

Fanstone hopes to minister, arrangements were made for taking a suitable place for public worship where all could meet together. Mr. Fanstone says :—

"We have since taken rooms in one of the main streets in the city, and have held services two Sundays already; also on week-nights. With careful management, this place will seat about 100 persons. It has been crowded on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and all the other services are well attended. Some little alterations need be made, such as the removal of a wall, etc., and then the place will, I think, answer the purpose very well for the present. . . . I cannot tell you how thankful I am that God has thus far removed our difficulties. Your prayers for us have been many I doubt not, and God's goodness to us has been very great. . . . Both Leonidas and I are well. The change of climate has not appeared to affect me yet in the least. My lame leg gets stronger, and I think it is possible that it will soon be as strong as the other.

"It is useless for me to try and tell you how much I have missed the dear, happy fellowship of Harley House. Only those who have left it, and are far away from all those blessings, can understand. I remember the Institute and all the dear brethren each day in prayer, and know that I myself shall also be remembered.

"I am working hard each day at the language, and long for the time when I shall preach the gospel to thousands in this land who know it not."

LETTERS FROM MR. LANGFORD IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"OUDTSHOORN, CAPE COLONY, *July 31st, 1879.*

"MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. GUINNESS,—By the above address you will see that I am arrived at my field of labour in the Lord's harvest field.

"My first word is 'Ebenezer.' Hitherto hath the Lord helped! and it is with a heart filled with gratitude to our heavenly Father, that I send you these lines, as I know you will be anxious to hear how the Lord has dealt with me since my departure from Harley House.

"You will have received the few lines I sent you from Cape Town immediately on our arrival; but the mail was to leave almost immediately after our arrival, and so I wrote that letter not in Cape Town, but in sight of it, still on the ocean, and posted it almost immediately after we were in.

"I cannot describe to you my feelings when, still some seven or eight miles out, I looked upon the house, at Sea Point, where I was born. In a moment the past came before me, and I fancied that I could see myself a little boy on my mother's knee, being taught to pray. I remembered all the sweet lessons received from a dear God-fearing mother, who instructed us early to give our hearts to the Lord in the days of our youth. Time rolled by, and now those years seemed to come back—years of sin, folly and sorrow; years of wandering from the Lord, without God; without peace or hope in the world. Then came to my mind the Lord's gracious dealing with my soul, my heart swelled with gratitude towards Him, and my eyes filled quite unawares.

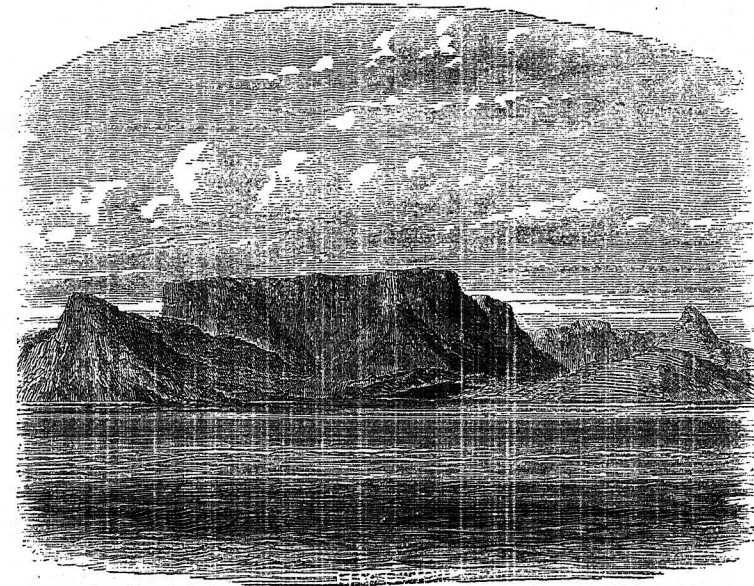


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, SOUTH AFRICA.

"Now, thank God, I was returning to my native land a different man—"a new creature," not only rescued like a brand from the burning, but privileged to be a messenger of the blessed gospel, to carry tidings of salvation to my countrymen who have for years been a burden on my soul.

"I was sorry not to meet my dear old mother in Cape Town as I had expected, but she had left before my letter, telling her of my return, arrived. This was a sore disappointment, but He knows what is good for His children.

"I met some old and valued friends in Cape Town, and those who had mourned in former years over me, now rejoiced and praised the Lord with me for having answered their earnest prayers on my behalf.

"Immediately after our arrival, a son of the Rev. Mr. Anderson waited upon us, and gave me an invitation of the Rev. W. Thompson, the minister of the Congregational Church, to come and see him. I went to the usual week-night service, and there met Mr. Thompson, who received me warmly and bade me welcome in the name of the Lord. As he requested me to preach that night, I was glad of the privilege, and as they were mostly Christians I took as my text, Matthew v. 48, illustrating the subject by Enoch's walk with God. Thursday passed in visiting old friends, and speaking a word now and again for the Master; and on Friday, at noon, we left for Mosselbay, where we arrived at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Mr. Searle's cart and horses were waiting for us, and his eldest son had come to bid us welcome, and help us with our baggage, etc., and there we bade adieu to many of our fellow-passengers, a few of whom were bright Christians.

"One of them, you will be glad to learn, was a former neighbour of yours, some twenty years ago: I cannot think at this moment of his name; but he told me that he had been brought to the Lord by your instrumentality, when quite a young man, and I thanked God for it.

"At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon we left Mosselbay for Great Brak River, Mr. Searle's residence, where we received a warm welcome from his whole family.

"I was requested to hold service for the coloured people on Sunday, which I gladly consented to do, and though the notice was very short to the people, about 180 gathered together for the morning service. It was rather strange to me to speak to them in the language of my childhood, which I had not spoken for many years, yet the dear Lord, always faithful, helped me. In the afternoon there was the usual Sunday-school, to which I addressed a few earnest words. It did my heart good to see some aged people among them, and a great many adults, eager to be instructed in reading the precious word of God. They seem so eager to be taught, and in their desire for the Bread of life put us white people to shame. Their hearts seem to be burning within them, and they love the word of God and prize it very highly.

"Monday morning came, and with it the moment to bid farewell and God speed to my fellow-traveller and co-worker. Having learned to love and value Brother Anderson already at Harley House, and the time of constant intercourse with him during the voyage only having strengthened and increased that love, it was very hard to part. Yet the distance is not great, and we will have opportunity often to hear from each other. I bade them all an affectionate adieu and left for Oudtshoorn, a distance of sixty miles, arriving that evening.

"I received a very hearty welcome to Oudtshoorn, from Mrs. Anderson, and my heart was filled with gratitude to the Lord for all His loving-kindness in sparing me thus far, for His protection and presence with me during a long and perilous journey of many thousand miles. The news that the new pastor had come spread like wildfire through the village among the coloured population, and already early on Tuesday some of the deacons and members came to bid me 'welcome home.' They did not know that I was African; and in expressing their feelings of joy, they thanked God for having sent one of His servants to them from the far-off country. I am received by *all* in a spirit of love and affection far surpassing my expectation. May the Lord help me and give me much grace in dispensing the Bread of life to these hungry souls.

"On Tuesday evenings there is a prayer meeting in the chapel, and I conducted the service. Many had come—I should think some eighty or ninety. After the meeting was over, they all desired to bid me welcome, and so one by one they came up and shook hands, adding a word of cheer. Very touching it was, when one poor aged woman came up and in shaking hands slipped a shilling into my hand. Poor dear soul! it was perhaps all she had, but she *would* show her gladness at my arrival by giving that; and then another one came and gave me a shilling. It is not the gift, but the spirit in which it was offered, that made my heart overflow with thanks to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. Yesterday, more people came in to make me welcome, and the smiling faces were very refreshing to a new comer. Oh, pray that the Lord may abundantly bless my labours among these people.

"I am sure you will be glad to learn that my health is improving. Since I left England, I have had none of the ups and downs; but though slowly, I feel the improvement gradually. Yesterday and even this forenoon it was wet, but I do not seem to feel any ill effects from it, and if it please the Lord to restore me altogether, I have no doubt that there will be plenty for me to do.

"*The fields are white, but no labourers, and we could easily place out fifteen or sixteen missionaries, if there were only a supply of them.*

"The field is very extensive, and plenty of work to be done, for the people are eagerly longing to be taught, and workers in the Lord's vineyard would be heartily welcomed.

"I have not yet seen any of the Dysselsdorp people. Mr. Anderson thought that it would be better if I would stay here at head-quarters and labour here till his return, but I expect the deacons will be here to-morrow and then we shall arrange matters.

"But now I must conclude. Again I ask your continual prayers for me and my work. Kindest love in Christ to you and all your circle, Mr. Barfield and all the brethren, and believe me with heartfelt thanks for all your love and kindness to me while at Harley House.

"Yours very faithfully,

"R. S. LANGFORD."

"OUDTSHOORN, CAPE COLONY, August 23rd, 1879.

"MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. GUINNESS,—I feel that I will not be able to write you a long letter this time, but I cannot let this mail go without sending a few lines to you, as I know how very anxious you will be for further tidings from us in the Cape Colony.

"Since I last wrote to you, I have been out at Dysseldorp and saw the place of my future sphere of labour in the Lord's vineyard, if it should please Him to spare me.

"I was very warmly received by the people. My reception there was equally as warm as at this place; in fact, more so, as they knew when I was coming, and about 400 came and met me at the river, about one and a half miles from the church. They sung an anthem as I came up to them, which said something about 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' The singing affected me so that I could hardly speak, and I am not ashamed to own that I wept with emotion.

"After I said a few words to them, we walked together to the church, and I preached there. After the service, I went to view the house and garden, my future home! The house is large and commodious, and a fine garden attached to the place, but not a single article of furniture. I have at present the loan of bed, a table, and a chair from Mrs. Anderson, and so I will have to make shift, until I can bit by bit get the house furnished. The garden is in a very dilapidated state, but I engaged a few men to work and put it to rights; and next week, I hope (D.V.) to plant vegetables, and get the fruit trees trimmed and in order.

"Among the many fruit trees in the garden there are six orange, two lemon, seven almond and one date-palm tree; and peach, fig, and apples any quantity;

and I have only one wish, viz., that Harley House was within easy distance so as to be able to send you some fruit when the season comes.

"There is plenty of work here. I have at present six services every week: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings in Dutch; and Friday evening in English, and all are very well attended. Then I have two services on Sundays. The Sunday evening service is always very well attended; in fact, the pulpit stairs have to help seat the people, and the Lord is very good and has already given me tokens of blessing. Of course, I am at present reaping the fruits of Mr. Anderson's labours, who has laboured here for the last thirty-five years, yet I rejoice that there is blessing, and although he sowed and I reap, we know that 'in the day of harvest both the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together.'

"I have a large amount of medical work to do. People are continually besieging the door for aid, and as there have been several instances of the medicine being blessed by the Lord, that number is daily increasing. I am so thankful that I was enabled to take out a nice stock of medicine, for beside what I bought for the outfit, I employed some money sent to me by some friends in Scotland, to purchase another quantity of drugs, etc. Mr. Theodore Howard's case of bark preparation is very valuable—a most useful article, daily in demand. My stock is getting rather low, and I am praying to the Lord for a further supply as I am unable to buy them here. The people here are very kind, and I am quite happy in the work.

"There are many more places which want missionaries, and if I had them here, I could place three or four at once. Of course until they could learn the language they would have to take charge of the school, taking also an occasional week-night service. There is another congregation about forty miles from this, who would be glad to get a missionary to reside amongst them; and if you could send out a young man to me to take the Dysseldorp School for a little time until he could learn the Dutch, I could easily get the people to subscribe for his support. The income of the school is about £60 per annum, with free house. This is the Mission School, only for the black children, and no certificate is needed (*i.e.*, teacher's certificate).

"At Dysseldorp there is no teacher yet. I have at present the offer of a Hollander, but he is quite unable to teach in English, and consequently we should not get the Government grant of £30 for the school. Besides, he is an unconverted man. May the Lord soon send me the help I so much need.

"You will be glad to learn that I am getting on very well, with regard to physical strength. The work is rather severe for me, especially so many addresses to give, but I find the Lord's promise coming true 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and when I am once thoroughly settled at Dysseldorp, the English service on Friday evenings will fall away, as there are no English-speaking inhabitants at Dysseldorp. I shall be sorry to give it up, for it is such a strong reminder of the happy services in England! The other week, when I was at Dysseldorp, we remembered the Lord's death, with much joy.

"I was thinking of Harley Hall, where it had been my privilege to dispense the Sacrament last, and the memory was very sweet.

"I have had several letters from England, but none from Harley House, though I long very much to hear how you are all getting on. Well, I must

have patience: perhaps the *Durban* has brought me a letter, and I will get it (D.V.) on Monday next.

"Again, I would renew my request and prayer for a teacher if you can send me one. Oh, do try what you can do; it is too pitiful to see the children running loose, like sheep without a shepherd.

"I need not urge you to remember me in prayer, for I know too well that we who have gone forth are faithfully borne up by you all; but still, I need much grace and wisdom for the work.

"My kindest Christian love to all your circle and all the students and teachers.

"I am afraid I will not be able to send the assegais for Gershom very much before Christmas, as there are none to be got here, but I have written to my brother in Natal, and he will be able to send me some.

"May the Lord bless and reward you for all your kindness to me.

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. S. LANGFORD."

MR. ANDERSON'S RECEPTION AT DYSEL- DORP.

MR. ANDERSON is at present occupying the station at Dysseldorp, at which Mr. Langford is ultimately to be stationed. He writes:—

"DEAR MR. GUINNESS,—You must be thinking that I am very forgetful, seeing I have been so very long in writing to you, but there is so very much to be done here that we scarcely know what to put the hand to first. . . . I find the language (Dutch) difficult, but by the Lord's help I mean to master it soon; so I am giving nearly all my time to it in order the sooner to be able to preach to the people in their own tongue. I have preached every Sunday with the exception of the first since I arrived. The first time Mr. Atkinson acted as interpreter, but as the people understood me very well without interpretation, we have had a service in English every Sunday afternoon since. I have translated the Gospel of John and a large portion of the Psalms, as well as other portions of Scripture. I read also other Dutch books daily, and push on with the grammar. I stayed at Great Black River a week after Mr. Langford left me, and during that time visited all the farms and cottages, or rather huts, in the neighbourhood. To those at a distance I went on horseback. I did not find so much difficulty in talking to them, as they all understood a little English, and I used the Dutch as much as I could, although the people laughed at my mistakes. I fancy they understood my English better than my Dutch!

"When I arrived here (Aug. 4th) the people had arranged to come out to welcome me, but owing to the rain, which had fallen heavily all day, few attempted it. The deacons and leading men of the place came. Immediately after my arrival the bell sounded the call of assembly, and very soon some

hundreds had gathered in front of the missionary's house, the rain having ceased a little before. As soon as I went out to them they struck up and sang in English,—

"I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home."

This took me so by surprise that I could not refrain from tears, as I looked for the first time on such a crowd of black faces, and realized our common brotherhood, as they sang that sweet hymn. Before saying a few words to them, I had to shake hands all round, and from the cordial grasp I received from each, I felt that I was among a very warm hearted people.

"I should never have done if I were to tell you all the interesting things I have experienced since I came here. This mission station was founded in 1809, by a Bohemian missionary. He died in 1818, and several years elapsed before any one came to take up the work. His successor was sent out towards the end of 1822 by the London Missionary Society. Mr. Atkinson, the present missionary, arrived in 1850, two years before the other died. Mr. Atkinson had written several times to the London Missionary Society for a colleague as he felt he was growing too old for the work (he is 75), but they refused to send him one, saying the people could now look out for themselves. He got discouraged and was preparing to leave, when Mr. Serle wrote to say that I was coming. Since then his mind has been at rest, and I think he will now stay and help us in the work as he is able. He is an exceedingly nice old gentleman, so that we are like Eli and Samuel. He gives instructions and I follow them, and the Lord blesses us with much peace and joy. I am thankful that God has led me to such a fatherly old man. Pray that we may have many happy days of service for the Lord together . . .

"One requires to be everything out here, and to do the work of six or seven people instead of one. How little you at home know of the real troubles of mission work and missionaries! I assure you we need much prayer to keep us facing the enemy.

"A chip of wood injured one of my eyes the other day while chopping spars for the garden fence, so that I have written this letter under difficulties, and must close, hoping to hear from you soon.

"With Christian love to Mrs. Guinness, and particularly to Gershom,

"I remain, yours very truly,

"G. B. ANDERSON."

"All that He is, and has, and does, I claim,
To all His promises He writes my name
All that He suffers to be done, must be
Ruled by His everlasting love to me!"

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

SEVERAL recent incidents have made us think that some of its kind friends residing in the provinces might aid the work of our Mission Institute in another way than by breathing in its behalf a prayer to God, or drawing on its behalf a cheque on the bank. Both these are very effectual ways of helping, but we venture to suggest a third which might prove equally or even more efficacious.

Year by year death diminishes the number of those whom we know and love, and who are acquainted with us and our work. That number was never very large; it has considerably decreased already, and unless we make *new* friends, it will only continue to do so.

Now if the circle of our fellow-workers decreases, it is clear the work must be proportionately decreased, and we are all anxious—are we not, dear friends?—that the work should increase, not decrease. *Two-thirds of mankind are still without the gospel, and the end of this age is fast approaching.* These solemn facts forbid us to be contented with what we have already attained, and impel us the rather to push forward with all our might.

We have no travelling secretary and no "deputations" to go round the country and make known the work and the needs of the Institute. Very few comparatively have ever heard of it, and though there are, we believe, multitudes who are able and would be willing to help our effort, *if they were aware of its existence*, we cannot introduce it to their notice. Could you not, dear friends, help us in making it more widely known in circles where it would be likely to command sympathy? Mr. Guinness would gladly visit any town, where public or drawing-room meetings could be convened, to give addresses on the subject of our responsibilities to the heathen world, such as might, with God's blessing, lead to action, to increased consecration of *means*, and perhaps even of *life*, to missions, the great work of the church on earth. If prayerfully convened and prayerfully conducted, surely our God would use such meetings for His own glory! And if we can advance gospel work in the world by making such an effort, ought we not to try?

We would suggest then to those who are in a position so to do, to make the attempt. We would not propose collections of any kind on such occasions, but the simple giving of information about various spheres of missionary labour. Our Institute being broadly catholic,