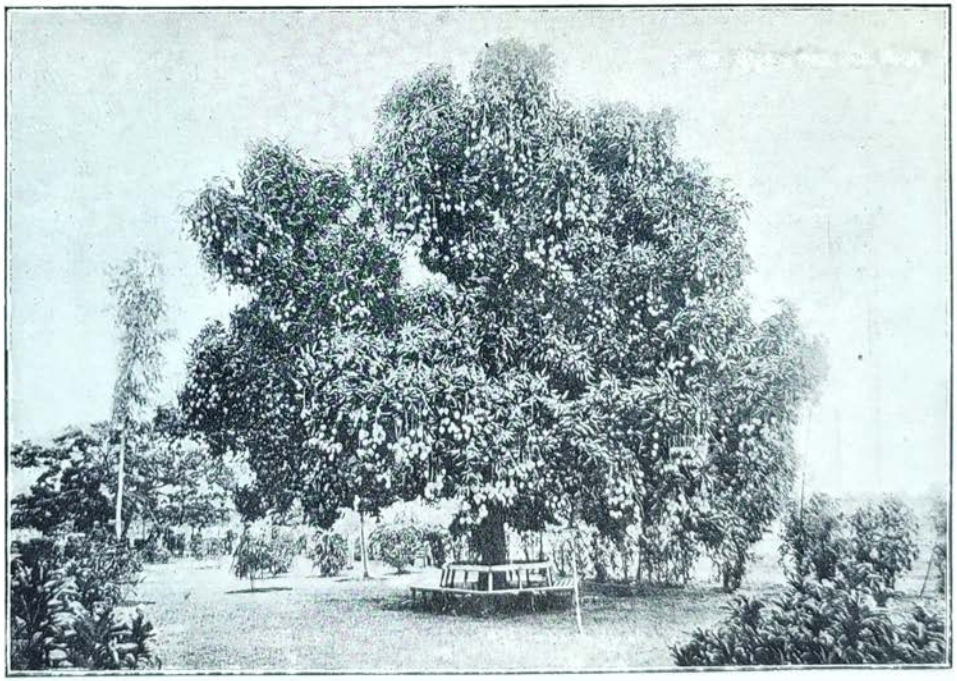
done much to keep the few Christians together at Matara when they were without a shepherd. John Hope and Leonard Strong, who could read both in English and Arawak, were very earnest and diligent in spreading the good news and helping in the work, commending the Gospel by their godly lives.

CHAPTER XXVII

SUPERSTITIONS AND TRADITIONS

SOME of the beliefs and traditions of the Indians are singular and striking. We have already referred to their belief in a Supreme Being. They also hold a tradition of a universal flood and the salvation of only a few—appropriating the favoured few to their particular tribe.

They say that the first man who came from heaven was an Arawak. Their tradition is that at the beginning there were two sisters, good and beautiful, living in the Arawak country, who fed on fruits and drank water from the creeks, sported on the ground, on the trees, or in the water, and made friends of all the beasts and birds; who ate no animal flesh and did no work. But there was no man. One day they saw a creature such as they had always dreamed about and worshipped as a god. In form he was like themselves, only more noble. They were both glad to welcome him, yet anxious to flee from his presence and hide themselves; but he made a sign for them to stay. They stood gazing



MANGO TREE IN FULL FRUIT

(as delicious as cheap).

at each other for some time, and then he told them that his country was above the clouds, but while hunting he had found a cave, and, exploring, it had led him to a path that had brought him down to them. He stayed on, and taught them to grow cassava, and to make the bread and pewarri from it; to spin cotton, pitti, and ití fibre into fishing-lines and string for hammocks; he showed them also how to make the matapi (for pressing the juice from the cassava); pigals and sifters, from itiriti; mortars from the greenheart; and brick pots from clay. He also hunted for them, and, indeed, taught them all they came to know.

This is the traditional origin of polygamy. An Indian's travelling retinue is seldom complete without his two wives (generally two sisters) and his dog. They say that the marriage of two sisters by one man prevents family disputes and jars, as the elder sister, who would be the first wife, can always keep the younger in hand better than she could a stranger.

It sometimes happens that when the wife has got old the husband will transfer the wedding-ring to her daughter by a previous marriage; and the old lady will quietly take a back seat and be content to become the household drudge.

It has always been insisted that, on a husband applying for Church fellowship, one wife must be put away, and this has led to touching and sometimes curious incidents. On one occasion a man, having decided to put away one wife, there came

the difficulty of choice. There were the two young women, the elder holding her child in her arms, with a wistful look, fearing that she would be the discarded one, to be degraded to the position of drudge, while the other would become mistress and "lawful wedded wife." After a pause, the man took the younger by the hand as his choice; and on remonstrance being made that the other was his first love and the mother of his child, and so had the greater claim, he replied that "he did not like her; child cry too much at night, and wake him."

The blacks, too, have many superstitions, but they differ from those of the Indian, and were probably introduced from Africa. The most prevalent and widely diffused, even among the well-educated, are witchcraft and Obeahism. The baneful results of this abject fear of the Obeah-man extend even to-day to assemblies of Christians, and is one of the most trying evils with which missionaries have to deal. The Government have succeeded in keeping it greatly in check by a free application of the lash, in public, to any caught practising its arts. Even the possession of any of the acknowledged paraphernalia connected with it, or the pretence of being able to practise it, is severely dealt with.

Severity is very necessary, as the Obeah-man, to sustain his reputation, does not hesitate to resort to secret poisoning, his knowledge of various vegetable poisons enabling him to do this with impunity. One notorious practitioner on his death-bed confessed to

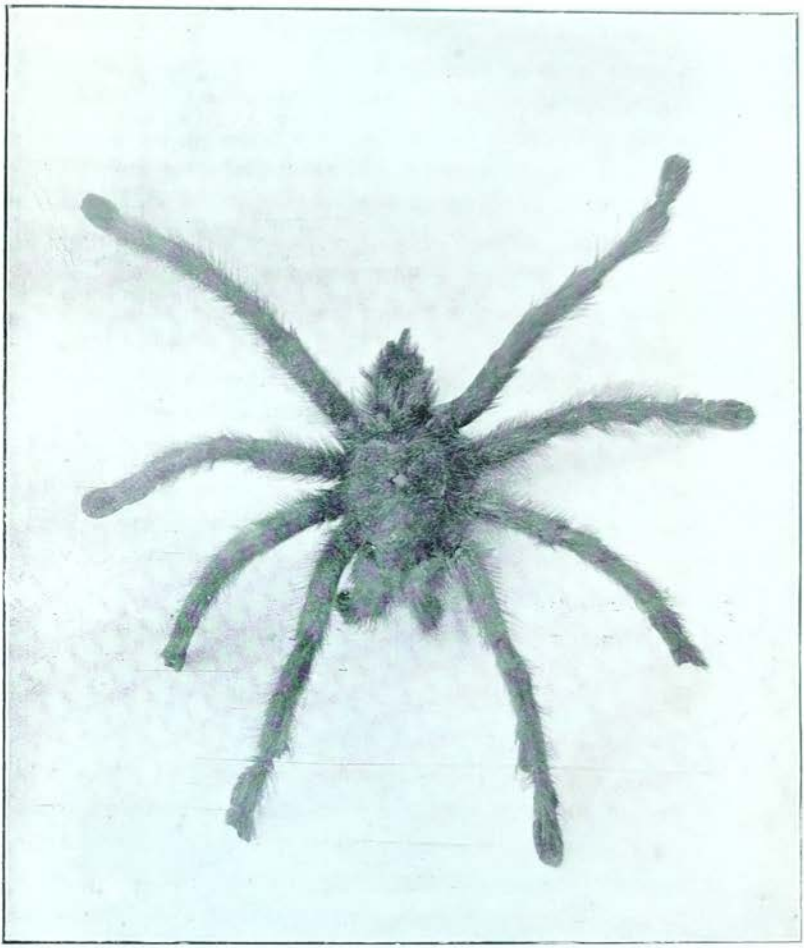
over three hundred persons having been done to death by him; and many a mystery had its unfolding thus. Some years ago a murder was committed at the back of an estate, two persons concerned in it being educated and well-to-do men. The crime was discovered and the murderers brought to book. Their friends, also well educated and highly respectable coloured people, employed Obeah-men to ensure their acquittal. So certain were they that the efforts of these men would be able to defeat justice, that a great banquet was prepared to celebrate their deliverance. But Obeahism failed, and the three men expiated their crime on the gallows.

The tricks these men use to deceive the people are so simple and puerile that it is remarkable how human beings, even of very low intelligence, can be gulled by them. Professing to be able to cure any disease, they will tell their votary that it has been caused by some person being employed to insert various foreign substances into the body. The Obeah-man must have a white fowl, of the breed known as *sensa* (the feathers of which all stand up like porcupine quills) for a sacrifice, and a bottle of strong rum to pour on the ground as a libation (which is more likely poured down his throat).

The "cure" is made by cupping the affected part. A *goobee* is produced. This is a round calabash or gourd, about six or eight inches in diameter, in which a hole, about one inch wide, has been made, and the inner pith extracted. After a scratch or two

in the locality of the pain, the aperture is placed over it and it is gently moved round and round, while a lighted lamp is held under. Presently the "tap, tap, tap" of substances falling on the inside of the calabash delights the poor victim and his friends, and they are convinced that various substances are coming away from the body. These take the form of rusty nails, bits of crockery, pins, needles, tacks, lumps of hair, &c. These, with an amount of matter, said also to be drawn out, are emptied into a receptacle for general inspection. The operator is much lauded and the patient professes to be cured. A careful examination of the so-called "humours" from the body would show that it was only a quantity of dirty hog's lard which had been used to coat the inside of the gourd in order to hold the various articles in place until the heat of the lamp caused them to drop.

In connection with the work in the Pomeroon it may be mentioned that numbers of Indians, principally of the Waran tribe, are located there. They live in the swamps and erect their huts over the water, subsisting chiefly on and by the fish so abundant there. They are small of stature and low in scale as to intelligence and morality. A good many Arawaks, Acawios, and Caribs are also in this neighbourhood. Moruca, not far off, was once a large and important settlement of the Dutch, and bricks are still dug out of the earth where once the town flourished.



TARANTULA SPIDER—Natural size.

The bite of which produces fever. Similar to one caught in bedroom at Queenstown.

There was also a Church Mission station a few miles up the Pomeroon; and a missionary who resided there for a time gives the following graphic description of it:—

"There was a wooden building, much decayed, the roof and windows giving free access to wind and rain. This served as the chapel when occasionally visited by a clergyman. There were three huts, two being occupied by families of blacks. I took up my abode in the third, much decayed as it was. It was not a very inviting residence. The front was boarded and covered with shingles, the two ends were shingles nailed on laths, the back composed of split manicole palms, the roof thatched with troolie palm leaves, and it was divided into two apartments. It had boarded floors, resting on the earth, between the chinks of which the water appeared when the river was at all swollen, at which times numbers of green frogs would come up and jump about the walls. The roof was open, and flakes of mingled soot and cobwebs, which had been long collecting, were continually falling, as the insects, which abounded, shook them down. In one corner was a big nest of wood-ants, which were largely helping on the work of decay. These, contriving to get into my clothes-chest, seriously damaged the contents. Spiders of all sorts and sizes, numerous fine specimens of the great cockroach, and oftentimes the white scorpion and huge bush centipede would make their appearance from holes and corners. Lizards of various kinds, some most repugnant, others graceful and welcome (one a beautiful little fellow, with green and bronze coat, which devours the insects and often becomes quite tame), would crawl along the sooty rafters, but often fell to the floor.

"The first night we were disturbed by some creature

getting in at a hole in the roof. It was thought to be a tiger-cat, but might have been a snake. However, it quickly disappeared at the noise we made. Having no furniture, some had to be borrowed, and the only table to be procured was minus a leg. A stick supplied the deficiency, and it was able to stand when placed against the wall. A chair was also got, the seat of which, sloping to the front, caused the sitter to be continually sliding off.

"Here a school was started with the black children, but it was found very difficult to manage them, their parents being accustomed to use the lash unsparingly and often cruelly. They will tell you that if 'little creohs no get plenty licks they never come good.' The old lady in the station used to chastise the little people with a leather strap every day, making them hold one another during the infliction of the punishment—a task they undertook with keen relish. The noise and howling was greatly in excess of the pain produced. This and other things tended to keep the Indians away from the station and prevented them putting their children to the school.

"The Waraus are very wild in their manners and appearance, and it was impossible to look on their degraded condition, especially that of the women, without an earnest prayer that they might be led to sit clothed at the feet of the Lord Jesus.

"One Sunday a coloured woodcutter brought five of his friends to attend Divine Service, and to give them a more decent appearance he had clothed them in long red shirts, to which they had added, as caps, the tall, sharp-pointed, funnel-shaped, spathes of the troolie palm. They cut a strangely comical figure, as in Indian file they entered the humble place of worship. At first they seemed painfully conscious of their unusual finery, and nervously apprehensive; but these feelings were soon lost in mirth as one of them, trying to kneel, overturned one of his companions,

who was squatted on his heels, Indian fashion. A burst of merriment followed this, and their behaviour became so irreverent that it was a relief when they went out.

"Profane swearing is unknown to the Indian; indeed, there are no words in their language for such expressions, and for one Indian to tell another he is bad is a serious curse. All they have learned in this way is from contact with so-called civilisation. An Indian when drunk will often swear fearfully in English."

CHAPTER XXVIII

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE TROPICS

MISSIONARIES and others have a great ambition to be able to take photographic views that will interest those in the homeland, provide a memento of red-letter day occasions, and also provide what every worker needs to preserve the balance—a harmless recreation. Like the writer, they are mostly novices, and make discoveries of failure which perhaps lower their self-esteem, and certainly do not minister to vanity.

Especially is this the case in these western lands and islands of which we have written. Not only do "moth and rust corrupt," but however carefully guarded, mildew, fust, and the ubiquitous microbe play havoc with the ambitions of the amateur—and his plates.

A sufferer writes after this style :— *

"There are troubles galore for the camera man
In the technical tricks of his craft.

* Parodied from *Photography and Focus.*

There's no other hobby, I'm certain, that can
So easily drive a man daft.
But of all the vexations that thin out his hair,
And make him grow wrinkled and grey,
There's nothing that can, for annoyance, compare
With mosquitoes which bite night and day.
If camera science were all it should be,
And plate-making right up to date,
We should have apparatus microbes couldn't see,
An anti-mildew sensitive plate.
But what is the good of the care you expend,
And the money you cheerfully pay,
If your promising pictures are wrecked, in the end,
By that fust that *will* get in the way?"

You test the patience and grace of your hostess by commandeering the bath-room for the purposes of your dark deeds, and politically promise that the annexation is only temporary; you incur the wrath of the domestics, who have to clean up the "nasty messes," to the extent that only a heavy "tip" will mollify; and what have you after all? A ghost enveloped in a garment of strange figure—otherwise mildew.

O climate, how strange are your vagaries! Well might Edmund Burke (once Member for Bristol) say: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." When you discover, 'mid interruptions of mosquitoes, in the dark-room, that your cherished thoughts are only very partially realised, or your worst anticipations are confirmed, you sigh and say, "No more photography for me." "Quoth the raven, 'Never more.'"

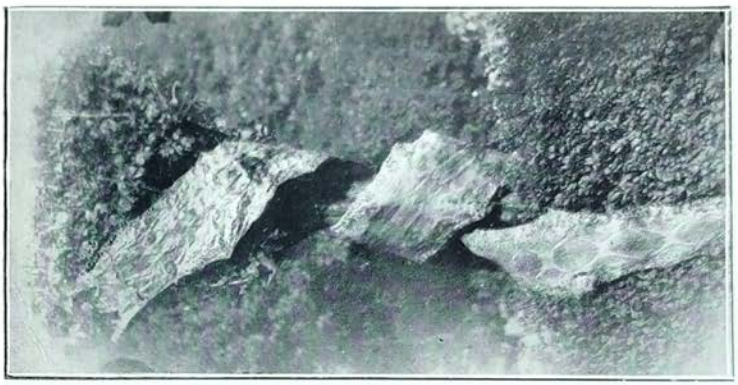
Promptly at 6 p.m., "Old Sol" retires for the night; but does the temperature go with him? Not in the dark-room. Nor is there any need for a "Daylight Saving Bill" there, whatever may be the case in the old country.

Photo text-books glibly advise a piece of ice in the developer, just to keep it off the boil; but it is quite a tiresome job to find any appreciable lumps of ice in the puddles or in the creeks of these lands. You have some idea, too, of the strength of the light, when you find that a coal-black negro comes out snow white!

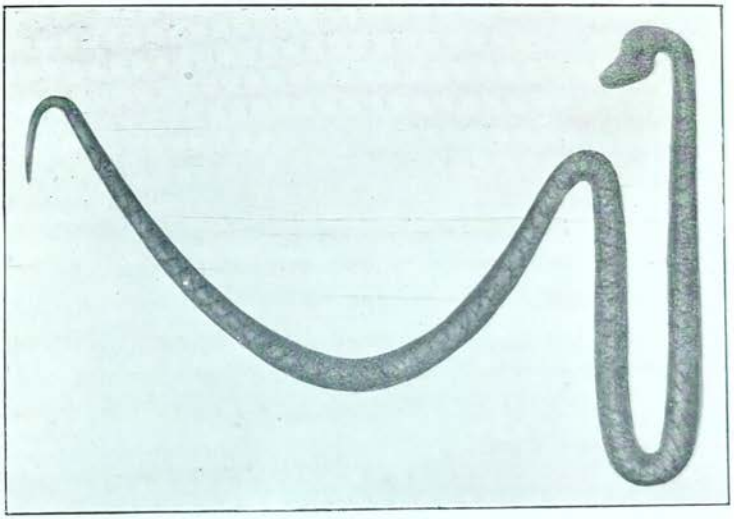
Now, with such light and heat, a "photo outing" at Barbados, or British Guiana, cannot be a simple picnic, either by day or night. You might carry your apparatus, at home, and thereby help to get up a pleasant sensation of warmth; but here you get prickly heat. Nor is there a superfluity of pockets for plates, &c., because no one has any superfluity of clothing.

You are told labour is so cheap that any number of "boys" can be chartered free of charge. One carries your camera, another your tripod, and so on; one holds an umbrella over your head, and another takes care of your hat while you put on the black cap of a focusing cloth—thereby assisting perspiration until it comes into the eyes and obscures the vision. Meanwhile, an extra boy drives the mosquitoes off.

The scenery you hope to "compose" is mixed



LARGE BOA-CONSTRICTOR FROM ESSEQUIBO.
(*Now in Bristol Museum.*)



BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

(9 ft. 3 in. long. *Given the coup de grâce by a coolie after stealing a fowl while we were at breakfast. Pomeroon.*)

with sand and centipedes; you are not sure that a boa-constrictor may not be regarding you with a wrong eye, or, according to some, one that fascinates his victim. Our men killed four, one upwards of nine feet long, in three weeks, one of which I have photographed without being able to compose it as a picture. Another photograph represents the skin only, upwards of fifteen feet long, now in Bristol Museum.

The circumstances do not often favour good composition; for, if you look up, you may see half a dozen vultures sitting around in a ring, waiting for what is left of you.

Can the trials of the dark-room in such a climate be imagined? No amount of formalin or alum will keep the film on the plate; even if it should, the film is as wrinkled as the face of a centenarian. Nor is it a trifling matter to find the red light suddenly eclipsed by some vagrant creature, which may turn out to be a scorpion.

Such experiences may come in these latitudes. The country is a very beautiful one; but it has not an assorted climate, such as a Britisher enjoys. For photography, such a climate is assuredly preferable where any temperature up to fifty degrees is obtainable, and a dark-room free from zoological specimens.

Yet though these fair lands are to be found in beauty, it refreshes the eyes and senses there to think of Old England—that precious gem set in the silver sea.

CHAPTER XXIX

WONDERS AND LEGENDS

IT is not remarkable "in a dry and thirsty land where no water is," and where the missionary of to-day is seen in his strength, that Christians should love to dwell on the cluster of promises which are grouped with emphatic adverbs in Psalm cxxi.

"The sun shall not strike thee by day," is one, like many others, which God has given us in His grace, and which, in a very practical association, likewise reminds us to exercise common-sense in not unwisely exposing ourselves to the midday vertical rays of the central figure of the solar system.

The promise, also, in the last clause of the same verse, "nor the moon by night," seems to be realised by the native mind—perhaps superstitiously, for they aver that undue exposure to the light of the full moon at the hot season of the year is a dangerous experiment.

I had the pleasure of seeing that which is rarely beheld in Britain, a lunar rainbow, beautiful but fleeting like the one common in these islands of the

"bow in the cloud," associated with the token of the covenant given in Gen. ix. 12.

I saw also what appears to be more rare, but most impressive, the lunar bow—not an arch—but a circle extending over a large part of the sky where the moon was, and which remained in brilliance for a considerable time. So beautiful was it that my mind reverted to the statement of John in his "Unveiling" in Rev. iv. 3, "a rainbow round about the throne, like unto an emerald." This has yet to be seen in its fulness by the believer in Christ.

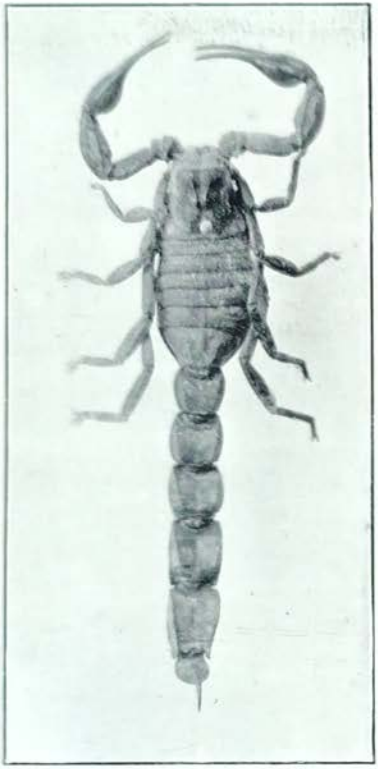
I was somewhat disappointed not to see, what I had counted somewhat upon, the beautiful constellation known as the "Southern Cross." This may be observed low down on the southern horizon in the tropics at 3 a.m., so the quartermasters of the steamboats say.

Some of the traditions current among black people in the colonies, as to the colour and the pursuits of the two races, the whites and the blacks, have a curious interest. The solution of the colour question is that originally all men were black.* That on a very bleak morning they were sent to bathe in a certain stream. Those who were influenced by a dread of the cold water, or were indifferent to cleanliness, merely wetted the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands, and quickly retired to regain heat in their bodies. The others plunged fearlessly into the stream and cleansed them-

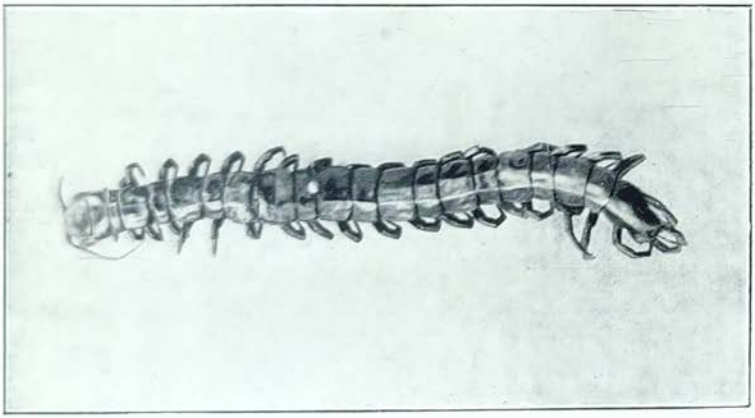
* Dance, *Guianese Log Book.*

selves thoroughly. And from that day it was observed that while only the palms and soles of the first party were whitish, the entire bodies of the others had become white. According to an eccentric coloured parson, by name "Charlie," who once flourished in Jamaica, the diversity of colour originated with Cain, who, when called to account for his brother's death, became frightfully pale, and continued so, transmitting his paleness to his descendants!

The reasons ascribed for the blacks being apportioned to hard manual labour, while the whites, *as is supposed*, "have no hard work," is that several packages were once laid on the ground, and men were required to take their choice. The blacks, eagerly lifting one package after another, selected and took away the largest and heaviest, supposing those to be most valuable. The whites, having no choice, had to take the small and light packages that were left. On opening their several parcels, the blacks found that they had selected hoes, shovels, cutlasses (used as bill-hooks), and such-like implements of labour, which they were doomed to use ever after; while the whites discovered their gifts to be paper, pens, and ink.



SCORPION, POMEROON.



CENTIPEDE.

Less than natural size, such as bit Mr. C. Smith on the elbow.

CHAPTER XXX

SCORPIONS AND OTHER SCOURGES

SCORPIONS are in some places common. Having secreted themselves, they suddenly come out of their hiding-places, striking quickly. I cured a coolie—an indentured East Indian—who had been bitten in the wrist, in two hours, without his taking fever, by massaging the wound and injecting strong ammonia.* He informed me, with much satisfaction, that he had killed the scorpion—in accordance with a like superstition of many persons in this country who, when bitten by a dog which they conjecture may have rabies, rashly suppose that they may in like manner facilitate the cure. I likewise cured by the same treatment, in a few days, a black girl who had been severely bitten in the leg by a large dog. In this case I used diluted carbolic, with massage.

I refer to these personal experiences because—as I have advocated in public meetings—if we cannot send

* Rev. ix. 5 speaks of "the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man." In Luke x. 19 we read that the seventy had power given them to "tread on scorpions."

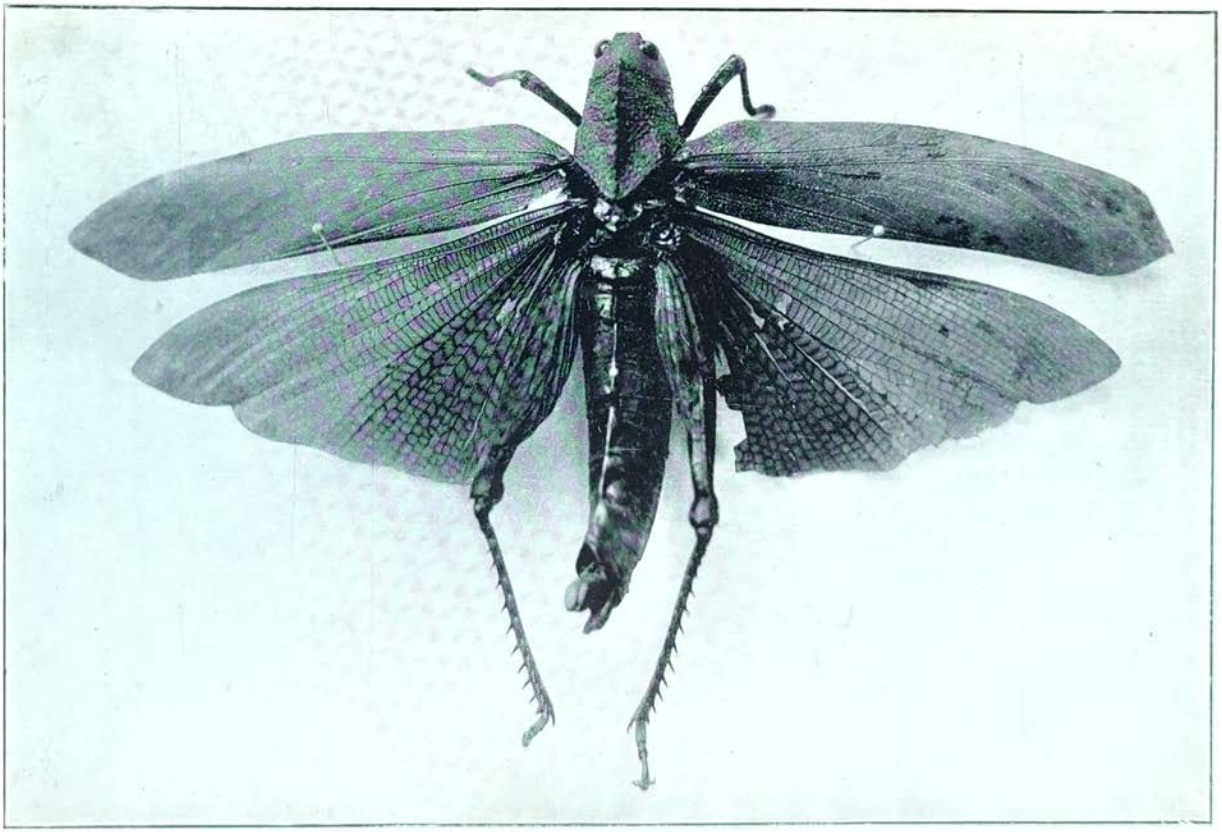
out medical missionaries in numbers, at least everyone who aspires to go forth to heal souls should possess, as part of his qualification, the ability to impart healing to the body by the use of suitable medicines, and even the ability to conduct minor operations.

Centipedes are also common. Our Mr. C. Gordon Smith was turning over some old papers when one ran quickly up his arm and bit him near the elbow; his wife soon cured him by the same remedy and treatment—strong ammonia with massage.

The bite of a tarantula spider generally causes some feverish symptoms. A smaller specimen was caught in a bedroom when I was staying in the Mission House, at Queenstown, Essequibo.

The great grasshopper (in Hebrew, locust of locusts) is sometimes found, though it does not always commit such depredations as in Eastern countries.

The Egyptian locusts are brown and not so large. They are much relished by the natives in Eastern and Western lands, who eat them as we do shrimps, which they much resemble in taste. God sometimes permits this little creature to be the instrument of His judgments in those parts of the earth to which they belong. First, the locusts lay their eggs in some place in the hedges, but when the sun arises they flee away. In six or eight weeks the very dust seems to waken into life, and, moulded into form, begins to creep. Then, on they come like a living deluge. They always strike the imagination with a vague terror—their number is astounding. Like an



LOCUST, ESSEQUIBO.
Less than natural size.

animated river they move on, giving a most impressive view of the power of God to punish a wicked world. They march or fly over mountain and dale; over hedge or house; over pool or river; neither digging trenches nor kindling fires will turn or stop them.

If you burn or crush a million, ten millions come to the funeral. Wave after wave rolls on, perfectly resistless, and then they vanish like the morning mist. The Prophet Joel says (ii. 7): "They shall climb the wall like men of war; and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks"; and of their appalling devastation he also says: "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree: he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away: the branches thereof are made white." This is no "fancy" picture; in the present day these experiences are in evidence in tropical and other countries.

Our Mr. Thos. Wales, of Georgetown, when upon one occasion in a boat on the Demerara River, went through a cloud of yellow butterflies, which darkened the sun and took three-quarters of an hour to pass. Each of these came from a grub little less destructive.

In a recent letter Mr. Henry Tayler, of Weiroony Creek, says that the Indians near him are in great straits because of the ravages of caterpillars, which had cleared off all the crops.

THE END.

TEN YEARS AFTER. More Triumphs of Faith.

A Sequel to the Autobiography of George Müller, being an account of the Work at the Ashley Down Orphanage, Bristol, for the Ten Years following the death of Mr. Müller. Compiled by G. Fred. Bergin. 376 pages of Clear Type. 32 Interesting Pictures. Cloth boards, 3s. 6d., post free.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE MÜLLER.

Compiled by G. Fred. Bergin. Illustrated. Half morocco, 7/6 net ; cloth, 5/- net ; postage 5d. extra.

GEORGE MÜLLER OF BRISTOL.

By A. T. Pierson, D.D. Illustrated. Cloth, 3/6 net. Cheap Edition. Cloth, 2/6 net ; postage 4d. extra.

GEORGE MÜLLER, the Modern Apostle of Faith.

By F. Warne. Illustrated. Cloth, 1/6 for 1/2 ; paper boards, 1/- for 9d. ; postage 3d. extra.

GEORGE MÜLLER.

By F. Warne. Illustrated. 2d.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

By G. Müller. Cloth, 1/- net ; paper, 6d. net ; postage 1½d. extra.

JEHOVAH MAGNIFIED.

By G. Müller. Cloth, 1/6 for 1/2 ; or 1/5 post free.

THE BIBLE AND TRACT REPOSITORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE INSTITUTION.

W. B. W. Sarsfield, *Manager*, 78, Park Street, Bristol.

MORGAN AND SCOTT, LTD., LONDON.