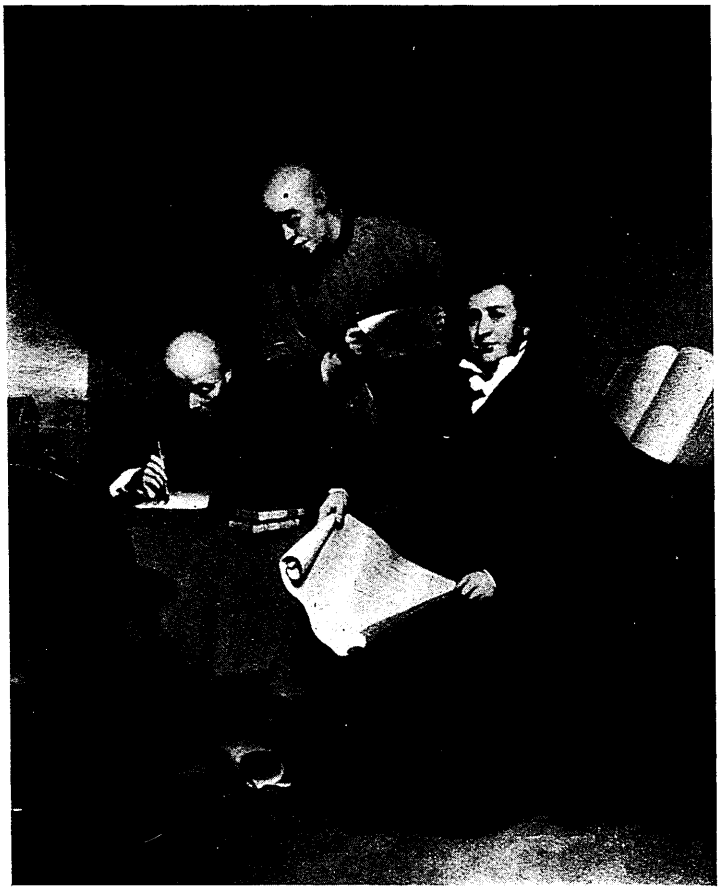
ROBERT MORRISON

A MASTER-BUILDER



Painting by Chinnery, 1828

ROBERT MORRISON

AND TWO OF HIS CHINESE ASSISTANTS

ROBERT MORRISON

A MASTER-BUILDER

By

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ὡς σοφὸς ἀρχιτέκτων θεμέλιον τέθεικα

1 Cor. iii. 10

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STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

32 RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS volume is the fourth of a uniform series of new missionary biographies, in the preparation of which a group of unusually able writers are collaborating. The enterprise is being undertaken by the United Council for Missionary Education.

While these volumes contain a large amount of valuable new material, this is not their main objective. The aim rather is to give to the world of to-day a fresh interpretation and a richer understanding of the life and work of great missionaries.

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TO

THE REV. CHENG CHING-YI, D.D.

CHAIRMAN OF

CHINA'S FIRST NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

THIS LIFE

OF

THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY

TO THAT GREAT COUNTRY

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

"We express our appreciation for the work of the missionaries who through untold difficulties have blazed the way and laid down the foundation of a great structure for national evangelization, and for the Christian Churches in the West through whose faithful support the missionary work has been developed and attained its present growth."

"We Chinese Christians declare that we have the commission from the Head of the Church, Jesus Christ, to proclaim the Gospel to every creature."

"We confidently hope that the time will soon come when the Church of China will repay in part for that which she has bountifully received from her mother Churches in the West, the loving tributes of the daughter—contributions in thought, life and achievement for the enrichment of the Church catholic."

From *The Message of the Church*, The Report of Commission III of the National Christian Conference, which Commission was composed of Chinese Christians only, with Dr Cheng Ching-yi as Chairman.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"THE pioneer is forgotten" wrote Robert Morrison in a fit of depression. To him in his lonely post it seemed so, but the statement is not true for all time. The pioneer, like the prophet, may be despised or even slain by his contemporaries, but posterity will build his tomb. In Morrison's case he lived to be honoured beyond most missionaries, and time has only added lustre to his name.

It is fitting that his life and work should be again recalled, for a new and promising chapter in the evangelization of China has commenced. The Christian Church which Morrison set forth to found in the land of Sinim has lately claimed the right to administer her own affairs where able to do so. The great gulf between a land with no followers of Christ —we speak of the Protestant Church alone—and a land with a Church strong enough to desire self-government, has, thank God, been bridged. On the one side of that great span stands Morrison, the dauntless master-builder, and on the other side the first National Christian Conference which met at Shanghai less than two years ago.

It was the writer's privilege to be present on that memorable occasion in May 1922, when twelve hundred delegates, half of whom were Chinese representatives of widely scattered Churches, unanimously elected a distinguished Chinese Christian to fill the Chair. The day had dawned when the

missionary body were called upon to recognize that they must be willing to decrease that the indigenous Church might increase. To gaze at that gathering, to hear it sing Luther's triumphant battle song "A safe stronghold our God is still," was to be impressively reminded of the fact that the pioneers and martyrs of the past had not suffered and died in vain. And among that cloud of witnesses Robert Morrison naturally stands alone *primus inter pares.*

The chief sources for the personal element in Robert Morrison's life are the invaluable journals and letters preserved in the *Memoirs* compiled by his widow; *A Parting Memorial* published by Morrison himself in 1826; and William Milne's *A Retrospect of the First Ten Years.* To these must be added a brief and instructive study of Morrison which appeared in *The Presbyterian* of August 28th, 1913, by Mr R. S. Robson of the Presbyterian Historical Society of England, resident in Newcastle, to whom the writer is indebted for this and other aid gladly given.

For the setting and background the writer has enjoyed a residence of more than ten years in China, a brief stay in Canton and neighbourhood, and a fairly close acquaintance with the needful literature. No attempt has been made to indicate by footnotes the writer's many obligations, though some authorities have been named where this seemed called for.

The story has of necessity been told from a western standpoint, for it is the life of a westerner whose trials and difficulties largely arose from the antagonism of China to any world but her own. It is freely acknowledged that there is a mutual

responsibility for the clash of two conflicting civilizations, for to quote a Chinese proverb, "You cannot clap with one hand." If more emphasis has been laid upon the obscurantism of China than upon the selfish aggressions of the West, it is from no desire to gloss over the sins of the western world, but because the strict limits of this biography have not permitted a discussion of the larger question.

The quotations at the head of most chapters are taken from Morrison's own writings, because in no other way could his views on many subjects be included in so small a volume.

The task to which Morrison consecrated his powers is as yet only partially accomplished. The evangelization of one quarter of the human race is a greater undertaking than is generally recognized. There is still ample scope for the pioneer in vast unoccupied regions, there are tribal languages unmastered and unreduced to writing, which are still without the music of the Gospel story; there are millions of Chinese Moslems for whom practically nothing has been done; and there is yet unlimited scope for fellowship and camaraderie with the Chinese leaders in the older and more developed stations. May this story of the labours of an undaunted master-builder stir the Christian Church anew to fresh effort to complete the enterprise and to "bring forth the headstone with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."

MARSHALL BROOMHALL

China Inland Mission, London
January 16th, 1924

CONTENTS

TABLE OF DATES

1782 *Birth of Robert Morrison*

1783 American Independence recognized by Great Britain

1785 *Removal of Morrison's family to Newcastle*
Birth of William Milne

1789 French Revolution. Fall of Bastille

1798. *Robert Morrison joined Church in Newcastle*
Dr Moseley urged translation of the Scriptures into Chinese

1802 *Morrison applied to Hoxton Academy as a candidate for the Ministry*

1803 *Reached London for residence at Hoxton Academy*

1804 *Applied to London Missionary Society. Entered the Missionary Academy at Gospor*

1805 *Settled in London for the study of medicine, astronomy and Chinese*
Battle of Trafalgar

1807 *Sailed for China. Reached Canton September 7th*

1808 *Rented the French Factory in Canton*

1809 *Married to Miss Mary Morton at Macao. Appointed Chinese Translator to East India Company's Factory*

1810 *Printed one thousand copies of the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese*

1811 *Translated St Luke's Gospel. Completed Chinese Grammar*

1812 *Chinese Edict forbidding the printing of books in Chinese on the Christian religion*

1813 *Mr and Mrs William Milne reached Macao*
Morrison completed translation of the New Testament

1814 *Tour of the Malay Archipelago by Milne*
Morrison's first convert, Tsae A-ko, baptized

1815 *Mrs Morrison and children sailed for England*
Mr and Mrs Milne sailed for Malacca to commence the Ultra-Ganges Mission
Battle of Waterloo

1815 *Orders received from Court of Directors of the East India Company in London for Morrison's dismissal*

1816 *British Embassy under Lord Amherst, to Peking, with Morrison as Interpreter*
Milne baptized his first convert, Leang A-fa, at Malacca

1817 *Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon Morrison by the University of Glasgow*

1819 *Death of Mrs Milne*
Completion of the translation of the Old and New Testaments

1820 *Mrs Morrison and children returned to Macao*

1821 *Death of Mrs Morrison*

1822 *Death of William Milne*
Fire of Canton ; East India Company's Factory destroyed

1824 *Morrison arrived in England for first and only furlough. Married Miss Elizabeth Armstrong*

1826 *Returned to China*

1827 *Founding of "The Canton Register." Morrison appealed to America for reinforcements*

1830 *Arrival of Rev. E. C. Bridgman and Rev. D. Abeel*

1831 Journeys of Rev. Charles Gutzlaff commenced

1832 *Arrival of Rev. Edward Stevens*

1833 *Morrison forbidden use of press at Macao*
Arrival of Rev. S. Wells-Williams and Rev. I. Tracey
Departure of Mrs Morrison and family to England
Lord Napier appointed Superintendent of British trade in China

1834 Lord Napier arrived in China
Death of Morrison and of Lord Napier

CHAPTER I

THE GREAT CLOSED LAND

As the requests made by your Ambassador militate against the laws and usages of this our Empire, and are at the same time wholly useless to the end professed, I cannot acquiesce in them. I again admonish you, O King, to act conformably to my intentions. . . . After this my solemn warning, should your Majesty, in pursuit of your Ambassador's demands, fit out ships with orders to attempt to trade either at Ningpo, Tientsin or other places, as our laws are exceedingly severe in such cases, I shall have to be under the necessity of directing my officials to force your ships to quit those parts. . . . You will not then be able to complain that I had not clearly forewarned you. Let us, therefore, live in peace and friendship, and do not make light of my words.—EMPEROR K'IEN LUNG *to* KING GEORGE III., A.D. 1793.

"O ROCK, rock, rock! when wilt thou open to my Lord?" Thus cried Valignani, the Italian superintendent of the Jesuit Missions to the East, as he gazed towards China ere he died at Macao in 1606. Half a century earlier, Francis Xavier, with the same burden on his heart, had expired in a miserable hut on an island off the mainland of that vast empire, unable to reach Canton. China's gates were firmly closed against the world.

Shut in by the massive mountains of Tibet on the west, by the Gobi desert on the north, and by the mighty deep upon the east and south, China had with comparative ease pursued her policy of exclusion. The Great Wall with its fifteen hundred miles of ramparts, built for additional security on the

north, had stood for more than two thousand years as a symbol of her love of isolation. And strange as it may appear, the roll of years had only made her bar her gates the more securely.

On the other hand, the fascination of the " Flowery Kingdom " always cast its spell upon the West, and many were the romantic efforts made to penetrate her secrets. Nestorian missionaries and Arab traders early reached her populous cities and wealthy marts; Roman Catholic pioneers and Venetian merchants—and Marco Polo was a Venetian—undertook arduous and daring rides across the vast continent of Asia to teach and trade with her people.

Even Columbus, searching for a western passage to Cathay and the Indies, carried a letter from the proud court of Ferdinand and Isabella to the great Khan of the East. This letter is such " a delicious piece of diplomatic affectation " that it well deserves quotation:

> The sovereigns [Ferdinand and Isabella] have heard that he [the Great Khan] and his subjects entertain great love for them and for Spain. They are moreover informed that he and his subjects very much wish to hear news from Spain, and send, therefore, their admiral, Christopher Columbus, who will tell them that they are in good health and perfect prosperity.—*Granada, April* 30, 1492.

Queen Elizabeth also sent a letter of introduction to the Emperor of China with the first English expedition which set forth to that distant land. In an old translation of the Latin original of this document we read of her request for the merchants of the City of London, that:

> when they shall come for traffique's sake unto any of the stations, ports, towns or cities of your empire, they

shall have full and free libertie of egresse and regresse and in dealing in trade of merchandise with your subjects. . . . And we, on the other side, will not only perform all the offices of a well-willing Prince unto your Highnesse, but also for the greater increase of mutuall love and commerce between us and our subjects, by these present letters, of ourselves doe most willingly grant unto all and every your subjects (if it shall seem good unto your Highnesse) full and entire libertie unto any of the parts of our dominions to resort there to abide and traffique and thence to return.

There is certainly no lack of humour in this proffered welcome "unto all and every" subject of the great Chinese Empire to resort to and abide within the limits of England's little isle. The expedition, however, perished at sea and England was saved from an invasion!

The Portuguese were the first European nation, after the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope in 1498, to open up trade with China. They were followed by the Dutch, then by the British East India Company about forty years after the ill-fated expedition mentioned above. Incidentally it may be mentioned that an Englishwoman was probably the first British subject to visit China. Travelling as a maidservant in a vessel bound for Japan, twenty years before the East India Company commenced its trade at Canton, she was saved from a wreck on the China coast, where shortly afterwards she was happily married to a Portuguese merchant.

Of the restrictions and humiliations under which trade with China was conducted in those days this is not the place to speak. One early writer likened the position of the Europeans at Canton to that of the inmates of a zoological garden, so cabined and

confined were they, and Wells Williams quotes the following Chinese rule for dealing with traders from beyond the seas:

> The barbarians are like beasts and are not to be ruled on the same principle as citizens. Were anyone to attempt controlling them by the great maxims of reason it would tend to nothing but confusion. The ancient kings well understood this and accordingly ruled barbarians by misrule; therefore to rule barbarians by misrule is the true and best way of ruling them.

It was not until the Tientsin Treaty was signed in 1858 that China agreed—in Article 51 of that Treaty—that henceforth the Chinese character for barbarian should not be applied to the Government or subjects of the British Empire in any official document issued by the Chinese authorities.

One well-known incident may be recorded by way of illustrating China's resentment of foreign intrusion. In 1759, Mr Flint, a distinguished servant of the East India Company, and more daring than his fellows, ventured north as far as Tientsin in a Chinese junk, and there persuaded a local official to present a petition to the Emperor requesting larger liberties for trade. For this presumption the official who presented the petition was beheaded, and Flint was cast into a vile prison for two and a half years despite the joint protests of the British, French, Danes, Swedes and Dutch, and was then expelled the country. And this happened when the Chinese Empire was at the zenith of its power and sway.

The great Emperor K'ien Lung, who reigned from 1736 to 1795, had brought the now defunct Manchu dynasty to the summit of its glory. Kashgar and Yarkand had been subdued, and Eastern Turkestan

annexed; Burma had been defeated and become tributary; and even Nepal, separated from China by the almost impassable Tibetan Alps and Himalayas, had been invaded by Chinese troops, and the warlike Gurkhas compelled to acknowledge the sovereignty of China.

Such was the situation in that great closed land towards the end of the eighteenth century. If the brief glory of Kublai Khan the Mongol be excepted, China's sway had never been so extensive and complete, yet was she more determined than ever to bar her doors against the barbarians from afar. For merchant or missionary to stand outside and knock at those closed gates was humiliating and at times exasperating. Hitherto no Protestant missionary had attempted it. But the day for advance had dawned, and it is the purport of these pages to tell the story of the man who heard and responded to a call which demanded dauntless resolution and eternal patience.

CHAPTER II

A GREAT TRADITION AND A LITTLE CHILD

Forgotten or no, Northumbria had done its work. By its missionaries and by its sword it had won England from heathenism to the Christian Church. It had given her a new poetic literature. Its monasteries were already the seat of whatever intellectual life the country possessed.—J. R. GREEN.

Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged with men.

OF all English counties none possesses a history to surpass in romance and influence that of Northumberland. As part of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, its story from earliest days stands unrivalled in our annals. It is a land rich in historical associations and the names of great men. Its castles and its peel towers, as well as its Roman wall, tell of heroic days. Its legends and its ballads enshrine deeds of valour and adventure, while its monasteries and Holy Isle bear witness to its missionary zeal; for the story of the conversion of England to Christianity is largely the story of Paulinus, Columba, Aidan, Cuthbert, Bede, Cædmon and Hilda, all of whom were associated with Northumbria.

To-day the Church of Jarrow, with Bede's ancient chair and well, stands at the eastern end of Palmer's great modern shipbuilding yard, and the ruins of the ancient wall are not far distant—a striking and suggestive contrast between ancient and modern.

But though times change, the high traditions of the past are always ours, and in Robert Morrison we find one who, as an intrepid pioneer, is not unworthy to rank with Cuthbert, the "herd laddie" and noble Bishop of Lindisfarne; and one whose record as a translator of the Holy Scriptures forms a fitting sequel to the beautiful and well-known story of Bede of Jarrow.

Though Robert Morrison was a Northumbrian by birth, his father came from north of the Tweed. In those stirring days when Clive in India and Wolfe in Canada were enlarging the bounds of the British Empire, the young Scot, James Morrison, bade farewell to his paternal home in Fife to seek his fortune in the south. Settling in the border country between Tweed and Tyne he worked as an agricultural labourer, and here, amid the hardships of his lonely rural toil, love came to gild and bless his life. In Hannah Nicholson of Wingates, a little village some ten miles north-west of Morpeth, he met "by heavenly chance express, the destined maid," whom in 1768 he claimed as bride by holy vow in the parish church of Longhorsley.

For more than thirteen years this godly couple made their home at Wingates, and here

These two did build a house up—man and wife—
Its rooms made musical with joyous strife
Of children's voices and sweet hardihood
Of laughter.

Whether Robert, the youngest son of this family of eight, crossed life's threshold here or at Morpeth it is still impossible, despite careful research, to say

with certainty. In absence of positive proof we follow what appears the more probable story.[1]

Towards the close of 1781, for causes now unknown, the home at Wingates was given up and the family removed to Morpeth; but that winter being one of unusual severity, the mother remained behind with her own people until the birth of her son Robert on January 5th, 1782, after which mother and babe joined the rest of the family in their new abode.

The new home at Bullers Green, Morpeth, the cradle of Robert's infancy, was a humble dwelling indeed, nestling amid the beauty of the Wansbeck Vale. The cots of the agricultural workers in those days bore little trace of modern comfort and prosperity. They were, indeed, no better than the rude clay huts which their ancestors had inhabited a thousand years before:

> Four earthen walls with a thatched roof, a hole for the chimney and a hole for a window, were all that a labourer found for a house fifty years ago. His chief article of furniture was a box bed, that is, a bed arranged so as to fit into a wooden partition which went across the dwelling. In one half the family lived, in the other half stood the cow.[2]

Graphic pictures depicting the scenes amid which Morrison's youth was passed are preserved in those famous wood engravings by Thomas Bewick, the praises of which were sung by Ruskin.[3] Here we may still see the homesteads of the people, the sportsman with gun strapped to shoulder and dog

[1] See Appendix A for details.

[2] Bishop Creighton's *Story of Some English Shires.*

[3] See the tail-pieces of Bewick's *History of British Birds*, 1797.

swimming beside, or men on stilts wading through the water-logged country; all of which reveal the conditions of bog, mosses and mires which contributed to the hardships of life in those regions a century ago.

Only three brief years were spent at Morpeth, and there is not even a memory left of little Robert's "home-treasured sayings," or of his youthful laughter and tears. There can be no doubt, however, that those early years left their mark upon him, for a child acquires knowledge more rapidly than a Senior Wrangler. Here he would learn to lisp and talk, unconsciously acquiring the northern burr. Here he would learn the unforgettable lessons of prayer at "that best academe," his mother's knee, while Bible stories and strange local folk-lore would become indelibly impressed upon his memory. Here too his youthful imagination would be fired by tales of "the horscopers, the muggers and other gangrels," the terror of those days, who paid the penalty of their crimes not infrequently in the Morpeth gaol.

But the father, finding himself unequal to the heavy toil of agricultural labour (probably because of a weak leg which afflicted him for years), removed the family in 1785 to Newcastle, where he took up the less exacting handicraft of a last and boot-tree maker. As Newcastle was to be Robert's home from the age of three till he was nearly twenty-one, we must take a brief glance at the city as he would know it.

He who to-day surveys the busy Central Station of Newcastle, "with its eight hundred and fifty passenger trains per day, and its huge network of

lines, the largest in the world," will need a vivid imagination to reproduce the Newcastle of the closing years of the eighteenth century, before steam had brought in its great industrial revolution. John Wesley, who was still living when Morrison was a boy, said of that city, " I know of no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness " ; yet he had to confess that " so much drunkenness, cursing and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) do I never remember to have seen or heard before."

We can picture Morrison as a lad, playing in the streets of this city long before it had been remodelled and rebuilt by Grainger, at a time when the population was less than thirty thousand and the city walls were still standing, except along the quay. We can see him roaming the river banks when the Tyne was a shallow stream, fordable at low tide where the *Mauretania* can float to-day. We can in imagination follow him as with boyish curiosity he watches the demolition of several of the city gates and gazes upon this strange advertisement, actually displayed during his youthful days:

To be Let, the OLD CASTLE in the Castle Garth, upon which, with the greatest convenience and advantage, may be erected a WIND-MILL.

As he paced the streets he would doubtless peer into Beilby's old shop in St Nicholas' Churchyard and admire the famous wood prints of the genius Bewick. He would certainly visit the house at the head of the Side where Cuthbert Collingwood was born, a house assuredly famous in those days of the great sea fights, and we can imagine his excitement

as he watched the coach coming over the old Tyne bridge bringing the latest copy of *The Times* with news of that daring young sea-captain's exploits.

We can safely picture young Morrison playing with George Stephenson, of locomotive fame—a lad only one year his senior—for the families were intimate. These two certainly had much in common, in that they only gained such knowledge as they secured by hard study both before and after long hours of fatiguing toil. And as we think of him gazing upon the one-masted square-rigged keels used in the coal trade, we can almost hear him singing that popular Newcastle anthem:

As I went up Sandgate, up Sandgate, up Sandgate,
As I went up Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:
"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in."

"He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin,
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row that my laddie's in."

Some schooling, of course, Morrison had; but like many another lad of his day he had to make the most of strictly limited educational advantages, for he was early apprenticed to his father's trade. Such elementary instruction as he did receive was given him by his maternal uncle, James Nicholson, a schoolmaster in the city. And Morrison, though not a brilliant scholar, believed that energy was genius, and with extraordinary industry applied himself to his studies, his good memory being evidenced by his repeating the whole of the 119th Psalm without a mistake at the age of twelve.

But the best part of education is frequently obtained not from books but by intercourse with men and things, and Morrison was an observant lad who rejoiced in human company and in the works of nature. Some of his juvenile essays bear witness to his keen powers of observation and facility of expression: indeed, his florid style needed pruning rather than encouragement. A brief illustration may be given from an essay on Natural Beauty penned at the age of sixteen:

> The taste of the florist [he wrote] has been ridiculed as trifling, yet surely without reason; for a more rational pleasure cannot possibly occupy the attention, or captivate the affections of mankind, than that which arises from a due consideration of the works of nature. With what exquisiteness does she decorate the floweret that springs beneath our feet, in all the perfections of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a constant succession of various hues.

Something of the outlaw still lingered amongst many who were the "characters" of those days in Newcastle, not a few of whom were the well-known rhymesters who composed the "Tyneside Songs." "Youth is no charted sea," and Morrison, though brought up in a godly home, was for a brief period drawn aside into the company of somewhat loose and profane persons, and on his own confession was more than once the worse for liquor.

William Brockie, a local historian of repute, in his *Folks of Shields*, published in 1857, tells us that at one time Morrison lived as a mechanic in North Shields, where he worked with his uncle, a Mr Nicholson, whose trade, that of a patten-ring maker, was allied to that of Robert's father. Either from

carelessness or inability, he made little progress here, for Nicholson's brother-in-law said of him that "young Morrison was a handless chap and never could make a wyse-like ring." Whether for this reason, or because he was disgusted with an occupation which offered no outlet for his energies, it is certain that he soon left his uncle and joined himself to a company of strolling players, with whom he travelled the country. It needs an almost impossible effort of imagination to picture Morrison in this rôle, the last indeed for which he was suited, he being the most stolid of men and almost, if not entirely, devoid of humour. This phase happily did not last long, for he soon shook himself free of these companions, and gave himself to more sober and serious duties.

CHAPTER III

THE HIDDEN MAN OF THE HEART

What Does, What Knows, What Is—there is no mistaking what Browning means, nor in what hierarchy he places this, that, and the other. . . . Does it not strike you how curiously men to-day, with their minds perverted by hate, are inverting that order?—all the highest value set on *What Does. What Knows* suddenly seems to be of importance, but only as important in feeding the guns, perfecting explosives, collaring trade—all in the service of *What Does,* of "Get on or Get out," of "Efficiency"; no one stopping to think that "Efficiency" is—must be—a relative term! Efficient for what?—for *What Does, What Knows* or perchance, after all, for *What Is*?—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

THOSE were stern days, and Morrison's youthful life never lacked Spartan discipline. Early apprenticed to his father's trade, he knew from a lad hard and exacting physical labour, while his mind was well drilled in the Catechism and Holy Scriptures. His father, who had brought from the session of his kirk in Scotland his disjunction certificate, was now an elder of the High Bridge Presbyterian Church in Newcastle (at that time connected with the Berwick Presbytery of the Church of Scotland) and maintained the strict discipline of his forbears. Young Morrison was placed by him under the minister of the local church for more thorough religious instruction.

The records of his early life reveal a mind extraordinarily well stored with Scripture, for his youthful writings are an almost incredible mosaic

of Biblical language. Delivered when about fifteen years of age from the perils of godless companions, he passed through the heart-searching experiences of conviction of sin, fear of judgment to come, and salvation by grace.

> The fear of death [he wrote] compassed me about, and I was led to cry mightily to God that He would pardon my sin, that He would renew me in the spirit of my mind. Sin became a burden. It was then that I experienced a change of life, and, I trust, a change of heart too. I broke off with my careless companions and gave myself to reading, to meditation and to prayer. It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, and at that time I experienced much of "the kindness of youth and the love of espousals."

Almost immediately Robert joined his father's church and became a member of a Praying Society, which met every Monday evening in his father's workshop. He also formed a close friendship with another youth residing at Shields, with whom he met almost daily for reading, devotional conversation, and visiting the sick.

He also set himself seriously to study, mastered a system of shorthand, and commenced a diary which he continued with one brief break until he sailed for China. From this source may be learned not only his ways of life but what manner of man he was. In manual labour he toiled from twelve to fourteen hours a day, generally with his Bible or some other book before him, and that he might pursue his studies undisturbed into the early hours of the morning he removed his bed into the workshop, which was situated in an entry, now known as Morrison's Court, leading off the Groat Market.

Few books were within his reach, and had they been it is doubtful how far he would have used them. He was deeply exercised as to whether he should limit himself to the Bible alone. Thus, in his diary for September 28, 1799, he wrote:

The Bible is my only study, and I trust that God will follow it with His gracious blessing.

Six months later he wrote:

I have adopted a number of studies—botany and some other things. I do not know but it would be better to study my Bible.

That he did not thus limit his horizon, however, is proved by the following later entry:

After family worship I sate down to read a work upon astronomy but could not through drowsiness.

It was not strange that he should feel drowsy, when compelled to burn the candle at both ends if he were to find time for study. His manual labours in his father's workshop began at 6 a.m. and continued until seven or eight in the evening. It was only by stealing an hour from his morning's sleep and by reading late into the night after the day's toil was done that he was able to educate himself. It is not impossible that the strenuous application of those early years accounted for the headaches from which he suffered to the end of his life.

The entry in his diary for the last day of 1800 bears witness to the heart-searching examination to which he submitted himself, and the renewed resolutions he formed for the future. With the opening of the new century he began seriously to

contemplate the work of the ministry, and set himself to a more systematic preparation. In June 1801 we find him making an arrangement with the Rev. Adam Laidlaw [1] for lessons in Latin, for which he paid half a guinea as entrance money and a guinea a quarter as fees. This money had to be saved out of his small earnings, and his manual labours could not be abated. Concerning these studies he wrote:

> I know not what may be the end—God only knows. It is my desire, if He pleases to spare me in the world, to serve the Gospel of Christ as He shall give opportunity.

It may be well at this point to remind ourselves how greatly the mentality of former generations differs from that of to-day, for there is no little danger of a modern reader, unfamiliar with the past, misjudging the musings and confessions of the saints of old. Bunyan, for instance, by his *Grace Abounding*, has undoubtedly caused many to regard him as an immoral man, yet no one more vehemently than he denied such an imputation. When charged by his enemies with unchastity he repelled the accusation with almost savage fierceness in the following words: "These things make them ripe for damnation that are the authors and abettors. . . .

[1] Not Laidler as in *The Memoirs*.

"The moving spirit of the Praying Society referred to, which drew its members from the various Presbyterian Churches in the town, was Adam Laidlaw, minister of the Old Silver Street Foundation, and now St James's. . . . But Laidlaw was more than a spiritual guide to Morrison. The local annalist describes him as a successful teacher of the Latin. He was one of the eighteenth-century ministers forced to eke out a scanty stipend by practising medicine, teaching and other reputable occupations."—Mr R. S. Robson, in *The Presbyterian*, August 28, 1913.

If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well."

It is important to make this point clear, lest we fall into error in reading some of Morrison's confessions. Full allowance must be made for temperamental differences and changes in religious atmosphere. If to the modern mind the language of the past savours of cant and morbid introspection, it may be suggested that possibly to-day the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and the real heinousness of sin be inadequately recognized.

O blessed Jesus [wrote Morrison] long have I sought for rest to mine immortal soul, at one time in the gratification of the lusts of the flesh, and at another of the mind. When very young I was a companion of the drunkard, the sabbath-breaker, the swearer, the profane person; but in these my heart smote me, I had no rest. Then I made learning and books my God; but all, all, are vain! Fatigued with unsuccessful pursuits after happiness, and burdened with a sense of guilt, Jesus, Thou Son of God, I come to Thee.

In later days his diary contains not a little of similar painful self-examination. For instance, when in College at Hoxton he writes under date of September 26, 1803:

"The darkness hideth not from Thee. The night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light to Thee are both alike." Oh what a solemn thought is this! Has the eye of the God who is of spotless holiness and infallible justice attended me in my sinful wanderings; when I walked according to the course of this world?—attended me when I was going in the path

my parents forbade me; in my nocturnal rambles round the town with my wicked companions?—attended me, on the Lord's day, to the scenes of iniquity? — in my search of sinful amusements? Has the eye of God been witnessing all my hateful acts? Yes! yes! O my soul, and more than all this. The ear of God has heard my filthy conversation. "There is not a word in my tongue, but he knoweth it altogether; he understandeth my thoughts afar off." He, He was there when I spake falsely to my father. He knew when I took His holy Name in vain, and filled my mouth with leasing; when I spent the Lord's day in vain conversation. He has witnessed my blasphemous thoughts, my impure notions. These are some of the things for which my heart condemns me, and God is greater than my heart, and knoweth all things.

Though it will not be needful to return to these and similar lamentations, it is necessary to quote them, for a true appreciation of the man cannot otherwise be secured. There are occasional notes of joy, it is true, but they are few and far between. The sombre and serious tones predominate.

In the autumn of 1802 Morrison made definite enquiries concerning Hoxton Academy, with a view to applying for training as a minister. In a lengthy document he records his reflections as a candidate for the ministerial office. This paper is much too long to quote *in extenso*, but it is full of extraordinary interest and opens such a window into his mind that it has unusual value. The thorough and unsparing questions to which he submitted himself reveal the rigorous schooling of his soul before he offered for the high and holy calling of preaching the Gospel.

Dost thou, my soul [he writes], desire the office of a bishop, a minister of Christ? Examine, with deep

concern thy preparation for, thy call to, and thy end in offering thyself for this highly important work. Am I a real Christian? or, am I a devil; a dissembler with God and man; an entertainer of sin and Satan in my heart? . . . Do I worship God in the Spirit; read, meditate, pray, converse, under the influence of the Holy Ghost? Do I certainly know what Christ is to me? Have I no confidence in the flesh? . . .

What furniture of gifts hath Christ bestowed upon me? What aptness to teach? What knowledge of the mysteries of the Kingdom? What skill to instruct others? . . .

What peculiar fitness for the pulpit, qualifying me to commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God? . . . With what stock of self-experienced texts and principles of inspiration am I entering this tremendous office? . . . Has my soul ever tasted the wormwood and the gall? . . . What cords of infinite love have caught and held my heart? What oracles of heaven have I found and treasured up? Of what tests and truths, could I now say, "I believe and therefore speak"? . . . Say then, my conscience, as thou shalt answer at the judgment-seat of God; am I taking this honour to myself, or am I called of God as was Aaron? Is Christ sending me, and laying a necessity upon me to preach the Gospel? . . . Am I thrusting myself into the office? Is He breathing on my soul, and causing me to receive the Holy Ghost? Is He enduing me with deep compassion to the souls of men and with a deep sense of my own unfitness? . . .

What is my end in my advances toward this work? Dare I appeal to Him Who searcheth my heart and trieth my reins . . . that I seek not great things for myself; that I covet no man's gold, nor silver, nor apparel? . . .

Have I considered diligently what is before me, or am I running blindfolded on the tremendous charge? Have I considered the nature of the ministerial office, that therein I am to be an ambassador for Christ? . . . not moved with reproach, persecution, hunger, nakedness, nor even count my life dear unto myself; . . . ready not only to be bound, but to die for the name of Jesus;

willing rather to be ruined with Christ, than to reign with emperors.

This and much more, which may to-day be read with impatience by some, reveals his deep searchings of heart and rigorous self-examination lest he should go without being sent; and dare we say this trying of the foundations was unnecessary? Had he not done so, might not the many soul-shaking experiences of subsequent years have brought his life to ruin?

CHAPTER IV

HIGH EMPLOY

Barnabas and Saul were separated to the work by an express injunction from heaven—Acts xiii. 2, "The Holy Ghost said: Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them"; but the missionary of whom we are now speaking had no such call. Gratitude to the Saviour, to whom the written Word led his mind, and a desire to promulgate the salvation which is in Jesus, induced him to offer his services to the Church. —ROBERT MORRISON, *in a Sermon delivered in the Scotch Seceders' Church, Miles Lane, London*, 1824.

THE need and claims of the foreign field early laid hold upon Morrison's heart. At the age of seventeen he was deeply moved by the reading of *The Evangelical Magazine*[1] and *The Missionary Magazine*,[2] and spoke to his parents about the yearnings which filled his soul. To his mother he was deeply attached, while he was her favourite son. So strong was this bond and his sense of responsibility that, in deference to her pleading, he promised he would not go abroad so long as she lived. This promise he fulfilled, for he nursed her in her last illness and received her blessing ere she closed her eyes in death.

Morrison was now twenty years of age, and on November 24th, 1802, shortly after his mother's

[1] A paper, established in 1792, which published news of Carey and other missionaries.

[2] A monthly paper published in Edinburgh.

decease, he wrote to the Hoxton Academy [1] making application to be received as a candidate for the ministry. There was no delay in his acceptance, and he set sail from Newcastle to London, but not without suffering the disapproval of his father and family. He encountered rough weather by the way, and experienced the miseries of sea-sickness. London was reached on the day after his twenty-first birthday. The next day found him installed in Hoxton Academy under the care of the Revs. Dr Simpson and W. Atkinson. The thoroughness of his previous studies was soon appreciated, and by intense application he speedily surpassed more advanced students. Active Christian work was combined with his studies, for he preached in the villages around London under the London Itinerant Society.

During his two years' residence at Hoxton he became increasingly impressed with the claims of the mission field, though at the same time he was under constant pressure from his people in Newcastle to return home.

Jesus [he writes], I have given myself up to Thy service. The question with me is, where shall I serve Thee? I learn from Thy Word that it is Thy holy pleasure that the Gospel shall be preached in all the world. . . . My desire is, O Lord, to engage where labourers are most wanted. Perhaps one part of the field is more difficult than another. I am equally unfit for any . . . but through Thy strengthening me, I

[1] An institution for the training of Congregational ministers, first called The Evangelical Academy, 1778, and the Hoxton Academy in 1791. In 1826 it became Highbury College, and in 1850 combined with others to form the present New College, Hampstead.

can do all things. O Lord, guide me in this matter . . . Enable me to count the cost, and having come to a resolution, to act consistently.

A definite determination was necessary, for his father was in a poor state of health and the business had suffered since Morrison came south. His replies to the letters from home reveal the painful exercise of mind to which he was subjected, though he was in no uncertainty as to his duty:

You advise me to return home; I thank you for your kind intentions: may the Lord bless you for them. But I have no inclination to do so, having set my hand to the plough . . . I cannot help being much affected, so long as there is reason to suspect that you are offended with me, and account me either indifferent, or inimical, to your welfare and my own. . . . Though I have left you in disadvantageous circumstances, you are dear to me as my own soul. Your welfare, my dear friends, in time, and in eternity, is, and I hope ever shall be, near my heart.

His tutors also encouraged him to give preference to the home ministry, and an offer of a university course was added as a further inducement. It was perhaps well that his resolution should be thus early tried, for the years to come might otherwise have tempted him to re-judge or regret his decision. But the longer he deliberated the stronger became his conviction as to his duty, with the result that on May 27th, 1804, he addressed an application to the Directors of the London Missionary Society for acceptance as a missionary.

Before the despatch of this momentous epistle

Morrison wrote a strong and touching letter, full of affection, to his father, in which he said:

> If my father, or any other friends, can give such reasons why I should not take this step as will satisfy me on a dying bed, I will yet desist. . . . I hope, father, you will agree with me when I say that, since I have given myself up to be the Lord's servant, I ought to be zealous to engage in any work, even the most dangerous . . . I am afraid of nothing but my own treacherous heart.

His interview with the committee of the London Missionary Society took place on Monday, May 28th, and with unusual celerity he was accepted, and instructed to proceed to the Missionary Academy at Gosport, then under the care of the venerable Dr Bogue. Some glimpses of the kind of man he was in those days may be caught from descriptions contributed later by his fellow-students. One wrote of "his deep seriousness of spirit," of his "unobtrusive devotion," of his "intense and continued application." Another stated that "his mind was often the subject of anxious and desponding views, especially of himself and his attainments"; while the great John Angell James, another fellow-student, said of him, "He was a remarkable man while at college, studious beyond most others, grave almost to gloom, abstracted, somewhat morose, but evidently absorbed in the contemplation of the great object which seemed to be ever swelling into more awful magnitude and grandeur the nearer he approached it."

For fourteen months Morrison continued at Gosport, with both Africa and China upon his heart as possible fields of service. His first predilections

were for Africa, with Timbuktu as his objective. He had hoped to join Mungo Park in what proved to be his second and ill-fated expedition up the Niger, but happily was spared this calamity; and a combination of providential leadings indicated China as God's appointed field.

CHAPTER V

THE CALL OF CHINA

England's king has many affairs in foreign lands, commercial, political and martial; and it would be England's disgrace if she could find no able and enlightened men and veteran servants to engage in these important missions. And Zion's King has important affairs in all lands; embassies of pardoning mercy to the guilty, of peace to the bitterest enemies; of salvation to perishing sinners; of conflict with the powers of darkness where Satan and idols are enthroned; and it is the disgrace of our Zion that she sends not some of the ablest and wisest and holiest of her servants.—ROBERT MORRISON.

IN the same year as young Morrison in Newcastle joined the Christian Church, a dissenting minister in Northamptonshire, the Rev. William Moseley, was feeling the burden of the spiritual needs of China. He was a man of boundless energy, attracted by seemingly impossible tasks and impervious to discouragement. Six years to a day before the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society, namely, on March 7th, 1798, he issued a circular urging "the establishment of a Society for translating the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the most populous Oriental nations."

This circular led to his introduction to Charles Grant, one of the Directors of the East India Company, who asserted that so far as Chinese was concerned "the undertaking was a practical impossibility. . . . No translations of the Holy

Scriptures could be made into the Chinese language." This bold assertion was just the stimulus Dr Moseley needed. He immediately approached Earl Spencer for the loan of books, and received free access to the Earl's valuable library at Althorpe. He also gained introduction to a number of Orientalists. But more important still, he had the unspeakable joy of finding in the British Museum a manuscript in Chinese labelled *Quatuor Evangelia Sinice.* Concerning this he wrote, "It is not easy to conceive what the author felt when he first discovered this translation. Nothing but a sense of decency prevented the most extravagant marks of joy." This manuscript had been copied in Canton in 1737, and presented to Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, who bequeathed it to the nation with his other books, as the nucleus of the present British Museum Library. It proved to have been incorrectly labelled, for upon examination—and in this Sir George Staunton [1] assisted—it was found to contain a Harmony of the Four Gospels, the Acts, and all St Paul's Epistles.

Dr Moseley immediately printed one hundred copies of a *Memoir* "on the importance of translating and publishing the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese language," embodying all the information he had secured, and sent this to every Bishop in the kingdom and to other influential men. For six years he triumphed over what would have discouraged

[1] The only Englishman in Lord Macartney's embassy to China in 1792 able to speak Chinese. He learnt the language from two Chinese students in Father Ripa's Chinese College at Naples. He subsequently became Chief of the East India Company's Factory at Canton.

less determined men. The correspondence on this subject, full of varied interests, is not devoid of humour. The Bishop of Salisbury, for instance, writing from Windsor Castle under date of January 7th, 1801, thanked him for his *Memoir* which he had "perused with care," and then added: "You are not aware that letters weighing above one ounce are charged with postage: mine cost me seven shillings and elevenpence." The Bishop, in spite of this provocation, still signed himself, "Your faithful humble servant"!

The Bishop of Durham reluctantly felt compelled to withhold support "on the ground of the two following insurmountable difficulties:

1. The expense, which exceeds all means of supplying;
2. The utter impossibility of introducing and dispersing the books in China, but through the Popish Bishops."

Dr Moseley, however, brought the matter in person before the newly-formed Church Missionary Society, which in its first Report devoted no fewer than eleven pages to this subject. But the Church Missionary Society refrained from action, for since the Archbishop of Canterbury had brought the matter before the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, they were "confident that in consequence of the superior funds of that Society, and the rank, talents and influence of many of its members," the scheme might by them "be more completely carried into execution." The S.P.C.K., however, after four years of consideration, decided not to proceed, for the reasons given in the Bishop

of Durham's letter. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which had just been formed, now gave it their careful consideration, but they also could do nothing and were obliged to write, " If a Missionary Society should fix missionaries in China, a rational method would suggest itself of conducting the business of the manuscript."

As early as 1800, four years before the Bible Society's answer, a copy of the *Memoir* had come into the hands of Dr Bogue at Gosport. Being deeply impressed by the importance of the subject, he wrote to Dr Moseley :

> Your *Memoir* remained some months in London and found its way to me but lately. I return you many thanks for it. I have read it with much pleasure, and most cordially unite with you in considering China as the first field of missions in the world . . .
>
> I hope your zeal in directing the attention of the disciples of Jesus to this subject will be attended with the best effects. It will give me pleasure to do anything in my power to second your views . . . But I think something more than what you propose is needful to be done.
>
> If I were as young as you are I know of no station in England I should consider a bar to my setting out for Macao or Canton as a missionary of our Society, to devote the rest of my days to the propagation of the Gospel in China. I recommend this subject, my dear Sir, to your serious consideration.

Whether Dr Moseley could have gone himself or not we do not know, but he certainly did not abate his interest or activities. Although disappointed in the inability of three societies to proceed with his proposal, he was gladdened by the London Missionary Society's resolve to look out for a suitable person

or persons to proceed to China,[1] and was soon brought into touch with the man upon whom their choice fell.

Morrison's solid gifts and persevering industry as a student at Gosport almost immediately impressed Dr Bogue with his fitness for the proposed mission to China. A few months later, despite his love for Africa, we find Morrison writing to a friend urging him to become his colleague in this service:

> I wish I could persuade you to accompany me. Take into account the three hundred and fifty millions of souls in China who have not the means of knowing Jesus Christ as Saviour. Think seriously of your obligations to Jesus. Pray the matter over before God and send me, as soon as is proper, the result.

A month later he wrote again:

> The undertaking is arduous, my brother, and I seriously entreat you to count the cost. Many among the Chinese are highly refined and well informed; they will not be beneath us but superior. The Romish missionaries will be our bitterest foes, if the Lord do not in a particular manner work upon their hearts . . . and if the Romish missionaries be our foes they will be foes that are far superior: aged, venerable and learned men. These difficulties, laying aside the one of learning the language, and others that might be mentioned, seem to me very great. If we go we must have the sentence of death in ourselves, not to trust in ourselves but in the living God.

Uncertainty continued owing to the difficulty of securing a colleague. The Directors of the Society had hoped to send three or four persons, with

[1] The object of this mission was at first limited to the acquisition of the Chinese language and the translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue; it was recognized that more aggressive steps were at that date not practicable.

Dr Vanderkemp as superintendent, but in vain. And it was well that these endeavours failed, for subsequent events proved that the whole enterprise would have been wrecked by numbers.

In May 1805 Morrison visited London to attend the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, during which visit he was informed by the Directors that he would need to proceed either to London or Edinburgh for further studies. Accordingly he left Gosport in August and settled in London to devote himself to medicine, astronomy and Chinese. For instruction in astronomy he walked daily from Bishopsgate, where he lodged, to the Greenwich Observatory, and for medical lectures he attended St Bartholomew's Hospital. In this connection it is interesting to recall that at one time he applied to the Society for permission to qualify as a doctor in order to become a medical missionary.

The story of his introduction to the young Chinese who was to assist him in the study of the language is of special interest and worth recording in some detail. Dr Moseley, walking one day down Leadenhall Street on the way to dine with friends in the Minories, met a well-dressed Chinese gentleman. "I could not let him pass," he wrote, "my heart was full of China." He therefore stopped the Chinese visitor and pressed him to come and dine with him, which he did. It was then that Dr Moseley learned of another Chinese, a young man of some education, named Yong Sam-tuk, who had just arrived from Canton for the study of English, and was residing in a boarding school in Clapham.

The next day Dr Moseley was introduced for the first time to Robert Morrison, and, with the approval

of the Society, took him to Clapham to see the young visitor from the Far East. An arrangement followed whereby the young Chinese came to reside with Morrison and became his teacher. Together they transcribed the whole of the Chinese manuscript in the British Museum, and a manuscript Latin and Chinese dictionary lent by the Royal Society. By indefatigable diligence these tasks were accomplished in a few months.

It was then that Morrison first experienced the clash of East and West. His Chinese friend was of a proud and domineering spirit, and as both were strangers to one another's accustomed etiquette and national courtesies, misunderstandings were inevitable. Upon one occasion Morrison thoughtlessly threw into the fire a piece of paper upon which his teacher had written some Chinese characters, after he had memorized them. The result was an outburst of indignation on Mr Yong's part, and a refusal, which lasted three days, to give any more Chinese lessons. To this and other such scenes Morrison patiently submitted for the sake of the great cause involved; and to avoid any repetition of this offence he had the characters in future written upon a plate of tin, from which they could be easily erased.

In the late summer of 1806 Morrison visited his people at Newcastle to bid them farewell. Here he preached thirteen times, and had the pleasure of meeting one of the brothers Haldane from Scotland. He also paid a rapid visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh.

The question of sailing to the Far East had now to be seriously faced. As the East India Company refused to allow missionaries to sail either to India or China in any British vessel, the date of departure

was difficult to determine. Eventually it was decided that Morrison should proceed to Canton via America, by means of neutral vessels.

On January 8, 1807, in company with two missionaries who were proceeding to India, Morrison was ordained to the work of the ministry in the Scots Church, Swallow Street (now Marylebone Church), Dr Michael giving the charge.

> A day never to be forgotten [Morrison writes in his diary]. I was this evening solemnly ordained to the ministry of the Gospel among the heathen . . . Oh that the engagements of this evening may be sanctioned in Heaven!

In the letter of instructions which he received from the Society ere he sailed, he was given full liberty to act "on every occasion according to the dictates of your own prudence and discretion," a *carte blanche* not unnecessary in the circumstances.

CHAPTER VI

THE VOYAGE

The love of sin in the human heart, the worldly-mindedness of earthly principalities and powers, the pride of science and the gates of hell are all in league against the servants of Jesus in this enterprise.—ROBERT MORRISON.

ON the last day of January 1807, Morrison, in company with Mr and Mrs Gordon and Mr and Mrs Lee, who were designated to India, embarked at Gravesend on the good ship *Remittance*, which was to carry them to New York. Morrison was somewhat cast down in spirit at the separation from his loved ones and the formidable and lonely undertaking which confronted him, and he confessed that he "wept bitterly." But deep feelings, happily, are not incompatible with resolution and courage, with both of which he was well endowed.

Detained in the Downs with other shipping waiting for a favourable wind, they were suddenly overwhelmed by a terrific tempest. Many vessels were driven ashore, and some were sunk, while the *Remittance* was subjected to a trying ordeal. Long before daylight on February 18th, her anchor snapped, the mizzen and foresails split; and the vessel scudded down Channel under bare poles, before seas running mountains high and an atmosphere so thick with snow that they could not see the length of the ship.

In the midst of our extremity [wrote Morrison], an alarm was raised that the ship was on fire, owing to the bursting of some bottles of oil of vitriol. The pilot and one of the men leaped into the mizzen chains, in order to jump overboard—which was to cast themselves into the arms of death—as they preferred death in that form to being burned alive. Happily, however, the other men had courage enough to seize the bottles and push them overboard.

To comfort himself and his fellow-passengers in the midst of these trying conditions, Morrison read aloud the 107th Psalm and the account of St Paul's shipwreck. And it is nothing strange that they needed such encouragement, for it was not until February 26th, almost four weeks from the day of embarkation, that they lost sight of the Isle of Wight. To Morrison that last glimpse of the land of his fathers—the land which he feared he might never see again—was suggestive of many reflections.

It was in much probability the closing prospect of a land that I shall visit no more. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still." I love the land which gave me birth—that to this hour has nourished me—the land of my fathers' sepulchres—a land which God has delighted to honour, and, a circumstance which renders it superlatively dear, there His saints in numbers dwell. May the Candlestick—the glorious Gospel—never be removed from thee! Should I be ashamed to acknowledge that the silent tear unseen stole down my cheek, as the summit of the distant hill, mingling with the clouds, receded from my view?

As weather permitted he settled down to study and to such helpful ministry among the crew as circumstances allowed. But the Atlantic passage

was not to be smooth sailing. Westerly gales continued with great severity for many days, so that study, and even Divine worship on Sunday, were not possible. "I stood on deck," his diary of Sunday, March 29th, records, "until I was completely drenched, assisting in my poor way to take in the last rag of sail and to pump the ship."

Two days later he records, "It is now judged prudent to put us on an allowance of water. Our fresh provisions begin to fail. All of us are much indisposed."

There was at this time an inclination on the part of the crew to murmur at their hardships, but they were soon reminded that they had mercies to be thankful for, rather than trials to resent; for the following Saturday evening, a brig with her ensign at the mast-head hove in sight. The *Remittance* bore round and made towards her to ascertain her need, but could not get within speaking distance before dusk. Then it was learned that the vessel was practically waterlogged, and could not carry sail without opening her planks. For eleven days and nights her crew had been labouring at the pumps. As high seas were running and it was now dark, nothing could be done but promise to stand by; and this they did, anxiously waiting for the morning. The greater part of next day was spent in saving the crew of eleven men and securing as much of the provisions from the doomed ship as was possible, for their own stores on the *Remittance* were short. The abandoned ship was then set on fire, lest she should prove a floating menace to other vessels.

On April 20th, after having been one hundred and nine days at sea, the *Remittance* cast anchor off

New York City. Here during the next twenty days the missionaries received the greatest kindness, and most generous hospitality, and, in Morrison's case, help that was simply invaluable; for without the assistance given it is no exaggeration to say that his voyage, humanly speaking, would have been in vain.

The journey from New York to Philadelphia, where Morrison and Gordon stayed for a few days, was made in a clumsy kind of waggon over the worst of roads. At the latter city, Dr Green, Chairman of the Missionary Committee of the General Assembly, promised all possible assistance, and two friends wrote to Washington for a letter of introduction for Morrison to the American Consul at Canton. This letter was generously granted by the Secretary of State, though he acknowledged the delicacy of thus assisting a British subject. In other ways Morrison's path was prospered, for Captain Blakeman of the *Trident* offered to take him as a passenger to Canton, on payment only of his board; whereas the owners of another vessel had refused less than a thousand dollars for the passage.

His brief stay of three weeks in the United States of America filled Morrison's mind with the deepest gratitude and the most pleasant of memories, while he himself left behind a not unworthy impression. One or two incidents told by his New York host are worth recording:

As the notice had been very short [wrote this friend], he was placed for the first night in our own chamber. By the side of his bed stood a crib in which slept my little child. On waking in the morning she turned as usual to talk to her mother. Seeing a stranger where

she expected to have found her parents, she roused herself with a look of alarm. But fixing her eyes steadily upon his face she enquired "Man, do you pray to God?" "O yes, my dear," said Mr Morrison, "every day. God is my best friend." At once reassured, the little girl laid her head contentedly on her pillow and fell fast asleep.

The same friend tells of his visit with Morrison to the counting house of the shipowner previous to embarkation:

We set out together to the counting house of the shipowner previous to his embarkation. I cannot forget the air of suppressed ridicule on the merchant's face and in his speech and manner towards Morrison, whom he appeared to pity as a deluded enthusiast, while he could not but secretly respect his self-denial, devotion, courage and enterprise. When all business matters were arranged, he turned about from his desk and with a sardonic grin, addressing Morrison, said, "And so, Mr Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, Sir," said Morrison, with more than his usual sternness, "I expect God will."

How Morrison impressed this New York resident is also revealed by the following words:

There was nothing of pretence about Morrison. Nothing could be more plain, simple and unceremonious than his manner . . . He exhibited less of the tenderness of the Christian than they [his fellow-missionaries] did; his piety had the bark on—theirs was still in the green shoot.

"His piety had the bark on" is a phrase to live. Truly, if Morrison had not possessed some of those qualities common to the sturdy oak of his native

land, he could never have weathered the storms of his arduous career.

On the 12th of May the *Trident* weighed anchor and set sail from New York upon another not less trying voyage than that which Morrison experienced when crossing the Atlantic. The journey took him round the Cape and across the Indian Ocean, he being at sea one hundred and thirteen days. Among the exciting and memorable incidents of these months were the witnessing—for he was personally spared—of the old-time customs connected with the crossing of the Equator; and the being overhauled by a man-of-war carrying the British colours, which, after firing across the bows of the *Trident* and bringing her to, hauled down the British flag and hoisted the French. The presence of the British passenger was, however, happily not disclosed, and the American captain was allowed to proceed after producing his "papers and protections"; but not before Morrison had had a bad quarter of an hour. And Nature herself even more seriously perturbed the traveller, for the vessel had to face many an ugly sea, especially in the Indian Ocean. On one occasion a mountainous sea as high as the mizzen topsail came aboard and drove the vessel broadside to the wind, where she lay some time in considerable peril nearly on her beam-ends.

After these and other somewhat similar experiences, Canton was safely reached on Sunday, September 7th, more than seven months after embarkation at Gravesend.

CHAPTER VII

OLD CANTON

The former residences of the foreigners in the western suburbs [of Canton] were known as "the thirteen hongs"[1] and for nearly two centuries furnished almost the only exhibition to the Chinese people of the "ocean men." Here the fears and the greed of the callous landlords and traders combined to restrain foreigners of all nations within an area of about fifteen acres, a large part of this space being the garden or *respondentia* walk on the bank of the river. All these houses and outhouses covered a space scarcely as great as the base of the Great Pyramid; its total population, including native and foreign servants, was upwards of one thousand souls.—WELLS WILLIAMS.

THE conditions and limitations of life at Canton, to which Morrison was introduced and under which he was compelled to live, were so unique that it is necessary to pause in our narrative to recall them.

There were originally two English East India Companies, the older of which was incorporated in 1579. Both these Companies were amalgamated by a Charter from Queen Elizabeth dated the last day of the sixteenth century (December 31, 1600). The title they assumed was *The United East India Company*, and as a trade-mark used the design of a heart with two transverse bars, bearing in the four divisions the letters U.E.I.C. This trade-mark became well

[1] This word is derived from the Chinese *hong* or *hang*, meaning "row," and is applied to warehouses because these consist of a succession of rooms.

known throughout the Chinese Empire, and gained a well-earned reputation.

Into the early history of foreign intercourse with China we cannot enter here; and it must suffice to say that the first vessel of the East India Company did not reach China until near the middle of the seventeenth century, approximately synchronizing with the establishment of the Manchu dynasty. Under the enlightened policy of the great Manchu Emperor, Kang Hsi, trade was nominally open at all ports, but from 1760 until Britain's first war with China it was limited to Canton alone, if Macao (which was under a vexatious dual control of Portugal and China) and the Russian overland trade be excepted. It must also be remembered that the merchants were permitted to reside at Canton only for a few months each year, namely, from the arrival to the sailing of the fleet; for the other months they were compelled to live at Macao.

In a fictitious narrative called *The Magic Carpet*, written by a Chinese author two centuries ago, the following fable is recorded:

> In the days of the Ming dynasty, a ship of the red-haired barbarians came to one of our southern seaports and requested permission to trade. This being refused, the strangers begged to be allowed the use of so much ground as they could cover with a carpet, for the purpose of drying their goods. Their petition was granted; and, taking the carpet by the corners, they stretched it till there was room for a large body of men, who, drawing their swords, took possession of the city.[1]

As though this were true, every movement of the foreigner was jealously watched and carefully

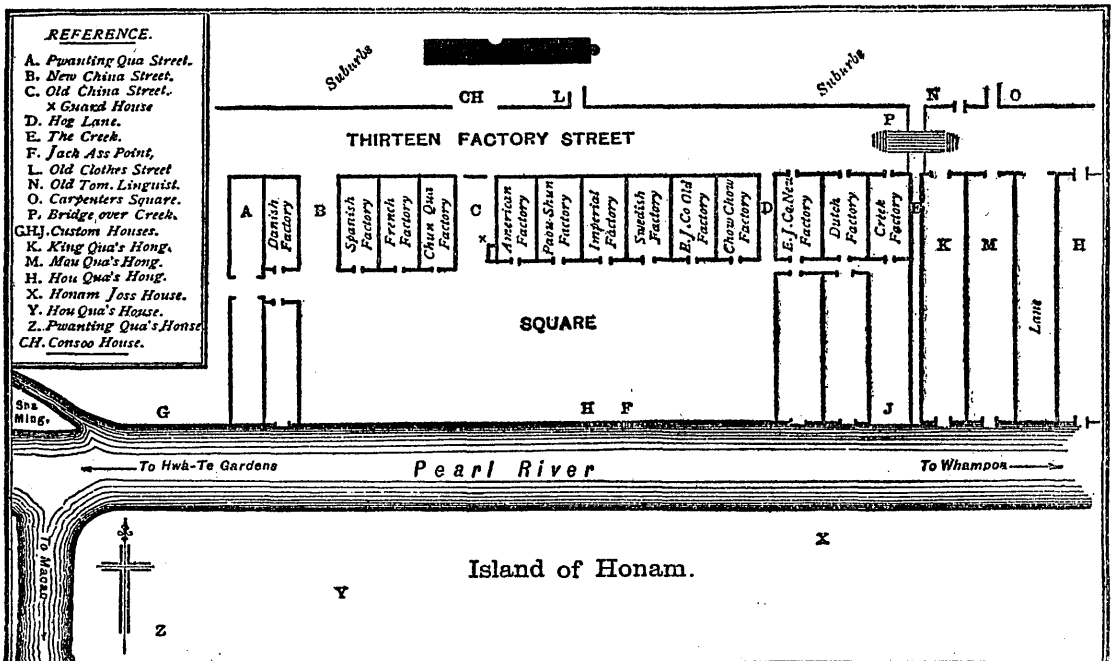
[1] *A Cycle of Cathay*, p. 20.

restricted. At Canton residence during the season was limited to a plot of ground on the north bank of the Pearl River, outside the city walls. This plot had a river frontage of roughly one thousand feet from east to west—for the plot faced south—while the average depth was about seven hundred feet, of which four hundred feet were covered with buildings, giving some three hundred feet of open space in front facing the river. With the exception of two or three narrow streets which intersected these buildings they formed a solid block, and were known as the Factories, because the Factors, or Supercargoes, resided there.

Each Factory—and there were thirteen in all [1]—was divided into three or more houses and was built of brick or granite; and being two stories high, presented a substantial appearance among the somewhat squalid Chinese surroundings. While the flags of many nations had flown from these buildings in the early days, during the whole of Morrison's time at Canton the English, Dutch and American were the only foreign ensigns seen until after 1830, when the French tricolour was hoisted.

The land upon which the Factories stood was a muddy flat, liable to be flooded at high water, and its strict limitations and inadequacy were a constant subject of debate. The way in which any stretching

[1] These were as follows: 1. The Creek Factory; 2. The Dutch Factory; 3. The British Factory; (here was a narrow lane); 4. "Great and Affluent Factory"; 5. Old English Factory; 6. Swedish Factory; 7. Imperial Factory; 8. Precious and Prosperous Factory; 9. American Factory; (here was a broad street called China Street); 10. Hong Merchants' Factory; 11. French Factory; 12. Spanish Factory; (here was New China Street occupied by Chinese merchants); 13. Danish Factory.



Plan of the Factories reproduced, by permission, from *The Fan Kwae at Canton before Treaty Days*, by an Old Resident. Morrison resided first in the American Factory, but later rented the French Factory. The Island Shaming, or Shameen, which is the present Foreign Concession, can be just seen on the extreme left of the plan.

of this " Magic Carpet " was guarded against passed sometimes from the serious to the ridiculous. During one period a considerable quantity of mud had been gradually silted up along the river front, which small addition to their territory the foreign residents sought to include within their limited garden. Thereupon the Governor of the city solemnly appeared, with a band of attendants armed with the necessary implements, and had this offending soil shovelled back into the river! This " valorous exploit " was not unnaturally a subject of merriment on the part of the foreign residents; but the normal restrictions were more provoking than humorous. Only two or three can be referred to here.

Neither women nor arms were permitted within the Factories. This rule was rigorously enforced, so that the merchants' families were compelled to reside at Macao. From time to time one or two attempts were made to defy this regulation, but in vain. The first woman to set it at defiance was the wife of an English superintendent of trade, and cannon—brought especially from their fleet—had to be placed before her door to deter the Chinese from attempting her expulsion. Upon another occasion one hundred and fifty seamen had to be landed to prevent some lady visitors being seized; and as late as 1830 trade was suspended because three ladies had come from Macao with the innocent purpose of seeing the Factories.

All foreign traders were forbidden to engage Chinese servants. Limited service was arranged for by the Chinese authorities, and this could be and was at times withdrawn to enforce submission. Foreigners were also forbidden the use of sedan

chairs, so that walking was compulsory, and were not allowed to row for pleasure on the river. For three days only each month were they permitted to visit the flower gardens across the river, and this always under escort.

Nor were the foreigners allowed to present petitions to the authorities; all complaints—if there were such—had to be made to the Chinese head merchants. Sometimes the Anglo-Saxon spirit, being provoked beyond measure, proved too much even for the Chinese. Upon one occasion a Scotsman named Innes presented himself at the city gate, to find the Hong merchants unwilling to receive his petition. Patiently he continued waiting at the gate all day, and when night fell sent for his bed. Such determination was unexpected and the Chinese merchants yielded! Upon another occasion Mr Jardine, head of Jardine, Matheson & Company, when presenting a petition at the gate—and the foreigners were never permitted to enter the city—was struck sharply upon the head. Ignoring the blow, he neither stirred nor showed any sign of being conscious of the insult, from which time he became known as "the iron-headed old rat."

The splendid vessels which composed the East India Fleet were built of teak, and were about two thousand tons burden. They sailed under the Company's flag, "which resembled that of the United States in its alternate red and white stripes, having for its field the English Jack." On board the ships discipline was strict, much as on a man-of-war.

No finer sight of the kind could be seen in any part of the world than the Company's fleet collected at Hwangpoa

(literally "Yellow Anchorage"), with their inward cargoes discharged, and every ship in beautiful order waiting for teas. These formidable vessels were not of the modern clipper model, but broad-backed with swelling sides and full bows. On board everything was neat, everything indicated system, discipline and force. The oldest Captain (in date) daily hoisted his pennant as Commodore. . . . The hospitality of the captains and officers was generous, and as some of them had bands on board it was a treat indeed to be included among the guests.[1]

The fleets of the East India Company were sometimes valued at sixteen million pounds sterling per annum—a large sum in those days—and armed convoys were necessary to escort them home in safety. To this the Chinese saw no objection, and tacit consent was obtained; but when the British men-of-war went so far as to bring their prizes of war into Chinese waters, and actually to occupy Macao with British troops (as they did in 1802 and 1808 to prevent the French landing), the Chinese not unnaturally loudly protested, and suspended trade. With Europe practically one huge battle-field, until the battle of Waterloo brought peace; with England and America at times embroiled the one with the other; and with fighting in India—the Chinese cannot be blamed if they gained somewhat distorted ideas as to the foreigner's character and designs upon their own country. It may be taken for granted too that in those days of strenuous contests, the fighting spirit was not absent from those members of the Anglo-Saxon race resident at Canton.

It needs no great effort of the imagination to picture what the arrival of the East India fleet, with

[1] *The Fan Kwae at Canton before Treaty days*, by an Old Resident.

its three thousand seamen on board, must have meant to Canton. After the long and arduous voyage these rough and hardy men, weary with restraint, were exposed to horrible temptations in Hog Lane (one of the narrow thoroughfares which intersected the Factories), where medicated spirits were sold by unprincipled Chinese. Fearful tumults were not infrequent, resulting occasionally in the wounding of men and sometimes in the death of one or more individuals. When a death did occur the Chinese authorities inexorably demanded life for life, and in the early times some poor sailors were surrendered to the Chinese to undergo a barbarous death. In the very year that Morrison arrived a Chinese had been killed in one such mêlée, and because the Company, stiffening in their attitude towards the Chinese, refused to hand over a British sailor, trade was suspended for two months, and only renewed after payment of £50,000 indemnity.

The payment of so large a sum may excite surprise, but the position of the Factors in those disputes was highly harassing. If they resisted the Chinese demands, trade was stopped; if trade was suspended for long they were dismissed by the directors at home, who, on their part, lived in fear of the Company's Charter being withdrawn if the English markets were not regularly supplied. The Charter was renewable every twenty years; and the Chinese, who knew something of the inwardness of the situation, were aware how powerful an instrument the stoppage of trade was.

The vexatious nature of the commercial conditions then existing can hardly be exaggerated. What with the various and exorbitant impositions, the iniquitous

exactions, the boycott, the stoppage of food supplies, the unreasonable delay (sometimes for months before vessels were measured and shipping duties arranged), the heavy fines, and, occasionally, the repudiation of a huge debt—the position of the merchants at Canton was not altogether to be envied.

Yet life within the Factories was made as comfortable as circumstances would permit and the climate allow. In each a common and well-supplied table was kept and visits between the several Factories were exchanged. The main buildings of the East India Company, with the grand banqueting room where a hundred guests could sit at table together, were sumptuously equipped; but it was "in effect a gilded cage."

To different temperaments life at Canton doubtless appealed in different ways. Abeel, who reached Canton in 1830, found it almost intolerable, for he wrote:

> With the exception of a prison, it would probably be difficult to find a better preparation for the enjoyment of verdant scenery, invigorating breezes, bodily recreation and female society, than a residence at Canton.

On the other hand, another American who resided in the Factories from 1825 to 1844, has written as follows:

> I think I am safe in saying that from the novelty of the life, the social good feeling and unbounded hospitality always mutually existing; from the facility of all dealings with the Chinese who were assigned to transact business with us, together with their proverbial honesty, combined with a sense of perfect security to person and property—scarcely a resident of any length of time, in short any "old Canton," but finally left them with regret.

Yet the prohibition against merchants bringing their wives and families to Canton, and the exorbitant fees charged for permits to visit Macao were a constant source of annoyance. No less a tax than from three to four hundred dollars was imposed for the privilege of making the journey between Canton and Macao and vice versa, with an additional fee of forty dollars for boat hire. It is strange to learn that these provoking regulations have never been formally abrogated. In 1810 they were revised, and in 1819 reaffirmed by Imperial Edict; but with the cessation of the East India Company's Charter in 1833 (a few months before Morrison's death), and the war with Great Britain which followed a few years later, a new chapter was opened in foreign relations with China. This, however, Morrison never lived to see. The only conditions of life in Canton that he knew were those which have been so briefly and of necessity imperfectly outlined.

CHAPTER VIII

FACING LIFE'S TASK

Pioneers who make ways and bridges are thought to hold a humble place in the army, in the republic of letters, and in the churches. The conqueror, the author of genius and the dignified prelate or popular preacher, who enters into other men's labours, are those who appear to effect great things; the pioneer is forgotten.—ROBERT MORRISON.

THE first two years of a missionary's career, while full of the fascination of new interests, are always a critical and trying time. The loss of accustomed fellowships; the introduction to new and frequently uncongenial surroundings; the contact with a strange and possibly unsympathetic people; the humiliating limitations imposed by a foreign tongue; and the pain of spirit occasioned by the sight of idolatry—all combine to test the temper and mettle of the young worker. And all these things must inevitably be accentuated when the missionary is a pioneer.

During the long and weary voyage Morrison had suffered not a little from apprehension as to the nature of the welcome he would receive. His difficulties were not imaginary, though his mercies were found to be beyond what he had dared anticipate. Three days before Canton was reached his ship anchored in the Macao Roads, and he had the unexpected pleasure of meeting there Sir George Staunton, Interpreter to the East India Company,

whom he had already met in London, and Mr Chalmers, to whom he had a letter of introduction. While both persons promised all possible assistance, both emphasized the adverse conditions.

"Mr Chalmers," wrote Morrison, "wished me success with all his soul, but added that the people of Europe had no idea of the difficulties of residence here or of obtaining masters to teach. He mentioned . . . that the Chinese are prohibited from teaching the language under penalty of death." Sir George Staunton confirmed this discouraging report, "and reminded me," said Morrison, "that the Company forbade any person to stay but on account of trade." Also that "residence at Macao is especially difficult owing to the jealousy of the Romish bishops and priests."

All this was disconcerting to the new arrival, and it was not unnatural that Morrison should record in his diary, "I have been full of anxiety; a great deal too much so." But He who opens so that no man can shut was with him, and was setting before him an open door, though that vision was hidden from his eyes.

On the day of his arrival at Canton, Mr Carrington, the Chief of the American Factory, offered him a room in his own house; but as this was to court publicity—since Mr Carrington's office was practically that of a Consul—he preferred the more retired residence of Mr Milnor, another American to whom he had letters of introduction. But man is an anxious being, and, like a mountaineer, no sooner has he scaled one height than he finds himself confronted by overshadowing peaks ahead. The new concern which now began to trouble Morrison was

the question of expense. Brought up amidst humble surroundings, the princely mode of living enjoyed by the merchants at Canton somewhat staggered him, and for months his correspondence home was full of expressions of distress at the cost of living and the burden he must be upon the funds of his Society. His letters give ample detail as to the cost of rent and board and even the price of candles and laundry; and he is ever weighing anxiously the pros and cons of enjoying the common table, or of boarding himself, or of living in one room if that were possible.

> The heavy expenses that will attend my continuance in Canton [he wrote] serve to depress me in some degree. I know that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, that the silver and the gold are His, yet still I would, were it possible for me, make the Gospel without charge.

The hope expressed in these last words was to be realized sooner than he dared hope, but meantime he unhappily continued to harass himself far beyond what was good. Concerning his expenses he wrote:

> I blush to say, and I grieve that truth requires me to say, that such things have followed me and distracted my mind when attempting to draw near to the Throne of Grace.

It need hardly be recorded that nothing in the instructions or correspondence of the directors of his Society gave occasion for this disquietude; it arose rather from a tendency to be morbidly conscientious. Such was his anxiety that ere long he was led to leave his American friends and seek to economize by living in the Godown, by adopting Chinese food, and other methods of lessening expense.

To such an extent did he deny himself that his privations, combined with his unremitting application to his studies, and lack of exercise, so seriously impaired his health that at one time he could hardly walk across the room.

Of his books he was more careful than of himself. On his arrival he had exercised the greatest precautions in the removal of his Chinese papers and books from the ship to the Factory, lest the officials should learn the object of his coming. And though he denied himself many necessary comforts, he refused to be parsimonious in securing a library.

> The coat which served me on my passage [he wrote] serves me still, but on things that relate to the fulfilling of my mission I have been more liberal. Not knowing how long I may be permitted to continue here, I have purchased a few Chinese books, papers and pencils, etc. The first of these cannot be obtained but by stealth . . . I have now secured between four and five hundred volumes on language, religion, philosophy, medicine, their code of laws and history.

It was not long before he wrote again to say that he had secured one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine volumes. He knew that the Chinese who purchased these for him had been heinous profiteers. But that wrong he gladly suffered, for the books must be obtained at all costs.

Of Morrison's life in the Godown, which building —normally used as a warehouse—roughly corresponded to the basement of a European dwelling, we have a graphic picture preserved to us in William Milne's *Retrospect of the First Ten Years*, which was based upon a manuscript furnished by Morrison himself.

At first he ate in the Chinese manner and dined with the person who taught him the language. His mode of living was most rigidly economic. A lamp made of earthenware supplied him with light, and a folio volume of Matthew Henry's Commentary, set up on its edge, afforded a shade to prevent the wind from blowing out the light. . . . His nails were at first suffered to grow, that they might be like those of the Chinese. He had a tail (that is, a tress of hair) of some length and became an adept with the chopsticks. He walked about the Hong with a Chinese frock on and with thick Chinese shoes. In this he meant well, but, as he has frequently remarked, was soon convinced that he had judged ill.

Persuaded that this zeal was not according to knowledge, and that high rent was an unavoidable evil, he rented the French Factory, then unoccupied, and removed there in February 1808. Hitherto he had passed as an American citizen. "I am sometimes called the American missionary," he writes, "which I perceive is not grateful to some of the American gentlemen." In this somewhat compromising situation he continued for some time, neither confirming nor denying the impression abroad.

It has already been mentioned that it was a capital offence for a Chinese to teach the language to a foreigner; but money can do most things in China, and finally Morrison secured two men, both converts of the Roman Catholic Church, to help him. One man was a local scholar with a Chinese Arts degree, and the other a native of Shansi, who had lived long with the Catholics in Peking, and was able to teach him Mandarin. Both of these men lived in fear of detection and torture, and one at least, if not both of them, carried poison so that life might rather be ended than the pains of a Chinese prison suffered.

This shrewd and discerning people are absurd and unreasonable enough [Morrison records] to consider it criminal for foreigners to know their language or possess their books, and still more to have the books of foreigners in their possession. . . . My crime is wishing to learn the language.

But Morrison in a wonderful way found favour and friends. He was by temperament eminently suited to win the approval of the Chinese people. His grave and solemn demeanour was just such as the Chinese classics commend. Had not Confucius taught that "the superior man, if not dignified in bearing, will not command respect"? and here was one who was dignity itself. Another recorded aphorism by the same great Chinese master reads:

Where the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments we have rusticity; where the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities we have the manners of the clerk; when the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended, we then have the man of complete virtue.

Though the modern reader looks in vain for some relieving glimpse of humour in Morrison, there is no doubt that his serious demeanour would find favour with the Chinese. We therefore find Mr Yong, the young Chinese student who had helped him in London, using all his good influence with one of the leading Chinese security merchants, named Gow-Qua, to permit Morrison to remain in Canton. This Morrison regarded as "a gracious interposition of Providence," and in consequence was induced to give up the design he had formed of removing to Penang.

Mr Roberts, too, the Chief of the English Factory,

showed every disposition to be friendly, going so far as to say, "I see not why your translating the sacred Scriptures into the Chinese language might not be avowed if occasion called for it. We could with reason answer the Chinese thus, 'This volume we deem the best of books.'" Sir George Staunton also gave him all possible encouragement and countenance.

As Morrison's health had been much impaired by his exacting studies and sedentary life, he removed to Macao on June 1, 1808, at the invitation of Mr Roberts, who, with another friend, offered him the free use of a house in their desire to assist him in the compiling of a Chinese Dictionary. And it was only the favour and support which Mr Roberts gave which prevented Morrison being ejected from Macao by the Roman Catholics. After a refreshing change of three months—though all the time was devoted to study—he returned to Canton. But his residence in the Factories this time was not to be for long.

Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, having heard that the French had ambitious designs on the East, and fearing that Macao might be seized by them, despatched a powerful squadron of ships with an armed force to land and hold the place. This news came like a bolt from the blue and caused the utmost alarm to Chinese and foreigner alike at Canton. A characteristic protest was issued by the Chinese, in which the following occurs :

> Knowing as you ought to know that the Portuguese inhabit a territory belonging to the Celestial Empire, how could you suppose that the French would ever venture to molest them? If they dared, our warlike troops would attack, defeat and chase them from the face of the country.

The Chinese authorities immediately withdrew all servants from the Factories and stopped all supplies, so that the English were compelled to take refuge on any available ships in the harbour. Morrison had to quit with the utmost haste, leaving behind his precious books in the care of his friend, Mr Yong. On his return to Macao he nearly fell into the hands of pirates, who, with a fleet of no less than seven hundred vessels, had for long been plundering and raiding the coast. Spared this terrible ordeal, he began to worry about his library.

In Macao the Roman Catholics forbade any Chinese to assist Morrison in his studies. Having secured such volumes as were essential, he seldom ventured forth abroad, but lived in constant fear both of Portuguese and Chinese authorities alike. "I to-day packed up all my Chinese books on account of the expected visit of the Viceroy" he records in his diary. And again a few days later is another entry, "Teacher, assistant, and servants left me to-day." Thus amid perennial difficulties and discouragements did Morrison persevere with his task.

> I know [he writes to the Directors at home] that the labours of God's servants in the gloom of the dungeon have illumined succeeding ages, and I am cheered with the hope that my labours in my present confinement will be of some service in the diffusion of Divine Truth amongst the millions of China.

Amid all these harassing hardships he was deeply pained by the non-receipt of letters from home. He himself was a voluminous correspondent and despatched journals and letters by the score, while few communications came to cheer him in his lonely lot.

In a letter dated four months after his arrival he writes:

Permit me to say that I am considerably disappointed in not receiving from any person in England—from any of the brethren or fathers—letters by the fleet which sailed three months after I left my native land. I know how much all the ministers are engaged and also mercantile brethren, but it is by no means an object of no importance to write frequently and largely to missionaries among the heathen.

Eight months later, when writing to a friend, he said:

I yesterday received your very welcome letter. It is but the second that I have received, after having written at least two hundred.

A few weeks later he writes again:

Some of the good people who write to me grieve me by their manner. They say "Write us long letters and tell us everything, but we are so full of business," or, "the ship is just going. Excuse our not giving you news." As though they thought a missionary were an idle fellow who might take time whenever he chose to write them long letters, while worldly avocations, or the society of their friends, are of such high importance that I must be satisfied with a few apologies from them.

But though depressed at times, and lonely always, Morrison plodded on with a dogged determination worthy of the best traditions of his ancestry, reinforced by grace.

CHAPTER IX

SOME MOMENTOUS DECISIONS

The duties of a minister or missionary are generally more than enough for any man's qualifications and strength ; but if Paul worked at a trade he might with equal propriety have traded for his support: and if such secular employment were lawful in him I know not why a missionary may not attend to secular affairs for his own support; nor can I see the principle on which the Jesuits trading for the support of their missions are censured, provided they trade honestly.—ROBERT MORRISON.

FEBRUARY 20, 1809, was a memorable day in Morrison's life, for on it he was married to Miss Mary Morton at Macao, and received from the East India Company's Factory the offer of a post as Chinese Translator at a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, the exact sum he had expended during his first year in China.

During his second and enforced visit to Macao, occasioned by the flight from Canton already mentioned, he was introduced to Dr Morton and his family, with whom a warm friendship was almost immediately established. The attachment between Morrison and Mary Morton ripened rapidly, though Morrison wooed his bride with a curb-bit on his affections. "I spent the evening with Mr Morton and family," he records in his diary, and then adds, "By not applying to my studies my mind is uncomfortable; so desirous am I to acquire the language." Two days later he writes again, "I spent

the evening with the family of the Mortons. Scarcely so devoted as I ought to be." Whether this were failure in devotion to the language or to Mary Morton he does not say! Even an evening off for courting purposes seemed a burden upon Morrison's conscience.

In view of Dr Morton's sailing with his family for home, the wedding took place without delay on February 20th. Morrison's young wife appears to have been far from robust, for from this time the diary contains frequent allusions to her ill-health and her husband's grave concern on her behalf. As his official duties to the Company now compelled him to be absent from Macao for about six months every year, and Chinese restrictions prevented his wife accompanying him to Canton, it was not to be wondered at that he had days and nights of anxiety. The following are a few of the entries found in his diary of those days:

Nervous debility added to an originally weak constitution forbids the sanguine hope of a speedy recovery. . . . Affliction in a foreign land lies doubly heavy—no kind relatives near to assist, no Christian friends to cheer.

Yesterday I arrived at Canton. . . . I left my dear Mary unwell. Her feeble mind much harassed. O Lord, help her and have mercy on her for Jesus Christ's sake.

My poor afflicted Mary, the Lord bless her . . . she "walks in darkness and has no light." Blessed God, hear my constant earnest prayers on her behalf for Jesus' sake.

Happily there was a medical man in Macao, a Dr J. Livingstone, who proved a warm friend and subsequent helper to Morrison, but he declared that her health was incurable. Sorrow was added to

Morrison's anxiety, for their first-born son died on the day of his birth, and the young father in his grief found himself confronted with the unsympathetic opposition of the Chinese to the burial of his dead child. At that time the English had no cemetery at Macao, and it was only after painful negotiations that Morrison was able to secure a spot, on the top of one of the hills at the north extremity of the settlement, where he could bury his dead.

In addition to these domestic sorrows he experienced the pain of being misjudged, for when the news of his appointment to the British Factory reached England, it was rumoured that he had deserted the cause for which he had gone forth. Such reports showed an utter ignorance of the situation. In writing to the Society at home, with whom he left the power " either to annul or confirm " the appointment, he sets forth the reasons for his own decisions :

> I stated to you my reasons for accepting this situation ; they were briefly—that it secured my residence ; that its duties contributed to my improvement in the language—I mean, they all tended to it ; and thirdly, its salary would enable us to make our labour in the Gospel less chargeable to the Churches of Britain. . . . It might also tend to do away any aversion of the Directors of the East India Company to missionaries, when they found that they were ready to serve the interests of the Company.

On the other hand, he was by no means blind to the disadvantages and difficulties occasioned by his official post and regrets that

> It occupies a great part of my short life in that which does not immediately refer to my first object. While I am translating official papers I could be compiling my

dictionary. . . . My duties . . . have given me many an aching head. The Chinese Government dislike to hear what I am obliged to tell them. To be faithful and yet not impede myself in my first object—my missionary work—is a difficult thing. . . . But for the cause I serve, I would gladly exchange my present situation for any in England and Scotland of fifty pounds a year.

But in face of these sorrows Morrison continued with unremitting industry to prosecute his task. As his official duties became more arduous when Sir George Staunton left China, his salary was increased to £1000 a year, together with the enjoyment of other privileges, such as a place at the Company's public table; but he never lost his passion for the evangelization of China, and in spite of the temptations of his position he wrote:

My missionary duties require my whole undivided time; every other pursuit is contrary to my feelings.

It is certain that but for his appointment he would have been compelled to leave China, and so difficult did it become at times to serve, as it appeared, two masters, that he did seriously contemplate the relinquishing of his office and departure for Penang or Malacca.

From what has been dropped at several times [he wrote], I perceive it is thought that my missionary duties ought to give way; that, in fact, my serving the Company and being a missionary are not compatible with each other. If this be pushed much further, a separation must take place. . . . I have thought that the end would be better answered by my removing to Malacca or Java. O Lord, do Thou direct.

And on another occasion:

I am at present much depressed on account of the

troubles occasioned by the Government here. It is my heart's wish to go away to a more comfortable residence, where freedom may be given to communicate fully and publicly the Good Tidings. I have a strong impression in my mind that Java would be a better place than this for our Mission. Direct us, O Lord, and help us to put our trust in Thee.

Though on principle Morrison avoided reference in his letters to the nature of his official duties—regarding these as confidential—there is sufficient to indicate that they were frequently of a delicate and difficult character. With the knowledge that the directors of the East India Company at home were not friendly, and with the criticisms to which he was subjected by many of the Company's servants in Canton, as well as the hostile attitude of the Chinese Government, it required unusual dogged determination to continue at his post. But, to use his own words, he "plodded on," having, as Milne testified, "the patience that refuses to be conquered, the diligence that never tires, the caution that always trembles, and the studious habit that spontaneously seeks retirement."

Though so completely shut away from the outside world, the breadth of Morrison's outlook is remarkable. Not only does he ask the directors of his own Society to keep him informed of the progress of the missionary enterprise in other parts of the world, but he is dreaming and scheming and advising for the development of missions in Asia, somewhat after the manner of the famous pioneers at Serampore.

I wonder [he writes home] that you have not sent a missionary to Prince of Wales Island. Do think of it. Make it as it was once called, a stepping stone to China.

. . . It appears to me exceedingly desirable to have a missionary establishment there.

His super-national outlook is also revealed as he discusses this and other questions :

Is it practicable to employ missionaries who are Americans in the way that you do the Dutch and Germans ? The religion of our Lord unites persons of every kindred, people and nation. Could an American missionary be employed in Canton, and one of your Jersey French students in Cochin China ? There would not be the same national and political objections to them as there are to the English. . . . Christianity is in its spirit the religion of the world. It buries national prejudices, and the more it is understood, believed and loved, the more rapidly will it unite all men in each country, and the men of each country as brethren.

He rejoiced to hear from home that Mr Adoniram Judson, with other American students, was devoting himself to missionary work in the East ; and when he received a copy of the sermon preached by Henry Martyn at Calcutta—in which great sermon Martyn had stated "Asia must be our care"—Morrison actually obtained subscriptions from the English residents at Macao to the amount of two hundred and eighty-five dollars, which he forwarded to the treasurer of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society.

Through these early years there had been gradually maturing in his mind that thought which ultimately led to the formation of the Ultra-Ganges Mission, to which we shall refer in a subsequent chapter. He even looked further ahead, and had a vision of developments which were only to be appreciated many years later :

I wish that we had an institution at Malacca for the

training of missionaries, European and Native, and designed for all the countries beyond the Ganges. There also, let there be that powerful engine, the Press. . . . We want a central point for our Asiatic missions—we want organized co-operation—we want a press—we want a Committee of Missionaries. . . . Such a Committee, being engaged in missionary work in heathen lands, would have means of judging, which a person in England, who had never removed from his study or his desk could not have. They would know the hearts of missionaries. The final decision in every case would yet remain with the body of Directors.

All this while he was plodding on with his translation task. The problem as to what style he should adopt for the rendering of the Sacred Scriptures into Chinese, and for his other literary work, deeply exercised his mind, as it has the minds of many a missionary since. The question was argued out in detail in his correspondence home, and the sanity of his judgment cannot but impress the reader. Should he adopt the classical style, such as is employed in the Chinese classics, or should he use the colloquial which would be understood by the common people? After much inward debate he determined upon a middle course such as is found in the widely-known Chinese classic entitled *The Three Kingdoms*. Of this style, of which the Chinese "speak in raptures," Morrison wrote:

It may, indeed, as far as style is concerned, be considered the *Spectator* of China. . . . It has been, and probably is, the opinion of some, that a version of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese should be made in imitation of the style of the text of the classical books. . . . But, with all due deference to those who hold this opinion, the writer cannot help thinking differently. In a critique, or apology to the public, the names of Chinese philosophers sound well, and may produce an effect on

those who have not the means of looking more narrowly into the subject.

The problem has changed since then, but in Morrison's time and for many years to come this question was long and arduously debated, and we believe that Morrison's decision will to-day commend itself to all who understand the issues involved.

With this question of style decided he bent all his energies to his task. In September 1810 he sent home three copies of the Acts of the Apostles, of which one thousand copies had been printed from wooden blocks cut by the Chinese. In September of the following year he sent home a translation of St Luke's Gospel with a copy of the tract which he had printed; while in 1812 he composed and printed a Catechism which was in substance the Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland, to which was added one or two short prayers. His attention was also engaged in the translation of the Book of Genesis, thinking that the Scriptural account of the origin of the world and the entrance of sin into it would be of special value, while in addition he was devoting much time to the preparation of a Chinese vocabulary, a grammar and dictionary.

One formidable difficulty which faced Morrison was connected with the printing of his books. Early in 1812 the Chinese Government issued an Edict which made it a capital crime to print books in Chinese on the Christian religion. A few extracts from it deserve attention:

The Criminal Tribunal, by order of the Emperor, decrees as follows:—

The Europeans worship God, because in their own country they are used to do so; and it is quite un-

necessary to enquire into the motive; but then, why do they disturb the common people of the Interior? . . . If there is not decreed some punishment, how shall the evil be eradicated? And how shall the human heart be rectified.

From this time forward, such Europeans as shall privately print books and establish preachers, in order to pervert the multitude, and the Tartars and Chinese, who, deputed by Europeans, shall propagate their religion, bestowing names, and disquieting numbers, shall have this to look to:—the chief or principal one shall be executed:—whoever shall spread their religion, not making much disturbance, nor to many men, and without giving names, shall be imprisoned, waiting the time of execution; and those who shall content themselves with following such religion, without wishing to reform themselves, they shall be exiled to North Manchuria.

Nevertheless, Morrison pressed forward with his task, but so great was the risk that the Chinese printers resorted to various devices to avoid detection and punishment, as, for instance, when the Acts of the Apostles was printed, the pasting of a false label on the cover.

While Morrison was engaged in all this work he received from Mr Elphinstone, Chief of the British Factory, the offer of a chaplaincy to the East India Company in Canton. This offer, which was intended to assist him in pecuniary matters, was an evidence of the way in which Morrison was esteemed by some. He was told that he would not need to preach, but only read the Church Service. Morrison, in his disinterested way, offered to conduct worship but declined the salary. "I could not," he wrote, "accept it merely to add to my income, and in the form in which it was offered it would not afford me an opportunity of preaching the Gospel of Jesus." The negotiations consequently failed.

CHAPTER X

OVERLAPPING EXTRAORDINARY

In the *Quarterly Theological Review* for December 1825 there are some remarks on a book of the late learned missionary printer, Mr Ward, entitled *Reflections*. The reviewer has expressed the sentiment that the missionary work is still by the Churches deemed in comparison with the ministry at home a low service. . . . We consider the venerable missionary Carey to have filled during his residence in India as high a station under the government of Providence as the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, whose office and the importance of whose duties we have no wish to depreciate.—ROBERT MORRISON.

MORRISON was early brought into touch by correspondence with the famous trio, Carey, Marshman and Ward, at Serampore; and, strange as it may seem with workers so widely separated, the problem of overlapping occasioned strained and delicate relationships. The Serampore group, with their comprehensive outlook upon the needs of Asia, early began to pay attention to the claims of China. At the beginning of 1806, a year before Morrison sailed from England, Marshman commenced the study of Chinese with a view to the translation of the Scriptures into that language. In this work he was assisted by Johannes Lassar, an Armenian who had been born at Macao, who had some familiarity with colloquial Chinese, and had by study an elementary knowledge of the written language.

When Marshman's project became known to

Morrison, he was, not unnaturally, somewhat jealous of a work which seemed more rightly to fall to his lot being undertaken by another so far away. In a letter written home a little more than two months after his arrival in Canton, he said :

I fear that our brethren in India are imposed upon by Johannes Lassar, the Armenian gentleman. I think there is much reason to fear that his knowledge of the Chinese is very superficial and his knowledge of the Scriptures more so. I have mentioned in my journal how I was imposed on by the person who says he taught Johannes. His professed teacher is a talkative, but ignorant and dishonest man.

Morrison, therefore, sought to discuss this matter with the Serampore group, and was perplexed at their silence. On June 5th, 1808, he wrote :

I have not heard from Serampore though I have written again and again. Either letters have miscarried or the brethren have chosen what some would deem a prudential silence.

It is perhaps impossible at this distance of time to estimate with perfect justice all the elements in this problem. The officials of the London Missionary Society wrote to Morrison to comfort him, saying, " We neither of us strive for the mastery nor the fame in this matter," but at the same time sent a strong protest to Carey and his colleagues.[1]

The rivalry, however, between Morrison in his lonely station at Canton and Marshman with his colleagues at Serampore continued. For fifteen years Marshman, with the most rigid economy of

[1] See *Life and Times of Carey, Marshman and Ward,* by John C. Marshman, Vol. I., page 396.

time, devoted himself to severe and wearisome labour on his Chinese translation. In 1816 he practically completed the New Testament, though the first edition was minus Luke and Acts, which, it will be remembered, Morrison had translated. It was printed from movable metal type, and this is sometimes incorrectly spoken of as the first time movable type had been employed. The Old Testament was completed by Marshman in 1822, and, with a revised New Testament, the first edition of the whole Bible in Chinese was issued. At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London in May 1823, Mr John Marshman—the eldest son of Dr Marshman—laid a complete copy on the table. Morrison's task, as we shall see later, was not finished in the rough until 1819, and published, after a careful revision, at Malacca in 1823, a copy being placed by Morrison himself on the table at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1824.

Since the public at home, obviously, were not in a position to estimate the relative merits of these two translations, it could not but be galling to Morrison to appear second in the race; but he bore this trial with characteristic patience and humility. In the midst of the contest, Sir George Staunton, who was perhaps the man best able to judge, wrote to Morrison as follows:

> You are, in fact, the only person who can be considered to unite in any degree the various qualifications requisite for such an undertaking; and whatever merits the gentlemen at Serampore may have in other respects, I really cannot expect much from translations (especially translations into Chinese) in that quarter. I can

scarcely conceive how any foreigner can feel sure of having attained the true spirit and idiom of the language without having that ready and constant access to the natives which a residence in the country can alone afford.

And John Clark Marshman, in his official history of the Serampore Mission, writes thus of his father's work:

> The translation was necessarily imperfect: indeed, considering the great disadvantages under which it was executed, it could not have been otherwise, and it is now valuable chiefly as a memorial of his missionary zeal and his literary perseverance. . . . At this distance of time, and on an impartial review of the circumstances and wants of the Serampore Mission, the appropriation of Mr Marshman's strength to a distant object of doubtful expediency cannot be regarded without some feelings of regret.[1]

No one, however, can fail to admire the zeal and unwearied perseverance that Marshman exhibited, although the unwisdom of pursuing his task when Morrison was on the field must be conceded.

It is certain that Marshman was in some matters unjustly judged. For instance, Morrison completed his Chinese Grammar early in 1811, and was congratulated by Sir George Staunton, who hoped the work would be published immediately. The Select Committee of the East India Company forwarded it to the Bengal Government with a request that it be printed, but from some unknown cause the manuscript was held up for three years. Meantime, Dr Marshman published his *Clavis Sinica*, or Key to the Chinese Language, which was the result of eight years of labour and study. As Morrison's

[1] *Ibid.*, Vol. I., page 245.

manuscript was actually submitted to Marshman by the Bengal Government for criticism and approval before being printed, it was not altogether unnatural that Marshman should be charged with plagiarism and with having been responsible for the otherwise unaccountable delay. This charge was undoubtedly unjust. Morrison's Grammar had been detained in a Government Office at Calcutta and not at Serampore, and was not seen by Marshman until his own work was completed, with the exception of two or three sheets. Further, the works are on a different basis, so that the one can hardly have been indebted to the other. When Marshman's attention was called to the charge, he repudiated with indignation the suggestion that he should be capable " of such an act of literary piracy," and sent home an elaborate vindication.

While there can be no doubt that Marshman had oeen charged with an act to which he would never have stooped, there is no question on the other hand that all this was a real and bitter trial to Morrison. That his work, accomplished with all the assistance that it was possible to procure in China, should be submitted for approval to another who was in India and had only an indirect and imperfect knowledge of Chinese, was inevitably galling.

All of which goes to prove that though there were giants in those days they were men of like passions with ourselves; and that some of the most painful disciplines of life come not from the hostile world without but from those who are called to be saints.

CHAPTER XI

A COLLEAGUE AT LAST

The Romanists reproach the Protestants that their ministers have no Mission, as not being authorized in their ministry either by an uninterrupted succession from the Apostles, or by miracles or by any extraordinary proof of a vocation. Many among us deny any other Mission necessary for the ministry than the talents necessary to discharge it. . . . Knowledge of any science constitutes a right to teach it, and why the communication of Christian science should be fettered by any other conditions is not easy to comprehend.—ROBERT MORRISON.

THE earnest and repeated requests for a colleague which Morrison sent home to the directors of his Society received from the first sympathetic consideration, and William Milne, a young student of Gosport, was early marked out by Dr Bogue as the man best suited for this post.

Milne, who was two or three years Morrison's junior, was born in the parish of Kennethmont in Aberdeenshire in 1785, and lost his father at the early age of six. But his mother was no common woman, and did all within her power to help her son. From the records of those early days we can picture the little laddie trudging to school with a peat for his schoolmistress's fire under one arm and his Bible under the other, repeating to himself, "In the year that King Uzziah died," for the old Granny who taught him to read had set him the sixth chapter of Isaiah as his task.

Like David of old, Milne was put to mind the sheep, and, through contact with the servants at Leith Hall, soon learned to swear. His herding club would often be flung with curses as well as fury after straying sheep or rambling cows, " and if he then indulged in daydreams of being great, they went no higher than to wear the Leith livery or to ride such a horse as Giggy of Bucharn, the couper."

But God had better things in store. Brought under the helpful influence of two or three good men—Adam Sievwright the basket-maker, John Burnet the flax-dresser, and the Rev. G. Cowie—he learned to pray, and to read with avidity the story of the Covenanters and martyrs of his own native hills. Good old Adam Sievwright set him to learn basket-making, while, like Aquila instructing Apollos, he taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly. " I see him yet," wrote one who remembered those days, " at the ingleneuk in his cottage, sitting amidst his bundles of *sauchen waens* [willows] twisting a butter basket and talking about the glories of the gifts of grace to young Milne."

The crisis came on the occasion that the venerable Mr Cowie preached at Adam Sievwright's home; of that sermon the old basket-maker used to say, " Oh, but the minester had mair than usual freedim that nicht. Eh, sirs, it was a saavoury sermon." The spiritual discoveries of that night captivated Milne's heart and " made me willing," he subsequently wrote, " to devote myself soul and body to God for ever."

The only place he could find for retirement was the sheepcote where the sheep were kept in winter, and there, surrounded by his fleecy companions, with

a piece of turf on which to kneel, he would pour out his soul before God. "Many hours have I spent there," he wrote, "in the winter evenings, with a pleasure to which before I was a stranger, and while some of the members of the family [where he lodged] were plotting how to put me to shame, I was eating in secret of that bread which the world knoweth not of."

Prayer to this shepherd lad became a great reality. "I continued to pray," he testified, "as opportunity served, ten or fifteen times a day," and with John Burnet the flax-dresser he would even walk and commune whole nights under the summer and winter moonlit sky, comparing their state and experiences with those of the heathen. John Burnet was teacher at the Sabbath evening school, and after the school was closed the young scholar would accompany his master down the Boggie Side as near to Huntly as he could, consistent with getting back to the farm before sunrise.

Of this praying group of men, one who had been Milne's youthful companion wrote:

> I can scarcely credit my own recollections of the devotional habits of these men, although my own father was one of them and they my best friends after his death. Indeed it is only by referring to Mr Cowie's journals . . . that I can satisfy myself that I am not dreaming when I think or speak of them. I was indeed too young to understand their devotional spirit or to comprehend their solicitude about the heathen. I understood only the fact that something which they called sweet communion with God made them pray long, look very happy, and speak often one to another about missionaries.

It was in this cradle of missions, in a place where

every conversion was called "turning missionary," and laughed at by a wretched pun as "turning machinery," that Milne was born again and spiritually nurtured. With him, concern for the souls of others became natural, and, as his biographer writes, "he would have doubted his personal piety, if it had breathed no relative sympathy, just as he would have doubted his devotional spirit if he could not have spent a whole night in prayer now and then in the sheepcote." "I shall never forget his surprise," continues the same writer, "nor that of some others who were brought up amongst men who thus gave themselves to prayer, when he was asked in England, 'what the Huntly men found to say when they prayed all night.'" Long before he offered himself to the Missionary Society he "used to spend hours in the winter evenings in prayer for this desirable object." "This," he wrote himself, "I conceive to be my duty as a private Christian."

When first brought before the Aberdeen Committee of the Missionary Society as a candidate, in the "Sunday claithes" of a shepherd lad, most of those present were afraid "he would not do." One proposed he should go out as a mechanic rather than as a missionary, to which suggestion his answer was, "Anything! anything! if only engaged in the work. I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water in the temple of my God"; and it is a significant fact that it was not until he prayed that these men saw his worth far enough to send him back to the hills "to reconsider his designs."

It was from such a school that Dr William Milne, as he afterwards became, went forth to become the beloved and indefatigable colleague of Morrison.

On the 4th September, 1812, Milne sailed from Portsmouth in company with his wife, to whom he had recently been married. His bride, Miss Rachel Cowie, was a woman full of natural vivacity, which seemed "like the radiance of her eyes, unquenchable." By education, by habits of diligence, and by the discipline of affliction and reverses of fortune, she was one well prepared for the life of difficulty which lay before her. The journey, undertaken during the Napoleonic wars, was not without its excitements, for three times the ship prepared for action when strange sails were sighted, and Milne's station was in the cockpit. It is interesting to note that Milne spent much of his time on board studying Chinese "from an elementary work by Dr Marshman of Serampore."

On Sunday, July 4th, 1813, Mr and Mrs Milne reached Macao, and what this meant to Morrison must be told in his own words:

About three o'clock (July 4, Lord's Day) as Mrs Morrison and I were about to sit down at the Lord's Table to commemorate His death and passion, a note arrived from Mr Milne saying that he had landed. We, of course, felt much agitated,—the mingled emotions of joy and hope and fear which were felt cannot easily be described. A companion in labour, whose arrival for seven [*sic*] long years I have been wishing for, having now actually set his foot on earth in this land remote from our native isle, made me very glad. My Mary, who had long wished and prayed for a pious companion to share our solitude and join with us in the exercises of devotion, was overjoyed on the arrival of Mrs Milne. But what would be their reception?—Whether they would be allowed to remain—or whether they would be driven away, were all equally uncertain, though not equally probable. That which was not wished for was greatly to be feared.

Morrison immediately went down to meet his colleague, lifting up his heart in prayer to God by the way for blessing and direction. After greeting one another, Mrs Milne was sent up home in a sedan chair, while Morrison called on the Portuguese Governor to seek permission for his companion's residence. He was received with civility, and at the moment no objection was raised, but the next day difficulties developed. There was reason to believe that the Roman Catholics had intervened, for a general feeling of hostility now manifested itself; the Senate met and decreed in full council "that Mr Milne should not remain."

Early on Friday morning, July 9th, a sergeant came from the Governor summoning Morrison to his house. Morrison went, and at once perceived that conditions were adverse. He pleaded, even to going down on one knee, but all in vain. "It is absolutely impossible," was the reply, "Milne must leave in eight days." The Governor proceeded to state that he had been appealed to to take action against Morrison himself for publishing books in Chinese, but that from motives of friendship he refrained. As an act of grace he extended the eight days to eighteen, and that was all that Morrison could secure.

The inevitable had to be faced. On July 20th, sixteen days after landing, Milne left by Chinese boat for Canton "by stealth." Mrs Milne, of course, as a woman, could not proceed to Canton. Happily she was allowed to remain with Mrs Morrison at Macao, and on October 14th she gave birth to a daughter—Rachel Amelia. For four months Milne remained at Canton, though none showed him

friendship. In a new and pressing way the need for a Mission settlement forced itself upon the two pioneers, and shortly after this, the whole question of future residence became the most urgent of problems.

CHAPTER XII

THE ULTRA-GANGES MISSION

It has long been my wish to form a central Home beyond the Ganges, for teachers and preachers; from whence some of the number may go forth occasionally on missionary tours, two and two, perhaps an European and a native disciple together; and when they have finished their tour, let them return to refresh their minds and re-establish their health, and attend to studies to fit them for new stations, as they may be discovered or present themselves.—ROBERT MORRISON.

THOUGH Morrison felt it utterly unreasonable of the Portuguese authorities to refuse hospitality to a British subject when Britain, under Wellington, was shedding her blood and spending her treasure to preserve the integrity of Portugal, the hostility of the Roman Catholics at Macao was such that all hope of a settlement there had to be abandoned. In considering the problems involved, a broader view than securing a residence for Milne was discussed. Morrison himself was by no means satisfied with his own position. He was at times depressed by wearisome negotiations with the local Chinese Government and by the large portion of his time and energy demanded by his official duties.

It is my heart's wish [he wrote] to go away to a more comfortable residence, where freedom may be given to communicate fully and publicly the Good Tidings. I have a strong impression on my mind that Java would be a better place than this for our Mission.

Although Morrison could delay decision as to his future sphere, prompt action was necessary for Milne. It was therefore decided, early in 1814, that Milne should make a tour through the chief Chinese settlements in the Malay Archipelago to distribute the New Testament among the Chinese settlers, and secure a residence for the whole or part of the China Mission. Morrison had already completed the translation of the New Testament, concerning which he makes the following reference in his diary on the last day of 1813 :

> I bless the Lord that this year the New Testament has been completed in Chinese and is now nearly all printed. Oh, that it may be the means of great good. Lord, own it as Thine own Word.

For the purposes of Milne's journey two thousand copies of the New Testament, ten thousand tracts, and five thousand copies of a Catechism were printed. Concerning this work Morrison wrote, " We are often concerned lest a disclosure should prevent the accomplishment of our object, and involve the persons employed by us." This anxiety was not imaginary ; for about one hundred copies of St Luke's Gospel, with some tracts and catechisms, had been burned by the Roman Catholics at Macao by the Bishop's orders, and the Chinese were not less antagonistic.

Milne, however, armed with New Testaments and other books, set forth on his journey, which was to last nearly seven months and extend over fourteen hundred miles. Having small command of the language, he endured no little hardship ; but at the same time received much unexpected kindness. At

the very outset he was nearly captured by a Chinese war junk; at Batavia the vessel in which he had sailed sank in the Roads a few hours after he landed; and he did not escape attacks of fever and ague. But he received the most handsome assistance and encouragement from the Honourable Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Java, who not only granted him all possible facilities, but furnished him with letters of introduction to British officers and native princes. At Malacca also Colonel Farquhar, the Resident, showed himself a warm friend to all his undertakings.

It was during Milne's absence that Morrison had the great joy of baptizing his first convert, the first-fruits of Protestant Missions in China. This convert was a man named Tsae A-ko, who had been brought into contact with Morrison during his first year in China and later had been employed in putting the New Testament through the press. This joyous event must be recorded in Morrison's own language:

July 16, 1814. At a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the sea side, away from human observation, I baptized, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the person whose character and profession has been given above.[1] Oh that the Lord may cleanse him from all sin in the blood of Jesus, and purify his heart by the influences of the Holy Spirit. May he be the firstfruits of a great harvest; one of millions who shall believe and be saved from the wrath to come.

In the following September Milne reached China again and discussed the whole situation with Morrison, with the result that in April 1815 Mr and Mrs Milne

[1] Tsae A-ko had handed Morrison a written confession of his faith in Christ. It is transcribed in Morrison's Journal.

sailed for Malacca to make a permanent settlement there. Morrison, of course, acknowledged that he would have preferred "a free and unshackled residence in the heart of China," and "next to that a residence in the suburbs of Canton or at Macao," but neither of these was possible.

As a residence [he adds] is denied us here, it is ours to fix the Jerusalem of our Ultra-Ganges Mission elsewhere. We want a headquarters at which to meet and consult, from which to commission persons to go forth on every hand,—a home to which to retire in case of sickness or declining years. We want, if it be in the course of Divine Providence attainable, a school for the instruction of Native and European youths, for the reception and initiation of young missionaries from Europe. . . . There we shall have our Chinese College, and our Ultra-Ganges Mission press. . . . I pant so much for liberty to declare freely the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to teach fully the doctrines of the Christian religion, that I have often felt a wish to quit my present station, and seek one less restricted.

The plans for this Ultra-Ganges Mission were submitted to the directors of the Society at home, and may be epitomized as follows:

I. That the present state of China is such as renders printing, and several other labours connected with our mission, very difficult; and even personal residence uncertain. It is desirable, therefore, to obtain a station under some European Protestant government, near to China, where the chief seat of our Chinese Mission may be fixed.

II. That on Mr Milne's arrival at Malacca, an attempt be made to obtain, by grant or by purchase, a plot of ground, which shall be the property of the Mission.

III. That the establishment of a Chinese Free School be attempted as early as possible.

IV. That a small Chinese work, in the form of a magazine, be published at Malacca monthly.

V. That the station shall be regulated chiefly with a view to the Chinese, but not exclusively so.

VI. That the station, being intended for the combination of various objects, relative to Chinese, Malay, and other missions on this side of India, it shall assume some general denomination fit to include all.

VII. That printing in Chinese, Malay, and English be attempted as soon as proper persons and means can be obtained.

VIII. That a small periodical publication in the English language, with a view of promoting union and co-operation among the Missionary Societies in different parts of India, and of promoting the love and practice of Christian virtue generally, is very desirable.

IX. That there be stated and occasional religious services conducted in the Chinese language.

X. That, as Mr Morrison's engagements with his Chinese Dictionary, etc., do not now admit of his undivided attention to translation, the second member of the Mission shall engage in translating some parts of the Old Testament—thus uniting their labours till the whole version be completed.

It is not within the scope of this biography to follow in detail the developments of this Ultra-Ganges Mission, which fulfilled a most useful function until the opening of China brought this preparatory effort to its natural close. In Malacca, Java and Amboyna, in Penang and Singapore, valuable work was accomplished by such men as Medhurst, Legge, S. Dyer (father of the first Mrs Hudson Taylor), and others, some of whom were spared to render long and great service to the cause of God in China when that country was opened to the Gospel.

CHAPTER XIII

DISMISSED BUT INDISPENSABLE

One result of Wilberforce's unsuccessful attempt to obtain a modification of the East India Company's Charter in 1793 was that the Company stiffened its regulations touching the admission into its territories of persons—merchants or others—not sent by itself. "A man without a covenant was a dangerous person; doubly dangerous the man without a covenant and with a Bible." Carey was the first to suffer. He embarked in a Company's ship, but it being discovered just before she sailed that he had no licence, he and his baggage were sent ashore again.—EUGENE STOCK.

How nearly Morrison was to being compelled to quit Canton he probably did not realize when he and Milne drew up their plans for the Ultra-Ganges Mission. Some months before Milne sailed, the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company in London had determined to sever Morrison's connection with the Company: and the news was on its way as fast as sailing-ship could carry it. In addition, Morrison's venerable Chinese assistant Ko had been obliged to flee to avoid arrest, and an Imperial Edict had been issued making it a capital crime to publish books on Christianity in Chinese. Yet undaunted by these things Morrison continued in labours more abundant.

It was a great thing to have completed the translation of the New Testament and to know that Milne had sailed to distribute it. Morrison now set to work to prepare a concise and general outline of

the Old Testament, with a small collection of psalms and hymns. He was also assiduously giving himself to work upon the Dictionary, for the printing of which the directors of the Company had sent out Mr P. P. Thoms with a press, types and other requisites for printing. Morrison was also cheered by learning that the Bengal Government had determined to print his Chinese Grammar, and by receiving one thousand Spanish dollars [1] from Mr Parry of the East India Company and a legacy to the same amount from Mr Roberts, previously the President of the Company, which sums were devoted to the printing of another edition (12mo) of the New Testament in a more portable type.

But the year 1815 was to bring a succession of trials which would have crushed a weaker man than Morrison. His wife's health was so seriously impaired that a prolonged absence from China was inevitable if her life was to be spared. Without a murmur the trial was faced, and Mrs Morrison, with their two children, Rebecca, aged two and a half years, and little John Robert, a babe of nine months, sailed for home in January 1815. It was well perhaps that he did not realize that he would not see these loved ones again for six long years. Morrison was now left alone, without wife, child or colleague.

Then in the autumn, in the midst of his lonely toil, came the letter from the Company, which must have been like a bolt from the blue. Though the officials of the Society at home had purposely refrained from presenting a copy of Morrison's New Testament to the directors of the East India Com-

[1] The Spanish dollar was then worth between four and five shillings.

pany—having been warned that such a gift was inexpedient—yet, through the inadvertence of an individual, a copy not only of the New Testament but of the official transactions of the Society was handed to the Librarian of the East India Company as a personal present. It was not long before these books came to the notice of the directors who, fearing that the Chinese Government would in consequence obstruct the trade of the Company (especially as Morrison was the Company's servant), passed a vote dismissing him from their service, and erased his name from their register.

The official communication of this decision was directed to Mr J. T. Elphinstone, the President of the Select Committee in Canton. He, with the other chiefs of the East India Company in China, happily took a somewhat different view of the situation from that held by the directors at home, and recognized more adequately the value of Morrison's services. While they had no option but to communicate their orders to Morrison, they determined to delay putting them into force, pending further correspondence with home. The letter they addressed to Morrison was as follows:

SECRET DEPARTMENT.
CANTON, *Oct.* 14, 1815.

SIR,

We feel it necessary to acquaint you, that the Honourable the Court of Directors, having been informed that you have printed and published in China the New Testament, together with several Religious Tracts, translated into the Chinese language, and having further understood that the circulation of these translations has been effected in defiance of an edict of the Emperor of China, rendering the publisher of such works liable to

capital punishment, are apprehensive that serious mischief may possibly arise to the British Trade in China, from these translations, and have in consequence directed that your present connexion with the Honourable Company should be discontinued. The Honourable Court remark, at the same time, that they nevertheless entertain a very high respect for your talents, conduct and character, and are fully sensible of the benefits derived from your services; in consideration of which they have directed us to present you with four thousand dollars, on the occasion of carrying their orders into effect.

Notwithstanding the tenour of these orders, which we have thus implicitly communicated to you, we are under so strong an impression of the importance of your services to the affairs of our Honourable employers; and so well assured, from our personal knowledge and past experience, of your prudence and discretion in forbearing to place yourself in a situation which may be calculated to implicate the national interests, through your connexion with the Factory, that we have resolved to postpone giving any effect to any part of the above instructions until we receive further orders on the subject.

We have been further led to this determination by our opinion, that the resolutions of the Honourable Court on this head are founded on incorrect information, both in respect to the nature of the transactions themselves, as well as the degrees of danger to be apprehended from them, either directly to yourself, or indirectly to the British interests in this country: we have, therefore, at present to request that you will favour us with such further information and explanations on the subject, as may enable us to submit a more just view of the circumstances of the case for the consideration of our Honourable employers. We are, Sir, your most obedient servants,

J. T. ELPHINSTONE,
GEORGE THOMAS STAUNTON.

Morrison ever possessed a sturdy independence combined with a disarming modesty, and his reply,

manly and dignified yet courteous and respectful, is a fine illustration of the tactful way in which he deported himself in his difficult position. It reads as follows and its date shows that it was written on the same day that the trying letter just quoted was received:

CANTON, *Oct.* 14, 1815.

GENTLEMEN,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this morning. . . .

From the strong language made use of—viz., that what I have done has been in "defiance" of an edict of the Emperor of China—it appears that there exists some degree of misapprehension. That there have been edicts against the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, threatening them with severe penalties, is a fact; but my name and pursuits (any further than as translator of various official papers from the Select Committee, and interpreter on numerous occasions) are, I believe, wholly unknown to the Chinese Government. There never was an Imperial edict directed against me. . . . Should the Chinese Government be displeased with what I have done, still my conduct could not be fairly construed into "defiance" of His Majesty's edict. Should my proceedings even come under the notice of the Chinese Government, it is probable that they would not approve of them; though a native teacher of the language, who has read the New Testament, has told me that the highest officers of the government would, in his opinion, read the book without finding in it cause of offence. As to "circulating" the books which I have printed, there is nothing done in this respect but with the utmost secrecy and caution, and in a way that could not easily be traced to me. Should it even be so, I should not expect the protection of the committee. Whatever I have done has not hitherto, I believe, occasioned a moment's trouble to the Honourable Court's Representatives in China.

I entered on the situation which I have filled in the Company's Factory, from a wish to serve, as well as to be benefited myself, and I have proceeded in an uniform

exercise of prudent caution, studiously endeavouring not to excite the notice of government, or give offence as Translator, Interpreter, and Assistant of the Honourable Company's servants desirous of learning Chinese—I have served with zeal and promptitude.

Thus far was my duty, and I claim no praise; I have been rewarded with liberality, and I am not insensible of it. My private pursuits are the same as they were at the commencement of my connexion with the Company's Factory. I have not subsequent to that period entered on the pursuit of any new object. I submit with much deference the above explanation, and am, most respectfully, gentlemen, your obedient humble servant,

R. MORRISON.

The matter now had to be referred back to the directors of the Company in London, but meantime other forces were at work which were to decide the issue. It will be remembered that from 1812 to 1814 England had been at war with the United States of America as well as with France. In the course of this strife the British exercised an active blockade of the Canton River, and in April 1814 H.M.S. *Doris* captured the American merchantman *Hunter*, and brought her into Macao as a prize. In the following month the boats of the *Doris* chased an American schooner up the river to within ten miles of Canton. Not unnaturally China protested against such warlike proceedings within her territorial waters, and commenced aggressive measures against the Factory, although the Company protested that it had no control over British vessels of war. The Company, unable to appease the Chinese authorities, hauled down their flag and left Canton.

Though a local settlement was ultimately secured, these and other troubles led to a decision on the part of the British Government—despite the failure of

Lord Macartney's Embassy in 1793—to despatch another mission to Peking.

An embassy, therefore, under Lord Amherst, sailed from England on February 10th, 1816, and arrived off Macao on July 12th of the same year. Morrison's services were now indispensable, for as Mr Elphinstone, the President, said in a letter to Morrison, "I conclude you will be the principal person on the Mission."

It may incidentally be recorded here that Morrison had been passing through a period of great trial and even peril. The Chinese Government had been actively persecuting Roman Catholic converts, and had seized the men who were cutting the type for Morrison's Dictionary, while the blocks of the 12mo edition of the New Testament had been for the most part destroyed by the printer in a fit of apprehension. Morrison also heard that authority had been secured from the Emperor for the secret taking of the life of Sir George Staunton, and that he himself had incurred the ire of the Chinese authorities for the part he had played as Secretary and Interpreter in the negotiations with the Chinese over the British and American strife in the river. He had therefore considerable ground for alarm lest he might be seized and subjected to maltreatment.

All these things only emphasized the need of the embassy which had been sent out by the British Government, and with which Morrison was now to be associated. This embassy, as mentioned, reached Macao on July 12th, 1816, and Sir George Staunton as first Commissioner, with Morrison as Interpreter, embarked in the Company's cruiser *Discovery* on July 9th, and put to sea to join it.

The embassy proceeded north by sea, and landed at Tientsin on August 12th, though Morrison had gone on shore ten days earlier at the request of the Ambassador, to meet the Imperial Commissioner. In the temple in which he met this official he was surprised to find a European print of our Saviour, crowned with thorns and with a reed in His hand. This print was pasted on a large scroll of paper and hung up in one of the rooms of the priests, and had incense vessels placed before it. He was also shown the book containing the prayers which were read when they worshipped the picture. "The service," he wrote, "was in an exceedingly mystical style."

At Tientsin the embassy was entertained at a banquet given by the two Imperial Commissioners, and an attempt was made to secure from the Ambassador a rehearsal of the *kotow* or prostrations, before a yellow screen, preparatory to the grand ceremony before the Emperor. Lord Amherst, however, was able to avoid this, and the embassy proceeded by boat to Tungchow, the terminus of the river journey.

The Chinese officials and merchants at Canton had their own reasons for not desiring that direct communication with the Emperor should be established by either the British Government or the East India Company, and they no doubt arranged what followed. Eight days were spent at Tungchow discussing "The Ceremony," that is, the three kneelings and the nine prostrations. Lord Amherst was prepared for every possible concession consistent with the honour and dignity of his Sovereign, and agreed to conform if a Chinese official of equal rank would perform the same ceremony before a portrait

of the British Sovereign, George III. From their refusal it was evident that they desired to subordinate the British Ambassador. Lord Amherst stood firm, and at length the Chinese duke who was in charge pretended to yield.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 28th August 1816, the party set out, and after travelling all night reached their destination at break of day. Without any delay they were hurried "unwashed and undressed to the door of the palace." As it was August, with the thermometer standing at about 100° F., it was not to be wondered at that Lord Amherst protested that he was neither physically fit nor suitably attired to proceed into the Hall of Audience. The Emperor, who was waiting, being misinformed as to the reasons for delay, in wrath issued a decree ordering the Ambassador to depart immediately; so that on the same day, without any rest, they were escorted back to Tungchow, travelling again all through the night. There is no doubt that the provincial government of Canton had used the whole of its influence to frustrate the success of the mission, one of the Chinese Commissioners who had amassed an immense fortune at Canton having purchased an appointment in the escort.

But though the embassy had failed, it was treated with greater respect on the return journey than before. The Dutch, who in 1795 had yielded to pressure and performed the prostrations in the hope of securing corresponding advantages, gained nothing. These hapless Dutchmen in that "era of small clothes" had been made, for the amusement of the officials who stood by and laughed, to

perform the trying evolutions of prostration on every trivial occasion. "The embarrassment of a Dutch-built stern in tight inexpressibles" was to them a high joke, and all the Dutch gained for thus humbling themselves was contempt. Lord Amherst had certainly lost nothing by refusal, and had at least secured respect.

On the return journey the embassy travelled south by the Grand Canal to Chinkiang; thence up the Yangtze to the Poyang Lake, and then through Kiangsi and Kwangtung direct to Canton. This journey, which was full of instruction, was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by Morrison. It afforded him an insight into China such as the restricted residence at Canton had not allowed, and he was able in the course of his journey to visit temples and mosques, and the classical College of the White Stag under the shadow of what is now known as Kuling, where Chu-fu-tze, the great commentator of Confucius, taught seven hundred years ago.

At Canton the embassy's ships had been refused anchorage from a desire to degrade the British Ambassador, and H.M.S. *Alceste* was actually fired upon by the junks and fort at the mouth of the river. Captain Maxwell, who was in command, did not hesitate to reply. His first broadside sent the garrison of the fort fleeing up the hillside, and apologies were speedily forthcoming to the effect that the fort's fire had been intended for a salute!

Ere the embassy embarked, the Chinese authorities were required to present Lord Amherst with a letter from the Emperor for the King of England, and in the receiving of this letter Lord Amherst insisted, as an Ambassador and Plenipotentiary, on securing

for himself and his Commissioners the places of honour, while the Viceroy, who was bitterly antagonistic, and his lieutenants, took as hosts the lower places. "Accordingly a yellow tent was erected in which the Viceroy, reverently lifting above his head with both hands the Emperor's despatch—which was enclosed in a roll of yellow silk—delivered it with much solemnity into the Ambassador's hands."

The Imperial letter to George III., King of England, is far too long to quote in full, but some few extracts will serve as a specimen of bygone international intercourse:

> The supreme potentate, who has received from heaven and revolving nature, the government of the world, issues an Imperial mandate to the King of England, with which let him be thoroughly acquainted. . . .
>
> I, the Emperor, considering that you, O King, were truly sincere in feelings of respect and obedience, was exceedingly pleased, and caused forthwith to be examined former records, and regularly enjoined a great number of officers to wait for your Ambassador. . . . Your Ambassador began to hold intercourse at Tientsin; I appointed officers to be there to confer an Imperial banquet; he would not be obedient to the prescribed ceremonies. I, the Emperor, in reference to a petty officer from a remote country, did not deem forms and ceremonies of great consequence; it was a matter in which indulgence and compassionate forbearance might be shown, and therefore especially ordered great officers of state to be accommodating with your Ambassador; and when he arrived in Peking, to tell him, that in the fifty-eighth year of K'ien Lung, your Ambassador [Lord Macartney] in performance of the ceremony, completely [or always] knelt, and bowed the head to the ground, according to the stated forms on this occasion;[1] how could a change be admitted! Your Ambassador told my great officers face to face, that when the time came

[1] In this the Emperor had been misinformed.

he would obey, and would perform the kneeling, and bowing the head to the ground; . . .

On the seventh, the appointed time for your Ambassador to see the Imperial person, he had arrived at the palace, and I the Emperor was about to enter the Hall of Audience. The Ambassador suddenly affirmed that he was ill, and could not move a step; I thought it a possible case that the Ambassador was taken suddenly ill, and therefore ordered the assistant Ambassador to enter and see me; but both the assistant envoys also affirmed that they were ill! This was rudeness which was never exceeded. I did not inflict severe chastisement but sent them away the same day with an order to return to their country. . . .

Your country is too remotely distant from the flourishing and Central Empire (China). To send an Ambassador such a distance over the waves of the sea, is not an easy business. Further, your Ambassador cannot understand and practise the rites and ceremonies of the Central Nation; . . . The Celestial Empire also does not value things brought from a distance, all the curious and ingenious productions of your country it does not look upon as rare pearls. . . . Hereafter there is no occasion for you to send an Ambassador so far. . . .

This Imperial mandate is given that you may for ever obey it.

KEA KING.
21st year, 7th month, 20th day.
(A.D., *Sept.* 11, 1816.)

It is not surprising that the Chinese Government were not anxious for more embassies, seeing that this one had cost them no less a sum than £170,000, for they had been obliged to entertain in state a company of over seventy persons for five months.

CHAPTER XIV

LONELY AND IN CONSTANT APPREHENSION

A fierce zeal, a melancholy austerity, and a restless, fretting, irritability of feeling, and an eccentric, odd temper—although these may possibly be connected with true piety, are still all so many blemishes in a Missionary. A well-meaning, obstinate wrong-headedness, may appear to a sincere young man decision of character and Christian courage; but under such a persuasion he may rather "hinder" than "further" the Gospel among the heathen.

The two most lauded Protestant Missionaries, Brainerd and Martyn, justly esteemed for their general excellencies, were not, however, the one in his suicidal austerities, and the other in his sensitive irritability, to be imitated.—ROBERT MORRISON.

MORRISON'S absence from Canton had done him much good. The change and exercise which the more open life afforded had given him much-needed refreshment. He was also rejoiced in spirit to learn upon his return to Canton that Milne had baptized his first convert at Malacca on November 3rd, 1816. This man was a Cantonese named Leang A-fah, who had accompanied Milne from Canton as his assistant.

But Morrison felt keenly the return to his lonely work without the cheer of wife or colleague. From the many letters which reveal this we select two. Writing to Dr Waugh, under date of February 24th, 1817, he said:

Ten years have elapsed since I left you. I feel myself comparatively an old man. . . . What a blessing it is

to have the hope of eternal life rising brighter and brighter as we enter the valley. . . . I have now resumed my duties at the desk. I feel the confinement a good deal after having been so much in the open air in travelling through China. Milne's health is failing him; he fully intended to have come on to China for the benefit of the cold weather, but was prevented. With a weak constitution he fagged too hard. He is very active in the good cause.

The Government here is acting just now against the press which prints my dictionary. I am concerned for your old acquaintance Sam. His name is down, I hear, and A-fo and his brother A-hëen. My old assistant, Ko Seen-sang, has absconded. A fortnight has elapsed since the Government officers broke into the printing press and carried off some of my dialogues and Chinese type.

This is a very tiresome place; lonely and in continual apprehension. I hope the Almighty Arm which has been my defence hitherto will still preserve me from evil.

In another communication to a correspondent in America, dated the next day, he wrote:

I am still engaged in translation and in compiling the dictionary, which is very laborious work. My courage and perseverance almost fail me. . . . This is a very lonely situation. I have been here these ten years now. I wish I could see my way to go where I might enjoy the sweets of liberty and religious society. I am under continual dread of the arm of the oppressor, and more than that, the natives who assist me are hunted from place to place and sometimes seized. Forgive the brevity of this—my hand is weary of holding the pen; my health would be better if I could exchange it sometimes for the plough.

The infrequency of news from home seriously added to his solitude. The coming of the fleet was eagerly awaited, and when it arrived without letters the disappointment was correspondingly great. This

was his experience shortly after writing the letters quoted above; the ships of the season arrived, but without any news of his family. Concerning this he writes home in March:

> I am now likely to be kept in uncertainty and suspense till September. What a mercy it is that God has inclined our hearts to look to Him for protection and for happiness. I cannot assist those who have the first claim on my utmost regard; but there is a Providence. . . . I have become much of a recluse. I very rarely go to the Company's or anywhere else to dine. I have the same dish week after week—Irish stew and dried roots, which I eat with Chinese chopsticks. I am well as usual and writing from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night.

Such lonely toil was of itself a sufficient trial, but to this was added opposition and occasional disparagement. Since the Viceroy had issued orders prohibiting Chinese assisting foreigners in cutting and printing Chinese characters, it became necessary for Mr Thoms to instruct Portuguese to do this work if the Dictionary were to be printed. But the Chinese were not the only enemies of Morrison's type. The ant, whose busy ways we are bidden to consider and be wise, was sometimes too busy for Morrison! "The first set of blocks, which I entrusted to a native," he writes, "were hidden by him in a corner, till the white ants destroyed the greater part of them." What with Viceroys seizing blocks which were not hidden, and ants devouring those that were, Morrison might well speak of "continual apprehension."

And Morrison had something to fear even from his friends. He knew as few could how circumspect it was necessary to be if he were to avoid giving

offence. The Missionary Society, naturally anxious to arouse and sustain interest among Christians at home, published reports which Morrison would have preferred suppressed. We have already seen how the unfortunate presentation of a copy of the Chinese New Testament and the Society's Proceedings to the Librarian of the East India Company in London had nearly closed Canton to the lonely worker; and Sir George Staunton, who was in a position better than most to appreciate the situation, wrote to him from London as follows:

I understand the Honourable Company were fully disposed to view everything relative to you with the utmost liberality. . . . At the same time they observed that there were good grounds for alarm, in which I must confess I fully agreed with them, for your friends in this country had published such reports of your proceedings in the way of converts, printing and publishing the Scriptures, as was quite sufficient to create the alarm that it did.

Morrison himself had been concerned at what was published at home, feeling that some of the statements were in danger of going beyond the facts.

Better be within the truth [he wrote] than beyond it. I am sure the liberty I take will be excused, as proceeding from the best of motives. Care also should be used in representing missionaries preaching after having been a short time in heathen countries; it requires a long time to enable one to convey truth in an intelligible way to the natives. Exaggerated accounts finally defeat their own object. . . . Allow me also to notice the impropriety of publishing exaggerated encomiums on living missionaries. You cannot help the kind-hearted zeal of pulpit orators, but perhaps the preachers would listen to a suggestion not to print anything that they utter in the fullness of their hearts. I am quite ashamed

to see my name standing in large capitals on the pages of the missionary sermons.

While Morrison did not appreciate publicity, he took occasion to remind his friends at home of how much a few chosen books would be valued by the lonely missionary on the field—a reminder not out of date to-day:

Gentlemen would, in my opinion, gratify and edify missionaries much by making a present now and then of a recent publication to a missionary station or to an individual missionary. Any half a crown or five shilling pamphlet that interests you at home would, when received, afford a short and pleasing variety to relieve the sameness of the missionary's pursuit. . . . Missionaries have the common weakness of the human mind; it can rarely apply uninterruptedly to the same object. If my ideas meet with your approbation I should be glad if you would make them known.

One item in the news received from home must have hurt him greatly, for, as he says, "missionaries have the common weakness of the human mind." We have already mentioned the unfortunate overlapping between the work at Serampore and Canton, and only refer to it again in order to secure a correct appreciation of the trials Morrison endured. His revered friend and tutor, Dr Bogue, was not a man, he knew, to spread scandal; hence the following statement by him must, whether correct or otherwise, have been a poignant trial:

I am sorry to find [he wrote] that the gentlemen at Serampore have acted in the way they have done respecting your grammar and translation. Mr Milne gave me such an account of their translation as seems to render it evident that it was taken from yours. Dr Marshman has shown no delicacy on the subject. A letter of the

bitterest spirit, I understand, has been sent by him to Europe and printed (not published) and handed about among the Baptists, reflecting on you with great severity. Such is the account given to me by one who has seen it.

My opinion is that you should, in a calm and manly manner, vindicate yourself and assert your claims to the translation and expose all plagiarism. Their copying all your mistakes, and omitting what your engraver had omitted by mistake, is a sufficient proof of dishonesty if there were none else. It is a justice you owe to yourself to state the subject fully and plainly before the Christian world, and it is proper that such unfair dealing should be exposed. Let it be done while with due force, yet with calmness and temper.

We have already called attention to Marshman's disclaimer, but if Milne had written home as Dr Bogue states, there is little doubt that Morrison agreed with Milne's judgment. Though Morrison was not one who desired his name blazoned abroad in reports at home, he had none the less a strong sense of justice; but he quietly continued his toil, looking for the praise which cometh from above.

It was unfortunate that at this time the news he received of the Ultra-Ganges Mission, upon which he had set such high hopes, was not wholly comforting. One or two young helpers had been sent out to assist Milne, and Morrison, who was unable to leave Canton, was distressed to learn of friction and discord. Milne in his diary writes:

These three days I have had a dreadful onset from ———. . . . It has been partly said in words and partly insinuated that I am a deceiver—an impostor—a deluder of the public—a pope—insincere—careless—imprudent,—and insinuations of my ignorance of men, imperiousness, want of humility, etc., have been thrown out. But let me learn never to take men at their worst.

Help me, Lord! and if any of these charges are just, graciously pardon—for who shall stand if Thou, O Lord, shouldest mark iniquity.

"Let me learn never to take men at their worst," is a sentence which deserves to be written in gold upon the door-posts of every house. Morrison says little, but in one of his early reports he puts his finger on a vulnerable spot when he writes:

> The great fault, I think, in our missions is that no one likes to be second. There is an evil in that, inasmuch as it prevents the division of labour. Perhaps the advantages predominate, but I have not been able to perceive them. It is said our Saviour made no distinction among His disciples. It may be asked, on the other hand, are inspired apostles in all things an example to uninspired missionaries?

"Blessed is the man and woman," wrote Mary Slessor many years later, "who is able to serve cheerfully in the second rank—a big test."

But Morrison's toil was not unrecognized or unrewarded. The Chief of the Factory, Mr Elphinstone, on his voyage home in 1816, wrote to Morrison as follows, and he knew what he was writing:

> Intercourse with the officers of the Canton Government will not endure for any length of time. Personally I must admit it was to me both fatiguing, disgusting generally and tiresome always, and it was satisfactory to me to see that you encountered the foremost rank, and all this without a murmur.

Referring to Morrison's Dictionary, Mr Elphinstone continued, "I regretted extremely not having the opportunity to present the first number to Buonaparte [at St Helena], which I fully believe he would have appreciated as it justly deserves."

It would have been interesting indeed to have heard the comment of that mighty Corsican upon Morrison's work in Chinese!

The University of Glasgow in 1817, the tenth year of Morrison's labour in China, in recognition of his Chinese works, conferred upon him *honoris causa* the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His labours also began to excite deep interest among some of the most distinguished savants of Europe, which involved him in learned and exacting correspondence with such men as M. Rémusat of the French Academy, Dr Vater, Professor in the University of Konigsberg, Prussia, and Dr Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Amid all his absorbing work he found time to write at length in reply to many questions and demands which would possibly have provoked impatience in men of a smaller mould.

Principal Baird, on behalf of the University of Edinburgh, acknowledged with gratitude the valuable contribution of books Morrison had made, and requested that as he was "collecting materials for a history of pauperism over the globe," Morrison would furnish him with details as to the number of poor, sick, orphans and lunatics, etc., in China, as to how they were cared for, whether by imperial or local taxes, etc. etc.! What a question!

A firm of horticulturists in Hackney wrote:

> Our profession has long been to collect plants from every possible part of the world. . . . We should be much obliged to you, if you would have the goodness to collect for us, fresh ripe seeds, or nuts, of the different kinds of palms, twenty or thirty nuts of each kind, also any of the native or wild trees and shrubs. As soon as they are gathered, they should be mixed with about three or four times their bulk of moist common

earth, and the whole rammed down into a close cask or box. When this is quite full, it should be headed tight, and shipped as soon as possible for London, directed to ———.

It is no small testimony to Morrison's patience and consideration for others that some of these communications were not relegated to the waste-paper basket. To answer Principal Baird's amazing enquiry he induced Dr Livingstone, a surgeon in the Company's employ, to make detailed investigations, with a result that this doctor prepared a carefully-written paper on the subject, which was published in the *Indo-Chinese Gleaner*—a quarterly magazine Morrison and Milne had started at their joint expense —as well as being forwarded home to the correspondent in Edinburgh. Indirectly this led Dr Livingstone on to the study of Chinese medicine, to the purchase through Dr Morrison of a Chinese medical library of more than eight hundred volumes, and subsequently to the opening of a dispensary for the Chinese, in which Morrison and Dr Livingstone co-operated, with the assistance of a respectable Chinese physician and apothecary. This was, indeed, the first step in the great work of medical missions in China.

All of Morrison's correspondence of these days indicates a broadening of his sympathies and an enlargement of his mind. The young man who at Newcastle had doubted whether his studies should range beyond the pages of the Bible, had not so learned Christ as to exclude anything which properly related to man's spirit, soul and body. In a letter to Principal Baird, in which he enters into details "respecting the poor in China," he writes :

My friend Mr Livingstone is, I understand, sending to your museum this year, two or three Chinese human skulls; they were the heads of some unhappy men who were decapitated for robbing an American vessel in Macao roads. I shall probably procure a few trifles for you and send them by Mr Clarke. Your late provost's son, Mr Marjoribanks, is going from China this season to Edinburgh, and has kindly engaged to do what he can for our Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca. He takes with him some printed statements of the object of the Institution. Should you and he live to meet, I beg you to grant him some assistance by your influence in Edinburgh. Our College would unite the concerns of time and of eternity—of the body and of the soul of men—the redemption of which from the guilt and power of sin, is so infinitely important.

Dr Livingstone also became interested in the botanical side of things, and wrote a paper for the Horticultural Society of London on Chinese Botany. Concerning this Morrison wrote to him:

I have read with much interest and satisfaction, your very lucid statement of the causes which have hitherto impeded the successful cultivation of Chinese Botany, and the transmission of Chinese plants to Europe. . . .

I would beg to suggest a measure to you, which you do not advert to, and which, if you approve of it, you may notice to the Horticultural Society. It is, to send a young man of moral habits, and possessed of botanical knowledge, to the Anglo-Chinese College, to study there the Chinese language, and to pay that attention to the translation of scientific botanical books into Chinese, which the avocations of missionaries leave no time for. Although not myself a botanist, I am a devoted friend to it, and every scientific pursuit; and shall at all times be happy to lend that assistance which my residence in China, and my knowledge of the language, may enable me to do; lamenting only that so little comes within the sphere of my acquirements, and the power of my means.

It is not easy to know which to admire most, whether Morrison's power of concentration upon one thing, viz. the translation of the Scriptures—the first of tasks, undoubtedly—or his ability to sympathize with a wide and consecrated culture without being deflected from his own vocation. How broad his plans and ambitions were we shall have further occasion to see.

Breadth, unhappily, is frequently gained at the expense of depth, but it was not so with Morrison. In his appeals home for workers he was, as we have seen, super-national: and in the prosecution of his translation work he was super-denominational, prepared to draw upon the best from all the Churches—upon the Church of England for its Book of Common Prayer, part of which he translated; upon the Church of Scotland for its Catechism; and upon the Free Churches for their gifts. On the tenth anniversary of his landing in China, when surveying the work of the past years he wrote as follows:

> The Church of Scotland supplied me with a Catechism —the Congregational Churches afforded us a form for a Christian assembly—and the Church of England has supplied us with a Manual of Devotion as a help to those who are not sufficiently instructed to conduct social worship without such aid. We are of no party. We recognize but two divisions of our fellow-creatures—the righteous and the wicked—those who fear God and those who do not. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

And great as was Morrison's task for China's millions, his heart embraced the adjacent island Empire of Japan. The fifteenth resolution of the

provisional committee of the Ultra-Ganges Mission reads as follows:

We consider it as highly desirable to keep in view the important islands of Japan, to collect all possible information respecting them, and, if possible, to prepare by gradual steps the way for a voyage by some of us to that country at a future time; in order to attain some knowledge of the language, and to ascertain what alterations and modifications the Chinese version of the Scriptures may undergo before it can be useful in that country, or whether an entirely new version may not be necessary.

Concerning this ambition, the Society at home resolved "that the fifteenth resolution be approved and recommended strongly to be carried into effect."

CHAPTER XV

AN IONA IN THE EAST

In the first century of the Christian era, not only did Providence employ the preaching of the Apostles and disciples, but also their writings; the memoirs of Jesus, and the letters of the Apostles, for the instruction of believers and the spread of the Gospel. And history informs us that the Christians had not only *schools* for children, but also "*academies*" erected in several large cities. St John erected, it is said, a school of this kind at Ephesus; and one of the same nature was founded by Polycarp at Smyrna; and the Catechetical School, formed at Alexandria, is supposed to have been erected by St Mark. There were also at Rome, Antioch, Cæsarea, Edessa, and in several other places, schools of the same nature, though not all of equal reputation.—ROBERT MORRISON.

MORRISON'S powers of work were simply prodigious. From early morning until late at night he continued at his task year in and year out. His official duties for the Factory made distressing inroads upon his time and strength, and only those who have had official dealings with the Chinese of the old regime can appreciate how provoking and protracted such negotiations can be. Small reference to these things is made by Morrison in his correspondence with the Missionary Society at home, but we shall have occasion later to see how delicate and difficult such responsibilities were; and in any estimate of his missionary accomplishments, his obligations to the East India Company must ever be borne in mind.

On November 25th, 1819, Morrison completed the

herculean task of translating the Old and New Testaments. Within the space of twelve years and three months, in spite of all the hindrances put in his path by the Chinese, he, as a pioneer, with little to aid or guide him, had mastered one of the most difficult forms of human speech and writing and had completed a translation of the sacred Scriptures. In addition, he had published his Chinese Grammar, and many other smaller works, besides making substantial progress with his Chinese Dictionary. To the Dictionary alone he often devoted from six to eight hours a day. No wonder he wrote, "I am really wearied beyond measure with my daily toil, writing for the Dictionary. . . . You need not send me the Parliamentary debates again; I have no time to read them."

As a special chapter will be devoted to his work as a translator of the Scriptures, it is only necessary here to say that his speedy mastery of the language and his achievements in translation would have excited the greatest admiration had he enjoyed every facility for study and uninterrupted work. What he did accomplish in this respect, under his many disabilities, reveals linguistic gifts of no mean order and unusual powers of concentration and application.

But though Morrison was confined in his labours to Canton and Macao, his mind was constantly engaged upon larger plans than could be accomplished locally. The Ultra-Ganges Mission was the fruit of such thought, together with the need for a location for his colleague Milne. And for the development of that work great hopes had sprung to birth within his mind concerning the founding of an Anglo-

Chinese College. As early as October 1815 he had prepared an appeal "to the benevolent Christians of Great Britain and Ireland" for the establishment of such an institution in the East, but the embassy to Peking had suspended for a time definite action. His plan, however, received both cordial approval and substantial financial help from many private friends in India, America, and Great Britain, while the London Missionary Society made a grant of £500. But its foundation was in the main dependent upon the liberality of the man who devised the scheme, as the following extracts from the College deed reveal:

ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE DEED

I, Robert Morrison, D.D. of the University of Glasgow, having been sent to China in the year of our Lord 1807, by a Society of Christians meeting in London and composed of members of various British Churches, for the purpose of learning the Chinese language, rendering the Sacred Scriptures into the said tongue, and composing an English-Chinese Dictionary, with the ulterior view of the diffusion of the Christian religion in China and the extra-Ganges nations; and having in the year 1818 nearly brought these several works to a conclusion, my mind was led to pray to God for direction and to meditate on what further means could be used to bring about the final object of my mission.

The Divine Providence having increased my personal property in a small degree, I determined to appropriate £1000 sterling to found a College to be called the Anglo-Chinese College, the object of which should be the cultivation of English and Chinese literature in order to the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. . . .

Having entrusted the building of the College to the Rev. William Milne, my first associate in the Chinese Mission, and we unitedly having laid our views and wishes before the public, soliciting their pecuniary aid

. . . all moneys received from the donors and subscribers are to be considered as appropriated solely and inalienably to the objects stated in the preamble.

The College then and its funds shall never be diverted from the original object stated in this deed, by any authority whatever; whether by the will of the founder, or of the first Principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, the Rev. William Milne; or of any trustees hereafter to be appointed. . . . Since neither Dr Morrison nor Mr Milne, although the founders of the institution, have any power to alienate either the building or the funds . . . it is but equitable and seemly that the first-named should be a perpetual trustee, and the last-named perpetual Principal during their lives.

All books given by Dr Morrison and various other donors . . . shall be inalienable.

I will not anticipate the failure of the object for which these grants have all been made, and therefore I shall not insert any reservation of my personal property in case of the object failing. . . . I have a firm reliance on the Divine Providence.

But should it happen that circumstances render it impracticable to conduct the studies of the College at Malacca, the premises shall in that case be sold and the College be removed to some other place in extra-Ganges India. No merely local difficulties shall put an end to the institution. If it be stopped in one place, from any unforeseen cause, let it be recommenced in another.[1] . . . To the spiritual Church of Christ on earth—to the learned, the sanctified, and the opulent, and also to the poor and unlearned Christians . . . the Anglo-Chinese College is by this deed respectfully commended. Sealed, signed and delivered at Canton in China, where no stamps are used, this twentieth day of March, A.D. 1820.

Signed ROBERT MORRISON.

In the presence of us who have hereunto set our names,

J. B. URMSTON,
Chief for all affairs of the Honourable East India Company in China.

J. REEVES.

[1] In 1843, after the signing of the Treaty of Nanking with China, the College was transferred to Hongkong.

On the 11th November, 1818, the foundation stone of this College was laid by Colonel W. Farquhar, who was then in command of the British troops at Malacca, in the presence of the Governor and other persons of distinction. The building was a plain substantial structure, ninety feet in length by thirty-four feet in breadth, with a deep veranda back and front and extending at both ends. On each side were arranged the Chinese and English printing offices, the schools and apartments for the Chinese masters, etc. The front of the building faced the sea and was shaded by a row of senna trees.

Not only did Morrison contribute generously towards the founding of this institution, but he promised £100 a year for five years. In addition, the East India Company in China made an annual grant of $1200 towards the expenses, which sum was continued by the British Government when the Company's Charter ceased.

Among the magazines issued from the College press was a quarterly journal entitled *The Indo-Chinese Gleaner*, which Morrison and Milne undertook at their own charges. This publication gained considerable celebrity among the savants of Europe. There were also issued a Chinese monthly magazine; Prémare's *Notitia Linguæ Sinicæ*, the manuscript of which was presented to the College by Viscount Kingsborough with £1500 to defray the cost of printing; Mr Collie's translation of the Confucian *Four Books*; the whole of the Sacred Scriptures, and many other smaller works, including tracts. From the same press was issued in 1820 *A Retrospect of the First Ten Years of the Protestant Mission to China*,

a work of three hundred and seventy-six pages in English, prepared by Milne, and based upon a manuscript written by Morrison on the tenth anniversary of his arrival in China. Through delays in publishing, this volume was enlarged so as to cover the first twelve years, though the old title was retained; and it remains to this day the main authority for this early period.

Concerning this centre of light and learning, Mr Marjoribanks, at one time Chief of the Factory and later M.P. for Perth, said, "May Malacca prove the Iona of these regions, and long resemble it in everything but its ruins."

CHAPTER XVI

TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES

During the first and second centuries, it is beyond all doubt that the pious diligence and zeal with which many learned and pious men recommended the Sacred Writings, and spread them abroad in translations, contributed much to the success and propagation of the Christian doctrine.—ROBERT MORRISON.

ONE of the dominant desires of the Protestant missionary has ever been that the miracle of Pentecost should find its modern counterpart in every man hearing and reading the Word of God in his own tongue wherein he was born. The early Nestorian missionaries, as the Nestorian tablet at Sian records, translated at least the New Testament into Chinese, but as that was three hundred years prior to the art of printing being practised in China, no portion of that early translation has, so far as is known, been preserved. Roman Catholic missions have translated portions of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese, but up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, at least, no version had been published by them. It was therefore left to Protestant missions to undertake this great and sacred task, and to Morrison in greatest measure this coveted honour fell.

Of Morrison's indebtedness to a Roman Catholic partial translation of the New Testament the reader is already aware. Concerning the completion of this great undertaking we cannot do better than

allow Morrison to speak for himself. His report sent home to the directors of the London Missionary Society is much more than a report: it is a revelation of the man himself, of his unaffected simplicity, of his massive and well-balanced mind, and of plain sound judgment. In a marked degree he possessed the priceless gift of common sense. If it be true that beauty is largely a matter of right proportion, then Morrison was endowed with an artistic mind, for he possessed the judicial faculty in large degree. To reveal the man as well as tell his story the major portion of this important letter must be quoted:

"CANTON, *Nov. 25th*, 1819.

"FATHERS AND BRETHREN,

"By the mercy of God, an entire version of the books of the Old and New Testaments, into the Chinese language, was this day brought to a conclusion.

"On the 12th instant, Mr Milne finished a translation of the Book of Job, which, together with the Historical Books of the Old Testament, he selected for his share of the work. The books that were wholly my own translation are these:—

"*Books of the Old Testament.*—(1) Genesis, (2) Exodus, (3) Leviticus, (4) Numbers, (5) Ruth, (6) Psalms, (7) Proverbs, (8) Ecclesiastes, (9) Canticles, (10) Isaiah, (11) Jeremiah, (12) Lamentations, (13) Ezekiel, (14) Daniel, (15) Hosea, (16) Joel, (17) Amos, (18) Obadiah, (19) Jonah, (20) Micah, (21) Nahum, (22) Habakkuk, (23) Zephaniah, (24) Haggai, (25) Zechariah, (26) Malachi.

"*Books of the New Testament.*—Gospel according to (27) Matthew, (28) Mark, (29) Luke, (30) John.

Epistles: (31) Hebrews, (32) James, (33) 1st Peter, (34) 2nd Peter, (35) 1st John, (36) 2nd John, (37) 3rd John, (38) Jude, (39) The Book of Revelation.

"The other books of the New Testament I edited, with such alterations, as, in my conscience, and with the degree of knowledge of the Chinese language which I then possessed, I thought necessary. I added the verses according to the English Testament, in a form which had not been devised in Chinese before and which, without breaking the text into parts, answers well the purpose of reference.

"I always stated explicitly to you that the Chinese MS. in the British Museum, a copy of which under the Missionary Society's care, I procured, was the foundation of the New Testament in Chinese, which I completed and edited.

"The first volume, viz. the Acts of the Apostles, which I printed as an essay of what could be done, from the above-named MS., written by some pious missionary of the Romish Church, was burnt by a native Roman Catholic of some education in this country, because he thought the translation mine, and heretical. Another person from England, who was acquainted in a degree with Chinese, and who supposed that the Testament was wholly mine, said, it would have been desirable that the translation should have been done by a Roman Catholic Missionary: and a third person, in a different part of the world, has condemned me, because so much of the MS. remains. Had it been my wish to make the whole translation appear as originally my own, I could have altered much more, with as little trouble as I took to decide on retaining what I did; but that was not my object, nor is it the object of your

Society to enter into the question, by whom the Bible is rendered into the languages of mankind, but in what manner, and to aid in publishing the best versions that can be procured. . . .

"If Morrison and Milne's Bible shall, in China, at some subsequent period, hold such a place in reference to a better translation, as Wickliff's or Tyndale's now hold in reference to our present English version, many will for ever bless God for the attempt; and neither the Missionary Society, nor the Bible Society, will ever regret the funds they have, or shall yet expend, in aid of the object.

"It is not yet 500 years since Wickliff's bones were dug up and burnt, chiefly because he translated the Scriptures; and it is not yet 300 years since Tyndale was strangled by the hands of the common hangman, and then burnt, for the same cause. The alleged inaccuracy of Wickliff's and of Tyndale's translations was the ground of cavil with all those who were adverse to any translation of the Sacred Scriptures; and it is but 277 years since the English Parliament decreed, that 'all manner of books of the Old and New Testaments, of the crafty, false, and untrue translations of Tyndale, be forthwith abolished, and forbidden to be used and kept.' If such things occurred so recently, more modern translators need not be surprised if their works are censured or condemned.

"Granting that many had the talent to do better than we have done, yet few appear to have had the will; and I will be bold to say, there are many who could not have done so well at a first attempt; however, for what is actually well done, to God be all the praise. This boasting is extorted by past occurrences,

and not by a present anticipation of censures yet to come.

"King James's translators were fifty-four in number, and rendered into their mother-tongue, in their native country, under the patronage of their prince. Our version is the work of two persons, or at most three (including the author of the MS.), performed in a remote country, and into a foreign and newly acquired language, one of the most difficult in the world, and the least cultivated in Europe. The candid judge of men's works will not forget these circumstances, when he decides on the character of the present translation. As to opinions which natives may give of the work, the following things should also be considered.

"The Chinese language possesses much ancient literature, which has been, for many centuries, the constant study of a body of privileged men, under the appellation of the learned, and who have polished and wrought up the language to a high degree of what they deem an elegant conciseness, and a richness of classical quotation and allusion; so that the written style of the learned is nearly as different from the plain spoken language of the people, as the language of ancient Rome is different from the modern dialects of Europe. . . .

"Translation is in its infancy in China. None of its own literati study, in order to translate. The Court itself seems to have some difficulty in preserving a competent number of translators into the Manchow Tartar language. The religious books of the Buddhists, some of which are elegant, are the only works they have rendered into Chinese; for the scientific books printed under the direction of

the Jesuit Missionaries, were not translations of any whole treatise, but works containing, generally, European ideas, composed in Chinese by natives. . . .

"The learned of China think, as the learned of Europe thought in darker times, that every respectable book ought to be written in a sort of Latin, not in the vulgar tongue. Choo-foo-tse indeed departed from this practice in his philosophical essays, for new ideas cannot be communicated so well as by the simplest language. Classical phraseology, concise as the Chinese is, can do little more than revive old ideas.

"To put the Book of God into such a style, either out of compliment to the learned, or to exhibit one's own classical attainments, seems to be acting over again the usage of the Egyptian priests, who, it is said, expressed their doctrines by hieroglyphics, intelligible only to themselves, or to a small sect of the initiated; or as it is said that other priests did in the Rhenish translation of the New Testament into English, in which they retained many eastern, Greek and Latin words, and introduced so many difficult expressions, that they contrived to render it unintelligible to the common people. This censure is perhaps too severe; but the principle that plainness and simplicity are requisite in a biblical translation is fully recognized.

"The duty of a translator of any book is two-fold; first, to comprehend accurately the sense, and to feel the spirit of the original work; and secondly, to express in his version faithfully, perspicuously, and idiomatically (and, if he can attain it, elegantly), the sense and spirit of the original.

"For the first part of this duty, a Christian student

will be much more competent than a heathen translator generally is; for the second part of the work, of course, a man who translates into his mother tongue (other things being equal) will much excel. Till those who are now heathen literati cease to be heathens, these qualifications will not easily be found, in tolerable perfection, in the same individual.

"That the first is of more importance than the second is, I believe, true; for no elegance of composition can atone for a misunderstanding of the sense of the sacred page; whereas a degree of uncouthness in the style of any writing destroys not the sense. Some think that the doggerel version of the Psalms used by the Church of Scotland is a better translation of the sense of that divine book than the most elegant that ever was attempted. And I know, by much experience in commercial and political translation, that a very inelegant written version of a foreigner, will enable a native student to comprehend very clearly the sense and spirit of the original, and also much better than a verbal statement of the meaning can.

"By these remarks, I mean to convey it as my opinion, that a less pure and idiomatic translation, made by a Christian missionary, of a sound judgment and moderate acquirements, is likely to convey the sense of divine revelation better than a translation made by the most accomplished pagan scholar, who has not studied the sacred writings, and who, if he possessed the adequate knowledge, in consequence of his dislike of the subject, rarely brings mind enough to the work, to comprehend clearly the sacred text. . . .

"In my translations, I have studied fidelity, per-

spicuity, and simplicity; I have preferred common words to rare and classical ones; I have avoided technical terms, which occur in the pagan philosophy and religion. I would rather be deemed inelegant, than hard to be understood. In difficult passages I have taken the sense given by the general consent of the gravest, most pious and least eccentric divines, to whom I had access. . . .

"In the first part of my duty, viz., ascertaining the sense of Scripture, I have used the English public version; the Original Scriptures; Montanus's Version; the Vulgate; the French; the Septuagint translation; Thompson's translation of the Septuagint, etc. etc. . . .

"In the second part of my duty, viz., rendering the sense of the Scriptures into Chinese, my helps were British Museum MS.; several Roman Catholic works in China; MS. Dictionaries of Chinese; the Native Teachers of the language.

"To the task, I have brought patient endurance of long labour and seclusion from society; and calm and unprejudiced judgment; not enamoured of novelty and eccentricity, nor yet tenacious of an opinion merely because it was old; and, I hope, somewhat of an accurate mode of thinking, with a reverential sense of the awful responsibility of misinterpreting God's word. Such qualifications are, perhaps, as indispensable as grammatical learning in translating such a book as the Bible.

"I have made no departure, in any remarkable degree, from the sense of the English version; which circumstance, I judge more satisfactory to the friends of the Bible in England, than if I had affected to make 'a new translation' or 'an improved ver-

sion,' immediately and solely from the originals, and indulged a disregard of old and approved translations. . . .

"To have Moses, David, and the prophets; Jesus Christ and His apostles, using their own words, and thereby declaring to the inhabitants of this land the wonderful works of God, indicates, I hope, the speedy introduction of a happier era in these parts of the world; and I trust that the gloomy darkness of pagan scepticism will be dispelled by the day-spring from on high, and that the gilded idols of Budh, and the numberless images which fill the land, will one day assuredly fall to the ground, before the force of God's Word, as the idol Dagon fell before the ark.

"These are my anticipations, although there appears not the least opening at present. A bitter aversion to the name of our blessed Saviour, and to any book which contains His name or His doctrine, is felt and cherished. However, that does not induce me to despair. I think of Britain, what she was, and what she now is, in respect of religion. It is not 300 years since national authority said, that 'the Bible should not be read openly in any church (by the people), nor privately by the poor'; that only 'noblemen and gentlemen, and noble ladies and gentlewomen, might have the Bible in their own houses.' I remember this, and cherish hope for China.

"Tyndale, while he was being tied to the stake, said, with a fervent and loud voice, in reference to Henry VIII., 'Lord, open the King of England's eyes'; and his prayer seems to have been heard and answered. Let us be as fervent in a similar petition in reference to the Sovereign of this empire.

"In the apostle's words I conclude this long letter. 'Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you.'

"I am, etc.,

"ROBERT MORRISON."

No man was in a better position than Milne to appreciate the difficulties Morrison had surmounted and the task he had accomplished, and no more generous or more eloquent tribute has been paid to Morrison's work than that which Milne, only a few weeks before his death, inscribed in the course of an ordinary letter to his beloved friend. This fine passage is as follows: "By God's help you have set on foot what all the empires, and mandarins, and priests, and literati, and people of China can never destroy or effectually stop; what will raze their temples, destroy their idols, change their lives and save the souls of many. Be not ungratefully discouraged, my dear friend. How many servants equally faithful have gone down to the dust without being honoured a tenth part so much. Once more, may the Everlasting Arms protect you."

CHAPTER XVII

SORROW UPON SORROW

Finally, ye who have believed in Jesus, remember that He has gone to prepare mansions for you in His Father's house. Oh repine not at the afflictions which you may be called to endure in this land, wherein ye are strangers and pilgrims. Be not impatient; be not like the Buddhist of China, and the pleasure-sated, wearied profligate of Europe, to call your existence a curse. Rather up and be active to do all the good possible here. Opportunities to do and to suffer for Jesus will soon be over. Work, therefore, while it is day, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, when ye shall attain to your eternal abode in Heaven.—ROBERT MORRISON.

FROM all the care and thought joyfully expended by Morrison in the study of the Scriptures for the purposes of translation, it was impossible but that he himself should have reaped much personal profit. Though he laboured with the needs of China before him, his own soul must have been refreshed as he meditated upon the consolations of the Scriptures. And at no time in his life did he stand more in need of that comfort which the Word of God alone affords.

During the winter of 1817 both Mr and Mrs Milne visited Macao for reasons of work and health:

My colleague Mr Milne [wrote Morrison] has been here with his whole family for some time. His health, as well as that of Mrs Milne, has been improved in some degree. They purpose leaving this place in January next. Mr Milne came to Canton not only on account of his health, but also to attend some affairs of th Mission and

to look over with me his translation of Deuteronomy and the book of Joshua. These, together with the Psalms, will be put to press at Malacca in the course of 1818, should God in mercy grant to my brother life and health. . . . But appearances are against him; his lungs are weak and he is greatly emaciated.

Mrs Milne had been seriously ill, her life having been despaired of, and this voyage to China and change in Macao did her much good. She fully believed, however, that her restoration to health was but for a brief period, and in this presentiment she was correct. The loss of her infant son David, aged two days, in May 1816, and of her babe Sarah, aged four days, in April 1817, "produced a visible damp on her spirits and she never afterwards recovered her natural vivacity." These are Milne's own words. In February 1819 she gave birth to another son, but fever and dysentery followed, and on March 20th she died.

Born in September 1783, and married in August 1812, Mrs Milne was thirty-five years of age at the time of her death, while her missionary career had been limited to little more than six years. Four small children survived to mourn her loss, while Milne's own health gave little promise of his ability to care for these motherless children for many years. Morrison felt deeply the sorrow of his brother, but could do little to comfort him. Each worker continued his appointed task, Morrison at Canton and Milne at Malacca.

In August of the following year Morrison had the great joy of welcoming his wife and two children back to Macao. But his official duties soon called him to Canton, whither his wife might not go, so

after a few far too brief weeks with his loved ones at Macao (after a separation of nearly six years), he was forced to bid them farewell again to resume his labours in the Factory. He left Mrs Morrison enjoying good health and comfortably housed in a home by the sea. But the dark shadow of death was to fall suddenly and almost unexpectedly upon that home where the radiance of a new gift of life had been anticipated.

One hesitates to lift the veil from the secret sorrows of another, yet without some few extracts from Morrison's own letter to his father and mother-in-law concerning this, his most poignant grief, we cannot enter into those sacred hopes and sacred sorrows which reveal as nothing else can the very heart of the man himself. We know him in his study as the laborious student; we know him in the somewhat unfriendly world as the high-minded advocate of duty; but of Morrison in his home we know but little, for he was normally the solitary labourer, denied the joys of domestic life which he knew how to value as much as any man.

Under date of June 12, 1821, he sorrowfully writes from Macao to Mr and Mrs Morton, his wife's parents, as follows:

My beloved Mary from the last time of her arrival in China enjoyed remarkably good health, seldom if ever requiring medical aid. We were pleasantly situated and had a piece of ground before our house by the seaside in Macao where we and the children walked happily together almost every evening. We then, after our evening prayers, sat down round a table, all occupied in something useful or amusing. My Mary was occupied innocently and pleasantly in making clothes for her expected babe and got all her house in order most com-

fortably. Yet amidst all this, she never went to rest nor rose to work without reading considerable portions of her Bible, and since she came out to China she read, I believe, the whole of Milner's *Church History*, which she found edifying.

Suddenly, just when they looked for the smile of another sweet infant to bless and brighten their home, dread cholera seized the expectant mother, and after two days of painful suffering the light of Morrison's eyes was taken from him on Sunday night, June 10th, 1821.

But for my dear motherless children, who are weeping around me [he wrote] I would forgo my own happiness on earth and resign my Mary to go before me from the storms of this tempestuous world. The idea of leaving my dear Mary in her frequently enfeebled state made death terrible to me. God gave her at last a season of health and peace and comfort, and inclined her heart to improve it well. Yet oh, how great the disappointment! Oh, what a struggle! In every part of the house are memorials of Mary's innocent and laudable anxieties and preparations, and those fond anticipations which mothers only know.

It will be remembered that when Morrison's first child had died he had encountered painful opposition from the local authorities concerning the burying of his little one. Now, in a deeper sorrow, he was confronted with a yet more determined antagonism from the same quarter. It was his wish to inter his beloved wife's remains on the same hills where their little James lay awaiting the Resurrection; but the Chinese resolutely refused permission. The Roman Catholics also closed their burying-ground against him as a Protestant, so that the only alternative was to bury her under the city walls. "I

dislike burying under the town walls," he wrote, "but was obliged to resolve on doing so, as the Papists refuse their burying-ground to Protestants."

To the honour of the East India Company be it said that the Committee of the Factory came to Morrison's aid at this time of anguish, and overcoming certain local impediments and difficulties, purchased at the cost of £1000 a suitable plot of ground to become God's acre in the Macao settlement. Thus was Morrison enabled to give his wife an honoured burial, with the President and other gentlemen of the Factory present, some of whom bore the pall.

Though Morrison bowed submissively to his sore bereavement his health and spirits suffered severely, and apart from a few personal letters there is a blank in his general correspondence for the remainder of the year. It was but natural at such a time that bereaved father and children should cling together, and it is pathetic to read that his little daughter Rebecca, now nine years of age, asked him in an apprehensive mood if he purposed proceeding to Canton at the usual season, to which place she knew that she, as a girl, could not go! With riven heart he had to tell her "Yes"—the claims of the Company could not be denied. Happily, Dr and Mrs Livingstone promised to care for the child during the winter months, while Morrison took his little lad John, of seven years, with him to Canton. How father and daughter faced the painful ordeal of separation is better imagined than described.

Early in the ensuing year, when the fleet sailed for home, Morrison arranged that both his children should return to England, Rebecca sailing under the

care of Mr and Mrs Malony in the Company's ship *Kent*, and little John in the care of the surgeon of the *Atlas*.

Writing to his brother James concerning his children, Morrison said under date of March 19th, 1822:

I have just now closed letters which my little boy John will take with him, and Mr Dill, the surgeon of the *Atlas*, will care for him. . . . I have sent an additional £200 now, £100 by Mr Dill for John's use and £100 enclosed for Rebecca's. I desire that my children may be taken good care of and be brought up in a plain way; but above all things, to be taught to fear the Lord betimes—that is wisdom.

Once more in solitude he turned to his task with unabated diligence. He still had left him his faithful colleague Milne, though he was at Malacca. But Milne for long had been seriously indisposed and had been strongly urged to take a voyage for his health. He could not see how to leave his work, but symptoms so serious developed that he yielded so far as to make a trip to Singapore and Penang. From Singapore he wrote to Morrison on March 23rd, 1822, "I am still here, though I do not feel myself improved much; the spitting of blood returns every now and then."

What such news meant to Morrison, who was "very lonely and depressed," his reply to Milne reveals:

O God, prepare us for every event and have compassion on the feeble cause of truth in these parts of the earth. . . . I have received your letter and deeply regret the afflicting news which it contains. Oh that God may spare your life and restore your health! I am going

on mourning all the day, an unprofitable servant. Alas! I write this, fearing you are already beyond the reach of letters. Farewell! God bless the children.

Unhappily Morrison's fears were all too true, for before he penned these words Milne's spirit had already fled. At two in the morning of June 2nd, 1822, "without a struggle or a groan," Milne's death took place. The news of this bereavement did not reach Morrison until July 5th, when he penned the following words:

Yesterday, July 4, nine years ago, Mr and Mrs Milne were received at Macao by me and Mrs Morrison. Three of the four—all under forty—have been called hence and have left me alone and disconsolate. But good is the will of the Lord, they all died in the faith and hope of the Gospel; all died at their post. They have left their bodies in the field of battle. They were faithful unto death in their Saviour's cause. Happy am I that none of them deserted. Even my poor afflicted Mary returned to die in China.

Apart from the sorrow that this further bereavement brought, it occasioned Morrison great embarrassment, for no one was now left at Malacca "to carry on the Chinese department." How his long-deferred visit home was affected and how he deported himself under this additional sorrow, the following beautiful letter from his own pen must tell. The letter is dated Canton, October 13th, 1822, and is addressed to a friend whose name is not given:

Your letter of January 1822 has reached me in the midst of my afflictions and duties. To the death of my beloved Mary that of Milne is now to be added. Dear William died on June 2, 1822. I do not repine at the dispensations of Providence, but I have wept much on being left alone and desolate; and I have wept

over my own sinfulness. I would that my heart were more set on heavenly things. I desire to be found actively engaged in my proper duties, waiting for the coming of my Lord. . . . In consequence of Dr Milne's death I am going down to visit Malacca in February or March next, and have deferred my visit to England—indeed, I may entirely change my resolution, for none of the missionaries now at Malacca have made much progress in the Chinese language. A missionary as efficient as William was is not every day to be found—but still the Lord of the harvest can thrust forth other labourers.

I have now been fifteen years in this country and one half of these years quite alone, but God has borne with my infirmities and has blessed the labour of my hands. My present health is still wonderfully good. I did not at first suppose I should have lived as long as I have. . . . I think I see the blade springing up from the seed which has been sown; but by my removal to Malacca it will not have the benefit of being regularly watered and may die; unless God in infinite mercy keep it every moment.

I have had so much writing the last fifteen years that my sight is not very good and I find a little falling off in my strength to labour. . . .

I hope my beloved dear motherless and (as far as a father's immediate care goes) also fatherless children are now in England. If you happen to see them, be kind to them for dear Mary's sake, and for my sake, and for the Lord's sake in Whose service Mary died. I hope I too shall die at my post.

With an extract from a letter addressed to his sister-in-law, Mrs James Morrison, two days later, this chapter of sorrow must close:

I have felt and still feel very much cast down. I am so friendless in one sense—my parents have long been dead [1]

[1] The family burial place at Newcastle has been found by Mr R. S. Robson in the Ballast Hills burial ground, see *The Presbyterian*, Aug. 28, 1913.

—all of you are far from me. Those I loved most are taken away. The heathen around me are, by the institution of their country, inhospitable and void of affection for strangers. I do not repine—but so solitary as I am rendered is not a desirable condition. Yet, oh how much have I to be thankful for! God save me from being ungrateful to Him. He has given me a hope to trust His grace and to be interested in His salvation, and He has brought me to honour in His Church, and He has given me abundant provision for all my bodily comforts. . . .

I enclose £800 for the benefit of my dear children. I wish to adopt little Robert Milne as my son and support him with my own [John] Robert. This must be arranged with the executors.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN INTERNATIONAL IMPASSE

A Christian Missionary from England is not sent to India or any other part of the world to introduce English customs, but Christ's Gospel. He should not be shocked nor irritated by the innocent usages of other nations, which happen to differ from his own. . . . A notion which some people possess, that there is nothing good or comfortable out of England, that all God's works, everywhere, are inferior and to be despised, in comparison with what He hath done for England, may be called patriotism; but it is a notion that is unjust, and of an impious tendency, and is unworthy of a Christian Missionary.—ROBERT MORRISON.

FROM the beginning to the end of his life Morrison was heart and soul a missionary. He had accepted appointment under the East India Company because that alone seemed to afford him the means of fulfilling his Divine commission. Though he regretted the large draft upon time and strength that his official duties demanded, he never shrank from the fulfilment and discharge of the task accepted.

Under normal conditions, his position as interpreter and intermediary between the Company and the hostile Chinese Government was far from enviable; but when complications arose, his post became one of hazard and anxiety. The embarrassments which could and did arise in this early clash of East and West, before correct international relationships had been established, can hardly be appreciated by those ignorant of China's past ways of diplomacy.

It were endless to state [wrote Morrison] all the particular acts of injustice and ill-usage to which Englishmen are subject in China. The contemptuous manner in which their persons, their employers, their country and their king are treated in official documents is not easily borne. At the same time, it is not an evil easily tangible by persons who in England are so widely removed from its immediate contact. To be styled to their face "barbarians," "demons," "official staters of untruth," to hear His Majesty's officers and ships stigmatized with the name of "plunderers" must all be submitted to. In writing official documents to the Chinese they are not allowed to call their employers "Honourable" nor the King of England an independent sovereign. The native domestics of the Company's servants are fined and punished for the simple act of serving them; the Honourable Company's trade is interrupted and the fleet delayed on the most frivolous pretences—perhaps for a fee unpaid by some native merchant with which the English have not the slightest connection.

These are some of the constant regular daily evils: occasional acts of injustice of a more serious nature are not unfrequent. As, for instance, the imprisonment of a Company's servant on being the bearer of a document from the Committee to the Governor; the strangling of an English seaman for killing a Chinese accidentally; the detaining of the fleet on account of a man being killed in an affray when it was impossible to identify the guilty person; . . . an absolute refusal to receive from the Committee official statements of facts, while charges from the Chinese Government were issued, detrimental to the trade and honour of England.

As several thousand seamen, many of them far from what they should have been, and other Europeans arrived at Canton annually, and remained there for six or seven months—and as the majority of these came into contact with thousands of the Chinese, some of whom were of the baser sort—it was impossible but that offences should come. In

the event of homicide, even if accidentally committed, the Chinese demanded life for life, and insisted upon some poor sailor, no matter whether innocent or guilty, being surrendered to them for execution. Should the foreigners demur, then the Chinese would interdict the trade. Under such exasperating circumstances men had been handed over to the Chinese authorities and been strangled.

In seeking a just estimate of these painful occurrences, it must in common fairness be remembered that at that time English law was often brutal; the penalty for sheep or horse stealing, or for the stealing of a sum exceeding one shilling, was death. The question at issue at Canton was rather one of justice than the mode of punishment, and justice, in the British sense of that word, was at that time seldom obtainable, for Chinese law was, in many respects, at variance with Western ideals. This will be best illustrated by passing from general observations to the recital of facts.

In September 1821, just about two months after Mrs Morrison's death, an Italian sailor named Francis Terranova, who was serving on board an American merchantman, by dropping or throwing a jar overboard, accidentally caused the death of a Chinese woman who was selling spirits on a small boat moored alongside. The Chinese Government demanded the surrender of the man. At first the Americans refused, but subsequently consented to a trial by Chinese officials on board the ship. To secure justice, Morrison offered to interpret for the accused, but his offer was contemptuously rejected by the Chinese; and the Chinese officials who heard the evidence for the prosecution, not only refused

to have that evidence interpreted to the accused but refused to listen to any argument for the defence. Unheard they adjudged the accused guilty.

After this mock trial the poor man was put in irons—which was tantamount to an acknowledgment of his guilt—but was not surrendered. The Chinese thereupon put a stop to trade. The American captains, chafing at the delay imposed on their ships, intimated to the Hong merchants that they might take the prisoner. The remainder of this tragic story must be recorded in the words of Morrison, who had done his best to secure justice:

> On his trial, which was by a junto of three or four officers, all Europeans were excluded. The minds of his judges were made up as on the evening of this day; and by daybreak on the morrow, without informing either himself, or those connected with him, of their intention to do so, he was strangled. . . .
>
> Francis at three o'clock in the morning was raised, and advised to take his breakfast, as he might get no food all the day; he smiled, and said it was too early; but being urged, he finally ate. He was conveyed past the cross on which he was to suffer death; and being a Roman Catholic, he made the signs which Christians of that persuasion do on passing a cross. He was then hurried through a great hall, in presence of the Governor, and carried back to meet his unexpected fate. It is said, that several hundred troops surrounded the place; and not till the executioners put their hands upon him did he suspect their intention. He then wrestled, and made appeals to heaven, and to his heart, and called as if for assistance from his own people, but he was abandoned and helpless, and the wrenched cord, round his neck, soon made his eye-balls start from their sockets.
>
> Whilst this scene was acting, a manifesto was prepared by the Governor, to announce, in the pompous phrase of the self-named Celestial Empire, the execution of Francis, and the opening of the trade. His Imperial

Majesty was at the same time assured, in a report from the Governor, that Francis was most clearly convicted "in open court," and that the Governor "summoned the foreign chief to witness the execution."

With this tragic case, which affected a seaman in American employ, Morrison as an Englishman had no official connection, but it illustrates none the less the painful conditions under which he laboured and some of the difficult situations in which he was personally involved.

On December 15th of the same year, a company of men belonging to the British frigate *Topaz* were sent ashore on the small island of Lintin, between Macao and Canton, to procure water and scrub their clothes in a mountain stream. To prevent trouble, the commanding officer had forbidden them to carry arms; yet, in consequence of some previous grudge, the inhabitants of the island attacked them with spears and clubs. The lieutenant in command of the ship at the time, seeing the situation, fired some of the ship's guns and sent a party of marines ashore to assist the men withdraw, but this was not done before fourteen of the seamen had been wounded—six of them severely—and two Chinese killed, with four others wounded.

Captain Richardson of the *Topaz* thereupon wrote to the Governor of Canton complaining of the treatment received, to which complaint the Governor replied by a demand that the wounded seamen should be sent on shore for examination. To this the captain refused to assent, nor would he permit a Chinese court to be established on a King of England's quarter-deck for the trial of his men. The Governor, hearing this, in a fit of passion issued a document

which spoke of the English captain's position as "the prancing parade of an outside foreigner which the Celestial Empire would not brook," and to humble his pride he decreed that English commerce should be prohibited. He also declared that the East India Company's Committee of Management in China should be held responsible, and that they must compel Captain Richardson to deliver up the murderers. To this demand the Company asserted that they had no control over the King of England's ships of war, and that what His Excellency asked for was impossible. Knowing that the frigate was shortly to sail for England and that they would be placed in a position of jeopardy, they began to prepare their own ships for sea and put their treasure on board.

A second time Captain Richardson wrote to the Governor, but the Governor would not so much as break the seal or receive the letter, but sent it by the hands of the Chinese Hong merchants to the Committee, purposing to get its contents conveyed to the Government under the Company's seal. The Governor's object in this was, to quote Morrison's words, "to cause the Committee to say by acts what they would not do in words." The letter was, however, opened by the Hong merchants, but being in English they could not understand it, and the Committee requested Morrison to translate it. This, however, he declined to do, as he saw that the letter, written by a high-spirited naval commander labouring under considerable provocation, contained expressions calculated to exasperate the Chinese authorities. He also pointed out to the Committee that if they became parties to it they "would

abandon the ground they originally took of refraining from all interference in matters relating to ships of war. These arguments appeared conclusive to the Committee, who admitted that they were off their guard when they allowed the seal to be broken." [1]

The letter was therefore sent back to the captain, and the Governor, in a fury, declared he would receive no further communications from foreigners except such as were translated by the Hong merchants—who, by the way, could not read any foreign language. The object of this declaration was to secure that all papers submitted to him should be couched in language of submission. The Governor further asserted that he would not permit any more goods to be shipped, or the Company's household furniture to be put on board; but on the very day in the evening of which this official communication was delivered, the furniture and domestic utensils had been shipped and the British had quitted Canton; Mr Urmston, the President of the Factory, having in the presence of several captains hauled down with his own hands the British flag.

It would take too long to follow in detail the negotiations which followed, in all of which Morrison was closely involved as interpreter. The Governor degraded the senior Hong merchant—a timorous rich man nicknamed by the Chinese "timid young lady" —charging him with a defective performance of his duty He next issued several papers, throwing the odium of the opium traffic on the Portuguese, British, and Americans, and not upon the corrupt magistracy

[1] From the Minutes of the East India Company in Auber's *Intercourse with China.*

who were, in part at least, responsible for the smuggling. The American captains, he asserted, were "emboldened to bring opium because they had no king to rule over them." Repeated and earnest attempts were made to secure a statement from the Factory or from Captain Richardson affirming that two men had disappeared from the frigate, hoping "on this groundwork or foundation, laid in perjury (for in China a written declaration is used instead of oaths)," he might rear a legal superstructure by which to prove that these two missing men were the murderers. This proposal was, of course, rejected. The next expedient was that the frigate should retire for a few days to enable the Governor to write to court that the British cruiser had sailed away with the murderers on board.

With the hope of securing a settlement and a resumption of trade, Captain Richardson admitted three Chinese officials to a conference on board the frigate with himself. The only persons present were the captain, his first lieutenant, the surgeon, and Dr Morrison as interpreter. A signed list of the wounded was handed to the Chinese and the whole circumstances explained, and the three officials were allowed to visit the injured men. The officials were then dismissed with honour, the ship firing three guns. Mr Urmston, Chief of the Factory, visited the Chinese officers on the war junk, and Captain Richardson returned their call, after which the Chinese saluted with three guns. One little touch of humour is recorded by Dr Morrison; he states, "In the junk were two long pieces of Portuguese brass cannon, one of them dated about 1630; which circumstance being communicated to one of the

Chinese officers, he showed feelings of great satisfaction at the age of his gun ! "

The Chinese Government still endeavoured to secure a statement to the effect that two Englishmen would be executed, or that they had been drowned, or that they had run away ; or finally, that Captain Richardson, having been unable to ascertain who the murderers were, " would take all the men to England and have them punished there." By this time Captain Richardson had sailed, and the Chinese, anxious to reopen trade, did their best to compromise the situation so as to save their face and re-establish relationships. The Committee of the Factory, by request, wrote a letter stating that they would write to the Court of Directors in London reporting what had happened, and then requested the reopening of trade. After several days a reply from the Governor was received, expressed in ambiguous language, granting the reopening of commerce " but still affirming that the frigate had run away with the murderers on board. . . . The Governor added that his conduct in this case was an extraordinary display of gracious conduct and tenderness shown to people from remote parts."

The main point gained was that the British had refused to hand over innocent men to be executed by the Chinese.

The struggle [wrote Morrison] commenced with great ardour and haughtiness on the part of the Local Government ; and the Governor of the province as well as the Judge must have been mortified at the result ; besides, his Imperial Majesty may not choose to be satisfied with the arrangement, it would therefore be unhandsome and premature to seem to triumph, however much all the

English have cause to rejoice in escaping from the serious alternative to which the Lintin affair reduced them.

It must be added in conclusion that the Court of Directors in London laid the facts of the case before Lord Liverpool, who was then Prime Minister, and instructions were given by the Admiralty "that in future no ships of the Royal Navy should visit China in time of peace except at the request of the Governor-General of India or of the Select Committee at Canton."

Mr Urmston, who was knighted by King George IV for his conduct on this occasion, testified to the value and importance of Morrison's services in the following language:

During the progress of this affair [lasting from December 15, 1821, to February 23, 1822] which had involved the East India Company's representatives in one of the most serious anxieties and harassing discussions they have ever been engaged in with the Chinese, the zeal and exertions of Dr Morrison were unremitting. His extensive and indeed extraordinary knowledge of the Chinese language, both written and colloquial, and of the system, character and disposition of the Chinese Government, enabled him clearly and fully to comprehend its sentiments, views and meaning, as well as to detect the sophistry, duplicity and even falsity which but too frequently marked the official documents of the local authorities. . . . This close and correct insight into the Chinese documents proved of the utmost importance to the Select Committee. . . . Dr Morrison's invaluable talents and services were fully understood and appreciated by those whose vast and important interests he had on this as well as on various former occasions so essentially benefited.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GREAT FIRE

Having, by the Divine help, served a long campaign, bivouacked on the field of battle, I do not much dread the epithet of coward, nor of "carpet" Missionary, and similar accusations, from men who never quitted home service.—ROBERT MORRISON.

THE spiritual needs of the two or three thousand seamen and of the English-speaking community at Canton appealed strongly to Morrison, although so deeply immersed in things Chinese. In October 1822 he drew up an address to the foreign Christian community, headed with the words "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men." After referring to "the claim which this pagan nation has upon our benevolent exertions," he proceeded:

I would that a little church of praying people were found in Canton, and that all real praying Christians who may hereafter visit it should join themselves to it.

To give perpetuity to these desires and views I have written these lines, which will remain on record among the papers of our China Mission, and in token of your acquiescence in the tenor and spirit of the sentiments expressed I request your signature thereto.

Six persons added their signatures to Morrison's, of whom special reference may be made to D. W. C. Olyphant, a magnanimous American merchant who most generously assisted missions for many years.

This address was followed by another entitled "A

proposal for bettering the morals and conditions of sailors in China." In this proposal he advocated the establishment of a floating hospital, where sick seamen could be isolated if necessary, or at least separated from the din and bustle of a ship loading or unloading cargo. That such a suggestion was not unneeded was proved by the fact that about one hundred British sailors died annually at Whampoa, the port of Canton. In the season which preceded the issue of this proposal one ship alone lost thirty men. Another suggestion was for a floating chapel such as at that time existed on the Thames, at Liverpool, Leith, and other places in the home country.

At the same time Morrison prepared and printed a leaflet for circulation among the men of the fleet, from which one or two paragraphs may be quoted to illustrate his way of address to these men of the sea:

> Sailors, you know, that in reference to fighting his country's foes the gallant Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty." This was nobly said in the day of battle, and it is not less true in the time of peace. England expects, and I will add, Heaven expects, every man to do his duty. . . .
>
> British Sailors! it is allowed on all hands that you possess courage and generosity; that you can fight hard, when your commander bids; and that you will jump overboard at the risk of your own lives to save a person drowning; still war and danger are evils; you do not wish an eternal continuance of strife and of hurricanes. What is your character in peace? I will tell you: you are accused in the British Parliament, and in the English newspapers, and in the conversation of some gentlemen, of being ungrateful, turbulent, and riotous; and of getting drunk, and of quarrelling, and fighting, and sometimes of causing the death of the natives;

and by such conduct, in China particularly, of occasioning an immense loss of property to your employers, by involving them, through your misconduct, in discussions with the Chinese Government, to prevent your being tortured and strangled unjustly in cases of accidental homicide. . . .

Now, as a man, and a man bred up in a Christian land, every sailor, in the Chinese fleet, should reflect and see how far these accusations are true in reference to himself. . . . Let him think of his duty to himself; that he has a soul to be saved, as well as a body to be fed and clothed; and let him resolve to be true to her who is, or whom he intends (if Heaven will) to make, his wife. . . .

These members of the human family, the rascally Chinamen, as they are sometimes called, are shrewd fellows; and, I am sorry to say, they too often take in the honest-hearted British sailor. They sell him bad poisonous grog, or spirits, and they pretend to be friends till he is drunk, and then they rob him of his money. These fellows should be shunned and guarded against. All Chinese are not so bad. They have both good and bad men amongst them. But all of them, even when saucy, are not worth fighting with. A British seaman's courage is well known; he need not show it in fighting with the Chinamen; but he should try to be quite as sober, and as well-behaved as the best of these people are; and he should not allow himself to be taken aback by a spirit-drinking breeze, whilst the bad Chinamen are sipping tea with a final intention of coolly robbing poor Jack's pockets.

Morrison's suggestion of services for the men was favourably received by some of the foreign residents and captains, and though no floating chapel was then possible, arrangements were made for him to preach on board one of the ships at Whampoa on Sunday, November 3rd, 1822. But it was not until December 8th of the same year that the Bethel flag was hoisted for this purpose, the reason for this

delay being the outbreak of a devastating fire which cost the East India Company not less than a million pounds sterling, and the Chinese people much more.

About nine o'clock on the evening of Friday, November 1st, 1822, a fire was observed in the suburbs of Canton, about half a mile to the north of the Factories. As a north-east wind was blowing, the fire spread rapidly. The engines of the Company and the Hong merchants were called out, but owing to the narrow and congested streets and the poor supply of water little effective work was accomplished. A few English gentlemen and some of the officers from the Company's ships endeavoured to assist, but they received no support from the people; many of whom, armed with drawn swords and knives, were seeking to remove their own possessions, in the process of which they blocked the narrow streets.

> The furious and devouring fire [wrote Morrison], the anxious crowds of clamorous, homeless fugitives running, bearing their effects from the flames, with drawn swords to defend them—hard-hearted banditti plundering the weak, cutting down and trampling to death the strong, presented an awful and afflicting scene.

On Friday night an anxious watch upon the approaching flames was kept from the terrace of the English Chief's apartments, and shortly after midnight a dispatch was sent to the fleet ordering a boat and men from each ship to come up the river and be ready in case of need. Most of the foreigners were already removing their papers and valuables into Chinese boats, the hire for which rapidly rose from ten to thirty-fold, and yet proved insufficient. Early in the morning of Saturday, before daybreak,

Morrison wrote three appeals in Chinese, couched in the most earnest and importunate language, in the name of all the Factories, begging that the authorities would order the pulling down of a belt of houses around the fire as the only way of staying its ravages.

Two members of the Factory presented one of these petitions to a Chinese official standing near the fire, who " looked frigidly displeased at its contents " ; another member presented a second copy to an official who would neither receive nor read it. Morrison himself took the third and sealed copy addressed to the Governor, and hastened to the city gate, where the men in charge resisted his entry, and closed the gate upon him. This was not done, however, before the letter had been thrust into the hands of a subordinate official, who, scanning the address, disappeared without a word. " The silly pusillanimity of the Governor," wrote Morrison, " appeared in his sending back the letter unopened, because it was not sealed with the Company's seal, but by Mr Urmston's private seal, the Company's having been put in a place of safety, and being then inaccessible." The letter was sent back to the Governor with an explanation, but whether he opened it or not is unknown. He subsequently asserted that he had not read it. The fire was, he said, " Heaven's will." Instead of action he had been out on the city walls engaged in fruitless prayer to Heaven for deliverance. " Next day," says Morrison, " he came to view the ruins and wept over them."

By eight o'clock on Saturday morning the north-east wind had increased to a gale " which blew the flames with awful fury against our Factories and rendered ineffective all exertions to mitigate their

destructive force." The foreigners were driven to the river's edge by the fire and smoke and the alarming crash of roofs and ruins. With frightful rapidity the flames licked their way across China Street, through the Hong merchants' Factories, and with small exceptions enveloped all the European Factories as well. As the wind blew more from the east, the fire swept away to the west across the suburbs and along the edge of the river for about a mile and a half until there was nothing more to burn. Thousands of shops and homes were destroyed and many lives lost. At one spot twenty-seven persons were trampled to death in a scramble for dollars occasioned by a robber cutting open a bag that a man was removing on his back.

All Saturday night, fasting, fatigued, and with an aching head, Erskine, Sir William, Captain Welstead, a Mr Rutherford from India, and I [wrote Morrison] were crowded together in an open country boat which Captain Drummond had hired and filled with what he could save.

The rising sun of Sunday morning—the day when Morrison was to have preached to the seamen—revealed to the burnt-out foreigners the melancholy spectacle of a mass of smoking ruins in place of the Factories, their only home. The Urmston Terrace fell between eight and nine o'clock.

The days which followed the fire were filled with the duty of removing the Company's treasure, some seven hundred thousand dollars, to Whampoa; and of checking robbery, for some of the treasuries had not been emptied; from Mr Olyphant's Factory, for instance, thousands of dollars were stolen before the robbers were driven off. Then, as the Chinese would

not pull down the lofty and somewhat dangerous walls of the burnt Factories, the officers and men of the fleet had to undertake this dusty, dirty and arduous task.

"This fire," wrote Morrison, "was not exceeded by the fire of London of 1666." That historic fire ravaged an area of about one mile in length and half a mile wide, whereas the Canton fire exceeded that in extent and rendered homeless one of the densest of populations.

Morrison could not avoid sadly commenting on the spirit of selfishness manifested by the Chinese officials and merchants on this occasion. Although the Hong merchants had known the Europeans for many years, not one of them "volunteered a night's lodging, or a single meal to the houseless and fasting 'foreign devils.'" "From this censure," writes Morrison, "the Chinese servants must be exempted; they generally stuck to their masters and aided honestly in saving their property."

Morrison, of course, had suffered with the rest, and among the things destroyed was a hundred pounds' worth of paper which he was about to despatch to Malacca for a new edition of the New Testament.

CHAPTER XX

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

The Chinese occasionally call Christianity the "European religion," and our Saviour is, in the Imperial Dictionary, called "The Saviour of the West"; and there are those in Europe who seem to think, or at least to act, the same as the Pagans. It is the Roman world, the European world; the civilized world (so called by Europeans), which occupies the attention and the cares of Christendom.—ROBERT MORRISON.

TWELVE days after the great fire, Morrison, sitting in his improvised home in a Chinese warehouse, wrote a brief review entitled *The First Fifteen Years of the China Mission.* His purpose in this sketch was to answer the question sometimes put to him by friend or critic: "And pray, what have you done in these fifteen years to promote the diffusion of Christianity?" He felt an answer necessary "to disarm the hostile cavils of some, to reanimate the desponding hearts of others, and to excite gratitude to God our Saviour for what He has wrought."

The end designed [wrote Morrison] by the Missionary Society is to preach the Gospel to the heathen and convert the natives from Satan to God. To effect this end a knowledge of languages is an indispensable means. . . . When the Missionary Society commenced the Chinese Mission, England was behind all the rest of the European nations in the knowledge of Chinese and had no help for acquiring that language. But . . . at this day she has better assistance for acquiring Chinese than any or all of the European nations. Let Dr Montucci, a

venerable sinologue, be witness. "I am free to assert that Dr Morrison, within these ten years, has published volumes by far more useful to the European student than all the printed and manuscript works published by the missionaries in the course of the last century." Mons. Rémusat of Paris says, "Le Dictionnaire Chinois-Anglais du Docteur Morrison serait incomparablement préférable à tout autre." . . .

In the new Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca there is now collected, in one point, every assistance, consisting in books and teachers and perfect freedom and leisure to acquire speedily a knowledge of the Chinese language, their literature, religion and philosophy. . . . Since the Anglo-Chinese College plan preceded the Serampore College and the Episcopal Mission College at Calcutta, there is reason to believe that our zeal . . . provoked others.

The Honourable Company's press at Macao has emboldened the new Portuguese Government of that settlement to establish a press and they venture to print and publish Chinese news. The diffusion of knowledge is favourable to true Christianity. . . .

When the London Missionary Society's servant first arrived in China, Englishmen had no minister of religion here. . . . But now in China, where Lord Macartney would not venture to take a chaplain in his embassy, Divine service is regularly performed on the Sabbath day by a person sanctioned by all the British authorities. . . .

There are a few natives on whose conscience Divine truth has made an impression; the seed has been sown, I trust it has taken root. . . . Dr Milne's Chinese tracts and village sermons enable him, though dead, to speak still to Chinese catechists, etc.

The New Testament, the words of the New Covenant of our Lord and Saviour, is in the hands of some Chinese. . . . There are now Chinese missionaries at Java, at Penang, and at Singapore. This is our brief reply to the question "What have ye done?" May God forgive the imperfections of our service, and glorify His name.

In consequence of Milne's death, Morrison felt the need of visiting the Ultra-Ganges Mission as soon as

opportunity offered. Accordingly on January 17th, 1823, he embarked on the *Duchess of Argyle*, accompanied by two Chinese, having paid three hundred Spanish dollars for his passage. During the more than six months that Morrison was absent from China, he visited Singapore two or three times, though he devoted the greater part of his time to Malacca. At Singapore he was introduced to Sir Stamford Raffles, who was keenly desirous of establishing there an institution somewhat akin to the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca. Morrison entered heartily into this plan, and subscribed upwards of fifteen hundred dollars towards it, besides appropriating considerable sums towards the clearing of a piece of land which he obtained by a grant from the Government. The foundation stone of this institute was laid by Sir Stamford ere he sailed for England, but unhappily under the new Resident it did not prosper. Sir Stamford had also sought to suppress gambling, slavery and other evils, and in furtherance of these good objects Morrison at his request translated into Chinese certain regulations and secured a copy of the Chinese penal code as a guide to the Singapore authorities.

In the work at Malacca Morrison found great satisfaction, and took temporary office as chaplain to the College, while he assisted the missionaries in the study of Chinese. "I hope this work," he wrote, "will never cease till China be evangelized, and then it will be useless. I am solaced, O my God and Father." He laboured assiduously at the improvement of the premises and grounds in a most disinterested spirit, freely contributing from his own pocket. So generous were his gifts that he

confessed to his brother that he had spent half or more than half of his little property in aid of the College and Mission, and in consequence might have to abandon his hoped-for visit to England.

Some of his letters written and speeches delivered at this time reveal his single-eyed devotion to the evangelization of China, his breadth of vision and sympathy, his sanity of judgment, his freedom from narrow prejudice, and, what is perhaps more remarkable, his early recognition of the need of unmarried women workers if China's needs were to be met. Speaking at Singapore at a meeting convened to consider the establishment of the institution referred to above, he said:

China I have taken as my province and to it I purpose resolutely to adhere. . . . The Malayan College to which now we shall resign the Malayan division of the work, is a great acquisition to the general cause; and I rejoice that China and the Archipelago are to be associated like twin brothers, having no other strife or rivalry but the very pardonable one of trying which can be most useful. . . .

Some men will not plant a tree because it cannot attain its proper size in their lifetime; but the tree of knowledge which we would plant is not for our individual use alone; it is for the healing of the nations around us. Knowledge is not virtue, but knowledge is power, and should always be possessed by the virtuous to enable them to do good to others. . . .

Science and philosophy cannot at the present day be said to flourish anywhere but in Christendom. True religion is favourable to true philosophy, and true philosophy is the handmaid of true religion. . . . Why should it be thought impossible that natural history, that botany, and that mineralogy and other departments of science may be thus greatly enriched by stores brought from sources to which Europeans can have no access? . . .

It is likely that medical science too will be improved by the efforts of the Singapore institution. Are not many of our most useful remedies obtained from foreign climates?

Our institution regards man as he really is—as a compound being—as neither all body nor all mind, but as made up of both, and as related both to time and to eternity. . . . Let us remember intellectual and moral culture will all be unavailing without God's blessing, which may He be pleased to grant on all these efforts through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

In a long letter addressed to the treasurer and secretary of the Society at home Morrison comments on the type of worker required in the field, on the need for single women workers (a noteworthy opinion at that early date), and sanely criticizes exaggerated and undesirable comparisons between sacred and secular callings.

Concerning missionary qualifications he writes:

What we require in all the members of the missionary community is unfeigned piety, humility, education or skill in their several departments, good common sense, good tempers, sincere love to the Saviour, and a desire to promote the glory of God in the salvation of men; and that they subordinate all their personal and domestic concerns to the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ amongst the heathen.

With reference to the need for unmarried women workers he comments as follows:

The missionary community should consist of persons of both sexes, possessing different qualifications and places and duties in it. To assist the pagan females to understand the doctrines of the Gospel, Christian females are essential; but missionaries' wives who are mothers, as soon as they arrive in heathen lands, are seldom in

sufficient health, nor have sufficient leisure to qualify themselves. Pious young women to acquire the pagan language and teach girls and grown women would be very useful.

Morrison hated anything approaching cant, or a tendency towards "lofty, magnificent and visionary notions" of missionary work, with an undue depreciation of other honourable and necessary services. The following quotation reveals his well-balanced judgment and his abhorrence of some crudely-expressed views current at the time:

> Of the importance of the work it has often been said that an ambassador from the mightiest monarch sinks into insignificance before the missionary. This is a common comparison. But the secular ambassador's greatness and the missionary's have not respect to the same world and there can be no proper comparison between them in this respect. A beggar who is a child of God is infinitely greater and happier than a monarch who is the enemy of God, but there is little appropriateness or utility in saying to the beggar that he is a greater man than the king.

The demands of the East India Company made a prolonged residence in Malacca impossible. The *Topaz* incident had not been forgotten by the Chinese authorities or by the inhabitants of Lintin. The Chief of the Factory at Canton therefore found it necessary to write Morrison urging his return. Morrison accordingly embarked in the *Bombay Castle* on July 18th, and landed at Macao on August 8th. During the autumn that followed he had the joy of learning that Leang A-fa's wife had embraced Christianity, and that both parents now desired their little son to be baptized. This glad

rite took place on November 20th. "Oh that this small Chinese family," prayed Morrison, "may be made the means of spreading the truth around them in this pagan land." Leang A-fa had already proved the reality of his faith by suffering persecution at the hands of the Chinese Government. For having prepared and printed a tract he had been cast into prison and beaten with a heavy bamboo until blood flowed freely. For eight years this Chinese convert had continued faithfully and fearlessly to witness for Christ, so that Morrison, in anticipation of his early departure from China, and because of his reluctance to leave the land without some official representative of Christianity, ordained Leang A-fa to the office of evangelist.

The way at last being clear for furlough, Morrison addressed a letter to the President of the Factory stating that after sixteen years in China he had determined to avail himself of the permission granted by the Honourable the Court of Directors to visit England with certain allowances, and asked that he might ship his Chinese library, which consisted of several thousand volumes, in the *Waterloo*, on which vessel he hoped to sail in December. This request being granted, he left Canton on December 5th, 1823, in a "chop-boat" with the captain and others, and went on board the *Waterloo* at the second bar the following day. Shortly before sailing he had the joy of reporting to Sir George Staunton that "the Dictionary is all printed."

During the long voyage home he wrote a memoir of his late wife, and a short history of China for schools, in the form of a dialogue, which latter book was published in England shortly after his arrival.

At Cape Town he had the pleasure of meeting the now famous Robert Moffat; and at St Helena he visited Napoleon's tomb, cutting a slip from the willow which overhung the great man's grave, and planting it on board.

At length, after one hundred days at sea, the shores of England loomed in sight, and at Start Point he "disembarked in a smuggler," landed at Salcombe in Devonshire on March 20th, 1824, and travelled by road to London.

CHAPTER XXI

TWO YEARS IN ENGLAND

I remember well that a return to this land was never anticipated by me. At 5 p.m., as the sun was declining in the west, on the 26th February 1807, when the ship in which I sailed took her final departure from the British shores, I find from my journal that I thus wrote, "This is in all probability the closing prospect of a land I shall visit no more. . . ."

Afterwards, being removed to a far distant land about seventeen thousand miles from Britain, when standing on the seashore in the cool of the evening, or walking solitary on the beach, often have I cast a wistful look across the ocean but dared not cherish the hope of revisiting England.—ROBERT MORRISON.

MORRISON'S welcome to the Old Country cannot but have been gratifying to him, though he was not one to set great store on human applause. The pleasure of his arrival, however, was damped by the detention of his valuable Chinese library by the Customs authorities. He had proved at Canton what past-masters in dilatory methods the Chinese were, and he was now to experience what British officialdom could do. When the second part of his Dictionary had been sent home to his Society in 1820, no less a sum than £100 for duty had been demanded. What levy was to be charged on Morrison's library of over ten thousand volumes is not stated, but as he had spent more than £2000 in the purchase of it, and that with a view to fostering international goodwill and not personal profit, he

was not a little nettled by the unreasonable attitude of the Customs authorities.

With the help of Sir George Staunton application was made to the Treasury that the books might be allowed to pass free, and though favourable promises were made interminable delays followed. Morrison, who was anxious to go north, remained in London reluctant to leave his precious books in bond, but the mysterious methods of the British Circumlocution Office gave little hope of a speedy release. He was therefore compelled to leave his library behind. For months provoking but fruitless negotiations continued. Here was a man anxious to present a priceless library to the nation, but all the official mind could see was something to be taxed! It was not until the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel, and other celebrities had been interviewed, that the word of release was spoken.

Meanwhile Morrison had been presented to His Majesty, King George IV, who had graciously accepted a copy of the Bible in Chinese with a map of Peking. How Morrison viewed this worldly honour we do not know, but it is impossible to look back upon the incident without a sense of the humour and even incongruity of it. Here was a king who spent ten thousand pounds a year on the clothes he wore, who was, in Thackeray's words, "nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it," who was all "fiddling and flowers and feasting and flattery and folly," welcoming a dauntless apostle of toil, who had gladly endured exile and hardships if so be he might bless the needy millions of another land.

What had two such men in common? Surely

nothing. And yet Thackeray tells us, "Our Prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoe buckle! It was an inch long and five inches broad. It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." Did Morrison, the erstwhile shoe-last maker, see that buckle—"A sweet invention! Lovely and useful as the Prince on whose foot it sparkled"?

What was a more substantial honour for Morrison was his being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was also invited to a dinner given by the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company, who had erased his name from their register for translating the Scriptures. Upon this occasion he was introduced to some of the most distinguished men of the day, who, we hope, appreciated something of the irony of the situation.

It had been Morrison's original intention only to make a brief stay in the home country, but his plans were modified in consequence of suggestions urged upon him by the leading Missionary Societies. For months he lived mostly in stage coaches and inns, visiting his own people in Newcastle, his children in Lancashire, Milne's orphans in Scotland, Orientalists in Paris, and fulfilling pressing engagements in Ireland, and many of the principal towns of England. In an unreasonable way he was literally plagued with requests to speak or preach, and laboured like a Trojan.

It does appear to me [he wrote] inconsiderate of my friends to expect, after so many years' study of a barren pagan language, that I should the moment I land, amid a thousand various avocations which dissipate

and weary the mind, forthwith ascend the pulpit and preach charity sermons.

To another friend who criticized him for not extending his journey another two hundred miles in order to visit him, he wrote:

I am labouring from morning to night and from day to day for my kindred and for my children and for the public, and sacrificing all personal considerations, and still I do not give satisfaction. My friends are most unmerciful, requiring of me more than I can do and seemingly offended because I do not perform the impossible. From London to Newcastle is, by the route I shall travel, here and back about six hundred miles, which I must perform with little intermission, and you, my dear —— are displeased because I have not made it eight hundred! I have had no rest here from five in the morning till eleven at night, and must set off to-morrow morning at five o'clock again. Do pity instead of blaming.

At Newcastle he had been given a royal welcome by the civic authorities, and preached repeatedly to crowded congregations.

My reception in this town [he wrote] is as kind as I could possibly wish. It is interesting to me to revisit the streets and fields where I lived happily as a poor bashful boy thirty years ago. . . . I felt a deep interest in travelling over again the walks of my boyhood: St John's Church, the Forth, Maiden Lane, the river side—once so lovely to me—now, the dirty new coal-shaft has disfigured all the high bank healthy walks, with the river between and the windmill hills opposite. At four or five in the morning, winter and summer, have I sallied forth to the walks I have now alluded to, but ah! how changed the circumstances.

Morrison's mind was fully alert as he moved about the country, and he lost no opportunity of seeing

or hearing the great men of his day. He went specially to hear Edward Irving, who was then at the height of his extraordinary popularity. In Scotland Morrison received an invitation from Sir Walter Scott, which unhappily other engagements prevented his accepting. He corresponded also with the noted Dr Adam Clarke, who promised him a copy of his Commentary before he sailed. By the great religious societies of the day he was in constant demand, and he sought to meet these claims to the limit of his strength.

When Morrison presented copies of the Old and New Testament in Chinese at the annual meetings of the London Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society the greatest enthusiasm was manifest.

But while the heart of his message was ever the Gospel, he had the broadest of horizons. He could and did consistently advocate the establishment of a school of languages and what was somewhat akin to the present Board of Study for Missionaries. In both of these matters he was before his time.

> Would not a Society in London [he wrote], to encourage the study of all living languages for the purpose of communicating Christian knowledge to all nations, be a means very likely to further greatly the universal dissemination of Christian truth? Would it not be a most important means of preparing the messengers of the Churches to fulfil the Saviour's last command to His disciples, "Go and teach all nations"?

It was to promote this School of Oriental Languages that Morrison deferred his departure to China, although he was only in receipt of half-pay in the home country. His plans included the

collection of information concerning the nations of the world, the formation of a vast library, and the delivery of lectures. This language institute was actually founded, under distinguished patronage, and Morrison granted to it the free use of his Chinese library. He himself began to give lectures on China and lessons in its language. He also taught a class of ladies at his own home "in the village of Hackney," and urged the formation of a society for women's work abroad. It is interesting to recall that one of those who joined his class was Miss Aldersey, who began her Chinese studies at the early age of nineteen, and was eventually the first unmarried lady to enter China Proper. She was a remarkable and domineering personality, so much so that the Chinese asserted in later years that even the British Consul at Ningpo took his orders from her.

Morrison also strongly urged the establishment of a Chair of Chinese at Oxford and Cambridge. The French Government had established a Royal Professorship of Chinese in Paris—why should not England have the same? But his appeal, though it met with sympathy, received no immediate response.

Up and down the country, by voice and by pen, he pleaded the cause of China and submitted suggestions to the Missionary Societies for overcoming the ignorance and apathy at home. Though the results seemed distressingly inadequate, the burden of China was laid upon a small band of young men and women, while working parties were formed in various parts of the country to aid the College at Malacca.

In the midst of all these activities Morrison was unable at first personally to care for his two children, but he gratefully appreciated what was done for them by Dr Clunie and others. Writing to the Doctor he said, "Let my beloved children want for nothing that is really for their comfort and improvement: you will not only have my thanks but, I hope, a prophet's reward for your care of the children of a—what shall I say? not of a prophet, but in one sense an apostle." In November 1824 he married Miss Elizabeth Armstrong of Liverpool and made his home in Hackney, whither his two children came. Here he continued his literary work, contributing papers to the *Evangelical Magazine*, and to the *Chinese Miscellany* which he then compiled and published; and all this was carried on in the company of his family, undisturbed by the amusements of the children, or the entrance of visitors.

Not a few of Morrison's experiences reveal the admirable poise of his character, his modest independence, his unruffled dignity, coupled with a true humility unaffected by honours or humiliations. Although it was contrary to the established rule of his Society, the Board of Directors nominated him as one of their number. In reply to this invitation he wrote to the Chairman as follows:

I beg you to return my thanks to the gentlemen in the Direction for the honour designed me, which (although I am perfectly satisfied with being merely a missionary and have no ambition to direct the affairs of others) I do not decline, because I think it Scriptural that members of the Church in pagan lands should, when returned from their duties and unimpeached, have a right to be heard as equals in the Missionary Councils of Christians at

home, and I hope this proceeding will lead to the adoption of a general principle in favour of missionaries being eligible for the office of Directors.

Toward the close of 1825 Morrison informed the Court of Directors of the East India Company of his intention to return to China and requested leave for his family to accompany him. He was not a little surprised and hurt when the reply came sanctioning his return "for the term of three years," but withholding permission for his two children, Rebecca and John Robert. No reason was assigned for this unexpected prohibition and limited re-engagement. Without any show of resentment Morrison drew up a memorial to the Court of Directors in which he set forth the laborious nature and beneficial effects of his past services, which had been rendered for a remuneration small as compared with the other servants of the Company. This memorial, however, was never presented, for he feared lest in granting his petition "any compromise of his missionary character might be required." Though friends advised him to urge his claims to be placed on an equality with the Company's covenanted servants, which would entitle him to a pension and other privileges, he replied with his characteristic disinterestedness, "I do not feel inclined to plead my own cause with the Directors. I would rather retire back on my ministerial and missionary character than importune them even to do me justice." [1]

[1] Though Morrison sailed under the three years' agreement, his appointment continued until the cessation of the Company's Charter, and on his death a pension was granted to his family as a testimony to "his merits and services."

In this lofty spirit he addressed himself to the duty of leaving England once again, and for the last time. Facing the dreaded separation from his children, he wrote to his wife :

> There is in my character a mixture of the softest affection and of stern severity when duty calls. In the day of battle I cannot be the coward that would stay at home. Heaven help me and do you encourage me to behave valiantly in the good cause we have espoused. To do so will, I am convinced, my love, soothe your mind in suffering and in death.

Happily a second appeal by Morrison for permission to take his children received a more favourable reply from the Company, and he thereupon began to make definite arrangements for sailing. But he continued until the end of February teaching Chinese at the language institute and to the ladies at his own home. He also expended more than £1000 in the purchase of books to assist him in the work he contemplated as his future task in China.

In the valedictory meeting held in the Hoxton Academy Chapel, Morrison spoke of going forth " bound in the spirit," not knowing the things that should befall him :

> Who are we that we should go to the kings of heathen nations and attempt to deliver the people from heathen bondage ? We have no authority from princes or from kings. We are not eloquent ; we have no diplomatic finesse or chicanery ; we are not men of address, and if we had all these things we should renounce all dependence upon them.

In these days when communications are so quick and easy it is well to recall what a voyage to China meant in Morrison's time. He reminded his hearers

that if the monsoons set in it took six months to get replies to letters from his colleagues at Malacca, and if the friends at home did not write before they heard of his arrival in China, it would be two years before he could hear from them again. But he added, "Let us ever be silent as to our afflictions. Let us call to mind the suffering which Christ endured and then our trials will appear light."

CHAPTER XXII

IN STRESS AND STORM

He [the missionary] should "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." To complain of difficulties inseparably connected with the work, is unworthy of him. And he should have the determination of a good soldier, rather to die in conflict, than desert or compromise his cause. But this soldier-like feeling and resolution, to fight till death, striving to dispossess spiritual enemies, does not make him insensible of the neglect of his fellow-Christians; nor are the Churches, who constitute the Commissariat Department at home, justified in gratuitously adding, by their parsimony or neglect, to the sufferings of the soldier in the field. Still, if they do carelessly add to his sufferings, the good Missionary will, nevertheless, remain at his post, as long as ever the banner of the cross continues to be unfurled.—ROBERT MORRISON.

THE romance of the unknown which stimulates the missionary who first goes forth, has lost its spell when the hard and stubborn facts are faced for a second time. Morrison was under no delusion when he once more set his face towards China, but duty called and he was not the man to be found wanting.

He booked his passage by the *Orwell*, believing the Commander to be friendly, though the ship itself was neither well equipped nor in good repute. After a tedious delay at Gravesend, Morrison and his family went on board on the 1st of May 1826. With a fair breeze Madeira was reached on the 12th, but days of storm without and strife within were to break the monotony of this journey. Off the coast

of South America the main-top was found to be rotten. During a heavy gale the ship was also in danger from fire through the smashing of some vessels on board containing oil and turpentine. The fore-yard was broken in the midst of terrible lightning and squalls, while the ship rolled distressingly both by night and day.

But the violence of man is more appalling than the terrors of nature. On Monday, the 24th July, while Morrison was reading in his cabin with his wife and children, the clash of swords and the noise of fire-arms were heard in the cuddy. A mutiny had broken out in the fore-part of the ship and preparations were being made to reduce the mutineers by force. The men alleged that they had grievances, had endured hard usage and tyranny, and in consequence had taken an oath on the Bible to resist oppression and stand by each other. Their final intention was to murder the officers and seize the ship. There was no doubt that they had good cause for complaint. Morrison acknowledged that the officers were too fond of punishment; Mrs Morrison and the children, who shed no tears for their own safety in the most perilous gales, wept when they heard the screams of the men subjected to the cutting lash.

With the Captain's permission Morrison proceeded to the forecastle and reasoned with the mutineers, and succeeded in persuading them to obey orders and work the ship. Unhappily one of the ringleaders still threatened the chief officer with an iron weapon. He was immediately seized, tied up and flogged, as were three others who attempted a rescue. Two of the men were placed in irons

over Morrison's cabin, so that the travellers heard the creaking of their irons night and day. Later on these two men succeeded in freeing themselves from their fetters and cast themselves into the sea on a life-buoy, hoping to reach the Sumatran shore. They were, however, twenty miles from land and were never seen or heard of again.

The part that Morrison played in the quelling of this mutiny is naturally understated by himself, but his composure and self-possession, and his noble goodwill towards the sailors, enabled him to approach the exasperated party and expostulate with them on the folly and danger of their proceedings. It was, however, immeasurably disconcerting to him that some of the ringleaders should be subsequently punished contrary to the promises he had been authorized to make.

On reaching Java Morrison had the pleasure of meeting Medhurst, with whom he discussed the work; and at Singapore, where they were delayed a fortnight, he put fresh energy and order into the work of the Institute. Macao was reached on September 19th, 1826, where he found that during his two years' absence his house and furniture had been allowed to fall into a sad state of disrepair, and, what was even worse, that his library had been practically destroyed by white ants.

Having made arrangements for the comfort of his family, Morrison returned alone to his life at Canton, where he resumed his routine labours as in years gone by, "sitting at the same table in the same room." Changes, of course, there were, for the foreign residents of those days seldom stayed long in the East. But the gentlemen of the Factory,

unsolicited by Morrison, subscribed nearly £500 to the College as a mark of respect, in contrast to the Court's frowns.

What will be done [he writes] at the end of my three years' service, should I live, it is impossible to say. . . . Canton presents a melancholy blank; so many old friends, English and Chinese, have either deserted this land or quitted forever this state of mortal existence. A year or two more and there will not be one member of the Factory whom I found here on my first arrival. There is a great influx of new commercial agents, especially for opium.

The son of the man slain at Lintin still cried for vengeance, and the Government wanted to be certified from England that the murderers had been identified and executed. "The ghost of this affray," wrote Morrison, "rose up immediately on my arrival."

His great work of translating the Scriptures, towards the printing of which the British and Foreign Bible Society had contributed more than £10,000, had been accomplished; while his Dictionary had been published at the cost of £12,000 by the East India Company. He therefore now reflected as to how he could best further the cause he had at heart.

If I go on learning the polite language of China [he wrote] I may go on learning to my dying hour, but I can write intelligibly in Chinese; therefore I think I had better desist from learning pagan law and teach Christianity in the simple Chinese phrase.

He therefore determined to undertake a Commentary or Notes on the Holy Scriptures in Chinese. Another work to which he addressed himself was

entitled *Domestic Instructions, derived from Divine Revelation.* He also began the preparation of a system of references for the Bible, with chronological, historical and literary notices, and also a Dictionary of the Canton dialect. To assist any in the Factories who desired to study Chinese he opened a language school. He helped also in the formation of a local museum called "The British Museum in China," and for the sake of the sailors, in whom he was always deeply interested, he established a coffee shop.

Morrison's correspondence with home concerning his own work and that of his colleagues at Malacca was a serious item. Further, as Canton was the only emporium in the Far East, it fell to him to fulfil many commissions for the personal needs of the workers in the Ultra-Ganges Mission. There was not much to show to the outside world for all this service, and it was not unnatural that he should write:

> My studies and labours are things which the world despises, and hence my secret labours—writing at this table from morning till night—are not known to exist by superficial and casual observers.

He became a regular contributor to, indeed the assistant editor of, *The Canton Register*, the first English newspaper to be published in China. It was founded by James Matheson in 1827 and issued weekly until Hongkong was ceded to the British, when it became *The Hongkong Register.* When this new venture was launched, Morrison's aid was earnestly solicited, and he promised his support provided he should have full liberty to express his opinions on those moral and religious subjects which it was his object to promote. This liberty was

readily granted, with an offer of $300 a year towards any benevolent institution he chose.

Distressed that there should be no public worship on Sunday in the Factory, he offered to read prayers and preach without any pecuniary acknowledgment. This offer the Chief of the Factory courteously declined, not because he was unfavourably disposed towards Morrison himself, but because he and the rest were afraid of being considered Dissenters. But Mr Olyphant, that large-hearted and generous American, whose munificent aid to American Missions we shall have cause to refer to again, threw open his own house, and here Morrison preached on Sunday mornings to a company of twenty and upwards, after having addressed his small Chinese congregation; while a less formal service was held in the same place in the evening. He also began in the Factory what was probably the first monthly prayer meeting ever held in China.

Of course, there were those who scoffed, and some who, at the public table, would hold their hands over their eyes and smile when Morrison made any remark in favour of piety. But he had to face more severe opposition than sneering smiles. Serious charges of deceit were brought against him by learned men in Europe and by the Roman Catholics in Macao. The *Quarterly Review* and *Asiatic Journal* both lent themselves to unworthy attacks upon his scholarship, while Klaproth and Rémusat, influenced by the Jesuits, charged Morrison with dishonesty in articles which they published in the *Journal Asiatique*. In the British journals mentioned he was reproached with being self-instructed, and with making translations which

were not perfect. Concerning these charges he wrote:

> The principle assumed in the article on the Bible Society is that no translations should be used but such as are perfect—a principle that would lay aside, I suppose, every translation under heaven, not excepting the Authorised Version of the English Church. . . . I wish the perfectionists all success—not in vituperation, but in making perfect translations whenever they may condescend to undertake the work.

The charges in the *Journal Asiatique* were, however, more serious. Klaproth went so far as to assert that Morrison was not the author of the English and Chinese Dictionary which went by his name, while other indictments as untrue and as damaging were made concerning other works. To vindicate himself before a public at home who knew nothing about Chinese was almost impossible, but happily Morrison did not lack a staunch friend in this day of adversity, who on his own initiative wrote a defence to the journal in question. Klaproth in his bitterness overreached himself, and actually wrote to Mr J. F. Davis, a distinguished scholar in the Company's service,[1] suggesting that the latter should support him in his attack upon Morrison, in which case Klaproth promised to laud him in the journals of the day. But Mr Davis was too much of an English gentleman to be taken by such a snare and wrote in reply:

> I cannot help regretting that you should indulge in such hostility to Dr Morrison, concerning whom I must declare (and I could not without the greatest baseness do otherwise) that I agree with Sir George Staunton in

[1] Subsequently Sir John Davis, Bart., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hongkong.

considering him as " confessedly the first Chinese scholar in Europe." It is notorious in this country that he has for years conducted on the part of the East India Company a very extensive correspondence with the Chinese in the written character; that he writes the language of China with the ease and rapidity of a native, and that the natives themselves have long since given him the title of Lao-sze Ma (Le Docteur Ma). This title is decisive, and the position which it gives him is such that he may regard all European squabbles regarding his Chinese knowledge as mere *Batrachomyomachia* (battles of frogs and mice).

But on the field Morrison was confronted with possibly more serious opposition than that of envious sinologues at home. The Roman Catholics had begun to realize the force and influence of his labours, and took all too effective measures to curb his usefulness. By nature Morrison was no fanatic, nor was he intolerant, for his letters show that he rejoiced in the Repeal of the Test Act in 1828 and the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829. " I hope," he writes, " the Catholics, in spite of their own folly, will enjoy the privileges of good citizens so long as they behave as such." But he was not as generously treated by the Catholics as he was prepared to treat them. He had brought out a periodical entitled *The Evangelist and Miscellanea Sinica*, a quarto sheet published occasionally. This and other publications, including tracts and sermons both in Chinese and English, were printed at the Albion Press at Macao, a press which he had brought out from England at his own expense. To his surprise he learned confidentially that the Roman Catholic Vicar-General at Macao—an old man who could not read English—and his clergy, had taken offence

at these publications, the title of *The Evangelist* being considered an undue assumption of ecclesiastical authority. The Vicar-General brought the matter before the Macao Senate, where Morrison's proceedings were condemned as heretical, and a letter was in consequence addressed by the Portuguese Governor to the President of the Company requesting that Morrison be forbidden the further use of the press in his own home.

To Morrison the press was almost everything, for aggressive preaching of the Gospel was then impossible. The printed page was his chief weapon and in its power he had unbounded faith.

> To a reading people [he wrote] the press is, to say the least, as efficient a method of conveying Christian knowledge as the system of oral lecture. And in many parts of the world it is more easily employed. A few living teachers aided by the press can convey knowledge as widely as many times the number of living teachers without it.

He argued that the Buddhist missionaries had never preached, but only translated and written books, and that the ethics of Confucius had been propagated in a similar manner. It will readily be realized that Morrison deeply felt that fundamental issues were at stake when he received the following letter from the Secretary of the Select Committee of the East India Company, dated Macao, 22nd June 1833:

> SIR,
>
> I am directed by the President, and Select Committee, to transmit to you the enclosed copy of a letter, which has been addressed to the President by the governor of Macao, from the contents of which you will perceive he has been informed, by the vicar-general of

this diocese, that you possess a printing-press at your house, at which certain works are published contrary to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church,

(1) and that as the use of a printing-press is prohibited in the Portuguese territories

(2) by the royal authority, except under the restriction of a previous censorship,

(3) His Excellency requests you may be directed to discontinue the employment of your press in this city.

In conformity with these regulations of the Portuguese Government, I have received instructions from the President and Select Committee to desire

(4) that you will suspend the issue of any further publications from the printing-press in your house at Macao.

Morrison, who was naturally a quiet and peaceable man, became a formidable antagonist when vital principles were at stake. Many personal charges he permitted to pass unanswered, but when necessity compelled he revealed himself as no mean controversialist. His replies were not so much the rapid thrusts of a light rapier, but the heavy blows of the broadsword. This letter was to him the embodiment of "a three-fold despotism," namely, that of the priests, the Portuguese, and the English authorities, and his protest in reply was forwarded to the Company in the form of notes appended to their own letter. These notes were as follows:

(1) Certainly the doctrines of my sermon were not conformable to those of the Romish Church—but they contained no attack upon it; nor did *The Evangelist.*

(2) It has been fully proved that Macao belongs to China, and is no part of the territories of the king of Portugal: the claim therefore is usurpation.[1]

[1] Portuguese sovereignty over Macao was only finally admitted by China under the treaty of 1887; see Morse's *International Relations of the Chinese Empire*, Vol. I. page 341.

(3) The English Company has had for nearly twenty years, and still has, a press in Macao, at which whatever they please to print is issued in Macao, without any previous censorship.

(4) In what capacity do the President and Committee desire this? regarding me simply as a British subject, or as in the Company's employ? Conformity to these regulations would require a censorship, not a discontinuance. Do the Committee mean to submit their press to a censorship, or to discontinue it? Neither.

I therefore protest against the whole proceeding, as an act of usurped authority, tyranny, and oppression, on the part of both Portuguese and English, at the bidding of a Popish priest. R. MORRISON.

As a servant of the Company Morrison had no option but to submit or resign, and he knew resignation would result in his being expelled from Macao, if not from Canton. He therefore obeyed but continued to protest, and in the *Canton Register*, where he exercised the freedom he had claimed and been granted, he advocated with uncompromising firmness the principle of the liberty of the press. One of his articles was as follows:

THE PRESS

"All Frenchmen have the right to publish and print their own opinions: the censorship is for ever abolished." —(*New French Charter.*)

Since the gift of speech is that which distinguishes man, as a rational being, from the dumb and irrational brute; and since the social intercourse of intelligent creatures furnishes a feast of reason, far more valued by wise men than any bodily enjoyments, governments have no more right to abridge man's intellectual intercourse, than they have to deprive him of bodily comfort, or a portion of his natural food. On this principle, none but the most dangerous criminals are deprived of pen, ink, and paper. And the press is only a more expedi-

tious writing machine. It, in the providence of God, enables minds, at the remotest distance of time and space, to interchange their thoughts; and it contributes thereby more to the enjoyment and improvement of rational creatures than any bodily comfort whatever. No government, therefore, which acts on the principles of justice and equity, can interdict the free use of the press. Those who find no pleasure in reading may refrain; but because they happen to be in power, they have no right to abridge the pleasures of others.

The Chinese have allowed to foreigners of different nations from Europe and America, a residence on their shores; and each class may follow their own usages in dress, and eating and drinking, in dancing, and other amusements. No division of these foreigners has a right to control the habits or opinions of the rest. Now you might as well deprive an American or an Englishman of his necessary food, as of his newspaper. If the Portuguese have not this taste; if they choose to defer to their priests or vicars-general, whether they shall read or not, let them do so. But, on the other hand, they have no right to interdict the production of books or newspapers for that numerous class frequenting China (and Macao is an integral part of the Chinese empire) who read the English language. The doing so is an infraction of the natural rights of man. We consider the words of our motto, taken from the French charter, as expressive of the principle, which should be the charter of all mankind—the law of nature, or of God, who gave the power of thought and speech, of writing or printing, for the happiness of His creatures; and therefore no human law can make it void. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." See St Peter's defence before the chief priests and rulers in Jerusalem, recorded in Acts iv. 19. It is plain that the law of God must be obeyed, although the law of man, in any church or state, be against it. We therefore conclude that laws against speaking, and writing, and printing, may be disobeyed with a good conscience.

"Tyrants may punish, but God will approve."

Morrison still continued to circulate as extensively as he could, by the aid of three Chinese Christians especially, works already published, and he felt compelled to make counter-attacks upon his persecutors through presses located where the Portuguese could not exercise authority. Writing to the Religious Tract Society in London in reference to the circumstances mentioned above, he said:

> The continuance of the press in Canton is also very precarious. There is no place nearer than Malacca and Singapore where it can work freely. . . . I have cast off twenty thousand copies of a miscellaneous sheet tract, containing quotations from Scripture, remarks thereon, the difference between Popery and Protestantism, notice of Deaf and Dumb Asylums, etc. I have long abstained, but it appears to me necessary to show the Chinese that the traditions and usages of the Romish Church are not Scriptural Christianity.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALL MANNER OF SERVICE

The fondness of our revered English translators for the word "Preach," induced them, as Dr Campbell has shown, to translate six different Greek words, in the Acts of the Apostles, by the one English word "preach"; and hence, there is, in the English Testament, more "preaching" than in the Greek. . . . It is in the minds of some modern Christians that a pulpit, and pews, and a church, or a chapel, are essential to preaching. . . . It is my opinion, that conveying the proclamation of Divine mercy to the human mind, by any means, whether by schools, colleges, the press, or the pulpit, is virtually "proclaiming" the Gospel, and obeying the Divine Precept.—ROBERT MORRISON.

DURING the closing years of Morrison's life, which were also the closing years of the East India Company's monopoly in China, the relationship between the Factory and the Chinese became more and more strained, while Morrison's personal position became almost untenable because of the overbearing behaviour of certain recently arrived foreigners. As Morrison was directly affected by the various conflicts between the Chinese and the foreign merchants, reference must be made to some of the chief causes of offence.

Between the years 1823 and 1829 no fewer than five of the Chinese firms with which the foreigners dealt became insolvent, with liabilities amounting to three and three-quarter million dollars. Morrison himself lost six thousand dollars. The Factory not

unnaturally pressed the Chinese authorities to establish better and more stable conditions, and in the struggle suspended trade to gain their end. Though these debts were subsequently paid—but without interest—considerable feeling was aroused on both sides in the negotiations. The East India Court of Directors in London, instead of supporting their representatives in Canton, reproved them for suspending trade and unanimously appointed a new Select Committee. In China the Emperor responded with an edict entitled *Regulations to Guard against Foreigners*, which imposed still more exasperating restrictions. It will easily be seen that the position of the English merchants was almost intolerable, with the Chinese authorities harassing them on the one hand and the Court of Directors in London undermining their position on the other.

Further, in the rebuilding of the Factory destroyed by fire, the foreigners had slightly extended the quay, and built a wall around the enclosure to make it into a garden and recreation grounds. Such audacity was not to be tolerated, and in the absence of the Viceroy, the Prefect appeared and demanded to know why the quay and wall had not been demolished. This, however, was not enough. He ordered the cloth which draped a portrait of King George IV to be torn down, and deliberately seated himself with his back to the picture. While these things provoked the foreigners, unhappily the grievous extension of the iniquitous opium traffic, in which the British, Americans and Portuguese all participated, annoyed the Chinese, many of whom, it is true, connived at it, made great profit by it, and only protested when it served their end. In

this traffic the position of the East India Company was like Bunyan's, "Facing both ways."

In India the East India Company from 1773 had held the monopoly of all Bengal opium, but was only in part able to control Malwa opium—the product of independent states—and could exercise practically no authority over Persian opium. The Company, besides being a trading corporation, was also the ruler of India, and there it made no change in its governmental, fiscal or commercial procedure.[1] In China the East India Company ceased to handle opium at Canton after the issue of the edict of 1800, and a guarantee was demanded from each ship arriving at Whampoa that it had no opium on board. Though the East India Company made some attempt to prohibit the shipment of opium to China they found it impracticable, and contented themselves with forbidding the carriage of the drug in their own ships. Their good faith was so fully recognized that their ships were never subjected to inspection or restraint because of opium.

There were many private or "country" ships, as they were called, which under special permits from London traded with China, while there were, of course, ships of other nationalities besides British over which the East India Company had no control. These vessels handled opium freely. The rapid growth of smuggling which followed and the violent methods adopted in this nefarious traffic soon involved the whole trading community at Canton. Morrison's letters reveal a steady deterioration in the commercial affairs of China, and an alarming increase in the spirit of disrespect by the

[1] See Morse's *International Relations*, Vol. I. page 176.

Chinese for foreigners. Even the King's ships received no more consideration than the Company's fleet. Referring to certain indignities which had been offered by the Chinese Government to British ships of war which had brought dispatches from India, Morrison wrote:

It is astonishing to me how the bearer of dispatches from the highest authority in India, can pass over in the careless manner which is done, such inhospitality and rudeness. There is an utter want of public spirit and feeling for national honour. . . . I resolve often to hold my peace concerning the question in dispute between the English and Chinese; but the anti-British and low sentiments—as I think them—which I sometimes hear, provoke me to speak: still I adhere pretty closely to my resolution. His Majesty's navy neither feel nor care about British subjects in China: and these ships of war are not respected, nor better treated, by the Chinese than the Lintin smugglers.

Morrison was also involved in some trying experiences connected with the death of a Scotsman who had been killed by three Parsees, as the Chinese authorities demanded the surrender of the Parsees for execution. This was followed by an English lady daring to accompany her husband to Canton, and by some foreign merchants presuming to use sedan chairs. Out came a thundering edict ordering the expulsion of the foreign woman and disallowing sedan chairs. Barbarian merchants were not to be allowed to overstep their rank, but must go on foot![1] The lady in question, however, did not go, whereupon a solemn message was sent to the Committee by the Governor saying that if she did not

[1] In retaliation the foreign merchants issued an order that no one should enter the English Factory in chairs, which order compelled the Chinese merchants to walk as well as the English.

quit, a military force would be sent to expel her. On this threat being uttered and written down the Committee brought up and planted at the gates of the Factory two eighteen-pounders, accompanied by one hundred men armed with muskets, swords and pistols.

The Viceroy and Governor were greatly enraged but knew not what to do. After about a week's martial parade they "climbed down" and offered not to surround the Factory with their army. The guns were therefore removed, but the English woman remained, and three others joined her, one British and two American. At this juncture unexpectedly but opportunely an insurrection in Kwangsi, which demanded the presence of the troops, caused a diversion in favour of the ladies.

As Morrison was the chief intermediary in the negotiations involved by these affairs he had to bear the brunt of the Chinese ill-will. In addition, through certain changes in his superior officers, who were of an overbearing spirit and attempted to lord it over him unduly, he was brought very near to retiring from the Company's employ. He actually wrote a letter tendering his resignation, and contemplated returning to his family to spend the rest of his days in undivided attention to his missionary duties. His own health and strength too began to fail, and he wrote: "As I am going off the stage I rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to send others to continue the work." This remark was in reference to two American missionaries who had reached China a few days previously, and of whom we shall speak again. Happily Morrison was not called upon at this late stage in his service to

withdraw from the Company, in consequence of a change taking place in the authorities.

Some of the regulations of the Chinese touched him in a very tender spot about this time. The Chinese authorities at Macao issued an order disallowing any native to serve foreigners, and especially prohibiting wet-nurses and women-servants. "To order away wet-nurses at a moment's notice," wrote Morrison, "is very barbarous. But in the unbelieving hearts of the heathen in China there is little humanity." For a husband and a father to know that these things were happening while he was away from his family could not but be distressing.

But exasperating as these and many other things constantly were, Morrison carried on. We find him visiting sick and dying sailors, never sparing himself in exhausting ministries. In a letter to his brother he tells of attending the death-bed of two young men who were officers in the Company's ships. One of these had been second officer on the *Orwell* when Morrison came out from home the second time.

> I followed him to his grave [he wrote] in the same boat in which he landed us at Madeira; and in which he had accompanied Mrs Morrison and all the children to Macao. Oh! how uncertain is this mortal life. I led his mind to Jesus on his dying-bed—but, oh! a death-bed is not the place to which to defer our soul's concerns.

And Morrison was just as ready to serve a Chinese in distress as he was to help his fellow-countrymen. Early in 1827 a small French vessel, the *Navigateur*, from Bordeaux, freighted with wine, silk and treasure put into port in Cochin-China for repairs. Being condemned, the vessel was sold, and

a Chinese junk chartered to take the cargo and passengers to Macao. Within a short distance of their destination the Chinese crew fell upon the unsuspecting passengers, whom, with the exception of two, they massacred in the most barbarous manner. Of the two who threw themselves into the sea one was drowned. But the other, supporting himself on a plank, was picked up by a fishing boat and brought to Macao, where the case was put before the Portuguese authorities, by whom it was transferred to the Chinese. The junk was traced, the captain and crew secured, and after being tortured and tried they were condemned to death and brought to Macao to confront the one survivor, Francisco Mangiapan, before sentence was executed.

As one of the condemned men had taken no active part in the massacre and had, in fact, by signs endeavoured to warn the Europeans, Francisco was anxious he should be liberated. To assist in this work of justice Morrison gladly lent himself as interpreter, with the result that the man was finally acquitted, but only after persistent effort, for the chief judge at Canton was determined to execute all the crew, instructions to that effect having been received from Peking. It was no small reward to Morrison to know that his name was applauded by the Chinese in the city for using his knowledge on behalf of the innocent man, while the latter expressed by letter, and by a desire to *kowtow* to Morrison, his deep gratitude to his deliverer.

Through trial or comfort, through discouragement or success, Morrison undauntedly pursued his difficult way. In Macao his library had been seriously damaged by a fire which broke out next door. All

his books were injured, some being rendered entirely useless—no small trial to a literary man. The only comment he makes, however, is, "M—— said it was a judgment on me for being so fond of the gay bindings!" Such trials were part of the battle and so he fought on, disappointed but not dismayed.

CHAPTER XXIV

MISSIONARY REINFORCEMENTS

I am astonished to find Christians so often referring all their missionary efforts to charity. A missionary sermon is a charity sermon. . . . Charity indeed! Here is a world of guilty rebels; and the world's God has put into the hands of men, pardoned and saved by mercy, a proclamation of mercy and pardon to all who will accept of it; and has given a solemn injunction to go and proclaim it to the ends of the earth—to every creature—to each rebel; and these pardoned rebels think it, in themselves, a charity to do so: and this proclamation has been in their possession eighteen centuries, and yet one-half of mankind has even now scarcely heard distinctly of it; so indolently and carelessly have successive generations done their duty.—ROBERT MORRISON.

FOR more than twenty years Morrison had laboured alone, rejoiced with such progress as was made in the Ultra-Ganges Mission, and yearning for the open door in China itself. For long his heart had been set upon reinforcements for China proper, but so long as the East India Company's monopoly lasted, the prospect of British missionaries residing at Canton or Macao was not encouraging. There was, however, no monopoly to operate against American workers, and he therefore looked to that country for assistance. He was encouraged to do this by the promise of support from that large-hearted American merchant, Mr Olyphant.

On Sunday evening, November 11, 1827, Morrison's heart was deeply moved, not only with the needs of

China but with the needs of the English-speaking community. He had been preaching to a small English-speaking congregation, and had been pained by the indifference of a large majority. After the service he sat down and wrote two letters: one to Dr Chalmers in Scotland, "with a view of calling his attention to the heartless, cold, unaffectionate religion of the Scotch, especially in this part of the world"; and the other, "a sort of public letter," for circulation in America, appealing "for a preacher of the Gospel in English to come from the United States."

A few days later he wrote again to America, this time to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—of which Board he had been appointed a Corresponding Member in 1820—urging them to consider the claims of China. Though he was without knowledge of the fact, only a few weeks before he penned this letter "a new and extraordinary impulse was given to the missionary cause" at the Board Meeting of that very Society in New York, when considerable sums of money were subscribed for an advance. In acknowledging his letter Mr J. Evarts, correspondence secretary of the American Board, wrote to Morrison concerning his appeal as follows:

> This application was especially gratifying, as it seemed to be a providential exhortation to proceed in the course upon which we were entering. . . . Is it not a token that God favours these designs, that He disposed you, one month afterwards, to write a letter of invitation and encouragement?
>
> Be assured, my dear Sir, that so soon as we can find two men of suitable character and qualifications, we shall send them forth. . . . Be assured, my dear Sir, that if

God so far honours us as to enable us to send a Mission to China, we shall esteem it a great privilege to have the Missionaries to enjoy the aid of your experience, and the comfort of your society.

As Mr Olyphant[1] had generously promised to provide the passage for one missionary and to support him for a year, the American Board set apart the Rev. Elijah C. Bridgman,[2] and the American Seamen's Friend Society appointed the Rev. David Abeel[3] for work among the seamen at Canton. These two new workers reached Canton in February 1830, where Morrison welcomed them with much rejoicing. This was a great day in Morrison's life, and he gladly rendered the new arrivals all the help within his power. Abeel's appointment was for one year only to Canton, after which time he passed on to Singapore, while Bridgman remained and became a distinguished worker.

[1] American Missions owe much to this large-hearted man. Concerning him Wells-Williams wrote: "He supported and encouraged them [American Missions] when their expenses were startling and the prospect of success faint. He and his partners furnished the Mission a house rent free in Canton for about thirteen years. The Church with which he was connected in New York, at his suggestion, in 1832 sent out a complete printing office, called after its late pastor the Bruin Press. And when the *Chinese Repository* was commenced he offered to bear the loss of its publication if it proved to be a failure, rather than that the funds of the American Board should suffer. He built an office for it in Canton, where it remained twenty-four years. The ships of the firm gave fifty-one free passages to missionaries and their families going to and from China, and these and other benefactions were always cheerfully bestowed."

[2] Bridgman founded the *Chinese Repository* in 1832, and edited it for nearly twenty years. He died in 1861 after more than thirty years of service, marked by outstanding ability.

[3] Abeel went back to America in May 1833 with impaired health; returned to China in 1839, but, after struggling with illness for five years, returned home to die.

Writing to Abeel, who was in Siam, in July 1831, Morrison says :

Our hearts are deeply interested in your personal welfare and public labours. The Lord grant you health and heart to spend your youth and manhood in His service. My hard-working days are nearly over ; but I rejoice that you and other disciples have entered into the field of Chinese husbandry. . . . You are now in a situation of much freer scope, and hence of deeper interest to the Chinese, than China itself. Would that our fetters were broken here. We seem to require a faithful band of confessors and martyrs, foreign and native, to open the closed gates of this proud land.

In 1832 another worker, the Rev. Edward Stevens,[1] was sent out by the American Seamen's Friend Society, and reached Canton on October 26th. This, another evidence of interest at home, gladdened Morrison, and writing to the British and Foreign Bible Society under date of October 29th, 1832, he says :

I have the pleasure to state that the American Churches have taken up the cause of China. Messrs Bridgman and Abeel were their first missionaries. Mr Stevens has, a day or two ago, arrived on the coast, in the ship *Morrison*, named after me, I believe, by its pious owner, Mr Olyphant, a devoted servant of Christ, and a friend of China. He is of the Presbyterian Church ; yet opens his factory in China for the reception of missionaries from congregational churches. Mr Stevens is sent to preach to seamen in China, and also to study the language for missionary purposes.

In the labours of another worker, the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, Morrison took a deep interest. Gutzlaff was a German, sent out by the Netherlands Mis-

[1] He served as chaplain till March 1836, when he entered the service of the American Board, but died in December of the same year.

sionary Society to Java in 1827. In 1831 this versatile man began a series of remarkable journeys up and down the China coast, travelling in various vessels, from a Chinese junk to an opium clipper, and engaged in distributing Scriptures and Christian books. The intense enthusiasm aroused in England and America among political, commercial, and religious people, by the reports of his three voyages can now hardly be appreciated. Among other things it led to the formation of the Chinese Evangelization Society, whose first agent was Hudson Taylor. In reporting on this work to the Bible Society, Morrison wrote:

> I have the pleasure to say that from Canton I am sending a box of the Chinese Bible, with Prayer-Books and Tracts, to the north of China, Corea, and Japan. Mr Gutzlaff, late of Bangkok, takes charge of them.

And when writing to the Tract Society Morrison reported:

> It has afforded me satisfaction to hear from Mr Gutzlaff that he found at the different ports where he touched on the coast of China, as high up as the eastern end of the Great Wall, a knowledge of the Christian books and tracts which had been printed and issued from Malacca.

When writing to his own Society in November 1832, Morrison recorded with great joy that seven more American missionaries were expected in the Far East. But of this company the Rev. Samuel Wells-Williams was the only one designated for China, three or four others who sailed in the same year being destined for the Malay Straits. Wells-Williams and the Rev. Ira Tracey sailed together

in Mr Olyphant's ship *Morrison*, and reached Whampoa on 25th October 1833, whence they were rowed up to the city of Canton in the ship's gig. Wells-Williams's early impressions are well worth quoting:

I was reported to the Hong merchants as a trader who had come to live at the Hong of Bright Fountains, and the Hong merchant who owned the Hong was security for my good conduct, though we never saw each other.

I was introduced to Dr Morrison and his good son John, and, with Dr Bridgman and Stevens—six of us—partook of the Communion. Some days after this I saw the only convert [1] Leang A-fa. Yet the work never looked otherwise than hopeful to me, and this small beginning produced no discouragement upon my mind. . . .

In those days the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting properly qualified persons to teach us Chinese. I secured a teacher of considerable literary attainments, and he took the special precaution, lest he should be informed against by some one, of always bringing with him and laying on the table, a foreign lady's shoe, so that if anyone he was afraid of or did not know should come in, he could pretend that he was a Chinese manufacturer of foreign shoes. This he continued to do for months, till he became convinced that his fears were groundless.

In 1832, Morrison, who had been twenty-five years in the field, wrote a brief report of the first quarter of a century of missions in China, and a few extracts from this will appropriately summarize what had been accomplished, and what Morrison had been permitted to see:

Twenty-five years have this day elapsed since the first Protestant missionary arrived in China, alone, and in the midst of perfect strangers. . . . The Chinese

[1] This appears hardly correct; see p. 197.

language was at first thought an almost insurmountable difficulty. That difficulty has been overcome. The language has been acquired, and various facilities provided for its further acquisition. Dictionaries, grammars, vocabularies, and translations have been penned and printed. Chinese scholars have increased, both at home and abroad, both for secular and religious purposes. It is not likely that Chinese will ever again be abandoned.

The Holy Scriptures in China, by Morrison and Milne, together with Religious Tracts, Prayer-Books, etc., have been published; and now, thanks be to God, Missionaries from other nations have come to aid in their distribution and explanation. The London Missionary Society's Chinese Press, at the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca, and Mr Medhurst's at Java, have sent forth millions of pages, containing the truths of the everlasting Gospel; and that Institution has given a Christian education to scores of native youths. There are also native Chinese who preach Christ's Gospel, and teach from house to house.

Such is a general outline of the progress of the Mission. We boast not of great doings; yet are devoutly thankful to God that the work has not ceased, but, amidst many deaths and disasters, has still gathered strength from year to year.

He then proceeds to state how British and American presses had been established, papers and magazines printed, missionary voyages performed; gives the names of foreigners and Chinese engaged in the work, the names of the Chinese being Leang A-fa, Kew A-gang and Le A-sin.

Only ten persons have been baptized, of whom the three above-named are part. The first two owed their religious impressions to the late Dr Milne, at the Anglo-Chinese College, where they were printers. Another was a student, and is still retained in the College.

The review then continues to report what had

been done for the seamen, and by other forms of Christian activity. He concludes:

> The servants of our Lord, engaged in this Mission, although from different nations, and connected with different churches, have cherished reciprocal affection, and united in the most cordial co-operation. By this brief exposition, they wish to call the attention of the churches, throughout the whole of Christendom, to the evangelization of, at least, four hundred millions of their fellow-creatures, and fellow-sinners, in eastern Asia. . . . Ye Christian churches, hear your Saviour's last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

This report was signed by Robert Morrison and Elijah Coleman Bridgman at Canton on September 4th, 1832.

CHAPTER XXV

A PAINFUL PARTING

Prosperity I know is dangerous as well as adversity, and self-indulgence is a more frequent vice than an excess of self-mortification. Still there is a medium line of moral rectitude and Christian wisdom, equally remote from each extreme, and it is for that medium I now contend.

Vows of poverty, and vows of celibacy, are, by the Holy Scriptures, alike uncalled for; but when, in the course of Providence, these, like other evils, are inevitable, without a deviation from duty, they must be submitted to with meekness and cheerfulness.—ROBERT MORRISON.

UNDER the most favourable conditions of his life in the East, Morrison was compelled to leave his family at Macao for at least six months every year, and sometimes longer; for residence at Canton was essential for him from about August until the following February or March, when the Fleet sailed. Such separation was naturally no small trial both to Mrs Morrison and himself, especially as years advanced and both began to suffer from poor health. Their family now consisted of six children, two by the first marriage and four by the second, and Morrison was an affectionate father who keenly felt the deprivation of the joys and amenities of home.

He had long desired that his eldest son might become a proficient Chinese scholar, and devote himself to Bible revision and other literary work

for China's good. The lad had enjoyed a short period at the well-known Mill Hill School while in England, and had been subsequently engaged in useful work at the Anglo-Chinese College. In 1830, when he was sixteen years of age, an opportunity arose for him to visit Siam in connection with an American mercantile expedition, upon which occasion his father wrote to him:

I was not by any means, my dear son, displeased with your notion of going to Siam. At the same time, it did not seem a judicious resolution, considering your youth. I was pleased, my beloved boy, to see your zeal, although I have other plans for you; but plans are often rendered completely useless by some subsequent occurrences. To follow the leading of Providence is the best plan. If spared, it would be useful, perhaps, that you should see Europe again before you take a fixed position. But, on the other hand, you have your Bible and good European authors in every department of knowledge, and therefore, as long as health does not indicate the desirability of a change, and you have work here, I do not lay any stress on your early return to Europe. Don't fag too hard, and on the other hand, don't be lazy. There is a medium. Take care of your health with religious care; don't let pride and the ambitions of scholarship drive you to excessive labour. Let the love of Christ constrain you to spend and be spent for His cause.

If John Robert did go to Siam at this time it was only for a brief visit, for in September of the same year we find him with his father in Canton, a diligent student of Chinese. "Although only sixteen years of age," his father wrote of him, "he has been appointed Chinese Translator to the British merchants in Canton. Should his life be spared, he will, I hope, at some future day, revise Morrison and Milne's version of the Holy Scriptures."

Towards the end of 1832 another opportunity of visiting Siam occurred, and Morrison reluctantly acquiesced in his son joining the expedition, which was to visit Siam and Cochin-China in connection with the endeavour of an American envoy to make some commercial treaties. "May the Lord go with him and bless him," wrote Morrison in a letter to the Society at home. "His father's fond hope and prayer is, that he may hereafter be qualified to translate Christian books out of English into Chinese. Indeed, a Society of Translators, or original Christian writers, is the *desideratum* for evangelizing the Chinese-language nations." In writing to his daughter Rebecca, Morrison casts a little more light upon his ambitions for his son: "I have advised his being a merchant, with a constant reference to his being a merchant-missionary. . . . I trust he will not be less zealous nor useful because he is an unpaid lay missionary."

In view of his son's youth, and the perils inseparable from this enterprise in Siam, Morrison addressed a letter to John Robert containing some rules of conduct which are interesting in so far as they cast light upon his own methods of life and work:

As to your going I almost relent; I am afraid to trust you alone in such society. If you go, the utmost vigilance and prayerfulness will be indispensable. God grant you grace to watch your heart and your tongue at all times.

The rules of conduct suggested were as follows:

1. Mentally pray for divine help in all affairs.
2. Converse, but do not dispute with strangers and foreigners.

3. Read each document carefully through to get the whole sense before you interpret it. . . .
4. In difficult paragraphs consult, if possible, some native.
5. Let important papers be well studied and the English made as perfect as possible before delivering them in. Therefore, hurry is to be avoided. Set about them immediately, for procrastination occasions hurry at last. . . .

Remember my advice to speak Chinese as much as you can till you are quite fluent, and study a more audible elocution at all times. I also recommend to you what I never had time to do myself, but now regret it,—make a collection, as they occur, of pithy good sentences in all languages that you would like to adopt as your own."

From other letters to his children the following extracts are specially worthy of note:

In your letter you say "In haste." Don't get into the habit of making this apology, or indeed any other, in letters. Say the best and the most you can and let it pass.

Keep short accounts, my dear son, in the books entered on high. Every day settle carefully your private memoranda. Presume not on to-morrow. When I first came to China I prayed three times a day; I implored God's protection only for a few hours, from morning till noon—from noon till evening.

During the absence of his eldest son in Siam, so desirous was Morrison for the company of his own that he took his second son, then only seven years old, to be with him at Canton. In the letters and journals of this time there are repeated references to failing health on his own part and also on that of Mrs Morrison. With deep anxiety he observed his wife's declining strength, and fears of separation alternated with hopes of recovery. But after many

months of painful suspense, he was reluctantly compelled to make arrangements for his wife and children to sail for England.

In many other ways this was a time of great uncertainty; the early termination of the East India Company's charter seemed highly probable, and the momentous changes involved, while contemplated by all concerned with no little apprehension, were fraught with vital issues to Morrison. With the expiration of the charter his official appointment would cease also; and although he had served the Company for twenty-five years, the Select Committee's appeal that a pension should be granted him had been refused.

In a letter to his own Society, dated November 1832, he wrote:

> The East India Company has declined to assign me a pension, such as they give to surgeons and chaplains; probably thinking that other societies afford me pecuniary aid for my personal concerns. It would not be unreasonable, that those I have served so long, should unite, and provide me a retiring pension. You will oblige me by taking the matter into serious consideration, and giving it that countenance which you think the subject deserves.

It must be remembered that Morrison had lavishly employed his own money in the furtherance of the work, and had therefore to contemplate becoming either a candidate for other secular employment or resort to an appeal to his own Society for financial assistance. Should the latter course be necessary, he knew that the more humble stipend of a missionary would make impossible those generous grants to various agencies which he had rejoiced in the past to bestow.

It was in the midst of such uncertain circumstances that he had to contemplate the separation from his loved ones, face the expenses of their voyage to England, and the establishment of a new home there, all the while realizing the possibility of his income ceasing even before his family reached the shores of the Old Country. Mrs Morrison on her part was most reluctant to go, for she had noticed the serious falling off in her husband's strength of late. As the summer of 1833 advanced she was alarmed at his loss of appetite, accompanied by pain on his right side and great prostration of strength, but Dr Colledge, then the senior surgeon of the establishment, dispelled her fears by assurances that it was not serious. She therefore consented to sail, and passages were booked in the *Inglis*, which was to depart early in December.

As John Robert, his eldest son, was able temporarily to take his father's place at Canton, Morrison determined to remain at Macao with his wife and other children until their departure. In many ways he fain would have sailed with them, but this he felt to be impossible. Writing to a friend at home who had kindly offered that Mrs Morrison could make his house her home, Morrison said:

> Your Memoir concerning Education in India, so highly approved of by the House of Commons' Committee, arrived safely. But my health has been bad for the last four months, and I have not been equal to much reading or writing. However, I must stick to the oar, as the subsistence of my family (under God) depends on my labours abroad. And while I remain in China, Mrs Morrison and all our children, with the exception of John Robert, will repair to England in a month or two hence.

Under these circumstances, the language of yours, "my house is her home," was particularly acceptable.

A month before his family sailed Morrison was urgently summoned to Canton, since a Chinese and English sailor had been killed in an affray on board an opium ship. Reluctant as he was to leave his loved ones, he had no option but to respond to the call.

Although very poorly in health [he wrote from Canton], and my family about to leave, I have been called away by the Chief of the Factory, to translate papers concerning an affray of the opium ships outside, and the Chinese, in which a sailor and a native were killed. The government demands life for life; which, in this case, cannot be obtained. How the matter will end, I know not.

That the last few precious weeks should thus be broken into was a painful trial, and the following letter, written from Canton to his wife, reveals some of his heart-felt feelings at this trying time:

Oh, that the blessed God may strengthen your mind, by His special grace, for your arduous duties. The beloved children! gracious Saviour, keep them by Thy power! Their dutiful and lovely characters give me great comfort; and I humbly trust that the removal of them to Christian society will, as a means, be greatly blessed to them. The most grievous part of the arrangement is the indefinite period of separation. Perhaps you will find kind and faithful friends with whom you would consent to leave the children, and return to me. Perhaps the result will prove better than our fears. The blessed God will never leave us: my letter of last evening will inform you of the recommencement of the homicidal discussion, which I fear will detain me here—this is a trial which I deeply feel.

Some days later he wrote again:

I am longing for later news than Tuesday last. Macao and Canton are a long way apart—what will England and China be? I almost relent. Feeling would say,

" don't go." But our resolution has been formed—we cannot draw back—who can tell what is in the future. It may be all for the best. " Thy will be done "—O God, we are Thine, forsake us not. I am trying, my love, to realize the consolations that are in Christ, desiring to live a life of faith in God's precious promises; and the more I do so, the less does the defection of supposed friends affect me.

Important though the business at Canton was, Morrison persuaded the Committee to permit his son temporarily to take his place, that he might spend the last fortnight with his family. Hastening back, therefore, to Macao, he gave himself up to the claims and joys of his family for those last few precious days. The manner of his welcome home, and of his ways with his children, as described by his wife, must be recorded here in connection with this his last welcome to the family circle. These words afford us an all too limited insight into one side of this great man's character:

His arrival [Mrs Morrison writes] was always hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of delight—even by Cæsar, who, not satisfied with " baying his deep-mouthed welcome " at the gate, would endeavour to share with the children in the caresses of his beloved master. The day after these periodical returns from Canton was at all times marked by unusual hilarity and excitement. Books and " traps " were to be unpacked and replaced—presents distributed—Kung-tsae (toys) examined and arranged; while the dispenser of so much pleasure, largely participating in the gratification he communicated, might be seen with his youngest child in his arms, a second holding his hand, and the rest following him about the house, as he gave the necessary orders for the disposal of the multifarious packages, etc.

Another glimpse of the family circle on Sundays is given by the following quotation from the same source:

Although his manner on the Lord's Day was marked by a more than usual degree of seriousness, which would repress any approach to levity, still there was not in it the slightest tincture of austerity. On these occasions, his usual resort was a retired terrace in the front of his residence, beyond which lay the Bay of Macao, encircled by barren hills—the terrace was shaded by beautifully flowering shrubs, and bordered with European plants and flowers. Here, generally accompanied by the whole of his family, the little ones on his knees, or, according to Asiatic custom, sitting on mats spread on the grass, with their attendants of various nations, Chinese, Portuguese, and Caffres, and a favourite Newfoundland dog invariably making one of the group—might be seen the beloved subject of this narrative, whose presence diffused general happiness throughout that favoured circle. Often, while viewing with benignant complacency the interesting scene thus feebly depicted, he would express the pleasure it afforded him, and his grateful sense of the mercies and blessings he enjoyed; yet, reflecting on the uncertain tenure by which all earthly good is held, he would frequently add, "But I rejoice with trembling." Such simple pleasures as those by which he was surrounded, Dr Morrison enjoyed in a high degree; yet his taste for them was never gratified at the expense of more serious duties; therefore, sacred music, conversation, or the contemplation of the beauties of nature, were by him only indulged in occasionally as a relaxation from intense study.

But these happy scenes were now to cease. The remaining days were filled with the packing of luggage necessary for six persons for a long voyage. On the 10th December 1833 — the same day on which King William IV signed Lord Napier's Commission appointing him Chief Superintendent of British trade with China in place of the East India Company—Morrison and his family bade a sorrowful farewell to the home at Macao. They proceeded in a Portuguese passenger boat, amid torrents of rain

and against a contrary wind, to Lintin, eighteen miles distant, where the *Inglis* was to call before putting to sea.

By the kindness of Mr William Jardine, Morrison was promised the use of the *Hercules*, one of Jardine Matheson's ships stationed at Lintin, until the day of embarkation. "Cold, sick, and dejected," they boarded the *Hercules* at nine o'clock at night, Morrison being the only one out of a company of fourteen, Chinese servants included, who was not helplessly sick. From the commander and officers of the *Hercules* they received the greatest kindness, and here the few remaining hours of fellowship sped past all too rapidly.

On the 13th the *Inglis* hove in sight, and Captain Dudman and some of his officers came to conduct the travellers on board. As the weather was tempestuous, and the boarding of the ship in the open dangerous, Morrison was persuaded not to accompany the party aboard, especially as it was already dusk. John Robert, however, with one of the Chinese Christians and other friends, went with the party and assisted them in settling in. The next morning at four o'clock, after John and his companions had left, the *Inglis* weighed anchor and set forth upon her four months' voyage home; but not before two short chits had been received by Mrs Morrison from her affectionate husband. In one of these he wrote:

> When I consented to part with you, I supposed the ship would get under weigh immediately. It has not been so, and if I could have foreseen it, I would have accompanied you and our beloved children to the ship. Captain Parry and A-gong say the cabins are very com-

fortable, which I daresay they are; but necessary as cabins are, our hearts dwell on something else.

Standing on the deck of the *Hercules*, Morrison watched the vessel slowly bearing from him the loved ones he was no more to meet on earth, and in a letter written on Sunday, the next day, to his wife, he said:

Yesterday morning, at daylight, I watched the *Inglis* conveying you out of sight, with many tears, and much prayer to God for you, my beloved wife, and our dear, dear children. . . . I am shut up in the cabin where you all slept the last few days. I have a Bible, however, and *History of the Sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters*, in which I find great consolation. I hope the "sweet presence" of the blessed God is with you this day.

John has communicated your last message. By the pilot you say, "Every one seems kind on board—thank God." I humbly and heartily bless the Lord, that He has mingled much mercy with this trying occasion, especially in raising up kind friends.

I purpose to give myself wholly to Chinese; and especially, as I before resolved, to the Bible. I should like to print an edition at our own press. May the Lord prosper the work of my hands!

With sad hearts Morrison and his son returned to Canton, being battered about for two days and two nights by contrary winds on their way, while Mrs Morrison and the children journeyed ever farther and farther from them.

Being ignorant at that time as to what course the British Government would follow on the dissolution of the Company's charter, Morrison did not think it prudent to renew the lease of the house in Macao. He therefore sent his son thither to remove the furniture and surrender the house before the close of the year. Thus terminated all that Morrison was to know of home and family life.

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CHAPTER XXVI

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

He faced the message which comes to all—a message so deeply dreaded by most of us, yet which when it does come proves to be not a sentence but a reprieve. It is the mandatory word that does not imprison us but sets us free, which flings back the gates and lets us see the open heaven, instead of the walls and vaulted ceiling of the cells of which we have been inhabitants.—JOHN ST LOE STRACHEY, in *The Adventure of Living.*

IT had always been Morrison's ambition to die at his post, and in this he was to be honoured. Lonely of heart, sick in body, and apprehensive in mind, he anxiously awaited news from home concerning the Government's decision in regard to the East India Company's Charter and free trade with the Far East. He knew that the change contemplated could not be accomplished without grave difficulties, while the consequences to himself would be momentous.

Canton [he writes] is greatly agitated by the new system. Hopes and fears alternate. To those of us connected with the Company it is little short of a death-blow. I pretend not to foretell the consequences. They appear to me to be great, and I pray that they may be beneficial—not only to England, but to China; for I am not that patriot who would wish to aggrandize my own country by the injury or ruin of another. I do not think that Christianity admits of such patriotism. But how few consider the welfare of China in all their speculations about free trade, etc.

Rumour reported that a certain individual from Singapore was coming as British Consul. "You know," Morrison wrote, "I do not trust in man, nor do I much fear man, but if this report be realized the change in reference to religion in China will be for the worse."

But still no authoritative news came from home. "I am hoping for a more settled state of mind," he writes to his wife, "after the news from England arrives, and the anxiety of the removal is over." He was also concerned about his own health. In his journal of these times—and he wrote to his wife practically every day to within three days of his death—there is abundant evidence that he realized that his life's work was nearly finished:

It is a matter of joy that God has raised up active labourers in this mission. I do not feel myself now of much importance here to the cause. It will go on without me.

Or again:

Our friends in England seem to have given up the Chinese Mission—*in China.* When revolving in my mind which course to pursue, I am hindered by the recollection that of late no measures seem even to have been thought of as to how the mission in China, that is, the English mission, is to be continued, in the event of my removal. I do feel a little desolate; but I hope the Lord will not forsake me. He is all-sufficient. Oh what a treasury is the Bible. . . . To turn over the pages of the Bible, and read of God's dealings with His people, is quite refreshing to the soul.

Two months later he adds:

I am depressed by feeling myself unequal to the literary labours which I attempt. Being quite alone, I am very desirous of more Chinese labour, but my head

and my strength fail me. Well! I must be resigned. I have laboured abundantly in past days, and have, perhaps, performed my task—all that was allotted me. God forgive me wherein I have erred and sinned.

Meanwhile everyone at Canton was kept in a painful state of suspense. The Governor of the province, perplexed by the strange and inexplicable departure from time-honoured customs, commanded the Hong merchants to ascertain in detail why the Company was being broken up, and why they were ceasing to send ships. What did it all mean? What sinister motive lay behind this unheard-of change? Had not the Company enjoyed the monopoly of trade for more than two hundred years, and profited by it? It was all a mystery, fraught with dread consequences to the suspicious Chinese; while many other apprehensions filled the minds of the merchants themselves.

It was true that world conditions had so changed that such monopolies as the East India Company enjoyed were altogether antiquated, and the freedom exercised by the American merchants challenged the British protective system: change was inevitable. But those who knew China best knew that the innovation contemplated would raise many critical and dangerous problems, and no one knew whereunto these might grow. Morrison, not to be unprepared, gave himself to the study of law.

I am preparing myself [he wrote] for our new authorities by qualifying myself for a Chinese Jurist. Nothing but law for the last two or three weeks. The style and definitions, being good and perspicuous, the study is an excellent lesson in the language—for I am still a learner of Chinese.

To another correspondent he wrote:

As to my situation in China, as respects secular employment, the universal opinion is that my services will be in request; but my health has of late been failing me much. During the last fortnight I have again been very unwell. That also is a reason against my entering into the king's service; for the duties of translator and interpreter, with the new authorities, are likely to be onerous to a degree far beyond the Company's service. . . .

I apprehend that the immediate contact which the new system brings the two governments into, will involve long and tedious correspondence. . . . As to my qualifications for this situation, they are universally known. . . . Under these circumstances, I incline not to write to the President of the Board of Control, for nothing but their own necessities will induce them to prefer a missionary; and that is a character I cannot sink; no, not if my daily bread depend on it. . . . Should I be excluded from employment by the new authorities, I shall of course, while life continues, be compelled to offer my services to some Missionary Society, and it shall be first of all to the London.

Unknown to him, friends at home were doing him honour in high quarters. In Parliament, Mr Charles Marjoribanks, an ex-chief of the Factory, spoke for an hour on the Chinese question, and cheers broke out on his mentioning Morrison, whose services the Government were anxious to secure. Sir George Staunton also congratulated Lord Napier on having such a man to assist him. It would have been unnatural if such marks of esteem had not brought comfort to Morrison, though he sat loosely to worldly honours. But these things could not satisfy a heart which was hungry for the fellowship of wife and children.

Oh, how I long to hear of the state of your health [he writes to his wife]. To-morrow is the 160th day since you left me. No news from England for nearly seven months. The heat is great and rarely getting sound sleep, I always feel weary. . . .

The sight of the children's chairs, etc., makes me very sad. My beloved children! Oh when shall I again hear your prayers and kiss your cheeks! . . . What a scene will England be to the three elder children! nature different—art different—people different!

On the last Sunday in June, he wrote at greater length, his mind reverting to his early days:

I trust you and our beloved children are this day in health, enjoying the blessings of an English Sabbath. My beloved Robert must have been astonished beyond measure by a sight of London. Crofton and Hannah, too, were old enough to enjoy the wonder. Still, I dare say they will never quite forget the barren hills of Macao —Robert especially. For the fond recollections of our childhood do not depend upon the superiority of the place in which it was spent; nor even the circumstances of affluence or poverty. It is the time of life that gives the charm; whether riding on a five-bar gate or in a royal carriage. The happiest abode (so far as house goes) was my father's workshop, swept clean by my own hands, of a Saturday evening, and dedicated to prayer and meditation on the Sunday. There was my bed, and there was my study. So I daresay my beloved son Robert will remember Dada and Mamma in Macao, and his prayers at his father's knee, among the dearest recollections of his childhood.

There was something almost premonitory in the way Morrison's mind flew back to the days of his youth, and now in the closing days of his ministry he thought of the day when he had offered himself as a missionary candidate:

It is thirty years since I was accepted as a missionary in Mr Hardcastle's counting-house, at the end of the old London Bridge. Rowland Hill was there, and asked me if I looked upon the heathen as angels did. As I did not know the mind of angels, of course, I could not say, Yes!

At length, on June 12th, 1834, news reached China of Lord Napier's appointment, and a little more than a month later, on July 16th, the new Chief landed at Macao. Concerning his arrival Morrison wrote:

I went down to the Chinese custom-house where he landed, and handed one of his daughters from the boat to my chair, in which she went to D's. I introduced myself to him in going upstairs. He took me by the hand, and said he was glad to make my acquaintance. He was dressed in his naval uniform. Lady Napier rose from her chair, and walked towards me to shake hands with me, with a smiling countenance and civil speech; saying she seemed to have been long acquainted with me, being so familiar with my name.

Without loss of time Lord Napier summoned a meeting of the Factory to hear the King's Commission read. In writing to his wife of this historic occasion Morrison says:

That which concerned me and you, and our beloved children, I will tell first—I am to be styled "Chinese Secretary and Interpreter," and to have £1300 a year. . . . I am to wear a vice-consul's coat, with king's buttons, when I can get one! The Government will pay one hundred dollars per month to the College, instead of the Company. His Lordship asked whether I accepted of the appointment or not. I told him at once that I did. He then said he would forthwith make out my commission. . . .

Pray for me, that I may be faithful to my blessed Saviour in the new place I have to occupy. It is rather

an anomalous one for a missionary; a vice-consul's uniform instead of the preaching gown! People congratulate me. They view it, I believe, as a provision for my family.

So ended the days of the old Factory regime, and so was inaugurated the new. The last of the Company's ships ever to visit China had sailed for England on January 31st, 1834, and now, instead of six months annually at Canton, with the remaining half-year at Macao, Lord Napier purposed to establish residence for all the year round at Canton, rather than depend upon the Portuguese settlement.

In both Lord and Lady Napier, Morrison found a friend, and the following note to him from Lady Napier will reveal her interest in the highest things:

> I beg to say that it will at all times give me pleasure to receive you in my house, and that I hope my daughters and myself will have many opportunities of a little quiet conversation on religious subjects, to which I feel doubly anxious to draw their attention in this remote land.

On Saturday evening, July 19th, Lady Napier wrote again asking him to preach in the chapel on the following day. In preparation for this service Morrison revised a sermon he had written just a month before, and as this was the last discourse he ever penned, his text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," was to be strangely appropriate. Most unhappily, either from motives of jealousy or sectarianism, opposition arose from one who should have welcomed the proposal, and as Lord Napier declined to exercise his authority over the East India Company's Chapel, and preferred no service rather than one in a private house, the meeting was abandoned.

Certain circumstances had caused Morrison to hold strong views against the exclusive claims of one section of the Church, and not many months before, he had written a long letter to Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, showing cause why he and his colleagues did not proceed to Calcutta to solicit episcopal ordination. Only as late as June 15th, 1834, he had completed a long essay on *The Use and Abuse of the Word* "*Church*," trying, he feared in vain, to break down this exclusive system. He had preached on this subject, making it evident that though he had begun life as a Presbyterian, he favoured in his closing years the Congregational principles.

On Tuesday, July 22nd, Lord Napier intimated to Morrison that he purposed proceeding to Canton the next day and desired his company. Though the weather was exceedingly hot, and Morrison was not well, he responded dutifully to the call. Unhappily, after quitting the frigate at the Bogue, Morrison was kept all night in an open boat exposed to the moist tropical heat and a storm of rain. It was a night of intense fatigue and suffering, which many a man of weaker will would have regarded as an excuse from entering upon immediate active service. But though labouring under extreme weakness, Morrison faced the serious calls upon his strength which the situation at once demanded, fulfilling the qualifications of Kipling's *If*:

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

At his new Chief's direction he translated into Chinese a letter to the Viceroy, informing him of the

arrival of Lord Napier, who bore a royal commission appointing him Chief Superintendent of British Trade in China, and soliciting a personal interview. The secretary of the commission took this letter in person to the city gate, where he waited for over three hours, being treated with much indignity. The Chinese authorities were wroth beyond measure that a foreign official should appear at Canton without the permission of their supreme government, and made every effort to compel him to style his letter "a petition." Of course, Lord Napier refused, and also declined, quite rightly, as the king's plenipotentiary, to negotiate through any but superior officers of the Chinese Government. To such demands the Chinese Viceroy replied:

> The great ministers of the Celestial Empire are not permitted to have private intercourse by letter with outside barbarians. If the said barbarian headman throws in private letters, I, the Viceroy, will not at all receive or look at them. With regard to the barbarian factory of the Company without the walls of the city, it is a place of temporary residence for barbarians coming to Canton to trade. They are permitted to eat, sleep, buy and sell in the factories. They are not permitted to go out and ramble about. All these are points decided by fixed and certain laws and statutes which will not bear to be confusedly transgressed.
>
> To sum up the whole matter, the nation has its laws. It is so everywhere. Even England has its laws. How much more the Celestial Empire,—how flaming bright are its great laws, ordinances more terrible than the thunderbolt: under this whole bright heaven none dares to disobey them. . . .[1]

Thus began negotiations which were painfully protracted and entailed the most exacting labours

[1] Morse, *International Relations of the Chinese Empire*, Vol. I. page 126.

upon those engaged in translating and transmitting them. It is impossible to follow in detail the political struggle which ensued, and we must limit ourselves to the story as it concerns Morrison. Under date of July 25th, 1834, he wrote :

To-day I have been very low. I thought I must give up the king's service from entire inability to bear the fatigue of it in Canton. God help me, my dear love, I will do nothing rashly. But in walking through the hot sun to-day from this house to the Company's, where Lord Napier is, I was like to drop in the streets, and have been groaning on my couch ever since—being now past eight in the evening. Oh ! that I may have cheering accounts from you soon ! [1] Good-night, my beloved wife—Oh ! my beloved children ! God be with you all.

On the next day he wrote again :

I have had a busy day. Blessed be God, I had more strength than yesterday. At ten I attended the Council Board ; and from that time till three, was translating a letter from Lord Napier to the Governor of Canton. John assisted me in revision, and A-chau copied it. John has gone with Astell and others to the city gates to deliver it. In the interim I was called for by Lord Napier to go and interpret between him and old Howqua. I felt unable to walk, and hired a chair in Canton, close shut up, to smuggle me through the streets.

The next day was Sunday—Morrison's last Sunday on earth. He conducted worship in Chinese, there being upwards of a dozen present. The last entry but one in the journal he kept for his wife was written on Sunday night, and closed with the following words :

[1] He had not heard, and never did hear, of his wife's arrival in England.

My name was published yesterday, with the other officers of the king's commission. It stands above the surgeons and chaplains and private secretary.

Next day, July 28th, the last words he ever wrote were penned at 8 p.m. :

We have spent another tiresome day, my love, with political squabbles, and got no nearer agreement yet. My health is much the same.

He had been in pain and weakness all day, but went twice by chair to see Lord Napier. On Tuesday, the next day, the chairmen were afraid to come, but it is doubtful if Morrison could have gone had they arrived. He was now dangerously ill with fever and other serious complications. On Wednesday the assistant surgeon was called in—Dr Colledge being confined to bed—but no relief was obtained by the sufferer. On Thursday, Dr Colledge came, and all that the medical skill of those days could do was gladly lavished on the sinking patient. But it was all in vain. The worn-out constitution sank beneath the repeated cuppings resorted to to reduce the fever, and on Friday night, August 1st, 1834, at 10 o'clock, his spirit was set free from this mortality.

There is no doubt that Morrison shortened his life by his rigorous and unsparing devotion to duty. Though only fifty-two years of age at the time of his death, he had filled each " unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run," and but for his indomitable courage he would not have endured so long. Slim and spare of figure when he first reached China, long years of sedentary toil, with little or no exercise, undermined at length his vigorous constitution and left him corpulent and

indisposed to bodily exertion. For months he had been unable to eat, sleep, stand or sit with any comfort, while much of his labour had been prosecuted under a prostration of energy to which most men would have given way; and a post-mortem proved that he must have been physically quite unequal to his task for a long period.

All possible honour was accorded to him in his burial. Lord Napier, with all the European and American residents in Canton, followed the cortège to the place of embarkation, while Sir George Robinson, one of His Majesty's Superintendents, and others, accompanied Morrison's eldest son with his father's coffin to Macao, where the dead warrior was interred in the cemetery the Company had bought for the burial of his first wife.

CHAPTER XXVII

UNFADING GLORY

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit;
That they may rest from their labours;
And their works do follow them.

Revelation xiv. 13.
Inscribed on Morrison's Tomb at Macao.

THE weary labourer was at rest, but his works lived on. Having served his generation according to the will of God, he fell on sleep; but his life was destined to serve generations yet unborn. His Chinese Dictionary, it is true, has been superseded, and his translation of the Scriptures has given place to revised versions; but in these more modern productions his work still lives, as the seed survives in successive harvests. Like Stephenson's *Blucher* and *Rocket*, they stand as mementoes of great beginnings, brave ventures into new realms. To him it had been given to move the Christian front rank forward. He had raised for all time the level of the possible.

There was something dramatic in the occasion of Morrison's death, coinciding as it did with the passing of the old Factory days. His service had been unique, as those conditions of international intercourse under which he lived were to remain unparalleled. No subsequent worker was ever to be called upon to labour as the sole representative of the Protestant missionary force in China, and

no one was henceforth to begin his work without some aid to the acquisition of the language, and without the Scriptures in the Chinese tongue.

But a terrible struggle was to follow Morrison's death before China conceded the open door. Lord Napier was to die less than three months after Morrison, a sad and defeated man, his death being officially declared to be "wholly attributable to the severe labours and anxieties which devolved upon him at Canton," together with his "cruel, needless and vexatious detention." With the cessation of the old Company's control, the opposition and obstruction which delayed the establishment of the new regime gave rise to many irregularities and increased smuggling, to severer tension and intensified provocations, which culminated in those deplorable and tragic wars in which opium became the pretext rather than the sole cause of strife. Had Morrison lived, his path would have been one of supreme difficulty, if not an impossible one to tread. Mercifully he was taken away from the evil to come. Under conditions of such peculiar perplexity that few men could have surmounted them, he had laid the foundations upon which others were to build.

"Despite obstacles put by Chinese officials in the way of his learning the language, by the Company in the way of his translating the Bible, by the Roman Catholics at Macao in the way of his preaching there, Dr Morrison succeeded in accomplishing the two great objects placed before him by the London Missionary Society—rendering the Scriptures into Chinese and preparing the first Anglo-Chinese Dictionary. His noble character and godly life enabled him to win many friends among the foreigners in

Canton, and to remain in the Factories amid, and almost in defiance of, harassing uncertainties and orders from the Company at home for his dismissal." [1]

As a man Morrison was almost, if not entirely, devoid of humour, though on occasions rare one can detect the playful smile on his serious countenance. But with the tenacity of the Borderer he endured, fearing neither the face nor frown of man, undeterred by adversity, bereavement, or contempt. Like the sturdy oak of his native country he weathered many a storm, standing alone, not unmoved, but unmovable when the call of duty demanded.

Affectionate, deeply attached to his loved ones, he suffered separation without complaint. Criticized or dismissed by the Company he served, by sheer ability he made himself indispensable, under the providence of God. Honoured by his king and a British University, and tested by the allurements of a lucrative appointment, he preserved his first love for the souls of men, and maintained untarnished his original devotion to his high calling.

Robert Morrison was a strong man, a good man, and a brave man, possessed of a " plain devotedness to duty,"

Who kept right on the strenuous uphill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint and boast.

He was of the solid type, without veneer, unfitted for " parlour preaching," to use his own phrase. But he had no little sagacity and insight, and his writings are a mine of wise sayings upon many

[1] *Life of Wells-Williams*, page 70.

practical missionary matters, not out of date to-day. He had the ability to see both sides, to be impartial to friend or foe, and power to work and wait till he won through. He was humble yet bold, zealous yet prudent, broad-minded but never shallow, courageous but not obtrusive, eminently sane and judicious, with a whole-hearted devotion to Christ. His life was marked by tenacity of purpose, by powers of endurance, and indefatigable perseverance. It is true that, as Wells-Williams remarks, "he had no sprightliness or pleasantry"; but his downright dogged determination accomplished what more brilliant gifts would probably have failed to achieve. In Milton's fine phrase, he was a man of "highest hopes and hardest attemptings."

"By glory and dishonour, by evil report and good report," he alike continued his appointed task. Undaunted and indomitable, he lived for the inheritance incorruptible, and strove for the crown of glory which fadeth not away. He bequeathed to the world a character "erect and constant," and, as the pioneer of Protestant missions in China, he could say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles:

"ACCORDING TO THE GRACE OF GOD WHICH WAS GIVEN UNTO ME, AS A WISE MASTER BUILDER I LAID THE FOUNDATION; AND ANOTHER BUILDETH THEREON. BUT LET EACH MAN TAKE HEED HOW HE BUILDETH THEREON. FOR OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY THAN THAT WHICH IS LAID, WHICH IS JESUS CHRIST."

EPILOGUE [1]

"THE last night before we reached Shanghai, I went out alone on the forward deck to look off across the quiet waters toward China, and to contrast our approach with Robert Morrison's more than a hundred and ten years ago. He came alone in the face of the opposition of the greatest commercial organization in the world, the East India Company. No one was waiting for him. He would find no home prepared to welcome him, no facilities for language study, no readiness of the people to receive him. They wanted nothing that he had to offer. They had awaked as yet to no realization of their need and no thought that the outer barbarian world had anything to give to them.

"No doubt on his last night as he drew near the China coast, Morrison had gone out under the stars alone to reflect on his mission. Before him, as before us, the Scorpion stood out clear and sharp in the south-western sky with the Archer over against it, and Vega must have shone out as brilliant and almost as near as a green light at the masthead. The same God looked down from the same heavens over his ship and ours. But how immeasurably different our missionary situation from his!

"Thousands of missionaries were settled now over

[1] From Robert Speer's Report of a deputation to parts of Asia, sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in 1921-1922.

the whole of China. Missionary agencies were at work there as powerful almost as all the Christian forces in Great Britain in Morrison's day. Our company would be welcomed in Shanghai by hundreds of missionary friends and would find a living Chinese Church established over all the provinces. The same Scorpion would be in the sky, but it would be a very different dragon upon the earth that we would find, a China humbled now, full of friendliness and goodwill, dissatisfied with the past, and eager for all the help that it could receive.

"But most of all I was interested in contrasting our ship's company with Morrison's. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty missionaries, old and new, half a dozen of our American boards being represented by from twenty to forty missionaries each. The most powerful commercial agency in the world was represented, not directly, of course, but really by a deputation of thirty or forty men and women, led by Mr John E. Rockefeller, Jr., which was coming out to China to express its unselfish interest in the people and to dedicate in Peking a great institution which was being given to China for the relief of suffering and the promotion of Christian sympathy and progress.

"The universities of America and Great Britain had provided a deputation of some of their ablest men and women under the chairmanship of Professor E. D. Burton, which the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada were sending to study missionary education in China, with a view to making it the most effective agency possible in building up the Christian Church and in helping the Chinese people.

"A group of Chinese students, men and women, who had been educated in the United States and Europe, were going back with Christian principles and Christian purpose to serve their nation. American experts in finance and education and medicine, like Mr Stevens, the American representative on the Consortium in Peking, Professor Monroe of Columbia University, and Dean Holgate of North-Western University, and Dr William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, and many others were also going out with the true missionary spirit.

"So I might go on. In truth the *Empress of Asia* on this trip was just one huge expression of the missionary ideal. And standing under the stars that night and looking back to Japan and on to China across the tranquil waters of the Eastern Sea, I thanked God for the progress of the century past, and was glad that from his place in the great cloud of witnesses Robert Morrison could look down and see to what his enterprise for China has grown."

APPENDIX A

WITH reference to Morrison's birthplace, Mr R. S. Robson, of the Presbyterian Historical Society of England, has written in *The Presbyterian* of August 28th, 1913, as follows:

As to his being born at Buller's Green, Morpeth, in a house which was standing in recent times, one knows of no documentary evidence in support of the statement other than the mention in the *Memoirs*. Now James Morrison, his father, was a Scot from Dunfermline, his mother, Hannah Nicholson, a native of the village of Wingates, in the parish of Longhorsley, twelve miles north of Morpeth. There they were married in 1768, and there the rest of the family, of whom Robert was the youngest, were born. The father, a truly pious man, who trained up his family in the fear of God, brought with him from Scotland his disjunction certificate from the session of his kirk, and was later an elder in the High Bridge Presbyterian Meeting in Newcastle.

It is a fair inference that, if the boy had been born at Morpeth, where the Rev. Robert Trotter, a methodical man, was minister of the Presbyterian Church, the baptismal register would have shown his name. Now, the volume from 1727 to 1785 (three years after his birth) was on view at the Jubilee Exhibition of the English Presbyterian College, and there is no such entry, and the present minister, Dr Drysdale, the historian of Presbytery in England, has satisfied himself that no such entry exists there, or elsewhere in Morpeth, and that Wingates and not Morpeth was the probable birthplace.

This is borne out by the fact that at the time of Morrison's death, in 1834, a sketch appeared in the

Tyne Mercury with the location of birth at Wingates, to which there was no demur, although many of his contemporaries and members of the family would be still surviving to question any error. The same location is given by a local historian of repute, A. M. Richardson, and more recently in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Local tradition has it that the winter of 1782 was of exceptional severity, and that while the father and the rest of the family moved to Morpeth before the date given (January 5, 1782 on the memorial tablet, January 6 by Richardson), the mother was unable to do so for many days, and that she remained behind with her own people until the birth of her son, joining the rest of the family later in 1782, and removing with them to Newcastle later, in 1785.

In addition to the above it may be added that there is no record of Morrison's birth to be found in the register at Wingates.

APPENDIX B

LIST OF ROBERT MORRISON'S PUBLICATIONS[1]

I. English

Horæ Sinicæ: pp. 70. London, 1812. Translations from the popular literature of the Chinese.

A Grammar of the Chinese Language: 4to, pp. 280. Serampore 1815.

Translations, chiefly from the Peking Gazette, with notes: 8vo, pp. 42. Canton, 1815.

Dialogues, etc., in the Chinese Language, with free translation in English: 8vo, pp. 262. Macao, 1816.

Sketch of Chinese Chronology, Geography, Government, Religion and Customs: 4to, pp. 141. Macao, 1817.

A Memoir of the Embassy of 1816: 8vo, pp. 68. London, 1819.

A Dictionary of the Chinese Language: 4to, 6 vols. Macao. This great work is in three parts, the first part comprising 3 vols., published respectively in 1815, pp. 930; 1822, pp. 884; 1823, pp. 908, containing the Chinese and English arranged according to radicals. Part II. in 2 vols., Vol. I., first published in 1819, pp. 1090, giving Chinese and English arranged alphabetically; Vol. II., published in 1820, pp. 483, containing Indices and Tables, etc. Part III., published in 1822, pp. 480, English and Chinese.

Memoirs of William Milne: 8vo, pp. 231. Malacca, 1824.

Translations of a Proclamation issued in Canton. 4to. London, 1824.

Dialogue between father and children, concerning history of China, etc.: 12mo, pp. 120. London, 1824.

[1] Abridged from Wylie's *Memorials* published in 1867.

Chinese Miscellany, being extracts from Chinese authors, etc., with translations: Fol., pp. 52 and 12 plates. London, 1825.

Parting Memorial, being a volume of sermons and discourses: 8vo, pp. 410. London, 1826.

Lectures on Philippians: delivered at Macao.

Vocabulary of the Canton Dialect: 3 parts, English and Chinese. 8vo, pp. 646. Macao, 1828.

Grammar of the English Language for use in Anglo-Chinese College: 8vo, pp. 97. Macao.

Lectures on Sayings of Jesus: 8vo, pp. 421. Malacca, 1823.

Notices concerning China, Canton, the affair of the frigate "Topaz," and Fire of Canton. 8vo, pp. 97. Malacca, 1823.

Sermon preached at Whampoa, December 1833, with an Appendix explaining the term "Church." 8vo, pp. 17. Macao, 1833.

The Evangelist and Miscellanea Sinica. 4to, 4 numbers. Macao, 1833. This was the paper which led to Morrison being prohibited the use of his press at Macao.

In addition Morrison was an extensive contributor to the periodicals of his day, both in Europe and in China, such as the *Indo-Chinese Gleaner*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Canton Register* and the *Chinese Repository*.

II. Chinese

Tract of 6 leaves, giving summary of doctrine. Canton, 1811.

Tract of 30 leaves, in form of Catechism. 1812. Containing 97 questions.

Short abstract relative to the Scriptures. 1814.

Outline of Old Testament History. 9 leaves. 1815.

Hymn-book of 27 leaves. 1818.

Translations from the Common Prayer Book. 30 leaves. 1818.

Miscellaneous Essays. 17 leaves. 1818.

Tour of the World. 29 leaves. 1819.

The Holy Bible. 21 vols. Malacca, 1823.

Domestic Instructor. 4 vols., 413 leaves. Malacca, 1832. Containing an introduction to the Sacred Scriptures and epitome of Church History, etc.

Serial Miscellany. Macao, 1833.

Prayers and Hymns. pp. 60. Macao, 1833.

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brings to his work a practised pen as well as much knowledge and sympathy."—*Guardian.*

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"The book forms a most interesting story of missionary adventure; it is excellently written. . . ."—*Cambridge Review.*

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