G. HARRY AGNEW -- A PIONEER MISSIONARY
By Wilson Thomas Hogue

Introduction By
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Senior General Superintendent
Of The Free Methodist Church

"He endured as seeing him who is invisible."

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DEDICATION

Dedicated To The Woman's Foreign
Missionary Societies Of The Free
Methodist Church Of North America

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INTRODUCTION

We do not know what God might have done for the universal publication of the gospel, but we know what he has not done. So far as we are able to see, God, in the great work of saving men, might have commissioned angels in their dazzling brightness and glory to go through the world publishing the glad tidings of salvation, but we know he has not done it. This work, with its responsibilities and its glory, is committed to human hands. The ordained method for the accomplishment of this grand purpose seems to be -- gracious provision, divine power and human agency.

Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "For we are laborers together with God" (I Cor. 3:9); John, in his introduction of his gospel, says: "There was a man sent from God" (Jno. 1:6); and, in his final commission for the spread of the gospel, Jesus said to the men whom he called: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations" (Matt. 28:19). In a very important sense, therefore, the divine plan seems to be, "man the savior of man." And in this method divine wisdom is clearly manifest; for, whatever of superiority, either in power or glory, there may be in angelic natures, and however much angels may excel in the gift of utterance, no angel could possibly, from personal experience, testify to the power of God's grace to save from sin. But a redeemed human being cannot only preach the gospel, but can testify as well that Jesus Christ hath power to blot out transgressions and to cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Saul of Tarsus, terror-stricken and astounded, heard the Lord Jesus speaking from heaven and saying: "But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness" (Acts 26:16); and, to this day, by one means or another, God calls men to the great work of spreading the glad tidings of salvation both in the home and in the foreign field.

In the following pages we have a sketch of the life of a man who, by the circumstances both of his birth and early training, was prepared for the work to which God by his Spirit and providence later called him. From his Protestant Irish parentage he inherited a dislike for mere forms and ceremonies, and from his early religious training, among the dissenters, he acquired a regard and love for the principles of truth and righteousness early instilled into his mind. Moreover, in the providence of God thrown upon his own resources while yet a mere youth, he acquired in an unusual degree that spirit of self-reliance so necessary to success in the foreign mission field.

No one can read the following record of his heroic self-denials, struggles and sacrifices in the accomplishment of his God-given work without having his conceptions of what constitutes whole-hearted and practical consecration to God broadened and his sympathy with foreign missionary work greatly quickened. The narrative will be found highly entertaining, instructive and inspiring to old and young alike.

Personal acquaintance with Mr. Agnew, and more or less knowledge of his work during all the years he spent on the foreign field, assure me that the character of the man and the value of his service to the church render it eminently proper that such a record of his life and labors as follows should be given to the reading public; while many years of personal acquaintance with the author of the work, as also his established reputation as a writer, and the interest and carefulness with which he has evidently devoted himself to its production, convince me that the volume he has produced will be received and read with general interest and satisfaction.

Edward P. Hart
Alameda, California

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PREFACE

The true measure of a human life on earth is not the number of its years, but the moral virtues it develops, the beneficent ends it accomplishes and the gracious influences it generates and perpetuates. Measured by these standards the subject of this memorial volume, though scarcely past middle life when summoned from labor to reward, is entitled to be classified with those whose moral excellences, strenuous activities and noble achievements make even their brief sojourn on earth of more significance and value than any life of mere passive and harmless existence, though it were prolonged to the age of a Methuselah.

Not alone do the permanent results of our departed brother's toils, trials, tears and sacrifices in the Inhambane country, in Natal, and in the Transvaal stand as a monument of his wisdom, integrity, zeal, consecration and devotion to the interests of Christ's kingdom and the welfare of humanity. The widespread and continually increasing interest in foreign missionary work on the part of the church at home which he so long and faithfully represented in his South African pioneering, and which has materialized in extensive missionary undertakings in other lands as well as in the "Dark Continent," testifies also, and in no small degree, to the influence

he exerted upon the whole denomination in the direction of awakened interest in world-wide evangelization. It seems eminently fitting, therefore, that some permanent record of his consecrated, heroic and highly useful life should be produced for the instruction, edification and inspiration of those on whom must fall, at home and in heathen lands, and alike in the immediate and in the more remote future, the responsibility of maintaining that department of the church's work to which his life was so fully devoted -- so literally and willingly, yea, even joyfully, sacrificed.

It is with this end in view, and also in hope that its circulation will be such as to prove a means of pecuniary aid to the widow and children of the missionary hero who is its subject, that the preparation of this volume has been undertaken.

For several years prior to his death Mr. Agnew had been planning to publish a small volume giving an account of his missionary pioneering in South Africa. In fact, he had so far prosecuted the undertaking that, had he been spared to return to America in 1903, as he contemplated doing, the book would have been finished and published before his return. From the first conception of his plan he had desired that the author of this volume should have editorial supervision of his intended publication. W-hen it became apparent that the illness which finally took him off was destined to prove fatal, the matter of publishing the book was much on his mind, and he confided to his sorrowing wife a request, since repeatedly and urgently seconded by her, that the present writer should complete his work and produce the book in his stead, in the interest of the foreign work he loved so well and also for the benefit of his wife and children. Accordingly the work was undertaken and the book has been produced.

The original plan of Mr. Agnew was for the publication of a smaller volume, devoted almost exclusively to an account of his missionary labors. After his death, however, it seemed desirable to all with whom we conversed on the subject that a more extended account of his life should be given to the public than was at first contemplated. Quite a full account of his career prior to the time of his becoming a missionary was furnished by his brother, Captain T. Agnew, of the Island of Malta, so carefully prepared that it could be adapted to the purposes of the book with but little modification and abbreviation. Other valuable data referring to the same period came to hand from other sources, as well as considerable supplementary information regarding his work on the foreign field, and full information relative to his final illness and death, the latter from the Rev. J. P. Brodhead, superintendent of the work at Fair View, South Africa, who was with Mr. Agnew in his last illness and when he closed his eyes in death. Numerous testimonials regarding his sterling qualities as a man, a Christian and a missionary were also received. In view of all these considerations the author has deemed it proper to enlarge upon the plan originally conceived by Mr. Agnew, with the present volume as the result.

In the performance of his task the author has found it necessary to reshape much of what Mr. Agnew had written, in order to adapt it to the changed plan of the work, and has also supplemented some of it with information gathered from his journals, which were usually written with much precision, as also with material obtained from other sources. Wherever it could be more suitably done, however, Mr. Agnew's own manuscript has been used, with no changes except what careful editing required, and he has thereby been allowed to speak for himself and tell the story of his own life. Particularly has this been the case in all parts of the work involving

personal religious experience and descriptions of Africa with its people, scenery, customs, laws, and so forth.

Mrs. Agnew, widow of the deceased missionary, has furnished much valuable data for the production of the book, has carefully read the manuscript to insure accuracy, and has rendered other important aid.

Most of the illustrations, which we think are generally of a high order, and which add much to the value of the book, were produced expressly for this work, and from photographs furnished by Mrs. Agnew. In respect to this feature no expense has been spared in order to make the volume attractive, interesting and instructive. An excellent outline map of South Africa, showing the mission stations established by Mr. Agnew, has also been prepared for this volume, which will doubtless be much appreciated.

Our "labor of love" in complying with our deceased brother's request at an end, we now send forth what we have prepared conscious of its many imperfections, but indulging the hope that the great Head of the church, who uses even imperfect human instrumentalities in the advancement of his kingdom, will, in some way and to some extent, make it an inspiration and a blessing to all who peruse its pages, and a means of furthering the glorious cause for which G. Harry Agnew gave his life.

Wilson Thomas Hogue
Evanston, Illinois,
November 28, 1904

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01 -- CHAPTER

Parentage, Birth, Early Influences

"As in a building Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation All would be wanting, so in human life Each action rests on the foregoing event That made it possible, but is forgotten And buried in the earth."

George Harry Augustus Agnew was the fourth son and youngest child of William and Jane Agnew, both of whom were natives of Ulster in Ireland, and were sprung from those Presbyterian tenant-farmers of the North whose hatred of Popery, and loyalty, even to the stake, have become proverbial among Anglo-Saxon peoples.

His more remote ancestors contributed in some degree to the making of history in their day. A large, granite monument in an Ulster village churchyard testifies to the zeal and services of his paternal grandfather, Samuel Agnew, in the short but fierce Irish rebellion of 1798, during which this farmer soldier fought as a sergeant in the hastily-raised yeomanry of that time.

William Agnew, Harry's father, was an honorable and upright man, free from all bad habits, a great reader, and accustomed, through much of his life, to rise early every morning, hasten to the beach and take an invigorating bath before breakfast. His mother, Jane Agnew, was a loving, gentle, intelligent, devout and godly woman -- to the close of his life Harry's ideal of Christian womanhood. Even now, in her advanced age, she maintains the rigid, practical devotion of her earlier years, attending church service three or four times a week, and seldom for any cause missing attendance at the mid-week prayer meeting. Mrs. Agnew, Harry's widow, in a personal letter to the writer dated January 28, 1904, says: "I saw her in England last May. At once I saw whom Harry took after in his loving disposition -- it was his mother."

At the time when the story of Harry's life begins the parents were in England, the father, who spent most of his adult life as a British soldier, having, after a term of army service abroad, settled as an artisan in the ordnance department at Sheerness. Here the subject of our story was born October 17, 1864.

His somewhat grandiose combination of Christian names, we are informed, came partly from an uncle, who, in his turn, derived it from a chief landlord of the Ulster territory. Numerous as were his given names, however, Harry is the only name by which the hero of our story was ever called -- the name by which, in later as in earlier life, he was endeared to all who knew him.

In the Agnew family there were four boys and four girls, six of whom are still living, although widely scattered. One of the daughters resides in Australia, another, the one who was instrumental in Harry's conversion, an account of which appears later, makes her home in New Zealand, and a third, who chiefly cared for Harry in his infancy, spent eleven years in India, with her husband who was a soldier, but now cares for thee aged mother in Scarborough, England. The other daughter is a resident of the United States, her home being near Saint Paul, Minnesota. Harry's brother, Thomas Agnew, spent three years in China and about eighteen months on the west coast of Africa. He has been a British soldier for many years, having when quite young been one of two youths who, out of two hundred who tried the government examination, passed successfully, was chosen for service, sent to college and trained for that career in which he has steadily risen until he is now Captain Thomas Agnew o{ the Royal Navy, with headquarters at Malta.

Harry's father used to say, "My father always wanted his children about him, and they never amounted to anything; I want to push mine out and give them a chance" -- and he seems to have accomplished his purpose.

Captain Thomas Agnew is an earnest Christian man, and, during the many years of his public service in various parts of the world, is said to have maintained such uprightness and integrity of character as one rarely finds in military life. On first entering the government service he received good wages, for one so young as he, and, as his parents were poor, he began to send his mother two pounds (nearly ten dollars) per month -- a practice he has continued to the present time. Not once in all the years that have passed has he failed to remit at the regular time, besides having always remembered her with a substantial present at Christmas time.

Being nine years older than Harry, when the latter was a small lad "Tom" was his ideal of a great and noble man. "Harry, put up your paper and eat your food," said his mother to Harry when, as a little fellow, she saw him reading at meal time. The command not being complied with it was repeated, whereupon Harry, in self-justification, replied: "Tom reads the paper at the table." Tom was his ideal then and ever afterwards.

At four years of age Harry went with his brothers to a day school attached to the Sheerness garrison, and there began to show himself an apt scholar for his years. Scripture teaching was arranged for, it being provided that the Wesleyan Methodist chaplain should give some "religious" instruction on two days a week, for an hour a day, to any school boys whose parents wished them to receive it. The tenets of Methodism being nearer the ideals of Harry's parents than were those of the Church of England, he was placed under the Wesleyan chaplain's tuition, and so at an early, and impressionable age became a recipient of Methodist instruction.

Concerning this school, where, for five years young Agnew received instruction in the rudiments of learning, something further may here be in place. Being a school attached to the garrison, it was attended nightly by such adults as were eligible and chose to avail themselves of its advantages. These students of riper years having some option as to what they would study, the system of electives somewhat modified the methods of educating the younger children. There existed no such plan as payment by results, and hence no "cramming" for any particular vocation in life. Moreover, bring a government school, it was above any stimulation from competing private schools. Examinations were periodically held in the district for posts in the dockyard, and government service generally, but no efforts were put forth in the direction of specially training the lads for such positions. Still, the education there received being of a sound general type, the few who passed the examinations and were promoted to higher posts were usually found better equipped than were those who passed through schools of a narrower but otherwise more effective grade.

Here it was that the coming missionary went through the usual course, from alphabet and lesson book to reading and writing, thence to the mastery of the various arithmetical processes, and finally on to where chemistry, optics and various other departments of natural science began to display their marvels to his youthful mind.

Coming now to those weightier influences which molded Harry's youthful character, we note that both of his parents were members of a religious society who call themselves the "Brethren," but who are more commonly known to those outside their own communion as "Plymouth Brethren." They were also of the exclusive or "Darbyite" wing of that body, matters of both doctrine and discipline having given rise to numerous divisions in the general society. It cannot be said, however, that the missionary zeal afterward displayed by Harry was directly due to any teaching or example furnished by them; for, although much latitude of opinion as to the necessity of foreign missions was allowed, yet most of those who represented this particular division of the Brethren, in conformity with the views of J. N. Darby, their chief apostle, held that their duty in this matter lay chiefly, if not wholly, among those who were "awakened" among the churches. Hence, in regard to missionary work among the heathen, their action generally resembled that of a particular division of the Baptists known as "Hardshells" or

"Anti-missioners," except that the attitude of the Brethren on this subject was never expressed in dogmatic form.

While the influence of Harry's parents, or rather of their creed, did not directly prompt him toward the path of missionary evangelism, yet their example proved highly valuable to him, in that it exhibited and instilled into his young mind that self-renouncing spirit so indispensable to success in all such labors. By their sturdy faith in all the fundamental truths of Christianity; by their withdrawal from the world with its vanity and show, including their refusal to mingle even in its politics; by their ever strict observance of family devotion, and their exemplary piety at home; -- by all these influences he was in some measure molded for the great work of his life. The injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord," which the Brethren so strongly emphasized and strove so diligently to exemplify, had always a deep significance for Harry, but evoked profoundly deeper responsive echoes from within his heart after his conversion to God and his subsequent determination upon a life of inward crucifixion.

Throughout the district where Harry's parents lived at this time the Church of England was the only ecclesiastical body designating its places of worship as "churches," the other denominations being content with the modest name of "chapels," except the Quakers and the Brethren, by whom every place of public worship was designated as a "meeting house." A large chapel of the Congregationalist (or Independent) body was located near the Agnew residence, and a flourishing Sunday-school was maintained there. The scanty membership among the Brethren rendering it impracticable for them to maintain a Sunday-school, Harry was allowed to attend the Congregational school. Here, from the age of five to nine, a portion of his Sunday leisure was spent. During these years he frequently accompanied his parents to Sunday evening services held by the Brethren. These services were usually attended by less than a dozen persons, and, although ostensibly of an evangelistic character, generally rose so far above the boy's comprehension and needs as to be positively uninteresting and unedifying to him.

A slight revival wave had just been experienced by the Congregational people when Harry began to attend their Sunday-school, so the influences there brought to bear upon his mind and heart were more stimulating and inspiring than those he had experienced among the Brethren. Missionary hymns were sung, addresses were delivered on the subject, pictorial missionary publications were circulated and stirring appeals were made to induce all to make personal contributions and sacrifices for the work of God among the heathen. Who can tell the extent to which these influences were laying the foundation for the lad's future career as a foreign missionary? May it not be that seed was then sown, beneath the child's consciousness, which, in the years that followed, germinated and gradually developed until it finally burst into consciousness, what time the Spirit of God wrought within him and forced the center of energy away from self?

To sum up the results of his training at the Congregational Sunday-school, says his brother, Captain T. Agnew, it may be said that, although many sub-conscious workings may have been in progress, there was nothing manifest to show that the boy's heart had been touched, or that the importance of the divine message had been realized. The days of communing with the Father through the Son were not yet reached, abundant as they were afterward.

Although in most respects a virtuous lad, Harry was not by nature one of those saintly children, of whom Sunday-school books so frequently tell us. That he was a boy like other boys, having a good deal of natural audacity and displaying an occasional bent to mischief, an incident said to have occurred shortly before the Agnew family removed from Sheerness to Ireland, will clearly show. Not far from where he attended Sunday-school stood a house whose owner, a peppery man of much dignity, had a fine apple tree in his garden, whose fruit was the object of much coveting and occasional thieving on the part of the more daring boys of the neighborhood. As a high wall enclosed the garden the tree was difficult to get at, and, when once it was reached, to get away unassisted and quickly was even more difficult.

An elder brother of Harry's was a welcome visitor at this house, owing to mutual affinities existing between him and one of the daughters. One evening, some time after dusk, a sound as of struggling, scuffling and dragging, was heard in the garden, and presently in came the vigilant proprietor shouting triumphantly: "I've caught one of them at any rate!" The visitor, being summoned to see if he could identify the delinquent, was not a little surprised and chagrined to recognize the face of his younger brother, Harry. The marauder had not been nimble enough to escape like his associates, and so was put to the humiliation of being made a prisoner by the irate owner of the tree. As soon as the culprit's relationship to the visiting brother was established, his escapade was viewed in such a light as to mitigate its guilt decidedly, and Master Harry was allowed to retire feeling that he had been rather more petted than punished.

In October, 1873, when Harry was nine years of age, the parents returned to Ireland, their native country, taking with them Harry and two other children, a boy and a girl, all of whom were too young to leave the parental home and make their own livelihood. The soil at Sheerness being marshy the father had suffered from malarial ague, and, being now sixty years of age, sought a more congenial climate. After considerable prospecting the town of Ballymena, County Antrim, was selected and in this neighborhood they located, Harry attending school here for about two years. Ballymena, thirty-three miles from Belfast, the northern capital, contained then about 8,000 inhabitants. Among the population were many Roman Catholics, and the sharp antagonism existing between them and the Protestant communities was a circumstance which did not fail to produce its effect upon the boy. Here, also, as in all manufacturing towns, the numberless evils caused by the drink habit were daily manifest -- a fact which had much to do with establishing the lad in that attitude of hostility toward this great adversary of clean living which characterized his whole subsequent life.

Most important of all, however, it was here that, later, those gospel agencies were brought to bear directly upon him which showed him his condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and through which personal application of the gospel message and discernment of its beauty and power became to him a conscious and blessed experience.

As a first essay toward the stern business of earning his own livelihood, when between eleven and twelve years of age Harry was sent to live with an energetic cousin in a country village some miles from Ballymena. This relative combined the occupation of farmer with that of trading in cloth, giving rise to a complexity of duties, which, for some reason, were distasteful to the lad. This distaste was aggravated by the misery of enduring a first separation from home. Not many weeks passed before tidings came to his parents that matters were not proceeding

satisfactorily, so the mother made a journey to where her son was employed in order to ascertain the situation for herself. Harry increased his mother's compassion for him by protesting that his zeal would be doubled could he only be somewhere nearer her. He insisted that, to prevent his having an excess of that leisure so pernicious to the rising generation, his relative must have borrowed work all around the village for him to perform. However that may have been, his story appealed to his mother sufficiently to cause her to decide upon his removal; and it is said that his energy in getting ready to leave, for fear of some unfavorable change in his mother's mind, was such as no village work could have withstood.

A few weeks after returning to Ballymena Harry was indentured to a large business firm trading in soft goods, and for upwards of five years he remained with them receiving there his mercantile training. He showed a capacity and a straightforwardness that made him a general favorite. But gradually and increasingly he came to realize the truthfulness of the words of the son of Sirach: "As a nail sticketh fast between the joining of stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling." To wear the "white flower of a blameless life" and yet adopt the artifices and misrepresentations common in the sale of goods was an inconsistency which began to oppress his conscience increasingly as he grew older, and which had no inconsiderable influence later in determining him to abandon mercantile life and to consecrate himself to missionary work. The latter part of his apprenticeship, however, being spent in the firm's book-keeping department, the jar to his sensibilities was much less than when employed in the sales department.

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02 -- CHAPTER

Conversion -- Backsliding -- Voyage To America

It was in the year before his entrance upon the apprenticeship mentioned in the preceding chapter (in 1874 or 1875), when he was not more than ten or eleven years of age, that Harry experienced a clear and radical change of heart. So thorough was the work as to render it impossible for him ever afterward to doubt its genuineness. We can do no better than to let him tell his own story regarding this important crisis in his life, and also as to the more immediate changes that followed: He says:

While attending the public school a young man used to talk to me about eternal matters, until I was seized with such conviction that I had no rest day or night. My sister, who had been converted a short time before, would ask me as to what was the trouble, but I could give her no satisfactory answer. Knowing nothing at that time of the operations of the Holy Spirit, I did not understand that the awful fear I had of death and the judgment was conviction of sin.

One day while sitting in the school room, about two o 'clock in the afternoon, my soul anchored on those precious words of Jesus found in John 7:37: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise east out;" and in the twinkling of an eye I was saved. I felt all through my being that the great transaction was done, that I belonged to the living Christ, and was an heir of immortal glory.

School was out at three o'clock, and immediately after it was over I went around telling every one I came across what had happened. Arriving at home mother was not in, but thinking she was up stairs I called up after her, being anxious to make known the glorious news. Shortly after, however, she came in, when I cried out, "Mother, I am converted!" Mother's words to me I can well remember: "Then you must not fight with Matilda any more." One of my failings had been that of quarreling with my sister, who was several years older than myself. She was good and kind to me, and was a true Christian, but the carnality in me kept me from recognizing her goodness until after I was converted, when, for a time, I loved everybody. Shortly after this I was baptized and fellowshipped with the Plymouth Brethren, who were at that time the most aggressive people in town.

About a year after my conversion I was bound as apprentice to the dry goods business and this very soon put an end to all my faith in Christ and joy in the Holy Ghost, so that I became far worse than I ever had been before my conversion. The north of Ireland people were, generally speaking, a very hard people to deal with. No matter what price the salesman would ask them for goods, they would attempt to beat him down. The salesman to get even with them would put on a shave -- that is, he would ask more than the things were marked -- and then, after the customer had offered a lower price, he would make the reduction, but would in reality be getting the price the goods were marked at after all. A word was used as a private mark, so that prices could be called out by one salesman to another without the customer knowing what was meant. For instance, if a pair of gloves was marked two shillings, and the salesman wished to make the customer believe he was selling them at less than marked price, he would perhaps call the cash boy or another salesman and say: "Now, M. Y., just tell this lady what these gloves are marked." That "M. Y.," which the customer might think was merely the name of the one addressed, meant two shilling and sixpence, so the cash boy or salesman, if up to the business of lying (as they most always were), would say, "Two and six."

The first time I was called upon to substantiate a lie of this kind I gave the salesman away. He called me and said: "M. Y., what are those marked?" Refusing to lie, I boldly declared the real price. This confounded him before the customer and made him angry, as he had been depending upon my backing up his deception. He did not call upon me again to substantiate his lies for some time after that, but, alas! in time I fell into the same snare and became as big a deceiver as the rest.

I served all apprenticeship of five years in this firm, the last two years acting as bookkeeper. I can truly say that all the time I was in this backslidden state I never at one time had an hour's solid comfort. It was misery morning, noon and night, almost continually, and at times I was brought to the verge of despair. The blessed Holy Spirit was ever Striving with me, and never left me to myself. Even while very wicked I would say some prayers, but generally only at night, when thoughts of death would crowd upon me. When daylight appeared I, like many others, imagined I could take care of myself.

About six months after my apprenticeship expired I obtained a situation with a firm at Londonderry as assistant bookkeeper. In the Irish War of the Revolution Londonderry threw itself earnestly into the cause of William, Prince of Orange, and closed its gates against the

Romanist king, James the Second. The siege of Londonderry is one of the most celebrated events in modern Irish History. On a certain day of the year the authorities still go through the ceremony of closing the gates, in commemoration of the day they were closed against the forces of King James. There was always a very strong party feeling manifested by the inhabitants. Romanist processions would be attacked by Protestants, and vice versa. How strange it seems to see mobs pelting one another with stones and brickbats in the name of religion! Religion [in the form of religious bigotry] is often a dangerous thing, but the love of Jesus in the soul is "quietness and assurance forever."

When I arrived in this new place God called upon me loudly to repent. I seemed to have reached a point when the Holy Spirit demanded that I should surrender at once or die and be damned. As the Salvation Army was in the city I decided to east in my lot with them, and so a certain night found me at the penitent form laying my weary soul at Jesus' feet. This was the beginning of better days, as I attended the Army meetings regularly and found food and help for my soul.

After I had been in this situation about six months, one night the first mate of a barque called the "Cynthia," bound for St. John, New Brunswick, came to the Salvation Army, and, going forward for prayers, professed to find peace with God. From a child I had been interested in sailors and ships and foreign climes, and had often longed to sail the wide seas. Introducing myself to the mate, we went on board the barque together, and the next night it was arranged that I was to stowaway on the vessel and sail with it to its destination. My employer, who was very kind, advised me not to go; but, seeing I was determined, he paid me my wages, asked me to write him, and let me go. The next day found me stowed away among a lot of dirty sacks in the hold of the "Cynthia," sailing down Lough Foyle.

It was in the dead of winter and I was entirely unprepared for any such voyage, but I was all hopefulness, saw no difficulties ahead and imagined all would be smooth sailing. When we got out of the Lough and were about to put to sea, four or five of the sailors refused to work, declaring as there was no tobacco aboard they would go no farther. The ship was therefore turned back and put into Moville Bay. Here the captain went ashore, and, bringing the police, arrested two of the sailors. Two others had succeeded in getting ashore on a boat, but were also arrested. They were each sentenced to two months' imprisonment, except the ringleader, who got nine weeks. We had to wait in the bay five days, until a new crew came from Glasgow. 1 lay most of this time in the lazaretto, which was used as a store room for ropes, sails, etc. It was a fearful hole and seemed alive with rats. My only bed and covering at night was a sail. One day they let me up to exercise myself and set me to shoveling ballast down in the hold. There was nothing romantic about this, and my enthusiasm soon began to cool off.

When the new crew arrived we were divided into watches and I was appointed to the first mate's watch. We soon set sail, and before long were out on the ocean. I was quite seasick, but quickly recovered and soon had a voracious appetite. All my imaginary love for the sea soon vanished. The forty days I spent on that barque utterly and forever annihilated all the false notions I had entertained of the joy and freedom of "life on the ocean wave."

One of my duties was to haul up buckets of water out of the sea to wash decks with, and to haul on frozen sail ropes. This very soon hauled blisters on my hands, and then again the blisters were torn off. As my hands were almost constantly wet with salt water the suffering was intense, especially as the sores never got time to heal up. I was forced to go aloft, even in time of storm, to help furl sails, but, as the ship would roll, it would take all my time holding on to keep from falling, so that my services aloft amounted to but little. As I had neglected to provide myself with a good pair of boots, my feet were almost constantly wet; and as we had snow and hail storms, I suffered greatly from the cold, and while sitting at night on the lookout with the cold sleet beating in my face I would think of the home and friends I had left behind. Many times I wept and prayed God to give us a fair wind that we might speedily reach our desired haven. At such times Jesus would come and comfort me, giving me the assurance that all would be well.

The sailors were nearly all Romanists, and as I was endeavoring to serve God some of them hated me. One of them in particular would curse and at times strike me, but the mate stood by me at all times and threatened any one he thought wanted to ill treat me. I ate so much pork and crackers that I broke out with large boils, and was afflicted with them during nearly the whole passage. This added to my misery, since walking was with difficulty, and going aloft was agony.

This experience was exactly what I needed to open my eyes. Meantime I learned the lesson God intended I should learn, and, thirty-five days after we left Moville, we came to an anchor at St. John, New Brunswick.

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03 -- CHAPTER

Arrival In America -- Struggle For Existence

"But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still in the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer."

Upon his arrival in New Brunswick young Agnew's financial resources were embarrassingly limited. In a land of strangers, three thousand miles from home and relatives, and with little money and no employment, no time was to be lost in determining what course to pursue. Having sufficient cash to pay his passage to Boston he determined to make for that city, in hope of finding there a more favorable opportunity for self-maintenance than New Brunswick afforded him. Learning that a steamer sailed from St. John for Boston once a week he quickly made arrangements for departure, "paid the fare thereof" and embarked for the New England metropolis.

He had not been under way very long before the cravings of hunger brought him face to face with a new embarrassment. The meals on board the steamer were sold at seventy-five cents each, a price entirely beyond the reach of the young foreigner, who had invested nearly all his cash in payment for his transportation. On making known his situation and inquiring how he might secure something at a more moderate cost than that charged for regular meals, he was told to call on the pantry-man and perhaps he would provide for him at a rate which would be within his ability to pay. Acting upon this advice he found the pantry-man, an Irishman like himself, who was so touched with sympathy for him that he gave him all he could eat, stuffed his pockets with fine sandwiches besides, bade him Godspeed on his way, and made no charge whatever for the service. Nor was this the only interposition of Providence on his behalf, since, at various times and in divers ways, the Lord opened up his way before him in that peculiarly embarrassing period of his life.

Upon his arrival in Boston with its large population, busy thoroughfares and scenes new and strange to him, young Agnew, being without acquaintances, friends or employment, was as restless as a fish out of water. He had little courage in these circumstances to go in search of employment, and was further embarrassed, when he thought of making such a quest, from the facts that his clothes were too shabby to make him presentable and he was without recommendations.

Calling to mind in this extremity that he had one or two friends and acquaintances in New York City, he decided it would be wiser to push on thither. Not having the three dollars which his transportation would cost, he sold his watch for that amount, procured a ticket, and soon. found himself one among the restless, surging mass of men and women who daily throng the streets of that great metropolis, with his cash resources amounting to ten cents. Not knowing the address of any of his acquaintances in New York he turned to a city Directory, which, fortunately, gave the address of a former North of Ireland friend, who, he felt sure, would aid him in his time of need. Having to take a street car to reach this friend's residence he had but five cents left on arrival there.

This friend, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, received him kindly, and gave him a home under his own roof until the time of young Agnew's determination to go West. Shortly after Harry's departure from New York this Good Samaritan was stricken with smallpox and removed to a hospital, where he died.

The next thing to be done after his arrival in New York was to find employment, if possible. He went to the Young Men's Christian Association headquarters, and there met the president (or secretary) of the Association, who was having his house repaired, and offered him the job of cleaning up the premises after the painters, plumbers and other workmen were through. The job was gladly accepted at a dollar a day, which was little more than enough to pay his board and incidental expenses. This job did not last long,' but it led to the securing of another, as one of the painters procured him a place in a paint-shop where he received eight dollars per week.

The foreman of this shop proved to be of a fiery disposition, and he and Harry did not get along together so well as they might otherwise have done. Referring to this in one of his

manuscripts Harry says: "One difficulty was they had asked me if I could drive a horse. I answered, of course, in the affirmative, as I thought any fool could drive a horse. But the owner of the business one day took me along with him as his coachman to drive him through the crowded streets of New York. He was not satisfied with my performances, and told the foreman that I knew nothing about driving a horse; so I was discharged and one who knew a little more about the business was put in my place."

Upon his departure from the paint-shop young Agnew fell in with an insurance agent who proposed to set him up in the insurance business. To give the young man a start the agent proposed, if Harry would bring him twenty-five cents worth of insurance, to give him two dollars. Referring to this tempting offer he says: "I thought, 'Oh, that's easy done; I can soon get twenty-five cents' worth,' as I knew some people who, I felt sure, would help me out." Supplied liberally with circulars setting forth the desirability and cheapness of the insurance offered, he started out with much courage and enthusiasm upon his new-found employment, but after many unsuccessful attempts to induce his friends, who were less guileless than himself, to take out an insurance, he became discouraged. Concluding he had been like a child in search of the fabled pot of gold, he never returned to see the agent.

After the failure of his life insurance scheme he decided to go West. By borrowing ten dollars he was enabled to purchase an emigrant ticket to Chicago. Before starting he wrote to a sister then living in Iowa to send him some money to the general post office in Chicago. On arriving there he received a letter from her containing ten dollars. She wrote advising him to go to Saint Paul, Minnesota, where he had several relatives, instead of making Iowa his destination, as she felt sure he would have better opportunities for self-maintenance in that city. He took his sister's advice, and at once started for Saint Paul, arriving there the following Sunday morning. He found his relatives without difficulty, and, he being the first arrival from among their friends across the Atlantic, his advent was hailed with joy and they accorded him a most hearty welcome.

Nothing was done on Monday toward seeking a situation, but on Tuesday, seeing an advertisement calling for a book-keeper, he applied for the position and was accepted. The firm by which he was employed was composed of English Jews. They treated him with much kindness and consideration, and he remained their trusted and faithful employee until the time of his departure for the African mission field. They increased his wages repeatedly, and were much grieved at having to give him up when he decided to enter upon the foreign missionary work. Upon his leaving, the senior member of the firm, a man well advanced in years, assured him of his high regard for him, and that, so long as he lived, Harry should never want for a home. The Jew also gave him a written testimonial, which closed by declaring him "the most honest man God Almighty ever made."

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04 -- CHAPTER

Joining The Church -- Influence Of New Environment

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred winds
Is like to that above."

It was during the time he was in the employ of this Jewish firm in Saint Paul that Mr. Agnew first became acquainted with representatives of the Free Methodist church -- the religious denomination which thereafter had most to do with the final development of his religious character, and within which nearly all his subsequent achievements for Christ and his kingdom were wrought. The acquaintance was brought about on this wise:

He became acquainted with a Christian man and his wife who had met the Rev. Edward Mathews, then of the Free Methodist church, and heard him preach and lecture. Having themselves become favorably impressed with the principles which that people represented, they informed young Agnew of the attitude of that church in opposition to worldliness and formality, as manifest in most other churches of the time, and also of their contention for primitive simplicity of life and manners and for spirituality in worship. Through his conversation with these friends he became deeply impressed with the conviction that God requires his people to be wholly separated from the world and dedicated to his service and that what God required of others he required of him likewise.

That his experience up to this time had been genuine, though limited in depth because of littleness of light, is evident from the fact that, as soon as God showed him anything about himself as inconsistent or a hindrance to spirituality and usefulness, it was abandoned at once.

For instance, he says in his testimony regarding the way the use of tobacco and other things indulged by many professed Christian people appeared to him at that time, while I never smoked very much, yet as soon as I heard the first word against the use of tobacco I saw at once that its use by human beings was utterly indefensible and that all excuses for its continuance by professed Christians were mere subterfuges. Many today are trying to excuse themselves on the ground of toothache, insomnia, etc., but all such excuses for wasting God's money in the use of such a filthy abomination as tobacco will be swept away at the judgment.

While this sincere and earnest young brother had comparatively little of the life and power of the Spirit himself, he knew enough about God and spiritual things to, fill him with unrest over his own limited attainments, to appall him at the half-hearted, worldly and chilling conditions about him, even in the religious world, and to awaken within him ardent longings after clearer spiritual light and communion with a thoroughly consecrated, warm-hearted and Spirit-filled people. Nor was he destined long to hunger in vain. Another special providence soon occurred in his life which was the beginning of a new era in his religious history. He tells of it as follows:

One day a tall, sober-looking man came into the store to see me. He talked to me about my soul and eternal matters until my heart fell in love with him. This man was Vivian A. Dake, at that time a district chairman in the Minnesota and North Iowa Conference of the Free Methodist church. He invited me to a camp-meeting to be held at Hebron,, Minn. I accepted the

invitation and went to my first Free Methodist camp-meeting. My soul clave to the people I met on that campground, and I love them today. Their plain garb, their shining faces and their burning testimonies convinced me that I had found a people who were in earnest to get to heaven.

His meeting with this people he ever afterward regarded as one of the providences of his life more singularly and signally blessed to his good than any other. At the meeting referred to he received light as to its being his privilege and duty to be sanctified wholly. He presented himself as a seeker of heart-purity, and, before leaving the meeting, professed to have received the experience. Later developments in his life convinced him that, although having received much spiritual quickening at that time, he came short of entering fully upon the sanctified life. The experience was superficial. He had failed to go to the bottom in the matter of heart-searching consecration and actually dying out to sin. In the clearer light of the experience as received some years later he was inclined to regard his seeking and professing sanctification at the Hebron camp-meeting as "only a make-believe," which his friends who knew him best will doubtless unite in regarding as altogether too severe a judgment of himself. His failure was rather due, in the writer's judgment, to his having been urged forward in advance of a clear comprehension of the nature of the experience needed and sought.

While engaged in his office duties in Saint Paul Harry became convinced that, in the midst of such an environment as surrounded him, spiritual life could not be maintained without a "struggle for existence." Surrounded by an atmosphere altogether worldly, having very few advantages in the direction of Christian fellowship, and his soul not yet fully established in God, he saw that at all times there was peril -- but a step between him and spiritual death -- and that only by great watchfulness and much fervent prayer could he be kept from making "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience."

By such means as the foregoing, and also by engaging in such active Christian work as distributing tracts, preaching on the streets, and conversing with those he met and urging upon them the importance of entering upon the Christian life, he was not merely keeping himself alive spiritually, but was also developing by degrees that strength of Christian character and that aptness for and devotion to the work of rescuing the lost which finally issued in a life of consecrated, self-sacrificing, heroic and successful foreign missionary service.

One of Harry's Saint Paul experiences throws light upon the simplicity and sincerity which characterized him at the time and also figures as one of the factors in molding his early religious life. Referring to it he says:

There was a brother in St. Paul who was an anti-secrecy lecturer. He was a Baptist, and had suffered much for the truth's sake, since he was bold as a lion, and would "cry aloud and spare not." He and I were quite friendly. He would give me good counsel and at times we would go off and pray together. One time my uncle, who had a tailoring establishment in Ireland, came to visit us, and several other cousins and myself gave him orders for clothes. These clothes were to be brought out by friends coming to America, handed to a cousin at New York and forwarded by him to St. Paul. A short time after the clothes arrived I attended a prayer meeting, held near where we lived. The topic in the meeting was "The Joy of the Lord." Our anti-secrecy friend was

there, and after several had talked and prayed he arose, spoke a few words on file subject for the evening and then, suddenly clapping his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed: "By the way, is this the suit of clothes you smuggled?"

I made no reply, as I knew him to be peculiar in some ways, and thought perhaps he was merely making an illustration. But a woman sitting in front, who knew us and understood what was meant, turned and said to him, "You're not God." He then immediately sat down. In a few moments I saw what lie meant, but was utterly astonished at the way lie had taken to reprove me, since the Bible declares we must first talk to our brother privately. The friends who had brought our new clothes from Ireland had paid no duty on them, as they were packed in along with their own clothes. Upon my going to the Customs House officer in St. Paul to inquire if this was smuggling, he informed me that it was, and in reply to my query as to what was to be done to get the matter straight he informed me that if the guilty party would come and make confession no legal steps would be taken, but that a certain percentage would be charged on the clothes. The next day I took the clothes, paid nine dollars duty, and got my receipt, so that I was fully prepared should any one tackle me on that subject again. Much of this kind of swindling of the government is carried on by professed Christians, and I am glad my attention. was drawn to the matter, even if it was in a somewhat rude and unScriptural way.

Following the camp-meeting at Hebron, it was decided to pitch the district tabernacle in Saint Paul and hold a series of meetings there. The tabernacle was finally located in West Saint Paul, and the Rev. David McLeod with his devoted wife (now gone to her reward), was sent there to conduct the services. District Chairman Dake was also present occasionally to lend his aid. The counter-attractions of the city were so numerous and strong, however, that comparatively little was accomplished. During these special services, however, a stout but rather small German woman (Catherine Zimmerman) and her husband one day ventured into the tabernacle and became interested in the services. The Lord blessed them much. Here too they met and formed a liking for young Agnew. They became attached to him, in fact, with such a devoted, and practical friendship that when he was out of money in earlier experiences in Africa they sent him at one time one hundred and fifty dollars, at another time a hundred dollars, and other sums at other times, greatly to the encouragement of his heart and the strengthening of his faith.

Harry contributed liberally toward the expenses of the tabernacle meeting, and when he saw so little accomplished the tempter made it appear to him that his money had been wasted and his liberality had been bestowed in vain. Such was not the case, however, and he used afterward to say, "God saw it was spent for his glory, and took care that it should be paid back with more than compound interest at a time when I needed it most." Is it not written by the pen of Inspiration, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days?"

There being a small class of Free Methodists at Minneapolis without a pastor, Harry was appointed to took after them. He used to drive up there Sundays to look after this work, and, as best he could, feed the shepherdless flock. He also found an abundance of wayside work to do for Christ in and about Saint Paul, and so apt was he in all these kinds of service that Chairman Dake desired to detain him there, and could hardly believe when Harry received his call from the missionary board to go to Africa that it was in order for him to go. In fact he protested against

his going, though he afterwards became convinced of his error in so doing, and finally went to West Africa himself in the interest of the foreign work, where he soon found a grave in Sierra Leone.

So firmly did our consecrated young brother believe, in view of subsequent developments, that his call to the foreign mission field was from God that, to the close of his life, he would say: "I have never regretted leaving St. Paul, even in times of greatest trial and difficulty. I have ever felt that, no matter who was called to stay at home, my call was to the foreign field, although at the time of my first starting out I had but little real conviction in the matter."

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05 -- CHAPTER

The Call To Africa -- Appointment To The Foreign Field

"My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up account."

Mr. Agnew's call to engage in foreign missionary work was not of that extraordinary character which many tell of having received, although, as noted in the preceding chapter, it developed into as firm a conviction that his God-given work was in that direction as though his call had come audibly from heaven attended by miraculous phenomena. His own narration of this experience is as follows:

In the summer of 1884 Mr. D. W. Abrams, of Michigan, published in the Free Methodist an appeal from King Tappa, of Liberia, West Africa, for a missionary to teach him "God palaver." It was stated that this king had agreed to build the missionary a house, give him a boy as servant, and furnish him with rice and fish. This was thought to be a magnificent offer.

I remember of thinking at the time that Tappa must be an extraordinary man. I have since found out that such an offer on the part of an African chief, or king, generally amounts to very little. Scores of African chiefs will make such promises, but do they mean by it that they really want the missionary's gospel? By no means. Not only do many of them, when they make such promises, have no intention of sticking to them, but the promises are made simply because they think the presence of the missionary means more cloth and gunpowder, not to speak of more influence. Some chiefs may be very willing to furnish a missionary with fish and rice, but they will take good care that they beg enough from him to more than pay back what was given. This kind of talk may seem severe, but its truth has been proven many times.

Mr. Abrams invited correspondence from those who felt called to go to Africa. The matter did not appear at all as being of particular interest to me, but a friend of mine became interested in it and wrote to Mr. Abrams. This stirred me up also to write, and finally the Rev. T. B. Arnold, of Chicago, was appointed by the Free Methodist mission board to go to St. Paul and consult with us. Up to this time I could speak of no particular call to foreign field, although I felt that several things were favorable to my going. First, I had a strong constitution, and hence, so far as health was concerned, I was as likely to stand the climate as any one. In the next place my brothers had all been in foreign climes and were all living, and so there was a strong probability that I likewise would be able to remain on the field.

When writing to the missionary board about myself I was constrained to use guarded language, as there was neither. vision, dream nor any particular impression on my mind that I could write about. The nearest I could get to anything like these was an assurance I finally received that God would be pleased with my going. Not until I arrived at Inhambane, Southeast Africa, and saw the field did it come to me clearly that God wanted me there, and that for me to abandon the place would mean the loss of my soul. If I had no remarkable call to go, I had a most imperative call to stay, after getting there, and that was the most important after all.

So peculiar were Mr. Agnew's leadings in respect to entering upon the foreign work, and so mistaken and inconsistent appeared to him in later years the supposed call of some to similar fields of service, that he further expressed himself on the subject as follows:

Many persons living in America today can tell us of wonderful calls they have had to work in foreign fields. Some of them also frankly tell us they have no intention of ever leaving the home land and infer that the Lord made a mistake in ever calling them.

A minister some years ago told me that the Lord had been calling him to Africa for many years, "but," he said, "my family is so large that I cannot go." Now, if God ever called that man to Africa, since "the gifts and callings of God are without repentance" the only way to heaven for him was by way of Africa. When Jonah was vomited out of the whale's belly, on the shores of the Mediterranean, he found the same command to go to Nineveh ringing in his ears he had heard in the first place. God had not changed his mind in the matter, having made no mistake at first. What is the reason that so many write to the papers about their wonderful call, and yet years afterwards we find them at their homes, with no intention of ever leaving them?

In the first place many are mistaken. While they may have had wonderful visions, strong impressions, etc., yet these are not necessarily calls from God, and, in most cases, are as unreliable as any ordinary dream. Such persons feel a sympathy for the lost in foreign climes, get a burden on their hearts for them, are led to pray much on their behalf, even until the subject occupies their dreams at night, but this is not a call.

Again, in some cases when people are consecrating everything to God, the question comes up, "Are you willing to go to Africa?" Perhaps there is quite a struggle on this point, and when it is yielded they get a blessing. This is taken as a sure sign that they are called to Africa, when it was merely a test of obedience presented by the Searcher of hearts.

It is safe to say that God calls very few to foreign fields who have large families to provide for, and very few, if any, who are so diseased in body that it would be impossible for them long to stand the climate. There may be exceptions, but, generally speaking, for one who is diseased in body to go to the malarial swamps of Africa is a foolhardy undertaking.

Again, some claim to be called to foreign climes, and yet, after years of waiting, the money does not come for their passage. How is this? If the call is of God, will he not furnish means? One man wrote to a friend of mine that he was called to South America, "and," said he, "if necessary, God will charter an alligator to send me there with." Such a man may be conscientious, but he is certainly off the track, inasmuch as God performs no such unnecessary miracles. If God wishes one to go to South America he will send him means to go by an ordinary steamer and in an ordinary way.

Another man in America declared he had told the devil he was so determined to go to Africa that, if necessary, he would walk to New York on his hands and knees, and then swim the ocean. This same man did finally arrive in Africa, where he thought he would find fruits and nuts growing wild for his maintenance almost anywhere. Suffice it to say he was greatly disappointed and for years was a drag on the work of God.

Doubtless some do get extraordinary calls, but as such calls always dovetail into the providential events which follow all concerned are convinced that they are really calls from God.

After Mr. Arnold's trip to Saint Paul for consultation with Mr. Agnew the board decided to accept the young man and send him to Africa in company with the Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Kelley and Robert and Katie Shemeld, the latter couple being intimate personal friends of Mr. Agnew.

"Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup:
I only pray, 'God fit me for the work,
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife.' Let me but know,
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done--
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory -- and I joy to tread
The dark and death-fraught wilderness."

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06 -- CHAPTER

Preparation And Departure -- Events Of The Journey -- Arrival And Selection Of A Field

"Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant dimes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there."

It was on the first day of February, 1885, that Mr. Agnew, then but a little past twenty years of age, left his situation as bookkeeper in Saint Paul, and on the tenth of the same month, started for Chicago, to receive more specific orders from the missionary board and make preparations for his departure to the foreign field. From Chicago he went to South Elgin, Illinois, where he first met the Rev. W. W. Kelley, who was to head the band about to be sent out. He found Mr. Kelley an agreeable, fatherly man, and remained with him several days holding meetings in the interest of their Africa mission work. From there he went on to Philadelphia in a few days from whence he took a steamer for Liverpool. The steamer carried only steerage passengers, and, as may be imagined, the accommodations were not all conducive to the comfort of ocean travel, the less so as, on its recent trip from England, the vessel had brought over a cargo of cattle, and on its present trip the passengers were boxed up in the hold where the cattle had previously been stowed. However, as he could just as well have taken another vessel in which a steerage passage would have been unnecessary, he made no murmur, having, as he afterward said, no one to blame but himself.

On arriving in England he at once proceeded to Scarborough, in Yorkshire, where his parents and his eldest sister then resided, the father and mother in their advanced years having come thither from Ireland to live with their daughter soon after their son's departure for America. The father died several years ago, but the mother is still living (1904), and is tenderly cared for in the home of her daughter in Scarborough.

After a short visit with his parents and sister, Mr. Agnew proceeded to Kelvedon, in Essex, where he met Mr. and Mrs. Shemeld, who had preceded him to England, that country being also their native place. As they must remain in England from four to six weeks awaiting the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, the three decided, as a matter of convenience and economy, to rent quarters and set up housekeeping. It was in this little town that Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, was born, in an unpretentious house but a short distance from where the outgoing missionaries were located. Here they waited, prayed, rested and looked after the odds and ends of final preparation. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley finally arrived, and then all together proceeded to the work assigned them on the "Dark Continent."

After making needed purchases in London the party procured tickets for Inhambane (pronounced enyambana on the southeast coast of Africa. Various discussions that had taken place relative to the location of their work finally resulted in such a change of program that they found themselves destined, as they supposed, for the region of Lake Tanganyika, in East Central Africa, instead of the originally intended western coast. All, however, were devoutly waiting upon God for definite guidance, in the full belief that he would not suffer them to be led astray.

On May the 15th, 1885, the party sailed from Dartmouth, England, on the steamship Hawarden Castle, of the Donald Currie line. All booked for second cabin passage, and found the ship's accommodations eminently satisfactory. On board were a number of missionaries sent out by the Church of England Missionary Society and bound for Uganda. This missionary society represents the evangelical portion of the State church, and some of the young men it was now

sending out were, according to Mr. Agnew's opinion, "full of the Holy Ghost and faith," and were subsequently "enabled to do a grand work for God in Uganda." They were members of the missionary band presided over by good Bishop Hannington who, by most cruel torture, fell a martyr to the work of God in Uganda.

The party had for the most part a pleasant passage. The ship stopped over at Lisbon on the way to Cape Town long enough to admit of their getting a fine view of the Portuguese Capital and to make some purchases of fruit, which was very plentiful there. Referring to what they saw in Lisbon Mr. Agnew wrote as follows:

Many things of interest are to be seen there, including the king's palace. Bull fights, they told us, were still occasions of interest, and we were informed that two men had been killed in one of them the Sunday before we arrived. The city is built partly on the shores of the River Tagus and partly on three larger and four smaller hills. Lisbon is said to have been founded by the Phoenicians, and was a flourishing city, the capital of Lusitania, when first visited by the Romans. It was taken by the Moors in A. D. 712, from whom it was recaptured by Alfonso The First in A. D. 1147. It has been frequently visited by earthquakes. That of 1755 destroyed a great part of the city and 60,000 inhabitants. In the eastern and older part of the city the streets are steep, narrow and crooked, but the newer portions are well and regularly built. We visited the American consul there, in order to see about getting passports, but as the steamer was soon to sail there was no time to secure them.

Upon their arrival in Cape Town they set about studying all the literature they could procure bearing upon the character and conditions of that part of Africa whither they were bound. On their finally reaching Natal a difference of opinion arose as to where they should locate. Mr. and Mrs. Shemeld were fully decided to halt permanently at Natal, and, declining to proceed farther, separated from the rest of the party there.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelley and Mr. Agnew here met for the first time the Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Richards, of the Inhambane mission, established by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. They represented the needs of the Inhambane work and urgently requested the newly arrived missionaries to enter that region as a field of operations. For this they were in time reproved by their committee at home, according to Mr. Agnew's statement, the American Board regarding themselves quite capable of providing for the spiritual wants of the thousands at Inhambane. "Such a policy on the part of any board," says Mr. Agnew, "is a very narrow one, and was especially so in this case, as, in course of a few years, the board entirely abandoned the field after accomplishing comparatively little towards the evangelization of the Inhambane tribes."

The party felt that the invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Richards was of God, the more so in that they found themselves without sufficient funds to warrant undertaking to reach Lake Tanganyika, several hundred miles farther inland, and establish a mission there. Accordingly, leaving Natal, they proceeded to Delagoa Bay, or Lourenco Marques, as the port is called. Here they purchased three donkeys, the service of which animals would be necessary in exploring the more interior regions of the continent. Getting the donkeys aboard the ship, they thence proceeded on their way to Inhambane, arriving June 17, 1885.

The Key. W. C. Wilcox, an American Board missionary, had a boat in waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Richards, and into it the whole party entered and sailed up the bay for Mongwe mission station. The wind and tide being against them, they made such poor headway that they were finally compelled to go ashore and pursue their journey on foot. It was strange scenery that greeted the eyes of the new missionaries on reaching the shore. It was a moonlight night, and, as all around them were palms and other tropical trees by the hundreds, made the more weirdly picturesque by the pale, shimmering light of the moon, the party found no difficulty in realizing that they were indeed in a strange land. They reached their destination about midnight, tired, sleepy and glad to be at their journey's end.

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07 -- CHAPTER

Inhambane: Its Appearance, Situation, Population, Etc.

"Beautiful for situation."

Inhambane is in the province of Mozambique, nearly on the tropic of Capricorn, and is about 580 miles north and east from Natal, 280 miles north of Delagoa Bay, 250 miles south of Beira and perhaps 600 miles from Mozambique. The province of Mozambique has been a Portuguese possession for about four hundred years. But Portugal, although so long in possession of this province, has as yet done comparatively little in the direction of improving its condition. Inhambane is not only the name of the port, but also the name of a district extending one hundred and fifty miles south and about the same distance north from the port. Because of the low and marshy condition about Inhambane bay, it is very unhealthful. Many Europeans have died there, while most of those who manage to live are said to have a decidedly sallow, malarial-fever-like appearance.

As seen from the steamer, to give Mr. Agnew's own description of the town, it is very pretty. When one goes ashore, however, much of its beauty vanishes. Through lack of proper sanitation and on account of its proximity to malarial swamps, it is a pestiferous place, although matters are now somewhat improved as compared with former conditions. The healthier lands are all across the bay, where, being higher, it is not so marshy.

The town itself has a mixed population of about four thousand, most of them natives and half-castes, with some Hebrews and Mohammedans. There are but few Europeans, probably forty or fifty, which number also includes a few agents of European firms. The place boasts of a Roman Catholic church, where mass is said regularly for the repose of the souls of some of the biggest sinners that ever lived, and sinners who died totally unrepentant. The "padre" is also the schoolmaster for the town. Nothing can be done by him without cash. For marriages, preparing members for death and for burying the dead, etc., cash is always required, and masses for the repose of souls cost according to "size and quality." That is to say, a mass with tolling of the church bell costs so much, without the tolling of the bells so much less. The people have but little confidence in the padre's power to forgive sins, or else they are not anxious to have their

sins forgiven, as, according to common report, but few present themselves at the confessional. Very few of those who pay for masses for their dead relatives can tell in what way the masses are supposed to benefit the departed, and indeed it is enough to puzzle any one to know what benefits are thus conferred. When one who has been a common prostitute, or one who has lived a most licentious life, dies without sign of repentance or any true knowledge of God, it is not easy to see wherein their souls would be benefited by the mumbling over by an immoral priest of a few Latin prayers.

The town is a perfect sink of moral corruption. I have often thought it would baffle Abraham, were he back on earth, to find five righteous people in that modern Sodom. Many times have I been around the town calling the people to repentance, many times wept and prayed over them, but as yet I have not seen even two of the inhabitants thereof whom I thought were ready to meet God. However, God must and will answer prayer, and I believe the day is coming when many, even there, will find Christ to the joy and satisfaction of their souls.

The population of the Inhambane district is difficult to estimate. "A Portuguese tax collector is authority for the statement that, between the Limpopo river on the south and the Sabi on the north, there are between 800,000 and 900,000 huts. Reckoning on the basis of the lower number, with an average of a native, his wife and one child to each hut," says Mr. Agnew, "the population of this district is considerably over 2,000,000. There is probably no more thickly populated part of South Africa than this same district of Inhambane."

There are three different native tribes in the region about the bay or port of Inhambane -- the Batongas, the Botswas and the Bachopis. The Batongas live mostly around the bay, the Bachopis north, and the Botswas north and west. These natives live chiefly by agriculture, each head of a family having a garden in which he cultivates corn, peanuts, cassava, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and so forth. Some also have plantations of coconut trees which bring them in a little revenue, although the products are sold so cheaply as to yield but little profit. Around the bay the men devote themselves to some extent to catching fish, while the women gather up crabs and shellfish; so that, taking all things into consideration, there are no natives in South Africa who live better than those of Inhambane.

For a considerable time these people were subject to frequent raids from Gungunyana's soldiers, who made sad havoc among them. Describing these merciless raids Mr. Agnew says:

Every once in a while the soldiers would make a raid into Portuguese territory, stealing the young women, girls and boys and putting all others to death. Not long ago the Portuguese sent an army to Gungunyana, captured him and sent him to Cape Verde, on the west coast, where he will probably end his days. Two or three wives and his son accompanied him, so that his exile will not be so lonely as it would be otherwise. Since then the country has been somewhat quieter. One of Gungunyana's indunas, named Magigwan, rebelled against the Portuguese after his king's departure, but another force was sent against him and he was captured and put to death and his head and hands were cut off by the Portuguese, probably for the purpose of putting them in some museum, in the future it is to be hoped that the natives at Inhambane will be allowed to dwell in peace.

One of the terrible "curses of this region, as well as of civilized countries, is the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. In Natal and the Transvaal laws have been enacted prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives, but the Portuguese are behind in this respect, as in nearly everything else in the way of social and moral improvements; and, as a consequence, "in the cashew season thousands of the natives are drunk, and much fighting and killing goes on." It is certainly to be hoped that the Portuguese government will some day awake to the necessity of such legislation and of such enforcement of law and order as will transform these conditions into conditions less horrible and revolting. The government is bankrupt, however, and so in need of money that it is the more ready on this account to tolerate and even sanction anything that will replenish its exchequer.

This country [Portugal], which his holiness, the Pope, has blessed over and over again, says Mr. Agnew, is, in spite of all, on its last legs; while other countries which this infallible [?] spiritual ruler has cursed with bell and book and candle, are becoming stronger and stronger. This of itself is sufficient proof that God ratifies neither the blessings nor the curses of the Roman pontiff.

While many things might be truthfully written regarding the deplorable social and moral conditions under Portuguese government, especially in the province of Mozambique, there are also commendable things about many of the Portuguese people in the Inhambane district which ought to be mentioned, and concerning which Mr. Agnew has paid tribute in the following terms:

Whatever may be said about their government, the Portuguese people are generally very hospitable. The missionaries at Inhambane have received nothing but courteous treatment from them. Many acts of kindness were shown me while I lived there, and I pray God to bless the Portuguese with his salvation.

I will give a little incident which illustrates the good spirit shown by a governor at Inhambane to one who had offended the community. While they were having a procession at one time in the streets a missionary went to see it. There was a wax figure of the Virgin Mary in the procession, and every one was supposed to take off his hat to it. As the missionary felt that this was nothing more or less than bowing to an idol, he refused to take off his hat. An official passing by in the procession ordered a policeman to arrest him, whereupon the governor said, "Let him alone." Shortly after this it was necessary to get a passport for two Zulus who were going to Natal. The steamer was going early in the morning, the offices were all closed, as it was dark at night, and the only one who could give the passport was the governor. Filled with misgivings, the missionary who had raised a bad feeling in the community by refusing to doff his hat, went to the governor, stated the case, and asked for the passport. The governor treated him very kindly, said nothing about the procession affair, called a corporal of the guard and had him go and tell the secretary what was needed. The passport was procured and the missionary went away happy.

If the case had been vice versa, and the missionary had been a Portuguese and the governor an Englishman, it is very safe to say those two Zulus would have had to remain in the district until the next down steamer." When a young man, a missionary at Inhambane, died of fever, this same governor kindly gave the stone necessary to build a low wall around the grave,

and also offered me as much lime as was needed for the purpose. It is very easy for people to denounce the Portuguese in a wholesale way, but it should ever be remembered that there are good as well as bad people among them, the same as among other nationalities.

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08 -- CHAPTER

Exploring For And Opening Up A Station

Now the sowing and the reaping,
Working hard and waiting long:
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.
Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow:
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

-- Miss Havergal

The first thing to be done after arrival at Inhambane was that of looking up a good location for a mission station. Accordingly this task was undertaken by Messrs. Kelley and Agnew, Mrs. Kelley in the mean time remaining with Mr. and Mrs. Richards. Before these two gentlemen started on their tour of exploration, however, Mr. Agnew went, on invitation of Mr. Wilcox, for a visit to the latter's mission station at Mackodweni, about twenty miles from Mongwe. Referring to this visit, and by way of describing the situation at Mackodweni, he has left the following account:

I enjoyed my visit very much. There was an army of 3,000 natives there, in charge of a Mohammedan, waiting to drive back a force of King Gungunyana's men which was expected. The Mohammedan officer treated us to a kind of pudding made of honey and corn meal, besides giving us bananas and tea. Brother Wilcox preached to the natives composing the army. Gungunyana's forces did not come at this time, but came sometime afterwards, and our Mohammedan friend with several other Mohammedan officers and seven hundred natives was slain.

Having returned from his visit Mr. Agnew prepared for his tour of exploration, and, taking their donkeys, several carriers and one native to act as their' interpreter and cook, he and Mr. Kelley were soon on their way inland, aiming at a place called Beleni, on the banks of the Limpopo river and about one hundred and fifty miles from Inhambane. On first Starting out Mr. Agnew felt in a considerable degree the discomforts of homesickness, inasmuch as all was new and wild and strange to him, and they saw no human beings day after day but uncivilized Africans in their disgusting and repulsive appearances. But after a time God so manifested himself that the youthful and lonely missionary explorer recovered from his homesickness and

was enabled to enjoy the rest of the trip. Thus began that missionary pioneering to which much of his later life was given.

On the Saturday following the day of their setting out they came upon a kraal, of about one hundred and fifty huts, called Maralella. Here they decided to remain over Sunday. The chief was well disposed and gave them a goat and other articles of food such as their needs required. In return they gave him cloth worth about seventy-five cents.

On Sunday the natives had a big dance, at which seven or eight hundred gathered, all dressed in the most valuable finery at command. At the native African dances, as in "society" gatherings of civilized lands, each tries, we are told, to outdo the other in the matter of showy attire. Their wardrobes are more grotesque than those seen among the elite circles in London, Paris, New York or Chicago, but the passion for display is so similar as to suggest that its expression in the extravagant and bizarre fashions of modern civilized life is a relic of the barbarous conditions from which civilization has been gradually developed.

The men in the African dances, says Mr. Agnew, are to be seen gorgeously arrayed in old soldiers' coats, old hats of every description from a cricket cap of different colors to a fireman's helmet and anything else they can get bold of which they think appears striking. The females will not be behind the males in the matter, so they have as much cloth tied around them as they can get, with any quantity of arm and leg ornaments. The dance of the young men is carried on in an orderly manner. All keep in step, and commence and stop simultaneously. The men dance by themselves and the women have a dance a little way apart by themselves. The dancing of the women consists of one after another giving a kind of hop, step and jump into the ring, while the others clap their hands and sing.

The missionaries were objects of great curiosity to these natives, and would have been greatly discommoded if not injured by the crowding of the curious throngs about their hut had not the chieftain's son kept the rabble at bay. The people of this kraal at a later period were drawn into fighting the natives of a neighboring kraal, and Mr. Agnew in passing there soon after the fight noticed just outside the kraal limits two somewhat fresh skulls raised on poles, supposedly trophies of the fight. Still later this kraal was burned by the Portuguese.

Having proceeded a couple of days from Maralella the missionaries came upon the ruins of a burned kraal, a short distance from which, by the side of a small lake, they discovered the dead body of a poor old woman. The body had a number of wounds upon it, indicating that she had been either shot or stabbed repeatedly. Beside her body lay a little pot of corn which she had evidently been carrying when attacked. Other dead bodies were seen lying about in the woods, these gruesome sights indicating that the missionaries were indeed in the midst of one of those "dark places of the earth" described in scripture language as "the habitations of cruelty."

From Maralella to the end of their journey the missionaries were followed by a large number of the natives. It was discovered finally, though unknown by the missionaries at the time, that this was due to a shrewd act of their interpreter. He had given out that the missionaries were bound for the diamond fields, knowing that the young men of those parts are always anxious to go to the diamond or gold fields; and, through thus deceiving them, he became the

recipient of a present from every native for allowing them the privilege of accompanying the missionaries, who, as they supposed, would act as their protectors.

Concerning their native cook-interpreter Mr. Agnew has given the following bit of interesting information:

Umzimban, "our cook and interpreter, was a rare young man. His forte was dressing chickens. Many boys have I seen working for Portuguese and others who could dress a chicken on short notice, but Umzimban I believe excelled them all. As soon as we got into a kraal at night water would be put on, before a chicken was purchased. Just as soon as the purchase was made the head was whipped off, the still quivering fowl was plunged into the pot, and the feathers stripped off almost as soon as one could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson."

Umzimban's interpreting abilities were very limited, so that when we attempted to talk to the natives about religious matters we were somewhat handicapped. In talking to a chief we would perhaps say, "Now, Umzimbane ask him if he knows anything of God." This one simple question would set Umzimban to talking for two or three minutes, when he would suddenly conclude with: "He wants some." "Wants some what?" "He wants some Jesu;" or, "He wants some school; you teach him pickaninny." Instead of merely asking the question we had requested him to, our interpreter had been launching out on his own hook, and had been telling the chief who we were where we came from, what we intended doing, etc.

About ten days rafter leaving Mongwe the missionaries arrived at the headquarters of a chief named Bingwane. This man was quite a powerful chief, and an ally of the Portuguese. He had many wives, and was said to have 6,000 soldiers. Sometime after the missionaries visited him King Gungunyana left his northern capital, and, wishing to settle where Bingwane was, surrounded him with an army. The result was that, after being besieged for a number of days, until they were dying with thirst, Bingwane, who was quite old, was one night carried by his men out of the kraal where they were besieged, and all made a dash for liberty. Bingwane and many of his indunas were killed in their attempt to escape. Bingwane's oldest son, named Sipenyanyani, managed to escape into Portuguese territory where he remained for several years. Finally, after Gungunyana himself had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese, Sipenyanyani was reinstated as chief in the territory where his father had been slain.

The missionaries stayed at Bingwane's kraal, where there were about one hundred of his wives, over Sunday. The chief himself was not present, but on Monday morning they went over to another kraal of his to see him, and then started on their homeward journey. They had seen a number of places where mission stations could be established nearer to Inhambane, and felt that it would be the part of wisdom to establish their station as near the port as possible, owing to the fact that everything from there would have to be carried on the backs or heads of natives. They had traveled inland about one hundred and fifty miles, and now made the journey home again in about five and a half days. When they reached home they found that Mrs. Kelley had experienced her first attack of African fever, but without serious results.

On this exploring trip they saw quite a number of hippopotami, buffaloes, deer and some zebras. They, shot at some, but killed nothing on the whole trip bigger than a pigeon. The natives

declared that Mr. Kelley had killed a hippopotamus, but the missionaries never saw or heard anything of it and concluded it was only native imagination. Mr. Agnew records that God took care of them all along the way, and that, although tired upon his return home, he was in good physical trim.

As a result of this tour the missionaries decided to establish their first station at Maralella, the place where they witnessed the big dance the first Sunday of their trip inland. There were plenty of people there, some high hills in the neighborhood, which was in its favor, and on consulting with the parties at Inhambane all felt that Maralella was the proper place. It was about fifty miles from the port, and about thirty-five miles from a place called Mutamba, which was the landing place for river boats bringing goods from Inhambane.

After a few days' rest at Mr. Richards' the party packed up part of their things and Mr. and Mrs. Kelley sailed down the bay in a boat to Mutamba, while Mr. Agnew went overland with the donkeys. All arrived at Mutamba at about the same time, and, after staying at the house of a Dutch trader over night, proceeded on their journey, having hired some native carriers to transport part of their goods and also having loaded up one of the donkeys. As they were passing over a muddy place on the way the loaded donkey sank into the mire almost up to his ears, and it was with considerable difficulty that they finally got him out.

These donkeys, says Mr. Agnew, were about as cunning animals as one could well come across. While riding, on them along a narrow path if at times we came to a tree where one of the branches crossed the path at too short a distance from the ground to admit of any one going under it except the donkey, the wily animal would at once make a bolt underneath the branch, leaving the rider, if he could get his feet out of the stirrups in time, hanging on the branch, thus whisking him off as it would a troublesome fly. However, they were faithful little animals and could follow a native path as well as the native himself.

Not finding a suitable location right at Maralella, they finally pitched their tent at Komeni, four miles from there. Here they purchased a piece of ground from the native chief, and settled down to work for God. The people at this place were a mixture of Bachopis and various other tribes, all bound together as it were, and called Bandongas. The advent of the missionaries among them caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood.

The people flocked around day after day, says Mr. Agnew, to see the white men and the "Sinyare," Mrs. Kelley. Some would sit about all day watching our movements. Everything interested them. What we wore, what we ate, how we cooked, how we looked when speaking to one of them, how we held the gun when we shot, how we walked, sang, laughed, etc., were matters discussed over and over again. r When they saw we had cloth they brought us chickens, sheep, goats, corn, pineapples, eggs, fish, etc., to buy, and they declared among themselves that our cloth was the best in the country. They did not declare this to us, however, but generally tried to drive a good bargain. Besides cloth we had other articles to barter, including mirrors, belts, scissors, knives, etc. For a time we used beads in our trading, but afterwards the Lord showed me that I had no business encouraging their vanity by selling them things which were of no use only for display. As we had no interpreter we had to do our trading the best way we could, and the art of pantomime was often called in to help us out. Many laughable mistakes were made, and

sometimes it was difficult to make them understand what we were trying to get at; but, after all, we managed to get along pretty well, until finally God sent us a boy who could interpret for us, and this put an end to some of our troubles. This native interpreter, whose name is Tom Hayes, has been with us now about ten years, and is at present in charge of the mission station at Mavili, across the bay from Inhambane. Tom's knowledge of the English language is by no means perfect, and in interpreting he is liable to get confused, but he has been a great help to us, and we were thankful that God sent him along at that time of need.

In their ignorance of the country the missionaries made some mistakes which they later learned to avoid. Speaking of one of these Mr. Agnew says:

We made a mistake in the first place in pitching cur tent under a tree. We did this in order to get the shade, but it did not occur to us that the dew from the tree would keep our tent almost constantly damp and thus encourage the fever. We found it out afterwards, when we were all taken down sick. The natives told us we would be better out in the sun, but we only laughed and told them that we knew better, until at last we saw they were right. About all the time we were under the tree we had fever. Some days it was two down and one up. There was generally one of us able to be around to help the others a little. After a time we purchased some corrugated iron, and, between spells of fever, managed to erect a large shed of it, under which we pitched our tent. This we found was much better, and in the few months that Mr. and Mrs. Kelley resided under its roof the latter had scarcely any sickness whatever.

About a mile from where their house stood there is a large salt water lake called Nyanjele. This lake, according to Mr. Agnew, is about thirty-five miles in circumference, and hippopotami, alligators and so forth sport in its waters. Fish are also plentiful, but they are generally small. In the rainy season large catfish would rise to the surface, and the natives would spear them. Making a kind of portable platform out of sticks and bark, they would take it out into the lake, and, standing on it, would wait for the fish to rise, with spears ready to dispatch them.

All around this lake, and also around the station, the country was well populated, and the natives are said to have been generally industrious, that is, compared with most other natives.

We thought first they were a very lazy lot, says Mr. Agnew, and, from a white man's standpoint, they are; but compared with the Zulus in Natal and the Basutos in the Transvaal they are way ahead. "In my travels through Natal and the Transvaal I cannot remember having seen such a thing as a fruit tree planted in a heathen" kraal. I may have seen one or two, but cannot recollect about them. On the contrary, at Komeni and the surrounding country nearly all the villages had rows of orange trees; and many had bananas, coconuts and even papaws and custard apples growing, while in their fields flourished thousands of pineapple plants which yielded their delicious fruit in due season. In the interior coconuts do not generally flourish as well as they do near the seashore, yet the natives plant them and endeavor to care for them, sometimes putting little fences around the young plants to keep them from being broken or crushed. As they generally let their pigs run around wild, they were forced in some places to fence in their bananas also, as otherwise the pigs would devour the plants.

The country around this mission is mostly well wooded. Different kinds of useful trees grow in the fields, and in some places there is considerable forest. One of the most useful trees is the bark blanket tree, which furnishes clothing for about three-fourths of the population. The way they prepare the bark is after this manner; The whole of the bark is stripped off, then the outer husk is removed, and the inner bark is pounded with wooden mallets until the fibers are broken. The sap is then wrung out, and it is spread out in the sun to dry. This bark makes quite a warm covering, and hundreds of the natives have no other wearing apparel. So far as the white man is concerned these natives could live utterly independent of them. They have plenty to eat, drink and wear, so that although they are very fond of the white man's merchandise, yet it is not an absolute necessity to their well being. Another useful tree is one which bears oil nuts. The pulp of the nut can be made into gravy, while the nuts themselves are purchased by the traders. The cashew tree, with its juicy fruit and much-relished nuts, abounds on all sides. The nuts are roasted, pounded and made into gravy, but the fruit is used only to make intoxicating liquor, so that it is in reality a great curse to the natives. In the season distilleries are to be seen in all directions distilling cashew brandy, which is much relished by whites as well as natives.

The distilleries are simple contrivances. First, the fruit is squeezed and the juice allowed to ferment, and after a couple of days is put into large pots." These pots are put on the fire, covered with other pots and a joint of gas-pipe, which they purchase from the traders, is inserted between the upper and lower pots. The whole is plastered with clay to keep any steam from escaping. The pipe projecting out of the pots is supported by a trough of cold water which serves as a condenser. As the pot boils the steam escaping by the pipe is condensed and drops into a bottle at the end of the pipe. This is the distilled liquor.

We will also let Mr. Agnew give his own description of the native people and their customs in this vicinity, as follows:

Each of the tribes around the mission station had their own distinguishing marks. For instance, the Bachopis do not pierce their ears, but quite a number of them have their faces tattooed. Some have a row of lumps running down each cheek and down the nose. Others have tattoo marks running across the cheeks. If a Muchopi has killed a person a tattoo mark is made across each cheek just under the eyes, extending from the nose almost to the ear. The Batongas do not tattoo their faces, but nearly all of them have their ears pierced and a number wear earrings. The Botswas have a good size hole cut in their ears, in which they will sometimes insert an empty gun cartridge, a cigar, a piece of wood, a rolled up piece of paper, or some other such object, The Bachopi and Batonga women have their abdomens ornamented with scores of little lumps, caused by the flesh being cut and pushed up a little out of its place, while the Batswa women are merely tattooed. The Bachopi people are somewhat despised by other tribes, but, so far as industry and ingenuity are concerned, the Bachopis are the equals if not the superiors of any of them, even if they do eat snakes.

The way the people did up their hair was a matter of curiosity to us at first. Some clip it off close, others have it long in ringlets and daubed with clay. Some have it cut short in patches, while the other patches are allowed to grow perhaps six inches long, the hair being pushed through the shank bones of chickens. Again others wind grass around tufts of hair, which makes it stick up like horns. Some shave one-half the head and let the hair of the other half grow; and

still others string beads on their hair. Each one, of course, thinks his or her own style the best, and perhaps, after all, they are no more given to vanity than many in civilized climes who waste much time and money in catering to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life.

For shaving the head they generally have a small piece of iron, something of u chisel shape, but they are not confined to this article. Passing by a kraal one day I observed a woman shaving her child's head with a piece of broken bottle. She had a hatchet lying by her side, which she had evidently tried to do it with, but this failing she took the piece of glass. The child's head was bleeding, but both child and mother seemed to be taking the matter very calmly.

On the whole the people we found around our first station were rather a good-natured, careless lot. They had plenty to eat and drink, had plenty of tobacco and Indian hemp to smoke, and thought they did not require the gospel. It was opposed to all their heathenish notions of things, and it was hardly to be expected that they would embrace it at once. God only is able to take away hearts of stone and give hearts of flesh; but he can, if necessary, cause even the leopard to change its spots.

Such was the place and such were the conditions around which the then youthful Mr. Agnew, in association with the devoted Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, who were early compelled to quit the foreign field and preceded him by a number of years to the better land, began his foreign missionary work.

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09 -- CHAPTER

The Work Begun -- How The Natives Live -- Marriage Customs

Far away beyond the deep;
On the winds that never sleep,
Precious souls in heathen lands
Reach to us their pleading hands.
Hear the cry, "O send the light,
Ye whose homes are warm and bright;
Send the light our hearts to cheer,
Leave us not to perish here."

-- Fanny J. Crosby

Having opened up their first mission station among the natives of the "Dark Continent," the missionaries soon found enough work to do to convince them that the enlightenment and Christianization of barbarous heathen tribes is no light undertaking.

To acquire a knowledge of the native tongue is among the first, most important and most difficult things to be done, Then the natives themselves must be studied, with a view to learning their beliefs, modes of thought, methods of reasoning, customs, habits and so forth. Their

peculiarities of physical temperament and social life and the nature of their moral and religious sentiments, if they have any, must also be learned. All these things must be studied carefully as a means to better understanding what are their peculiar needs, what the chief difficulties to be overcome in laboring for their enlightenment and conversion and how most successfully to approach them in endeavoring to secure the ends aimed at in missionary evangelization.

How strange life must have seemed at first to this young missionary among those dark-skinned, superstitious tribes of South Africa! And how difficult must have been the task of suitably adjusting himself to this new and strange environment. That the reader may the better appreciate Mr. Agnew's situation at that time, we will let him describe how the natives live their customs, superstitions, social order, moral codes and so forth in this and the next two chapters. He says:

The huts of the natives at Inhambane are something of a haystack shape. Unlike the huts of the Zulus and some other tribes the roof is separate from the bottom part. The sides of the hut are made of plaited reeds and poles, all being well tied together with bark. The framework of the roof is also made of poles and bark, the whole being thatched with grass. It is the man's business to construct the hut and the wife's to plaster it.

Natives are quite particular in regard to the matter of work. A man will never be seen carrying water or wood for his own use. This is the work of his wife, mother or sister. Again, a woman will scarcely ever be seen working at the outside of a hut. She plasters the floor, sides and door checks on the outside, and this is all.

The natives have but little furniture, so the only things to be found in most huts are a few mats, a few earthenware pots and some old rags or pieces of bark, which are used as coverings. Some have bedsteads made of sticks, but a mat on the floor serves most of them for a bed, and a block of wood answers for a pillow. In other parts some use bricks or stones to rest their heads upon, and sleep quite soundly.

The doors of the huts of some tribes are so low down that it is necessary to crawl in upon one's hands and knees, but the Batongas and Bachopis have quite respectable doors, sometimes made of wood, and fastened with an ingenious wooden lock.

The kraals in the district of Inhambane are mostly good-sized. In Natal, Zulu kraals are generally small affairs, although they are said to be larger in Zululand. In the Portuguese territory kraals are to be found with as many as five or six hundred huts. One that I visited in the Bachopi country had about the latter number and was a small town. Around the kraal they had the skulls of some of their enemies elevated on poles.

Generally the huts are arranged in straight rows with about twenty-five or thirty yards of space between the rows, making a kind of street. In this street are planted the fruit trees I have already mentioned, oranges, coconuts, bananas, etc. Some of the kraals are circular and have been built up without regard to order, but most of them are arranged in an orderly manner. In the open space, or street, are to be seen wooden mortars, which are used for pounding corn, peanuts, etc. The women of course do all the pounding and cooking, and do the lion's share of the work

all round. In fact, if a man has two or three wives, be does not propose to work much more, as the wives are supposed to keep him.

When they wish to make corn meal porridge, they first pound the corn a little to take off the outer bran or chaff. This chaff is thrown away and the remainder is then pounded again until it is fine enough to suit them. It is then sifted by being tossed up and down very dexterously in a basket made for the purpose, the result being that the fine meal sticks to the bottom of the basket, while the coarse comes to the top. The coarse meal is then cooked till about done, when the fine meal is emptied in on top, and all boiled together until thick as dough. Having no sugar or cream, they generally use pounded peanuts, which they make into a nice gravy. The raw peanuts are pounded into flour, stirred into boiling water, and generally some fish or shellfish, with plenty of red peppers added. When done it is considered not bad. I must confess to a liking for this dish myself, although I cannot stand as many red peppers as the natives can.

They make another gravy out of coconuts of which I was quite fond. The coconut is grated and allowed to soak for a few minutes in warm water. It is then squeezed and the water is strained into the pot along with a chicken or fish of some kind. Some tomatoes are then added and the gravy is thickened. This gravy on nicely boiled rice used to make me many a good dinner.

Running around the kraals may be seen many pigs and fowls, while the little boys herd the sheep and goats in the pasture ground. At Inhambane the natives have but few cattle. In certain parts they do not seem to do well; but sheep and goats flourish anywhere. The natives are all very fond of meat, although in some parts they get but little. They are not particular about the quality so long as it is meat. The Bachopis are fond of snakes, but none of the other tribes relish these. All of them, however, are a unit in declaring caterpillars to be first rate. At a certain season of the year the trees in some parts are swarming with caterpillars. At such times they gather them and dry a part for future use. While they have differences of opinion in regard to the tastes and qualities of other meats, there is but one opinion in regard to caterpillars, and "that is that. they are excellent. They generally roast them on the hot coals; this singes the hair off and cooks them at the same time.

When these natives kill an animal -- a pig or goat or a chicken -- they eat everything except the hair or feathers and bones. Entrails and everything else are eagerly devoured.

When a missionary goes there first, he finds the natives very filthy in their habits, and if he has a native boy as a servant or cook it behooves him, if he is in any way particular about his meals, to look after the cooking arrangements occasionally. The dish rags need inspecting quite regularly, otherwise they would soon be unrecognizable. Then again a native would not hesitate in a pinch to wipe a plate or a spoon on his handkerchief, or on the piece of old rag which serves as his loin cloth. One day while at dinner I gave my boy a spoon to clean, telling him to hurry up. He went out of the door, but almost immediately returned with the spoon apparently clean. Suspecting something, I asked him straight if he had not wiped it on his shirt. His eyes dropped, and with some confusion he confessed that he had. I had told him to hurry, so he thought that was a convenient way to do the spoon up quickly. I suspect he had done this before but had not

been caught. As he had been wearing the shirt for some time without washing it, I was forced to let him know that I wanted no more of that business.

After they are with us a while we get these fellows trained to habits of cleanliness, but at first native boys are proper subjects for watching. If a native boy is frying a chicken for you it is well to look out, as it is quite possible he will have the entrails in frying along with the rest. These, of coarse, are for his own benefit, as he merely wishes to save time and get the use of your fat.

With a short description of native marriage customs I will conclude this account of how the natives live. Wives are purchased for from fifteen to twenty pounds. When we first went to Inhambane they were purchased with cloth, and around Komeni were sold as low as 6 Pounds apiece. Since the gold fields have opened up and young men have begun to return with many gold sovereigns, the price has been raised. All young women must be purchased, and no matter how much a young couple may love each other, if the young man has not sufficient cash he has but little chance of getting the girl he loves. As likely as not she will be sold to some old heathen who has already several wives. Strange to say, however, native women in many cases prefer being married to a man who has other wives, because then they have not so much digging and cooking to do, since the ether wives help to furnish the husband's allowance of food. Many times have I heard women defending the practice of polygamy, and many times have I seen the two wives of one man getting along quite well together and contented with their lot. They are so used to this state of things all around that it is expected by about every native woman that her husband will get another wife as soon as he can.

If a boy has a sister, he is not in much trouble about where his wife is coming from. He will sell his sister and with the money he gets for her purchase a wife for himself. While girls are sold in this way, they are not really slaves. If they do not choose to live with their husbands, or if the husband is not good to them, they can go home again, in which case the father or brother has to pay back the sum which has been paid for them. A woman, however, in most eases stays with the man who buys her first. They have all the liberty they want, and while they do the greater part of the work, still that greater part is not a really very large amount after all.

In case of a man's death his wife becomes the property of his brothers, or if he has no brother, she goes to the nearest male relative. If a man has a number of wives and has a number of grown up sons, when he dies the wives are divided up among the sons. The son of the second wife takes the first wife, and the son of the first wife takes the second wife, and so on, until they are distributed around. One thing is worthy of remark, and that is that while the heathen are very careless in some matters, they look upon cousins as brothers and sisters, and I never heard of a native marrying his cousin.

Every man gets as many wives as he can, since these constitute his wealth. What his influence is in the councils of the neighborhood or nation depends a good deal upon the number of wives he has. A native king by marrying many wives thereby relates himself to his people and thus strengthens himself politically, as the relatives of these wives generally appoint themselves as committees to report to the king everything of importance that occurs in the four corners of his kingdom.

But few native kings ever get saved. Such an one as Khama, who was converted before he had any wives at all, is to be found here and there, but they are few and far between. Khama, when offered the chieftainship of his tribe, positively refused to take more than one wife, preferring to lose the kingdom rather than lose God out of his soul.

But few earthly kings of any land will ever be kings in heaven. Their portion is in this world. While some of those who on earth were their lowliest subjects are shining as the stars forever and ever they themselves shall be cast "into outer darkness."

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10 -- CHAPTER

African Beliefs, Customs And Superstitions

In heathen lands they watch and wait, And sigh for help that comes too late, And grope in sin and Nature's night, Forever vainly seeking light. -- Vivian A. Duke

The following account of the beliefs, customs and superstitions of the Africans about Inhambane describes further the conditions Mr. Agnew met on first beginning his foreign work, and describes those conditions not only as they impressed him on first coming into contact with them, but also as he knew and regarded them after being acquainted with them for nearly eighteen years. He was a keen observer, a careful student of the situation, fair and just in his deductions, and a man whose tenacity for truth and love of accuracy guarantee moderation and reliability in everything he has told us about the country and its people. Concerning African beliefs, customs and superstitions he says:

The natives of Inhambane, and, in fact, all South African natives, believe in a Supreme Being, but deny his personality. By the Inhambane natives this Being is called Nungungulu. According to their idea Nungungulu is evil and evil only. If one is born in any way deformed, or has lost his eyes through sickness, or has been struck by lightning, they declare that it was Nungungulu's fault. Like thousands in civilized climes, they never give him credit for anything that is good, and no one but the Holy Spirit can impress upon them the truth of the declaration that "God is love."

While they deny the resurrection of the body, and laugh at the idea of the soul's immortality, yet they have a vague and indistinct idea that in some way or other the soul lives, even after the body is dead. For instance, some morning a man will tell his friends that his father or some other deceased relatives appeared to him in a dream and told him that he (the departed) was in trouble and that it is therefore necessary to make an offering near the stump of some tree near which the spirit is supposed to be. The one who has been "dreamed" will then make the necessary offering of meat, corn meal porridge and beer, which is supposed to nourish or in some way relieve the sufferings of the defunct.

From this, and also from many other things, we can see that the fact of the soul's immortality is written on their hearts, although it may not be clear in their minds. In teaching them the truths of God these crude ideas can be used to illustrate and enforce true spiritual conceptions.

When certain questions arise among the natives which require, according to their views, some supernatural explanation, they call upon the doctor or medicine man to come with his "tisolo" (Gitonga, "tisolo"; in Sheetswa, "tihlolo"). The "tisolo" consists of a number of small bones and shells with which the doctor unravels those mysteries which ordinary mortals are unable to solve. The bones and shells are gathered up in the two hands, shaken a little, and then thrown out on a mat spread on the ground. The matter is decided by the positions the "tisolo" assume when they fall. For instance, a certain bone represents a woman, another an animal, etc. If the bone representing a woman should fall a little aside from the others this signifies that there is "a woman in the case." Also when a man is going off to fight he consults these bones as to whether he will return or not. If he is going to hunt, the bones are called upon for their opinion as to whether he will be successful or not. If the bone representing an animal should, in falling on the mat, be separated from the others, this would probably denote that the hunting expedition would be a success.

One time while passing through a kraal I came across a number of natives who were sitting around watching the doctor in his performances with the "tisolo." Upon inquiry it appeared that, a certain man having died, they were endeavoring to find out as to whether his wife was responsible for his death or not. In case the "tisolo" decided in the negative, the brother of the deceased was at hand ready to take the widow to his home to become his wife; but if the "tisolo" decided that the woman was guilty, her relatives would probably be called upon to pay a certain amount of cloth to the relatives of the departed. The man may have died of an ordinary fever, or have been killed through falling off a coconut tree, but no matter, the "tisolo" must be called upon. I tried to show these people the folly of all these superstitions, but they are rooted and grounded in their beliefs and no amount of pooh-poohing has any effect. Finally one Of them spoke to me about as follows: "White man, you come to us and you bring along a book. We do not understand this book, although of course you do. Now it is the same with us in regard to the 'tisolo.' We understand what these bones and shells say, because these are our books, but you do not understand them." Of course, I told him that we did not propose to unravel all mysteries with our Book, but that it told us about heaven, the way to get there, etc.

Doubtless he still thought he had the best of the argument.

In one of the compounds for natives, not far from where I am writing, there is a native doctor from Inhambane. His hair is in long ringlets, and all daubed with mud. He uses the "'tisolo" liberally, and makes charms for the natives. One day while I was exhorting this doctor to cut off his hair, throw his "tisolo" in the fire, etc., he very determinedly told me he would do no such thing, and to prove to me how utterly absurd such a proceeding on his part would be, he made the following statement:

"After I come up from the mine in the morning, having worked all night, I am anxious to know how things are going on at home (his home is five hundred miles away), so I get out my

'tisolo,' and, tossing them out upon the mat, ask them to tell me the news. Is any one of my family sick, or are all well? The bones inform me faithfully as to bow things are at home."

I. of course, ridiculed such nonsense, but could not help thinking that there must be considerable satisfaction in his belief, although at the same time, if the bones should declare that his wife was dying at home, it would give him unnecessary trouble.

Here in the Transvaal native doctors are to be seen going around the compounds or native lodging houses. They sell charms against death, sickness, etc. One of them in a compound here was selling charms against lions and crocodiles. As some of the young men working in the gold mines have to go long distances to their homes, and are in danger from lions, and also from crocodiles, in the rivers they cross, this doctor was selling them a medicine which he claimed would at once prevent any of those animals from molesting them. Quite a crowd was following him, and he doubtless made a nice sum of money out of their superstition.

While such things may appear merely ridiculous to us, yet. there is a sad feature connected with them. The natives do not think it necessary that a person should swallow medicine before it can take effect and kill; they believe that people who have the right kind of medicine can kill others even when they are miles away. They strongly believe in witches, and almost every one who is sick is thought to be bewitched by some one. One poor woman who was dying of dropsy used to declare, when I visited her, that her former husband (who was then living about twenty miles away) was killing her with medicine he had prepared. She declared that the dropsy was his work, and that all her pains were to be attributed to his sorceries. I tried to show her it was impossible, but my words had no effect. She died in the firm belief that she was cruelly murdered by one whom she had got wronged.

One day a native named Balibala (They are delaying) came to me for some medicine. He said he was dreaming all kinds of things that go ordinary native ought to dream about. He wanted some medicine to drive the dreams he had been having about steamers, white people, etc., away. I gave him something which I knew would do no harm, if it did no good, castor oil or salts entering largely into the mixture. But I told him to call upon Jesus, the one who alone was able to drive evil spirits away. Had he but taken this advice all Would have been different; but, alas for him as for so many others! Jesus was "as a root out of dry ground, having neither form nor comeliness." Balibala already had a charm suspended around his neck to keep the witches away, but this was not sufficient, so he sent for a doctor, who came, threw up the inevitable "tisolo," and declared that someone was bewitching him. To counteract the machinations of this unknown secret foe, some more medicine was prepared. The charms are generally made of chicken's blood, with some herbs mixed in, the whole being tied up in a little bag made of iguana skin. This is attached to the neck or arm. All the medicine and charms in Balibala's case, however, miserably failed. Net long after the doctor had finished his work, I was one morning going down the road, when I met his little daughter and sister. As they were weeping, I inquired what was the matter, when they told me that Balibala had hanged himself. As they were afraid to go down alone to where he was, I went along with them, and there, suspended by the neck to a cashew tree, hung the father and brother, cold and stiff in death. He failed to take the advice about praying to Jesus, and, like Asa, he died because "he sought not to the Lord but to the physicians." He had committed the deed very determinedly. He had taken a large new cloth, torn

it in two, and taking the smaller piece had twisted it into a rope and fastening it to the branch and to his neck had swung off. This rope not being strong enough, broke and he had fallen to the ground. He then twisted the other piece, swung off and this time succeeded in his own destruction.

It is very seldom that natives at Inhambane commit suicide; probably this is owing to their not endeavoring to look into the future as whites do. A native, who has a wife or two, a good meal, a blanket and a hut to sleep in is generally well contented.

Joao was a Mutonga boy about twelve years of age. His father had been a black Portuguese soldier and had lived at Inhambane, but Joao never knew him. His mother was a bad character. She had a small piece of land with some palm trees on it. By selling the sap of these palm trees (which was intoxicating) and acting as agent to a Portuguese rum-seller, she managed to get a kind of living. She had other schemes also for raising money. Sometimes she would act as cook and washerwoman for some black soldier. With such a mother Joao was much neglected, and, consequently, early learned to steal, lie and do other bad things. One day his mother stole some cassava or manioc from a Muchopi trader, and the man declared he would fix up some witch medicine when he went home and kill her. When she died about a year afterward her relatives declared that it was the medicine of the Muchopi trader that had taken effect. Joao's mother before her death confided her boy to my care, so, when she was dead, he came to live with me. It is customary in that country when a person dies to anoint the relatives with medicine in order to keep away evil spirits or evil influences. They believe that unless one be thus anointed death or some other calamity will surely come upon them. So a short time after his mother died, the relatives came to the mission station and wanted Joao to go over with them in order to be anointed. Joao, although small in body, had good courage, and positively refused to be doctored. The friends then proposed to carry him off bodily, but this I could not consent to. I told them if he was willing to go quietly I would not oppose, but no force must be used. Joao, however, refused to go, and all their threats failed to move him. They, of course, declared he would surely die, and went so far as to predict his death next day. One of them said I would be responsible for his death, and that if anything happened he would bring me before the judge. In spite of all, however, they had to leave without him, and Joao still lives and has his being as before. I was afterwards told, however, that one day while he was over visiting, his relatives forcibly seized him and rubbed some medicine on him, in order, as they put it, to save his life.

I might give scores of incidents of this kind, but will relate only two more. The first is the ease of a native young man who went to work on a printing press belonging to a missionary. Some time after he began to work his friends began seriously to discuss the matter of his handling type and other printing materials, and declared that such things were of too mysterious a nature to be handled by a young man. They told him it was necessary for him to hang a charm round his neck or on his arm. As the young man knew that the missionary would object to a charm, he refused to wear it, whereupon they made a cut in his wrist and inserted some medicine, which they declared would cover the ground just as well, and would insure his life against ally diabolic influences that might be concealed in the type or printing press.

The next case relates to something that happened on a trip l made to the north of Inhambane. One day while visiting a place where a battle had been fought I came across a

number of skeletons. Wishing to take something along as a memento of my visit there, I extracted several teeth from one of the skulls, and, putting them in my pocket, proceeded toward the kraal where I intended to stay over night. I had not been long in the kraal before the man who was with me as guide entered the hut, accompanied by another native. I saw by their countenances that something was the matter, and inquired what it was. They told me that the teeth I had in my possession would bring some calamity on the kraal if allowed to remain in it over night. Some one would die or be taken desperately sick, if they were not removed, so they kindly requested me to take them away and bury them. At first I felt inclined to refuse, but, seeing the trouble they were in, and concluding that nothing could be gained by a refusal, I offered them the teeth. As they would not touch them I finally followed the two men out of the village and across a native path which separated us from the kraal. There the guide dug a hole at the foot of a stump, and I threw the teeth in and he covered them up. They then departed in peace, probably with a heavy load lifted from their hearts. The teeth remained there till the next morning, when I quietly went and took them up again as I was about to leave the village and continue my journey.

Death to the natives is a dark thing. Without Jesus, "the Light of the world," all is gloom and hopelessness, and salvation makes all the difference in the world. Skeptics and ethers may sneer at the blessed gospel, and deliver themselves upon the happy and careless condition of the natives in their natural state, but they do not understand the situation. While the native heart is generally callused, so that he cannot feel his need of salvation, it is still true that, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Instead of the old hatreds and fears of death, new life, new hopes, new joys and entirely new prospects loom up before the soul born of God, and he is changed into an infinitely better and happier man. Henceforth his trust is not in charms and witch doctors, but in the living God who is strong to deliver all who call upon him.

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11 -- CHAPTER

Native Debts, Laws And Methods Of Dealing With Offenders

"For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." -- Isa. 60:2.

Continuing Mr. Agnew's story as to how the natives of the Inhambane district live, we have the following interesting and in some respects amusing account of native debts, laws and methods of dealing with public offenders:

Native law matters would be quite laughable affairs, were it not that, generally, they are the occasion of much unnecessary pain and trouble to those involved. The payment of debts is also a matter which has some peculiar and noteworthy features connected with it.

A debt among the natives is never outlawed. It descends from the father to the children, even unto the third and fourth generation. Elephants ceased to exist in the neighborhood of Inhambane many years ago, yet there are debts among the people there today which originated in the sale of elephants' tusks, perhaps forty years ago. An instance of this kind will illustrate the

matter. Fazenda is a native Christian at Inhambane. Her father is a petty chief. Her grandfather was a kind of under-buyer for a white man, who would give him cloth with which to purchase ivory. One day a native came to him with a lot of ivory -- more than he had cloth to pay for -- so he invited the native to go with him to his employer (the white man) and his employer would buy it. Instead of paying for the ivory the white man took it from them and then drove them all away. Naturally enough the owner of the ivory then made a claim against the under-buyer, Fazenda's grandfather, as he was the one who had been the cause of his loss. The grandfather acknowledged the justice of the claim, but failed to pay up, so that when he died the debt descended upon the shoulders of his son, Mageza, who was Fazenda's father.

Mageza, to settle the matter, gave a girl to the son of the man who lost the ivory, but this girl died, and so, according to native custom, he had to give another girl. This he did by handing over Fazenda. The matter finally got more complicated, as the man who got Fazenda died, and she became the property of his brother. This brother she did not like, and as they often quarreled, she finally left. After she left this man another man offered to buy her. Accordingly Mageza took the cloth from the second man in order to settle up with the man she did not like; but, instead of settling up at once, native fashion, he kept the cloth in the house for years. But Fazenda never went to live with either of them afterwards. After Mageza had kept the second man's cloth for a long time he then wanted to return it, but the man would not take it back, but wanted gold sovereigns instead. Here was another difficulty for Mageza. Finally Fazenda went to work for a missionary, earned some money of her own, and, by both sides giving in a little, the affair was settled.

After this was settled another matter came up. Fazenda, in a quarrel with her first husband (who had been deceased for some years), had her finger bitten. Hence, after the first difficulty had been adjusted Mageza and Fazenda brought up the matter of the bitten finger, and proposed having the brother of the man who had bitten her arrested, the idea being that, as he was heir to his brother's estate, he was obliged to pay his brother's liabilities as well as to receive his assets.

I cannot follow the business farther, only to say that at the time I left that part they were about to bring the matter before the Portuguese officer of the district. We strongly advised them to let it alone, but the father being a heathen and the relatives heathen, an eye-for-an-eye policy was declared the proper one. This is only a sample of innumerable and similar complications. Sometimes matters get so mixed up that the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer" himself would, I am afraid, be puzzled.

If a man has committed some depredation and runs away, it is customary to arrest his father, or his wife, so that the relatives of the fugitive may be forced to look for him. In settling up a debt if the man who is to make the settlement is unmarried and without money, but has a sister, quite often the sister will be taken and sold in order to settle up the matter.

One time a boy named Malombani worked for me. One day as we were traveling I gave him a pair of shoes to carry which belonged to another missionary. When we arrived at home Malombani declared he had given the shoes to another boy to carry, which the other boy stoutly denied, we felt that Malombani was guilty, although he repeatedly declared his innocence. We

called the petty chiefs and their indunas (under-chiefs) to try the case. We gave them a piece of cloth worth about fifty cents, before they commenced. This was to pay the costs in the case. Malombani stated his side, the other boy gave his story, and then, after some consultation, the court declared Malombani guilty. Malombani was the man to whom the shoes were given. This was as far as they could trace it, and so he was condemned to work the price of them out in my service.

While Malombani was with me I had a nice avenue of banana plants growing. As the natives have no paper to make their cigarettes with they use the tender leaf which shoots out from the heart of the banana plant. As long as this is cut off the plant, of course, bears no fruit. Malombani had a habit of cutting off the tops of my banana plants. I warned him and threatened him, but he would always deny it, and talking was of no avail. Finally one day he stoic a lot of my peanuts and sold them down in the kraal. As I had had a number of things stolen I decided to make an example of this young man, and so took him down to the Portuguese native judge. The judge, who was acquainted with me, said: "Well, Mfundisi, what do you want me to do with him? Do you want him to pay you money, or shall I put him in prison, or what?" As putting him in prison meant the fastening of a heavy log to his leg and making him work around outside I told him I wished for no money, but wanted the boy put in "tronk." He then said: "How long shall I put him in for? A month? Two months? Three months? Or what?" I replied that a month would do. So it was settled. He asked for no evidence, called no witnesses and allowed me to pass sentence upon the prisoner myself.

After a few days Malombani was put to work as cook to the native judge. This was a soft snap, and Malombani fared well. He ran away, however, but was captured again.

A few days after the month was up I called in to see if they had let the prisoner go, and was informed that he would have to pay the judge's fees, etc., which amounted to about one pound. He having no money, a native policeman was sent to arrest his sister. The native policeman took a fancy to the sister and bought her for ten pounds. Out of this amount the judge's fees were paid, and with the balance Malombani bought a wife for himself. After this he was quite a friend of mine, and would come to see me, smiling all over his face. It appears that, as he had had some difficulty in disposing of his sister, this little prison experience had just helped him out so that he could purchase the girl on whom he had set his eye for some time.

While living at Komeni, a Muchopi boy named Patagwane, who lived in the neighborhood, declared his intention to follow God, and showed some signs of repentance. As I had endeavored to teach the natives about being industrious I decided to give this boy an opportunity of helping himself. I therefore bought him some cloth, and sent him down to the Bachopi country to buy rubber and wax, the understanding being that we were to divide the profits. His brother went with him to keep him company.

One day when Patagwane was away, a native and his two sons went into the hut, stole some of the wax and rubber, and besides got burning sticks and jabbed them against the naked skin of Patagwane's brother, thus cruelly tormenting him. When they came home and told me of this I was indignant, and at once determined to go and see about it. The place where this happened was about thirty-five miles from the mission station. About half way between these

places was a Portuguese fort, with an officer in charge of some black soldiers, and native militia called cacadores. Calling in at the fort I asked for five cacadores to accompany me. The officer kindly gave me ten, and also instructed me not to give them anything to eat as they would get their rations from the people.

When he arrived at the place we called the chief and told him to bring the native who had stolen the things. We only called for the father, as he was the responsible party. So the chief brought the man along. The under-chiefs and a crowd of other Bachopis squatted themselves on the ground in a circle, and the trial began. One of the indunas or under-chiefs seemed to be u kind of public prosecutor. He declared that the prisoner ought to be punished, as he had disturbed the peace of the whole community. He had brought the white man into the neighborhood to alarm them all, and he ought to be made to pay up. If he could not or would not pay, then he must go away with the white man as his prisoner, etc.

Several native orators made speeches on the subject, and the final decision was that I should take my prisoner. So I said to the sergeant of the cacadores, "Go into the ring and catch him;" but although the sergeant hummed and fussed and called his man, he was afraid to make any arrest. The Bachopis are a fierce people, and fighting is their delight. At one time near the place where we were they had killed a Portuguese tax-collector and a Mohammedan, and the sergeant did not know what might happen if he attempted to make any seizure. Stepping into the ring I called the others to come on, but before anything could be done the young men gathered around the prisoner with their sticks, told him to run for it, and all darted down the road. Patagwane, who was with me, ran on in front trying to stop them, but a crack on the head with a stick knocked him down, and made the blood to flow. He came back to me bleeding and feeling bad that the prisoner had escaped, but I told him it would be all right.

I then told the chief and others that I was going back to the Portuguese fort, and tell the officer what had happened, and that it was very likely the officer would come down with a force and upset things generally. This alarmed them, and as I stayed there over night, in the evening a messenger came, telling me I was to call at the kraal of the escaped prisoner in the morning and he would settle up. After thinking the matter over, he had concluded that a serious offense had been committed. Not only had he taken the white man's things, but he had attempted to escape, and had wounded the white man's boy.

I went to the kraal in the morning, and found the runaway very humble and willing to settle. I was lenient with him, as I wanted in all this business to show forth the Spirit of Christ. I said he must pay twenty-five pieces of cloth, which was about twelve and a half dollars. This was only a trifle, as, had I brought him before the judge, it is probable he would have been transported to Mozambique, where they send prisoners of this kind. He had no cloth at this time, but told me to send some one down the next week: The next week I sent down Tom (my native helper). Tom had not been satisfied with the fine imposed. He said it was far too little. So when he went down he demanded forty pieces. This, of course, they objected to, but finally they paid twenty-seven pieces and a goat. Tom got the goat for his trouble, Patagwane was well satisfied with seven pieces, and so the balance came to me. As I had been three days at the business it was not too much.

I might mention several other law cases in which I was forced to dabble. I did it merely to save the natives from falling into the hands of the judges. It is a very unsatisfactory business, as the natives think that the reason you do not push the matter to its full extent is, that you are either afraid, or else have no case against them.

One day a native well known to me entered our house in broad daylight and seized two pieces of cloth, but seeing that another missionary, who was resting in the room, had his eye upon him, he dropped them and dashed out of the door. As he was going out Mr. Lincoln (the missionary who had been resting) called our boy, who was just coming in, and asked him who it was who had gone out there. The boy replied that it was Mapia. Coming over to where I was talking to a group of natives, Mr. Lincoln asked me if Mapia was there. I pointed him out, whereupon he told me of the circumstance. Knowing that Mapia was a first class thief I determined to be stern with him, and threatened to send him to Mozambique for his thieving. I finally told him he must bring the value of ten dollars in sheep and cloth or else go to the judge. After considerable wrangling he brought me about twenty-five shillings, or six dollars' worth, three sheep, I believe, and some pieces of cloth. I did not intend to keep these things, as I felt I had no right to impose a fine, and besides I wished to show them that a missionary, was different from a trader. In the case of Patagwane I felt I had a right to the fine, because so much time had been lost in looking the matter up. After keeping the sheep and cloth a week or ten days I called Mapia and returned them to him, telling him I did it simply because I wished to show him the difference between God's people and the children of Satan. Instead of looking at it in this light, however, Mapia went around the neighborhood telling that I had found out that I had no case against him, and that I returned the sheep and cloth, simply because I knew he was innocent. I feel now that I made a mistake in returning the sheep and cloth.

The heathen mind in its natural state is unable to see the philosophy of conscientiousness or mercy. Among themselves they must have their pound of flesh or they will pursue the matter to the bitter end. When we first went among them they were unable to see that we treated them kindly from principle. They imagined we were a timid people, and afraid to kick and abuse them as other whites did. In course of time, however, some of them got to see that the only thing that made the difference was that the Aba Mfundisi had the Spirit of him who teaches us to love even our enemies.

A way of settling disputes which is recognized by the Portuguese government is by what the natives call the "Sela wanga" process. The native idea is that if anyone is guilty of secretly committing a certain sin, some one in the kraal, or some relative, will die. So in case of a person's death the witch doctor is consulted, as to what is the reason of it. If the doctor decides that some one has sinned, they then accuse the parties concerned, and charge them with being the cause of the death in the kraal or family. The man will deny the charge and the matter will be tried by the "Sela wanga" business. In this process the plaintiff and defendant will each take a fowl into court (among the natives discussions are held outside), poison will be administered to each chicken (it used to be administered to the people themselves, but the Portuguese stopped that) and one of the chickens dies, while the other one lives, or does not die at once, in which instance the party owning the chicken which dies first loses the case. If it should be the man who has been accused of immorality whose chicken dies, he will be called upon to pay to the relatives of the person who has died in the kraal the sum of forty or fifty dollars, or perhaps more. He may

be perfectly innocent, but no one will believe him, as the death of the fowl is equivalent to a decision from God himself. In fact, they have so much confidence in this thing, that it is a question whether the man who loses the case, although perfectly innocent, would attempt to defend himself. While in one sense he knows he is not guilty, yet, as the "Sela wanga" cannot lie, he is liable to conclude that in some unknown way he must have committed the crime.

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12 -- CHAPTER

Acquiring The Language -- Preaching To The Natives, Etc.

"How sweet 'twould be at even if you and I could say,
Kind Shepherd, we've been seeking the sheep that go astray;
Heart-sick, and faint, and weary, we heard them making moan,
And, lo, we come at nightfall, bringing the lost ones home."

When Mr. Agnew and the Kelleys first arrived at Inhambane they found a people who had no written language. The Rev. W. C. Wilcox of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, had translated some eighteen verses of the first chapter of Genesis into the Gitonga tongue, and also four or five hymns, and that was all. The missionaries did not settle at first among the Batonga people, but as quite a number of the Bandongas understood Gitonga the band were enabled to sing to them "Come to Jesus" and "There is a happy land" the first Sunday they were on the Komeni station.

Having no dictionary of the language they had as it were to "pick the words out of the natives' teeth." They soon learned the native form of interrogation for "What is this?" and, by its almost constant use, were enabled slowly to form a small dictionary for themselves. From the vocabulary thus secured they could make themselves understood to the natives sufficiently to inform them of their wants.

Upon Tom's arrival at the station their embarrassment due to ignorance of the language was much relieved, since he could act as their interpreter. This enabled the missionaries to labor more effectively among the heathen who surrounded them. Mr. Agnew now began to visit the kraals, singing to the people and talking to them of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Tom accompanying him and acting as his interpreter. His mention of the resurrection of the dead caused some of his hearers to laugh incredulously and scoffingly, while others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

One thing these natives could not comprehend was why the missionary had come to preach to them; why he should be anxious to teach them to read, or to benefit them in any way. They reasoned that, in some way, there must be a money consideration in it for him, and so, many times when he asked them to come to school and learn to read and write, instead of regarding this as a privilege they should eagerly avail themselves of, they looked upon it as a favor conferred upon the missionary, and accordingly asked how much he would pay them for attending.

So utterly dark, and selfish is the native heathen mind as to be incapable of any true conception or appreciation of the altruistic spirit inculcated by the gospel of Christ. Accordingly, whenever Mr. Agnew would undertake to explain to them what the gospel as a scheme of salvation would do for them, or in any way to benefit them or improve their condition, they would fail to see anything in what he proposed except some kind of lucrative advantage to himself. "Why should we go to school?" They would say: "Our fathers never went to school. Why should we attempt to improve upon our fathers?" Their veneration of their ancestors and of age-long customs and traditions made them blind and indifferent to the desirability of progress, and of improved conditions for themselves. Their fathers lived in huts with doors so low and small they could be entered only by crawling through them, and why should they think of having larger and more convenient doors? Their ancestors for generations had found the ground to furnish good enough seat, table and bed for them, and why should a later generation aspire to the possession of anything different or better?

When it came to the matter of considering the salvation offered them in the gospel, this seemed altogether too vague, intangible and far away to be of any practical benefit to them. It might be well enough for the white man, who knew everything, but for them it had no value or significance whatever. How deep and dense the darkness of the human race, except as illumined by the "Sun of Righteousness!" Surely "Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the people."

In many parts of Africa attending school on the part of natives is synonymous with being supported by the Aba Mfundisi or teacher. In some schools only those employed by the missionary attend. "While they may do a certain amount of work about the mission grounds," says Mr. Agnew, "an idea is abroad among the natives that if the missionary wishes boys to attend school it is orthodox for him also to furnish them work. This makes hypocrites of many boys. They keep long faces and pretend to be pious while the missionary is around, because they know it will please him. They will even make long and loud prayers, but are only shamming, and, likely as not, will, at the first opportunity, make a raid on the missionary's hen roost."

Mr. Agnew soon found that one not thoroughly acquainted with the natives would, in conducting meetings among them, be quite likely to be imposed upon. In illustration of this re relates the following, which is to the point:

I remember once reading about a noted Bishop of Africa who was on a ship sailing along the west coast. There was a crowd of natives on deck, and the bishop preached to them. After his discourse, he asked all those who wanted Christ to stand up. Every man, woman and child of course stood up. The bishop was greatly affected, and remarked to another missionary present, "Surely Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God." Now it may be true that Ethiopia is "stretching out her hands," but those people standing on their feet at the bishop's word of command was no sign of it. It is almost certain that if he had asked them to stand on their heads they would have attempted it. Many times have I seen the whole native audience standing up to declare that they all wanted "Jesus," when I knew it meant simply nothing. Upon questioning them afterwards it would turn out that many of them did not know what they stood up for. Some stood up simply because they thought it would please the missionary, and others from equally

unworthy considerations. It is the same in many cases if one invites them to the mourner's bench. Many will come and make a great racket, but it is mostly a sham. In time, however, the missionary learns who is in earnest, and he soon gets to judge his audience by their fruits and not by their professions.

So unreliable are these people that, when learning the language, if a white man makes a mistake, they will, in many cases, instead of attempting to correct him, encourage him in it. The following instances illustrate this:

One time I thought a boy said "Bambela nilo" for make a fire. I used this word "bambela" for a long time afterwards, and my boy would use it, as he understood what I meant by it. Finally one day he asked me if "bambela" was English. This put an end to my using it, of course. Another time I heard some one remark that a certain boy's father was "Pesani" By their conversation I concluded that "Pesani" meant a poor man. After that when I wished to talk about a poor man I would use the word "Pesani." The natives soon got to understand what I meant, and they used it also in this sense. After a long time I found out that "Pesani" was merely the name of the boy's father, and had no reference to his poverty at all. This is only a sample of my blunders, so that one can see how very possible it is for a new missionary to make ridiculous mistakes, in talking about spiritual matters.

Some of the native words are so much alike that it is almost impossible for a new-comer, without grammar or dictionary, to avoid making mistakes. One of the missionaries who was engaged in translating was reproved by another because, instead of translating correctly the verse, "Fear him, who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," he rendered it, "Fear him who is able to destroy your 'acre of corn' in hell."

One great difficulty the missionaries experienced in preaching to the natives, says Mr. Agnew, was the lack of words in the language to express spiritual ideas. There were no words for salvation, holiness, atonement, pardon, conversion, repentance, etc. Such words as they possessed had to be employed, and a double meaning attached to them. For instance, the word for repentance is "bindugeja." Bindugeja means to turn over the same as you would turn over a cake on the griddle. Now if you went into a new part of the country and told them to bindugeja, without any explanation of the word, they would not know what you meant. Again, the word for Saviour is "Mubanyisi." This word means one who saves your life, one who makes you well if you are sick, one who pulls you out of the water when you are drowning, etc. So, in using the word Mubanyisi, one has to explain what is meant.

New missionaries have little idea as to the difficulties in the way of addressing raw heathen audiences. One day while in the town of Inhambane I came across a missionary bound for the Zambesi. He was trying to talk to a crowd of Batongas in English. He had employed some one who had been professing to interpret for him, but as I came up the bogus interpreter disappeared. A missionary needs to be careful in engaging an interpreter. It is not wise to take any Tom, Dick or Harry who comes along, as, sometimes, instead of interpreting what the missionary says, the so-called interpreter will be telling the people the veriest nonsense, and the missionary, not understanding what is going on, will be in a kind of "Fool's Paradise." When I had introduced myself to this Zambesi missionary he asked me to interpret for him. He

commenced his address by saying, "Now tell them we have come all the way from Australia and are going clear up to the Shire highlands." Now, these natives knew no more about Australia or the Shire highlands, than they knew about the lakes of Killarney. So I merely said, "These people are from across the ocean and are going north." As he had been singing a hymn with the chorus, "He arose, he arose, he arose from the dead," he asked me to interpret it to them. He repeated the verse, "Joseph begged his body and laid it in a tomb." Now, he forgot he was addressing raw heathen. Who was Joseph? and whose body did he beg? So I explained to them that Joseph was a good man, who, when the Son of God was crucified on the tree for our sins, came and got his body, put it in the grave, etc. This occupied a minute or so, and meantime, the good brother was waiting and perhaps wondering why it took so long to translate that short verse.

Another man, talking to a number of raw Batongas, commenced by saying: "Now a man has five senses, and the soul has two senses," etc. This kind of talk staggers the interpreter and makes him feel like crawling out of it, especially when he knows that the heathen have no word for senses, and that when one gets to talking about the two senses of the soul he is diving into metaphysics which many whites who can read and write cannot understand.

Again if one is talking through a native interpreter, he needs to be careful that he uses only plain words, such as they can readily understand. An American ought not to take it for granted that an English speaking Zulu understands United States history. Some times the best of interpreters will be puzzled by an allusion to some event which may be well known in England or America, but which is entirely unknown to the natives. A good brother whom God greatly used in Natal, while speaking through a Zulu interpreter, said: "When Grant stood before Vicksburg," etc. Now this Zulu, although a splendid interpreter, knew nothing either of Grant or Vicksburg; so he came to an awkward pause, and asked for an explanation. The next sentence puzzled him also: "He demanded unconditional surrender." However, if one has a godly interpreter he knows that nothing will be said that is injurious to the people's spiritual interests.

It is absolutely necessary, if the missionary wishes to be on intimate terms with the natives, that he should learn their language. It may be well enough to talk through an interpreter at times, but the natives like to hear you talk to them in their own language, and they will seldom make the missionary their confidant, if they have to do their talking to him through a third party. Right around the port of Inhambane the natives have incorporated quite a number of Portuguese words into their dialects, and the young men who are working in the gold fields are getting quite a number of English words, some of them not very spiritual In course of time the dialects in that part will have been so augmented from different sources that it will not be so difficult to tell them the story of the cross as it was ten years ago.

It is amusing and yet painful in visiting the natives to listen to the expressions of wonder and the childish questions asked by those who have all their lives dwelt in "the land of the shadow of death." Even the simplest matters, which the merest child in our country knows, are there sources of amazement. Meeting a native one day in a kraal I asked him if he was well. He said he was; whereupon I told him, in the native figurative way of speaking, that he was not, but that his heart was sick; that it was full of sin, and that nothing but the blood of Jesus, God's Son, could cure him. With a wondering look he asked, "Where can I get this blood? Can I get a bottle of it?" He asked this in all sincerity, not thinking there was anything out of place in such a

remark. Another man, in speaking to me one day, asked how the devil ever got into his heart. He said, "I know he is there; I feel him; but how did he enter in? Did he go down my throat, or what?" These questions were asked with all gravity and seriousness, so that I had to explain about sin entering into the world about as one would explain it to a child. I gave him also to understand that it mattered little as to how the devil got in, the great question was how to get him out. This he freely acknowledged. One native asked a missionary what God stood upon. Another to whom I was talking about the greatness of God asked me how big God was, and then, pointing to a place about fifteen feet away, asked: "Is he as big as from here to there?"

One man who seemed to have some little interest in the matter of his eternal welfare one day asked me if I could not give him some medicine so he could swallow it down and have this salvation right inside of him. I told him of course to call upon Jesus. Like many in civilized climes he did not wish to give up his sins, make restitution, etc., but preferred, if possible, to take it as a pill, so no one would know about it. He was willing to take Jesus and heaven, but did not want the cross.

It is too bad that there are some missionaries who teach the natives they can have salvation on their own terms. Some, alas! in Africa teach that the heathen need not give up his numerous wives; need not give up his drinking or smoking, etc. All he has to do is to "accept Christ," learn to read, join the church, be baptized, and all will be Well. Such deceivers will, I fear, with the beast and the false prophet, have their part in the lake of fire.

Near our station at Cherene there was a brother of the chief who was deaf and dumb. At times I would visit him and endeavor to tell him about God. As natives know nothing of the deaf and dumb alphabet, it was hard work to make him understand about spiritual matters. He lived alone near the bank of a river where there were many alligators and hippopotami. One time, while fishing, his leg was seized by an alligator. Fortunately, he had a spear in his hand with which he wounded it, so that it let go and he escaped. In order to make him understand about praying I would kneel down, close my eyes and lift up my hands as if in prayer. He would watch with great wonder and make motions indicating that he understood. He had strange ways of describing things. When he meant a white man he would stroke his head to show that he meant the man with the soft hair. When describing death he would pass his hand over his mouth in a way peculiar, to natives and make a peculiar sound, which every one knew meant death. One could explain to him about stealing and some other bad things, but many things, of course, it was utterly impossible to make him understand. There were quite a few deaf and dumb natives around, and also a few blind. All those in heathendom afflicted in these ways are, indeed, objects of pity. Heathen people generally have but little sympathy, and those afflicted in any. way have little or no care taken of them. It would seem that the blind have a better chance to learn of God, as they can hear what is said, but we must not limit the power of God. While the deaf and dumb man referred to gave no signs of repentance, yet who but God knew his heart? Some day he may be seen at the right hand of God, brought there through the feeble efforts put forth to teach him of the true God and eternal life. At any rate, his punishment will not be so great as that of those whose hearts have waxed gross, whose ears are dull of hearing and whose eyes are closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes and should understand with their heart and should be savingly and happily converted to God.

Surely no one can read the foregoing experiences without being-deeply impressed with the difficulties, apparently yet only apparently insurmountable, under which the devoted pioneer missionary of whom we write labored in endeavoring to acquaint "the heathen in his blindness" with the gospel of the Son of God. To the end of the age, however, such efforts, inspired by faith and love and prayer, are sure to bring forth fruit. God's word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he doth please, and prosper in the thing whereto he hath sent it (Isa. 55:10, 11).

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13 -- CHAPTER

Alone On The Field -- Fighting The Fever -- Return To Natal

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
My feet are worn and weary,
But I will not despair.
More heavy was thy burden,
More desolate thy way,
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away.

-- Adelaide A. Proctor

In the summer of 1886 Mr. and Mrs. Kelley were compelled to take their leave of Africa on account of Mr. Kelley's health being so broken that their continuance there would have meant a certain and speedy death for him. Their withdrawal from the field left Mr. Agnew, then but twenty-two years of age, on the field alone. In his diary appears the following reference to this event:

June 1, 1886. Brother and Sister Kelley started off at about 6:30 a. m.; so I am left alone once more, and with the prospect of remaining so until some other missionary arrives.

Mr. Agnew also states later that "Mr. Kelley's health was such that it would have been folly for him to have remained longer," and then pays a brief tribute to him and his excellent wife, in which he also acknowledges his indebtedness to them for their helpful influence in his own religious life, and in the way of better preparing him for his life's work. He also says:

I learned many things from Brother Kelley. In our conversations he told me many things which opened my eyes, and which were useful to me in the years following. Sister Augusta Tullis Kelley I never saw afterwards. She was a woman who lived close to Jesus. She was thoughtful of me, and did many things for me such as a mother would do. As I was naturally very unsympathetic and unappreciative, I was necessarily a trial to her. I can freely endorse all

that has been written about her gentle Christian character, and shall rejoice to meet her again in the land of unclouded light.

After the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Kelley Mr. Agnew endeavored to do what he could alone, but found the work difficult and its progress very slow. "The language at Komeni," he tells us, "was a conglomerated mass of differing dialects, and was very difficult to learn." The hearts of the people seemed callused, and it seemed to him as if he did no good. He also had much fever, in addition to his other discouragements, and while he knew that his labor could not be in vain, yet it was disheartening work, and no one but God could have sustained him in such a place. He was alone, fifty miles from civilization, and in the midst of raw heathens who thought they had a right to steal and cheat as much as they were able. A few extracts from the diary he kept at that time will give some idea of his loneliness, difficulties and bodily sufferings after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, and of how things went on at Komeni station.

June 5, 1886. A nice day. Felt like fever. It is hovering around. Wild cat came into the tent and ran away with a chicken I had baked for Sunday.

June 9. We succeeded in killing the wild cat last night, I had two native traps made through the day, and in the evening, while Tom and I were sitting in the house, we heard the cat cry, and going out found it entrapped. It was speedily dispatched with a revolver. It measured two feet four and a half inches in length, and stood a foot high.

Sunday, June 13. Felt unwell in the morning, but went out to preach. Had the presence of the Holy Ghost, and expected him to help me. He did so blessedly. The people were interested, and some I feel convinced were wrought upon. In the afternoon had a severe headache and felt sick.

June 14. Read part of Bramwell's Memoirs. Talked with Tom and urged upon him the necessity of living close to God.

Almost every day during this period he was vexed and annoyed by one native or another undertaking to cheat or deceive him. If he made a bargain with them, there was sure to be some dispute about it. No matter how many witnesses he had, and no matter how plainly everything was understood, there was almost sure to be some wrangling before the matter was settled. We continue to quote from his diary.

June 15. This morning the men arrived to move the hut. After I had taken down the bedstead, etc., and had made all things ready, they commenced to talk to me about giving them three times as much as they had already agreed to do the job for. I refused to give them the piece of cloth they demanded, and so, after Dumbo's son had made sundry speeches, I "drove them from me." This was the best plan, as they finally came back and did the job for what they had originally agreed. Was sick all day and unable to do much. Kept in the tent at night.

June 18. Moved into the hut today. It is comfortable. Had victory in my soul. Somebody stole a belt. I blamed it on M____ Daniel came and brought some coconuts.

June 25. Had fever today. Brought M____ into the hut and accused him of either stealing the missing shirts or of knowing who did. He protested his innocence, but finally told me of a native who had one of them. Sent Tom down to see him. Tom came back and reported that a boy had the shirt on. I went down and got it, the man stating he had bought it from Fernando (a boy who Used to work for us) for a pig. Had a chill at night.

July 4. Very sick. Was not able to go out to hold meetings with Tom, so he went alone. Am getting pretty thin. This constant fever is wearing me down.

July 5. Some better this morning. Worked on chicken house. Matiresi and a lot more have gone off to fight the Bachopis.

July 6. Boys tied up reeds and chicken yard. Mended blanket of Basopis, for which I got a pot-full of peanuts, and the promise of a chicken. (This man was drowned in the lake beside us a short time after this. As the natives described to me his dying struggles, they roared with laughter.) Read considerable in the word. Am getting to love it more.

July 13. Started for Mutamba. Walked all the way, Stayed there till 5 p. m., and then started for Macheche, Stopped at a kraal over night. Got a very poor sleeping hut. No mud on the walls. There was a stick mattress on a kind of bedstead. It was worse than nothing, as it took up room and was too short.

July 29. Felt very feverish about midnight, but this morning feel a little better. Many times when a chill would be coming on I would call the boy to heat some water for me, but the boy could nowhere be found, and so I was forced to shake away until the chill was passed.

July 30. Feverish through the day; towards evening very much so. Retired early.

July 31. Sick again all day.

Sunday, Aug. 1. Fever again, so Tom went out to the kraals alone; It rained very much. I got some nice rainwater, for which I thank God. It is a luxury.

Aug. 2, 3 AND 4. Sick all the time. Had u miserable time. This is perhaps enough for the present regarding his battle with the fever. It is not. in a very cheerful strain that he writes, but perhaps he endured it more cheerfully than we would have done. The account certainly gives one an idea of the difficulties attending missionary work in malarial districts. Living alone and having so much fever, the young man was constantly facing death and did not know how soon he might be called into eternity.

At times, he said, while feeling sick and strange, before lying down I would write some note to my relatives, or to any one who might enter the room in case of my decease, telling them how it was with my soul. I see now that I did many things which grieved the Spirit, and at times I would get much out of patience with the natives; but, withal I can honestly say that I do not remember that I ever went to bed without feeling that my soul was ready for eternity. God kept m% in spite of all the deadening influences of heathenism, in a place where I had at least

communion with himself every day. Sometimes when I felt my soul getting dry and dead I would have a season of fasting, but I could not afford to do very much of this, as I had to miss so many meals on account of the fever.

During all this loneliness, affliction and discouragement he was heroic. Referring to this time he says: "I never could entertain any serious thoughts of leaving the post to which I felt God had appointed me. While I did not have any very clear call to that point, yet, when I saw the situation, I felt called to stay there until God released me."

While on Komeni station the day of the arrival of the mail was generally regarded as a great day. As the mail only came about once a month, when it did arrive it was greatly appreciated. At times when there was but little cash on hand the young missionary would look forward to the arrival of the mail, and would even dream the night before about receiving a letter with a draft in it, which would enable him to put up a respectable house or further some other plans which he felt would benefit the work. Sometimes in his dreams the thought would come, "Now this is not a dream; the money has come sure this time;" but, alas! when he woke he found it was a dream, after all. At one time he had an experience in this direction which was a severe trial to him. The following extracts from his diary will tell the story:

Aug. 13, 1886. Sent Ningodwane off for mail.

Aug. 14. Ningodwane came back at night and, reported that the Portuguese black soldiers had taken sack, letters and all.

Aug. 16. Tom and Ningodwane went after letters and sack today. The latter confessed to having thrown the sack away when he saw the soldiers coming.

Aug. 17. Tom and Ningodwane came back this morning after having walked all night. They can find nothing of the sack or letters.

This was the last he ever heard of that Sack of mail. He never found out what letters were lost, but hoped that nothing of particular importance had gone astray. Referring to this unpleasant event later, he says: "As all things work together for good to them that love God, perhaps there was something in those letters or papers which God thought it best I should not read." He also adds: "The natives are very much afraid of the Portuguese black soldiers. A number of them come from the west coast, and are great robbers of the natives. Not far from where the mail was lost a chief was shot dead by one of these west coast harpies, but was immediately stabbed to death himself by the indignant followers of the murdered chief."

In October of this year Mr. Agnew had a very severe attack of the African fever. He tried to give himself a wet pack, but, in doing so, became unconscious, and finally awoke in a delirious condition. He had just sense enough left, however, to send for Mr. Richards, who lived sixty miles away, to come to his aid. The gentleman responded, came at once to the station and removed the sick missionary to his own hospitable home in the town of Inhambane. This home, it appears, was a kind of headquarters for invalids, and Mr. Agnew in speaking, of Mr. and Mrs.

Richards, says: "They invariably brought their patients out in good shape. God will reward them for their uniform kindness to them all, according to his promise."

During his illness God showed him, as he was accustomed to say, "in visions," things which afterwards came to pass just as they had been foreshown. Having previously been skeptical in regard to such experiences, he was later inclined to believe that it was God's purpose, through these visions not only to encourage him, but to show him also that he "did not know everything." Referring to these occurrences he says:

People generally are apt to scoff at such things as visions, presentiments, etc., and to regard all those who refer to them as visionary and unstable. There are doubtless some who place too much confidence in such things, and are thereby at times deceived into taking foolish steps which they are sorry for afterwards; but this does not alter the fact that God, in Joel 2:28, declares that, in the latter days, young men "shall see visions." The vision I had showed me that God was going to do a work in my soul -- a work which would stand forever. This was accomplished at the Harvest Home camp meeting of the Pentecost Bands held at Carlinville, Ill., in 1889. There God slew the Agag of my soul, the inbred sin, and gave me an experience such as I had never had before. While I did not understand the vision at the time of its occurrence, yet in due time God made it as clear as heaven.

On recovering from his sickness at Inhambane, Mr. Agnew learned that Gungunyana's army had disturbed all the country round about Inhambane, that they had sacked a station of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and had rendered it about impossible to do successful missionary work for some time to come. Hence he determined to make a visit at Natal. Unfortunately, however, he was without the requisite funds for the passage. The missionary board at home was not then so thoroughly organized and in such successful operation as it has been in more recent years, and, accordingly, remittances to missionaries were not only made in smaller amounts than at present, but were comparatively "few and far between."

"Since then," writes Mr. Agnew in his reference to this matter, "things have changed, a new treasurer has been appointed and remittances are now sent regularly, sufficient to supply liberally the wants of the missionaries."

As he had a gun and a quantity of corrugated iron in his possession, these were converted into cash by sale, transportation was secured with the funds and the last of October found him at Natal, where he remained until his health had in a goodly measure returned.

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14 -- CHAPTER

Recuperating At Natal

"In this 'little while' doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,

Be its service small or great?
There's only one thing should concern us--
To find just the work that is ours--
And then, having found it, to do it,
With all our God-given powers."

The circumstances narrated in the last chapter, and which determined Mr. Agnew to visit Natal for rest and recuperation, appear to the writer as a sufficient justification of his course in going there, and would have been ample warrant for his spending a longer time there than he did. Brief as the visit was it was a great benefit to him, and enabled him to resume his work at Inhambane with a courage and zeal such as were impossible while he was so much of the time in the grip of African fever as he had been for a considerable time prior to his change of climate.

Concerning Natal, or rather the English colony of Natal, where he now spent some time, the "Guide to South Africa" gives the following information:

The history of the European settlement in Natal commences only at the close of the first quarter of the present century. Prior to 1823, only a few vessels had touched on the coast for wood and water, whilst occasionally a shipwrecked crew added something to the knowledge of the country.

In 1823 Lieutenant Farewell landed in the bay on an exploring expedition, and was so pleased with the appearance of the country that he returned to Cape Town with the object of obtaining government sanction to the formation of a trading station. In this he was unsuccessful, but the glowing description he gave induced several adventurous individuals to join him, and as a preliminary step Mr. Fynn was sent overland to obtain a grant of territory from the paramount chief of the Zulus, the terrible Chaka.

A few years before Farewell's arrival, the country had been thickly populated by a large number of independent tribes, who lived in case and plenty with nothing but an occasional scuffle to disturb their peaceful existence. The sudden inroad of Chaka at the head of his Zulu hordes speedily brought about a change. The discipline which this Napoleon of South Africa had introduced into his army rendered him invincible, and his exterminating policy which spared neither man, woman or child, speedily swept away the inhabitants. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 people were slain during the successive raids of the Zulus west of the Tugela. When the English arrived at the bay, only a few hundred miserable natives, living on roots, and sometimes on one another, remained to drag out a wretched existence, among the kloofs and glens of the mountains. By means of presents, permission to settle at the bay was obtained from Chaka, and three stations were opened, one where the Durban marketplace is now situated, one under the bluffs and one at the mouth of the Umbilo river.

Chaka was assassinated in 1828 by his brother Dingaan, who reigned in his stead. In the meantime many of the remnants of the tribes destroyed by Chaka had assembled for protection round the white settlements, and Dingaan, who regarded the English with no friendly eye, ordered Fynn and Cane to come to his kraal. They wisely declined, and on a force being sent to fetch them, some fighting ensued. The English, with their native allies, retired beyond the

Umzimkulu river until the difficulty was finally arranged in 1831, Fynn being recognized as the "Great Chief of the Natal Kaffirs."

A new set of actors now appeared on the scene, namely the Colonial Boers, who, during their wanderings in the Free State, had found a practicable pass through the Deakensberg. Attracted by the verdant plains beneath, they descended in large numbers into what is now the colony of Natal, gradually pushing on toward the sea. Relief, their selected leader, applied to Dingaan for a grant of territory, which was promised on condition that the Boers should recover on his behalf some cattle stolen from him by a neighboring chief. This service being duly rendered, Relief with one hundred men returned to the king's kraal with the spoil. A document of a formal cession of territory was drawn up and general feasting ensued.

At the close of the festivities, as the Boers were seated on the ground drinking Kaffir beer, the treacherous natives suddenly attacked them, and, after a desperate struggle, killed them to a man. At the same time a large force of Zulus was sent across the Tugela, with instructions to slay every white man, woman and child to be found in Natal. Many of the Boers were surprised in small parties and it is estimated that some 600 were massacred; but, the alarm being given, laagers were formed and the Zulus were eventually repulsed with heavy loss. It was in consequence of these massacres that the district of Weenen (weeping) received its name.

The Boers having received reinforcements from beyond the mountains decided on taking the offensive, and the English settlers at the day consented to cooperate by leading a force of 1,000 natives across the Tugela near the mouth of the river. This party, under the command of Biggar, unfortunately marched into an ambush and were cut to pieces, both Biggar and Cane falling in the fight and only one white man escaping. The Dutch under Mys also crossed the Tugela and fell into a similar trap, but succeeded in fighting their way through, with heavy loss, both Mys and his son being among the slain. Dingaan took advantage of his success to raid the English settlements, but, fortunately, a vessel lying off the shore saved the inhabitants from otherwise inevitable massacre.

In 1840 the flag of the Dutch Republic of Natalia was hoisted on the shores of the bay, but the British government after some hesitation refused to acknowledge the independence of the new State, and marched 200 men into the country, who, taking up their position at the bay, hauled down the colors of the Republic. The Boers at once commenced hostilities, whereupon Captain Smith marched his small force out with the view of driving his opponents from Congella. In the action which ensued, the Boers, in superior numbers and concealed by the thick vegetation, speedily drove back the British with heavy loss, and proceeded to invest the camp in form, with a view to starving out the garrison. Fortunately, however, one of the settlers, Mr. King, succeeded in passing the lines and made his famous ten-days' ride to Grahamstown, whence news of the urgent need of Captain Smith's party was forwarded to the Colony. A few days later reinforcements reached the bay and the Boers retired, the Republican flag being once more hauled down. The Dutch gave in their final submission, nine days after the landing of troops, and on August 8, 1843, Natal was finally proclaimed a British colony.

Disgusted at once more coming under British rule, most of the Dutch settlers determined to leave the country, and in 1848, a great trek started for the Transvaal. The new governor of

Cape Colony, Sir Henry Smith, rode after and caught them on the way, but, in spite of all his assurances and his utmost endeavors to persuade them to remain, they marched away into the interior. An influx of English settlers soon placed those who were left in the minority. Pietermaritzburg was created a Bishop's See in 1853, and the native population, which had enormously increased by immigration, was located in different sections under their own chiefs. In 1856 an elective Legislative Assembly was created, and Natal was altogether separated from the Cape.

Durban, the port of Natal, is said to have a population of over 30,000, a little less than half Europeans, the rest being natives and Indians (coolies and Mohammedans). It is 823 miles from Cape Town and about 540 miles from Inhambane. Pietermaritzburg, the seat of government, has a population of over 11,000 whites, over 6,000 natives and nearly 3,000 Indians. It is said of Durban that "the town and suburbs are among the most beautiful in South Africa, and particularly pleasant to live in. Built on a sandy tract of waste land, they are an example of enterprise and good management, and a credit to the residents and municipal authorities. The streets are well paved and well lighted, and communication is easy and rapid, and not too expensive. It can scarcely be doubted that in the near future Durban will merit "comparison with many of the leading cities of Europe."

Of Pietermaritzburg we read: "The town is well paved and well managed, and the bright red bricks, made in the neighborhood of which it is chiefly built, give it a pleasant and cheerful appearance. The streets are partially lighted by electricity."

There are several other towns of considerable importance in Natal, including Ladysmith and New Castle, where there are extensive beds of coal of which there is a large output from the mines.

On his arrival in Natal Mr. Agnew went to Estcourt -- a place not far from Weenen, where so much blood was shed by Dingaan. There he stayed but a short time. He found Estcourt to be a very barren place," at least in the part where he was located, and also a place where he suffered much from the heat. He also had much fever and headache while there, as the malaria was working itself out of his system. After a short stay at this place the way was opened for him to go to Stanger, a place near the sea coast. Here he stayed most of the time with the Hon. J. L. Hulett, then a member of the Legislative Assembly, and now Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal. He had a large tea plantation, and, having a large fruit orchard and plenty of cow s milk, the sick missionary soon began to get strong again.

While resting at the palatial residence of this government official, as his custom was Mr. Agnew spoke to each individual of the family, so far as opportunity was given, about eternal interests. Among others whom he warned and to whom he related his own religious experience was the son-in-law of Mr. Hulett. At the time it made no apparent impression on the man's mind. A few years later Mr. Agnew and It brother missionary named Weiss were in Natal, and, passing Mr. Hulett's when quite wearied, called, in order to find opportunity to rest. While Mr. Agnew was making his toilet the son-in-law referred to above appeared, greeted him cordially, inquired as to his work in Inhambane, and then gladdened the missionary's heart by assuring him that the

warning of a few years before had not been unavailing, but had resulted in his conversion. Mr. Agnew praised God aloud and took courage. Regarding this place he says:

The town of Stanger is built on what used to be one of the military kraals of Chaka, the so-called Napoleon of the Zulus. Here he was murdered in 1828 by his brothers, Dingaan and Mahlangana, with the connivance of his confidential servant.

"Shortly before his death an army had returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the Amapondos, and was at once ordered off to punish a contumacious chief near Delagoa Bay. In the absence of the men Chaka had assumed the office of a dream doctor, and three or four hundred women were brutally murdered to gratify his taste for bloodshed. While giving audience shortly afterwards to some men who had brought him crane's feathers Mahlangana crept up behind him and stabbed him in the back. Dingaan then rushed at him with his assegai and Chaka fell, covered with wounds. It is said that the sunset of life gave him mystical lore, for as he felt his life ebbing away he exclaimed to his murderers: 'You think you will rule this land when I am gone, but I see the white man coming and he will be your master.'"

Chaka lies buried where he fell. He lived by the sword and he perished by the sword. No more merciless monster stains the pages of history.

Mr. Agnew stayed around Stanger about five weeks, then returned again to Estcourt to make preparations for his return to Inhambane. About this time he went with a brother missionary to an old mission station, one which had been established many years. Referring to this visit he says:

My brother missionary told me that the Sunday before he had given out that he would take up a collection the following Sunday. Upon his making this reasonable statement some of the church members opposed the idea, and one man inquired as to whether the missionary meant to charge them for the gospel. The collection was taken up the Sunday we were there, and amounted to sixty cents. There was a good congregation present. They had received a week's notice. It was no specially hard time, but the people had not a mind to give. If natives are not taught to give of their means or produce, to further the cause of Christ, they in many cases develop into hypocrites or mere sponges. When they see the missionary footing all the bills, they conclude that there is an abundance of money somewhere sufficient to pay all church expenses without their donations. Around Inhambane the natives are all generally poor and can give but very little, so that the missionary can get little or nothing from them. It is different in Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal, where they get good wages. In Delagoa Bay one of the natives (not a Christian) sent the missionary eight pounds and ten shillings, and wrote a note saying: "I send you eight shillings and sixpence towards building your church." In the Transvaal quite often boys will lay down ten shillings or a pound in the collection, but these are boys who have been rightly instructed. I know a man who has a class of twenty Zulus, even in the Transvaal, who will pay no school fees, and grumble at the taking of a collection once a month. These have been brought up on or lived near a station where the Mfundisi did about all the paying.

On the first of February, 1887, he left Estcourt for Durban, on his way back to Inhambane. He had bought a horse at Estcourt, but as he considered it too young to take to

Inhambane he exchanged it for an older one in Durban. Shortly after he had made this trade he found that the horse he had received was blind in one eye, and consequently given to shying. As it was a strong horse, however, Mr. Agnew decided to take it along, but got little satisfaction from it, as it lived only about eleven months after arrival at Inhambane, and then died, at a time when most needed -- just before the missionary met with an accident which seriously injured one of his eyes.

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15 -- CHAPTER

Back At Komeni -- Accidentally Injured -- Cared For By Mr. And Mrs. Richards

On returning to Inhambane Mr. Agnew proceeded to Komeni station, where he was again attacked with spells of fever, from which he suffered severely. For several months he was so ill about half the time as to be able to do but little in the way of aggressive missionary work.

His troubles now began to multiply. As previously noted, about eleven months after his return the horse he had secured in Durban died. Soon after this he met with a painful and serious accident, from the injurious effects of which he did not fully recover until he returned to America the following year, and, while at home, had a surgical operation performed for his relief. He received a wound in the corner of his left eye, occasioned by the explosion of a gun he was firing. The accident injured the bone and closed up the tear duct. The surgical operation brought relief, but left the corner of the eye permanently disfigured. His own story of the accident is as follows:

There was an Englishman at Inhambane who wished me to get him some anti-secrecy books. I did so, and he gave me for them two old guns of the Wesley-Richards pattern. He had a supply of them which he retailed to the natives. These guns were old-fashioned breech-loaders, but could also be used as muzzle-loaders. Natives are accustomed to buying old guns, and many are to be seen carrying old flint-locks such as were in use a hundred years ago.

I kept the guns in my possession for some time and discharged them several times. They went off all right, but, being made for breech-loaders, the smoke of the powder would puff out some behind. This did not startle me, as the trader told me that that part of it was entirely harmless. I thought, however, that this could be remedied, and so tinkered at one of them until success crowned my efforts so far that when it was discharged but very little smoke would escape.

At times natives from a distance, not knowing the calling of a missionary, would come to the station wanting to buy guns. One day two men came, and I told them I had none of the kind they wanted (the ordinary muzzle loaders were sold at 1 Pound apiece), but showed them these two and told them they could have both of them for one pound. As is customary when purchasing a gun they wished to have them fired off to see how they would go. I thereupon put some powder into the one I flattered myself I had made a success of doctoring, and, thinking that the natives might possibly not care about firing off a gun of a different kind than they were

accustomed to (natives like to fire off guns, and the traders always allow the purchasers to do the firing), I did not ask them to fire it off, but, feeling perfectly sure that it was all right, I held it carelessly at my side and pulled the trigger. The result was that the gun burst, and a piece of the iron ascending broke the bone below my left eye, and shattered the bone at the eyebrow. For a few minutes I thought my time was come; and, to an old man who was passing, I said: "Nyi ngu hongola ku wona Jesu" -- "I am going to see Jesus." He looked at me in astonishment as the blood was running down my face and the flesh hanging down my nose; and, drawing his chin down on his breast, he turned up his eyes at me, gasped, "Jesu," and, after staring at me a little, passed on.

Of course the natives did not purchase that gun. In fact, they went off about as soon as the gun did, and I have never seen them since. One man of fertile imagination, who lived about six hundred miles away, when he heard of the accident concluded that I must have been endeavoring to cheat the natives at the time, and that the accident was a judgment of God on me for my wickedness! I can only say that such evil suspicions could only originate in a carnal heart, and were prompted by the father of lies. My transactions with the natives were such that I never had to make any restitution afterwards. What confessions I had to make were made on the spot. I endeavored to live ready for eternity. If a thought of fraud had entered into my mind, I never would have attempted to perpetrate it at Inhambane, where there was "but a step between me and death." Had I been blown to pieces, instead of merely being injured at that time, my soul would have swept through the gates of the New Jerusalem. All through that transaction my intentions were perfectly pure, and, as I look back upon it now, I can only say that from a spiritual stand-point I have nothing to regret. I am glad it was myself that was wounded instead of the native, and to show that at least the natives had no idea that I intended to cheat anyone, I might say that several natives wanted to know what I intended to do to those to whom I had been showing the guns. When I replied that it was not their fault, and that I alone was responsible, they remarked to one another that the Aba Mfundisi was different from other white men, since other white men would have had the would-be purchasers arrested and punished for being concerned in the affair.

The next day after the accident occurred Mr. Agnew employed men to carry him to Inhambane in a hammock. During the journey of two days he suffered much, especially when, during a portion of the journey made by water. He had to sit in the open boat for hours. Nor was this all. He suffered from mental strain and from temptation as well. Having but little money, and knowing that traders generally had little sympathy for the misfortunes of others, and especially little if any for missionaries, the prospect was anything but cheering; and Satan pressed him hard to murmur against Providence. However, on arrival at Inhambane a great change came over his feelings. The Lord manifested himself to him most graciously, and, as he himself has recorded, spoke to him with a voice that seemed actually audible, and said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In a moment his heart was melted, and he wept aloud as the glory of God came into his soul. He says: "I truly felt that --

'Prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.'"

Three days after his arrival at Inhambane Mr. Richards came down from Mongwe to take him up to his place. The doctor at Inhambane, instead of cutting off the piece of muscle that was torn out and hanging down the side of his nose, as he should have done, contented himself with giving his patient some camphor with which to keep down the odor of the flesh, which was decaying. Mr. Richards finally sent the doctor word that if he did not cut the torn flesh Off he would do it himself. The doctor then came, and, to use Mr. Agnew's own words, "clipped the piece off with a pair of scissors as a dry goods clerk would snip off a piece of tape." The trader paid the doctor in brandy for his services after Mr. Agnew was gone.

Mr. Agnew stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Richards until his eye was at least partly healed. They were very kind to him at this time, as also at many other times, for which they shall in no wise lose their reward.

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16 -- CHAPTER

Reinforcements -- Deaths Among The Workers -- Survivors Scattered

My Father, as thou wilt!
Oh may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;

Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

-- Jane Borthwick

On April 20, 1888, Mr. Agnew was greatly encouraged by the arrival upon the field of the Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Lincoln and Misses F. Grace Allen and Ida Heffner, whom the missionary board had sent out to reinforce him in his work. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were accompanied by their two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln by a little girl they had adopted before deciding to enter the foreign missionary work.

What had formerly been a French trading house at a place called Malahisi, about sixteen miles from Komeni, was now purchased, and the Bennett family and Misses Allen and Heffner moved in and took possession at once, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their child stayed with Mr. Agnew at Komeni.

This was a delightful change from his former mode of life for Mr. Agnew -- "an oasis in the desert," as he expressed it. For a time all passed pleasantly, and Mr. Agnew, after so long a time of lone bachelor life, regarded the privileges of Christian conference and fellowship he now enjoyed as "almost too good to be true." He found Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln agreeable companions

and fellow-workers, and records the pleasure he and they found in relating and comparing experiences. He particularly states that "Mrs. Lincoln was a true soldier, who never complained and who loved pioneer work."

These joyous experiences, however, were like one of those peculiarly bright mornings which prove to be only the precursors of impending storm and disaster. On the third day of June following the arrival of the new missionaries Mrs. Lincoln gave birth to a baby boy. No one but the Lincolns and Mr. Agnew were at the station, and, as it was midnight, it was impossible then to send to Malahisi for help. Before daylight the child died. As soon as the day dawned a messenger was sent to Malahisi for Miss Allen, who arrived that evening. The following/norning the child was buried. Mrs. Lincoln seemed to recover rapidly, and in ten or twelve days she was able to walk about the house in comparative comfort. On Monday, June 18, she seemed so well that it was considered safe for Miss Allen to return to Malahisi, and she accordingly went back to her work.

Having business at Inhambane, and all appearing to be going prosperously at Komeni, Mr. Agnew secured hammock carriers and proceeded on his business trip. What followed we herewith present in Mr. Lincoln's own words, as published in Arnold's "Missionary Martyrs":

On Monday Brother Agnew started for Inhambane. Grace [Miss Allen] accompanied him to Malahisi, leaving us -- Abby [Mrs. Lincoln] feeling quite well, myself about sick with the strain on my system from care, overwork and a severe diarrhea for ten days back. I was able to help Abby some that day. On Tuesday she fell quite well, did her work, all but sweeping, then said she would rest a little. She sat down and hemmed one end of a bed-spread which Brother Agnew had received from Minnesota. Near 11 o'clock she said, "Arthur, I believe I am going to have cramps in my stomach; perhaps if I lie down it will pass off." She lay down, but soon called for the cramp medicine. I gave her one dose, and in twenty minutes another. A little later she threw both up. I gave her two more, which also came up. I was now quite certain it was not cramps. I looked in the doctor book and found she had the symptoms of inflammation of the stomach. I then began putting hot fomentations on her stomach, and sent a man to Malahisi for the "Medical Adviser," a homeopathic book. I told the man to come back that night. I worked over her all night with hot water, hot bricks, etc.; the stove being about four rods from the house. She seemed easier near morning, so l did not send for help, as the last I heard they were all sick at Malahisi. She had not kept anything on her stomach yet since the first attack. I spoke about sending for help, but she said, "Not now." But:[saw we must have help, so I sat down to write a note. After I had written a few words she called for air. I fanned her, put camphor to her nose and chafed her hands. I again turned to my note, only to be called again. Again I turned to the note. The man whom I was to send was standing in the door, and the next time I went to her was about over. I called Masinyane. He fanned her while I chafed her hands. I saw by her mouth that she wanted to vomit, so I held her head over the edge of the bed. She vomited, apparently without any effort. As I laid her back on the bed, without any further struggle she passed away. I said to the boys: "Famba ku Jesu" -- that is, "Gone to Jesus." Then I finished my note:

When Mr. Agnew came back from Inhambane he found that Mrs. Lincoln, whom he had left less than a week before apparently strong and well, was already in the grave. Mr. Lincoln was sorely stricken, and was in a weak state physically; but he felt that he ought to go to

America with the little girl and give her to the Rev. T. B. Arnold, who had established an Industrial Home for Children in Chicago, Illinois. This was what Mrs. Lincoln had requested him to do in case of her decease. He lost no time in getting started for America, but before getting off from African soil was completely prostrated, and soon followed the wife he had loved so well to the heavenly country. The following account of this pathetic and mysterious event is also taken from Arnold's "Missionary Martyrs:"

After the death of Sister Lincoln, Brother Lincoln was very anxious to send his little daughter to America. it was evidently best for the child to be in a country where she could be surrounded with civilized influences and have the benefit of schools which she could not have in Africa. Notwithstanding he was somewhat afflicted with African fever, and the other members of the mission together with friends of other missions advised him strongly against starting on such a journey in his present state of health, he, not realizing the necessity of caring for himself, started on the return journey. Never having been sick to any extent before, he did not realize how important it was to remain quiet while the fever was in his system. He arrived in Natal, and Brother Shemeld, of the Bethany Mission at Estcourt, met him and took him by the best conveyance at hand, an ox cart, to his mission station. The journey was not an easy one, and his health suffered in consequence. Brother and Sister Shemeld did all in their power for his comfort, but all to no purpose. Death had marked his victim and made his aim sure.

The following letter, announcing Mr. Lincoln's death, was written a short time after his arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shemeld:

Estcourt, Natal, Midnight, July 29, 1888.

Brother A. Y. Lincoln passed quietly home to glory, to meet his loved companion, at five minutes to eight this evening, tie arrived here from Inhambane in a very weak state, and has gradually grown weaker. He proved himself to be a true, meek, patient Christian.

Robert Shemeld.

The burial took place near the mission house, writes Mr. Agnew, and was made as impressive to the natives as possible. Natives as a rule do not like to have anything to do with the burying of strange dead. They will bury relatives, but do not wish to have anything to do with any others.

Some short time after Sister Lincoln's death I wished to make a mound over her grave. Having two boys working for me I requested them to bring boxes of earth and put it on the grave. One of these "boys" who was about six feet in height, positively refused to have anything to do with it. However, the younger boy had good courage, and shamed the bigger one into doing what he was told. I could have done it myself, but felt it was missionary work to teach them the foolishness of such superstitions. I believe that after the death of Brother Lincoln at Estcourt, most of the scholars attending school there left.

After the death of Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Lincoln's departure, the remaining members of the recently arrived band went for a time under the American Board of Commissioners of

Foreign Missions. None of them left the church of their choice, but, owing to a misunderstanding, funds from the board at home failed to arrive, and all parties concerned thought it best that they should accept an opening which seemed providential. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and Miss Heffner went to a station at Makodweni, while Miss Allen stayed for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Richards at Mongwe, both stations being north of Inhambane.

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17 -- CHAPTER

Alone On The Field Again -- Trip North Of Inhambane -- Extracts From Journal -- Interesting Article

"The Lord gives faith for the very purpose of trying it for the glory of his own name, and for the good of him who has it." -- George Muller

In the providence Of God, Mr. Agnew was now left alone again. The Lord then made it plain to him that he should return to America. For over three and a half years he had been trying to advance the Redeemer's kingdom in Africa, and had apparently accomplished little. The pioneering work had been hard, and he felt that a change was needed. Before going, however, he took a trip up north of Inhambane, for the purpose of viewing the country and preaching to the natives as opportunity might be afforded. A few extracts from the diary he kept on this trip are herewith given as follows:

October, 1, 1888. I started today on a trip north. Hired Bambeli to go with me, also some carriers to Malahisi.

October 4. Crossed over to Inhambane, bought a keg of powder and some shot, and, having found a native who was going towards Mongwe with his boat, I hired him for a rupee to take me along. We arrived at the hut of the owner of the boat and slept there at night. Had a good supper of corn meal porridge, fish and coconut gravy.

October 5. Started early for Mongwe. Arrived at Mr. Richards' about 9:30 a.m. Stayed about three hours, then passed over to Iogoni, and after a two hours' walk arrived at the mission station of Rev. B. F. Ousley. [Mr. Ousley was a colored missionary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions and he and his family, who occupied the station at; Kambini for a period of eight years, were regarded by Mr. Agnew as very excellent people.]

October 8. Started from Kambini this morning, and in about two hours arrived at Bungana's kraal, Hired Sakisi in the morning to act as guide. After resting at Bungana's a little, I started with Sakisi for Chikunguza's to see the place where the Portuguese forces were defeated by Gungunyana. [This visit is referred to in a previous chapter.]

October 9. Came about midday to a nice, clear stream. Had a good bath and rested till about 3 o'clock, when we started for Pugamela's, where we arrived in about an hour. My guide, Sakisi, just lies to suit himself. He declares the distance to a place is long or short, according to

how he feels. We are now past the last wells, and will in future have to buy, catch or carry our water.

October 10. We passed some enormous trees which are hollowed out and used for tanks. A hole is cut in the top and the rain trickles down the branches into the hollowed out space below, as there are no rivers or wells near. Some of these trees were over thirty feet in circumference. I was shown one which one of Gungunyana's soldiers got into, and was jammed in so tight that he never got out again. The natives declared his bones were still inside the tree, which is very likely, as natives are not noted for their desire to save any one's life, or to bury any one after he is dead. Had a good hut to sleep in at night, also held a service. Got a little help from God, as I told them about eternity and the resurrection. Oh how many live in these forests who know no more about God than the trees themselves.

October 11. Started at 6 a, m. and walked till ten. Stayed at a little kraal till twelve, then started and walked through the longest forest I ever passed through. We walked till about 4 p. m., and then came to a small village. As they had no huts to accommodate us, we felt like pushing on, especially as they said the chief's kraal was only a little way ahead. So, asking one of the natives to guide us a part of the way, we proceeded. After we had walked a half mile or so, the native pointed in a certain direction and told us to follow the path we were on and we would arrive at the kraal shortly. We kept that road for two and a half hours, walking as hard as we could through the forest, until it got quite dark, but there was no sign of that chief's village. We then saw that we had been deceived by the people of the kraal we had left. They did not wish us to stay with them, and so lied to get us away. We were very thirsty and could get no water. So, telling two boys to go on a distance and listen to ascertain whether they could hear any sound of life, we sat down and made a fire. The boys returned in about an hour, and declared they could hear nothing. We then cut down some branches, and the boys made a kind of covering for me, while they themselves law along side of the fire. In the morning, after proceeding along something over an hour, we came to a small village where we managed to get something to eat.

October 12. We pushed on to Kumba's place. Got a little water here, but it was a scarce article, and looked about like soap suds. Here we bought some beans and chickens for the boys, and then pushed on till we found a well, where we rested and cooked the beans and chickens. Starting again about 1:30 p. m. we soon arrived at a little kraal in the forest. Here I bought a pair of horns, taken from a deer which had lately been killed by a leopard.

October 13. Stopped at 10 a. m. at a hut near some water. This hut was the relic of a kraal which had been burned down by Gungunyana. Passed many leopard and hyena tracks, and the ruins of a number of small kraals which had been burned down.

Mr. Agnew arrived back from this trip on October 20, and was then laid up for two weeks with sand-worms in his feet. These are very troublesome things, and hard to get rid of. No record was kept of the number of meetings held on the foregoing journey. Regarding this he says:

One necessarily has many informal meetings with the natives. For instance, they will come into his hut at night to have a good look at the white man. Sometimes they will crowd in until the hut is packed. Then we sing a hymn and give a talk. Some will then ask questions and

very strange questions some of them are. However, I have never yet heard a native ask how we knew the Bible to be true. Whoa we tell them that the things of God must be true because they are written in God's book, this ends all disputes. They have great reverence for all kinds of books or letters. A man with a letter in his pocket or a letter fastened in a cleft stick, has some important business on hand, and natives generally show such an one respect. In most cases when one brings out the Bible and solemnly tells the natives that this is the great Book of books, the Book that comes from Nungungulu himself, a feeling of awe rests upon them, and they give some suppressed expression of wonder. How blessed it would be if whites only had more reverence for this precious "lamp, which God has let down from heaven" to show weary pilgrims the way home.

It may appear strange to some that, in starting on the tour described in the foregoing extracts, Mr. Agnew should have taken his gun and a large supply of ammunition. It was not for war upon the natives, however, nor through fear of their making war upon him, but rather for the purpose of shooting game and defending himself against wild animals, if necessary. He tells us he did very little hunting while in Africa, as not hunting but missionary work was his business there; also that in later years he seldom carried a gun anywhere. To show the propriety of his having gone armed on the foregoing trip, and also because of the interesting general information it contains, we herewith introduce an article he wrote, after his return to America, for the General Conference Daily of 1894, on

* * *

Animals, Birds And Reptiles Of South Africa

Some like to hear of the animals, birds, etc., that we have in Africa. In the interior there is quite a variety. Deer, giraffes, zebras, hippopotami, leopards, hyenas, muskcats, foxes, monkeys, partridges, guinea-fowls, pigeons, cranes, flamingoes, spoonbills, wild ducks, etc., are to be found in the forests and around the bay. Then we have crocodiles, alligators, otters, iguanas, etc., in the rivers and swamps. Snakes are plentiful, as are also scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, white ants, etc.

In the rivers and lakes the hippopotami are to be seen swimming around in the day time. At night they go ashore and raid the native gardens. Once in a while the natives kill one; then, of course there is a great feast. I never shot any of them myself; in fact, I cannot remember that I ever shot anything larger than a pigeon, except a wild cat which I had first caught in a trap. The missionary's work being to shoot at men's hearts with the gospel gun, and meat not being a necessity, I could not well afford the time. With thousands of people around in every direction waiting to hear the message of eternal salvation it behooves one to make the most of his time, for life is short and eternity is long.

In some parts the leopards and hyenas would come at night and steal the fowls, and would also take the goats and pigs out of the native villages. Sometimes a hyena would go right into a native hut and attack a person. One woman who lived near Komeni was at one time seized by a hyena, and had her lips and part of her cheeks torn off. The natives set traps to catch the different kinds of animals, and are quite successful. The skins are sold for a fair price to traders,

who ship them to Natal, Cape Colony and Europe. The hide of the hippopotamus is cut up into strips and used for whips; the tusks are sold to traders who export them to different countries.

Elephants used to abound in these parts, but have migrated into the interior. There are many beautiful birds, besides some of those we have in America. The boys also set traps for these and catch a good many. They then sell them to the Portuguese and to the sailors and passengers of ocean steamers. They would bring us guinea-fowls and partridges, and would sell them cheap, a few caps or a little powder, being the price of a nice partridge.

Snakes, of course, are plentiful, both large and small. Many times they would come into the hut or tent, and one day I found one in the water bottle which was on the table. They would also get up into the grass of the roof and occasionally drop down at our feet. A tribe called the Bachopis are very fond of Snake flesh, but the people of other tribes do not favor it so much. Quite a number of the snakes are nonpoisonous, and it is seldom that a native is bitten by one. I do not know of any death occurring while I was there from a snake bite.

Centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas abound, and make their way into the beds occasionally. While their stings are poisonous they are not fatal. White ants are about the greatest pests we have in Africa. They will eat up the woodwork of a house in a short time. They will also get into the grass roofs, and in a short time eat them up. They seem to be nearly all over the country, and there is hardly any way to get rid of them. One must be on the look-out for them all the time, else they will do much damage. There are other ants which swarm into the sugar, milk, meat, etc. The way we prevent them from getting at the victuals is by getting a plate or bowl full of water, and putting a tin can in the middle, so it will be surrounded by the water; then the meat or sugar can be put on top of the can, and this keeps the ants from getting near them.

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18 -- CHAPTER

Return To America -- Baptized With The Spirit

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

-- Cowper

The matter of returning to America now pressed upon Mr. Agnew's mind and became a subject of much earnest prayer. He was led in particular to pray that, if it were in the Lord's order for him to return, the money might be forthcoming for his passage. His wounded eye was still giving him trouble and needed surgical treatment.

More than over anything else, however, he was burdened with a sense of his need of spiritual help. He longed for a season of fellowship with those who had deeper and richer experiences than he had attained unto, and who could help him into a knowledge of the deeper things of God. He had no doubts as to his acceptance with God, and was conscious of

communion with God in Christ; still, he felt at times such a lack of the fullness of love, such a dryness in spiritual matters and such an ardent hungering for a more deep and abiding sense of the divine individuality as convinced him that God had great things in store for him beyond his present attainments.

Soon after deciding to go, provided his way should be opened financially, he received a remittance of one hundred dollars from the missionary board, and another of a like amount from a friend in Saint Paul, Minnesota. These funds would enable him to make his way back to America in good shape, and so, in January, 1889, he bade farewell to Africa for a season, and turned his face toward the land from whence he came.

Referring to his state of mind in regard to the trip to America, he says: "I was rather timid about starting for America. In one way it looked like running away from duty. There was much to be done at Inhambane, and practically no one to do it, at least in the part where I had been stationed, and it came to me many times that it was a mere trick of the enemy to get me out of the place. Even when on the steamer I was much tempted by Satan. Many times it came to me that I was a modern Jonah, and I would not have been much surprised had a big storm arisen. I can see now that all this was of Satan, as we had a pleasant voyage, and God made it as clear as heaven upon my arrival that in going home I had been in divine order."

When Mr. Agnew arrived in England the weather was quite cold for one who had lived so long in a tropical country, and he found the ride from London to Scarborough, in Yorkshire, where he went to visit his parents, most uncomfortable. He was the more uncomfortable inasmuch as English railway carriages have, or then had, no heating system for making them comfortable in cold weather. But, however cold the ride to Scarborough may have been, a welcome warm and cordial enough to make him forget the discomforts of the journey and to put his blood in rapid circulation awaited him on his arrival there. Once again in the parental home, affection's fires were kindled anew and burned with much intensity. Bygone days and years were pleasurably recalled, and the time flew swiftly by as these friends, so long separated from one another, communed together day after day for two short weeks.

The visit with "the old folks at home" finished, Mr. Agnew resumed his journey to America. After an uneventful passage he reached Chicago in due time, where another cordial welcome awaited him from the treasurer of the missionary board and from others having official quarters at the denominational publishing house.

Soon after his arrival in America he began the holding of services at various points with a view to awakening increased interest in Africa and its unevangelized masses. He proceeded to Saint Paul, where he halted briefly to visit relatives and friends, and thence went to Plymouth, Iowa, where he held his first service after returning from Africa. Later he held services at various places in Kansas and Indiana. Referring to his efforts in these services, he says:

I never had had any experience in lecturing and but very little in preaching, so that my lecturing abilities were very few, and had it not been for the aid of those whom the Lord sent along to help me, I am afraid but little would have been accomplished. However there was generally some one with me to supplement my efforts and this kept me encouraged. In Kansas

and Indiana Elder C. W. Sherman accompanied me and was a great help in the holding of the missionary meetings. He remained with me until after the Harvest Home camp-meeting of the Pentecost Bands.

During the early autumn of this year Mr. Agnew entered into that perfect rest of faith for which he had hungered so long. The following account of it is from his own pen:

The Harvest Home camp-meeting of the Pentecost Bands for 1889 was held at Carlinville, Illinois. I went there in response to an invitation given me by Rev. Vivian A. Dake, leader of the Bands, who had formerly been my district chairman in Minnesota. How this beloved brother and true man of God lost his life on the west coast of Africa is recorded in the "Life and Labors of Rev. V. A. Dake," by Thomas H. Nelson. We loved each other as brothers. It was he who had taken me into the church, and he had intended, if the way opened, to come out and for a time help me in the work. The following, extracted from a letter written after my return to Africa, shows how strongly he felt in the matter:

"My Very Dear Harry:--

"I am going to the West coast next fall. I would give my right arm if that would bring me around to you and give me two or three months with you. God may open my way to come. I am glad in God for all he has done... Norway work is going gloriously. Sivert [Ulness] is there, and the people begin to break down. Matie North and Jennie Torrence are in Monrovia by this time. [These two missionaries died soon afterward, and an account of their deaths is recorded in Missionary Martyrs.] I suppose you have seen that Sumner Kerwood was dead?... Get a good smart native boy; adopt him and name him after me, and I will pray for him every day and pray God to make him a mighty power in Africa. Keep your lamp trimmed. Get somebody saved. Go down under the burden, and never stop until the grace of God is magnified.

"Yours in Jesus, Vivian."

There was much very searching preaching on the subject of holiness of heart at this meeting. I had attended a number of camp-meetings previous to this one, and had heard some close preaching, but nothing that came up to what was preached there. Here the carnal mind received severe handling, and the red-hot truths of God were preached fearlessly and attended with mighty power. My so-called experience in holiness had given me much concern. I had long professed the experience, and had endeavored to preach it to others. I thought I was quite radical, and endeavored to persuade myself that all was right. Once in a while, however, when searching my heart and praying an awful feeling would come over me that in some way I was being deceived.

At one time, while lying in bed sick with fever, a strange thought flashed across my mind, to this effect: "How would it do to become so absorbed in God that I would lose as it were my existence; be like a drop of water lost in the ocean?" I remember that at the time this was presented there was a strange shrinking in my heart. It seemed almost as if something had stung me inside. I thought, "What does this mean?" God does not require one to lose his individuality. A human being will have a personality through all eternity, whether he be an angel or devil. At

this Harvest Home camp-meeting God showed me that the thing which shrank in my heart at that time was that treacherous foe of God and man -- the carnal mind. The Agag of my soul shrank from being hewed to pieces before the Lord. While listening to the searching preaching on this occasion a thought would come at times that I did not have the experience; but at such times that deceitful suggestion from Satan, "Do not throw away your confidence, but believe that 'the altar sanctifieth the gift,'" would come up, and I would say, "It is not a matter of feeling; it is a matter of faith." This is true; holiness is received by faith in Jesus, but there must be a real taking of sides against one's self, there must be a real turning of the soul inside out before God, without any excuse or apology for the contents thereof. There must be a real death to carnality, a real destruction of the body sin, or the soul cannot enter heaven.

One thing I had always been puzzled about was the demonstrations of some whom I knew walked with God. I could not understand how it was that some ran, and leaped and shouted the praises of God so. I never opposed them, but thought it was just a kind of playful spirit they had when they felt well, and that the running and jumping was just like the frisking of young calves. God let some light on me in regard to this matter at this camp-meeting, so that I have looked at such things with different eyes ever since.

At a close class meeting led by Mrs. L. A. Sherman on Tuesday morning, Aug. 6, I saw I had not holiness of heart. The great struggle with me then was on the line of confession. Would I get up and make a clean breast of my doubts and fears, or would I continue to hug the delusion to my breast that I was sanctified wholly simply because I felt I was consecrated? While kneeling at the altar, apparently for the purpose of helping other souls, the vision that God showed me while I was in a state of delirium, lying in an old hut at Komeni, flashed across my mind, and almost before I knew it, I was on my feet jumping and shouting, "I am going to get the blessing of holiness! God showed it to me in Africa!" I had never jumped before in a meeting. I had rather felt that such things were only done by weak-minded persons; but in the twinkling of an eye all my preconceived theories vanished. * * * Finally I was prostrated in the straw. The carnal mind was still within, but I felt that victory was nigh, as God had promised me years before that the work would be done. I then went out to the woods and began seeking, but came back to the afternoon meeting and went to the altar to be prayed for. I was clearly justified, but sought deliverance from inbred sin, and was determined to stay at the altar till I got it. Oh, what light God let on my heart. I began to see myself in a new light. I saw where I had excused and apologized for "the old man" for years. Anger had been called temptation; pride, self-respect; envy by some other name, etc.; but at this time God made me as honest with him and with myself as I will be at the judgment.

I stayed at the altar till about a quarter to twelve that night. At this time Brother Duke came into the tent where I was seeking, and catching me by the shoulders he gave me a gentle shake, saying: "Now, Harry, get it." This seemed to be just what was needed. It then came to me, "Here are people waiting till I get through; God is waiting to give me what I need; and I am waiting, too." I then looked up to God and said: "Lord, do it." Just then it seemed that some one spoke to me and told me to say, "Do it now." I then said, with all the energy of my soul, "Do it now!"

At once the witness came from heaven that the work was accomplished, and I said: "It is done." I felt all through my being that at last "the old man" was "crucified with Christ." I then went to bed, like a man dazed, and slept for a few hours. As soon as I awoke it seemed that the power of God would jerk me out of the bed. A mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire went all through my being, thrilling me and filling me with "Love divine, all love excelling."

At last the work was done. After having been deceived for years my soul was grounded on the solid Rock -- the Rock of eternal ages. Praise God!

In going around the conferences and camp-meetings after this, God everywhere blessed me in holding up the standard of true holiness. I was, as it were, in a new world, and as I traveled here and there holding meetings, God kept my soul in perfect peace. He also helped in the matter of raising funds, putting it into the hearts of some of the prominent preachers in the camp-meetings and conferences to assist me by their prayers and exhortations. Some of the beloved brethren who then helped me are now in the land of unclouded light; others still remain. All will have their reward for helping on the cause of missions -- a cause which is near and dear to the great and loving heart of God.

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19 -- CHAPTER

At Conferences And Camp-Meetings -- Surgical Operation -- Return To Africa

And as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread;
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led,
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone!

-- J. G. Whittier

Following his reception of the baptism with the Spirit just described, Mr. Agnew attended several conferences in company with General Superintendent B. T. Roberts, of precious memory. This was to him a rare treat, and also a means of great spiritual profit. The simplicity of that good man deeply touched his heart, and left a permanent impress upon his mind and character. Referring to their pleasant relations during these journeys, he says:

He let his light shine wherever he went. It was his custom, when he stayed at a place over night, to get as many as he could in the house to attend family prayers. I remember the first night, after we left Chicago on the way to one of the conferences, that we stopped at a hotel in some little country town. We had to stop over on account of there being no train. Brother and

Sister Roberts and myself all stayed in the same house, and at the time for family worship, Brother Roberts sent me downstairs to call the man of the house and as many more as would come to family worship. If I remember aright the man of the house excused himself from attending, but some others came, and Brother Roberts talked to them a little, after which we had prayers. He yearned for the souls of the lost and was in earnest to bring them to Christ.

It was during the autumn of this year that Mr. Agnew was admitted to the Minnesota and Northern Iowa conference on trial, and, in accordance with the rule of the Discipline governing the case of missionaries, was elected to both deacon's and elder's orders, and was ordained to both by General Superintendent Hart.

Shortly after his arrival in America Mr. Agnew had an operation performed on his eye at the Chicago Eye and Ear Infirmary. The surgeons intended to remove part of the broken bone, and then restore the lachrymal duct, which had been destroyed. Neither of these things could be accomplished, but a piece of the muscle which had protruded rather prominently was removed, which slightly improved his disfigured appearance.

Quite a remarkable thing occurred in connection with this operation, and while the patient was being prepared for it. As the surgeons began to administer the ether, and just as he was becoming unconscious, the vision he had in Africa, and which has already been referred to, was experienced again. When consciousness returned it was soon forgotten, to be thought of no mere until the matter was made wondrously clear in the experience received at the Carlinville camp-meeting.

After a lapse of fourteen months spent in America, Mr. Agnew felt that the time had come for him to return to Africa. He had hoped and planned to take a band of missionaries back with him, but the Lord apparently ordered otherwise, and so he was contented to return alone. It may appear to some as though this must have been a trying ordeal, but he did not regard it in such a light. Referring to the situation he says: "I can truly say that, while in America, no land looked so pleasant to me as did Africa, and no spot on earth was so dear to me as was Inhambane. I thought nothing of the coconuts, the pineapples or the tropical scenery, but I longed once more to go around the native villages and there make Jesus known."

On the 7th of May, 1890, he started for New York, from thence to sail again for the "Dark Continent." He had but little time to remain in the city, as the steamer was soon to leave port. Hearing that General Superintended Roberts was in New York, he made several efforts to see him, but in vain. Mr. Roberts in the meantime, had gone twice to the dock to see the departing missionary, and missed him. Having failed to meet the devoted young man before the ship set sail, the venerable father in Israel wrote him a cheering and helpful letter and sent him a most cordial benediction. Much as Harry loved Mr. Roberts, he was never permitted to see him more until they met in glory. The venerable man of God wrote him repeatedly, however, and, referring to this correspondence, Mr. Agnew says:

His letters were always spiritual and to the point, and his, advice was always that I should live in the Spirit and go in for a revival. The former I tried to do: the latter has not yet come to Inhambane, although some have been saved. But I have had the precious promise of God applied

to my soul over and over again in this matter, and I am just as sure that a revival is coming as I am that God is true.

"The seed I have scattered in spring time with weeping,
And watered with tears and with dews from on high,
Another may shout when the harvesters reaping,
Shall gather my grain in the sweet bye and bye.

"Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted,
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

"The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted,
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown,
But the Lord, who has watched while my weary toil lasted,
Will give me a harvest for what I have done."

After a short stop in England he sailed from Southampton for Delagoa Bay on the steamship Conway Castle and reached his destination safely some time during the month of July. The passage was a pleasant one, during which he found many opportunities to preach the gospel and testify of the great salvation.

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20 -- CHAPTER

In Africa Again -- From Delagoa Bay To Inhambane On Foot -- Visit To Gungunyana

A pilgrim and a stranger,
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and oppressed,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

-- Paul Gerhardt

On his arrival at Delagoa Bay Mr. Agnew found that the Portuguese coasting steamer for Inhambane would not leave for ten days. As living in hotels in that region was very expensive, he at once looked about for a suitable place to pitch a tent he had purchased in England. Applying to the Portuguese municipal authorities for a site, he was directed to the central part of a large swamp and told to pitch his tent there. The prospect was forbidding, indeed, and in his emergency he spread the matter before the Lord, as was his custom when brought into straitened

circumstances. Then, before deciding as to the pitching of his tent, he set out to look up some Swiss missionaries he had heard of in the vicinity, thinking they might aid him in securing a more eligible location.

After some inquiry he finally arrived at the house of the Rev. Paul Berthoud, of the Swiss Romande Mission, who, with his devoted and noble wife, was in charge of the work at Delagoa Bay. Finding them able to speak good English, he introduced himself and was at once invited in. Upon hearing his statement as to the object of his visit, and his inquiry as to where he could find a suitable location for his tent, they said: "Oh, we can do better than that," and immediately invited him to remain with them while awaiting the departure of the steamer. During the ten days he remained there they displayed true Christian hospitality and did all in their power to make him feel comfortable and at home.

Writing of Delagoa Bay at a later date than that of his sojourn there just referred to, Mr. Agnew thus describes the place and people:

Delagoa Bay is now a city of some importance. The bay is said to be the finest on the coast. From its port, Lourenco Marques, a railway runs to the Transvaal. As it is the nearest port to the Transvaal considerable shipping is carried on. The place boasts quite a large soldiers' barracks, a Roman Catholic church, quite a number of trading houses and is increasing in size daily. The Swiss missionaries have quite a large work established here. They have a chapel capable of accommodating four or five hundred people, and this, on Sundays, is nearly always well filled. Besides the chapel in town they have out-stations, and, while the work is not very deep, it is extensive and growing. The natives are quite liberal with their means and give freely to the cause of God. The missionaries have trained them properly in this line and have taught them right principles.

This matter of giving, even if only a little, to the cause of God is a matter which must be ground into natives who wish to serve God. The natives must get to understand that the missionaries cannot furnish everything gratis. Where this idea has got a footing in a community the natives become mere sponges, and scheme almost incessantly to get more money out of the missionary.

When the Portuguese steamer arrived on Which Mr. Agnew intended to take passage to Inhambane it was found to have smallpox on board, and so was put under quarantine for three weeks. There being no prospect of any other steamer going earlier, he decided not to await the sailing of the steamer, but to make the journey by land and on foot, taking advantage of this mode of travel to preach to the natives along the way, illustrating the gospel with a magic lantern he had taken to Africa with him. Having purchased some provisions, a frying pan, and so forth, he set out on his three-hundred-mile journey, his heart filled with faith, hope and love.

The Sunday before this journey was begun the Rev. Mr. Berthoud, after preaching to the natives, mentioned to them that Mr. Agnew was about to start for Inhambane and suggested that they contribute something toward the support of the work there. Not familiar with the language, Mr. Agnew, of course, did not understand what he said until it was explained to him. Then he was much surprised, but thought it of comparatively little consequence, as he supposed the

offerings would be insignificant. How greatly was he surprised, therefore, when, on coming to breakfast the next morning, he found under his plate an envelope containing about seventeen dollars which the poor natives of that place had given as a free will offering for the Inhambane work.

The journey from Delagoa Bay was made in company with Tom, his faithful attendant, and three native boys whom the missionary had secured as carriers. The story of this journey, told in Mr. Agnew's own words, is as follows:

At Delagoa Bay I secured three boys as carriers, and, accompanied by Tom, we made our start for Inhambane. The first night we stayed at Rikatla, one of the out-stations of the Swiss missionaries. Here we found Mr. Berthoud's brother-in-law, Rev. H. Junod, with his wife and child in charge. This place was afterwards burned down during a war between the Portuguese and the natives, and some of the Christian natives were killed. Things are all quiet now, but as the natives have moved away somewhat, the station has not been rebuilt. Like their friends in Delagoa Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Junod were very kind and hospitable, and when we were leaving, Mrs. Junod gave a nice pot to Tom to take along for me. This she did without my knowledge, until I was far away from the station, so that I could neither protest nor thank her for her kindness. This pot was very useful on the way, and doubtless God put it into her heart to do this, knowing that I would need it.

The day following our arrival at Rikatla, we started again on our journey. As we would show the magic lantern to a people who had never seen such a thing before, the natives would yell with delight, and as this always drew the crowd, we had many grand opportunities of preaching Jesus. I believe that seed was sown on this journey, the fruit of which will be seen in eternity.

The same day that we left Rikatla, we came to the Komati river. There were some natives here who had a large log hollowed out with which they ferried passengers across the river. Although the river was only seventy-five to one hundred yards wide, for the passage across we were charged sixty cents each. I protested, and about made up my mind not to pay it; but they declared that this was the regular charge, and as it was the starting out of the journey, I concluded it was best to humbly submit and pay the bill. Near Delagoa Bay the natives would ask the most exorbitant prices for the smallest things. It seemed that about the only price they knew to ask was two shillings (50 cents); a little milk, two shillings; a few sweet potatoes, two shillings. However, we did not pay these prices, but paid them what we thought the things were worth. One man brought a bowl of milk. "How much?" "Two shillings:" "I will give you sixpence." "All right." There is a law among the natives that strangers are to be supplied with huts free, but they did not do it around these parts, but wanted the inevitable "two shillings." When we got a little into the interior no more demands were made as payments for huts, although I generally gave them something, as a thank-offering, when about to leave the kraal.

Many people form their ideas in regard to natives from the appearance and manners of those they see in the coast or seaport towns. This is a mistake, as generally the natives in such places are the very scum of heathendom. They have been contaminated by the white man, and

are consequently much more dissolute and licentious than those in the interior. They are also far more tricky and unreliable than the ordinary kraal natives:

After four days of traveling we came to the River Limpopo, and stayed over night at a kraal on its banks. Another name for this stream is "Crocodile river." This name is well deserved, as the crocodiles were very plentiful in it. Many of them could be seen lying like logs along the banks. apparently asleep; but a slight noise would awaken them, when they would plunge into the river. We crossed this river in another hollowed-out log, but this time only had to pay sixpence apiece.

Just before we came to the river we were met by a brother of Gungunyana who was accompanied by a number of natives. These men were accustomed to lie in wait for boys coming home from the gold fields and make them pay tribute. Gungunyana, it seems, gave his brother the privilege of raising money in this way, as he (the brother) was sickly and had no other means of getting a livelihood. As I was a white man going to the king's kraal, he did not demand anything of me, but I gave him a shilling and some "Wide Awake" pain-killer for his ailments. I tried to get him to take a sniff of the "Wide Awake," and put the bottle up near to his nose, but he drew back and looked suspicious. However, he accepted the medicine and promised to take some; but I am afraid it was thrown away, as it seems that natives high in authority are more suspicious than ordinary persons. We tried to talk to this company about eternal things, but on these plundering expeditions, it seems their minds are so occupied with covetousness and thievery that they have no room for spiritual matters.

When we arrived about fifteen miles from the king's kraal we stopped at the village of one of his indunas, or under-chiefs, and we were told to wait there until he would send a messenger on to Gungunyana to tell him there was a white man coming. The messenger went away the morning after we arrived and came back again the same night. He said he had told the king that a missionary had arrived, and the first question the king asked was, "Has he any rum?" He replied, "No." He was then asked if I had anything else to give the king, upon which he again replied, "No." Gungunyana then told the messenger that I was to come along to the capital.

In the morning we proceeded on our way to Mandlakazi where the king's kraal was situated. We found the Portuguese superintendent of native affairs with his secretary and the resident commissioner settled not far from the kraal. The kraal itself was merely a collection of ordinary huts, while over the king's hut the Portuguese flag was flying.

I was shown a spot on which to settle, and the Portuguese officers kindly lent me a tent and told me I could have whatever rice or corn I wanted free. As there was a famine in the land at this time, this offer was very much appreciated. I have already remarked that whatever others may say about the Portuguese I have found them uniformly hospitable and obliging; they were especially so at Mandlakazi. Besides giving me the rice and corn they also gave me the leg of an ox, which was meat enough to last the carriers and myself until we got out of the famine district.

The night of my arrival at the capital, I showed the magic lantern to Gungunyana's indunas. The king himself was not present, as he was very superstitious, and these night exhibitions were rather uncanny things. The Portuguese officials were present, and, as I talked in

English, while Tom interpreted into Zulu, those who understood English got some of God's truth as well as the natives.

The second day after my arrival at Mandlakazi not having seen the king I decided to push or, to Inhambane. I asked the Portuguese superintendent if there was any hope of seeing his majesty, if not, I wished to push on. He very kindly told me that he himself was going up to see the king at ten o'clock, and that I could accompany him. I had been puzzled as to what I would give Gungunyana as a present, as it was customary to give something. I finally decided, as I had nothing better, to give him a patchwork quilt which had been sent me by a lady in Minnesota. Prince Godidi, the king's eldest son, had been around the day before begging something from me, and I had given him an old shirt with a hole in it. This had tickled him immensely, and he had taken to his heels, full of delight, to show his companions what a treasure he had got. I have seen much in American and other papers about African princes, what they said, what they did and of how much importance they were. In a certain sense they are of importance, as they have considerable authority, but I confess that this little shirt incident amused me somewhat. Here was a son of one of the most powerful African monarchs, of a king who, it was said, had sixty thousand soldiers -- and he fairly shouted for joy when I gave him a shirt! It is very likely that some of these African princes who are lionized at missionary conventions at home, are in their own country glad enough to sleep on a mat with a wooden pillow and feed on cornmeal mush and caterpillar gravy! Gungunyana, however, had plenty to eat and drink, as the Portuguese sent him biscuits, tea, coffee and many other things, including wines and liquors. They also sent him bales of cloth and blankets, but these he divided among his indunas and other friends; his son very probably got but few of them.

At ten o'clock we proceeded in single file up to the king's kraal. The Portuguese superintendent in uniform led the van, followed by the resident commissioner and the secretary. I came after the secretary and Tom brought up the rear with the quilt which I intended giving as a present. When we arrived at the kraal the king was asleep. He had been drunk the night before, and was sleeping off his debauch. The superintendent and the resident went into the kraal to call him, the secretary and myself the meantime waiting without. While we were waiting outside, the secretary pointed out to me some of the notables who were sitting around. Kulu, an uncle of the king, was designated. It was he who finally betrayed Gungunyana into the hands of the Portuguese. He is now chief of part of Gungunyana's territory. Many of the head men were waiting to see the king, and in a short time he made his appearance.

Gungunyana, the late king of the Gaza country, is a son of Umzilla and the grandson of Manikusi. Manikusi it seems was an officer in Chaka's army, and was sent by Chaka to fight the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay. He was defeated, but knowing that it was death for him to return to the bloodthirsty Chaka, he went north with his army and, conquering the tribes up near what is now called Mashonaland, he established himself there as king. As he conquered all the tribes for miles around, he became in time a powerful monarch. After his death his son Umzilla became king, and following him came Gungunyana. The Portuguese persuaded Gungunyana to leave his northern capital and come and settle near the Limpopo. About three years ago (in 1894) the natives at Delagoa Bay rebelled against the Portuguese, and it was said that Gungunyana secretly aided them. After a time the Portuguese sent out an army. of about three thousand men armed with machine guns, etc. Gungunyana was captured and, with his son Godidi and several wives,

was banished, as already stated, to Cape Verde, On the west coast, where he will probably end his days.

As the king came out of his kraal to meet us, he had in his hand a stick which looked like the butt end of a fishing rod. He had the head-ring of Zulu chiefs on, and around his loins had some common blue cloth and a few skins. The rest of his body was naked. He had a drunken, licentious look in his eye, and was the picture of a savage tyrant. For a native to call out aloud in his presence was death. He had but to speak the word, and anyone in his dominions would be promptly dispatched to another world. He shook hands with the secretary and myself, and I gave him the quilt. He thanked me, and told one of his attendants to take it away. The Portuguese claimed much of his attention, so that I could say little to him about God. However, I managed to ask him through Tom if he knew anything about God. He replied that that was a white man's affair, and that black people knew nothing of those things. I could say but little more to him as other things claimed his attention. Messengers were asking him questions, the Portuguese were talking to him through an interpreter, etc., so as I had no other subject on hand I kept quiet. When any messenger wished to speak to him, he would have to sit down at the king's feet, and, looking up, address him. Sometimes, as there was so much chattering going on, one would have to speak several times before the king would deign to notice him. After chatting and laughing with the Portuguese for a while Gungunyana went back to his kraal, perhaps to continue his sleep, or perhaps to get drunk again. Many times I have thought what little chance such a man has to get saved. Reared in idleness and debauchery, with unlimited authority over his subjects, surrounded by bloodthirsty indunas and soldiers whose delight is to wet their spears in somebody's blood, what hope has such an one of ever being ready to meet God? Very little, indeed. Let us trust, however, that, now he has been banished from his kingdom, the words that have, since the time I met him, been preached to him by a Swiss missionary, may come to his remembrance and bring him to repentance.

Many brutal murders disgrace the reign of all such kings. While Gungunyana was said to have been as mild as any, yet he butchered hundreds, merely for the sake of plunder, and to satiate the thirst of his soldiers for human blood. Every year it was customary to kill two boys, mix their flesh with the flesh of oxen and give the whole mess to the soldiers to eat. The boys were beaten to death with sticks, and then cut to pieces. This eating of human flesh was looked upon as strong medicine, which would enable them to slay their enemies. Gungunyana had no missionary at this time, but some time afterwards Dr. Liengme, of the Swiss mission, with his wife, was stationed at the capital. The doctor being an experienced surgeon, performed many skillful operations, which gave him considerable influence with the king and his people. He was sent with two of Gungunyana's indunas to negotiate with the Portuguese, but the effort was unsuccessful, and when the Portuguese army arrived at Inhambane, he was forced to say good bye to Gungunyana forever.

After seeing Gungunyana we bade our Portuguese friends good bye and proceeded on our way. As we went along we met many women carrying baskets full of a woody substance which they got from the inside of a kind of wild palm tree. This we were told was pounded in their wooden mortars and the coarse woody part separated from the soft pith. The latter was then cooked and eaten. It was famine times and the people were glad to get anything that would sustain life.

The second night after leaving Mandlakazi we arrived at a little kraal in a low, swampy place, and, as we had but little to eat, I decided to try some of the boiled pith, as it looked quite palatable. I ate nearly a saucer full, and, being tired, lay down to sleep; but I found there was to be but little sleep that night. Boiled wood was a little too much for my digestive organs, and I was taken with a colic which lasted me till morning.

As soon as daylight appeared, although I felt weak, we started off. Not having any desire to be laid up sick in such a swamp, we thought it advisable to get out of it as soon as possible. That night found us at a place called Gwambi, out of Gungunyana's territory and in the Portuguese district, where the land was higher and there was plenty to eat.

Gwambi is a large district containing thousands of people without a missionary. This was the fifth time I had passed through it, so that many of them have at least heard a part of the gospel. Many young men from this place are working in the Transvaal gold fields, where I have had grand Opportunities of preaching to them. Some of them at present are attending our school.

Three days after we left Gwambi we were being welcomed by the natives at our station in Komeni. We stayed but a short time here, then pushed on to Malahisa, and from thence to Inhambane. In the three hundred miles we had traveled God had blessedly provided for us. Every day my soul had enjoyed the precious communion of the Holy Spirit. We preached the everlasting gospel to many people, and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. We were glad, however, to see Inhambane again, glad to get among a people with whom we were acquainted, glad of the privilege of having another opportunity of preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified to the Inhambane people.

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21 -- CHAPTER

Removal To Cherene -- Battling With Sickness

Upon his arrival at Inhambane Mr. Agnew very soon went north to visit Mr. and Mrs. Bennett at their station. He spent a couple of weeks very pleasantly with them, after which he returned to Inhambane to make arrangements for getting to work on a station once more.

While he was walking back from the landing place at Mutamba to Malahisi, a distance of sixteen miles, he became impressed that, as he was alone in his work, it would be-wise to settle at some place nearer the town, so that, in case of sickness, he could more easily secure help. After praying over the matter and looking about for a little, he decided to settle at a place called Cherene. This location was not far from Mutamba, and, besides, was considerably elevated, and was surrounded by plenty of people in need of missionary work. Here he purchased about forty acres of land from the chief, built a hut to lodge in, and also a chapel in which to hold services.

Soon after getting settled at Cherene Mr. Agnew received word that Mr. Bennett was prostrate with dysentery. He immediately went to see him, ministered to him the best he could,

but shortly after his arrival was taken with the same disease. Referring to the situation, in the way of apology for introducing so revolting a topic, he says: "People may think these are rather gruesome subjects to write about, but if one wishes to give a true account of some of the difficulties connected with mission work in Africa, he cannot afford to taboo the matter of sickness."

The mission house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bennett was situated in a valley, and the heat was so intense there as to occasion Mr. Agnew much suffering. Hence, after lying in bed there about eighteen days he decided to procure carriers, and, if possible, get back to his own hut at Cherene. where it was much cooler. He sent orders to a Mohammedan to have a boat ready for him at the landing place, eight miles away, and then had the natives carry him thither in a hammock.

On arrival, however, he was painfully disappointed at seeing no sign of a boat in which to embark. His situation was now distressing, indeed: Worn and wasted with disease and wearied by the journey, he lay in a helpless if not in a hopeless condition. Whenever he wanted water it was well nigh impossible to get it. Every native vessel smelled so strongly of smoke, beer and other offensive things, that the odors made him the more sick. He says: "It seemed that I should die at this landing place, but God spared me and gave me a blessing in my soul which encouraged me much. Tom went out at one time and brought me in a bowl of milk. This was a god-send, and I took it as an answer to prayer, as there were few things I could eat and few things I could get to eat."

The next morning after his arrival at the landing place the boat he had prearranged for put in an appearance. He was at once taken on board, and then the passage to Inhambane, and thence to Cherene, began. Being very weak, and not knowing any one at Inhambane at that time who would be inclined to assume the charge of a sick man, he thought seriously of seeking admission to a hospital. At this point he was much tempted of Satan, and records that it seemed as though the powers of hell were bent on killing him. He says: "It came to me that, if I went to the hospital, it would be the last of me; and the thought came that if I had stayed at home in America I might have accomplished something. My trust, however, was in God. I was his, and he had promised to be with his children, even unto the end of the world."

Mr. Agnew and his party arrived at Inhambane in the night, and his boys carried him up to a trading house where he was slightly acquainted. Here he secured a comfortable bed, yet got but little rest. While stopping at this trading house an Englishman with whom he was acquainted called, and, seeing the sick man's emaciated condition, was touched with such sympathy for him that tears came to his eyes and he said: "If you would like to come to my place you are welcome, and my woman and I will do what we can for you." [In referring to this Mr. Agnew says, by way of explanation, "Most white men at Inhambane have native women."] The gentleman's offer was gratefully accepted, and the sick man was carried to the proffered resting place, which was in the back part of the town, and there he remained until sufficiently strong to proceed to his destination at Cherene.

I must record the fact, he says, that these two people, although ungodly and living in sin, were as kind to me as if I had been their brother. The woman cooked me soups and other things

such as I wanted, while the man would also bring me home things which he thought would benefit me. They would take no pay for their trouble, but God will reward them, if he has not already done so, for their kindness to his servant.

Nor was our brother's trouble at an end yet. After arriving at Cherene he lay in bed with the disease which had brought him low for about two months longer.

"God only knows," he tells us, "what I endured in that sickness. With no one who cared whether I lived or died, and practically no one to give me the attention I required, time dragged wearily on. Even Tom, on whom I had formerly depended, utterly refused to perform those simple offices which were absolutely necessary in such a sickness. My liver and heart being also affected, I began to swell with the dropsy. My limbs, abdomen and face were greatly swollen, and I felt that my time was now surely come. I had some hope before of emerging out of my sickness, but now that dropsy had taken hold of me, I felt that the diseases together would surely finish the business. My trust, however, was in God, and I prayed for deliverance. God answered in a remarkable manner. On Sunday I prayed for healing, and on Tuesday morning the dropsy was gone. In one night God took it all away. This was the beginning of better days. From this time I began to improve, and shortly afterward was enabled to walk around and visit the kraals again."

While the missionary was laid aside, however, and compelled for long and weary months to suffer in both body and mind, the progress of the work was not wholly stayed. The Holy Spirit was at work, and fruit was beginning to appear, as the following from his journal will show:

One day I heard a screaming in the chapel. Upon inquiring of Tom what was the matter he said that they had been holding a meeting and that Paketi, his sister, had been seeking salvation. Jesus came to her at that time, and she Was soundly converted. She is now married to Tizora, about whom I will have something to say later, and these two are the backbone of the work in Inhambane. Others at this time began to seek God. One, named Jeki, is at this writing in charge of the station at Cherene. Tom's wife also came out for God, and is standing firm today. Some who then came out have backslidden, but the truth of God has been sown in their hearts and they know that the story told by the missionaries is true. One young man, a carpenter, and a brother-in-law of Tom came out and gave up his drinking and other abominations. He ran well for a time, but was overcome again by drink, He confessed afterwards that the first night after he began to drink he dreamt about fire, the fire which is to burn the wicked forever. We are still hoping that he will come back to Jesus, take up his cross again and follow him.

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22 -- CHAPTER

Ministering To The Wretched

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

While living at Cherene Mr. Agnew often went across the bay to Inhambane to engage in missionary work at the town. He finally purchased a small piece of land there and built on it a small corrugated iron house with the roof. Here he would live part of the time, and part of the time he would stay at Cherene. In Inhambane town there is always much sickness among the natives. Many of the huts are badly dilapidated, admitting the wind and the rain, and thereby occasioning such diseases as dysentery, dropsy, consumption, fevers and so forth.

The mortality of the town is great. Inasmuch as immorality and vice abound many of the inhabitants are afflicted with loathsome diseases, which are little less than a living death, and which finally send them prematurely to their graves. In the interior there is much less vice and immorality than in the town, since each man has his own wife or wives, whereas, in the town the marriage relation is less respected, and the result is "an awful mixture."

One of the duties of a missionary in such a place is that of visiting the sick and ministering to their bodies and to their souls as best he may be able. The sick come to him for medicine of all kinds. They have al-most unbounded confidence in the white man's medicine, "and some will take it, not because they are sick. but because they wish to be [morally] better."

While Mr. Agnew would be absent from Cherene Tom would visit the kraals, hold meetings and do such other missionary work among the natives as he could. and when Mr. Agnew would return from Inhambane he would hold more general services, sometimes exhibiting his magic lantern. At other times they would go to places several miles from Cherene, so that, after a time, there were few people in that region who had not heard of Jesus as the world's Redeemer and of the home prepared by him in heaven for all his followers. The following instances related by Mr. Agnew are a few among the many strangely repulsive yet pathetic experiences incident to missionary pioneering:

One day at Cherene, while lying in bed recovering from an attack of fever, a boy came to tell me that an old woman was dying in the woods near at hand. I went down to see her, and found that she had been driven away by her unfeeling relatives and had had nothing to eat for five days. She was in a very weak condition, and we brought her up to the mission station, gave her some nourishment and medicine, and tried to talk to her about Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend." She was too far gone to recover, and two days afterward passed away. As she was a stranger, no one would assist in burying her. Tom was not afraid on his own account, but his wife's relatives were full of superstition; and the idea among the natives is that if anyone handles the dead body of a stranger something is going to happen -- someone is bound to suffer for it. If Tom had handled the corpse, and any one of his relatives shortly afterward had been taken sick, Tom would have been blamed, and would have had to pay up.

As I could get no one to help in the matter, I dug a hole about a hundred yards from the house, and, procuring a sack, doubled the body head and feet together, put it in the sack and tied up the mouth. Being in a weak condition myself I was forced to drag the sack along to the hole, where I put the body in and covered it up. Although this poor soul had relatives not far from the station, yet no inquiries were made after her case, and no one cared what became of her. I did not know that her relatives lived near until some time afterward.

While a native gets out of the business of burying strangers if he possibly can, yet if it happens that he is forced to bury one, and the relatives of the deceased are near at hand, he can make these relatives pay him as much as fifty dollars for the job. If I had wished to make the relatives of this poor old woman pay me fifty dollars for my work, I could have done so, -- according to native law. I felt that the hard-hearted relatives ought to be punished, but let the matter drop. Had I pursued it further the natives would have assumed that I was one with them in their superstitious notions regarding the uncleanness of dead bodies, whereas I wished to show them that, so far as any evil consequences were concerned, there was nothing more in the burying of a dead human being than in the burying of a sheep.

At one time while visiting through the kraals my attention was called to a woman, the second wife of one of the natives. She had been sick several months, with a most painful wasting disease, and when I saw her she was almost gone. Anyone looking into the hut would have seen an awful sight. The poor creature was lying on the ground rolling in filth, her emaciated frame almost naked, while her unfeeling relatives looked carelessly on. Her husband, a most repulsive looking heathen, refused to allow me to take her to the Portuguese hospital in town, so the only thing I could do was to pray for her and send her some nourishment and some simple remedies, I endeavored to point her to Jesus, but, like thousands of others, she died without Christ and without hope.

When one comes upon those who are so sick, it is hard to direct their attention to Jesus. They are generally in such a desperate condition in regard to temporal affairs that spiritual matters can find no place in their minds. Neglected by relatives, their bodily wants not attended to, and with no hope either of getting well or of entering at death upon a bright future, they sigh and groan themselves to death.

One woman I found was of the Bachopi tribe. She was afflicted with something like St. Vitus dance, or paralysis, which caused her to shake so violently that she was unable to help herself. She lived in the remnants of an old shed or hut, and when I came across her she was in the most filthy and abject condition, her diet consisting mostly of coconuts which fell off the trees and which some one would open and gate for her. It was the case of the rich man and Lazarus over again. The man who owned the land on which she lived was the richest man in that country, tie had thousands of pounds, had many houses and much property, and fare sumptuously every day; but I never heard that this poor woman got any of the crumbs that fell from his table. She got some of the coconuts that fell from his trees, but as any passing stranger could lift these, it was no credit to Dives, and counted for nothing with God. Some poor woman in the neighborhood helped her a little, and grated her coconuts for her. As she could not put her hand to her mouth, her food had to be put on a sack, or something soft, when she would put her hands behind her back and bury her face right in the food. Then, through eating, her face would be all besmeared with what she had been feeding on. Many people thought that Mawelele (this was her name) had a devil, and they were afraid of her.

We had her removed to Cherene, where she stayed for several years. She is now at another mission station where she is being looked after. Some objected to my taking her to Cherene; they did not want any such dangerous looking character around. When her hair was long, as I could get no one to cut it, I had to perform the operation myself. I once offered a boy a

little money to do it, but he positively refused to have anything to do with it. When we wished to give Mawelele a drink she would lie on her back and we would pour the water into her mouth. As she would sometimes shake quite violently, we had to watch our chance and pour the water in when she was a little steady. We finally got a partly paralyzed man of the same tribe, and he would cook her porridge, build a fire for her, etc. They are both living at this writing and are being taught about Jesus. Both have been slaves, and are very degraded, but we have great hope that we shall meet them in glory and together 'worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.'

While at Cherene Mr. Agnew was reinforced for a short time by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Desh. Unfortunately, they went at a wrong time of the year, and when Mr. Agnew was not prepared for their arrival. Moreover, neither of them was in any fit condition physically to go to such a country. They had some fever, and two months after their arrival at Inhambane they were on their way back to Natal. The following, from the pen of Mr. Desh, gives a little account of some of the demands and difficulties of the work in the region about Inhambane, as also the reasons for their early departure from that field:

At Inhambane the harvest is white and laborers are few. It seems as if we had just arrived in Africa [they had been in Natal several months]. Bro. A____'s house is under the coconut palms, it is lovely, but there are sights which sadden the heart and drive one to his knees. The heathen are a very degenerate class, but they have souls to save, and we have come to reach them with the blessed gospel of Christ who is the Saviour of even such. Not a day has passed at this mission [Cherene] but what from one to three have been to us for some kind Of treatment. I have just put some salve on a young man's arm where he had burned it, and his fingers and toes are eaten off with leprosy. These are a fearfully afflicted people.

My diary has been much neglected, owing to attacks of African fever. One afternoon, while wife was sitting in the chair, an adder three feet long fell from the roof of the hut at her feet. She remained quiet until it crawled under my trunk. After a long search we found and killed it. A few days after this, while catching a chicken, I ran over a puff viper five feet long. It got away before I could kill it...

It is with regret that we are called upon so soon to leave this people, without doing much for them except to heal some of their wounds, aches and pains. This is a good field, but it takes an iron constitution to stand the climate; we cannot stand it.

Again he writes:

We are now on our way to Durban. About nine weeks at Inhambane sufficed to prove to us that we cannot stand the climate. At present there is not a white missionary in all the region of Inhambane, except Brother Agnew. Wife and I were sick almost constantly... We are glad to escape with our lives.

"This is a mournful picture," writes Mr. Agnew, "but all the blame cannot be laid at the door of African fevers. If one has some latent disease in the system, the fever is almost sure to bring it out, so that only those who are sound physically should go to such malarious spots. Still, even those who are sound in body have just such trouble, and it sometimes happens, that those

who look the most robust are the first to succumb. If one has a real call of God to a place, it enables him to press forward under even great difficulties; if he have no such call, he is quite sure to get disheartened soon and quit the field."

The foregoing relation of the difficulties incident to the missionary work in the vicinity of Inhambane serves to show us something of what Mr. Agnew had to brave and endure throughout the years spent by him in that malarious and death-breeding region. And how heroically did he brave all those difficulties and perils! Only an iron constitution such as he inherited could survive in such a place for so long a time. And even his iron constitution succumbed at last, as we shall later see, so that his words, "Still, even those who are sound in body have just such troubles, and sometimes those who look the most robust are the first to succumb," were in part prophetic of what was to befall himself at last.

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23 -- CHAPTER

Working At Inhambane -- Translating And Printing -- - Suffering From Jaundice -- Laboring With The Portuguese

Considerable has already been said about Inhambane town, and the last chapter told of Mr. Agnew having erected a small corrugated iron house there. As he operated in and about this town a good deal for some years, the present chapter will give a more detailed account of the work done there than has been heretofore attempted.

In addition to the corrugated iron house, a large native hut and necessary outbuildings were also erected, after a little, and here the missionary was fairly comfortable. While he remained continuously in one place he had less trouble from the fever. It was only when he ventured into the interior, slept on boats, waded through swamps and ate questionable food that he would have more frequent and severe attacks of malarial trouble.

While settled at Inhambane the need of a hymn book in the native tongue was increasingly impressed upon him. He had purchased a printing press and type from the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and this, with some other type he had purchased in Natal, enabled him to make a beginning in the matter of printing a new hymn book and catechism. There was already a hymn book and catechism in the Gitonga language, which had been printed by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, but as the edition had run out and some new hymns had been translated, a new book seemed to be a necessity. Concerning the difficulties of such an undertaking. Mr. Agnew says:

Translating a hymn into one of the native dialects is rather a difficult undertaking, and many translated hymns, so-called, even in the Zulu language, at which missionaries have been working for fifty years, are almost entirely different from the original hymns they are supposed to represent. Sometimes a small word in English has a large native equivalent. For instance, God in Gitonga is Nungungulu (in Zulu it is Nkulunkulu); Holy Spirit in Gitonga is Lipubo nya Ku Age; pray is lombelela; saved is banyisidive, etc. Another difficulty about translating is the

matter of getting the accent to come on the syllables just right. A Zulu hymn book called "Amagama Okuhlabelela" is now before me. In this book the opening remarks of the preface are as follows:

"This seventh edition of Amagama Okuhlabelela includes for the first time tunes adapted to native rhythm. Interest is widely and increasingly felt in the improvement of native sacred music in South Africa. The difficulty is in fitting the accent in music and words to each other. 'Singing native hymns to ordinary English tunes is like trying to put the line 'From Greenland's icy mountains' to any strain set to 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' We have had to tolerate this perversion of accent for lack of suitable tunes."

Extra notes had to be added, in many cases, in the getting up of this hymn book, and the entire list of tunes had to pass through the hands of an accomplished harmonist "in order to secure accuracy and excellence" in the changes from English to Zulu rhythm. Two of the first hymns translated into Gitonga [as elsewhere remarked] were: "There is a happy land" and "I want to be an angel." These were translated by Rev. W. C. Wilcox, and, being simple hymns, were easily learned by the natives. Other hymns were translated by Mr. Wilcox and Rev. E. It. Richards. One of the first that I translated was, "When he cometh, when he cometh to make up his jewels." I freely confess that the so-called translation is not very close to the original, but the natives easily picked it up, and it has some gospel in it, which is about all that can be said in its favor.

To give an idea of how the translating business goes, I will give this hymn in Gitonga with the literal English translation, I do not claim that the accent in this hymn comes in the right place. It is like most of the hymns in the Gitonga hymn book, and needs a thorough revising from some harmonist or other who has not yet appeared upon the scene at Inhambane.

King Jesus, He Will Come Back
(English Equivalent.)

King Jesus, he will come back,
He will come from above,
He will take people his,
The saved ones.

Chorus:
They will shine
In the city above,
Like the stars,
The very white ones.

He will call, he will call,
He will gather together,
People good, people his,
The washed ones.

Little children, little children,
The praying ones,
They will live in his home
Forever and ever.

Get ready, get ready,
The king he will come back;
Pray ye, pray ye,
And receive Jesus.

There is now a book of forty hymns in Gitonga, besides others which have lately been printed by the Church of England mission. The New Testament was translated into Gitonga by a Zulu girl named Dalita Isaacs, whose picture appears in the Life of Mrs. Augusta Tullis Kelley. Mr. Richards superintended the translating and printing of it. This Zulu girl, who was educated at Inanda Seminary, Natal, in a short time could speak the language like one born in the country, and was used of God in the putting of a part of his precious word into the Gitonga dialect.

During his stay in Inhambane town Mr. and Mrs. Richards, who had been in America, returned in connection with the work of Bishop William Taylor. They had intended to go up to Mashonaland, but as the Beira railway was not finished at the time, they decided to wait at Inhambane a few months until transportation in those parts should be less expensive and difficult. During their stay they and Mr. Agnew built a schoolhouse in town and had a night school, with regular Sunday services. Before this Mr. Agnew had been visiting around doing what he could in the kraals, and at times having a small night school. After Mr. and Mrs. Richards returned the school flourished for some time. "Mrs. Richards, being a born missionary, loved to teach the natives, but death cut her work short." Mr. Agnew refers to her death as follows:

One Friday night she was attacked with hematuria fever. As Mr. Richards was also down with it, I sat up that night to attend them. Saturday found Mr. Richards some better, but his wife was about the same. On Sunday afternoon about one o'clock, when I was taking a short rest, Mr. Richards (who was then able to be up) came and called me, remarking that he did not like the looks of Mrs. Richards, and that he thought we had better send for the Portuguese doctor. I went into the hut where she lay, and we saw that she was going into a state of coma. I spoke to her and she appeared to give a nod of recognition, but was in a few minutes entirely unconscious. Mr. Richards then mentioned several names of dear relatives, and asked her if she knew them, but there was no response. The Portuguese doctor soon came in, and immediately told us that nothing could be done. God was calling her, and her race was run. At about four o'clock that peaceful Sunday afternoon, she quietly breathed her last. She was a woman devoted to her work, self-denying in her labors for others, and has gone to her reward. We buried her the next morning in the Portuguese cemetery, after a short service in Gitonga held in the schoolroom.

While living in Inhambane, and visiting around, Mr. Agnew would often come across cases of dire distress. The recital of one of these as recorded by himself will be interesting:

The case was that of Lembransa. She was crazy, and was generally shunned by the people. When I found her the roof of her old hut had fallen in, so that she was forced to crawl in under it like a dog. I tried to get the neighbors interested enough in it to help me raise the roof, but they failed to see that it was any business of theirs unless there was some money in it. I consequently divided a few cents among them and they helped me raise the roof. After a short time, however, as she was in a state of destitution, I removed her to Cherene. She had foolish spells, and would wander off into the woods so that we would have trouble in finding her.

One day Tom came from Cherene to tell me that Lembransa had wandered off again, and that after searching for her they found her lying dead by the roadside. It seemed that she had laid down by the roadside to rest, and "The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

Tom had left her right at the roadside, and had walked fourteen miles to tell me she was there. I asked him what he meant by leaving the poor body at the roadside without burying it, but Tom did not seem to think it was his business to bury dead people. I gave him a little of my mind on the subject, and, as I was unable to go myself, I gave him two rupees to give to the chief to have him bury her. When Tom went to see the chief, the chief would not only have nothing to do with the business himself, but declared that if I buried her, he would make me pay ten pounds, as I had defiled his land by allowing a strange woman to die on it. Tom was ashamed to come back to me again about burying the woman, so he dug a little hole right where she lay at the roadside, and put her in it. No one was interested in her, and, as in the case of the other old woman, no inquiries were made about her. She was "Only a pauper whom nobody owned."

While I was living in town at times the Christian natives from the interior would come to see me. I enjoyed these. visits much, as I loved to talk to them about spiritual matters. At one time a young man named Tizora [mentioned in a preceding chapter] came to see me. This young man was no ordinary native. He was very conscientious, honest and straightforward, much more so than many so-called Christians at home. He had not, however, "received the Holy Ghost since [he] believed," and did not know by personal experience that salvation was a divine reality. While he was with me, at this particular visit, I was led to deal closely with him about the witness of the Spirit. He had been baptized and put down as an earnest Christian, but his soul was not satisfied. God applied what was said at this visit to his heart, so that, when he went. home he settled it that the next morning he would go into an empty house close to where he lived and there pray until this "White Spirit" came to his heart. He did so; and after praying half an hour or so God came suddenly to his temple. Tizera fell on the floor and began to shout the praises of Jehovah. A few days after this he came down to tell me about it. He was a new man, and has known ever since that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sins. I used to go and visit him and his wife, Paketi, Occasionally, and we always had a time of refreshing together.

About this time Mr. Agnew was attacked with jaundice, which held him in its grip nearly two months. He also had several attacks of hematuria fever, but God delivered him from all his afflictions and preserved him in spite of all the efforts of Satan to remove him from the field of earthly labor. The Lord would also give him precious assurances that the work being done in Inhambane should not be in vain, but that the fruits thereof would be seen in eternity.

While living in town he endeavored to do a little in the way of spreading the gospel among the Portuguese. At times he would visit the soldiers' barracks with tracts and books. There were also many young men, half-castes, who could read and write Portuguese, and some of whom held important government positions. He sent to Lisbon for a supply of salvation literature, and also had the Rev. B. T. Roberts' tract on "Heaven or Hell?" translated and printed in Portuguese. Many of the books, including some hymn books, were purchased by these young men, and good seed was thus sown in their hearts. At times, when a Portuguese ship would come into port, he would board her and endeavor to sell some of the books, give away tracts, etc.

One day, as he relates, there were several Portuguese nuns on board. One of. them when she saw the books denounced them as "Protestant books," and warned the people to keep clear of them. As I happened to have some gospels of an edition which was approved by Queen Donna Maria, with the indorsement of the Patriarchal Archbishop of Lisbon, I showed her some of these. She could not go against the Archbishop's indorsement, so she had to quiet down a little, which enabled me to dispose of some. Rome may endeavor to keep the Bible and religious hooks, which show the true way to God, out of the hands of the common people, but it does not always work. Strange, how blind people are! Poor Portugal is being choked to death by the minions of the pope, but the other people cannot see it. A Roman bishop ranks as a prince, and when the one for the province of Mozambique used to arrive at Inhambane flags were hoisted and cannon fired by way of giving him a royal salute.

According to Mr. Agnew, not more than half the men in the Portuguese army or navy can read. The lying adage that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion" may appear to be true to the priests, but it is proved false, so he affirms, in the case of the Portuguese, as but very few of them take any stock in the pious humbug carried on in the Roman churches. "How blessed it would be," he writes, "if these precious souls could see that only Christ can wash away their sins, that only Christ within them the hope of glory can ever prepare them for heaven! If a salvation revival were to break out in Portugal, and the people were to throw off the yoke of superstition and priest-craft, it would be the beginning of better days for the country."

We close this chapter with two verses of the hymn, "There is a happy land," in 'Portuguese, as given by Mr. Agnew. The second line of the first verse is said to be an improvement on the English version. It reads, "Not far away," whereas in the English it reads, "Far, far away." The hymn is reproduced from a Portuguese hymn book:

Ha um feliz hgar
Nao longe esta;
La santos vao morar
Gloria ha la.
Oh! como dao louvor
A seu Rei e Salvador!
Cantando com amor
Sempre, sem fim.
Vinde ao feliz lugar
Noa demoreis Jesus pode salvar,
Vinde! vereis! Vamos no Ceo gozar,

Paz, e com Jesus morar, E nunca mais peccar
Sempre, sem fim.

* * * * * * *

24 -- CHAPTER

Evangelizing In The Interior -- Interesting Experiences And Incidents

Behold the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

-- Mrs. Voke

At those times in the year when boys could not be persuaded to attend School Mr. Agnew used to make excursions into the interior, preaching to the people in their kraals, explaining to them the way Of salvation and teaching them to sing some of the inspiring songs of Zion. Tom would sometimes go with him, and then they would take along the magic lantern, by the use of which they could almost invariably draw a crowd to hear the gospel, made all the more effective by spectacular illustration.

Sometimes as many as four or five hundred natives would attend these magic lantern exhibitions and would fairly yell with delight at what they saw, all the efforts of the chiefs and of their indunas availing not to keep them quiet. It was a marvelous mystery to them as to how the pictures got on the screen. Some were afraid of the lantern, and at one place, where it had been shown several times, one of the natives made a speech to the effect that some of the deaths that had recently taken place in the neighborhood were attributable to this "Mfanekiso" business.

Concerning the propriety of employing this method with the natives, Mr. Agnew wrote the following, as a reply to certain unfavorable criticisms:

Some have a prejudice against such things, but they need have none, if the service is conducted right and to the glory of God. It is not necessary to surfeit the natives with a superabundance of pictures. All that is necessary is a few to illustrate the subject you wish to talk about. I have noticed that some pictures make deep impressions upon the native mind, and cause them to remember where they would otherwise forget. One night I showed some magic lantern pictures in the Transvaal. A few nights afterward I asked the boys to tell us what pictures they particularly remembered. A number of them spoke out and told us what were the pictures which had attracted their attention most. One of the first to speak was a boy from Zululand. He was a pious youth, and remembered the picture which represented Jesus being nailed to the cross. He particularly remembered the blood which was flowing from his hands as the nails were being driven in. An Inhambane boy, not so pious, spoke out and said he remembered the lion on top of the missionary (I had shown them the picture of Dr. Livingstone being attacked by a lion). One of Gungunyana's soldiers spoke out and told us that he remembered the picture of the rich man

and Lazarus. Another Zulu remembered Mary and the infant Jesus, while another Inhambane youth remembered the picture of a drunkard, who was represented as being on his knees in the middle of a road praying to God for mercy.

In showing a magic lantern it is the same as in all other work for God, one must depend upon the Holy Spirit to make it effective. If one depends upon the magic lantern to convict men of sin, it will be a failure, but if this dependence is upon the Holy Spirit it will be a success.

On these evangelizing tours they had to put up with many inconveniences, such as many in Christian lands know nothing of. Many nights they had to sleep in river boats, anchored in the middle of narrow rivers and surrounded by malarial swamps; and many nights also in huts which were neither plastered nor properly roofed. Many times while traveling around in this way they would have hard fever chills, and that in places where it was impossible to get proper rest or covering, perhaps being forced to lie down at the roadside for the night. The malarial chills at times would come on so suddenly that the missionaries would have them at the most inconvenient seasons. Then, to add to the misery of the situation, perhaps no drinkable water could be obtained, certainly no hot water, so that one could only lie and shiver, no one caring whether he should live or die.

It was soon found that on these tours there was no use in rushing things. Sometimes they would come to a kraal in the evening, and, if there were many people in the neighborhood, they would show them a few magic lantern pictures. This would excite their curiosity, and the missionary would tell them to. spread the news around that the next night there would be a big meeting. The next night they would have a good crowd.

It pays, he says, for one to take plenty of time and explain all matters thoroughly to the natives, and more good can be accomplished at times in talking to them in a mere informal way than in any other way. In their kraals, groups of natives are to be seen sitting around the fire talking about everything they can think of. Sometimes we would sit on a log beside them and ask them what was the news. They would perhaps reply that there was no news, everything was "asleep." If there did happen to be anything On hand, such as a war, or expectation of the tax collector, they would mention it, and perhaps remark that the white man was killing them with taxes. As their taxes were not, at that time, more than one dollar per year, it was hard to see wherein they were "killed" in the matter. In reply they would perhaps ask me what the news was. This opened the way to say that the greatest news was about Jesus, the One who could give them new hearts, the One who had gone to prepare a place for them in heaven, A native always has time to listen to anything new; time is nothing to them. As they have no clocks or watches, they use the sun and moon as substitutes. If you wish a native to be at your place about ten o'clock in the morning you must point to about where the sun will be at that time and tell him what you desire. If you wish him to come before sunrise, you must tell him to come when the rooster crows, or you can point below the horizon and tell them to come in the "big morning." If you have a boy working for you he works for so much per moon. Before they get acquainted with you it is hard to get them to understand the matter of four weeks. In the interior they know nothing about Sundays, so that you cannot even explain to them at first what is meant. There is no word for week in any of the dialects. As there is no word for week, of course there are no names for the days of the week, but the missionary gets those who are living near him to

understand what is meant in a short time. At first boys who have worked but three weeks will come and declare that the "moon is up" and that you are trying to cheat them.

As time is of no value, if a native cannot do a piece of work today he can do it tomorrow, of a week hence. Once while on a trip down to a place about one hundred and fifty miles inland we came to a village and inquired if they had any eggs for sale. A native brought us five eggs and asked one shilling's worth of cloth for them. We reminded him that one shilling was the price of five fowls. "Well," he remarked "are these not five fowls?" The idea was that in course of time these eggs would develop into fowls. In his estimation time was nothing, so, as he refused to let the eggs go at a reasonable price, we had to go without them.

Having no distances such as miles or furlongs, the natives measure the distance by the length of time necessary to go from one place to the other: When on the march if you meet a native and ask him where a certain kraal is, he will point to where he thinks the sun should be when you would "arrive, and say: "You will arrive when the sun is there." Sometimes natives are about the same as many at home in regard to distances. You will meet one who will tell you that the place you are making for is not far away, that in fact you are almost there. After you have walked several miles another native will tell you that you are still a long distance away.

Time again, is counted by seasons. A man wishing to tell you about something which happened the year before will tell you it happened when the cashews were ripe, or when the corn was planted, or when it was ripe, etc. Natives know but little about their ages, so far as years are concerned. One old man used to tell us that he was a boy "when Manikusi (Gungunyana's grandfather) came to fight the Portuguese." In preaching to them it is necessary to explain to them about "forever and ever." The words we used at Inhambane were "kala ku pinduka," which mean "over and over again." So when we wished to tell them of the punishment of the wicked we would say that they will be punished over and over again. The same in regard to eternal life or salvation; it means that they will be saved continually, over and over again.

Some seem to be under the impression that native Africans are all hypocrites, and that they never get down to bed rock sincerity in religious matters. Some have asked me if I ever saw a really converted native. To this I can answer yes. I have seen a number who were really born of God. Their godly walk and conversation proved the truth of what they testified to. At one place there were three who had really found Jesus as the one who could save them from their sins. At this point there was quite a spirit of inquiry among the people. The old chief, whose daughter had been converted, was quite favorably inclined toward the Work, and used to attend the meetings regularly and pay good attention. Most chiefs are the biggest beggars in the country, but this one was an exception and never would ask the missionary for anything One evening I arrived at the mission station after a long walk, and, hearing them praying in the schoolhouse, I halted outside and kept quiet to see how it would go when they were alone. Two boys from the kraal were under conviction and were praying, while the tears were rolling down their cheeks. The older Christians were also praying and trying to get these boys through. (At this writing there is quite a class of Christians at that station.) My heart rejoiced to hear those voices of supplication in that dark community. Like Moffatt I felt indeed that

"To see the savage bow in prayer

Is my supreme delight."

Occasionally some get saved and get the witness before they clearly understand what has happened. A native carpenter at a meeting asked me what was meant by being saved, or how a person would know he was saved. I replied that when one forsakes his sins, and believes with all his heart on Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit will enter in and witness to him that his name is written in heaven. I then described to him some of the manifestations of the Spirit. He then told me that he had received this, and that Jesus had come to his heart. At another time he said that when he first commenced to serve God and endeavored to break off sinning his heart still wanted him to drink and do other bad things, although his head told him that such things were wrong; but God finally gave him a new heart, which wanted to do right of itself, so that he had no more trouble about drinking, etc. As he was a good carpenter and a steady man, he got employment from a Portuguese rum-seller, and at times the rum-seller would insist upon his working on Sundays. As he could not do this and keep saved, he finally backslid. I have always noticed that much as white men may denounce native Christians, they are very willing to take advantage of all the good that is in them, and willing to give them work when God had made them into sober. men. Strangest of all is it that when a boy does become a Christian many white men will "tempt him with their accursed liquor, until he is overcome, and then when he is wallowing again in the mire will liberally curse him and denounce native converts as humbugs. When the heathen see the change that is wrought in one of their own people they are puzzled. When one who had been a hard case was converted the change wrought was ascribed to medicine which they declared was administered by another Christian.

On his evangelistic tours Mr. Agnew generally took medicine along with which to treat the natives -- sulfur for the itch, Epsom salts, pain killer and carbolic oil for sores, were the most important. Although some good people scorn the idea of a missionary carrying medicine, declaring that the only outfit one needs is a bottle of oil and faith in Jesus, Mr. Agnew was altogether too practical a man to indulge such nonsense, and avowed that he had no scruples over administering such things as remedies for the itch and carbolic oil for sores.- Many of the natives, he tells us, have large sores, and, having no means of proper treatment, are in continual misery with them. In such cases, a little carbolic oil and some clean rags work wonders at times. "Jesus, in giving us the account of the Good Samaritan, tells us that he went to the wounded man and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and, instead of reproving the Samaritan for his lack of faith, the Master commended him and said to his hearer, 'Go and do thou likewise.'"

For these medicines the natives would bring the missionaries chickens, peanuts, sweet potatoes, bananas, eggs, and so forth. The treatment of their aches and pains opened the way to their hearts. While treating their ailments the missionaries would tell them about the great Physician of the soul, who is always near, "The sympathizing Jesus."

In traveling through the country around Inhambane, says Mr. Agnew, one has to wade through streams, swamps and mud-puddles enough to make any well man sick. If one could stay at one place about all the time he would probably not have so much sickness, but no true missionary can do this, as his heart will go out after the lost, and he feels that no effort is too great for their salvation. It is generally down near the swamps that the people are the thickest, as they like to be near the water, so they will not have far to carry it. Again a good many swamps

are near the seashore, and the people like to live near the shore on account of the fish, crabs, etc., to be found in the bay.

If one has the strength to do it, and can keep itinerating among the natives, much good can be accomplished in this way. By itinerating I do net mean going here and there and everywhere. One should have a regular circuit which he travels for God, and go around it as often as possible.. This work I believe will pay better than the teaching of a handful of natives to read and write. Unless the school is one where salvation is continually held up as the principal and the only thing that can really benefit them, it will be a failure. Some schools in India which are supported by Christian people have graduated young Hindus who, upon receiving their degrees. have taken their New Testaments and thrown them into the fire. There is no employment in heathendom for natives who can read and write in their own tongue any more than for anyone else, so that they are not really benefited, even financially, unless they should be employed by missionaries on that account.

A boy we knew at Inhambane professed to be a Christian and was sent to a seminary in Natal. He stayed there four years and graduated. When he went home he went back again into heathenism, and today is wallowing in the mire. This boy never was saved, never really knew Jesus Christ, so that, after four years' study he could only repeat over what the missionary told him, about like a parrot. Such an one will de. more harm to the cause of Christ than anyone else. Every backslider, whether white or black, of course injures the cause of Christ, but it is different in the case of such a native as above mentioned. He was picked out from thousands of others, sent to Natal at the missionary's expense, fed, clothed and educated for four years, and then came back home to tell his people that he had gone through the whole thing and that there was nothing in it. The people, looking up to him, would of course believe him much sooner than they would a white man.

Mr. Agnew is certainly right in concluding that, unless scholars are continually impressed with the fact that religion is not a moneymaking business, and that unless they get really converted it will profit them nothing to become smart and wise, the greater part of the missionary's labor will be in vain. "The testimony of many is," to use his own words, "that boys who have been brought up on mission stations are generally sharper tricksters than the raw heathen. In the Transvaal where selling liquor to natives is prohibited, many mission Kaffirs forge passes for the purpose of obtaining liquor in the name of some white man. One in the compound right beside me was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for this offense. They can write a beautiful hand, speak splendid English and have spent years on mission stations, while perhaps hundreds of dollars have been wasted on them by good people at home; but over in the Transvaal hundreds of such are leaders in wickedness, since they are looked up to as being above the common herd, and their influence is very damning."

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25 -- CHAPTER

Second Trip To America -- At General Conference -- At The Battle Creek Sanitarium -- Return

Should Sorrow come and lay her hand upon thy shoulder,
And walk with thee in silence on life's way,
While Joy, thy bright companion once, grown colder,
Becomes more distant day by day;
Shrink not from the companionship of Sorrow;
She is the messenger of God to thee;
And thou wilt thank him in his great Tomorrow--
For what thou know'st not now, thou then shalt see--
She is God's angel, clad in weeds of night,
With whom we walk by faith and not by sight.

-- Unidentified

In the fall of 1894 Mr. Agnew made a second visit to America, chiefly to be in attendance at the general conference to be held in Greenville, Illinois, in October of that year. On arrival in New York bay he would have been subjected to an unpleasant delay in passing quarantine had it not been for the special kindness of the quarantine doctor, who, on learning that he was a missionary, showed him special kindness, giving him early consideration and enabling him earlier than he could have hoped otherwise to secure his pass and get away. The night of his arrival in New York he attended a large and excellent meeting, where he enjoyed a rare treat in listening to a sermon on prayer from Dr. Arthur T. Pierson. Referring to this, he says: "It did my soul good, and made me to rejoice that I was once more in a land where I could hear preaching."

Arriving in Chicago a few days later, he received a most cordial welcome from the Rev. J. G. Terrill, who had been elected as missionary secretary since Mr. Agnew was in America before. The kindness and consideration the new secretary showed Mr. Agnew at all times greatly encouraged him, and is mentioned in his journal in a most appreciative way. Both have gone to their reward, Mr. Terrill's departure, due to excessive exertions in the interest of the foreign missionary work, having preceded Mr. Agnew's by several years. Of both it may be said, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Referring to his attendance at the general conference on this return to America, Mr. Agnew says:

It was the first time I had attended such a gathering, and I was deeply interested in the discussions and in the sermons preached. In heathendom about all the preaching one hears is what he does himself or what the natives do. Native preachers are, however, at times quite interesting, and many times one will get blessed, while listening when their preaching is in the Holy Ghost. Some of their illustrations are beautiful, and they make points that are worth remembering.

His presence and public addresses at this gathering did much to quicken interest in the foreign work, while his counsels were of great value to the missionary secretary and to the missionary board in planning for its further development. Misses F. Grace Allen and Ida Heffner,

both returned missionaries from South Africa. being also present and full of zeal in representing the needs and possibilities of the African work, an extraordinary interest was awakened regarding that particular field, which has since materialized in decidedly practical ways.

After spending about three months in America, devoted chiefly to labors in the interest of the South African field, Mr. Agnew prepared for his return journey. Being in a poor state of health, however, he went to the sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, for a short period of rest and recuperation. There he received the kindest and costliest treatment free of all charge. The Seventh Day Adventists, who carry on this institution, are examples to others, in some directions at least. Believing as they do that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," they are liberal with their funds, and spend thousands of dollars in scattering their literature over the earth. Nearly all the workers and physicians connected with the sanitarium being vegetarians, and but two meals a day being served to patients (although if necessary in individual cases they give food at different times), this regime was a decided change for our brother. "One need not endorse the soul-sleeping and annihilation doctrines of these people," said Mr. Agnew, "in order to recognize that they are conscientious and in the front of reforms on many lines. My stay at their sanitarium did me good, and I was thankful to God for the rest I obtained there."

On his way to New York, after leaving the sanitarium, he held meetings at Spring Arbor Seminary, Spring Arbor, Michigan, and in the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, at North Chili, N.Y. Of these meetings, he says: "We had an especially good meeting at North Chili, and over forty-seven dollars was given to help on the work in Africa. A number of students in both seminaries were much interested in the missionary cause, and gave liberally of their means to help it along."

In December, 1894, Mr. Agnew sailed from New York on the steamer Majestic, of the White Star Line, arriving in Liverpool a week later. Going thence to Scarborough, in England, he again visited his mother and sister for a season, after which he proceeded to Southampton, from whence he sailed for Africa on the "Grantully Castle." After a month's journeying, in which nothing of particular interest happened, he arrived in Natal, January 12, 1895.

About three weeks after his return to Africa, February 3, 1895, Mr. Agnew was united in marriage to Miss Susie Sherman, daughter of the Rev. C. W. Sherman, of Saint Louis, Missouri (U.S.A.), who had for some years proven herself a heroine in the South African missionary work. The marriage ceremony was performed at Fair View Mission station by the Rev. A. D. Noyes, then in charge of that work. Their union was a peculiarly happy one, though soon terminated by Mrs. Agnew's death.

Two weeks after their marriage, leaving Mrs. Agnew at Fair View, Mr. Agnew proceeded to Inhambane to put matters in order for their settling there. Having secured a comfortable house at Macheche, just across the bay from Inhambane, he returned for Mrs. Agnew, and about May 6th they sailed from Durban for their Inhambane home. They were accompanied by a young man named Bernhart Dammeyer, who thought the Lord had specially called him to labor in the vicinity of Inhambane. Regarding this devoted young man, Mr. Agnew writes:

He had come out as a faith missionary; that is, he was connected with and under no missionary board. Whether he made a mistake in going to Inhambane or not I cannot. say. It Would be very easy to say that he did, but he was satisfied up to the last that he made no mistake in going there, although he was disappointed in regard to the amount of money sent him by his friends at home. Before his death he saw clearly that it is not necessary to be cut loose from everybody in order to become a. successful missionary.

Bernhart is said to have been a godly young man, one who lived in eternity, and who was an example to all around him. He finally died of fever at the mission station of the Church of England, across the bay from Inhambane, and was there buried.

Shortly after settling down at Macheche Mr. and Mrs. Agnew were reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. J. J. and Mrs. Emma Hillmon Haviland, with their little daughter, Violet. They all lived together in the house Mr. Agnew had rented until Mr. Haviland had erected a large hut at a place called Mavili, about four and a half miles from Macheche, and Mr. Agnew had put up a temporary building on an elevated position at Macheche. They then moved into their respective buildings, and for a time all went well. Mrs. Agnew had, comparatively speaking, but little fever, and what attacks she had were quite light, so that they anticipated nothing serious, but imagined that all would be well.

But alas, writes Mr. Agnew, referring to a dark chapter in his experience now to be introduced, God's ways and plans are past finding out. At times when we think that all is well we are startled to find that death is even at the door. On Saturday evening, December 14th, wife complained of feeling unwell. She had been working hard through the day, as we generally prepared our Sunday dinner on Saturday. She had a slight chill, but a wet pack soon broke it up. The next day, Sunday, she seemed much better, sat up a little and took some food. In the evening we sang together the hymn commencing:--

"O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight."

As we sang:--

"His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the valley of death,"

we little thought how near that valley was, but Jesus did, and doubtless he led us to sing this hymn that the memory of the occasion might be comforting at a time when only things of a heavenly nature could have any effect.

Shortly after singing she took a chill which, through the application of hot water bottles, was soon broken up; but shortly afterwards she had another, all unexpectedly, and began vomiting bile. The vomiting continued more or less through the night and all I did to stop it was of no avail.

On Monday Mr. Agnew sent for Mrs. Haviland, who went over in the afternoon and helped what she could. By this time hematuria had set in, and the precious sufferer was

becoming dull and uncommunicative. What followed is recorded in the following letter, sent to Mrs. Agnew's parents:

"Dear Father and Mother Sherman: -- I know you love our blessed Jesus and this thought enables me to write in a way I otherwise could not. Sometimes the Lord gives to those of his children who live near him an intimation of something that is going to happen, or has happened, even before they learn of it through human sources. I have been in hopes that it has been so in this case.

"This letter will not reach you for two months, but it may be that God has already in some way given you an intimation that our precious Susie has taken her flight to the Paradise of God. She was taken away with bilious fever on Tuesday, the 17th of December, about noon, and was buried the next day at Mavili, the mission station where brother Haviland is, four miles from here. Oh, how strange it all seems, and so like a dream! but the thing is all too real. Her happy smile and comforting words of advice, her sweet voice singing hymns of salvation, will now be heard here no more forever. The thought seems too much for me, and I can only weep it out at Jesus' feet, who can do nothing but what is wise and right.

"When I realized that Susie was dying I asked God in my heart of hearts to give me something special to comfort me. At about noon the end came, and oh, how God came to my soul! That passage, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' (Job 19:25), came to me, and how God helped me to apply it to her, and, looking into her precious face, that text came bursting out of me finishing with, 'whom [she] shall see for herself,' and I was constrained to shout, 'Glory to God,' amid blinding tears and with almost bursting heart.

"And so our beloved passed away, one of God's most faithful ones. Our hearts were knit together perfectly by Jesus; and we loved each other away beyond any earthly consideration. She was as true to me as could be, telling me my faults at all times, and helping me on all lines wherein Jesus could be more glorified. After she had passed away the look of pain on her face also vanished, and a smile, sweet as heaven, was on her countenance, which seemed to say, 'I am at rest at last in the bosom of Jesus.'

"She spent much time in prayer. She would be up praying before daylight, at about four o'clock, and often took her Bible and went out into the woods to pray. I do not know how many times she knelt at her bedside the day she was taken sick. At one time, although so busy, I noticed she knelt, it seemed, ten or fifteen minutes. The Sabbath evening she was taken sick again, I could hear her saying an earnest 'Yes' to God. The great deep of her soul was breathing an eternal 'Yes' to all the will of her blessed Redeemer. It just seemed as if Jesus was telling her something deep, and her heart was saying, Amen. Oh, what lessons God has taught me from her pure, devoted life which will ever be an inspiration to me! Her exhortations follow me now, and my soul sinks utterly at the feet of Jesus, and is more dead to this world than ever before.

"She always said that she would not be in any other place on earth. She loved the work, and the natives, and they had learned to love her gentle, kind ways. She was one who loved the narrow way indeed. Since her death God has been rolling on me the burden for souls more than ever before. I need your prayers much.

"Yours in the love of Jesus,
"Harry Agnew"

Referring still further to her whom he so deeply mourned, Mr. Agnew says:

My beloved one from a child had known the holy scriptures and the power of God. Having been brought up in the fear of the Lord by godly parents, it was her delight to do the will of her heavenly Father. For years she had been in evangelistic work, had stood in the front of the battle for God and souls, and loved the way of the cross and self-denial. She is now without fault before the throne of God, and her earnest prayers for Inhambane will all be answered by a loving and faithful God.

At the funeral there were present three other missionaries besides Mr. and Mrs. Haviland and myself. Mr. Haviland preached the funeral sermon at Mavili. Since then, he has also succumbed to the same dreaded hematuria, and lies buried beside her whom he helped to bury, from whence they shall both ascend at last to meet the Lord in the air.

The following letter from the pen of Mrs. Haviland, published in the Free Methodist, gives a further account of the funeral:

"One week ago we laid to rest the mortal remains of our precious Sister Agnew. For one week her pure spirit has been among the redeemed in glory. The veil that so thinly intervenes between earth and heaven has been drawn, and she now beholds face to face the One in whom her soul delighted: She died on the field of battle, wearing her polished armor and With the determination to conquer though she die. She had no thought of abandoning the work she had taken up here, but expected to live and labor among these natives for years to come. Knowing well the dangers to which she would be exposed in this climate, and without the slightest prospect of any human companionship except that of her husband, she came to Inhambane leaning alone on God. At the time she came she was the only woman missionary in all this region for miles around.

"A rough box coffin, neatly covered and lined, formed the casket for her earthly remains. At Brother Agnew's request early next morning she was brought to our mission for burial. The funeral procession consisted of ourselves and a few natives for carriers. As we made our way single file along the native foot-path, how different from a funeral procession at home! Yet we all felt sure that, could she speak for herself, she would choose to be buried in this humble way among the people for whom she so willingly laid down her life. rather than to be buried in better taste, surrounded by weeping friends in her home land. A crowd of natives gathered at our hut, and the occasion was improved to impress important truths upon their minds. Three white missionaries besides ourselves were present; so we had a little service in English. She rests in a lovely spot on the top of the hill, facing the rising sun and the town and bay of Inhambane.

"Sister Agnew's brief sojourn here was not in vain. She had a burning love for the natives and prayed with such unction for their salvation! And shall not her prayers be answered, and we yet see a mighty outpouring of the Spirit among these dry bones? We believe it. Her great

self-denial, her willing sacrifice of herself and her all to Christ for precious souls, her endurance of hardness as a good soldier, without a murmur or complaint, her courage in stepping out alone for this field these are some of the traits in her character that all may emulate with profit. Continue to pray for Inhambane.

"Emma H. Haviland."

Mr. Agnew was now afflicted and lonely, indeed. Writing of his situation he says:

On arriving home from the funeral, I looked in through the window of the house and observing the departed one's clothing hanging up around, I felt that it would be some relief to set fire to the house and leave the spot forever. However, God sustained me, and I entered and packed the things out of sight as quickly as possible. He gave me to realize that there was a place above where he shall wipe away all tears, and where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

To ease his crushed and bleeding heart, and also as an expression of his faith and hope in God while in those depths of darkness and sorrow, as well as in the way of affectionate tribute to the virtues of his beloved dead, he inscribed in his journal the following lines, presented here because of the spirit they breathe, rather than as specimens of literary merit:

She's gone! the precious soul is gone!
Gone to her Father's home of love;
In garments brighter than the sun
She dwells in cloudless light above.

Gentle and modest, pure and true,
Her mission seemed as but begun;
Much on all sides there seemed to do,
When, suddenly, her work was done.

I fondly hoped 'twould not be so,
And thought the Lord would spare her long
To carry on his work below--
To love and cheer me with her song.

I bow my head beneath the rod,
Knowing the ways of God are right;
Our blessed Lord himself hath trod
The paths of woe and earthly night.

Hence, though I loved her as my life,
God's will I know is ever good;
Nor would he take away my wife
Unless he saw 'twere best he should.

Some day the veil will be removed;
And mysteries then shall be no more;
All will be clearly understood,
With pain and sorrow ever o'er.

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26 -- CHAPTER

Toiling Amid Discouragement -- In Need Of Rest -- Removal To The Transvaal

Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And on the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.
Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

-- Frederick W. Faber

After his wife's death Mr. Agnew went for a time to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dent and Mr. and Mrs. Porter in their home at Kambini, a mission station about twenty miles north of Inhambane. He found these friends very. kind, and was greatly comforted by them in his loneliness and sorrow.

Upon returning to Macheche he moved a little farther down the hill and erected a permanent building on a spot directly facing the town of Inhambane. Referring to this renewal of his efforts at Inhambane, he says:

I had but little heart in the erection of the house, but built in hope that others would come to reinforce the mission. Once more I endeavored to start a school, and, to encourage the children to come, offered them work at digging up around the station. After a certain number of days' work, at the rate of two hours a day, the boys were to get vests (manufactured by myself), and the girls were to receive each a couple of handkerchiefs or two yards of blue cloth. A few came and worked for a few days, but when they saw that the cloth and vests were not to be forthcoming until the work was finished, they became dissatisfied and went away; but very few remained until the end.

It is generally a most difficult thing to get a native to stick to any bargain. You may have things just as clearly understood as they can be, but at the settling up there is almost sure to be some dispute; they will demand more money or cloth, or will pretend to have forgotten about the original bargain. This, however, applies more particularly to one going into a new community. When a certain price for a certain amount of work is once thoroughly established, there is not so much trouble afterwards. After all they are not any more grasping than many whites, and

salvation makes a great change in them. About as conscientious a native as I ever met lived at Inhambane. Upon one occasion while walking through the yard of a Portuguese he picked up a copper coin, the value of a cent. He gave it to the owner of the property, not because he wished to appear honest, but because he was honest.

We now come to a new departure in the missionary labors of Mr. Agnew. For many years he had tenaciously clung to his beloved Inhambane field, and that in the face of difficulties and discouragements such as few would or could have braved so long. Reinforcements had arrived from time to time, only to find the climate and other conditions unbearable, and either to sicken and die on the field or be compelled to leave for a more healthful locality. In almost every instance the kindling of a new hope within him for the Inhambane region had been followed by some calamity through which that hope was blasted. Only his iron constitution and indomitable will had enabled him to continue on this needy field so long.

The most crushing: and bewildering calamity of all, however, was the death of his beloved Susie. This was a terrible shock to our missionary brother, although borne in meek resignation and with heroic fortitude. In addition to all his other burdens, disappointments and difficulties, however, it told upon his physical condition as well as upon his heart, and so was one of the providences which determined him to leave Inhambane, for a time at least, and direct his way to Natal, from whence, later, he proceeded to the Transvaal as an inviting field for missionary effort. Referring to this change, he wrote as follows:

One living at Inhambane can always count upon being, in the course of time, worn out and in need of a change. My liver and spleen trouble, with several slight attacks of fever, including one or two of hematuria, wore me down so that I felt a change was necessary. For some time it was almost constantly before me that I ought to have a long rest in some milder climate. I prayed much in regard to this, being afraid that any mistake might be a fatal one. Running away from God was a thing I fully realized would never pay, either in this world or in the world to come. I therefore searched my heart, and prayed God to search me and reveal to me if there was any self-will in this matter. The result was the conclusion that God would be pleased with my going to Natal.

In October, 1896, I left Inhambane for Natal, "the garden colony," and went for a time to Mapumulo station of the American Board. Here, in answer to prayer, a wonderful work of grace had begun among the natives -- a revival which eventually spread over Natal and reached even to the Transvaal. The work done was thorough, and all who saw it were forced to acknowledge that it was of God. An article from the pen of Rev. W. C. Wilcox, formerly a missionary at Inhambane, in regard to this work, which I reproduce, will be read with interest. While in the revival God peculiarly blessed the labors of one man, yet other faithful souls long before the revival commenced had been besieging the throne for an outpouring of the Spirit in Natal. At Mapumulo the ground had been specially prepared by the earnest and self-denying labors of Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, the latter once having been an evangelist in the Free Methodist church. Doubtless the visitation from on high at this time will in eternity be seen to have been the result of the prayers of many, some of whom are ,lead and forgotten. Mr. Wilcox wrote to the South African Pioneer as follows:

"Last year I could hardly see a ray of light in the dark clouds that seemed to overshadow us. But this was only the darkness which preceded the dawn. I think God has been preparing the people and missionaries for it in various ways. The scourge of locusts, which had destroyed the food of the people for two seasons, had been taken by many as a judgment of God for their sins. Then there was the rinder-pest threatening to come in almost at any day. The missionaries also had been quickened by the 'Keswick' convention held at Durban last year. So there were in many ways the signs of a shower. An early morning prayer meeting had begun on this station, which was surprisingly well attended for the time of the day. Just at this time God sent Elder George Weavers from America. He at first attempted to preach without interpretation, and there were very few who understood him, yet it was evident that the Spirit of God was present from the start.

"After a few days, as he began to have his sermons interpreted, the revival took hold of the people with great power. It was especially characterized by great grief for sin, confession and restitution, and the forsaking of sinful habits and customs. At one time the feeling reached such a pitch that the meeting was kept up all night and all of the following day. Many laid aside snuff, pipes, heathen medicines and ornaments. Two heathen men took off their head-rings. Many would about as soon have consented to have their heads taken off, as wearing the head-ring is a mark of rank and honor among the men. One man confessed to a murder.

"All these things occurred at Mapumulo. But a similar work had begun at Umvoti. We also went over to Zululand to another station in our connection. Here again we saw the same manifestations of divine power. We only stopped about a week in Zululand, but when we came back we brought with us fifteen snuff boxes, one hemp horn, three pipes, three bottles of heathen medicines, all Of which had been renounced in the meetings. One old woman claimed to have had her appetite for tobacco taken away from her in a remarkable manner. A witch doctor confessed his deeds and promised to give up his practice.

"The revival did not stop, as so many do, when Elder Weavers had returned to America. It went on in many places with even greater power than before. From Inanda it spread to Adams, where is the boy's school, and they being aroused carried it on to Ofumi and other out-stations. Not only the boys, but many girls, and even children, were used of God to spread this new salvation, as it was called by many. It was carried up to Table Mountain (Natal), where there was a wonderful work done, notwithstanding most violent opposition from the adversary and some of his minions. As this account must be brief, I may not go any further, but let me give here a summary of some of the results.

"First. Great spiritual blessings to the missionaries. Many of us have come into a deeper experience than we have ever known before, and have come to realize the truth of doctrines which we have held before more as theory than as an actual experience.

"Second. Increased number of meetings. On some of the stations there has been as many as ten meetings a week kept up now for over six months.

"Third. Increased attendance. Notwithstanding the greater number of meetings, the attendance is much better and the interest deeper than when there were fewer meetings, and at the present time there seems to' be no flagging in interest.

"Fourth. Peace and harmony in the church, long standing feuds and quarrels having been made up. In many cases these were made up simply by gathering together and continuing in prayer till God gave them to see eye to eye. "Fifth. Increased contributions. Notwithstanding the almost total loss of crops and the blocking of traffic by the rinder-pest quarantine, the contributions to the Lord's work have been largely increased. Many have gone away to Johannesburg and other towns to earn money that they might have something to give.

"Sixth. Large additions to the church and the restoration of backsliders. The additions to the churches under my charge have been hundreds more for the past six months than for any time since my coming to the field. But it is not the number so much as the character of the converts that is encouraging. I believe none have been admitted who have not only renounced all customs and sins that are in any wise connected with heathenism, but also dancing, beer drinking and tobacco in all its forms. They are, almost to a man, workers ready to preach or pray with sinners and visit the sick.

"With all this that is good, I do not overlook the fact that while the Spirit of God has been with us the devil has been present also. Never in my life have I seen such exhibitions of his power. In some places it has appeared in violent opposition on the part of some old backslidden members. Again it has been in the counterfeiting of the experience of some who have received the Spirit. At other times it has been the circulating of mischief-making lies. Perhaps the greatest wonder of all is that, not: withstanding such persistent and violent opposition on the part of the adversary, there has been so much that is genuine and lasting. 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'"

After a stay of about two months in Natal the way was opened up for Mr. Agnew to go to Johannesburg, in the Transvaal or South African Republic. He had understood that at this place there was a great field for labor among the many different tribes of natives working in the gold mines. Many young men from Inhambane with whom he was acquainted had also gone there in order to secure money with which to purchase wives. In view of all thinks connected with his situation he took this opening as being of the Lord, and so, in January, 1897, he left Natal for Johannesburg.

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27 -- CHAPTER

The South African Republic -- Among The Gold Fields -- Opening Work In The Compounds

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

-- Reginald Heber

Before giving an account of Mr. Agnew's work among the natives assembled in the compounds at Johannesburg a sketch of the history of the Transvaal, or of the South African Republic, will be in place, with a brief description of the gold fields, and also of the compounds within which most of his labors there were carried on. The sketch which follows was copied by Mr. Agnew, from the "Guide to South Africa," before the breaking out of war with Great Britain, and is here given with only such slight modifications as later changes in the country have made necessary:

"Early in the present century Matshobane, chief of the Amendebel (later corrupted into Matabili), a tribe living in the northwest of what is now known as Zululand, voluntarily entered the confederation of warriors organized by Dingiswayo, chief of the Ababetwa, and commanded at the time by his successor, Chaka. His son, Umziligazi, or Mosilikatz, became a favorite of Chaka and a leader of a large part of the Zulu army; but, failing to obey orders, he was condemned to death in 1817, together with all his men. Rather than submit to the punishment the whole band fled into what is now Bechuanal and the Transvaal.

"Here they at once commenced to exterminate the inhabitants, an operation in which they seem to have been quite successful.

"The Boers first came into collision with the Matabili in the Orange Free State, but finally drove them north of the Vaal, which they crossed themselves in 1836. Several detached parties of whites were massacred, until, in January, 1837, one hundred and seven Dutchmen and one hundred and five natives, headed by Potgieter, Maritz and Peter Davids, signally defeated the Matabili, who, a few months later, were sought out and attacked by Dingaan, the successor of Chaka. The Zulus were repulsed, but the Matabili, in order to avoid further onslaught, took refuge in flight beyond the Limpopo river.

"It was some time before the Boers adopted a system of government, and it was not until 1852 that their independence was recognized by Great Britain. The population was too scattered and resources were too small to allow of the existence of any very stable authority, the country being divided into three republics, which were not finally united under one government until 1860.

"On April 12, 1877, the country was annexed to Great Britain by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, an informal promise of home rule being" made. Allusion to the nomadic spirit of the Boers has already been made, and one' can hardly be surprised at their discontent being very deep. Two deputations visited England successively, but the foreign office utterly failed to recognize the gravity of the situation, or even to view the matter fairly. Sir Garnet Wolseley,

when he was in the country, publicly declared 'that so long as the sun shone' the Transvaal would remain under the British flag -- and, to the appeal for political freedom made by the Boer delegates, Mr. Gladstone returned a decided 'No.'

"War broke out on December 13, 1880. The English population, which, depending on the promises of the government, had flocked into the country, were beleaguered in the different towns, and a small force under Colonel Anstruther was almost annihilated at Bronkhorst Spruit. General Sir George Colley, then governor of Natal and commander-in-chief of the forces, marched to the relief of the beleaguered towns with a small army of 1,000 men. His progress was arrested by a Boer commando under Joubert, and, in attempting to force the passage of Laing's Neck on the 28th of January, 1881, Colley was driven back to his camp on Moimt Prospect with heavy loss. On the 7th of February another crushing reverse was experienced on the Ingogo heights.

"After a fortnight's delay, during which reinforcements arrived, Colley, with six hundred men, executed that amazing night ascent of Majuba Hill. His position was attacked at dawn on the 27th of February by a small party of Boers, and nearly half the British force, which ran short of ammunition, were killed or wounded in the panic which ensued. Colley, whatever his capabilities as a general may have been, met his death like a soldier, whilst endeavoring to bring his men to the charge. Only one of the Boers was killed, their loss in the three engagements barely exceeding a dozen men. We can well understand that their 'predikant' in his thanksgiving sermon should take for his text, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'

"This action practically closed the war, and the reinforcements which arrived were never used. Peace was concluded as soon as possible, and the government of the South African Republic was again formally recognized.

"Within three years the presence of rich gold reefs in the country was proved beyond doubt. Foreigners commenced to pour in, large cities were built, and the revenue increased in an almost fabulous manner. The increase in revenue, however, soon became a great political factor, for the foreign element, who paid the greater part of the taxes and who had no voice in the expenditure or in the administration of affairs, not unreasonably imagined that they ought to be given some sort of control over a matter in which they were directly concerned. The citizens, however, who had created a republic in an unknown desert, who had fought with the colored population for their homesteads, and who had maintained their freedom against what they believed to be the whole might of England, were with justice indisposed to grant the franchise to a host of newcomers of every nationality, of whom few thought of permanently remaining in the country.

"In 1892 the Transvaal National Union was formed for the purpose of watching the interests of the 'Uitlanders.' In 1894 a law was passed curtailing the rights of public meeting, and in 1896 other laws gave the government control of the press, the right of expulsion of aliens without trial, and the right to prevent aliens from entering the country. The last law being adjudged contrary to the convention with Great Britain, was repealed on May 12, 1897, and the expulsion law was to be modified.

"On December 25, 1895, the Johannesburg Reform Committee issued a manifesto, which was to have been discussed by the government at a meeting to take place on January 6. Unfortunately for the well being of South Africa, a force of about five hundred and thirty men, led by Dr. Jameson, who, up to the day he crossed the frontier, was administrator of Rhodesia, started on December 29 from near Mafeking for Johannesburg and Pretoria. The Boers hurried to meet them, and after a march of over ninety hours, during which they covered some one hundred and sixty miles, and a series of skirmishes lasting some twenty-four hours, Dr. Jameson and his followers were forced to surrender near Krugersdorp on January 2, 1896.

"After the surrender of Dr. Jameson's force Johannesburg was left at the mercy of the Boers.- Disputes regarding the flag round which they were to rally had caused dissensions in the Reform Committee as early as December 15. Under the advice of Lord Rosemead, who came to Pretoria, the committee now gave orders to lay down arms. Four of them pleaded guilty to high treason and the remainder to lese majeste, but all were at length released on payment of various fines and on making certain apologies and declarations. On the representations of Lord Rosemead, and after Johannesburg had given up its arms, Dr. Jameson and his men were delivered over to the British government. Several of the officers we're condemned to various terms of imprisonment, those serving in the regular army being also deprived of their commissions by the war office.

"In February, 1897, a claim of 1,667,838 Pounds 3s 3d was made by the Transvaal government against the B. S. A. Company as compensation for Dr. Jameson's raid. Of this sum 1,000,000 Pounds was on account of moral and intellectual damages. The Imperial Commission of Inquiry into the responsibility of the company commenced in the same month, and the answer was delayed. Mr. S. J. Paul Kruger was president from 1882 until compelled to vacate the office during the recent British-Boer war, and administered the country's affairs subject to the advice of the first and second Nolksraad, the former body, which consisted of twenty-four members, being endowed with the real power of government.

"The Transvaal lies to the north of the Orange Tree State, and is divided from it by the Vaal river, whence the ground rises to the Witwatersrand range, forming the watershed between the tributaries of the Vaal and the Limpopo, at a height of about 6,000 feet above sea level:

"South of the range the climate may be regarded as uniformly healthy, although in parts good water is scarce. This is particularly the case in the southwest of the country -- an extensive fiat, exceeding even the plains of the Free State or Karoo in extreme monotony. The principal towns on the southern slope of the range are Johannesburg (5,600 feet), only a couple of miles from the summit; Potchefstrom (4,100 feet), and Heidelburg (5,000 feet).

"The largest of these is, of course, Johannesburg, of which the mushroom growth during the last few years has astonished the world. The town is situated on bleak, open, treeless downs, and is often bitterly cold during the winter, when snow occasionally falls, frosty nights being experienced during a considerable part of the year. Probably owing to its elevated and exposed position, dust storms are frequent, even in the winter, and by causing inflammation of weak lungs are to some extent responsible for the high death rates.

"Heidelburg is considered the best sanitarium in the Transvaal. It is pleasantly situated on the mountain slopes to the southeast of Johannesburg, about 5,000 feet above sea level, and is much resorted to by invalids from Pretoria and Johannesburg.

"Pretoria, the capital, was laid out in 1855. It was named after Commandant Pretorius, first president of the South African Republic, of which it has been the capital since 1863, when the seat of government was removed from Potchefstrom. The town is regularly laid out, the streets being of equal width throughout, and in many instances lined with magnificent willows, which, planted originally as fencing poles, have thriven amazingly in the damp soil. Population about 12,000."

In addition to the foregoing we also give the following from Mr. Agnew's own pen:

"About six miles from Johannesburg is a village called Germiston. It is situated almost in the center of a group of mines. One of these mines, called the Simmer and Jack, is the largest one along the reef. Four thousand natives are employed, besides several hundred white men. The stamp battery for pulverizing the ore on this mine is the largest in the world, having two hundred and eighty stamps, each weighing 1,000 pounds. Adjoining the Simmer and Jack is the New Primrose mine, which is the principal one belonging to the Barnato company. Barney Barnato, the South African Jewish millionaire, practically owned the New Primrose, and his daughter was named after it. His millions did him but little good, as he committed suicide at sea by junking overboard from a steamer. His nephew and successor, Woolf B. Joel, survived him but a short time. In the beginning of 1898 he also came to a tragic end, a bullet from the revolver of an assassin sending him to the other world."

Near to the Primrose mine, in January, 1897, the way was providentially opened for Mr. Agnew to work among the natives in the compounds, of which there were over a dozen in the neighborhood belonging to different mines. In these compounds there were then over 15,000 young men quartered, all of whom, when he began his work there, were entirely unevangelized and spiritually uncared for.

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28 -- CHAPTER

Tidings Of Mr. Haviland's Death -- Off For Inhambane -- Return To Natal -- Second Marriage-Settled At Johannesburg

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,

Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

-- Prof. S. H. Gilmore

About two months after his arrival in Johannesburg, and before getting properly settled down to work, Mr. Agnew received a letter from Mrs. Emma Hillmon Haviland, mailed at Delagoa Bay, telling of the death of her husband, the Rev. John J. Haviland, missionary at Inhambane, sent out in March, '1892, by the same board under which Mr. Agnew was sent out and had been working for some years. This good man and devoted missionary died of hematuria fever March 18, 1897, after an illness of but a few days. Mr. Agnew held him in high esteem for his sterling qualities, mourned deeply because of his death and left on record a touching tribute to his memory.,

Immediately on receipt Of Mrs. Haviland's letter Mr. Agnew made arrangements to go to Inhambane by way of Durban, Natal. Upon arriving at Inhambane he devoted himself for some time to getting matters at the mission in as good shape to leave as possible, and then, about May 1st, took his departure, returning, as he went, by way of Natal.

At Durban on the third day of May, 1897, he was united in marriage to Miss Lillie A. Smith, a very devoted young woman who had been laboring as a missionary in Natal for over three years. This union proved to be a very happy one, and resulted in greatly strengthening him for the few years of toil on the foreign field which were to terminate his mortal career. Perhaps he could have found no other so at one with him in his own religious convictions, and in his views of and devotion to foreign missionary work; and certainly no other could ever have stood more heroically by him amid all the inconveniences, hardships, sacrifices, disappointments and sorrows incident to his calling than did she who, by his death a few years later, was left in widowhood on the foreign field, with two young children to care for, just as they were all on the eve of starting on a leave of absence for America. The fortitude with which she bore this crushing blow, and has since borne up and devoted herself to travels and toils in the home land for the benefit of the field her husband's death compelled her to relinquish, testifies to all who know her the sterling worth her husband must have found in her as a companion and help-meet on the foreign field. Her ability and adaptability for foreign missionary work are such as to make it desirable that she may some day find the way open to return and take up again the work that was ever dearer to her and her husband than were their own lives.

After their marriage they remained for a short time in Durban, and then proceeded to Mr. Agnew's field of labor in the Transvaal. Upon their arrival at New Primrose they found that the dwelling house and school building were completed, and that everything was ready for them to enter at once upon their work. They soon found also that attending to the spiritual needs of 15,000 young men, mostly raw heathen, would occupy their time quite fully, and they rejoiced in this grand opportunity of making known the gospel of Christ to so many who had never heard the story of redemption.

On July 4th of this year Mr. Agnew was prostrated with an attack of pneumonia and African fever. So severe was the attack that for several days his recovery seemed doubtful. By virtue of fervent prayer and skillful nursing, however, he was raised from what appeared like a

fatal attack, and was spared a little longer to gather from the dark-skinned tribes of Africa precious jewels for the Master's crown.

The labors of these devoted missionaries in their Transvaal field will be the better understood and the more appreciated the more the reader knows about the Character of that particular field. Hence the following, a part of which was published in Missionary Tidings, September, 1897, is here reproduced:

There is probably no more important work on earth than that which is being carried on in the Transvaal gold fields, round about Johannesburg. Many thousands of natives come here yearly from most all parts of South Africa, all dressed in their heathen toggery. Many of these come from parts where there are no missionaries, and, consequently, know nothing of the true God and eternal life. The natives working in the mines are kept in compounds, or native lodging houses, and it is there the missionary goes to visit them.

These compounds are built of stone or corrugated iron. They are generally composed of four long buildings, joined together, and form a square with a large open place in the center. These buildings are divided into rooms, each room containing from ten to twenty natives. In the midst of the square there is a cook-house, in which are cooked large boilers full of cornmeal porridge. This porridge is furnished to the natives three times a day, and, with the exception of meat once a month, it is all the food the mining companies furnish the natives. Anything else they may wish in the eating line has to be purchased out of their wages. The doors of the rooms all open inside the square, and there are gates which the natives have to pass through in order to get out of the compound. These gates are guarded by native policemen day and night, but the natives can come in and go out as they like.

The compounds are generally kept clean, are swept every day, and the refuse food, etc., is carried away. In the rooms things are not generally in "apple-pie order." Many fleas are to be found within, and certain other obnoxious insects, called by some "greybacks." In the compound there is generally to be found a hospital where sick and wounded natives are treated. In these hospitals are to be seen many natives far away from home with arms or legs off or crushed in other ways. While working in the mines great stones fall upon them, killing some, and fearfully mangling others. The work of visiting the rooms in these compounds would not perhaps suit the high-toned preachers. Some Wesleyan preachers have said that they do not like native work. This is not surprising, as native work, unless one has a real love for souls, is not a very enticing occupation. Some of the rooms to be visited are very dark, very dirty, and the inmates thereof are not anxious to hear the gospel. To go into these rooms and sit on an oil can or an empty dynamite box and endeavor to explain the mystery of godliness is something in which there is little earthly glory, and which wins but little earthly applause. However, to those who see immortality in the eyes of the darkened crowds before them, and who know the glorious change that Christ can work in just such unfortunate wretches, the work of visiting compounds is a very blessed work.

As one goes through the compounds he sees representatives of at least thirty different tribes, about all of them looking with contempt and hatred upon men, hers of other tribes, and most of them unacquainted with the name and power of Jesus. Every tribe, of course, represents a different dialect, until one is reminded of the work of W. A. B. Johnson, at Sierra Leone, who

labored among manumitted slaves, "brought from all parts and dumped at Sierra Leone by British men-of-war, which released them from slave vessels captured at sea. As the natives working in the mines are about all young men, they are consequently the very flower of the tribes they represent.

Gungunyana, the once powerful chief who lived near the Limpopo river, has been exiled by the Portuguese; his army has consequently been disbanded and probably the majority of his soldiers are to be found in these compounds, working for money with which to obtain wives, etc. Most of them are fine, powerful fellows, generally very attentive to what the missionary has to say; and one cannot help coveting them for Christ and for the redemption of Africa. Inhambane boys are also here in abundance -- Batswas, Batongas, Bandongis and Bachopis. The latter are looked upon by the compound managers as among the most degraded class in the compounds. At home they have their kraals ornamented with the skulls of their enemies, and also eat snakes and caterpillars. One compound manager told me nothing could be done for them, but many of them at this writing are giving evidences of a change of heart, and some have been baptized and received into the church of Christ.

Some of the Cape Colony natives, as well as some of the Zulus and Basutos, have had more or less religious instruction and are able to read. The labor of missionaries among them has not been in vain. Much seed sown on lonely mission stations is at this point bringing forth good fruit.

As the mines are running day and night, there are night and day shifts, or gangs, of workmen, so that the natives can be visited in the afternoons and evenings. When it, is dry, open air meetings can be held, besides the room visiting. As some of these boys (all natives are called boys here, even if grayheaded) come from as far north as Mozambique and the Zambest, and others from as far south as Cape Town; and, as most of them only stay two or three years at this point, it can be easily seen that a real work of God here' would more or less move the whole of South Africa. Natives are going from here daily to their homes in darkest heathendom. When they arrived at home they will be called upon to relate their adventures. The talk, of course, will be about the white man, what he does, what he eats, what he talks about, etc. Among other things discussed will be the aba Mfundisi (missionaries), and what they said about Jesus and the resurrection, about the judgment and the wrath to come. Even though they may not be converted before leaving here, yet these boys will be preachers in spite of themselves; and thus the glorious news of salvation will pierce the remotest parts of South Africa. Paul says: "Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretense, or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

God has raised up one man at Johannesburg, a saved lawyer [Mr. A. W. Baker, by whom Mr. Agnew was first employed and maintained in the field], who can preach in Dutch and Zulu. This man is personally supporting over a score of white and native evangelists, tie has a number of schools along the reef, and in them many of the compound natives are turning from their sins and seeking God. In two years he put over thirty thousand dollars into this work. Verily he shall have his reward. The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions has a white missionary in Johannesburg and several evangelists. The South African General Mission is also doing a little, as well as a few independent workers. But there is room for many more, as the tide

of natives is constantly ebbing and flowing, and but few of the white workers understand the native dialects.

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29 -- CHAPTER

Laboring Under Mr. Baker -- Erroneously Reported Withdrawn From The Board -- Erroneous Report Corrected

"He knoweth the way that I take."

Mr. Agnew's first labors in the Transvaal were under the employment of Mr. A. W. Baker, a Christian lawyer of a very philanthropic character and who had established missionary work among the native compounds at his own expense and on an extensive scale. Concerning their work there Mrs. Agnew says: "Our work was new to us, but was very interesting and encouraging, as we were able to reach many thousands of precious souls, many of whom had never heard the gospel before. The Lord rewarded our labors with many souls won from among the different tribes there represented."

In the Free Methodist of August 10, 1897, an article from the pen of Mr. Agnew was published concerning the "Different African Tribes" represented in the Johannesburg compounds. That article is one of much interest, but is too long to be reproduced. From it we learn that their labors there were among numerous representatives of the following tribes:

(1) The Amaxosas and F'ingoes, who are the real Kaffir tribes from Cape Colony, some of whom were Christians, the Cape Colony missionaries having for years labored among this people in their native districts.

(2) The Zulus, many of whom had also heard the gospel and some of whom were Christians.

(3) The Shangans, or people of Gungunyana, in great numbers, and described as "a fine body of young men," the flower of the tribe," and most of whom "were in Gungunyana's arm), and are born fighters;" also described as "the most hopeful body of natives to be found in what may be called the raw heathen tribes."

(4) The Inhambane tribes -- Batongas, Bachopis and Batevas, people who eat snakes and caterpillars when at home, decorate their kraals or villages with the skulls of their enemies and are more difficult to approach with the gospel than are some other tribes.

Some from most of these classes had accepted the gospel when the article just referred to was written, and Mr. Agnew says of them: "Some Zulus, Basutos, Shangans, Batongas and Bachopis are helping us in our work, and our souls long to see many representatives of every tribe preaching the great salvation all around."

Concerning access to the natives employed in the compounds Mr. Agnew in the Free Methodist published the following:

The natives are easier to reach here than at home, for Several reasons. First, there are scarcely any native, women here, and about all there are, are men's wives. This does away with the big dances, etc. While they still have' their native dances at intervals, the absence of the girls makes them flat to the native mind, and they would of course appear the same to the minds of white men. Then again there are no funeral or marriage feasts. The burial of a native is a very unceremonious affair here. He is tied up in his blanket and "dumped in."

Among other things which tended to make the natives more susceptible to Christian influences at Johannesburg than they would have been at home, Mr. Agnew elsewhere mentions the facts of their not being allowed any intoxicating liquors and their being paid such fair wagers that there is less temptation to be hypocritical than in their own region or country, where, in their poverty, they would often pretend to be serious regarding eternal matters in order to better their prospects of getting financial aid from the missionaries.

For over two years Mr. Agnew and his devoted wife labored in the compounds at Johannesburg, in the employ of Mr. Baker, who quite generously supported them, and in other ways did all he could to promote their comfort. That their labors here were equally as successful as those bestowed upon any other field in Africa there is abundant evidence to show. Other portions of this volume will to some extent record the final outcome of those labors, although our limits will not admit of recording results with any considerable degree of detail.

When Mr. Agnew first went to the Transvaal it was for a change of climate, and for rest from pioneering in the native wilds, also under advice of the missionary secretary that such a change be made, with a view to the improvement of his health. The board under which he was laboring had at that time no work in the Transvaal. What appeared to him a great opportunity to do thorough work for the Master among the natives in the compounds opened up, through the generous proposition of Mr. Baker, and, from conviction that it was a door he ought to enter, was accepted. Hastily, and, as he himself afterward thought, somewhat unwisely, he inferred that the board would not desire to have him retain his relation under them while laboring temporarily under Mr. Baker, although he was still as free to look after the work at Inhambane, in a general way, as though he had not been employed by Mr. Baker. Hence, without waiting to correspond with the missionary secretary about the matter, Mr. Agnew wrote him of his desire to remain there, and offering to resign.

Soon after this the following editorial note appeared in the Vanguard, of Saint Louis, Missouri, an undenominational paper devoted largely to missionary interests, but opposed to board management of work on foreign fields.

Brother G. H. Agnew has permanently located at Johannesburg, Africa, as an independent missionary. His wife, nee Miss Lillie Smith, of the Firebrand work, has renounced the recent false and fanatical teachings of that paper. She has charge of a school, and the outlook is every way encouraging.

Mr. Agnew had not resigned, but had simply offered to do so in case his remaining at Johannesburg, under the conditions above narrated, should appear to the board inconsistent with the continuance of his relation to that body. His relations with the board were and had been in every way pleasant, and his proposition to resign was made, not with any desire to sever those relations, but that he might not appear to be inconsistent, and that he might relieve the board from any possible embarrassment over the matter. The note which appeared in the Vanguard, however, made it appear to those who read that periodical that he had accepted the views it advocated respecting the carrying on of foreign missionary work independent of board supervision, and on this, ground, and with a view to setting up in independent missionary work, had already withdrawn from the Free Methodist board.

In reply to the foregoing note the Rev. B. Winget, missionary secretary, published the following in the Free Methodist of August 17, 1897:

The facts in regard to Brother Agnew are as follows: At the last annual board meeting, October, 1896, the board appropriated $60 to pay his fare from Inhambane to Natal and return. This was done because of his poor health. He went to Natal, and from there to Johannesburg. Thinking the board would not be willing for him to remain and labor at Johannesburg, he wrote the secretary, proposing to resign his relation to the board, but expressing entire satisfaction with its dealings toward him. He stated that a devoted lawyer wanted him to remain and assist him in the work of God.

As many Inhambane natives are laboring at Johannesburg, he wrote that he thought more could be done for Inhambane by his remaining and raising up workers there from that people, and sending them back as missionaries to Inhambane, than could be done by his staying on that field. Johannesburg is a healthy place, and Inhambane is not. Evidently this fact had its influence with him. The secretary wrote him not to resign, but to go forward, and, if he could do more for the work by remaining there, we would be glad. He was directed to look after the work at Inhambane by securing native workers for that field and spending some time there in the most healthful part of the year. He has followed these directions of the missionary secretary, and at present has charge of our work on that field.

In a letter dated May 31, 1897, he writes: "I went up to Inhambane and attended to things there, fixed up Brother Haviland's grave, etc. I appointed a native to look after the work at Cherene, and am to pay him six dollars per month, tie is a good man, and I believe really wants to serve God." In the same letter he also says, "Wife and I have no objections whatever to working under the board, and we both feel that we want to do all we can to advance its interests (which are God's interests) in this country."

In a letter dated June 11, he says: "I had a letter written (before sours arrived) to St. Louis, telling them that] have not changed my convictions in eight years -- that I positively do not believe in denouncing all boards."

June 28 our treasurer sent him money for work recently done at Inhambane. In the letter last referred to he says further, "I have not forgotten the board, and do not consider myself as separated from it. I have organized a class here [Johannesburg] of twelve natives... Others intend

joining, but it is to be a probationers' class. Every boy [all the native mine workers are called boys] understands there is to' be no drinking, smoking or snuffing. I am glad you are thinking about sending some one to Johannesburg."

In the light of these facts the above note from the Vanguard seems to be lacking in correctness: It appears to be a hasty and unwarranted inference on the part of the editor of The Vanguard, and lacking verification by facts.

A copy of the Free Methodist containing the foregoing article from the missionary secretary reached Mr. Agnew, in September, whereupon he at once wrote the secretary again, a part of his letter referring to this matter reading as follows:

Dear Bro. Winget -- The Free Methodist with your article about my position came to hand a few days ago. Your statements in regard to the matter were correct. Wife and I consider ourselves Free Methodist missionaries, and all statements to, the contrary are incorrect.

I made a mistake in writing anything about resigning until I had first consulted you in the matter. It was never in my mind to abandon the board, as I remember how kind and patient they have been towards me. With property at Inhambane and the nucleus of a work there, I would consider it dishonorable, if not dishonest, to say, "I have quit," as some would advise me to do. I feel bound to do all I can to further the work at Inhambane, and wife and I are counting on a trip there in the spring.

The publication of the statement referred to by the Vanguard was unfortunate, as it put both Mr. Agnew and the board under which he was employed to a good deal of embarrassment and trouble, and even to the present time there are some who labor under an entirely wrong impression regarding the case. The author has tried, in the foregoing statement, to record the circumstances as they occurred, ascribing wrong motives to no one, but charitably supposing that the incorrect report regarding Mr. Agnew's alleged withdrawal from the board was merely a hasty inference from the fact of his having offered to resign, if that should be necessary, in order to his remaining at Johannesburg, in accordance with Mr. Baker's proposition.

Through the efforts of the missionary secretary the Vanguard was finally led to correct its erroneous statement regarding Mr. Agnew's case.

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30 -- CHAPTER

Labors In Johannesburg Continued -- Methods Illustrated By Extracts From Journal

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

-- J. E. Miller

Mr. and Mrs. Agnew continued their labors at Johannesburg with unabating interest, and with a degree of success that was very encouraging, being employed and supported chiefly by Mr. Baker until the close of the year 1898. Perhaps no better idea of how Mr. Agnew spent his time and carried on his work in Johannesburg can be formed than will be obtained from reading the following extracts from his journal. They are selected somewhat at random from a record of ten months' service, and, although little more than memorandum jottings with no regard to literary form, and characterized by much sameness, yet they exhibit his untiring devotion to his work, his wonderful capacity for labor and his unwearied diligence to improve himself as much as possible both intellectually and spiritually for the responsibilities of the Master's service.

Sunday, March 14th. -- It was rainy in the morning. Barnabas and I held three meetings outside and visited in the rooms between 9 and 12:30. In the last meeting especially some prayed very earnestly, and one positively declared that Jesus had pardoned him there. Afternoon, 2:00 to 5:15, held one meeting. About twenty came out for prayers, but while we were working with them it began to rain quite heavily, so they scattered. However, we sat in the archway and preached and instructed them. At night it was wet, but I went down to the Primrose, and visited in some of the Shangan rooms.

Monday, 15th. -- Afternoon went to Primrose* [*Primrose, Simmer and Sack. May Deep, Knights Deep, Glencairn, etc., continually recurring in his journal, are the names of extensive Dines or mine compounds.] with Willie. Visited some of the rooms. Had a good talk with English, one of the Muchopi boys who has been converted. He talked well. Mabeqwani, from South mine, came and I spoke to man in compound office about his case. Evening, went with Barnabas to Simmer and Jack and visited in the rooms. In one room of the Inhambanes they gave good attention. Spent considerable time in explaining the matter of salvation to them. Visited also some Shangan rooms, and one large room of Bachopis. All listened well, and we talked and sang till tired.

Tuesday, 16th. -- Afternoon went to Simmer and Jack East, after getting permission from the compound manager who had refused it before. Had some meetings in rooms, but finally had a meeting outside. Sixty present. Barnabas led them all in a prayer of consecration. Went also to May Deep and visited around the rooms. One interesting case is a native doctor who had long hair platted with mud. I told him some time ago to cut it off, but he would not do it. Yesterday he spoke more reasonably, and said if God told him to cut it off he would do so. At night visited the Shangan rooms and had a good time explaining some particulars about the matter of salvation -- about prayer, the blood of Jesus, how it washes the heart, etc. Many were deeply interested, and discussed these matters over among themselves.

Wednesday, 17th. -- In morning had a blessed time with God, and was all broken up. Went down to Germiston and gave out tracts, etc. Afternoon went to Glencairn and worked in the rooms. One boy named George was particularly interested. When I told them about the two hearts, one bad and one good, he was struck, and said that yesterday he was tempted to steal some candles, but that another voice said, "No, do not take them." Evening at Primrose among the Shangans. Had a good time talking to them about the way to heaven. They need much instruction, but it pays to be patient with them.

Sunday, 21st. -- Seven to 10 a. m. at Simmer and Jack with Willie, Barnabas and Magaise. Willie left at 8 o 'clock. One meeting, 150 present. Six came out -- Guihman, Mabeli (a Shangan), Mukubgani (Amapondo), Jakob (Ndongi), Longone (Shangan), and Kofi (Muchopi). Mabeli, Mukubgani and Kofi in earnest. One meeting 110 present, and one with 40 present. Second meeting a Church preacher present. Meeting mostly of Zulus. Sixteen came forward. Do not know how many were in earnest. Third meeting none came out [for prayers].

Besides these held other smaller meetings, with groups, talking to them, exhorting them to pray, etc. Barnabas also held meeting with good success. From 12 to 5 p. m. at Knights Deep, about 75 present. Good time. About a dozen forward. Three were in earnest, Ionase especially so. He had heard about it before. He had good time praying, and spoke very earnestly of his desire to follow Jesus. Whitewatersrand, two meetings. First meeting over 100 present, 21 forward; second 150 present, 12 forward, one in earnest. After these services went around and talked to groups in the compound. At 7:30, Rose Deep, visiting in rooms. First room 12 forward for prayers. In Shangan room 6 forward.

Tuesday, 23rd, -- Came down from Johannesburg with Good enough and Wilcox. Wilcox and I had a meeting in the Simmer and Jack. Bachopis, 50 present. Afternoon, Wilcox, Goodenough, Rivett and I held a meeting among the Bachopis (mostly); none forward. We had a time praying with the head policeman of the May Consolidated. We may get into this compound through this man yet. Lord, grant it.

Wednesday, 24th. -- Was sick all day. Took sick Tuesday eve.

Tuesday, 25th -- Some better. Went down to Primrose at noon and evening.

Monday, June 21, 1897. -- Rose early (3 a.m.). Wrote and read till 7. From 7 to 8:30, breakfast, prayers and Bible study. From 8:30 to 1 writing for English mail and reading; 1 to 2:30 dinner and prayers; 2:30 to 5:30 went to Knights Deep to see compound manager. Was refused admission; then went to Knights Central, but found no boys. After this went to Glen Deep and visited the Shangan rooms. From 6 to 7 tea. After tea went down to Primrose with" Rivett; got back about 8, had prayers with boys in school; retired about 9.

Tuesday, June 22nd. -- Jubilee day; 5 to 7 a. m. reading, writing; 7 to 12 reading, writing, printing photos, and doing other things around home. Studied a little Zulu; 12:30 to 2:30 dinner, one-half hour Zulu. Wilson came. In afternoon went down to New Primrose with Wilson. There was a big fight on hand. Two reported as having since died. Many broken heads. All was excitement, so we staid but a little while, talking to different groups of boys; then came home, had tea, read, talked and prayed with Wilson till 7; then went down to meeting. About 55 present. A blessed time. Showed them the pictures we had. Wilson talked, and 8 came forward. Two Shangans gave up their ornaments and two professed to get saved. Received 5 shillings on bell.

Friday, June 25th. -- Jeremiah came up in the morning to see me. We had a good talk together. He inquired as to what Matt. 19:9 meant. We had prayer together. After dinner went down to May Deep. After that went to Elandsfontein station, then up home to attend funeral of a

Dutchman who lived opposite us. Yesterday he was kicked by an ox; this evening he lies in the cemetery. "All flesh is grass." Evening went to New Primrose.

Sunday, June 27th. -- Eight o'clock started for Simmer and Jack. Called in at primrose and had meeting with Bachopis. Got Mabekrase. Also had Barnabas, George, Rose Deep, Falandi and Tom Hlonga. Held five meetings in Simmer and Jack, then went to Rose Deep and held two meetings. In afternoon went with wife to Glencairn. Called up a crowd, with aid of Rivett playing on the cornet, at May Consolidated. Had the largest meeting in the Glencairn we have had. Went into the Uiner compound and held a conversation with the boys. After this went to Glen Deep and held a joint meeting with wife, Rivett and all the boys. Then went to May Deep and had a good meeting. The head policeman called them up. George talked first, then wife and myself. At night a grand meeting in school. Two Dutch girls present. Induna of Primrose got up and talked. Said his heart was pressed with what had been said; that he drank, but wanted us to pray for him. The head policeman of Rose Reep got up and talked. At the altar service we had an Xsa, Suto, several Shangans, a Muchopi and a Delagoa Bay Zuln out. God was with us. Wife and myself talked. They gave us 1 Pound 6s 6d on bell.

Thursday, July 1, 1897. -- Read some in Zulu in the morning. Went to Elandsfontein station and to Parker, Wood & Co.'s to see about bell. Had it carried up. In afternoon went to Glencairn. Had some good talks with the boys, Primrose in evening, talking in rooms, etc. Good school -- 28 in attendance.

Friday, July 2, 1897. -- Morning, put up bell, assisted by Rivett and the boys. In afternoon went to Simmer and Jack, visited the rooms, etc.

Sunday, Nov. 7th. -- Morning went to Simmer and Jack with Mrs. A. and Pavile. Held five meetings, then went home and held meeting -- about 25 present at the chapel. In afternoon went to Glencairn and Glen Deep. Held two meetings in Glencairn and Glen Deep. At night 42 present. Joel talked. Three forward. Collection 8s 9d. Preached to 675 people (during the day).

Sunday, Dec. 5, '97, -- Morning, 7:30 started for Whitewaters, and held two meetings, 100 and 115 present. Glass, concertina. Stick talked. Then went to Glenluee, held meeting there, about 60 present. Some Basutos. Glass talked to them in Sesuto. We then went to the Glenealrn and held one meeting there; 65 present. Afternoon went to New Primrose. A lot running to and fro very drunk. Here Glass again talked, and they listened to him attentively. We then went to the Simmer and Jack. First meeting about 150 present. We divided it up, and Glass talked to the Basutos present and Basale and myself to the Inhambanes. Next meeting with the Bachopis, about 60 present. Stick and another young man talked. Third meeting at Simmer and Jack; but few present. There was a big dance started in the middle compound just after we finished our first meeting. This upset things. We had about 15 with us in the compound -- two Bachopis. three Ngambanes, three Shangans, three Delagoa Bays. three Zulus, two Swazis, and had preaching in four different dialects. At night 45 present collection 5s 6d. One Shangan servant said that Ms besetting sin was drink, but he gave it up. After the meeting was over a Church of England boy who had given me his church letter was talking to me. I told him that he never could be saved by candles in the services. All at once he caught me round the waist and lifted me

off my feet. It seems that God had been letting him see the true light, but Satan is trying to switch him off on to ritualism.

The foregoing extracts afford fair examples of how Mr. Agnew toiled for the redemption of the Africans of various tribes employed in the gold fields as long as he continued on that field. Much immediate and valuable fruit of his labors appeared, but not until the return of the Master to reckon with his servants and reward them as their work shall be will the full harvest produced from the seed he sowed be gathered. Then shall he see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.

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31 -- CHAPTER

Work In The Compounds Continued Sketches Of Native Converts

Oh let us rejoice in the work of the Lord,
The service of Jesus brings blessed reward;
The shadows shall flee from Love's conquering day,
The light of the gospel is winning its way.

-- E. E. Hewitt

Mr. Agnew found the work in the compounds one of remarkable and ever increasing interest. Many cases of conversion occurred among the natives, and many there were who brought forth "fruits meet for repentance" by making confession of their crookedness and by making restitution of goods that had been stolen or fraudulently obtained.

On Sundays, accompanied by some of the native Christian young men, he would visit the compounds and hold open air meetings. Sometimes they would hold ten meetings in a day, including one or two indoor services held in their chapel. Certainly there was nothing like ease-taking in such a life as that.

Not all the mine-owners would admit the missionaries to their compounds, some of them being bitterly opposed to the evangelization of the natives, claiming that Christianity unfitted them for their work. Probably it did unfit those who embraced it for being regarded and treated as cattle, by teaching them self-respect and love of liberty; but that it unfitted them in the sense of making them more treacherous, shiftless, careless and unreliable, especially when treated as human beings, is not warranted by facts; and, fortunately, there were but few mine managers who ever made such allegations. Most of them had sense enough and sufficient humaneness to allow the natives under their control to hear the gospel of Christ preached in their own tongues.

As a rule few open air meetings were held by the missionaries during the week, at this period of their labors there, the time being spent chiefly in visiting the rooms and praying with the young men, and particularly with the sick. Every week night meetings of some kind were

held in the schoolroom or chapel. Four nights each week there was a school session, Wednesday night a prayer meeting and Saturday night a singing class.

Our Sunday night meeting was generally our best indoor meeting, says Mr. Agnew. Owing to the contusion and hubbub going on in the compounds it was almost impossible to deal with souls under conviction in the open air, so we always invited them into our school and indoor meetings. Sometimes in the out-of-door meetings we would be disturbed by drunken characters and others. These disturbances were generally stopped, however, by either the native compound police or other natives. Considering the number of meetings we held, the drunkenness of many of the natives and the many different tribes represented, it was wonderful that such general good order prevailed in the meetings.

Mr. Agnew has left us the following sketch of a few of the more prominent converts brought to Christ in the Johannesburg compounds, which will be of interest to the reader:

The first was a Zulu young man, Tom Hlongo by name. He worked at the Simmer and Jack mine, which was quite a little distance from our school, but he attended the school and services regularly, got under conviction, and one Wednesday evening, at the prayer meeting, peace came to his heart. The witness was quite clear to his conversion, and his testimony afterwards was positive and straight that the great transaction was done. Ever afterwards he was one of our right-hand men. He finally went to his home in Zululand, but returned and went to work in another mine some distance from us. There he attended the services of another missionary and testified to the great salvation.

Paulus and Josefa, whose compound names were Glass and Concertina, were two of the wickedest young men in the New Primrose mine. The compound manager told me he had not seen them go down into the mine to work two consecutive days sober. Paulus was a cousin of King Gungunyana, generalissimo Magigwan (who was finally shot and then decapitated by the Portuguese), and when I first met him he had a broken nose, the result of a Christmas day compound fight. Josefa had killed a man in another compound and had fled to the New Primrose for refuge. Together they were most Unlikely men to be found seeking the grace of God; but so it is, in many cases the most unlikely looking ones are not far from the kingdom, while those whom we would naturally expect to take the narrow way draw back unto perdition.

One night, leaving wife in charge of the school, I went down to the compound in search of scholars, and Paulus promised he would come the next night. Of course, I was promptly on hand the next night to bring him along, but he had another excuse, and wished to postpone it again. This, however, I would not consent to; so, seeing I was not to be shaken off, he put on his trousers and came along.

He afterward began to attend school and services regularly and soon was found at the altar as a seeker. He confessed to stealing a small trunk from a Jew's store in the neighborhood, and also to stealing a bucket from the bakery. These matters he made right. When he wished to pay up for the trunk he had me accompany him to the store. The Jew storekeeper was of course greatly astonished at his confession, but told him he was on the right track and made him the

present of a bottle of ginger beer and a loaf of bread, remarking to me in broken English, "He, first drinker in compound," meaning that Paulus was the biggest drunkard in the compound.

When Paulus became a partaker of the divine nature he became a real evangelist to his own people in the different compounds. As a policeman he earned about $25 per month and his food, so that he was enabled to save quite a little money. His comrade, Josefa, had a murderous look in his eyes, and many times our faith wavered as we looked at him, but after his conversion the expression of his face changed and a soft, mellow look came into his eye. Both of these young men were baptized and held steadily on their way to heaven. The compound manager had fullest confidence in them and freely acknowledged the change wrought. At one time he told me that the foreman in the mine wanted to get rid of them both, saying he could make nothing of them, but the compound manager objected to discharging them, as natives being quite flighty, if he sent these two away their influence would be used in drawing others of their friends from the mine. After their conversion the foreman wanted no better boys than they. At another time he remarked to me that he had a few more hard cases in the compound whom he wished us to "operate upon." We, of course, assured him that we could do nothing; that the Holy Spirit alone could change their hearts and subdue their natures. God did give us some of the hard cases in that compound, which greatly rejoiced our hearts.

Paulus and Josefa continued to walk in the light for about two years, until finally, when the war was about to break out, they were sent to their homes in the Shangan country, between Delagoa Bay and Inhambane. The last time I saw them they declared they were going to preach the gospel at their homes and wanted me to meet them there, which I intend doing.

Another very interesting case was that of Diamond, a native of the Shangan tribe -- the same tribe that Paulus belonged to. We first met him in the compound of the Simmer and Jack mine. He was a policeman and in charge of a number of new boys who had just come from the east coast to work in the mines.

Diamond was a man about sixty years of age, over six feet in height, straight and powerfully built. He had been a great warrior, had killed four persons and remarked to me once that his eyes were red because he had spilt so much blood. His ankles and wrists were loaded with ornaments. He had a string of medicine round his shoulders, and altogether his appearance was that of a hard heathen. He listened, however, very respectfully to what was said in regard to Jesus and salvation, and a few Sundays afterward he presented himself in the ring of the open-air meeting as a seeker of salvation. We asked him if he would give up his string of medicine, which we knew to be a tap root of his heathenism, and after a short struggle he handed it over. He also tried to take off his ornaments, but they were very tight, so that soap was necessary to make them slip off. He followed us as we led him in prayer, and we felt that the Spirit was working with him. The next morning he brought along to the school about three pounds' weight of ornaments which he had stripped off, and we gave him in exchange an old pair of pants, which were probably the first pair he had ever worn.

In spite of his age he expressed a desire to come to school, and the rapid progress he made was astonishing. When he would learn a word on the chart he would fairly laugh with joy. He would say, "I love book, I love it here," pointing to his eyes; "I love it here," pointing to his

ears; "I love it here," pointing to his breast; "I love it in the morning, and when I go to sleep I dream about incwadi" (book). When he received his pay he purchased a spelling book, Testament and hymn book, and there was not a boy in the school who made more advancement than Diamond did, as his whole soul was bent on learning to read.

Over and over again he would come to me and say, "Now tell me, all the indaba [indaba is a word much used among the natives and means story, tale, report, matter, affair, business, etc.; tell me all about the laws of God and what God says in the Book." So I would have a glorious opportunity of preaching Jesus to him.

He would many times ask questions as to what about his two wives; what about some young half-sisters who were of marriageable age, and, according to native custom, were to be sold for wives; what about lending money to natives who wished to borrow of him; how much interest was it right to charge, and many other things. Frequently a native would lend one pound to another native for perhaps two or three weeks, and when the debtor received his wages would demand perhaps 10 shillings interest. So I had to explain to Diamond in regard to usury, telling him that if he knew a person wished to borrow money in order to spend it in drink, it was wrong to lend it, no matter how much interest was offered. On the other hand, if a person really was in need it was not according to the law of God to take advantage of his necessity and charge an exorbitant interest. Then the question would come, "What is the exact amount which it would be proper to charge?" and so our old friend would earnestly inquire day after day and day after day again. I endeavored to instill into his mind, with the help of the Spirit, the necessity of providing for things honest in the sight of all men.

As to the polygamy question, or the matter of Diamond's two wives, it is remarkable how missionaries differ on the subject. Some boldly advocate allowing natives to keep all the wives they have, and will defend polygamy among the natives, and quote God's words to David by Nathan, the prophet, when he said, "I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into the bosom" (2 Samuel 12:8).

Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, is a strong supporter of this polygamy business, and even the missionaries of the American Baptist Church Foreign Mission in Natal are divided in regard to it, some holding that it is wrong to oblige a man when converted to put any of his wives away, no matter how many he may have. It seems strange that at home men can oppose Brigham H. Roberts, a polygamist, taking his seat in Congress, and yet these same men out here as missionaries would favor receiving polygamists, some of whom have heard the gospel preached almost all their lives, into the church of Christ. Roberts' ease would be even a worse one than that of a Kaffir. His wives doubtless looked to him for support, while a Kaffir's wives are supposed to support their husband, We did not mince matters when felling Diamond what the scriptures taught in regard to this, but told him straight that no man could love several women as Christ loves the church.

After working in the compound about nine months Diamond decided to go to his home near the Komati River, north of Delagoa Bay, where I promised to visit him, which I subsequently did, accompanied by Brother A. W. Baker, of Johannesburg.

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32 -- CHAPTER

Visit From Missionary Secretary -- Birth Of Daughter -- New Mission Founded -- Second Walk To Inhambane -- Literary Work

"He that will observe the wonderful providences of God
shall have the wonderful providences of God to observe."

-- Doddridge

The year 1898 was attended by many tokens of the divine favor and blessing such as made the missionary and his wife increasingly sure they were in the divine order. Their experiences were, as usual, made up of mingled, and alternating hopes and disappointments, joys and sorrows. On the whole, however, there was so much more of sunshine than of shadow as to make it an exceptionally bright year in their missionary life.

One of the pleasant events of the year was a visit from the Rev. B. Winget, of Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., missionary secretary of the Free Methodist church. Conditions in connection with the Natal work Here such as, in the judgment of the board of directors, required his presence in Natal for a season. He was accordingly advised to go there and did so. While there he also took occasion to push on to the Transvaal, visit Mr. and Mrs. Agnew and survey the situation in connection with the Johannesburg work. He took with him Miss Lucy A. Hartman, who had recently arrived in Africa, and left her to work for a season there. This visit was enjoyable and profitable to all parties, and later proved of much value to both the missionary secretary and Mr. Agnew, owing to the better mutual understanding it gave them regarding conditions and needs in connection with the final opening of board work there.

July 12th of this year was a specially bright day "in the humble home of our missionary's family in Johannesburg. It was the advent of a little daughter to the home which made the day unusually joyous. Mr. Agnew received the child, whom they named Susie Grace, as from the Lord, and with unusual demonstrations of joy. He laughed, cried and shouted "Glory to God!" repeatedly. The arrival of this daughter in his home was the more an occasion of joy to him since he regarded the event as beginning the fulfillment of what had been revealed to him in a vision some years before his first marriage. The surviving Mrs. Agnew relates the story, and tells of how, on the occasion referred to, Mr. Agnew, while living alone at Inhambane and lying so ill that he had despaired of living much longer, was granted a vision of little Susie, just as she appeared at the age reached when her father finally died. During the few years he lived after her birth she was continually a comfort and source of joy to him, and he often, expressed the hope that his Susie might some time be a missionary like himself.

The latter part of this year also brought them cheering tidings from the church at home. The general conference, held at Chicago in October, gave much attention to the subject of foreign missions, particularly to the African work. The prospects at Johannesburg were regarded as so promising that the missionary board, which met at the same time and place, decided to

undertake opening up its work in that city. Funds were appropriated for the purchase of a site and for the erection of suitable buildings, and the decisions of the board were communicated to Mr. Agnew with instructions to him to proceed with the enterprise.

This was a cheering providence indeed. For a little over two years he and his devoted wife had worked under Mr. Baker, although Free Methodist missionaries. During this time they had enjoyed much freedom and seen good results in their work. Their relations to Mr. Baker had been pleasant, and, once a year, Mr. Agnew had been permitted to revisit the Inhambane field to look after the interests of the work there. Still, they decidedly preferred to feel that their work was under the direction of the board at home, as several letters from Mr. Agnew, published in the Free Methodist of that year, in addition to what we have quoted from his pen in a foregoing chapter, clearly show.

On looking about for a site for the new mission Mr. Agnew thought possibly the one which seemed to him the most desirable might be regarded by Mr. Baker as too near to his work, and so he frankly referred the matter to that gentleman for consideration, not wishing to violate the law of comity, particularly in relation to one who had been in many ways kind and helpful to himself and Mrs. Agnew. Mr. Baker exhibited a truly Christian spirit in the matter, declaring there was room for both, and that it did not matter who did the work, only so it was done and souls saved, and that it mattered not whether it was done in his mission or some other. He also readily consented to release Mr. and Mrs. Agnew from his employ in order to let them begin work for the board and give their undivided time thereto.

Accordingly preparations were made for the change, and on January 1, 1899, work was begun on the new mission buildings, Mr. Agnew in the meantime continuing to live in Mr. Baker's mission house, and keeping up the night school for Mr. Baker for the use of the same. This arrangement continued until the 4th of March, when, the new mission home being completed, Mr. Agnew and his family moved into it, and the new mission was a realized fact.

In selecting a site for his mission Mr. Agnew purchased a lot 250 x 450 feet, with a view to erecting thereon two mission buildings, one as a home for the missionaries, and the other to be used for school purposes. The location was near several of the large compounds, where thousands of heathen natives were accessible to the missionaries. He wrote of it at the time, saying: "The place will be a regular sanitarium for Inhambane workers." The buildings erected were respectively 30 x 30 and 20 x 35, the former the dwelling house and the latter the school building, with two rooms at the end to be occupied by the native evangelist and as a printing room. The entire cost of the buildings was about $2,800, including the cost of digging a well. The property, with the buildings completed, was regarded as more valuable than an adjoining property held at $4,700.

Although not yet completed the mission chapel was formally opened March 5th. An interesting service was held, a goodly company, attended and a generous free-will offering was made with which to furnish lamps for the building. Much, too much, in fact, of the work of constructing the mission buildings fell upon Mr. Agnew, because of the high price charged for labor and limited financial resources.

Taking with him a Muchopi boy and his magic lantern, Mr. Agnew started out for the Inhambane country again July 27th. They went by train from Elandsfontein to Delagoa Bay, from which place the greater part of the journey was made on foot. Mr. Agnew made this visit to Inhambane upon the advice of the missionary secretary. The object, as stated by himself, was "to visit our work there, and to hold a number of meetings in the Bachopi country on the way."

A detailed account of this tour of several hundred miles on foot was published in the Free Methodist of October 17 and 18, 1898, which is replete with thrilling and pathetic incidents, but is too lengthy for reproduction here. The country through which they passed had previously been devastated by the fierce and bloodthirsty Gungunyana and his soldiers, who had left on every hand scenes of want and wretchedness and woe such as beggar description. Many, too, were the remarkable providences and answers to prayer experienced by the missionary and his companion in travel on this expedition. Fruit was found in some of these dark places, produced by seed sown in the Johannesburg compounds, such as was decidedly encouraging, and much good seed was sown along the way, the harvest of which eternity alone will reveal.

The Muchopi boy who accompanied Mr. Agnew on this trip was Peter Magumbeni, commonly called Peter by the missionaries and those who know him in this country. When a small boy Peter was captured by a hostile tribe, who killed his father, and would have killed him had not one of their number suddenly conceived the idea of adopting him. Withstood by those who desired to slay the lad the benevolently disposed man faced the murderous mob, and, threatening to shed the blood of any one who should kill the boy, was allowed to have his way.

Peter was then taken to the Zulu country, where he forgot his native dialect and grew up a Zulu by adoption and in speech. Mr. Agnew found him in Johannesburg, whither he had gone to earn money with which to buy a wife. He was soon soundly converted, and in time he became an evangelist, and was helpful to Mr. Agnew in "his work. Mr. Agnew having planned to bring him to America to be educated for a missionary to his own people, Mrs. Agnew carried this plan into effect after her husband's death, and so Peter now (1904) lives with her and her children and is attending school at Spring Arbor Seminary; Spring Arbor, Michigan. He is remarkably promising.

In closing his narrative of this trip Mr. Agnew says: "I arrived home after being away four weeks, during which time much was done. The papers for the property were registered with the commandant of the district, according to the new law. Many meetings were held, the work was organized, Phillip was appointed class leader and Tom preacher in charge. At home we found wife, little Susie, and Sister Hartman well, and yesterday nineteen boys' names were received as candidates for baptism."

The following incident, related by Mrs. Agnew, illustrates the tender, generous and self-sacrificing character of her husband, and furnishes an example worthy of imitation by all the followers of Christ:

When Mr. Agnew went away from home, in packing his things I put in several changes, and had everything mended, so that, if he should be unable to get his washing" done, he might still have clean apparel When he came home I went to unpack his things, but could not find any

clothes. I said: "My dear, where are your clothes?" and he very coaxingly replied: "Pet, I saw so many poor people up there, and I had nothing to give them but my clothes." He had kept only enough to come home in, having given all the others to the poor people at Inhambane.

When I learned that they were all gone I reminded him that it had taken so much precious time to make his night shirts, and how he did not want me to sew, and he replied: "Well, I will not give anything that you have to sew away again, but anything I have bought, that I will;" and so he did so long as he lived. If he had any garment that I wanted him to keep, I would not put it in with his things when he went to Inhambane, where he would see so many needy. I am glad he did this, for now he is reaping the reward of all he gave and sacrificed for those poor people at Inhambane.

He not only gave away his clothes, but he kept a strict account of all our money, and every shilling was tithed; and many times have I heard him say, "We must give the Lord some offering," and so we did.

Mrs. Agnew also further says: "While working here at Johannesburg, in the compounds and in visiting the hospitals we would meet many poor, sick boys who had no money, and many a time did he give this boy a sixpence and another a shilling to buy meat with which to make soup, or to buy bread with."

In these respects our missionary brother certainly exemplified the spirit of his Lord and Master, of whom it is written -- "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich."

As his time would allow Mr. Agnew devoted attention during this year to the translating of some of the hymns of the church and the Lord's prayer into the Bachopi tongue. In an article contributed to the Free Methodist the latter part of the year he refers to this part of his work as follows: "Lately I have been translating, with the aid of a Bachopi evangelist, a number of hymns and the Lord's prayer into Bachopi. We have now fifteen hymns, but we are going to have five more, as well as some of the Psalms and various scripture verses, translated, and then have the whole printed. The Bachopis are struck with the novelty of having hymns in their own language. They listen with deep attention, and seem quite tickled when I sing to them the first hymns ever translated into their dialect."

These translated hymns were finally printed as intended, and a copy of the "Lilangalila la Sanana," a little booklet containing them, is before the author as he writes. A sample from it is herewith given, as follows -- "Jesus, Thy Blood And Righteousness":

Jesu, Wamana, Wa Nungungulu

Jesu, Wamana Wa Nungungulu,
Adi relela ki njajini,
Para ku banyisa etu batu,
Para ku liba nandu watu.

Hi nani japekadu jingi,
Hi onile mbe li kwaye,
Aholu Ungu hwela zangari
Ungu halaja batu badi.

Muhuno uye ungu rana
Kuye deluna kaaani kwangu,
Nyi na mu ninga Lipubo ku aga,
Nyi na hanja miono yanu.

Among the other hymns translated are such as "When he cometh, when he cometh," "I will sing of my Redeemer," "Hallelujah! he is risen," "Come to the Savior, thou poor, weary soul," "Sinners, whither will you wander?" and the well-known hymn, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."

The more we trace the record of his daily toil the more evident does it become that this devoted man of God diligently redeemed the time, in his labors on the foreign field, and earnestly endeavored to employ and master every art by which he might the more successfully acquaint the benighted heathen with the true God and his Son, Jesus Christ. His success was largely due to his incessant and unwearied plodding. As of the Master whom he served, so of himself, it might be said: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

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33 -- CHAPTER

Progress At Johannesburg -- Mrs. Agnew's Illness And Recovery -- Jail Work -- Third Walk To Inhambane

In his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

-- Goldsmith's Pastor

Under the wisely directed and burning zeal with which they applied themselves to the work in Johannesburg Mr. and Mrs. Agnew were given to see continued progress and increasing encouragement in their efforts to evangelize and save the heathen. Numerous articles were contributed to the church paper this year giving reports of what God was doing for and through them in this direction. Many remarkable conversions occurred, the school continued to be well attended and the work carried on therein was fruitful in the way of spiritual as well as intellectual results.

Mrs. Agnew being in poor health and in need of rest and careful medical attention, on the 18th of March, 1899, she went to an Adventist sanitarium in Cape Colony, where she remained five weeks, in the meantime undergoing a surgical operation which afforded her relief. During her absence Mr. Agnew continued his labors on the mission buildings and brought them well on toward completion. He underwent a hard strain in this work, but felt amply rewarded for it when, almost immediately, he found himself in charge of a prosperous school, and saw the heathen under his labors coming into the marvelous light of God. The school continued to prosper until interrupted by the British-Boer war. Up to April the average attendance was twenty-six. A number of interesting and even remarkable conversions had also occurred.

While Mrs. Agnew was in Cape Colony a friend of hers, Mr. I. S. Lavely, of Shenandoah, Iowa (U.S.A.), landed on the Cape on his way to Johannesburg. When she returned to the Transvaal he accompanied her. They arrived at Johannesburg April 26. For some time Mr. Lavely resided with Mr. Agnew's people, assisting in finishing the mission buildings and in the holding of meetings at the compounds.

In obedience to the Master's instruction Mr. Agnew remembered not only those in more favored conditions, but those who were in prison as well, and so, having secured a permit, devoted himself to carrying the gospel to the occupants of the native jail. In one of his published reports he says: "Yesterday (Sunday) we went in the morning to the native jail, which is not far from us. Here over one hundred native prisoners listened to the words of eternal life. In the jail we are always sure of good attention, as every one is sober, and the prisoners are glad of a change in the daily routine." The jail work was continued until the breaking "out of the war, Mrs. Agnew, Mr. Lavely, Miss Allen and Peter, the native evangelist, carrying it on during Mr. Agnew's absences from home.

More than usual Mr. Agnew devoted himself to writing on general topics during this year. He contributed able and interesting articles to the church paper on such subjects as "The White Man's Burden," a thrilling statement of facts regarding the wrongs perpetrated upon the native Africans by Anglo-Saxon peoples; "Slavery in Africa," another startling disclosure of African social conditions; "The Situation in the Transvaal," an able discussion of the strained relations between the British and the Boers; "Divine Healing," a sound, sensible and discriminating criticism of the theory that it is a sin to be sick and wrong to take medicine for the cure of sickness, a theory which had wrought no little harm among missionaries in some parts of Africa.

On May 11, 1899, Mr. Agnew started on yet another walking tour to Inhambane. This was his regular annual visit to the east coast, and was arranged for with the missionary secretary. An account of this trip was published in the Free Methodist of August 22, 1899, in which Mr. Agnew says: "Mr. Baker, a Johannesburg lawyer, accompanied me, as he wished to see the Bachopi country. He expects to do some mission work there in the future. The day before we left Sister F. Grace Allen, from Fair View mission, arrived to take charge of the school and stay with wife in my absence. Her visit did us all good, and, if war between the Boers and English does not break out, we hope she will come again. Sister Allen is a born teacher, and the scholars all like her."

Messrs. Agnew and Baker took train to Lourenco Marques, the town at Delagoa Bay, and from there proceeded to Inhambane on foot, except as now and then, to relieve weariness or in case of sickness, natives were employed to carry them on their way. This trip proved of great interest, although it was attended by numerous difficulties and by perils not a few. Many interesting services were held among the natives along the route, and especially so in those places where they found converts who had first heard the gospel at Inhambane or in the compounds at Johannesburg, and, having been converted themselves, returned to their own country to preach Christ and witness for him among their own people.

The visit at Diamond's place was one of extraordinary interest and encouragement. Diamond had found Christ in the native compounds at Johannesburg, and had returned home, as already stated, to act as a missionary among his heathen neighbors. Referring to him as they found him on this visit, Mr. Agnew says:

We found that the old man lived in a swamp in a most unhealthful place, but he had been letting his light shine until all about in the neighborhood had heard of salvation through Jesus Christ. Quite a number of young people could sing in Zulu the hymn

"When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels."

Diamond also knew several chapters in the Testament by heart, and these he delighted to read to them, always closing with prayer. He had taught a number of them the Lord's prayer, and we were quite impressed with his sincerity and earnestness. We held several meetings there, as we stayed at this place over night.

Diamond's wife declared herself a believer, and made some inquiries as to bow. as a Christian, she ought to behave herself, and that in a way that showed the work of the Spirit on her heart. Diamond told us he was going to build a larger hut -- more like what a Christian's house ought to be. We believe he is a "chosen vessel" to bear the glorious gospel to as dark heathen as there are in Africa.

Some rather amusing things occurred on this overland journey, among them the following: We came across a Swazi here [at a place where they stayed over night, about thirty miles from Lourenco Marques], says Sir. Agnew, by the name of Mondorose, who stayed with us for several days. He made a good carrier, his chief weakness being a great hatred to the Portuguese, or, as he called them, the "Putugeze." When we showed a temperance picture with the magic lantern, of a man who was drinking, he whispered to those around that the man in the picture was a "Putugeze;" and when we came to the picture of the crucifixion he again confidently told the attentive audience that it was the picture of a man being killed by the "Putugeze." We could not stand that, of course, and so put the matter right by preaching Jesus to them.

Toward the close of this long journey Mr. Baker was taken ill, which necessitated a change in their mode of travel. They had rested at a place called Gwambe, about seventy miles from Inhambane, and which the Rev. W. W. Kelley and Mr. Agnew had visited many years

before. Near here they found a Boer, who was engaged in securing natives to work in the Johannesburg mines, and who befriended them by killing a sheep for them and doing all he could in other ways for their comfort. About two miles distant was a Portuguese commandant. The journey from this place is described as follows: "As Mr. Baker had taken sick, and was quite weak, we decided to get carriers and go in hammocks the rest of the way. As we had walked about two weeks, we thought it would be in order to rest up a little. The commandant furnished us men who took us on to Kumbana, about twenty miles from Mavili. From there we got other carriers who bore us to ore: destination. We were rejoiced to meet our people again, and the Lord encouraged our hearts while there... We hope the day will soon come when we will have a chain of stations from Delagoa Bay to Inhambane. 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.' Amen."

On arrival at Inhambane Mr. Agnew found the work there doing well, and reported the house and lands in good shape, Tom, the native evangelist in charge, having looked after matters satisfactorily.

While there he decided to open up three new outstations, which, with Mavili and Cherene, would make five in all. "These stations, with these God-fearing evangelists." he writes, "will be light-houses in their several communities, and be places where lost. souls can be directed into the way that leads to heaven." The cost of maintaining the stations was to be $45.00 per year for each station. He hoped the board would not think him extravagant in this matter, and wrote an earnest plea for some of his brethren, or some of the schools, in the home land to come to the front and assume each the maintenance of one of these stations.

He baptized several natives during this visit, married three native couples, conducted one communion service, placed native evangelists on his out-stations for the coming year, made contracts with them as to their support and attended to numerous other duties naturally demanding his attention, besides holding numerous mission Services with the natives, all of which were attended with good results.

While at Inhambane this time he also wrote the following, as a closing paragraph in one of his contributions to the church paper: "I have received word from Johannesburg that war is certain between the English and the Boers, so that I must return at once, but am hoping that it will all blow over. I feel that I must return to Inhambane again soon, and hope that some one will be sent out as soon as possible to Johannesburg, to relieve us there, so that wife and I can come to Inhambane and push the battle on. We feel that there is a rich harvest of souls awaiting us. Let all pray that God's kingdom may come, and his will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Amen."

From the foregoing we see that Inhambane's interests still lay near his heart -- still drew him more powerfully than those of any other place in Africa. Nor did that field ever lose its fascination for him. For it he ever prayed, toiled, sacrificed, suffered, and finally died and there he once hoped to be buried, a hope which was not fulfilled, however, as will be noted more particularly in the chapter that records his death.

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34 -- CHAPTER

Inhambane Evangelists -- Back At Johannesburg -- Amid Preparations For War -- Removal, And Settlement At Fair View

"God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble;
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved into the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

-- Psalm 46:1-3, R.V.

In the last chapter mention was made of the native evangelists whom Mr. Agnew placed in charge of his various out-stations at Inhambane, and, as the reader may be interested to know something as to the character of these native ministers, raised up under Mr. Agnew's labors, we herewith reproduce brief descriptions of them from his own pen, as follows:

Tom And Ngasumbi Hays

They have three children. Tom is our oldest hand, and has been with us thirteen years. He has improved much, and is now a man with a good deal of faith in God. While he has his faults, he is thoroughly clean, honest and truthful. No one need have any suspicion that Tom is not walking in a righteous way. He has the confidence of the other natives and is respected by them at large. At times the Spirit works upon him and he then is a power for God. Other missionaries in the neighborhood would be glad to get him. One of the best things about him is his wife. Ngasumbi is a thoroughly straight and humble Christian, as in fact are all the evangelist's wives except Johane's.

Antonio And Esther Cassimo

They have one child. Antonio is a carpenter by trade. He was converted about nine years ago at Cherene, but backslid. Two years ago he was reclaimed. He speaks Portuguese, besides the native dialects, and is probably the smartest man. we have. There is more snap and get up to him than any of the rest. Mr. Baker wanted to get him, but I feel God is going, to use him in our work. He is about twenty-six years of age, and is a man that knows God. Esther, his wife, is a real pilgrim. I have great hopes that Antonio will develop into one of the leading men of God in the Inhambane community.

Philip And Julia Mbata

Philip was converted while living alone in a low swamp not far from Mavili. About seven years ago I passed by his kraal and asked him to show me the road. What I said to him while we walked along he never forgot, although it was a long time afterward before he took his stand for

God. When he did, he was radical and strong. He emptied out some barrels of beer that he had for sale, and left his kraal and came to the station to live with Tom. He has a large family, four or five girls and as many boys. His head is quite thick when it comes to reading and writing, but he is a man of God, long-headed, and a good preacher -- a real evangelist. His daughter Anna is pretty well up in reading and writing, and does the teaching while Philip evangelizes. Anna is a noble young woman, and we have great hopes of her. I agreed to pay her about fifteen dollars per year. Perhaps some one would willingly take up her case. Julia, Philip's wife, is probably the most earnest woman we have. She is a stormer, and prays and cries before God until she gets the victory.

Johane And Pavini Ngumane

Johane is a good fellow, and is the oldest man we have, having sons married. Moreover, he is quite sharp, and learned to read at Cherene about eight years ago. He was converted at that time, but went to Johannesburg and backslid. When he returned he was restored and has been moving onward ever since. He is a good, steady fellow. Johane is a man of some little influence, and we are praying that he may develop into a strong man of God.

As we have already seen, "rumors of war" reached Mr. Agnew while he was at Inhambane, and necessitated an earlier return to Johannesburg than he had calculated on. The war cloud he hoped might blow over rapidly assumed a more angry aspect after his return, and the troubles grew more and more ominous, until, at last, the war was a realized and terrible fact. October 2, 1899, he wrote from Germiston to the missionary secretary as follows:

The road to Natal is Mocked and may not be opened again. The war is on us. and it is very probable I will stay here. Have the church pray for me and the Christian natives here. Send money to wife at Fair View, Natal, South Africa. There is great excitement. Martial law will be proclaimed, perhaps today or tomorrow.

His own stay in Johannesburg was terminated soon after this, notwithstanding he thought it very probable he would remain there. October 26th he wrote again, announcing that he reached Fair View the 14th of the month twelve days after the writing of his first letter. He withdrew from Johannesburg in a very opportune season, and, although he left reluctantly, he did wisely in not remaining. He took with him to Fair View seven of his converted natives, five of them Bachopis. They were put in the mission school at Fair View. Finding himself in enforced absence from his Johannesburg field, he at once began planning a return to Inhambane in the spring, should the war continue.

December 27 he wrote us of his intention to start the next day, accompanied by Mrs. Agnew and Misses Allen and Hartman, for a point forty miles south of Fair View, to hold a series of services with the natives of the Amacele tribe. The single ladies were having their vacation from teaching, and chose to spend it preaching the gospel to the heathen of the interior, thus fulfilling their mission "in season, out of season." Encouraging news has reached him from Tom at Inhambane, and he rejoices to learn that there will be a number of converts to baptize when he gets back there in the Spring.

His letter concludes as follows: "We are encouraged in the Lord in spite of the horrors of war in the Colony. Reports are published in the papers occasionally in regard to matters in the vicinity of Gerralston, where our mission property is, which lead us to believe that all is well there."

In the Free Methodist of March 20, 1900, Mr. Agnew published an able article entitled, "British and Boers," in which he presented a view of those conditions which, according to his mind, made the Boer government, as administered at the time the war broke out, unbearably offensive. It was a clear presentation of the relative merits of the two governments then contending for the supremacy in South Africa, and was drawn out by the publication, in some Chicago paper, of an article from a missionary returned from Natal, which he thought unduly exalted the Boer government, and misrepresented facts. Mr. Agnew's article appears to have been written purely in the interest of truth, and with nothing savoring of bitterness or of a partisan spirit in it. In some respects he pays a high tribute to the Boers, but their cruelties to the natives in particular are recounted, unsparingly censured and held up to public execration. Some would view the situation very differently from the way he viewed it, but, whoever will read his article will, if unprejudiced, undoubtedly give him credit for having written from deep conviction, and concede that, if he erred in the matter, his error was one of the head and not of the heart.

About the first of January, 1900, Mr. Agnew, accompanied by Mrs. Agnew, Mrs. Brodhead and Miss Allen, went to a place called Enqabena, Alfred County, "Natal, about forty-five miles from Fair View, and on the borders of Amapondoland, and there opened a Free Methodist mission, calling it Ebenezer. It is still one of our most thriving mission stations in Natal. Mr. Brodhead, superintendent of the Fair View mission, also repeatedly visited Mr. Agnew in his work there, and rendered valuable aid.

The climate at Ebenezer is said to be very healthful, and, in other ways, it appears to be an inviting and a promising field. It was as needy, however, as it was inviting when Mr. Agnew first visited it. Writing of it at that time, he says:

The people here have some excellent traits, and some very bad ones. A bigger lot of thieves it has never been our lot to come across. Inhambane and Johannesburg were bad enough, but this place we think, taking all things into consideration, beats them all. The natives steal everything, from a cow down to a nut or a bolt on a bedstead, or a child's buggy.

In the graveyard besides us is the grave of a white man who was murdered about a year ago by the natives, in order to get medicine to make girls love boys. The local witch doctor having obtained a piece of flesh from the throat of a native woman, decided it was necessary also to obtain a piece from the throat of a white man. Hence the murder referred to. The flesh was then to be mixed together, with sundry incantations, and a portion of it duly administered to the man in love. This "medicine" was guaranteed to so act upon the vocal organs of the lover that he could plead his case with the girl of his choice in a way not to be denied; so that, in fact, after his speechifying, she would have to love him, whether she wanted to or not. Another man has just been sentenced to death for carrying off a little half-caste girl in order to use her flesh to make love filters with.

The subject of polygamy has ever been one of much embarrassment to missionaries in heathen lands,. Mr. Agnew was no exception to the rule. He studied the matter carefully, however, and, after fourteen years of experience and observation in dealing with the question practically, in his work, he was very decided, as we have once before seen, that the somewhat frequent custom among missionaries, of receiving professedly converted polygamists into church fellowship, plural wives and all, was not only unwise, but decidedly unchristian, and always injurious to the cause of Christ. In an excellent article, which appeared in the Free Methodist of April 24, 1900, he presents his views on this subject, ably defends the stand he had always taken in such cases in his work, and as ably answers those who urge objections to that position. He concludes his article with the following paragraph: "I am glad that the African Free Methodist missionaries are a unit on this matter, and that we all stand by the resolution, passed by the board at its last annual session, in regard to not receiving into the church, or baptizing, so-called converts who practice polygamy."

Mr. Agnew continued to write, for the church paper during this year, and contributed a number of valuable articles, among which were several devoted to a more exhaustive discussion of the "British and Boers" than he had formerly given, and several on the "Difficulties of Pioneer Mission Work," all of which were well written and replete with instructive and interesting matter.

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35 -- CHAPTER

Off For Inhambane Again -- Conditions Encouraging -- Return To Enqabena -- Good News From Johannesburg -- Return To Transvaal

"In labors more abundant"

On May the 7th Mr. Agnew set out again for Inhambane, taking with him four of the Bachopi young men who had been attending the school at Fair View. The trip was made by steamer this time. On arrival he found all well and the work going prosperously.

Five days after arrival, accompanied by five Bachopi young men, he started on another tour into the Bachopi country, visiting various places where he had formerly been, and giving special attention to those places where he had previously opened up out-stations and left native evangelists in charge. His report of this trip is very interesting, and exhibits the pioneer missionary performing his work in a truly apostolic manner. In closing his report of this evangelizing trip he says: "I expect to leave here soon, as the way seems to be opening for us to return to Johannesburg, where I am anxious to see how things have fared at the station there. I am hoping next year to put in more time at Inhambane, as, in case of the opening up of Johannesburg, another worker or two will be much needed there. This will give me more freedom to look after Inhambane."

We next hear of Mr. Agnew, in September, at Enqabena, Natal. The following portions of two letters, sent from there to the missionary secretary, contain interesting accounts of the preservation of the mission property at Johannesburg:

From Mr. Agnew To The Secretary
Enqabena, September 18, 1900

Dear Brother Winget: The enclosed letter reached us last Saturday and gave us great joy and satisfaction. You will see by it that God wonderfully preserved our property intact, in spite of the fact that wars and robbers abounded. That the preservation of our mission was a remarkable answer to prayer is evident, and I believe you ought to put a notice in the paper about it and exhort our people to pray on that everything may be kept until we return.

Every other mission station, as you will see, was broken into, while ours was graciously preserved. In view of this fact we have about decided to call the mission there "Unomusa Mission," which is the Zulu for "He is merciful," or, "He has mercy." This would be a nice name. and easy for the natives to remember. There are missions in the Colony here by the name of "Praise Mission (dumisa), but none by the above name. that we are aware of.

We believe the end of the war is now in view. President Kruger's running away will discourage the burghers and doubtless cause them to surrender quicker than any other one thing. We will have the blessed opportunity of pressing the battle again in the compounds.

Yours in Jesus.
G. H. Agnew

From Mr. Swanson To Mr. Agnew -- Enclosed With The Foregoing
Box 116. Fordsburg,
Johannesburg, September 9, 1900

Beloved In The Lord: During the war I visited your mission several times and to my surprise I found everything as you left it. The other mission stations were all broken into and everything taken away that was worth taking. I have seen it once since the English came in, and it was still all right. I will go out there again soon and if there is anything the matter I will let you know. But the danger is all over now, I think.

Your brother in the service of our one Master
L. A. Swanson

About the last of December. 1901, Mr. Agnew wrote the following letter (which sums up the results of his work at Ebenezer. and also shows how the way was opening for his return to Johannesburg) for publication in the Free Methodist:

Enqabena, Alfred Co., Natal

Dear Editor: When I came here (now 'nearly two years ago) to take up this work in company with wife and Sister Lucy Hartman, there was not a soul belonging to our church or people in the neighborhood, and we had only one preaching appointment. Now we are glad to report that next Sabbath we hope to have five members in full connection, seventeen probationers and a number of others who belong to the inquirer's class and can be called adherents. Several others have also removed from here to Fair View.

We have now three preaching houses, besides an appointment, whenever we wish it, at the house of the chief. native has lately-given us a nice hut, in a real heathen community, and I have had a letter from the chief giving the right to the land upon which the hut is built. Tomorrow, in company with Sister Hartman and some native Christians, I intend taking over a table, bench, "door, etc., so that the place will have an air of permanency, and we expect to dedicate it by holding our first meeting in it. We praise the Lord for these openings.

Lately we have had two colored evangelists with us. One of them belongs to the American Board mission and the other is an American Negro. These evangelists did us much good. Not only were the natives helped, but our own souls received a blessing through their labors. Several hard cases professed salvation, and are standing today. One of them, a half-caste, naturally a very weak character, is at this writing standing firm for God. Sister Hartman and ourselves have done much visiting of the kraals, and even now meetings are going on daily unless hindered by rain. For whatever has been done we ascribe all the glory to Jesus, and each of us rejoices that God uses us in the salvation of souls. As nearly all the above-mentioned people were raw heathen two years ago, we feel especially thankful.

I have received now a permit to return to Johannesburg for one month. It is quite likely that when once at Johannesburg I shall be able "to get a permit to stay permanently. In any case, I hope to be able to attend to everything pertaining to the mission property there that may need attention.

Yours in Jesus,
G. H. Agnew

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36 -- CHAPTER

In Johannesburg -- Desolation And Sorrow

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

-- Luther's Battle Hymn

About the middle of December, 1901, Mr. Agnew found his way open to leave Ebenezer for a month's sojourn on his old field in the Transvaal, The war was not yet over, but its fury had in a goodly degree abated, while in and around Johannesburg the return of peace had begun to dawn, making it possible for him to return there in safety. The story of his return trip, and of conditions as he found them on arriving at his destination, is of such peculiar and thrilling interest, that we reproduce it here, with slight abridgment, as follows:

After having three times made application to the authorities in Johannesburg for permission to return to the Rand, I was finally rewarded with a permit to return for one month. For this small mercy I was very grateful, especially as I was the first missionary to natives, so far as I knew, to be favored in such a way. The permit was dated November 25, but as I could not well leave the work at Ebenezer, Natal, until later, it was not till December 16 that I took train at Durban. The run up from Durban to Elandsfontein was a very interesting one to me, especially when we got into what is called "the firing line."

After passing Colenso, the place where Lord Roberts' only son was killed in a vain attempt to saw's the British guns, the first town of importance that we came to so far as the war is concerned was Ladysmith. Here a large British force was besieged for 118 days until they were reduced to eating horse flesh and other strange foods. The history of the siege of this place is well known. The present military camp, the large graveyard and the surrounding hills were all interesting to look upon. Here on the one hand we see Pepworth Hill, from whence the Boers first fired their Long Tom gun. On the other hand we see the hill to which the same gun was finally removed, and upon which Sir Archibald Hunter made the night sortie and blew it up.

Again as we move along we see Umbulwana, Surprise Hill and Caesar's Camp, all well known names in Natal, the latter being the place where the Boers made a fierce but unsuccessful attack upon the besieged garrison on January. 6, 1900. In this fight the British lost in killed 148 officers and men, besides many wounded. It is not known how many Boers were really killed, but "133 dead bodies were returned to them from the ridge alone, while the slopes, the dongas and the river each had its own separate tale." As we pass along we come to Elandsgaate and Talana Hill, the latter being the place where the first battle of the war was fought. At the former place there was also a severe fight. We passed by the battle field and saw the monument erected to those who fell, while at the side of the railway track there were many graves marked by iron crosses. These were the graves of the Irish soldiers who were in the thick of the fight.

Right along the railway line are the block houses. These are about one mile apart, and are to prevent the Boers from crossing the railway. They are made of stones, with iron roofs, or are all made of iron, with loopholes to fire through. In some places they are made of bags of sand, or even of sod, or of anything else that can be had -- old railroad iron, ties and so forth.

These block houses contain generally from twelve to twenty soldiers who live there all the time. All along the railway line is fenced in with barbed wire, and at some places the soldiers have various devices, such as empty cans hung on the wire fencing, and so forth, so that a sergeant assured me it was impossible for a person to cross the wires at any time without it being known at the block houses. The fact that for more than three months not a train has been derailed or captured, perhaps proves the truth of this.

As I passed these houses I let drop some bundles of papers which I had brought along for the" soldiers -- Free Methodists and other papers which I had got at Fair View. The soldiers rushed to get these, as living out on the veldt (or prairie), far from the stopping places of the train, they are in much need of reading matter.

Every railway station was barricaded and everything ready for immediate action. The bridges were all carefully guarded and occasionally were to be seen the remains of the bridges which had been blown up by the Boers in their retreat.

As we neared the hill of Amajuba, where the British met such a severe defeat in the war of 1881, we passed a very high hill, up which the Boers hauled one of their big guns in expectation of the British coming that way. It must have taken great labor to haul it up to the top, but it was in vain, as the British went around another way, so that it had to be taken down again.

I arrived at Elandsfontein, our station, the next ,night after leaving Durban, and slept at the only hotel in Germiston, paying five shillings for a bed in a small room which was shared by a Boer. This man had been in the war, but was then on parole. Until lately he had been a warder in a Johannesburg prison, and was present at the execution of Brocksma and a captain of the Johannesburg police for treason. Brocksma was at one time the public prosecutor for Johannesburg, and was quite a temperance worker, but after taking the oath of allegiance he was found mixed up in some conspiracy, and was shot. The Boer who slept with me said that Brocksma before he died confessed his guilt, and said that he lost his life through not listening to his wife's advice.

Early the next morning after arrival at Germiston, I started off to see our house and school. It seemed all a dream that I was going up to our home again. As I went along, there was hardly anyone to be seen on the road, and several times as I looked upon the old familiar scenes, the mines, the compounds, the stamp batteries, I could hardly believe my eyes.

At last I came in sight of our house and school. There the buildings stood, as fresh looking as they did when I bade them adieu in October, 1899. Someone was living in the house, so I rapped at the door. A little girl opened it, and when I told her I wanted to have a look at my house, she opened her eyes. I went in, took a seat, and you may imagine my feelings and how I praised God for the privilege of getting into it again, and you can imagine how I noticed everything within, the walls, the doors, the windows, and how rejoiced I was that God had so wonderfully preserved everything.

When I left our place, the day before the Boer ultimatum was sent, things had been made as secure as I could make them. I had put shutters over all the windows and had stored most of our furniture up above the ceiling, closing up the ceiling again, so it would not be noticed. I had to leave below two stoves, three bedsteads, two tables and a printing press. I found on my return that the British soldiers had taken our kitchen stove, and that a single bedstead was also gone. This was all that had been taken out of the house. When I opened up the ceiling I found everything as I had left it. Even two tins of dried fruit I had left up there were not wormy.

Putting the shutters over the windows was a good precaution, as the amount of glass wantonly broken in other houses around is simply terrible; whereas, in our house only six small panes in the kitchen window were smashed, and this happened when the stove was being taken out. All the seats in the chapel are there, the desk, and so forth, only the lamp having been taken, and this doubtless by the soldiers, as the Boers molested nothing belonging to us. The whole damage will not amount to fifty dollars at the outside, and as the people in the house have agreed to pay me ten Pounds by the first of January for two months' rent, the loss to the board will be nil.

The people living in the house were put there by the police captain. It is the same all over, only worse in most cases. The Primrose school, less than a mile from us, had about eighteen panes of glass broken, and every seat and desk, two lamps and a bell were taken, besides a large tabernacle. It is now partitioned off, and several small families are living in it, without the knowledge or consent of the Owner. Those living in our place seem to be nice people, and as the understanding is that they must move out when I say "Go," I am not anxious for them to leave until I get a permanent pass, as they are a protection to the house, and besides they are to pay twenty-five dollars a month rent for it.

Every civilian in the country must have a pass. The morning after I reached Germiston, I had to wait upon the lieutenant of the police for a protection pass for a month, and for a pass to move around with. He gave me a weekly traveling pass, which enables me to walk, drive, ride or bike, on the main road between Johannesburg and Boksburg. The father of the lieutenant above mentioned was a urine manager, and finally as a major in a volunteer regiment was killed in Natal. It was sad but interesting to see the Boer women, dressed in deep mourning for some of their loved ones slain, coming into the office to get their passes renewed at the hands of this lieutenant. The pass business is a great affair, and sentries with loaded rifles are stationed at different points along the road with orders to let none go by without a pass.

On the road between Johannesburg and Germiston are two large hospital camps where sick and wounded soldiers are treated. The Red Cross flag is flying, and as one passes he gets a whiff of iodoform, carbolic acid and other medicines used in the treatment of wounds and disease. There is no fighting in Johannesburg or its suburbs. In fact the country is said to be clear for one hundred miles around, but the war still goes on wearily in other parts, and the wounded are still being brought in to suffer and to die. I am glad to report that some earnest Christians have been working among the soldiers, and that meetings are being held regularly, and hospitals and camps visited.

The other day while down in Germiston I wanted to hire a bike. I met the bicycle man on the street, and he told me to come around and see him. I went down to his place in about an hour's time, and found he had just shot a native through the heart. It seems that a native had assaulted a man with a hatchet, and that a policeman shot at him and missed him. The policeman then called upon the bicycle man to get his rifle and assist him. He did so and shot the native dead. Every policeman carries a rifle and bandoleer, and every able-bodied British subject is supposed to belong to the Rand Rifles, to be called upon when needed. Yesterday I visited the two compounds near to our school, and met some of our old boys. They were very glad to see me, and were anxious for a meeting, so I told them to come on Sunday and we would have a

meeting in our chapel. I am. going to clean the chapel, arrange the seats and have the glorious privilege of preaching the gospel in our own chapel once more.

Last Sunday I visited the compounds, accompanied by another brother, and had the privilege of seeing and talking with a number of Inhambane boys with whom I was acquainted, one of them being a boy who stood by me when I was seriously sick, when it seemed that all others had fled.

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37 -- CHAPTER

Transvaal Conditions Improving -- Settled At Johannesburg -- Peace Declared -- Birth Of Son

"'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals -- grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet ever strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard rests today,
The rear shall camp tomorrow."

Mr. Agnew's next report of his work was from Johannesburg, and was probably written about the middle of February, 1902. It tells of improved and continually improving conditions in the Transvaal, the resumption in some degree of mining operations, the reopening of his school, with an attendance of thirty-eight, and a temporary and somewhat successful return to his favorite work in the compounds. In one part of the report he says: "As thirty thousand natives are now on their way here, most of them from Inhambane and the east coast, our hands, as missionaries, will soon be full."

The following incident is also related: "A short time ago I went to visit a graveyard near our place. There are a great many new graves of soldiers who have fallen in the war. Over some of the graves there are tombstones which have been stolen for the occasion. One fine marble slab erected over a soldier's grave had painted on it, in crooked letters and bad spelling, 'We shall meet, but we shall miss him.' I had heard of a colored man who stole a pair of pants to get baptized in, but this was the first I had seen in the line of stolen tombstones over the dead."

On March 2nd of this year Mr. and Mrs. Agnew bade farewell to their work in Ebenezer and vicinity, their way having opened, and they regarding it as duty, to return permanently to their Johannesburg field. In summing up the results of their labors in Natal, whither the breaking out of the war had determined them to go, Mr. Agnew says:

After two years of pioneer work at Ebenezer and Umzimkulwana, we are now about to leave for Johannesburg. Having received a permit" for wife and Susie I came down to Natal a week ago to bring them and our baggage up to the Transvaal.

The past two years have been times of blessing. We have enjoyed our work here and have made progress along different lines.

In the first place, we have become better acquainted with our fellow-missionaries, and this is quite a help in mission work. In regard to our Natal missionaries, while they do not need any of my endorsement, yet it may not be out of place to say that they are all doing a good work for God, and his blessing is with them. This is more than can be said of the work of scores of missionaries in South Africa. When we think of some with whom we are acquainted, one of whom said he had been a missionary for twenty-five years and had never seen a native convert, and of others belonging to evangelical societies who have no confidence in their own so-called converts, we have, as a church, great cause to be thankful for the souls won here at Natal. Many have taken the narrow way, and, abandoning all their vices and heathenism, have come out boldly for God.

In the second place, during our stay in Natal we have become better acquainted with the natives. We have learned to love them more, and it has done us good to visit them in their kraals and pray with them in their gloomy huts. We have endeavored to point them to "The Friend who all their miseries bore," and God has blessed the efforts made.

In the third place, in the past two years we have become better acquainted with ourselves and our needs; consequently we see more and more our constant need of the presence and power of God in our lives; "Without me," said Christ, "ye can do nothing," and these words are impressed upon our souls more and more. Only as we live in fellowship with Christ can we expect to have power with God or man.

The openings at Ebenezer and Edwaleni are splendid ones, and a good start has been made. The schools at Ebenezer and Umzimkulwana are going again now, after the holidays, and Sister Hartman will have her hands full in our absence to carry on the station work alone. She will, of course, have the help of a native evangelist, and Brother and Sister Brodhead intend visiting the work all they can, but we all feel that the young lady appointed to be her associate ought to be there as soon as possible.

During the months of May and June the church paper contained reports regarding the progress of the Johannesburg work. The attendance at the school had increased largely, and God was with them in that particular branch of their work. Their labors in the compounds were also attended by such awakening power that some of the natives, troubled on account of their sins, could not sleep nights, while others set diligently about the work of making restitution for wrongs done to their fellow-men, thereby showing their earnestness to get right with God.

May 16th of this year brought much joy to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Agnew, occasioned by the birth of a fine healthy boy, whom they named, after his father, George Harry. Going out among the natives about the mission Mr. Agnew exclaimed in the native dialect, "The Lord has

blessed me above all my brothers! I am the first member of the Agnew family to have a son!" George Harry, Jr., now two and a half years old, is decidedly a reproduction of his father in appearance, and already displays the spirit of push and tenacity which made the father such an aggressive and persevering missionary. May the mantle of the father descend upon the son.

On Saturday, May 31st, 1902, the war came to an end, the delegates representing the commandos on the field having that day signed the treaty of peace at Pretoria. Johannesburg continued under martial law for some time, however, which was no small inconvenience, in that it subjected all letters to censorship, made the obtaining of permits or passes necessary in order to travel, required sentries to be posted along the public highways, and so forth. Gradually relaxation obtained in regard to these matters, and finally they became altogether things of the past. Cruel and horrible as was the war (and Captain Phillips of the United States Navy was not far off in saying, "War is hell"), nevertheless it was overruled by a divine providence for the removal of some of the gravest evils afflicting South Africa, and for opening up a brighter future for the country, and especially so in respect to missionary evangelization.

The question now is, seeing that peace has been proclaimed, wrote Mr. Agnew, What about the future? That South Africa has a great future before it, if our Lord delays his coming, all will admit. That the Transvaal is the richest part of South Africa is also admitted. Johannesburg and the district round about, therefore, wilt be the hub of South Africa. Already trains from Cape Town, on the south coast, and Natal and Delagoa Bay on the east coast, all come to Johannesburg. There is no doubt but that this city will be one of the largest and richest cities in the world in course of time.

There are billions of dollars' worth of gold in the mines, and the result will be that millions upon millions will be invested, and the whole country around be a perfect beehive of industry.

Our mission station is about twenty minutes' walk from Elandsfontein Junction. This junction is the station for Gerralston, about six miles from Johannesburg "proper. Every train to or from Cape Town, Natal, Delagoa Bay or Pretoria has to stop here.

Around Germiston are a number of rich mines, where thousands of natives are already employed, and where thousands more will be to work shortly. We have a splendid position, and have a glorious opportunity of making known the unsearchable riches of Christ to the natives of the many tribes represented in the mines.

We rejoice that helpers have been sent out to push on the work at Johannesburg and Inhambane, and we are expecting to see great things accomplished in the name of our conquering King. We intend baptizing several tomorrow, and are looking for a rich blessing from God.

We rejoice that there is peace in South Africa, but above all rejoice that we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ in our souls.

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38 -- CHAPTER

Annual Visit To Inhambane -- Return To The Transvaal Literary Work At Inhambane For The Last Time

"And I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." -- Gen. 12:2

The 24th of June, 1902, found Mr. Agnew again en route to his beloved Inhambane field on another annual tour of visitation. Finding, on arrival in Natal, that his steamer would not sail for two weeks, he proceeded to Fair View, where he had an agreeable and profitable time with the missionaries of that station. In company with Messrs. Smith and Haley of Fair View he then paid a visit to his former field at Ebenezer, where a few days were pleasantly spent, and where the brethren were a great source of encouragement to Misses Hartman and Nickel, who were energetically driving on the battle in that locality.

Returning soon to Fair View Mr. Agnew was privileged to be present at the dedication of the new native chapel at that place, which he characterized as a "splendid" one, and for removing the indebtedness on which a generous free-will offering was given. He also preached the dedicatory sermon.

Then leaving Fair View, still accompanied by the younger missionaries, Smith and Haley, he proceeded on his way to Inhambane. A couple of days were spent at Durban, making purchases, and a halt was also made at Delagoa Bay, where they visited the Swiss missionaries. The passage to their final destination was comparatively uneventful. Arrived at Inhambane, they crossed the bay to Macheche, and later pressed on to Mavili, where Mr. Agnew rejoiced much on meeting the native Christians, and where he and his comrades set about putting the mission house in order for a place of residence. The condition of the place may be inferred from the fact that, in putting the house in order, they "killed over two hundred bats."

After a few days spent at Mavili Mr. Agnew, usually accompanied by one or both of the other brethren, began visiting among the out-stations of the Inhambane country. He visited Maftlyanini, twelve miles from Mavili, where Antonio and Cassino were in charge; Nyanjele, calling off en route at Cherene, Bambambeni, and Malahisa. At Nyanjele, or Komeni, as it is sometimes called, he had a specially profitable time. He visited the grave of Mrs. Lincoln at this place and, referring to the fruit of the earlier toils and sacrifices expended there, wrote: "The seed sown there is now beginning to spring up." Here he baptized five persons one a woman over sixty years of age, who had been living a consistent Christian life for two years and more. He returned to Mavili by the same route, calling at the various stations on the return journey, and strengthening as best he could the evangelists in charge and the native Christians. Thence he proceeded to Marengweni, where Johanes and Martha Ngumani were in charge, and where he had an attack of fever, but soon recovered and pushed on again in his work.

During this visit to Inhambane he had to discipline one of his native evangelists, his first experience of this kind. Regarding the case he says: "He got puffed up and fell into sin. Being

alone, so far as white missionaries are concerned, the wonder has been that so many of them, surrounded as they were with all kinds of abominations, have lived upright lives. In case of this man we held him to making a public confession. and have given him a back seat in an out-station, where he will be on probation this year, till we see how he does."

After a stay of six weeks in the Inhambane country Mr. Agnew returned to Johannesburg, leaving Messrs. Smith and Haley in charge of the work there. He deemed it imprudent to leave Mrs. Agnew and Miss Allen alone at Johannesburg longer, owing to the demoralized conditions there incident to the disbanding of hundreds of soldiers daily, or he would have made his own stay at Inhambane longer this time. He baptized and received into the church nine persons during this visit, and went away feeling much encouraged, with the progress of the work for the year then closing.

After his return to Johannesburg Mr. Agnew, in connection with his other duties, resumed his work of writing for the church periodicals, contributing a number of valuable articles. Two were especially timely -- one on "Native Christians," and the other on "Criticizing Missionaries." They appear to have been called forth by the appearance, in some of the leading secular periodicals of the time, of certain articles from the pen of a distinguished traveler who greatly depreciated the character of missionaries and the value of missionary work in the heathen lands he had visited. Mr. Agnew's articles were well written and to the point, and We have no doubt that, to all but prejudiced minds, they would be regarded as a satisfactory defense of the value of foreign missionary work.

Mr. Agnew also continued, as he could get time during this year, his work of translating portions of the New Testament, selections from the hymns of the church and a brief catechism into the native tongues. Later he completed this work, and at the time of his death he was prepared to publish a small volume in the Bachopi dialect, which is so greatly needed that it is to be hoped some one will soon undertake its publication. In fact, the completion of these translations was almost the last work of his life, he having contracted the disease which finally took him off while penetrating the Bachopi country in order to make sure of getting the native dialect in its purity for his intended book.

Mr. Agnew continued his work with unabating zeal in the Transvaal, and also with an encouraging measure of prosperity, until December 19th, when he started on what was intended to be his final trip to Inhambane before leaving for America in the spring, but what proved to be for all time his final trip to the people he loved so well. His report of this trip is the last of his contributions to the church paper. He appears to have been too busy, after his return to Johannesburg, in getting his work in shape so that he could leave for home in the spring to write as often as formerly.

He was quite ill on this last voyage to Inhambane. He tells us he could eat no Christmas dinner, and could do little else but lie in his bunk and watch the capers of a little animal called a mongoose, which they had on shipboard, and which would insist on entering his cabin by a back way.

During his stay at Inhambane he visited the outstations as usual, and was kept very busy putting things in order for his long absence so long an absence, in fact. as neither he nor others at that time dreamed of.

He also had on this occasion the sad duty to perform of burying Johanes Ngame, the first of his native evangelists whom death summoned from the field of toil. He concludes his record of the event as follows:

We held a funeral service, reading a part of the ritual for the burial of the dead, translated into Gitonga, singing some hymns and praying. I gave a short address, after which we laid him in his grave under a cashew tree in a cornfield, there to await the trump of God. Johanes is the first one of our evangelists to leave us. He had been with us for about five years, although I knew him for over ten. He was formerly a very wicked man, and just before he died he gave me his spear, with which he had assisted in the killing of two people. He had a large family, nearly all now members of our mission, and lately I had the privilege of receiving his oldest son into the church on probation.

Quite an encouraging number were also baptized and received into the church during this visit, and, all in all, Mr. Agnew regarded conditions in this field as decidedly promising. He closed his report of the trip by saying: "There is much to encourage us at Inhambane. God is at work, and while the sowing time has been hard and long, the reaping time will be glorious."

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39 -- CHAPTER

Called From Labor To Reward

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night but, in some brighter time,
Bid me good-morning."

-- Mrs. Barbauld

Sadly startling was the cablegram received at the office of the Free Methodist on Monday, March 10, 1903, just as the forms were about ready for the press, saying:

Rev. G. H. Agnew is dead. Particulars later.

Brodhead. No tidings of his having been ill had reached this country, and the church and all his friends were expecting him and his family soon to be in America again. Under these

conditions, and all knowing him to be in his very prime and possessed of an iron constitution, the foregoing announcement was the more like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It had scarcely occurred to any that the constitution that had kept him up under all kinds of strain and exposure in the foreign field for nearly eighteen years could so suddenly go to pieces, especially before he had passed the meridian of life: But all those wearying pilgrimages, severe exposures, burning fevers, deep anxieties, painful disappointments and experiences of sorrow recorded in the foregoing chapters had done their work of weakening the constitution which had long endured like an iron pillar, and, as said of Livingstone, he finally came to--

"The last mile of many thousands trod,
With failing strength, but never failing will."

The particulars of his death were communicated to the missionary secretary in a personal letter from Mr. Brodhead, superintendent of the work in Natal. This letter was received about a month after the reception of the cabled announcement. It read as follows:

Germiston, Transvaal, S. E. Africa,
March 9, 1903

Dear Brother Winget: I am sending you today a cable dispatch announcing the death of our beloved Brother Agnew. He "fell asleep" softly and sweetly, and with the eternal victory gained has gone on before to behold the face of him who for so many years he had faithfully held up before the people of this darkened land.

His death comes as a great shock to us all; so sudden, and with almost no previous warning. The shock is all the greater to our hearts as we remember that tomorrow was the day set for them to start for Cape Town, and from thence sail for their home in America, but he has gone on to his eternal home. Sister Agnew will write next week, but feels unable, to do so in time for this post.

Brother Agnew's sickness and death were as follows: On" Thursday of week before last he went out to the compounds for meeting in the afternoon and, on returning home, lay down on the lounge, feeling he had a little fever. His temperature was taken and found to be 101 degrees. That night he had one of the hardest chills he ever had. On Friday morning Sister Agnew wanted him to remain in bed, but he insisted on getting up, and ate an ordinary breakfast, after which he went out and began to work on the "beacons" for marking out our station here. He worked hard until dinner time, cutting iron, carrying stone and doing other necessary things.

After dinner he started on foot for Germiston to procure tickets for their voyage to America. When part way on his journey a storm of rain arose. He went under shelter for a time, but as the rain did not cease he started back home, getting his feet wet. He was given a hot bath at once and put to bed. About seven in the evening Sister Agnew discovered that he had hematuria. She consulted with Brother Haley as to whether it would be wise to break the news to him, and together they went in where he lay and told him. He did not believe it at first, but on being shown the proof of it, said: "Yes, that's it."

He rested some during the night, but at four o'clock Saturday morning he had another chill. The doctor was called that forenoon (Saturday) and said all was being done for him that could be done. On Sunday morning he repeated his visit, but as by afternoon he became so much worse that he himself feared the end was near, the doctor was called again. From that time on to the last two doctors came daily -- morning and afternoon -- and sometimes a third call was made during the day. During his sickness much prayer was offered to God for his recovery, and while at times we despaired of his restoration, yet at other times much encouragement was felt.

On Wednesday of last week I was called by telegram and, leaving everything, reached them by Friday evening. "On arrival I found the doctors had already decided that there was no hope, and that neither food nor medicine would stay on his stomach.

By request of Sister Agnew I anointed him that evening, and all through the night several spent their entire time in prayer to God for him. He apparently received some help. so that in the morning even the doctor said he was much better; that now there was some hope, but that he was still in a critical condition. All during the day he continued better, but Saturday evening he became much worse, and to the end he never again rallied. During the last thirty-six hours he was in a state of semi-consciousness. His suffering was intense, but through it all he manifested a spirit of gentleness, patience and thoughtfulness for all around him that could come only from a living, personal contact with the Son of God, his Saviour and Redeemer.

On the first Sabbath of his sickness, God gave him a wonderful blessing and uplift of soul, so that he cried and shouted the praises of God. When the end came, it came calmly and peacefully; no Struggle whatever, and his face as he lies in death bears the impress of the heavenly and divine. I cannot write more now, but will write again next week.

God is with us, even in such a time of heart-rending trial and sorrow. Sister Agnew is wonderfully upheld by God's consoling and sustaining grace, but I know all the friends will pray for her and little Susie and Harry, left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father, who was a loyal soldier of the cross of Christ, and who literally laid down his life for the lost sons and daughters of Africa.

May God let his mantle fall upon others, and may the work so dear to his heart be pushed on "till Jesus comes."

Yours in Jesus,
J. P. Brodhead

The following letter, written to the author of this volume, goes more fully into details than the one just given, and also exhibits the estimate in which Mr. Agnew was held by a colleague well qualified to judge of his moral and spiritual worth, and who was with him to the end:

Fair View Mission Station,
Natal, March 28, 1903

Dear Brother Hogue: As you already have learned Brother Agnew has left us. In thinking what I could possibly write for the friends at home as that which would best set the "man" before us, I must say I am somewhat at a loss. From his life of service in the foreign field, covering the last eighteen years (nearly), there is so much to choose from and so much that should be written.

But I will say this: He recognized that Jesus Christ "gave Himself" for a lost world, and, prompted by the same divine Spirit, our dear brother laid down his life for the sons and daughters of dark Africa. Many times he had expressed the thought, and also the hope, that God would permit him to be laid away to rest in the Inhambane country, where he had spent so many years of painful, self-denying labor, and where others of our Consecrated missionaries had laid down their lives for the cause so dear to their hearts; but while, in the wisdom of God, and I believe also in his mercy, this was not to be, yet God did give him to be laid away amid the scenes and in the place of his last earthly labor -- on our mission property at Gerralston, Transvaal. For such mercy of God we are all deeply grateful.

Brother Agnew was truly a man of God, and in all his ways tried to find God and God's ways. His interest in the work of missions, as many will say at home, as well as here, was deep and intense, and, above all, continuous. Dangers, trials and many discouragements befell him during his years of service, but he bravely faced them all, and pressed on, looking humbly to God for divine grace to assist him. His abandonment of himself to the work of God should be an example to us all. Earthly plans and prospects for the gain of happiness, or pleasure, or wealth, were all turned to one side, with the one idea in mind of consecrating and concentrating his energies fully to the winning of precious souls from the darkness of heathendom; and God blessed him, and, as with Abraham of old, "made him a blessing."

He came to visit us here, leaving on Tuesday morning, and, in three short weeks from that very morning, we laid his fever-stricken body to rest, near one corner of our Johannesburg mission. So suddenly did the call come to him. We all cried out, when came the message announcing his critical condition, "He cannot be spared from the work;" but, for some wise reason, God wanted him to be with himself. Through God's providence and mercy I was enabled, upon receipt of the telegram, to have my way opened at once through the strictures of the "permit system" between Natal and the Transvaal, and so was enabled to get at once to him -- a remarkable answer to prayer, he many times expressed his joy at my being able to get to him, and threw his fevered arms around my neck in welcome. All was being done for him that human wisdom and skill could devise. Two physicians attended him daily. God was sought on his behalf, and yet, despite all that could be done, he passed away.

I reached him on Friday evening, one week from the day on which that fearful Inhambane fever placed him in bed, and on the next Monday after my arrival he passed away, at 10:30 o'clock. At the time he was lying upon his back. As he was given a sup of cold water he turned his head slightly, his chin quivered, and he was gone! His last intelligible words to his wife were in regard to "packing" their "boxes" and being "off for Cape Town." They were to have gone home to America immediately.

His last words to me were in regard to our mission work: "We'll talk it over in the morning." He was delirious and wanted to talk matters over with me, and I tried to quiet him and

get him to go to sleep. Finally he said, "All right. Good night! We'll talk it over in the morning." And tonight I feel to answer, even as I did to him then, "Yes; we will talk it over in the morning;" but it will be upon the brighter morning of the eternal day, when God shall have "wiped away all tears from off all faces," and all pain and fever and death shall be forever past.

The Lord blessed him wonderfully in his sickness, and, though racked and burning with fever, he would preach and pray and sing with a clear and steady voice, sometimes in English, then in Portuguese, or some of the languages he knew in the Inhambane country. One hymn he sang so many times was: "Zion stands with hills surrounded," and those last words, "God is with thee, God thine everlasting light," comforted him much.

He died a conqueror; not as a soldier who leaves the battle while there is still fighting for him to do, but as one who stands by his post and fights to the very last. As he lay quiet in death there was a look of perfect peace -- not a sign of pain or unrest, but a pleased, satisfied look, such as might be pictured on the face of a victor upon whose brow was being, placed the wreath of victory. Thus it was with our beloved brother. "God took him."

Yours in Christ's service,
J. P. Brodhead

Thus closed the life history, so far as this world is concerned, of one of God's most genuine, earnest, devoted, self-sacrificing, pure and noble sons, to whom the following, inscribed to Charles Kingsley by his wife, may quite properly be applied:

"A Righteous man
Who loved God and truth above all things;
A man of untarnished honor--
Loyal and chivalrous -- gentle and strong--
Modest and humbled -- tender and true--
Pitiful to the weak -- yearning after the erring--
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern to himself--
Who, being angry, sinned not;
Whose highest virtues were known only
To his wife, his children, his servants and the poor;
Who lived in the presence of God here,
And, passing through the grave and gate of death,
Now liveth unto God forevermore."

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40 -- CHAPTER

Tributes

Letter From Mrs. Agnew

I wish to add a little to what has already been written about my husband. As Brother Brodhead and Brother Haley have written about his sickness, I will not go over all that again, but will mention some things they have not particularly dwelt upon.

When Mr. Agnew was first taken sick, Mr. and Mrs. Rees, who were with us at the time, took entire charge of our children, with the house and school, leaving me free to nurse Mr. Agnew and pray for him.

The first few days of his sickness he was full of plans in regard to our getting off to America, giving us orders as to what to do and have done, and was also planning for the future of our work, although he was a very sick man from the first.

On Sunday evening after he was confined to his bed, while all the rest of our mission family were out in the dining room at supper, husband looked around to see if we were alone, then took my hand, and, in a very tender way, said: "Pet, you know it came to me about leaving my girl a widow and my little ones orphans, and it gave me such a pang in my heart!"

I tried to comfort him, and encourage him to look to God, assuring him that God was able to ,raise him up, should it be his will. This was the first time he had mentioned the matter of his not getting well.

Brother Haley and myself spent all our time taking care of him and praying for him. At times the Lord would come very near, and it was easy to pray. At other times it was hard to pray, and many times did we have to go out of the room for a season, it was so hard to see him suffer as he did.

During this sickness, as always, he was patient, kind and loving, appreciative of everything done for him and trying to make us comfortable in every way he could. Once he said to me, while I was waiting on him, "The Lord is going to reward you for the good care you have taken of his boy."

He sought to leave nothing unsaid that he thought would comfort us after he was gone. At one time he said to me, "If I do not get well, it will not be because you have not prayed and done your part for me, for no woman could have done more than you have done."

At another time he looked up in a very troubled way at me and said: "What will you do, or how will you get along if I am taken?" I answered, "I don't know." In a few moments his face brightened, and he said: "The Lord will see that you are cared for; the church will look after you well." He then turned over on his side, placed his hand under his head and rested contentedly. It seemed as if the Lord had spoken to him and told him it should be well with his little family.

Once during his illness he wanted me to come to his bed and pray with him. He desired that we might search our hearts before the Lord. As I knelt there, after prayer, he began to talk out his heart to me. He said:

"We are so one that when one of us is in trouble the other is in trouble too. Now Jesus loves us, and I believe he knows we want his will done. He knows that we have not lived for self, and that we only want to live for him. How is it with you? Is this not true?" I saw what he wanted, and I said: "Papa, I want the wall of God. If Jesus can get more glory by your being taken to heaven, I say, Amen; but I would rather have you live than anything else on earth. Nevertheless, I say, Amen."

This answer seemed to satisfy him, and he said, "That is the way with me; I want the will of God done. But you know I have been thinking, and it seems to me that God will be more glorified by my. going around in America stirring up an interest in our mission work, and preaching this Holy Ghost religion, than by my lying in my grave out here, but his will be done. You keep praying for me."

We had strong hope that God would raise him up, but it was not so. God had another plan. He wanted that noble spirit to wear a martyr's crown in glory. When this was made clear to me, I at once said, "Amen, Lord."

To my dear husband the work God had given him always came first. It claimed his attention before any other earthly consideration. No sacrifice on his part was too great to be made in its interest.

As a father he was most loving, wanting his children trained strictly and carefully for the work of God. Many times have I heard him tell the children they had no business in this world but to serve God.

As a husband he was gentle, affectionate and true -- a spiritual guide and a helpful friend. The nearly six years of our married life only served to deepen my regard and affection for him, which was deep and intense from the beginning.

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!"

Your sister in Christ,
Mrs. G. H. Agnew

* * *

From General Superintendent Jones

Although having had but limited acquaintance with Brother Agnew, it affords me great pleasure to add a tribute of apprec/ation of one who voluntarily gave his life for Africa's redemption.

I first met Brother Agnew at the general conference held at Greenville, Illinois, in 1894, when on one of his visits home from Africa. I had another short visit with him before his return to the foreign field. I can speak only in the highest terms of his pure devotion, unbending integrity and true fidelity to God.

Brother Agnew possessed the true missionary spirit, and evinced an ardent love for the down-trodden and the oppressed. No sacrifice was too great, no hardship too severe, no antagonism too fierce for his consecration and faith. Fully realizing the importance of the mission to which he felt divinely called, he threw himself with characteristic earnestness and determination into the work of "carrying the war into 'Africa." With firmness of purpose and sufficient moral courage to follow his convictions of duty, he left his native land and for many years,. amid the misery and wretchedness often found among the heathen, labored to win those poor benighted ones to him who gave himself for their redemption. As he continued on the foreign field his missionary zeal became intensified. His arduous labors and life of self-sacrifice developed in him rare strength of character.

The general mission board had great confidence in Brother Agnew's judgment in missionary matters, and his opinions had much weight in determining the action of the board on questions relating to our work in Africa. His success on the field is well known to the church, yet the hardships and sacrifices he endured are little realized by those on the home field.

In the death of Harry Agnew, Africa. has lost a warm and faithful friend, and the church a successful, devoted and loyal missionary. To the church his death seemed premature, but he who "holds the lives of all men in his hands" has ordered aright. Those who deify blind chance are: unable to discern an overruling providence in the complicated events which take place in the world, but the Christian sees in every providence a Father's presence and love, and he almost loses sight of the sorrow in the glorious anticipation of the end. From the deepest vale of sorrow he exclaims, with one of old, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The great day will make plain what to our limited vision is unexplainable.

In the hour of bereavement how instinctively the heart of the Christian is drawn towards these members of the body of Christ who are the subjects of suffering. "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it." But the Infinite One will comfort the widow and the fatherless. The sainted one is at rest. The influence of his holy life will endure forever.

Burton R. Jones
Jackson, Mich.

* * *

From General Superintendent Sellew

I desire to add my tribute of affectionate regard to the memory of G. Harry Agnew. The privilege of his acquaintance was an inspiration to better living, and his example an incentive to noble deeds.

He was gifted with a superior type of manhood. There was a strength of real worth in him that always showed itself, and intuitively gave people who met him confidence in him. His manhood was not only characterized by strength, but it was also associated with gentleness, and these are two remarkable qualities to be found in one man.

He was an excellent example of the Christian gentleman. His piety was deep, his devotion real and his love for Christ and for Christ's kingdom undoubted. His religion was not a veneer, and he did not serve Christ that his temporal conditions might be bettered, but for Christ's own sake.

He was also a model missionary. He loved souls, and was willing and glad to go anywhere, to do anything and to do without many things, that he might win some souls for Christ. He did not consider his call to the foreign field an occasion for a trip abroad, neither did he tire of his labors as soon as their novelty wore off. His life was filled with self-sacrificing devotedness to God, and his death on the field was a fitting and blessed end to such a noble life.

"They loved not their lives even unto the death."

Jamestown, N.Y.
Walter A. Sellew

* * *

From Ex-Superintendent Coleman

I think all acquainted with the case will agree that Brother Agnew was a successful missionary. He remained longer on the field than any ether missionary sent out by the board. The seed he early sowed is already bearing fruit, and we already have such a number of native workers as augurs well for the future of the African work and causes us to thank God and take courage.

Best of all, his heart was in the Work, and he begrudged the time spent away from Africa. He said, in substance, when home last, "I want to get back to my work; and if you ever catch me deserting my field to return to America you may know I am backslidden."

I remember preaching before the Genesee conference at Albion, N. Y., and, speaking of how well a person feels who realizes he is in the will of God and doing the work God has for him to do, I said: "Here is Brother Agnew, just home from Africa, and I do not suppose it would be any inducement to him to leave the work God has called him to do were we to offer him the best circuit in the Genesee conference." Brother Agnew sprang to his feet, leaped into the aisle and was prostrated under the blessing of God which fell upon him. He was fully absorbed in his work, and there is always room for such devoted missionaries.

Brother Agnew fell on the battle field. His life is his monument. All who knew him will agree that the was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith."

George W. Coleman
Gainesville, N. Y.

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41 -- CHAPTER

Tributes -- Continued

From The Missionary Secretary

The Rev. B. Winget, of Chicago, Illinois, missionary secretary of the Free Methodist church, who probably knew Mr. Agnew's work on the foreign field better than any one else in America, except Mrs. Agnew, he having had general charge of that field as secretary nearly ten years, and having once visited Mr. Agnew for a considerable time in Africa, writes as follows:

It gives me pleasure to write a few facts relating to Brother Agnew and his work. My more intimate acquaintance with him began in 1895, in connection with my election to the office of missionary secretary, and increased and strengthened until the time of his death. Brother Agnew had the qualities of a moral hero. Like Dr. Edward Payson, he seemed to forget, somewhat, his fellow-workers, because of his intense interest in the conflict and his unconquerable ambition to gain new victories for his Savior and King.

Amid such an environment as attended him in Africa many men with less heroic qualities would have drawn back from the conflict.

Although when he first went to Africa he did not feel so strongly impressed with a. special divine call to the work as do some, yet his knowledge of the needs of the heathen, and of the importance of fulfilling the "great commission" increased, until his zeal for the work consumed him. For this he lived, for this he planned, for this he sacrificed, and for this he died. He looked not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. Filled with well conceived and carefully matured plans for his work, and just on the eve of departure for the home land, where he had fondly hoped to present his plans for the work at Inhambane and Johannesburg to the church, he was suddenly called into the presence of Christ. His death, so sudden, was like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. The first questions of his fellow-workers were, "What shall we do? Who will fill his place? The answer to these questions is found in the promises and provisions of him who called, qualified, sustained and has now taken Brother Agnew from labor and suffering to glory and reward. God takes the workmen but fills their places with others. When an Elijah ascends he always has some one to whom he has given a double portion of the Spirit to take Elijah's place.

Brother Agnew is with us still in the sanctity and beauty of his Christlikeness. Death has only increased the fragrance of these rare qualities. By his self-denying zeal and faithfulness he has opened and marked out the way for those unto whom are entrusted the privilege and responsibility of carrying forward the work he so well began. May his mantle fall on many.

B. Winget.
Chicago, Illinois

* * *

From The Sunday School Secretary And Editor

G. H. Agnew was a man of noble spirit. He was in every respect a Christian man, godly in life and conversation, deeply spiritual, and full of faith and good works.

The first time I met him I was greatly impressed with his devotedness. He seemed to be walking in the very presence of God.

An incident which occurred in Chicago some years ago revealed to me not only the character of the man, but the true spirit of a missionary. We had entered a Chinese laundry in one of the dark basements of the Chicago down-town district. Brother Agnew handed the check for his goods to a large, greasy-looking Chinaman, who went into the rear of the room to find them. As soon as the Chinaman stepped away from us Brother Agnew bowed his head and began to pray; and such a prayer -- I shall never forges it! "O Lord, here is a man without Christ. O Lord, reveal thyself to him, and save him. He is in great darkness; let the light of thy truth into his heart. I cannot speak to him, but Thou canst. O Lord, speak to him now, just now; and save him, Lord, from an endless hell. Amen."

He prayed with great fervor, while the tears ran down his face. I looked on and listened in astonishment. I had often been in Chinese laundries, but it had never occurred to me to pray for the heathen men I saw there. That prayer and those tears were a revelation to me. I saw before me u true missionary.

Nor have I told all. When half way up the steps, as we were-leaving the place, Brother Agnew stopped, and, covering his face with his hands, again prayed most earnestly. Then, asking me to wait a moment, he stepped back to see the Chinaman. I followed him, and at a little distance watched every move he made. He could not speak to the Chinaman so as to be understood, but with many signs, and with the tears still flowing, he tried as best he could to point him to Christ. The Chinaman was visibly affected.

As we were leaving the laundry Brother Agnew again hesitated on the steps, and said: "Oh, how I love that man; my God, save him."

I cannot begin to tell how these words pierced my soul. What! thought I, love that Chinaman! I knew that in my prayers I had often asked the Lord to put love in my heart for all mankind, but that was love at long range. The sort of love which this missionary had was something I knew nothing about. But my soul was stirred and as we stepped onto the street I stopped, and there and then cried to God for a heart full of love for the heathen. That hour my real interest in foreign missionary work began.

Brother Agnew had a peculiarly great love for Africa. Once when talking with him I remarked that it would be a terrible thing for him to die in that far-off country. He quietly replied that there was no terror in that thought to him, and added: "It is just as near to heaven from Africa as from America."

Brother Agnew lived a life of self-denying and unremitting toil. He counted nothing a hardship in the Master's service. He loved the heathen, and was ready to die for them. Our brother has gone to His reward, but his works do follow him.

W. B. Olmstead
Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * * *

From A Missionary Of Another Denomination

The following tribute, from a missionary of another denomination who knew Mr. Agnew well in Africa, was sent us by the Rev. J. W. Haley, one of Mr. Agnew's co-workers on the foreign field:

I first met Brother Agnew in 1899, when the war clouds were thickening over South Africa. He impressed me then as a man of great sincerity and earnestness of purpose. The war came, scattering missionaries, and our acquaintance was interrupted before I came to know the man in all the sweetness and mellowness of his character.

At the close of the war we again met in Johannesburg, and I learned to love him, not only as a saint of God, but also as a dear personal friend. Older than myself, more widely and deeply experienced in the things of God, and in the common work that called us here, he was like a father in spiritual things, and in the perplexing questions and conditions that arise in a missionary's life. My wife and myself have every reason to remember him with gratitude.

He was a man of unswerving fidelity to God and his cause. Everything about the man had the ring of genuineness, which commands respect even from those who pursue entirely different courses of life. He was thus well adapted to meet and vanquish the hostility that so often harasses the missionary here where his teaching is so often in conflict with the ends and purposes of a white population mad for gold. The genuineness of Brother Agnew often disarmed hostility and gained a way for the gospel where there would have been none for other men. The genuineness! We give God the glory for that. It but illustrates what God can do for us all when he gets the right of way in our lives.

It was my privilege to be with Brother Agnew in his home during the last weeks of his life, and to see and appreciate the ripening graces of a life that set God first. We little thought how near to' their full ripeness those graces were, until suddenly one evening we found that Brother Agnew was dangerously ill -- the result of his faithfulness to duty.

In a modest way he had often had experiences in fighting disease, loneliness, heathenish darkness and death itself, in the fever-infested swamps of the east coast of Africa, while he preached the word to a people dull of ear and dark of heart. Occasionally he referred to misunderstandings of his work and purposes in that dark land, but with a moderation that showed the meekness and gentleness of a heart indwelt by the Spirit of God. He was a hero and a martyr when he faced difficulties for God; he was the soul of meekness, gentleness and kindness among his fellows.

He has put off the helmet of the battle only that he might take the crown of life, having been faithful unto death; and has laid aside "the sword of the Spirit" that he might wave the palm of victory, having "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." We stood about his lifeless form and pledged ourselves to push the battle in which he had fallen. God grant that we, like him, may be found with the whole armor of God on when the muster-out comes for us. Upon one of our number his mantle has doubtless fallen. May God give our brother grace for the conflict, and his fellows grace to hold him up in prayer.

A Missionary
Germiston, South Africa,
March 25, 1903

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From A Missionary Of Another Communion To Mrs. Agnew

Box 2494 Johannesburg,
March 11, 1903

My Dear Mrs. Agnew:

I was sorry not to get the word in time yesterday to be present at the funeral. I was down town when Mr. Baker called, and I did not get back fill after ten -- too late to reach you in time.

You have had the prayers and sympathy of us all in your great sorrow and loss. I too feel it as a personal loss. Mr. Agnew was one of the most genuine men! have known. It always did me good to meet him. May God sustain and help you, as he surely will.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. Goodenough

* * *

Mission Station, Moohudl
Brit. Protectorate, March 20, 1903

My Dear Sister Agnew:

Today I received your letter of the 16th inst. containing the sad news of the death of dear Brother Agnew. I do not even need to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in your sore bereavement, I feel that I have lost a friend to whom I always looked up as to one taught by the Holy Spirit.

My heart truly bleeds at the thought of not seeing dear Brother Agnew on earth again. But, thank God, we know that Jesus said: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We will see him again on the golden strand, when eternity's morning breaks.

Truly we do not understand our Father's dealings always, but we are always assured of the love, and that is enough for time and for eternity.

Poor little Susie. I do not think she remembers me, but tell her for me that we will see "Papa" again one day. Then we will never more need to leave each other.

I knew Brother Agnew's end would be victory, because his life had been victory through the blood of Jesus.

Please let me hear from you when you are back in America. I copy a few lines which I think should cheer the heart:

"Wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the dead of night,
He lifts my burdens, for he is strong,
He stills the sigh, and wakes the song;
The grief that bears me down he hears,
And loves and pardons because he cares."

Your brother in Christ Jesus,
J. C. Knobel

* * *

From Miss Allen

Fair View,
March 11, 1903

My Precious Sister Lillie:

Our hearts are all aching for you since yesterday, when we received the news of the departure of our. beloved friend and brother, and I would so love to fly to you and put my arms

around you. In spirit I have been with you a good deal of the time during these last terrible days, and I have felt that the Lord Jehovah was upholding you by his mighty power.

It must be a comfort to you, as it is to me, to think of Brother Agnew's "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom." When I think of his sufferings from that fever every year, and the hardships he has endured, it is comforting to know that it is forever past. No more fever, no more long tramps in the burning sun, no more privations, but rest at Jesus' feet. Oh, it is blessed to think of him; but when I think of you, with your poor broken heart and your orphan children, my heart bleeds. But, Lillie dear, you know the Lord. Oh, I am so glad that you are acquainted with him. I know you will lean hard upon him in this time of distress, and he will not fail you. You have passed through some deep waters before this, and you have proven his faithfulness. Remember, there are special promises for you in the word, as Psalms 68:5, 146:9, Jer. 49:11, Ex. 22:22-23, and many others, to show that our heavenly Father has special care for the widow and the fatherless. And now, good night, my own beloved sister in the Lord.

Truly Your Sister,
F. Grace Allen

* * *

From A Colonial Farmer Of Another Denomination

Antioch, Enqabena, Alfred Co.,
Natal, March 18, 1903

My Dear Mrs. Brodhead:

Many thanks for your letter telling me the sad news about Mr. Agnew -- sad for us who remain, but for him only joy; "absent from the body, present with the Lord;" "with Christ, which is far better." I know well how ready he was to meet the Lord, and how he "counted not his life dear unto himself." Truly he "loved not his life unto the death in the high places of the field," and I believe he will have u martyr's crown. I count it a great honor to have had such a man for my friend, and I hope to meet him again in our Father's kingdom. I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
George Larkan

To this letter, as it came to our hands was appended the following explanatory statement from the Rev. J. P. Brodhead: "Mr. George Larkan is a loyal friend of our mission work, residing near Itemba, M. S., and knew Brother Agnew several years." From Mrs. Agnew we also learn that he was instrumental in the introduction of the Free Methodist work into Ebenezer, which he has always generously supported.

* * *

From A Congregationalist Missionary

The writer of the following was a neighbor missionary of Mr. Agnew, residing near Itemba. He came there after the opening of the Free Methodist mission station at that place, to labor under the Congregational Union, and knew Mr. Agnew well for several years:

Mansfield, Via Port Shepstone,
March 20, 1903

My Dear Mr. Brodhead:

The news of dear Brother Agnew's home-going has reached us with startling suddenness, as we did not know of his illness. He has a rich reward and must have had an abundant entrance into the kingdom, but our thoughts are with Mrs. Agnew and the children, together with ourselves. He could be ill spared just now, and one wonders what is God's meaning for us all in this great trial. Mrs. Pugh is writing today to our sister to express our deep sympathy with her in her sorrow. Poor body! It must be a terrible blow to her, but she has the heritage of the memory of a true man of God, such as we all found him.

I do pray that you, too, brother, may be sustained during your time of trial. I am sure you need upholding in this season of anxiety.

Many thanks for writing to let me know of Mr. Agnew's death, sad as it is.

With deepest sympathy and affectionate regards, believe me,
yours very truly,
G. John Pugh

* * *

From An American Board Missionary.

Adams Mission Station,
March 14, 1903

Dear Brother Brodhead:

I have received your note announcing the triumphant departure of our dear Brother Agnew to the better land. Will you kindly convey to Sister Agnew our sympathy for her in her great bereavement?

It is now about twenty years since I first saw his happy face on the deck of the steamer as he landed at Inhambane. My first impression of him has only been confirmed by all that I have known of him subsequently, namely, that here was a soul that knew the secret of the divine presence. I do not say this from a superficial acquaintance. We have shared crusts together, and I have slept beside him on the ground in his humble hut. We have opened our hearts to one

another upon the deep things of God. We have conducted meetings together -- have traveled and lost our way together.

Thus I have been able to see something of his inner life in varied experiences, and in all I have had but one conviction-that he was truly a man of God and one of the most earnest and devoted missionaries I have known in Africa.

Why God should have called him before others is one of the mysteries that we are not able to fathom. But he knows best. My principal thought with regard to Brother Agnew is: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Yours, "In His Name,"
W. C. Wilcox

The Rev. Mr. Wilcox, writer of the foregoing, is an American missionary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, and one of the leading representatives of that body in Natal. He formerly spent a number of years at Inhambane. Mr. Agnew makes frequent reference to him in his writings, and appears always to have held him in highest esteem.

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42 -- CHAPTER

Closing Words

In the foregoing chapters we have surveyed with considerable detail the history of one who, though cut off in the prime of his manhood, had so feared, loved and served God and devoted himself from early years to philanthropic sacrifice and service as to achieve more for God and humanity than most men of equal talents achieve who reach their four score years. Again we are reminded that achievement, not length of days, is the true measure of a human life.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
We should count time by heart-throbs,
Not in figures on a dial. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

-- Bailey

"Real worth requires no interpreter; its every day deeds form its blazonry." Men are judged in the long run by what they have contributed of permanent value to the welfare of their race. In the kingdom of God greatness is measured by service rendered to one's fellow men. "He that will be greatest among you, let him be servant of all."

"The heart with love to God inspired
With love to man will glow."

Harry Agnew bore in a remarkable degree that royal mark of discipleship -- wholehearted and practical devotion to the welfare of others. In the spirit of his divine Master, he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." His religion was not that of the Priest or the Levite, who, hearing the groans and beholding the misery of the man who had been robbed and wounded by thieves and left for dead, said, "Poor fellow! how unfortunate!" and then passed on. It was rather like that of the good Samaritan, who, coming upon the same unfortunate fellow after Priest and Levite had gone their way, turned aside for his relief, dismounted from his beast, lifted the bleeding form, washed away the blood and dirt, dispensed both oil and wine to soothe and stimulate the sufferer, placed him upon his own beast, took him to an inn, paid for his board and nursing for a certain time and then bade the inn-keeper give him all needed care until fully recovered, engaging to pay all further costs therefor. His religion was a practical illustration of "applied Christianity" -- a Christianity that is not only theoretically correct, but which is practically Christ-like in its ministry to the sinful, suffering, sorrowing sons of men.

In our survey of the earthly side of that life which has engaged our attention in this volume, what a constellation of graces it has presented for our consideration and emulation! What genuine meekness, modesty, simplicity, purity and unswerving devotion to truth and righteousness have been exhibited! What enduring patience, what indomitable courage, what unconquerable hope, what consuming zeal, what heroic self-sacrifice, what intensity of love to God and men have constantly come to our view! What a life of self-denial, toil, trial, disappointment, exposure, suffering and sorrow, all borne, not only meekly and unmurmuringly, but victoriously and joyfully, for the sake of Christ and precious souls, have we traced in the foregoing pages! Faults our departed brother had, in common with all the sons of men, but who had fewer and less grievous ones, and who in royal virtues hath abounded more? In the truest sense he "was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith."

Not to nature but to divine grace was he indebted for these noble qualities. His testimony, like that of Paul, was: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Like Paul also he regarded himself as "less than the least of all saints," -- "the chief of sinners," saved by mighty grace.

Earlier than he or others expected our brother's course is finished and his earthly work is done. Cut off in the midst of his days, the providence that removed him, when the field in which he wrought apparently needed him more than ever, remains an insoluble mystery. One thing, however, is consoling, namely, that he has not ceased to serve his Lord and King, but, in his removal from the field of earthly toil, has only been called to more exalted, perfect and blissful service at God's right hand. In his departure ours is the sorrow, his is the joy; ours the experience of disappointed hope, his the enrapturing bliss of hopes perfectly fulfilled. To us remain the toils, the trials, the conflicts, the disappointments and the sorrows of mortal existence; to him the repose and security of the "Father's house" above, where wearying toil, privation, hardship, with suffering and death, are unknown, and where disappointment, and pain, and sorrow and crying never intrude, God having wiped away the tears of the pilgrims for ever.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past!

The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

* * *

In Memoriam -- A Tribute To Rev. G. H. Agnew

In a distant foreign country,
Fever-tossed and worn with pain,
Lay our dying missionary,
With delirious, tired brain,
Planning still for future service;
Loved ones sought to soothe in vain,
Till one said, "We'll talk it over
When the morning comes again."

Then the restless brain grew calmer,
And the dying worker smiled,
While there came a little respite
In the fever, raging wild;
And he hopefully responded,
While the loving watchers wept:
"Yes! Good-night! We'll talk it over
In the morning;" and he slept.

And the morning dawned as brightly
As an earthly morning may;
But to him it was the dawning
Of an Everlasting Day.
He has passed beyond the shadows,
But the loved ones calmly say,
"'We'll talk it over in the morning,'
When the mists have cleared away."

In the home-land friends were planning,
While their hearts from care were free,
For the meeting with those loved ones
Who were soon to cross the sea,
When there came the short, sad message,
And their hopes were swept away,
Till their meeting in the morning
Of that grand Eternal Day.

Swift have seemed the years in passing
Since our brother crossed the wave,
Leaving friends and native home-land,

Afric's sons to seek and save.
Oft he carried heavy burdens;
Brave was he to do or dare;
We shall meet him in the morning,
And we'll "talk it over" there.

On his chosen field of labor
Other workers toil today;
May his mantle fall upon them,
As they follow in the way
He had planned for future service
In the work to him so dear;
And he'll tell them "in the morning"
What he left unfinished here.

As a church we feel our sorrow,
And we weep with those who weep;
But we know our heavenly Father
Will a faithful vigil keep
O'er the wife and little children,
And will guide with tender care,
Till they meet him "in the morning,"
Then they'll "talk it over" there.

God protect our missionaries
From the dangers which surround,
Till a glorious golden harvest
Has their earthly labor crowned.
In the home-land or the foreign,
We will watch and work and pray,
Till we greet again our brother,
Some glad morn, not far away.

Farewell, then, thou tireless worker!
Thou hast laid thy burdens down,
And exchanged the earthly crosses
For the victor's palm and crown.
Farewell, faithful missionary!
Till, amid the white-robed throng,
We shall meet, and "talk it over,"
In the morning Land of Song.

-- Ella Southworth Clark
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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THE END